

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

Samuel Richardson

Table of Contents

<u>Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4</u>	1
<u>Samuel Richardson</u>	2
<u>Vol. 4</u>	4
<u>LETTER I</u>	5
<u>LETTER II</u>	7
<u>LETTER III</u>	11
<u>LETTER IV</u>	14
<u>LETTER V</u>	15
<u>LETTER VI</u>	18
<u>LETTER VII</u>	23
<u>LETTER VIII</u>	24
<u>LETTER IX</u>	27
<u>LETTER X</u>	29
<u>LETTER XI</u>	32
<u>LETTER XII</u>	33
<u>LETTER XIII</u>	35
=====.....	38
<u>LETTER XIV</u>	39
<u>LETTER XV</u>	46
<u>LETTER XVI</u>	50
<u>LETTER XVII</u>	52
<u>LETTER XVIII</u>	55
<u>LETTER XIX</u>	56
<u>LETTER XX</u>	57
<u>LETTER XXI</u>	60
<u>LETTER XXII</u>	63
<u>LETTER XXIII</u>	65
<u>LETTER XXIV</u>	67
<u>LETTER XXV</u>	71
<u>LETTER XXVI</u>	72
<u>LETTER XXVII</u>	73
<u>LETTER XXVIII</u>	74
<u>LETTER XXIX</u>	75
<u>LETTER XXX</u>	76
<u>LETTER XXXI</u>	81
<u>LETTER XXXII</u>	82
<u>LETTER XXXIII</u>	84
<u>Past Ten o'Clock at Night</u>	88
<u>LETTER XXXIV</u>	89
<u>LETTER XXXV</u>	91
<u>FRIDAY</u>	93
<u>SATURDAY Night</u>	94
<u>MONDAY Eleven</u>	95
<u>LETTER XXXVI</u>	103
<u>LETTER XXXVII</u>	105
<u>LETTER XXXVIII</u>	106
<u>LETTER XXXIX</u>	114
<u>LETTER XL</u>	117

Table of Contents

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

<u>LETTER XLI</u>	120
<u>LETTER XLII</u>	121
<u>LETTER XLIII</u>	122
<u>LETTER XLIV</u>	124
<u>LETTER XLV</u>	128
<u>LETTER XLVI</u>	131
<u>LETTER XLVII</u>	132
<u>LETTER XLVIII</u>	133
<u>LETTER</u>	134
<u>From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.</u>	135
<u>LETTER XLIX</u>	139
<u>LETTER L</u>	141
<u>LETTER LI</u>	146
<u>LETTER LII</u>	148
<u>LETTER LIII</u>	151
<u>LETTER LIV</u>	155
<u>LETTER LV</u>	158
<u>LETTER LVI</u>	163
<u>LETTER LVII</u>	166
<u>LETTER LLVIII</u>	170
<u>LETTER LIX</u>	174
<u>RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS</u>	177
<u>LETTER LX</u>	179
<u>Letter LXI</u>	183
<u>Letter LXII</u>	185
<u>Letter LXIII</u>	187
<u>Benefit of making others Misfortunes our own</u>	198
<u>LETTER LXIV</u>	200
<u>CONCLUSION</u>	206

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

Samuel Richardson

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

- Vol. 4

- LETTER I.
- LETTER II.
- LETTER III.
- LETTER IV.
- LETTER V.
- LETTER VI.
- LETTER VII.
- LETTER VIII.
- LETTER IX.
- LETTER X.
- LETTER XI.
- LETTER XII.
- LETTER XIII.
- -----
- LETTER XIV.
- LETTER XV.
- LETTER XVI.
- LETTER XVII.
- LETTER XVIII.
- LETTER XIX.
- LETTER XX.
- LETTER XXI.
- LETTER XXII.
- LETTER XXIII.
- LETTER XXIV.
- LETTER XXV.
- LETTER XXVI.
- LETTER XXVII.
- LETTER XXVIII.
- LETTER XXIX.
- LETTER XXX.
- LETTER XXXI.
- LETTER XXXII.
- LETTER XXXIII.
- Past Ten o'Clock at Night.
- LETTER XXXIV.
- LETTER XXXV.
- FRIDAY
- SATURDAY Night
- MONDAY Eleven.
- LETTER XXXVI.
- LETTER XXXVII.
- LETTER XXXVIII.

- LETTER XXXIX.
- LETTER XL.
- LETTER XLI.
- LETTER XLII.
- LETTER XLIII.
- LETTER XLIV.
- LETTER XLV.
- LETTER XLVI.
- LETTER XLVII.
- LETTER XLVIII.
- LETTER
- From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.
- LETTER XLIX.
- LETTER L.
- LETTER LI.
- LETTER LII.
- LETTER LIII.
- LETTER LIV.
- LETTER LV.
- LETTER LVI.
- LETTER LVII.
- LETTER LLVIII.
- LETTER LIX.
- RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS.
- LETTER LX.
- Letter LXI.
- Letter LXII.
- Letter LXIII.
- Benefit of making others Misfortunes our own.
- LETTER LXIV.
- CONCLUSION.

Vol. 4

LETTER I.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

My dearest Mrs. B. We are greatly obliged to you for every particular Article in your entertaining Journal, which you have brought sooner than we wish'd to a Conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious Charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the Manner; and for your inimitable Conduct in the Affair of your frail *Polly*, and the silly *Mr. H.*

Your Account of the Visit of the Four Rakes, and of your Parting with your noble Guests; your Verses, and *Mr. H.'s* Letter, (an Original indeed!) have all greatly entertain'd us, as your Prerogative Hints have amus'd us: But we defer our Opinions of those Hints, till we have the Case more fully explain'd.

But, my dear Friend, are you not in Danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter Part of your Letter, we are afraid you are; and my Mamma, and *Mrs. Jones*, and *Mrs. Peters*, injoin me to write, to caution you on that Head. But there is the less need of it, because your Prudence will always suggest to you Reasons, as it does in that very Letter, that must out-balance your Fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good Lesson in your Case, and to a Lady of your Temper; and I hope *Lady Davers* will not in vain have given you that Caution. After all, I dare say, your Thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off, in proper Time.

Mean time, permit me to chuse you a Subject, that will certainly divert you. You must know, that I have been a diligent Observer of the Conduct of People in the marry'd Life to each other, and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any tolerable Happiness in it, unless the one or the other makes such Sacrifices of their Inclinations and Humours, as renders it a State very little desirable to free and generous Minds. Of this I see an Instance in our own Family; for tho' my Papa and Mamma live very happily, it is all owing to one Side, I need not say which. And this, I am sure, must be the Case between *Mr. B.* and you: For you must, even thro' Fire, if requir'd, sacrifice to *Moloch*. I know your Prudence will oblige you to make the best of it; and, like a contented good Wife, you will say, You have your own Will in every thing: A good Reason why, Because you make your own Will his. This, long ago, we all decreed, any Lady must do, be her Quality ever so great, who would be happy with *Mr. B.*—Yet my Sister once hoped (*entre nous*) to be the Person. Fine Work would there have been between two such Spirits, you may believe!—

But to wave this: Let me ask you, *Mrs. B.* Is your Monarch's Conduct to you as *respectful*, I don't mean fond, when you are alone together, as when in Company? —Forgive me, Madam— But you have hinted two or three times, in your Letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in Company; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, Because he thereby does Credit with every body to his own Choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming Scenes which your Genius and fine Behaviour furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with Joy, and even Rapture; and must make him love you more for your Mind than for your Person: —But these rapturous Scenes last very little longer than the present Moment. What I want to know, is, Whether in the *steadier* Parts of Life, when you are both nearer the Level of us common Folks, he gives up any thing of his own Will in Compliment to yours? Whether he acts the Part of a respectful, polite Gentleman, in his Behaviour to you; and breaks not into your Retirements, in the Dress, and with the brutal Roughness, of a Fox-hunter? —Making no Difference, perhaps, between the Field or his Stud, I will not say Kennel, and your Chamber or Closet? —Policy, for his own Credit sake, as I mention'd, accounts to me well, for his Complaisance to you in Publick. But his regular and uniform Behaviour to you in your Retirements, when the Conversation between you turns upon usual and common Subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to Admiration of you, by such Scenes as those of your two Parsons, *Sir Jacob Swynford*, and the like; are what would most engage my Curiosity, if you please to give me an Instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest *Mrs. B.* if you can give me a Case partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me:

First, Where he has borne with some Infirmary of your own; and I know of none where you can be guilty of any, except you get into a vapourish Habit, by giving way to a Temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next, That, in Complaisance to *your* Will, he recedes from *his own*, in any one Instance:

Next, Whether he breaks not into your Retirements unceremoniously, and without Apology or Concern; as I

hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. *B.* all I mean, by what I have said; and if you have any pretty Conversation in Memory, where this my bold Curiosity may be answer'd, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the inborn Generosity which all that know Mr. *B.* have been willing to attribute to him, but of the Likelihood of the Continuance of both your Felicities, upon Terms suitable to the Characters of a fine Lady and fine Gentleman; and, of consequence, worthy of the Imitation of the most delicate of our own Sex.

This is the Task your *Polly Darnford* presumes to set to her beloved Mrs. *B.* And why? For your own Diversion, in the *first* Place. For my Edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the Pleasure I hope for, of attending you in *London*, I may see what there is in the Conduct of you both, to admire, or to remonstrate against, in the *Third*. For, where there is so little wanting to Perfection between you, I shall be very free with you both, in my Censures, if he imposes, thro' Prerogative, or you permit, thro' an undue Compliance, what I shall imagine ought not to be in either Case. I know, you will excuse me for what I have said; and well you may, since I am sure, I shall have nothing to do, when I am with you, but to admire, and to imitate *you*; and to wish, if ever I marry, I may have just such an Husband (tho' not quite so haughty perhaps) as Mr. *B.* But pray, let not the lordly Man see this Letter, nor your Answer, nor the Copy of it, till you may conclude I have the latter, if then; that you may not be under any undue Influences.

Your obliging *Longings*, my beloved dear Lady, for my Company, I hope, will be soon, very soon, answer'd. My Papa was so pleased with your sweet Earnestness on this Occasion, that he join'd with my Mamma, and both with equal Cheerfulness, said, You should not be many Days in *London* before me. *Murray* and his Mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one Quarrel. The only Person, he, of either Sex, that ever knew *Nancy* so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. *B.* how much I am
Your obliged and affectionate Polly Darnford.

I must add, however, that I expect, from you, almost as many Letters as there are Post-Days, between this and the Time I see you; for I will not part with my Correspondent for any body; no, not for Lady *Davers*.

But I must insist upon your giving me the Conversation with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*.

I will observe every thing you say in relation to Mrs. *Jewkes*; who is much as she was, but not better.

LETTER II.

My dearest Miss Darnford, I Was afraid I ended my last Letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly Notice you take of it. It was owing to a Train of Thinking which sometimes I get into, of late; I hope, only symptomatically, as you say, and that the Cause and Effect will soon vanish together.

But what a Task, my dear Miss, I'll warrant, you think you have set me! I thought, in the Progress of my Journal, and in my Letters, I had given so many Instances of Mr. *B's* polite Tenderness to me, that no new ones would be requir'd at my Hands; and when I said he was always *most* complaisant before Company, I little expected, that such an Inference would be drawn from my Words, as would tend to question the Uniformity of his Behaviour to me, when there were no Witnesses to it. But I am glad you give me an Opportunity to clear up all your Doubts on this Subject. To begin then,

You first desire an Instance, Where Mr. *B.* has borne with some Infirmity of mine:

Next, That in Complaisance to my Will, he has receded from his own:

And, lastly, Whether he breaks not into my Retirements unceremoniously, and without Apology or Concern, making no Difference between the Field or the Stud, and my Chamber or Closet.

I know not, my dear Miss, what the Distance is, at which the polite Ladies, and those of Rank, think it proper to endeavour to keep their Husbands: But I will give you, by and by, the Subject of one Conversation only, which will answer all you mean, as I apprehend, and at the same time acquaint you with the Notions and Behaviour of us both, with respect to this Distance, and my Retirements; and then leave you to judge as you think fit.

As to the first, his bearing with my Infirmities, he is daily giving Instances of his Goodness to me on this Head; and I am asham'd to say, that of late I give him so much Occasion for them as I do: But he sees my Apprehensiveness, at times, tho' I endeavour to conceal it; and no Husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. *B.* He gives me the best Advice, as to my Malady, if I may call it one: Treats me with redoubled Tenderness; talks to me upon the Subjects I most delight to dwell upon; as of my worthy Parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended Journey to *London*; of the Diversions of the Town; of Miss *Darnford's* Company; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. *Jervis* to me, because I should not be alone. At other times, takes me abroad with him; brings this Neighbour and that Neighbour to visit me; and carries me to visit them: Talks of our Journey to *Kent*, and into *Lincolnshire*, and to my Lady *Davers's* to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, and I can't tell whither, when the apprehended Time shall be over. —In fine, my dear Miss *Darnford*, you cannot imagine one half of his tender Goodness and Politeness to me! Indeed you cannot! —Then, as to what you call *respectful*, he watches every Motion of my Eye, every Turn of my Countenance; seldom gives his Opinion upon Subjects that he kindly imagines within my Capacity, till he has heard mine; and I have the less Fear of falling into mean Compliances, because his Generosity is my Guardian, and never fails to exalt me, more than I can debase myself, or than it is possible I can deserve. Then he hardly ever goes out to any Distance, but he brings me some pretty Present, that he thinks will be grateful to me: When at home, is seldom out of my Company; delights to teach me *French* and *Italian*, and reads me Pieces of manuscript Poetry, in several of the modern Tongues: (for he speaks them all); explains to me every thing I understand not; delights to answer all my Questions, and to encourage my Inquisitiveness and Curiosity; tries to give me a Notion of Pictures and Medals, and reads me Lectures upon them, for he has a fine Collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my Questions and Observations.

What say you to these things, my dear Miss? Do they come up to your first Question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said, a full Answer, were I to say no more, to *all* your Inquiries? Can there be any such thing as *undue Compliances* to such an Husband, on my Side, think you? And when I have charm'd to sleep, by my grateful Duty, that watchful Dragon *Prerogative*, as Lady *Davers*, in one of her Letters, calls it; and am resolved not to awake it, if I can help it, by the least disobliging or wilfully perverse Act, what have I to apprehend from it?

O my dear Miss, I am thoroughly convinc'd, that half the Misunderstandings among marry'd People, are owing to Trifles, to petty Distinctions, to mere Words, and little captious Follies, to Over-weenings, or unguarded Petulances: And who would forego the solid Satisfactions of Life, for the sake of triumphing in such poor Contentions, if one could triumph?

Are such Foibles as these to be dignify'd by the Name of *Inclinations*, and *Humours*, which, to be given up, would be making such a *Sacrifice, as shall render the married Life little desirable to free and generous Minds?*—

But say not, my dear Miss, to *free and generous Minds*: For every high Spirit deserves not those Epithets: Nor think what I say, a Partiality in behalf of my own Conduct, and an Argument for Tameness of Spirit, and such an one as would lick the Dust; for, let me tell you, my dear Friend, that dearly as I love and honour my Mr. *B.* if he were to require of me any thing that I thought it was my Duty not to comply with, I should be the unhappiest Creature in the World; because I am sure I should withstand his Will, and desire him to excuse my Compliance.

But then I would reserve my Strength for these *greater* Points, and would never dispute with him the *smaller*, altho' they were not intirely to my Likeing: And this would give both Force and Merit to the Opposition, when I found it necessary: But to contest every little Point, where nothing but one's stubborn Will was in the Question, what an inexcusable Perverseness would that be! How ready to enter the Lists against an Husband, would it make one appear to him? And where, besides, is the Merit of Obliging, were we only to yield to what will oblige ourselves?

But you next require of me an Instance, where, in Complaisance to *my* Will, he has receded from *his own*? I don't know, Miss, what to say to this. When Mr. *B.* is all Tenderness and Indulgence, as I have said, and requires of me nothing, that I can have a material Objection to; ought I *not* to oblige him? *Can* I have a Will, that is not his? Or would it be excusable, if I *had*? All little Matters, as I have said, I chearfully give up: Great ones have not yet occur'd between us, and I hope never will. One Point, indeed, I have some Apprehension *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, We have had a Debate or two on the Subject (which I maintain) of a Mother's Duty to nurse her own Child; and, I am sorry to say it, he seems more determin'd than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far, as to awaken the sleeping Dragon I mention'd, *Prerogative* by Name; but I doubt I cannot give up this Point very contentedly. But as to lesser Points, had I been a Duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my Husband.

Upon the Whole of this Question then, I have really had no Will of my own to contend for, so generous is Mr. *B.* and so observant and so grateful have I thought it my Duty to be; yet I could give you many respectful Instances, too, of his receding, when he has desir'd to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begg'd to be excus'd. One such Instance I can give since I began this Letter. This is it.

I put it in my Bosom, when he came up: He saw me do so.

Are you writing, my Dear, what I must not see?

I am writing to Miss *Darnford*. Sir; and she begg'd, you might not, at present.

This augments my Curiosity, *Pamela*. What can two such Ladies write, that I may not see?

If you won't be displeas'd, Sir, I had rather you would not, because Miss desires you may not see her Letter, nor this my Answer, till the latter is in her Hands.

Then I will not, return'd Mr. *B.*

Will this Instance, my dear Miss, come up to your Demand for one, where he recedes from his own Will, in Complaisance, to mine?

But now, as to what both our Notions and our Practice are on the Article of my Retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without Apology, let the Conversation I promised, inform you, which began on the following Occasion:

Mr. *B.* rode out early one Morning, within a few Days past, and did not return till the Afternoon, an Absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing to me, I had such an Impatency to see him, having expected him at Dinner, that I was forced to retire to my Closet, to try to divert it off, by writing; and the gloomy Conclusion of my last, was then the Subject. He return'd about Four o'Clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his Riding-dress, as your Politeness, my dear Friend, would perhaps have expected, but came directly up to me, with an Impatency to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon Inquiry, that I was in my Closet.

I heard his welcome Step, as he came up—stairs; which generally, after a longer Absence than I expect, has such an Effect upon my fond Heart, that it gives a responsive Throb for every Step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer and nearer, till, tapping my Breast, I say to it sometimes, Lie still, busy Fool as thou art! Canst thou not forbear letting thy discerning Lord see thy nonsensical Emotions? I love to indulge thee, in them, myself, 'tis ; but then let nobody else observe them; for, generous as thy Master is, thou

mayst not perhaps meet with such favourable Interpretations as thou deservest, when thou art always fluttering thus, as he approaches, and playest off all thy little joyful Frolicks into the glowing Cheek, and brighten'd Eye, of thy Mistress; which makes her look, as if she were conscious of some Misdemeanour; when all the time, it is nothing in the world but grateful Joy, and a Love so innocent, that the purest Mind might own it.

This little Flutter and Chiding of the busy Simpleton, made me meet him but at the Closet-door, instead of the Entrance of my Chamber, as sometimes I do. —So, my dear Love, how do you? folding his kind Arms about me, and saluting me with Ardour. Whenever I have been but a few Hours from you, my Impatience to see my Beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the Formality of a Message to know how you are engag'd; but I break in upon you, even in my Riding-dress, as you see.

Dear Sir, you are very obliging. But I have no Notion of *mere* Formalities of this kind (How unpolite this, my dear Miss, in your Friend!) in a married State; since 'tis impossible a virtuous Wife can be employ'd about any thing, that her Husband may not know; and so need not fear Surprizes.

I am glad to hear you say this, my *Pamela*; for I have always thought the extraordinary Civilities and Distances of this kind, which I have observed among several Persons of Rank, altogether unaccountable. For, if they are exacted by the Lady, I should suspect she had Reserves, which she herself believ'd I could not approve of. If not exacted, but practis'd of Choice by the Gentleman, it carries with it, in my Opinion, a false Air of Politeness, little less than affrontive to the Lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look, as if he supposed, and *allowed*, that; probably, she might be so employed, that it was necessary to apprise her of his Visit, lest he should make Discoveries not to her Credit, or his own?

One would not, Sir, (for I thought his Conclusion too severe) make such a harsh Supposition as this, neither: For there are little Delicacies and Moments of Retirement, no doubt, in which a modest Lady would be glad to be indulg'd by the tenderest Husband.

It may be so, in an *early* Matrimony, before the Lady's Confidence in the Honour and Discretion of the Man she has chosen, has disingag'd her from her Bridal Reserves.

Bridal Reserves! dear Sir; permit me to give it, as my humble Opinion, That a Wife's Behaviour ought to be as pure and as circumspect, in Degree, as that of a Bride, or even of a maiden Lady, be her Confidence in her Husband's Honour and Discretion, ever so great. For, indeed, I think, a gross or a careless Demeanour little becomes that Modesty, which is the peculiar Excellency and Distinction of our Sex.

You account very well, my Dear, by what you now say, for your own over-nice Behaviour, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a Practice we make our own, because we *do* make it our own, rather than from the Reason of the Thing?

I hope, Sir, that is not the present Case with me; for, permit me to say, That an over-free or negligent Behaviour in a Lady in the marry'd State, must be a Mark of Disrespect to her Consort; and would shew, as if she was very little solicitous about what Appearance she made in his Eye. And must not this beget in him, a slight Opinion of her, and her Sex too, as if, supposing the Gentleman had been a free Liver, she would convince him, there was no other Difference in the Sex, but as they were within or without the Pale; licens'd by the Law, or acting in Defiance of it?

I understand the Force of your Argument, *Pamela*. But you was going to say something more.

Only, Sir, permit me to add, That when, in my particular Case, you injoin me to appear before you always dress'd, even in the early Part of the Day, it would be wrong, if I was less regardful of my Behaviour and Actions, than of my Appearance.

I believe you are right, my Dear, if a precise or unnecessary Scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy, and natural, as in my *Pamela*. For I have seen marry'd Ladies, both in *England* and *France*, who have kept a Husband at greater Distance, than they have exacted from some of his Sex, who have been more intitled to his Resentment, than to his Wife's Intimacies.

But to wave a Subject, in which, as I can with Pleasure say, neither of us have much Concern, tell me, my Dearest, how you were employ'd before I came up? Here are Pen and Ink: Here too is Paper; but it is as spotless as your Mind: To whom was you directing your Favours now? May I not know your Subject?

Mr. *H's* Letter was a Part of it; and so I had put it by, at his Approach; and not chusing he should see that; I am writing, reply'd I, to Miss *Darnford*: But I think you must not ask me to see what I have written *this* time. I put it aside, that you should not, when I heard your welcome Step. The Subject is our parting with our noble Guests;

and a little of my Apprehensiveness, on an Occasion upon which our Sex may write to one another; but, for some of the Reasons we have been mentioning, Gentlemen should not desire to see.

Then I will not, my dearest Love (So here, Miss, is another Instance—I could give you an hundred such,—of his receding from his own Will, in Complaisance to mine): Only, continued he, let me warn you against too much Apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for such a Mind, as my *Pamela's*, I cannot permit to be habitually overclouded. And yet there now hangs upon your Brow an Over—thoughtfulness, which you must not indulge.

Indeed, Sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my Subject, before you came; but your Presence, like the Sun, has dissipated the Mists that hung upon my Mind. See you not, and I press'd his Hand with my Lips, they are all gone already? smiling upon him, with a Delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my obliging Charmer; and therefore, if you have no Objection, I will change my Dress, and attend you in the Chariot for an Hour or two, whither you please, that not one Shadow may remain visible in this dear Face. And then he saluted me with Ardour.

Whither you please, Sir. A little Airing with you, will be highly agreeable to me.

The dear Obliger went and chang'd his Dress in an Instant; and he led me to the Chariot, with his usual tender Politeness, and we had a charming Airing of several Miles; returning quite happy, chearful, and delighted with each other's Conversation, without calling in upon any of our good Neighbours: For what need of that, my dear Miss, when we could be the best Company in the World to each other?

Now, Miss, do these Instances come up to your Questions? Do they, or do they not? —If you think not, I could give you our Conversation in the Chariot; for I wrote it down, at my first Leisure, so highly was I delighted with it: For the Subject was my dearest Parents; a Subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being tir'd with writing, I may reserve it, till I have the Pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a Conclusion of this long Letter.

You will perceive, my dear Miss, by what I have written, in what Sense it may be *justly* said, That Mr. *B.* is *most* complaisant to me before Company, perhaps, politically, as you say, to do Credit to his own generous Choice: —But that he is more tender, yea, *respectfully* tender, (for that's the Word with you) and not less polite to me, in our retired Hours, you will have no Doubt, from what I have related; and could further relate if it was necessary: For every Day produces Instances equal to what I have given you.

Then, my dear Miss, let me say to you, what I could not so freely say to any other young Lady; That I never could have hoped I should be so happy as I am, in other Particulars, from a Gentleman who has given himself the Liberties Mr. *B.* has done: For I never hear from him, in Company, or when alone, the least shocking Expression, or such frothy Jests, as tend to convey impure Ideas to the most apprehensive Mind. There is indeed the less Wonder in this, and that we can glory in a conjugal Chastity, as I have the Vanity to think, his Love, as well as my own, is the Love of the Mind, rather than that of Person; and our tenderest and most affecting Moments, are those which lift us up above Sense, and all that Sense can imagine. But this is a Subject too delicate to be dwelt upon, even to you: And you'll better comprehend all I mean, when your pure Mind meets with a Gentleman of exalted Sense, like Mr. *B.* whom, if you *find* not so good as you wish, your Example will *make* so.

Permit me to add, for the sake of you, my dear Parents, as well as for those of my much—respected Friends, who have join'd in the kind Caution you give me, my dear Miss, against getting into too thoughtful and gloomy a way, that there is no great Fear, that I should continue long in it, when I have so kind and so generous a Comforter as Mr. *B.* For, at his Presence, all my fearful Apprehensions are dissipated, and vanish like a Morning Dream. And depend upon it, that so sure as the Day succeeds to the Night, so sure will my Mind, while capable of the least Sense of Gratitude, be illuminated the Moment he shines out upon me, let it be ever so over—cast in his Absence, thro' imaginary Doubts and apprehended Evils.

I have only further to add, for my Comfort, that next *Thursday* Sev'nnight, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for *London*. And why do you think I say *for my Comfort*? Only that I shall then soon have the Opportunity, to assure you personally, as you give me Hope, how much I am, my dear Miss *Darnford*,

Your truly affectionate P. B.

I will shew you, when I see you, the Conversation you require about the young Ladies.

LETTER III.

My dear Miss, One more Letter, and I have done for a great while; because I hope your Presence will put an End to the Occasion. I shall now tell you of my second Visit to the Dairy-house, where we went to Breakfast, in the Chariot and Four, because of the Distance, which is Ten pretty long Miles.

I transcrib'd for you, from Letters written formerly to my dear Parents, an Account of my former Dairy-house Visit, and what the People were, and whom I saw there; and altho' I besought you to keep that Affair to yourself, as too touching a Point to the Reputation of my Mr. *B.* to be known but to you only, and even to destroy it, when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the Story, and so I need not repeat any Part of that Account.

When we arrived there, we found at the Door, expecting us, (for they heard the Chariot-wheels at a Distance) my pretty Miss *Goodwin*, accompanied by two other Misses, who had earned their Ride, and attended by the Governess's Daughter, a discreet young Gentlewoman. As soon as I stepp'd out, Miss ran into my Arms with great Eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the Parlour, asked her abundance of Questions about her Work, and her Lessons; and among the rest, If she had merited this Distinction of the Chaise and Dairy-house Breakfast, or if it were owing to her Uncle's Favour, and to that of her Governess? The young Gentlewoman assur'd me it was to both, and shew'd me Miss's Needleworks, and Penmanship, and the Child was highly pleased with my Commendations.

I took a good deal of Notice of the other two Misses, for their Schoolfellow's sake, and made each of them a Present of some little Toys; and my Miss, of a Number of pretty Trinkets, with which she was highly delighted, and I told her, that I would wait upon her Governess, when I came from *London* into the Country again, and see in what Order she kept her little Matters; for, above all things, I loved pretty housewifely Misses; and then, I would bring her more.

Mr. *B.* observ'd, with no small Satisfaction, the Child's Behaviour, which is very pretty, and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *Uncle*, and yet seem'd under some Restraint, lest it should be taken, that he *was*. Such Power has secret Guilt, poor dear Gentleman! to lessen and restrain a Pleasure, that would, in a happier Light, have been so laudable to have manifested! But how commendable is this his Love to the dear Child, compar'd to that of most wicked Libertines, who have no Delight, but in destroying Innocence; and care not what becomes of the unhappy Infant, or of the still more unhappy Mother!

I am going to let you into a charming Scene, resulting from this Perplexity of the dear Gentleman! A Scene that has afforded me high Delight ever since; and always will, when I think of it: But I will lead to it, as gradually as it happen'd.

The Child was very fond of her Uncle, and told him, She loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good Aunt. —You talked, Madam, said she, when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you— Will you let me, Madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my Book, and my Needle; indeed I will.

Ask your Uncle, my dearest Miss, said I; I should like your pretty Company of all things.

She went to Mr. *B.* and said, Shall I, Sir, go and live with my Aunt? Pray let me, when you come from *London* again.

You have a very good Governess, Miss, said he; and she can't part with you.

Yes, but she can, Sir; she has a great many Misses, and can spare me well enough; and if you please to let me ride in your Coach sometimes, I can go and visit my Governess, and beg a Holiday for the Misses, now—and—then, when I am almost a Woman, and then all the Misses will love me.

Don't the Misses love you now, Miss *Goodwin*? said he. Yes, they love me well—enough, for matter of that; but they'll love me better, when I can beg them a Holiday. Do, dear Sir, let me go home to my new Aunt, next time you come into the Country.

I was much pleased with the dear Child's Earnestness; and permitted her to have her full Argument with her beloved Uncle; but was much moved, and he himself was under some Concern, when the dear Miss said,—But you should, in Pity, let me live with you, Sir; for I have no Papa, nor Mamma neither: They are so far off! —But I

will love you both as if you were my own Papa and Mamma; so, dear now, my good Uncle, promise the poor Girl that has never a Papa nor Mamma!—

I withdrew to the Door: It will rain, I believe, said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a Shower in my Eye; and had I kept my Place, could not have refrained shewing how much I was affected.

Mr. *B.* as I said, was a little mov'd; but for fear the young Gentlewoman should take notice of it, How! my Dear, said he, No Papa and Mamma! — Did they not send you a pretty Black Boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you forgot that? — That's, reply'd Miss: But what's a Black Boy to living with my new Aunt? — That's better a great deal than a Black Boy! Indeed it is.

Well, your Aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from *London*. Be a good Girl, mean time, and do as your Governess would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you! Well then, Miss *Bett*, said she to her young Governess, let me be set two Tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can, to deserve to go to my Aunt.

In this manner the little Prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the Scene I hinted at, open'd as follows:

Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, What a poor Figure does the proudest Mind make, my dear *Pamela*, under the Sense of a concealed Guilt, in Company of the Innocent who know it, and those who do not! Even the casual Expression of a Baby shall strike back Shame upon a guilty Heart, and make one unable to look up without Confusion. I blush'd for myself, continued he, to see how you was affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with your Eye; for then, the whole Power of Innocence, triumphing over my Guilt, how like a Fool I look'd! Surely I made a most contemptible Figure, *Pamela!* — Did you not disdain me, at that Moment?

Dearest Sir! how can you speak such a Word? A Word I cannot repeat after you! For at that very Time, I beheld you with the more Reverence, for seeing your noble Heart touch'd with a Sense of your Error; and it was such an Earnest to me of the happiest Change I could ever wish for, and in so young a Gentleman, that it was one half Joy for that, and the other half Concern at the little Charmer's accidental Plea, to her best and nearest Friend, for coming home to her new Aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.

You must not talk to me of the Child's coming home, after this Visit, *Pamela*; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the Reproaches of my own Mind, were I to see the little Prater every Day before me, and to think of what her poor Mamma has suffered on my Account! 'Tis enough, that in *you*, my Dear, I have an hourly Reproach before me, for my Attempts on your Virtue; and I have nothing to boast, but that I gave way to your Triumphs: And what then is my Boast?

What is your Boast, dearest Sir? You have every thing to boast, that is worthy of being boasted of: — Brought up to an affluent Fortune, uncontrollable in your Will, your Passions unbridled; God has touched your truly noble Heart, and you have seen your Error, at a Time of Life, when others are rushing into Vices, in the midst of which, perhaps, they are cut off.

You act generously, and with a laudable Affection, to a deserving Baby, which some would have left friendless to the wide World, and have made more miserable, perhaps, than they had made the very miserable Mother: And you have the Comfort to think, that thro' God's Goodness, this *Mother* is not unhappy; and that there is not a lost *Soul*, any more than a lost *Body*, to lay to your Charge.

You have inspirited, by your generous Example, and inabled, by your splendid Fortune, another Person, whom you have made the happiest Creature in the World, to do more Good, if she may say so without Vanity, than Twenty wicked Libertines have done Mischief; besides making every one, that approaches you, easy and happy, with the Bounty of your own Hands.

You are the best of Husbands, the best of Landlords, the best of Masters, the best of Friends; and with all these Excellencies, and a Mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the Sense of its past Mistakes, will you ask, dear Sir, What is your Boast?

O my dearest, dear Mr. *B.* and then I press'd his Hand with my Lips, whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to Reflections so hopeful, you are the Glory and the Boast of your grateful *Pamela!* And permit me to add, Tears standing in my Eyes, and holding his Hand between mine, That I never beheld you in my Life, in a more amiable Light, than when I saw your manly Countenance manifesting the Struggle your Heart labour'd with, as it seem'd to me, between Grace and Consciousness. O Sir! this was a Sight of Joy, of Joy! to one who loves you for your dear *Soul's* sake, more than for that of your Person; and who looks forward to a Companionship with

you, beyond the Term of this transitory Life!

The dear Gentleman look'd down sometimes, and sometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me; and when I had done speaking, I began to fear, by his Silence, that I had offended him, remembering, just then, one of his former Cautions to me, not to throw a Gloom, by my Over-seriousness, upon his innocent Injoyments; and I said, putting my Arms round his Arm, as I sat, my fearful Eye watching his, I fear, Sir, I have been too serious! I have perhaps broken one of your Injunctions! Have cast a Gloominess over your Mind! And if I have, dear Sir, forgive me!

He clasped his Arm around me: O my beloved *Pamela*, said he; thou dear Augmenter of my Honour! and Confirmer of all my better Purposes! how shall I acknowledge (for reward I never can) your inexpressible Goodness to me? I see every Day more and more, my dear Love, what Confidence I may repose in your Generosity and Discretion! You want no Forgiveness; and my Silence was owing to much better Motives, than to those you were apprehensive of.

Judge ye, my honoured Parents, and you, my dear Miss, the Joy that overspread my Heart, encouraged in a manner so agreeable to all my Wishes. O Sir, Sir! said I, after a short Pause, your Goodness had struck me dumb for a Moment; but my Silence could hold but for that Moment: For had I been naturally dumb, and never spoken before, my Joy for this your Kindness, and the future Hope you raise in my Breast, would have unbar'd the Doors of my Speech, or my Heart would have been made vocal, had my Tongue remained silent.

Forgive me, my dearest Miss, these flighty Expressions: I know they are above myself, and perhaps out of Nature; but so, in a manner, was your Friend, when she spoke them. If ever it be your Lot to marry such a Gentleman as Mr. *B.* one who is capable of generous and noble Sentiments, and yet has not been so good as you wish him to be; whenever it shall happen, that the Divine Grace, and your Example, shall touch his Heart, and awaken his better Faculties, you'll then know a Joy like this which I have described; which will not only exalt your Heart and Speech, but, upon Reflection, will irradiate many a gloomy Apprehension, that, at times, will cast a Shadow over the brightest and happiest Prospects.

The Chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. *B.* handed me into the Parlour. Here, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, meeting her in the Passage, receive your Angel-Lady. I must take a little Tour without you, *Pamela*; for I have had *too much* of your dear Company, and must leave you, to descend again into myself; for you have raised me to such a Pitch, that it is with Pain I bear it.

He kissed my Hand, and went into his Chariot again; for it was but half an Hour after Twelve, and said, he would be back by Two, at Dinner. He left Mrs. *Jervis* wondering at his Words, and at the solemn Air with which he utter'd them. But when I told that good Friend the Occasion, I had a new Joy in the Pleasure and Gratulations of the dear good Woman, on what had passed.

Were I, my dear Friends, to recount to you every Conversation that gives me Delight, when we are *alone*, (my Miss *Darnford*) as well as when we are in Company, I should do nothing but write. Imagine the rest from what I have (but as so many Specimens of my Felicity) informed you of, and then think, if there can possibly be a happier Creature on Earth, than I am at present.

My next Letter will be from *London*, and to you, my honoured Parents (for to you, my dear Miss, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon). But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my Correspondence with Lady *Davers*; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss *Darnford*; and so I doubt, my dear Father and Mother, you cannot have the Particulars of that Correspondence; for I shall never find Time to transcribe. But every Opportunity that offers, you may assure yourself, shall be laid hold of, by

Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P. B.

Excuse me, dear Miss, a second Subscription; for you need not be told, how much I am, and ever shall be,
Your affectiouate P. B.

LETTER IV.

My dear Father and Mother, I Know you will be pleased to hear, that we arrived safely in Town last Night. We found a stately, well-furnish'd, and convenient House; and I had my Closet, or Library, and my Withdrawing-room, all in complete Order, which Mr. *B.* gave me Possession of, in a manner the most obliging that can be imagined.

I am in a new World, as I may say, and see such vast Piles of Building every-where, and such a Concourse of People, and hear such a Rattling of Coaches in the Day, that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. Then the nightly Watch, going their hourly Rounds, disturbed me last Night. But I shall soon be us'd to that, and sleep the sounder perhaps, for the Security it assures to us.

Mr. *B.* is impatient to shew me what is curious in and about this vast City; and to hear, as he is pleased to say, my Observations upon what I shall see; and he has carried me thro' several of the fine Streets this Day, in his Chariot: But, at present, I have too confus'd a Notion of Things, to give any Account of them: Nor shall I trouble you with Descriptions of that kind; for you being within a Day's Journey of *London*, I hope for the Pleasure of seeing you oftener, than I could expect before; and shall therefore leave these Matters to your own Observations, and what you'll hear from others.

I am impatient for the Arrival of my dear Miss *Darnford*; whose Company and Conversation will reconcile me, in a great measure, to this new World.

Our Family, at present, are Mr. *Colbrand*, Mr. *Jonathan*, and six Men-servants, including the Coachman. The four Maids are also with us.

But my good Mrs. *Jervis* was indisposed, so came not up with us; but we expect her, and Mr. *Longman*, in a Day or two: For Mr. *B.* has given her to my Wishes; and *Arthur* the Gardener, and his Wife, with *Benjamin*, are to keep House in the Country. And as Mr. *Longman's* Business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. *Jervis's* Care will be the better dispens'd with there; and I long to see the dear good Woman, and shall be more in my Element, when I do.

Then I have, besides, my penitent *Polly Barlow*: But the poor Girl has never held up her Head since that deplorable Instance of her Weakness, which I mentioned to you and Miss *Darnford*; yet am I as kind to her, as if nothing had happen'd. I wish, however, some good Husband would offer for her.

Mr. *Adams*, our worthy Chaplain, is, at present, with Mr. *Williams*. He purposes to give us his Company here till *Christmas*, when Matters will be adjusted, probably, so that he can take Possession of his Living. Mean time, that we may not let fall a good Custom, when perhaps we shall have most Occasion for it, I make Mr. *Jonathan*, who is reverend by his Years, and silver Hairs, supply his Place, appointing him the Subjects.

God preserve you both in Health, and continue to me, I beseech you, your Prayers and Blessings, concludes me
Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P. B.

LETTER V.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady, I Must beg Pardon, for having been in this great Town, more than a Week, and not having found an Opportunity to tender my Devoirs to your Ladyship. You know, dear Madam, what Hurries and Fatigues must attend such a Journey, to one in my way, and to an intire new Settlement, in which an hundred things must be done, and attended to, with a Preference to other Occasions, however delightful. Yet, I must own, we found a stately, a well-order'd, and a convenient House: But although it is not far from Fields, and has an airy Opening to its back Part, and its Front a Square, as it is called, yet I am not reconcil'd to it, so intirely as to the beloved Mansion we left.

My dear Mr. *B.* has been, and is, busily imploy'd in ordering some few Alterations, to make things still more commodious. He has furnish'd me out a little pretty Library; and has allotted me very convenient Apartments besides: And the Furniture of every Place is rich, as befits the Mind and Fortune of the generous Owner. But I shall not offer at Particulars, because we hope to have the Honour of a Visit from my good Lord, and your Ladyship, before the Winter Weather sets in, to make the Roads too dirty and deep; but it is proper to mention, that the House is so large, that we make a great Number of Beds, the more conveniently to receive the Honours your Ladyship, and my Lord, and Mr. *B.*'s other Friends will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the publick Diversions. Mr. *B.* has carry'd me, by gentle Turns, out of his Workmens way, Ten Miles round this over-grown Capital, and through the principal of its numerous Streets. The Villages, that lie spangled about this vast Circumference, as well on the other Side the noble *Thames*, (which I had before a Notion of, from Sir *John Denham's* celebrated *Cooper's Hill*) as well as on the *Middlesex* Side, are beautiful, both by Buildings and Situation, beyond what I could conceive, and several of them seem larger than many of our Country Towns of Note. But it would be impertinent to trouble your Ladyship with these Matters, who are no Stranger to what is worthy of Notice in *London*. But I was surpris'd, when Mr. *B.* observed to me, that this whole County, and the Two Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, are represented by no more than Eight Members of Parliament, when so many Borough Towns in *England* are inferior to the meanest Villages about *London*.

I am in daily Expectation of the Arrival of Miss *Darnford*, and then I shall wish (accompanied by a young Lady of so polite a Taste) to see a good Play. Mr. *B.* has already shewn me the Opera-house, and the Two Play-houses, tho' silent, as I may say; that, as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and that the Sight might not take off my Attention to the Performance, when I went to the Play: So that I can conceive a tolerable Notion of every thing, from the Disposition of the Seats, the Boxes, the Galleries, the Pit, the Musick, the Scenes, and the Stage; and so shall have no Occasion to gaze about me like a Country Novice, whereby I might attract a Notice, that I should not wish, either for my own Credit, or your dear Brother's Honour.

I have had a Pleasure, which I wished for, and had not in *Bedfordshire*; and that is, that on *Sunday* I was at Church, without gaping Crouds to attend us, and Wishes too loud for my own. Yet, I was more gaz'd at, (and so was Mr. *B.*) than I expected, considering there were so many well-dress'd Gentry, and some Nobility there; and *they* star'd as much as any body; but will not do so, I hope, when we cease to be a Novelty.

We have already had several Visitors to welcome Mr. *B.* to Town, and to congratulate him on his Marriage;—but some, no doubt, to see, and to find Fault with, his Rustick; for it is impossible, you know, Madam, that a Gentleman so distinguish'd by his Merit and Fortune, should have taken a Step of such Consequence to himself and Family, and not be known by every body so to have done.

Sir *Thomas Atkyns* is in Town, and has taken Apartments in the new-built stately Pile of Edifices, called *Hanover-square*; and he brought with him a younger Brother of Mr. *Arthur's*, who, it seems, is a Merchant.

Lord *F.* has been to pay his Respects to Mr. *B.* likewise, whose School-fellow he was *Eaton*, the little time Mr. *B.* was there. His Lordship promises, that his Lady shall make me a Visit, and accompany me to the Opera, as soon as we are fully settled.

A Gentleman of the *Temple*, Mr. *Turner* by Name, and Mr. *Fanshaw*, of *Grey's-Inn*, both Lawyers, and of Mr. *B.*'s former Acquaintance, very sprightly and modish Gentlemen, have also welcom'd us to Town, and made Mr.

B. abundance of gay Compliments on my account, to my Face, all in the common frothy Run.—

They may be polite Gentlemen; but I can't say, I over-much like them. —There is something so forward, so opinionated, so seemingly insensible of Rebuke, either from *within* or *without*, and yet not promising to avoid deserving one occasionally, that I could as *lieve* wish Mr. *B.* and they would not renew their former Acquaintance.

I am very bold, your Ladyship will say? —But you command me to write freely: Yet I would not be thought to be uneasy, with regard to your dear Brother's Morals, from these Gentlemen; for, Oh, Madam, I am a blessed Creature, and am hourly happier and happier in the Confidence I have as to that Particular: But I imagine they will force themselves upon him, more than he himself may wish, or would permit, were the Acquaintance now to begin; for they are not of his Turn of Mind, as it seems to me; being, by a Sentence or two that dropt from them, very free, and very frothy, in their Conversation; and by their laughing at what they say themselves, taking that for Wit, which will not stand the Test, if I may be allow'd to say so.

But they have heard, no doubt, what a Character Mr. *B.*'s Goodness to me, has lifted into Notice; and they think themselves warranted to say any thing before his Country Girl.

He was pleased to ask me, when they were gone, How I liked his two Lawyers? And said, they were Persons of Family and Fortune.

I am glad of it, Sir, said I; for their own sakes.

Then you don't approve of them, *Pamela*?—

They are *your* Friends, Sir; and I cannot have any Dislike to them.

They say good Things *sometimes*, returned he.

I don't doubt it, Sir: But you say good Things *always*.

'Tis happy for me, my Dear, you think so. But tell me; What think you of 'em?

I shall be better able, Sir, to answer your Question, if I see them a second time.

But we form Notions of Persons, at first Sight, sometimes, my Dear; and you are seldom mistaken in yours.

I only think, Sir, That they have neither of them any Diffidence: But their Profession, perhaps, may set them above that.

They don't *practise*, my Dear; their Fortunes require it not of them; and they are too studious of their Pleasures, to give themselves any Trouble they are not oblig'd to take.

They seem to me, Sir, to be *qualified* for Practice: They would make great Figures at the Bar, I fancy.

Why so?

Because, Sir, they seem, if I *must* speak, Gentlemen of great Elocution!—

How do you discover that, my Dear?—

Only, that they seem prepared to think *well* of what they shall say *themselves*; and *lightly* of what *other Peop'e* say, or may think of *them*.—

That indeed, my Dear, is the necessary Character of a publick Speaker, be he Lawyer, or what he will: The Man who cannot doubt himself, and can judge contemptibly of his Auditors, never fails to speak with *Self-applause* at least.

But you'll pardon me, good Sir, for speaking my Mind so freely, and so early, of these *your Friends*.

I never, my Love, ask you a Question, I wish you not to answer; and always expect your Answer should be without Reserve; for many times I may ask your Opinion, as a Corrective or a Confirmation of my own Judgment.

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good Lady? —But you know, how generously your dear Brother treats me, on all Occasions; and this makes me so bold as I often am.

It may be necessary, my dear Lady, to give you an Account of our Visitors, in order to make the future Parts of my Writing the more intelligible; because what I may have to write, may turn sometimes upon the Company we see: For which Reason, I shall also just mention Sir *George Stuart*, a *Scotish* Gentleman, with whom Mr. *B.* came acquainted in his Travels, who seems to be a polite, and (Mr. *B.* says, is) a learned Man, and a Virtuoso: He, and a Nephew of his of the same Name, a bashful Gentleman, and who, for that Reason, I imagine, has a Merit that lies deeper than a first Observation can reach, are just gone from us, and were received with so much Civility by Mr. *B.* as intitles them to my respectful Regard.

Thus, Madam, do I run on, in a manner, without Materials; and only to shew you the Pleasure I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord *Davers* continues in Health, and me in his Favour; which I value extremely, as well as your Ladyship's. Mr. *H.* I hope, likewise enjoys his Health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

Respects to the Countess, for her Ladyship's Favour and Goodness to me, which I shall ever place next, in my grateful Esteem, to the Honours I have received from your Ladyship on so many Occasions; and which bind me to be, with the greatest Respect, my dear Lady,

Your faithful and obliged Servant, P.B.

LETTER VI.

My dear Father and Mother, I Write to you both, at this time, for your Advice in a particular Case, that is the only one, that I have had, or I hope ever shall have, with my dear Benefactor, by way of Dispute; and as he is pleased to insist upon his way, and it is a Point of Conscience with me, I must resolve, I think, to be determin'd by your joint Advice; and if my Father and Mother, and Husband, are of one Opinion, I must yield up my own:

This is the Subject: I think a Mother ought, if she can, to be the Nurse to her own Children.

Mr. *B.* says, he will not permit it.

It is the first *will not* I have heard from him; or given Occasion for: And I tell him, that as it is a Point of Conscience with me, I hope he will indulge me: But the dear Gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that sometimes puzzles me. He pretends to answer me from Scripture; but I have some Doubts of *his* Exposition; and he gives me Leave to write to you, tho' yet he won't promise to be determin'd by your Opinions, if they are not the same with his own; and I say to him, Is this fair, my dearest Mr. *B.*? Is it?—

He has got the Dean's Opinion with him; for our Debate began before we came to Town: But then he would not let me state the Case; but did it himself; and yet 'tis but an half Opinion, as I may say, neither. For it is, That if the Husband is set upon it, it is a Wife's Duty to obey.

But I can't see how that is; for if it be the *natural* Duty of a Mother, it is a *Divine* Duty; and how can a Husband have Power to discharge a Divine Duty?— As great as a Wife's Obligation is to obey her Husband, which is, I own, one Indispensable of the Marriage Contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a superior Duty: And must not one be one's own Judge of Actions, by which we must stand or fall?—

I'll tell you my Plea:

I say, That where a Mother is unhealthy; subject to communicative Distempers, as scrophulous, or scorbutick, or consumptive Disorders, which have infected the Blood or Lungs; or where they have not Plenty of Nourishment for the Child, as, I have heard, is the Case of some; that in these Cases, a Dispensation lies of course.

But where there is good Health, free Spirits, and plentiful Nourishment; I think it an indispensable Duty.

For this was the Custom, of old, of all the good Wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the Nourishment of the Mother must be most natural to the Child.

Then a Nurse may have a bad Husband, may have Distempers; may have private Vices, as to Liquors, &c. may be careless, and a Self-lover; while a Mother prefers the Health of her Child to her own private Satisfactions, or Appetites.

A Nurse may be of a sordid Nature; and when I have heard Mr. *B.* so satirical on Lords and Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, why may not Charity make one think, that the Lady of the Family was Innocent of sordid and unpardonable Crimes, imputed by severe Judges; and that the Child, when grown up, owes' its Taste to the Coach-box, to its Nurse's being the Coachman's Wife, or the Wife of one of like Degree, who may not have a Mind or Qualities above that Degree; for, as the Blood and Spirits are augmented, with the Child's Growth, by the Food it takes in, a sordid Nature may as well be communicated from a sound Woman, as bad Health by an unsound, as I should imagine.

Then the Child, by the Designation of Nature, generally brings its Nourishment into the World with it: And Art must be used, as I presume, to dry up the Fountains of such its Nourishment: And is not this quite unnatural? And is not what is unnatural, sinful?

Then I have lately read, my Circumstances having made me curious on this Subject; that a newborn Child has, in

its little Bowels, a pitchy Substance, that wants to be purged off; and when it is not, occasions those Gripings and Convulsions which destroy so many miserable Infants, even (as one finds by the weekly Bills here in Town) more than half of those who die in Infancy: Whereas Nature has design'd, it seems, a Cure for this, in the purgative Quality, and fine thin Blueness given to the first Milk, which in three Weeks or a Month, or may—be less, carries off that pitchy Substance, and gives Freedom and Ease to the Bowels of Babies; a Quality which, not being in staler Milk, the poor Child often falls a Sacrifice to this Negligence or Inattention; and the Mother's Pains, and Hazards, are all cast away; and her Grievs, at losing the dear Infant, are much greater than her Joys, at its Birth, when all the Danger was over.

Then, dear Sir, said I, there is another Point, respecting the Health of our Sex.— Great Hurts to one's Constitution may arise from too frequently being in this Circumstance; and, for my own Part, you have made me so happy, that I cannot help being *covetous* of Life, if I may so say.— But the Sin, dear Sir, the Sin of committing that Task to others, which is so right to be performed by one's self, if one has Health and Strength to perform it, is the chief thing with me; and, you know, Sir, that even a Husband's Will is not sufficient to excuse one from a natural or divine Obligation.

These were my Pleas, among others: And this is his Answer; for he was so good to give it me in writing:

"As to what you allege, my Dear, of old Customs; Times and Fashions are much changed. If you tell me of *Sarah's*, or *Rachel's*, or *Rebekah's*, or *Leah's*, nursing their own Children, I can answer, that the one drew Water at a Well, for her Father's Flocks; another kneaded Cakes, and baked them on the Hearth, for her Guests; another personally dress'd savoury Meat, for her Husband; and all of them performed the common Offices of the Household: And when our modern Ladies are willing to follow such Examples in *every thing*, their Plea ought to be allow'd in this.

"As to the matter of sordid Natures— We read, that there were among *Jacob's* twelve Sons, bad as well as good Natures, tho' born of, and nursed by, the same Mothers; *Reuben* particularly committed an unpardonable Crime: You are too well read in Scripture—history, to need being told what it was. Two others were Murderers, treacherous Murderers, in cold Blood; and how did all their Hearts burn with sordid and unbrotherly Envy against their Father's favourite Son?

"Then it requires but the more Care in finding out a wholesome Woman, who has an honest and good—natur'd Husband: And, let me tell you, *Pamela*, that the best Natures, and the best Constitutions, (tho' your Case is an Exception) are not always to be met with in High—life; and the less, perhaps, because they don't exercise themselves, as the patriarchal Nurses you hinted at, used to do. Indeed I have seen Spirits, in some of the High—born of your Sex, that one would not wish to be propagated; but contrarily (if there be so much in the Nature of the Nourishment) I should think it matter of Prudence, that the Child should have any other Nurse than its Mother.

"As to the Nurse's private Vices, with regard to Liquors, Distempers, &c. this will be answer'd, by what I have hinted, of the greater Care to be taken in the Choice of the Nurse. And I am so well pleased with your Apprehensions of this Nature, that it is a moral Security to me, that you will make a proper Choice; and I shall be intirely easy, in committing this Province to so prudent and discreet a Wife.

"I allow, that there is a great deal in what you say, as to the pitchy Substance in new—born Children; and I think it very proper, that the Child should have the first Milk: But cannot such a Nurse be found, as may answer this Intention?— If she cannot, I will, provided you deal by me with your usual Sincerity, and not make Scruples against a Recommendation, on purpose to carry your own Point, permit you to be your own Nurse for one Month, or so, if, by the Opinion of proper Judges, it be found necessary. But then, as I know the pretty wire—drawing ways of your Sex, you must not so much as ask to go farther; for I shall not care to have my Rest disturbed; and it may not be quite so well, perhaps, to lay us under the Necessity of separate Beds.

"Besides, my Fondness for your personal Graces, and the laudable, and, I will say, honest Pleasure, I take in that easy, genteel Form, which every body admires in you, at first Sight, oblige me to declare, that I can by no means consent to sacrifice these to the Carelessness into which I have seen very nice Ladies sink, when they became Nurses. Moreover, my chief Delight in you is for the Beauties of your Mind; and, unequall'd as they are, in my Opinion, you have still a Genius capable of great Improvement; and I shan't care, when I want to hear my *Pamela* read her *French* and *Latin* Lessons, which I take so much Delight to teach her, (and to endeavour to

improve myself from her Virtue and Piety, at the same time) to seek my Beloved in the Nursery; or to permit her to be ingross'd by those Baby Offices, which will better befit weaker Minds.

"No, my Dear, you must allow me to look upon you as my Scholar, in one Sense; as my Companion, in another; and as my Instructress, in a third. You know I am not govern'd by the worst Motives: I am half overcome by your Virtue; and you must take care, that you leave not your Work half-done. But I cannot help looking upon the Nurse's Office, as an Office beneath my *Pamela*. Let it have your Inspection, your Direction, and your sole Attention, if you please, when I am abroad: But when I am at home, even a Son and Heir, so jealous am I of your Affections, shall not be my Rival in them: Nor will I have my Rest broken in upon, by your Servants bringing to you, as you once propos'd, your dear Little-one, at Times, perhaps, as unsuitable to my Repose, and your own, as to the Child's Necessities; for I have no Notion of stifling even a Cry, by cramming its little Stomach, when that very Cry, shall, perhaps, be necessary for Exercise to its Lungs, and to open its little Organs.

"You have been often somewhat uneasy, when I have talked, for Argument's sake, in favour of Polygamy. But when you mention the Designations of Nature, and form from thence your Notions of Duty on this Subject, what will you say, if I could, from your very Arguments of this kind, plead for that Practice, and bring all your good patriarchal Folks on my side, on whom you lay such Stress, in one Instance?— For Example, my Dear: Suppose I put you in mind, that while *Rachel* was giving her Little-one all her Attention, as a good Nurse, the worthy Patriarch had several other Wives—Don't be shock'd, my dearest Love—The Laws of one's own Country, are a sufficient Objection to me against Polygamy; at least, I will not think of any more Wives, till you convince me, by your Adherence to the Example given you by the Patriarch Wives, that I ought to follow those of the Patriarch Husbands."

So here is that nasty Word *Polygamy* again! Mr. *B.* knows, I had rather he should mention any thing than that.— But be so good as to mind his next Argument: He is pleased to entertain very high Notions (tho' he puts them not in Practice; and, indeed, I think it my Duty to avoid giving him Occasion for it) of the Prerogative of a Husband. Upon my Word, he sometimes, for Argument's sake, makes a body think a Wife should not have the least Will of her own. He sets up a dispensing Power, in short, altho' he knows, that that Doctrine once cost a Prince his Crown. And thus, proceeding with his Answer to my Plea, he argues:

"The chief Thing, that sticks with you, my dear *Pamela*, is, that you think it unnatural in a Mother not to be a Nurse to her own Child, if she can; and what is unatural, you say, is a Sin. Now, my Dear, altho' your *Practice* be so unexceptionable, you seem not to have a right Notion of the Obedience which a Wife naturally *owes*, as well as voluntarily *vows*, to a Husband's Will.—

"In all *lawful* Things, you'll say—But suppose, my Dear, you were to make a solemn Vow, either as a single Woman, or as a Wife, to do any thing that you had a natural Power to do. No doubt you would think yourself under an Obligation to perform it, let the Consequence be what it would. But to shew *you*, who are so learned in the old Law, of how little Force even the *Vows* of your Sex are, and how much you are under the Controul of ours, read the following Verses in *Numbers xxx.* *If a Man vow a Vow unto the Lord, or swear an Oath to bind his Soul with a Bond, he shall not break his Word; he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his Mouth.* The Reason of this is, he is sole and independent, and Master of his own Will and Actions. —But what follows? *If a Woman also vow a Vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a Bond, being in her Father's House, in her Youth; and her Father hear her Vow, and her Bond, wherewith, she hath bound her Soul, and her Father shall hold his Peace at her: Then all her Vows shall stand; and every Bond, wherewith she hath bound her Soul, shall stand. But if her Father disallow her in the Day that he heareth, not any of her Vows, or of her Bonds, wherewith she hath bound her Soul, shall stand: And the Lord shall forgive her, because her Father disallowed her.*

"The very same Thing is, with equal Strength, expressed in the Verses immediately following, in relation to a Husband's allowing or disallowing his Wife's Vows; nor is it distinguish'd at all, whether the Vow be just or unjust: And it is worthy of Observation too, that the Laws of *England*, in Consideration of the Obedience a Wife owes to a Husband, will acquit a Woman of certain Crimes, for which they will punish a Man with Death.

"What I have mentioned, therefore, shews how much the *Daughter* is under the absolute Controul of her *Father*, and the *Wife* of her *Husband*: So that, you see, my Dear, even in such a strong Point as a *solemn Vow to the Lord*, the Wife may be absolv'd by the Husband, from the Performance of it.

"And by the way, this is no bad Piece of Information to young Ladies, who are urged by their designing Lovers to enter into Vows and Contracts in their Favour: Not one of which, you see, is of Force, unless the Father, and,

by the same Rule, those who have Authority over her, and stand in the Father's Place, approve and confirm it.

"If this therefore be the Case in so solemn a Point, surely, an Husband may take upon himself to dispense with such a supposed Obligation, as that which you seem so loth to give up, even although you had made a Vow, that you would nurse your own Child. —And the rather, if the Principle an Husband acts upon, is laudable, a Desire to continue his affectionate and faithful Regards to his Wife, to preserve in her, as long as may be preserved, those Graces, and those Delicacies of Person, which he admires in her, and which it is impossible a thorough Nurse should keep up; and as, moreover, in your Case, her Time may be employ'd to so much greater Improvement to her own Mind, and her Husband's Morals, while he can look upon her in a Light above that of an insipid prattling Nurse, who must become a Fool and a Baby herself, before she can be complete in the Character, into which you, my Dear, want to dwindle.

"Some Gentlemen may be fond of having their Ladies undertake this Province, and very good Reasons may be assigned for such their Fondness; but it suits not me at all. And yet no Man would be thought to have a greater Affection for Children than myself, or be more desirous to do them Justice; for I think every one should look forward to Posterity with a Preference: But if my *Pamela* can be *better* employ'd: If the Office can be equally well perform'd: If your Direction and Superintendence will be sufficient; and if I cannot look upon you in that way with equal Delight, as if it was otherwise; I insist upon it, my *Pamela*, that you acquiesce with my *Dispensation*, and don't think to let me lose my beloved Wife, and have an indelicate Nurse put upon me instead of her.

"As to that Hint, the nearest to me of all, of Dangers to your Constitution; there is as much Reason to hope it may *not* be so, as to fear that it *may*. For Children sometimes bring Health with them as well as Infirmity; and it is not a little likely, that the *Nurse's* Office may affect the Health of a dear Lady, who has no very robust Constitution, and thinks it so much her Duty to attend it, that she will abridge herself of half the Pleasures of Life, and on that Account confine herself within Doors, or, in the other Case, must take with her, her Infant and her Nursery-maid, where-ever she goes; and I shall either have very fine Company (shall I not?) or be obliged to deny myself yours.

"Then, as I propose to give you a Smattering of the *French* and *Italian*, I know not but I may take you with me on a little Tour into *France* and *Italy*; at least to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, to *Oxford*, to *York*, and the principal Places of *England*: Wherefore, as I love to look upon you as the Companion of my Pleasures, I advise you, my dearest Love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a Phrase proper to the present Subject, *wean* me from that Love *to* you, and Admiration *of* you, which hitherto has been rather increasing than otherwise, as your Merit, and Regard for me, have increased."

These, my dear Parents, are charming Allurements, almost irresistible Temptations! And that makes me mistrust myself the more, and be the more diffident—For we are but too apt to be persuaded into any thing, when the Motives are so tempting as these last! —But do you take it *indeed*, that a Husband has such a vast Prerogative? Can it be, now under the *Gospel*, that this setting themselves, as it were, in God's place, and *dispensing* with our Wills as pleases theirs, is still in Force? —Yet it is said, that our Saviour came not to *break the Law, but to fulfil it*.

I take it for granted, that many Ladies will not chuse to dispute this Point so earnestly as I have done; for we have had several little Debates about it; and it is the only Point I have ever yet debated with him: But one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no Compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no Will at all of one's own: Yet would I not dispute one Point, but in Supposition of a superior Obligation: And this, he says, he can *dispense* with: —But, alas! my dear Mr. *B.* was never yet thought so intirely fit to fill up the Character of a Casuistical Divine, as that one may absolutely rely upon his Decisions in these serious Points: And you know we must all stand or fall by our own Judgments.

Upon Condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my Letter, nor your Answer to it, unless I please, I write for your Advice; for you both have always made a Conscience of your Duties, and taught me to do so too, or perhaps I had not been what I am; and I know, moreover, that nobody is more conversant with the Scriptures than you are; and, some how or other, he has got the Dean against me; and I care not to be so free with the worthy Minister of our Parish here, and still less with the younger Clergymen I am acquainted with.

But this I see plainly enough, that he will have his own Way; and if I cannot get over my Scruples, what shall I do? For if I think it a *Sin* to submit to the Dispensation he insists upon as in his Power to grant, and yet *do* submit to it, what will become of my Peace of Mind? For it is not in our Power to believe as one will. Then weak Minds

will have their Doubts, and the Law allows a Toleration for scrupulous and tender Consciences: But my beloved Husband, my Lawgiver, and my Prince, I doubt, will allow none to poor me!

As to the Liberty he gives me for a Month, I should be loth to take it; for one does not know the Inconveniences that may attend a Change of Nourishment; or if I did, I should rather—But I know not what I would say; for I am but a young Creature to be in this Way, and very unequal to it in every respect! So I commit myself to God's Direction, and your Advice, as becomes

Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P B.

LETTER VII.

My dearest Child, Your Mother and I have as well considered the Case you put, as we are able; and we think your own Reasons very good; and it is pity, a thousand Pities, your honoured Husband will not allow them, as you, my Dear, make it such a Point with you. Very few Ladies would give their Spouses, we believe, the Trouble of this Debate; and few Gentlemen are so very nice as yours in this respect; for I (but what signifies what such a mean Soul as I think, compar'd to so learned and brave a Gentleman; yet I) always thought your dear Mother, and she has been a pretty Woman too in her Time, never look'd so lovely, as when I saw the dear Creature, like the *Pelican* in the Wilderness, feeding her young ones from her kind Breast:—And had I had ever so noble an Estate, I am sure I should have thought so.

But since the good 'Squire cannot take this Pleasure; since he so much values your Person; since he gives you Warning, that it may estrange his Affections; since he is impatient of Denial, and thinks so highly of his Prerogative; since he may, if disoblige'd, resume some bad Habits, and so you may have all your Prayers and Hopes in his perfect Reformation frustrated, and find your own Power to do Good more narrow'd, as I may say; we think, besides the Obedience you have vowed to him, and is the Duty of every good Wife, you ought to give up the Point, and acquiesce; for this seemeth to us, to be the lesser Evil; and God Almighty, if it should be your Duty, will not be less merciful than Men; who, as his Honour says, by the Laws of the Realm, excuse a Wife when she is faulty by the Command of the Husband; and we hope, the Fault he is pleased to make you commit, (if a Fault, for he really gives very praise-worthy Motives for his Dispensation) will not lie at his own Door. So e'en resolve my dearest Child, to submit to it, and with Cheerfulness too.

God send you an happy Hour! but who knows, when the Time comes, whether it may not be proper to dispense with this Duty, as you deem it, on other Accounts? for every young Person is not inabled to perform it. So, to shew his Honour, that you will cheerfully acquiesce, your dear Mother advises, that you would look out for a wholesome, good-humour'd, honest Body, as near your Complexion, and Temper, and Constitution, as may be; and it may not be the worse, she thinks, if she is Twenty, or One or Two—and-twenty; for she will have more Strength and Perfection, as one may say, than even you can have at your tender Age: And, above all, for the wise Reason you give from your Reading, that she may be brought to-bed much about your Time, if it be possible.— We will look out, if you please, about us for such an one. And as Mr. *B.* is not averse to have the dear Child in the House with you, you will have as much Delight, and the dear Baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful Eye, as if you were to be oblig'd in the Way you would chuse.

So, God direct you, my dearest Child, in all your Ways, and make you acquiesce in this Point with Cheerfulness, (altho', as you say, one cannot believe as one pleases; for we verily are of Opinion you safely may, at Matters stand) and continue to you, and your beloved and honoured Husband, Health, and all manner of Happiness, are the Prayers of

Your most affectionate Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews.

I have privately shew'd our worthy Minister your Letter: You know, my Dear, he is a learned and judicious Gentleman: And he is of our Opinion, that it is best for you, on all Accounts, to acquiesce. Besides, it may disoblige the 'Squire, and it will signify nothing, after all; for he will have his Way, that's sure enough.

LETTER VIII.

I Thank you, my dearest Parents, for your kind Letter; it was given to Mr. *B.* and he brought it to me himself, and was angry at me: Indeed he was; as you shall hear:

'Tis from the good Couple, my Dear, I see. I hope they are of my Opinion. But whether they be or not—But I will leave you; and do you, *Pamela*, step down to my Closet when you have perus'd it.

He was pleased to withdraw; and I read it, and sat down, and consider'd it well; but, as you know I made it always my Maxim to do that I could not avoid to do, with as good a Grace as possible, I waited on the dear Gentleman.

Well, *Pamela*, said he, a little seriously, what say the worthy Pair?

Oh Sir! they declare for you! They say, it is best for me to yield up this Point.

They are certainly in the right.— But were you not a dear little perverse Slut to give me all this Trouble about your saucy Scruples?

Nay, Sir, don't call them so, said I; little thinking he was displeas'd with me.— I still am somewhat wavering; tho' they advise me to acquiesce: And, as it is your Will, and you have determin'd how it shall be, it is my Duty to yield up the Point.

But do you yield it up chearfully, my Dear?—

I do, Sir; and will never more dispute it, let what will happen!— And I beg Pardon for having so often enter'd into this Subject with you.— But you know, Sir, if a Body's Weakness of Mind gives one Scruples, one should not yield implicitly, till they are satisfy'd; for that would look as if one gave you not the Obedience of a free Mind.—

You are very obliging, *just now*, my Dear: But I can tell you, you had made me half serious; yet I would not shew it, in Compliment to your present *Circumstance*; for I did not expect, that you would have thought *any* Appeal necessary, tho' to your Father and Mother, in a Point that I was determin'd upon, as you must see, every Time we talk'd of it.

This struck me all in a Heap. I look'd down to the Ground; having no Courage to look up to his Face, for fear I should behold his Aspect as mortifying to me as his Words. But he took both my Hands, and drew me kindly to him, and saluted me—Excuse me, my dearest Love! I am not angry with you.— Speak to me, my Dear.— Why drops this precious Pearl, and kiss'd my Cheek! —Speak to me, *Pamela!* —

I will, Sir—I will—as soon as I can—for this being my first Check, so seriously given, my Heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obstinate, if I did not speak; I said, full of Concern—I wish, Sir—I wish—you had been pleas'd to spare me longer, a little longer, for the same kind, very kind Consideration!—

But is it not better, my Dear, to tell you I *was* a little out of Humour, than that I *am*?— But you had been very earnest with me on this Point more than once; and you put me upon a hated, because an ungenerous, Necessity of pleading my Prerogative, as I call it: And yet this would not do, but you would appeal against me in the Point I was determin'd upon, for Reasons altogether generous, and in your Favour; and if this was not like my *Pamela*, excuse me, my dearest Love, that I could not help being a little unlike myself.

Ah! thought I, this is not so very unlike your dear Self, if I were to give the least Shadow of an Occasion; for it is of a Piece with your Lessons formerly .

I am sure, said I, I was not in the least aware, that I had offend'd!— But I was too little circumspect: I had been used to your Goodness for so long a Time, that I expected it, it seems; and thought I was sure of your favourable Construction.

Why so you may be, my Dear, in every thing *almost*. But I don't love to speak † twice my Mind on the same Subject; you know I don't; and you have really disputed this Point with me Five or Six times: Insomuch, that I wonder'd what was come to my Dearest!—

I thought, Sir, you would have distinguish'd between a Command where my Conscience was concern'd, and a common Point: You know, Sir, I never had any Will but yours in common Points. —But indeed you make me fearful, because my Task is render'd too difficult for my own weak Judgment. But then, Sir—But I shall offend again—

And then what? Say all you would say, *Pamela*. —And then what?

Why, Sir, if I must speak—You threaten me so at every Turn with that cruel Word *Polygamy*, that it shews me, it is too much in your Mind— But I shall make you angry again.

Was not the Patriarch Husbands Practice, *Pamela*, a fit Thing to be oppos'd to that of the Patriarch Wives? But do you say, I *threaten* you with that Word? Take care, my Love: You have been a *faultless Angel* hitherto. Don't let me find you ready to make such harsh Constructions as a *mere Woman* is accustom'd to make, when she is dispos'd to be captious; altho' a better Construction lies before her.

I was silent, but by my Tears.

Now I doubt, *Pamela*, your Spirit is high. You won't speak, because you are out of Humour at what I say. I will have no sullen Reserves, my Dearest. What means that heaving Sob? I know, my dear Love, that this is a Time with your Sex, when, sadden'd with your Apprehensions, and indulg'd because of them, by the fond Husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the Changes of their Temper. For Ladies in your Way, are often like incroaching Subjects: They are apt to extend what they call their Privileges, on the Indulgence shewed them; and the Husband never again recovers the Ascendant he had before.

You know these Things better than I, Mr. *B*. But I had no Intention to invade your Province, or go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a Right to a little Free-will, a very little; especially on some greater Occasions.

Why so you have, my Dear. But you must not plead one Text of Scripture in Behalf of your own Will; and refuse to another its due Weight, when it makes for mine.

Well, Sir, I must needs say, I have one Advantage above others of my Sex: For if Wives in my Circumstance are apt to grow upon Indulgence, I am very happy, that your kind and watchful Care will hinder me from falling into that Danger.

He gave me a kind Tap on the Neck: Let me beat my beloved Sawcebox, said he: Is it thus you railly my watchful Care over you for your own Good? But tell me truly, *Pamela*, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my Dear—Are you not?

I believe I am; but 'tis but a very little, Sir—It will soon go off—Please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to Task about it;—for at present, I know not what to do, because I did not expect the Displeasure I have incurr'd.

Is it not the same Thing, reply'd he, if this our first Quarrel end here, without your withdrawing? —I forgive you heartily, my *Pamela*; and give me one Kiss, and I will think of your saucy Appeal against me no more.

I will comply with your Conditions, dear Sir; but I have a great Mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.

What would you say, my Dearest? Be saucy then, as you call it, as saucy as you can.

Why then, Sir, I am a little sullen at present, that I am:—And I am not fully convinc'd, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me.— For indeed, till I can recollect, I cannot think my Fault so great in this Point, that was a Point of Conscience to me, as (pardon me) Sir, to stand in need of your Forgiveness.

Well then, my Dearest, said he, clasping his kind Arms about me, we will forgive another; but take this with you, That it is my Love to you, that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have inur'd me so much to a faultless Conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural Infirmities from you.— But, giving me another Tap, Get you gone; I leave you to your Recollection; and let me know what Fruits it produces; for I must not be put off with a Half-compliance; I must have your whole *Will* with me, if possible. *

So I went up, and recollecting every thing, *sacrific'd to my Sex*, as Mr. *B*. calls it, when he talks of a Wife's Reluctance to give up a favourite Point; for I shed a good many Tears, because my Heart was set upon it; and this Patriarchal Retort hung heavy upon my Mind.

And so, my dear Father and Mother, Twenty charming Ideas and Pleasures, which I had formed to myself, had I obtained this Permission, are vanished from me, and my Measures are quite broken. But after my Heart was relieved by my Eye, I was lighter and easier. And the Result is, we have heard of a good sort of Body, that is to be my poor *Baby's Mother*, when it comes; and so your kindly-offer'd Inquiries are needless, I believe.

I can't tell but this sort of Rebuff might be a little necessary, after all; for I had forgotten, thro' Mr. *B*'s past Indulgence for so long a Time, his Injunctions and Lessons, and this awfully-inforced Remembrance shews me, that the Rules he formerly prescribed, were not Words of Course, but that he intended to keep me up to the Letter of them.— So I must be a little more circumspect, I find that, than of late I thought I had Occasion to be.

But he is the best and tenderest of Husbands, for all this; and yet I was forced to accept of *his* Forgiveness, and he did not think himself obliged to me for *mine*; and has carry'd his Point all to nothing, as the Racing Gentlemen say. But I can see one Thing, nevertheless, on this Occasion, that the Words *Command* and *Obey* are not quite blotted out of his Vocabulary, as he said they should be .

But, truly, I did not imagine before, that the Husband had so very extensive a Prerogative neither.— Nor do I believe, that many Ladies would sit down so satisfy'd with it, as I am forced to do.— Yet he vows, that it must have been so, had he marry'd a *Princess*; —and that it is not because of the former Inequality of Condition between us.

I can't tell what to say to that: But I fancy there would then have been some *princely* Struggles between them, had it been so.— It may be, if he could not have conquer'd, he would not have liv'd with her; or, perhaps, would have run into his wicked Polygamy Notions.

Mr. *B.* to my further great *Comfort*, has just been telling me, how little a Wife of his must expect from her Tears; and has most nicely been distinguishing between Tears of *Sullenness*, and Tears of *Penitence*: The one, he declares, shall always meet with his Indulgence and Kindness, and never pass unrewarded: But the other, being the last Resources of the Sex, after they are disarmed of all others, and by which they too often, as he says, carry all their Purposes, he will never suffer to have any Force at all upon him.

Very heroick, truly!— One stands a poor Chance in a Contest with such an Husband.— It must be all pure unmixed Obedience and Submission! And I find half the Tears a poor Wife might shed in matrimonial Bickerings, (so frequent with some, even of those not unhappily married, as the World goes) would be of no Effect, were all Men of his Mind.

'Tis well for our Sex in general, that there are not many Gentlemen who distinguish thus nicely. For, I doubt, there are but very few so well intitled to their Ladies Observances as Mr. *B.* is; and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a Wife as he does, in every material Instance on which the Happiness of Life depends.

But we are quite reconciled, altho', as I said, upon his own Terms: And so I can still style myself,
My dear honoured Parents, Your happy, as well as dutiful Daughter, P. B.

LETTER IX.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My dear Pamela, I have sent you a Present, the completest I could procure, of every thing that may suit your approaching happy Circumstance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all. But it is with a Hope annex'd, That altho' both Sexes are thought of in it, yet that you will not put us off with a Girl: No, Child, we will not permit, may we have our Wills, that you shall *think* of giving us a Girl, till you have presented us with half a dozen fine Boys. For our Line is gone so low, that we expect that human Security from you in your first Seven Years, or we shall be disappointed, I can tell you that.

And now, *Pamela*, I will give you their Names, if my Brother and you approve of them: Your First shall be Billy; my Lord *Davers*, and the Earl of *C*———, shall be Godfathers; and it must be doubly God—mother'd too, or I am afraid the Countess and I shall fall out about it. Your Second, shall be *Davers*; besure remember that——Your Third, shall be Charley; your Fourth, Jemmy; your Fifth, Harry; your Sixth——Dudley, if you will—and your Girl, if you had not rather call it *Pamela*, shall be Barbara——The rest you must name as you please.—— And so, my Dear, I wish all Seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got safe to Town; and long to hear of Miss *Darnford's* Arrival, because I know you'll be out of your Biass in your new Settlement till then. She is a fine Lady; and writes the most to my Taste of any one of her Sex, that I know, next to you. I wish she'd be so kind to correspond with me. But besure don't omit to give me the Sequel of her Sister and *Murray's* Affair, and what you think will please me in relation to her. You do well to save yourself the Trouble of describing the Town and the publick Places. We are no Strangers to them; and they are too much our Table—talk, when any Country Lady has, for the first time, been carried to Town, and return'd: Besides, what *London* affords, is nothing that deserves Mention, compar'd to what we have seen at *Paris*, and at *Versailles*, and other of the *French* Palaces. You exactly, therefore, hit our Tastes, and answer our Expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, Sentiments on what we may call the *Soul of Things*, and such Characters as you draw with a Pencil borrow'd from the Hand of Nature, intermingled with those fine Lights and Shades, of Reflections and Observations, that make your Pictures glow, and instruct as well as inform.

There, *Pamela*, is Incouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one Mind in this respect; and more than ever, since we have seen your Actions so well answer to your Writings; and that Theory and Practice, with regard to every Excellence that can adorn a Lady, is the same thing with you.

We are pleas'd with your Lawyers Characters. There are Life and Nature in them; but never avoid giving all the Characters that occur to you; for that seems to be one of your Talents; and in the ugliest you can draw, there will be Matter of Instruction; especially as you seem naturally to fall upon such as are so general, that no one who converses, but must see in them the Picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this Time, perhaps, Miss *Darnford* will be with you—Our Respects to her, if so.— And you will have been at some of the Theatrical Entertainments. So will not want Subjects to oblige us.—— 'T was a good Thought of your dear Man's, to carry you to see the several Houses, and to make you a Judge, by that Means, of the Disposition and Fashion of every thing in them. Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my Brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming Husband he makes. But then, he gives an Example to all who know him, and his uncontroled Temper, (which makes against many of us) that it is possible for a good Wife to make even a bad Man a worthy Husband: And this affords an Instruction, which may stand all our Sex in good stead.—— But then they must have been cautious first, that they have chosen a Man of natural good Sense, and good Manners, and not a brutal or abandon'd Debauchee.

But hark—ye—me, my sweet Girl, what have I done to you, that you won't write yourself *Sister* to me? I could find in my Heart to be angry with you on this Account. Before my last Visit, indeed, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have seen myself so much surpass'd in all manner of Excellence, that I would take Pleasure in the Name, you assume a Pride in your Turn, and think it an undervaluing of yourself, I suppose, to call *me* so.—— Ay, that's the Thing, I doubt——Altho', I can tell you, I have endeavour'd, by several Regulations since my Return, (and the Countess, too, keeps your Example in distant View, as well as I) to be more worthy of the Appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the Reproaches of secret Pride, under the Shadow of so remarkable

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

an Humility, for the future never omit subscribing, as I do, with great Pleasure,

Your truly affectionate Sister, and Friend, B. Davers.

I always take it for granted, that my worthy Brother sends his Respects to us; as you must, that Lord *Davers*, the good Countess, and *Jackey*, (who, as well as his Uncle, talks of nothing else but you) send theirs; and so unnecessary Compliment will be always excluded our Correspondence.

LETTER X.

In Answer to the preceding.

How you overwhelm me with your Goodness, my dearest Lady, in every Word of your last welcome Letter, is beyond my Power to express! How nobly has your Lady contrived, in your ever-valu'd Present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive Mind! And how does it contribute to my Joy and my Glory, that I am deemed by the noble Sister of my best Beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble Means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a Family so antient and so honourable!—

This, Madam, when I contemplate, and look upon what I was—What can I say!— How shall I express the Sense of the Honour, done me!— And when, skipping over for a few Moments, the other engaging Particulars in your Ladyship's Letter, I come to the last charming Paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself seemingly upbraided, but so politely imbolden'd to assume an Appellation, that otherwise I hardly dar'd to assume.

I—*humble I*—who never had a Sister before! —To find one now in *Lady Davers*! O Madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me Words fit to express the Joy and the Gratitude that fill my delighted Heart!— But thus much I am taught, and thus much I can say, tho' at a Loss for other Words, that there is something more than the Low-born can imagine in Birth and Education. This is so evident in your Lady's Actions, Words, and Manner, that it strikes one with a becoming Reverence; and we look up with Awe to a Condition we emulate in vain, when raised by partial Favour, like what I have found; and are confounded, when we see Grandeur of Soul join'd with Grandeur of Birth and Condition; and a noble Lady acting thus nobly, as *Lady Davers acts*.

My best Wishes, and a thousand Blessings, attend your Ladyship in all you undertake! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a Peace and Satisfaction of Mind incomparably to be preferr'd to whatever else this World can afford, in the new Regulations, which you, and my dear Lady Countess, have set on Foot in your Families: And when I can have the Happiness to know what they are, I shall, I am confident, greatly improve my own Methods by them. Were we to live for ever in this Life, we might be careless and indifferent about these Matters; but when such an Uncertainty as to the Time, and such a Certainty as to the Event, is before us, a prudent Mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better Preparative, than charitable Actions to our Fellow-creatures in the Eye of that Majesty, which wants nothing of us himself, but to do just and merciful Things to one another? Pardon me, my dearest Lady, for this my free Style. Methinks I am out of myself; I know not how to descend all at once from the Height to which you have raised me: And you must forgive the Reflections to which you yourself, and your own noble Actions, have given Birth!

Here, having taken Respite a little, I find I naturally enough sink into *Body* again.— And will not your Ladyship confine your Expectations from me within narrower Limits?— I hope you will.— For, Oh! my excellent Lady, I cannot, even with my Wishes, so swiftly follow your Expectations, if such they are! But, however, leaving Futurity to Him, who only can govern Futurity, and who conducts us all, and our Affairs, as shall best answer his own Divine Purposes, I will proceed, as well as I can, to obey your Ladyship in those Articles, which are, at present, more within my own Power.

My dear Miss *Darnford*, then, let me acquaint your Ladyship, arrived here on *Thursday* last: She had given us Notice, by a Line, of the Day she set out; and Sir *Simon* and Lady *Darnford* saw her Ten Miles on the Way to the Stage-coach in Sir *Simon's* Coach, Mr. *Murray* attending her on Horseback; they parted with her, as was easy to guess from her Merit, with great Tenderness; and we are to look upon the Visit, (as we do) as a high Favour from her Papa and Mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a Month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. *B.* kindly proposed to me, as Miss came in the Stage-coach, attended with one Maid-servant, to meet her Part of the Way in his Coach and Six, if, as he was pleased to say, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go so early, as to dine at *St. Albans*. I gladly consented, and we got thither about One o'Clock, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *John*; and while Dinner was preparing, he was pleased to shew me the great Church there, and the curious Vault of the Good Duke of *Gloucester*, and also the Monument of the Great Lord Chancellor *Bacon* in *St. Michael's* Church; all which, no doubt, your Ladyship has seen.

There happen'd to be Six Passengers in the Stage-coach, and Miss was exceedingly glad to be relieved from them, tho' the Weather was cold enough, Two of the Passengers being not very agreeable Company, one a rough

military Man, the other a positive humoursome old Gentlewoman; and the other Two, not such as she had Reason to regret parting with; Two Sisters, who jangled now—and—then, said Miss, as much as *my* Sister, and my Sister's *Sister*.

Your Ladyship will judge how joyful this Meeting was to Miss and to me. Mr. *B.* was no less delighted, and said, He was infinitely obliged to Sir *Simon* for this precious Trust.

Miss said, I came with double Pleasure to see the greatest Curiosity in *England*, an Husband and a Wife, who have not, in so many Months, that you have been marry'd, if I may believe Report, and your Letters, Mrs. *B.* once repented. You are severe, Miss, said Mr. *B.* upon People in the marry'd State: I hope there are many such Instances.

There might, said she, if there were more such Husbands as Mr. *B.* makes.— Oh! you are a charming Man!— I hated you once, and I thought you very wicked; but I revere you now.

If you will *revere* any body, my dear Miss, said he, let it be this good Girl; for it is all owing to her Conduct and Discretion, that I make a tolerable Husband: Were there more such Wives, I am persuaded, there would be more such Husbands, than there are.

You see, my dear Miss, said I, what it is to be wedded to a generous Mind! Mr. *B.* by his noble Treatment of me, creates a Merit in me, and disclaims the natural Effects of his own Goodness.

Well, you're a charming Couple—Person and Mind, I know not any Equal either of you have. —But, Mr. *B.* I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud, for Men are saucy Creatures; but I cannot make your *Lady* so: And in this Doubt of the one, and Confidence in the other, I must join with you, that *her* Merit is the greatest—Since, excuse me, bold Gentleman, as I know you have been! her Example has reformed her Rake; and you have only confirm'd in her the Virtues you found ready formed to your Hand.

That Distinction, said Mr. *B.* is worthy of Miss *Darnford's* Judgment.

My dearest Miss, my dearest Mr. *B.* said I, takeing each by the Hand, how can you go on thus! — As I look upon every kind thing, Two such dear Friends say to me, as Incentives for me, to endeavour to deserve them, you must not task me too high; for then, instead of encouraging, you'll give me Despair.

The dear Gentleman clasped us both in his Arms, and saluted each———And called us his Two Nonpareils.

He led us into the Coach, placing Miss and me on the Front-seat, and himself on the other, with Miss's Maid-servant, a genteel, prudent young Body, whom her Lady would fain have left in the Stage, to avoid the Honour of sitting with Mr. *B.* And in a free, easy, joyful Manner, not in the least tir'd or fatigu'd, did we reach the Town and Mr. *B.*'s House; with which, and its Furniture, and the Apartments allotted for her, Miss is highly pleased.

But the dear Lady put me into some little Confusion, when she saw me first, taking Notice of my Improvements, as she called them, before Mr. *B.* I look'd at him, and look'd at her———Dear Miss! said I, with a blushing Cheek and down-cast Eye. He smiled at Miss, and said, Would *you*, my good Miss, look so silly, after such a Length of Time, with an Husband you had no Occasion to be asham'd of?——— No, indeed, Sir, not I, I'll assure you; nor will I forgive those Maiden Airs in a Wife so happy as you are. I said nothing. But I wish'd myself, in Mind and Behaviour, to be just what Miss *Darnford* is.

But, my dear Lady, Miss *Darnford* has had those early Advantages from Conversation, which I had not; and so I must never expect to know how to deport myself with that modest Freedom and Ease, which, altho' some of my Favourers attribute to me, yet I know I want, and shall always want. For, I am every Day more and more sensible of the great Difference there is in being us'd to the politest Conversation as an Inferior, and in being born to bear a Part in it: In the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the Person just such an Ape of Imitation as poor I. In the other, all is natural Ease and Sweetness—like Miss *Darnford*.———

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am sensible I cannot attain; and so, I hope, am less exposed to Ridicule, than I should be, if I did. For, I have heard Mr. *B.* observe with regard to Gentlemen who build fine Houses, and make fine Gardens, and open fine Prospects, that Art should never take place of, but be subservient to Nature; and a Gentleman, if he is confin'd to a Situation, had better conform his Designs to that, than to do as at *Chatsworth* was done, that is to say, level a Mountain at a monstrous Expence; which, had it been suffered to remain, in so wild and romantick a Scene as *Chatsworth* affords, might have been made one of the greatest Beauties of the Place.

So I, Madam, think I had better endeavour to make the best of those natural Defects I cannot master, than by assuming Airs and Dignities in Appearance, to which I was not born, act neither Part tolerably. By this means, instead of being thought neither Gentlewoman nor Rustick, as Sir *Jacob* hinted, (*Linsey-wolsey*, I think, was his Term too) I may be look'd upon as an Original in my Way; and all Originals pass Muster well enough, you know, Madam, even with Judges.

Now I am upon this Subject, I can form to myself, if your Ladyship will excuse me, two such polite Gentlemen, as my Lawyers, mention'd in my former, who, with a *London* Magnanimity and Penetration,——(For, Madam, I fancy your *London* Criticks will be the severest upon the Country Girl) will put on mighty significant Looks, forgetting, may-be, they have any Faults themselves, and apprehending they have nothing to do, but to sit in Judgment upon others, expressing themselves after this manner: "Why, truly, *Jack*, the Girl is well enough!—*considering*—I can't say"—(then a Pinch of Snuff, perhaps, adds Importance to their Air) "but a Man might love her for a Month or two." (These Sparks talk'd in this manner of other Ladies before me)— She behaves better than I expected from her— *considering*"—again will follow—"So I think, cries the other; and tosses his Tye behind him with an Air partly of Contempt, and partly of Rakery. "—As you say, *Jemmy*, I expected to find an aukward Country Girl; but she tops her Part, I'll assure ye!— Nay, for that matter, behaves very tolerably for *what she was*—And is right, not to seem desirous to drown the Remembrance of her Original in her Elevation—And, I can't but say"—(for something like it they did say) "is mighty pretty, and passably genteel." And thus, with their poor Praise of Mr. *B.*'s Girl, they think they have made a fine Compliment to his Judgment.

But for *his* sake—for as to my own, I am not solicitous about *such* Gentlemens good Opinions, I owe them a Spite; and believe, I shall find an Opportunity to come out of their Debt. For I have the Vanity to think, now your Ladyship has made me proud by your kind Incouragements and Approbation, that the Country Girl will make 'em look about 'em with all their *genteel Contempts*, which they miscal *Praise*.

But how I run on! Your Ladyship expects me to write as freely, as I used to do to my Parents. I have the Merit of obeying you, that I have; but, I doubt, too much to the Exercise of your Patience. This (like all mine) is a long Letter; and I will only add to it Miss *Darnford's* humble Respects and Thanks for your Ladyship's kind Mention of her, which she receives as no small Honour.

And now, Madam, with a greater Pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the Liberty your Ladyship so kindly allows me to take, of subscribing myself, with that profound Respect which becomes me,

Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, are just arrived; and our Houshold is now complete.

LETTER XI.

From Lady Davers Mrs. B.

My dear Pamela, After I have thanked you for your last agreeable Letter, which has added the Earl, and Lord *John*, and Lady *Jenny*, to the Number of your Admirers, (you know Lady *Betty*, their Sister, was so before) I shall tell you, that I now write, at all their Requests, as well as at those of my Lord *Davers*, the Countess you so dearly love, and Lady *Betty*, for your Decision of an odd Dispute, that, on reading your Letter, and talking of your domestick Excellencies, happen'd among us.

Lady *Betty* would have it, That notwithstanding any Aukwardness which you attribute to yourself, she cannot but decide, by all she has seen of you, and has heard us say, that yours is the perfectest Character she ever heard or read of.

The Countess said, That you wrong yourself, in supposing, that you are not every thing that is polite and genteel, in your Behaviour, as well as Person; and that she knows not any Lady in *England*, who better becomes her Station than you do.

Why then, said Lady *Jenny*, Mrs. *B.* must be quite perfect; that's certain. So said her Brother, Lord *John*. So said the Earl, their Father. So said they all. And Lord *Davers* confirm'd, that you were. And *Jackey* swore to it.

Yet, as we are sure, there cannot be such a Character, in this Life, as has not one Fault, altho' we could not tell where to fix it, the Countess started a whimsical Motion:—Lady *Davers*, said she, pray do you write to Mrs. *B.* and acquaint her with our Subject; and as it is impossible, that one who can act as she does, should not know herself better than any body else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret Foibles, that leave room for her to be still more perfect.

A good Thought! said I: A good Thought! said they all.— And this is the present Occasion of my writing; and pray see, that you accuse yourself of no more than you know yourself guilty: For Over-modesty borders so nearly on Pride, and too liberal Accusations seem to be but so many Traps for Acquittal with Applause, that you (whatever other Ladies might) will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful: Let them, therefore, be such Faults, as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have *seen* of you, and *read* of yours; and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should think you above that Nature, which in the most and *best* Cases is your undoubted Talent.

I congratulate you and Miss *Darnford*, on her Arrival: She is a charming young Lady; but tell her, that we shall not allow her to take you at your Word, and to think, that she excels you in any one thing: Only, indeed, we think you nicer in some Points, than you need to be, as to your present agreeable Circumstance. And yet, let me tell you, that the easy and unaffected conjugal Purity, in Word and Behaviour, between your good Man and you, is worthy of Imitation, and what the Countess and I have with Pleasure contemplated since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both: And 'tis good Policy too, Child, as well as high Decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and respectful to one another.

But *You* have the Honour of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy Modesty, in Person, Behaviour, and Conversation, forbid Indecency, even in Thought, much more in Word, to approach you; insomuch that no Rakes can be Rakes in your Presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their Restraint.

However, as People who see you, will take it for granted, that you and Mr. *B.* have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be asham'd of your Appearance, because, as he rightly observes, you have no Reason to be asham'd of your Husband.

Excuse my Pleasantry, my Dear: And answer our Demand upon you, as soon as you can; which will oblige us all; particularly

Your affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

LETTER XII.

My dearest Lady, What a Task have you imposed upon me! And, according to the Terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the Censure of Affectation, if I freely accuse myself as I may deserve, or of Vanity, if I do not? Indeed, Madam, I have a great many Failings; and you don't know the Labour it costs me to keep them under; not so much for fear the World should see them, for, I bless God, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your Ladyship, and my Lady Countess, who have read my Papers, and seen my Behaviour in the kind Visit you made to your dear Brother, and had from *both* but too much Reason to censure me, did not your generous and partial Favour make you overlook my greater Failings, and pass under a kinder Name many of my lesser: For, surely, my good Ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a spiteful, saucy Temper; and, with all my appearing Meekness and Humility, can resent, and sting too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discover'd in myself, on many Occasions, (of some of which I will by-and-by remind your Ladyship) a Malignancy of Heart, that, it is, lasts but a little while—nor had it need—but for which I have often called myself to Account—to very little Purpose, hitherto.

And, indeed, Madam, (now for a little Extenuation, as you expect from me) I have some Difficulty, whether I ought, in the Station to which I am raised, to take much Pains to subdue myself in some Instances, that otherwise it would have become me to attempt to do: For it is no easy Task, for a Person in my Circumstances, to distinguish between the *ought* and the *ought not*; to be humble without Meanness, and decent without Arrogance. And let me add, That if every body thought as justly as I flatter myself I do, of the Inconveniencies, as well as Conveniencies, which attend the being rais'd to a Condition above them, they would not imagine all the World was their own, when they come to be distinguish'd as I have been: For, what with the Contempts of superior Relations on one side, (which all such must undergo at first) the Envy of the World, and low Reflections arising from that Envy, on the other, from which no one must hope to be totally exempted, and the Aukwardness, besides, with which they support their elevated Condition, if they have Sense to judge of their own Imperfections; and if the Gentleman be not such an one as mine— (and where will such another be found?)— On all these Accounts, I say, they will be made sensible, That whatever they might once think, Happiness and an high Estate, are Two very different things.

But I shall be too grave, when your Ladyship, and all my kind and noble Friends, expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon Subject a pleasanter Air: Yet what must that Mind be, that is not serious, when it is oblig'd to recollect, and give Account of, its Defects?

But I must not *only* accuse myself, it seems: I must give *Proofs*, such as your Ladyship can subscribe to, of my Imperfections. There is so much *real Kindness* imply'd in this *seeming Hardship*, that I will obey you, Madam, and produce Proofs in a Moment, which cannot be controverted.

Let me then, in the first Place, as to the Self-accusation of *Spitefulness*, refer your Ladyship, and those of my noble Friends who have read my Papers, to the Character I gave in them of poor Mrs. *Jewkes*; also to honest Mr. *Colbrand's* Character, as I gave it, when I suspected he was to be employ'd for the worst Purposes†; both of which, tho' not un in the main, are so drawn, as to shew a very spiteful Nature in the Characterizer.

And as to my *Sauciness*, those Papers will give an hundred Instances against me—as well to your dear Brother, as to others—Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, these were mostly when I was apprehensive for my Honour, that they were.

And then, my dear Lady, I have a little Tincture of *Jealousy*, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be, as the Papers you have not seen, would have demonstrated, particularly in Miss *Godfrey's* Case, and in my Conversation with your Ladyships, in which I have frequently betray'd my Apprehensions of what might happen when we came to *London*: Yet, to extenuate again, I have examin'd myself very strictly on this Head; and I really think, that I can ascribe a great Part of this Jealousy to laudable Motives; no less than the Concern I have for your dear Brother's future Happiness, in the Hope, that I may be an humble Means in the Hands of Providence, to induce him to abhor those Crimes in which young Gentlemen too often indulge

themselves, and to bring him over to the Practice of those Virtues, in which he will for ever have Cause to rejoice.— Yet, my Lady, some other Parts of the Charge must stand against me; for, as, to be sure, I love his Person, as well as his Mind, I have Pride in my Jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself as I ought, under the Trial of a Competition, in this tender, very tender Point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little— not a little, perhaps—Spark of *secret Pride* and *Vanity*, that will arise, now—and—then, on the Honours done me; but which I keep under as much as I can: And to this Pride, let me tell your Ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, my dear Lady, what a naughty Heart I have, and how far I am from being a faultless Creature—I hope I shall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more Grace, and more Wit: For here, to recapitulate my Faults, is, in the first Place, *Vindictiveness*, I will not call it downright Revenge, that I will not—For, as the Poet says, *Revenge is but a Frailty, incident To craz'd and sickly Minds; the poor Content Of little Souls, unable to surmount An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.*

And I would not be thought to have a *little Mind*, because I know I would not do a *little Thing*. *Vindictiveness*, then, let it stand, tho' that's a harsh Word to accuse one's self of— *Spitefulness—Jealousy— Secret Pride—Vanity*—which I cannot, for my Life, keep totally under—O dear Madam, are not here Faults enow, without naming any more?— And, how much room do all these leave for Amendment, and greater Perfection!

Had your Ladyship, and my Lady Countess, favour'd us longer, in your late kind Visit, it had been impossible but I must have improv'd, every Day, by your delightful Conversations, so as to have got over such of these Foibles as are not rooted in Nature: For, to behold that natural Ease and Dignity, which accompany every thing your Ladyships do and say, must have made me more than emulate those Perfections, which, at present, I can only at an awful Distance revere; as becomes,

My dear Ladies, Your most humble Admirer, and obliged Servant, P. B.

LETTER XIII.

From Miss Darnford, to her Father and Mother.

My ever-honoured Papa and Mamma, I Arriv'd safely in *London* on *Thursday*, after a tolerable Journey, considering *Deb.* and I made Six in the Coach, (Two having been taken up on the Way, after you left me) and none of the Six highly agreeable. *Mr. B.* and his Lady, who looks very stately upon us, (from the Circumstance of *Person*, rather than of *Mind*, however) were so good as to meet me at *St. Albans*, in their Coach and Six. They have a fine House here, richly furnish'd in every Part, and allotted me the best Apartments in it.

We are happy beyond Expression: *Mr. B.* is a charming Husband; so easy, so pleas'd with, and so tender of his Lady; and she so much All that we saw her in the Country, as to Humility and Affability, and improv'd in every thing else, which we hardly thought possible she could be—that I never knew so happy a Matrimony. —All that *Prerogative Sauciness*, which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his Behaviour to his Lady, had she been ever so distinguish'd by Birth and Fortune, is vanish'd, and no Traces of it left. I did not think it was in the Power of an Angel, if our Sex could have produc'd one, to have made so tender and so fond an Husband of *Mr. B.* as he makes. And should I have the Sense to follow *Mrs. B.'s* Example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a Brute, nor sordid in his Temper, which two Characters are too obvious to be conceal'd, if Persons take due Care, and make proper Inquiries, and if they are not led by blind Passion. May *Mr. Murray*, and *Miss Nancy*, make just such an happy Pair!

You commanded me, my honour'd Mamma, to write to you an Account of every thing that pleas'd me—I said I would: But what a Task should I then have! —I did not think I had undertaken to write Volumes! —You must therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the first place, It would take up five or six long Letters to do Justice to the Oeconomy observed in this happy Family. You know, (and we have often admir'd and applauded her for it) that *Mrs. B.* has not chang'd one of the Servants of the Family, and only added her *Polly* to the Number. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were all her *Fellow-servants*, as we may say: But since they have the Sense to admire so good an Example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and her Power, I think it one of her peculiar Felicities to have continued them, and to chuse to reform such as were exceptionable, rather than dismiss them.

Their Mouths, *Deb.* tells me, are continually full of their Lady's Praises, and Prayers, and Blessings, utter'd with such Delight and Fervour for the happy Pair, that it makes her Eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary Piece of Policy, whether design'd or not, to keep them (as they were honest and worthy Folks); for had she turn'd them all off, what had she done but made as many Enemies as Persons; and as many more, as those Persons had Friends and Acquaintance? And we all know, how much the Reputation of Families lies at the Mercy of Servants, and 'tis easy to guess to what Cause each would have imputed their Dismission. And so she has escaped, as she ought to escape, the Character of Pride; and has made every one, instead of reproaching her with her Descent, find those Graces in her, which turn that very Disadvantage to her Glory.

She is exceeding affable to every one of them; always speaks to them with a Smile; but yet has such a Dignity in her Manner, that it secures her their Respect and Reverence; and they are ready to fly at a Look, and seem proud to have any Commands of hers to execute: Insomuch that the Words, *My Lady commands so or so*, from one Servant to another, are sure to meet with an indisputable Obedience, be the Duty requir'd what it will.

If any one of them is the least out of Order, her Care and Tenderness for them ingage the Duty, and the Veneration, and Gratitude, of all the rest, who see in that Instance, how kindly they will be treated, should they ail any thing themselves. And in all this, I must needs say, she is very happy in *Mrs. Jervis*, who is an excellent Second to her admirable Lady; and is treated by her with as much Respect and Affection, as if she was her Mother.

You may remember, Madam, that in the Account she gave us of her *benevolent Round*, as *Lady Davers* calls it, she says, That as she was going to *London*, she should leave Directions with *Mrs. Jervis* about some of her *Clients*, as I find she calls her Poor, to avoid a Word, that her Delicacy accounts harsh with regard to them, and ostentatious with respect to herself. I ask'd her, how (since, contrary to her then Design, *Mrs. Jervis* was permitted

to be in Town with her) she had provided to answer her Intention as to those her Clients, whom she had referr'd to the Care of that good Woman?

She said, That Mr. *Barlow* her Apothecary was a very worthy Man, and she had given him a plenary Power in that Particular, and likewise desir'd him to recommend any new and worthy Case to her, that no distressful Circumstance among the deserving and destitute sick Poor, might be unreliev'd by reason of her Absence.

And here in *London* she has applied herself to Dr. —(her Parish—minister, a fine Preacher, and sound Divine, who promises at all Opportunities to pay his Respects to Mr. *B.*) to recommend to her any poor Housekeepers, who will be glad to accept of some private Benefactions, and yet, having liv'd creditably, till reduced by Misfortunes, are asham'd to apply for publick Relief: And she has several of these already on her *benevolent List*, to some of whom she sends Coals now on the Entrance of the wintry Season, to some a Piece of *Irish* or *Scotish* Linen, or so many Yards of *Norwich* Stuff, for Gowns and Coats for Girls, or *Yorkshire* Cloth for the Boys; and to some, (of whose Prudence she is most assur'd in laying it out in the way they best can judge of) Money. And she has moreover *mortify'd*, as the *Scots* call it, 150 *l.* as a Fund for Loans, without Interest, of 5, 10, or 15, but not exceeding 20*l.* to answer some present Exigence in some worthy Families, who find the best Security they can to repay it in a given Time; and this Fund she purposes, as she grows richer, she says, to increase; and prides herself every now—and—then, upon her Frugality, to have sav'd so much Money already; and estimates pleasantly her Worth by this Sum, saying sometimes, Who would ever have thought I should have been worth 150*l.* already? I shall be a rich Body in time. But in all these things she enjoins Secrecy, which the Doctor has promis'd.

She told the Doctor, what Mr. *Adams's* Office was in her Family; and hop'd, she said, he would give her his Sanction to it; assuring him, That she thought it her Duty to ask it, as she was one of his Flock, and he, on that account, her principal Shepherd, which made a spiritual Relation between them, the Requisites of which, on her Part, were not to be dispensed with. You may be sure, the good Gentleman very chearfully and applaudingly gave her his Consent; and when she told him, how well Mr. *Adams* was provided for, and that she should apply to him to supply her with a Town—Chaplain, when she was depriv'd of him, he wish'd, that the other Duties of his Function (for he has a large Parish) would permit him to be the happy Person himself; saying, That till she was supply'd to her Mind, either he or his Curate would take care, that so laudable a Method should be kept up.

You will do me the Justice, Madam, to believe, that I very chearfully join in my dear Friend's *Sunday* Duties, and am not a little edify'd with the good Example, and with the Seriousness, Harmony, and Good—will, that this lovely Method contributes to keep up in the Family.

I must own, I never saw such a Family of Love in my Life: For here, under the Eye of the best and most respected of Mistresses, they twice every *Sunday* see one another all together, as in the Country, in a Body, superior as well as inferior Servants; and *Deb.* tells me, after Mrs. *B.* and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly Salutations among them, that she never heard the like—Your Servant, good Maister *Longman*; Your Servant, Master *Colbrand*, cries one and another: How do you, *John*? I'm glad to see you, *Abrabam!*— All blessedly met once more! cries *Jonathan* the venerable Butler, with his silver Hairs, as Mrs. *B.* always distinguishes him: Good Madam *Jervis*, cries another, you look purely this blessed Day, thank God! — And they return to their several Vocations, so light, so easy, so pleas'd, so even—temper'd in their Minds, as their chearful Countenances, as well as Expressions, testify, that it is an Heaven of an House: And being wound up thus constantly once a Week, like a good Eightday Clock, no Piece of Machinery, that ever was made, is so regular and uniform, as this Family is.

What an Example does this dear Lady set to all who see her, to all who know her, and to all who hear of her, and have the Grace to imitate her! — What a publick Blessing would such a Mind as hers be, could it be vested with the Robes of Royalty, and adorn the Sovereign Dignity! —But what are the Princes of the Earth, look at them, in every Nation, and what have they been for Ages past, compar'd to this Lady? who acts from the Impulses of her own Heart, unaided by any human Example. And how can one avoid thinking of Inspiration in this Case; or that she was dropp'd down, when the creating MIND was forming Angels, (forgive the Enthusiasm, which the Contemplation of her innumerable Excellencies raises) to be received into bodily Organs, and to live among Men and Women, in order to shew what the first of the Species was designed to be?

This reminds me of what my honoured Papa said once at our own House to Mr. *B.* That there was but one such Angel descended from Heaven in a thousand Years, and he had got her.

And yet, here is the Admiration: That one sees all these Duties performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, as any body may perform them; for they interfere not with any Parts of the Family Management; take up no Time

from the most necessary Employments; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the Discharge of all their domestick Services; and, moreover, keep their Minds in a State of Preparation for the more solemn Duties of the Day; and all without the least Intermixture of Affectation, Enthusiasm, or Ostentation. O my dear Papa and Mamma! permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good Lessons, and how happy shall I be!

I am mindful, my dear Mamma, of yours and our good Neighbours Requests to Mrs. *B.* to oblige you with the Conversations she mentioned, the one with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*; the other with Mr. *B.* on her Father and Mother; a Subject, which always, however humble, raises her admired Pen, and of Consequence our Expectations; and I will prevail upon her to let me transcribe them for your Entertainment. She writes down every thing that passes, which she thinks may one Day be of Use to Miss *Goodwin*, and to her own Children, if she shall live to have any, and to see them grown up. What a charming Mamma, as well as Wife and Mistress, will this dear Lady make!

As to the Town, and the Diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any Accounts of them, because you know the one, and from the Time we passed here last Winter, as well as your former thorough Knowledge of both, you will want no Information about the other; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in *London*, allow, that there is little other Difference in the Diversions of one Winter and another, than such as are in Cloaths; a few Variations of the Fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious Contrivances of Persons who are to get their Bread by diversifying them.

Mrs. *B.* has undertaken to give Lady *Davers* an Account of Matters as they pass, and her Sentiments on what she sees. There must be something new in her Observations, because she is a Stranger to these Diversions, and unbiassed intirely by Favour or Prejudice; and so will not play the partial Critick, but give to a Beauty its due Praise, and to a Fault its due Censure, according to that Truth and Nature which are the unerring Guides of her Actions, as well as Sentiments. These I will procure for you, as she gives me Leave to transcribe what she writes; and you'll be so good as to return them when perus'd, because I will lend them, as I used to do her Letters, to her good Parents; and so I shall give her a Pleasure at the same time, in the accommodating them with the Knowledge of all that passes, which she makes it a Point of Duty to do, because they take Delight in her Writings.

My Papa's Observation, that a Woman never takes a Journey that she don't forget something, is justify'd by me; for with all my Care, I have forgot my Diamond Buckle, which Miss *Nancy* will find in the inner Till of my Bureau, wrapt up in Cotton; and I beg it may be sent me, by the first Opportunity. With my humble Duty to you both, my dear indulgent Papa and Mamma, Thanks for the Favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate Respects to Miss *Nancy*, (I wish she would love me as well as I love her) and Service to Mr. *Murray*, and all our good Neighbours, conclude me,

Your dutiful and highly favour'd Daughter, M. Darnford.

Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* desire their Compliments of Congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. *Peters*, on the happy Marriage of their worthy Niece, which they knew nothing of till I told them of it: Also to your honoured Selves they desire their kind Respects and Thanks for the Loan of your worthless Daughter.

I experience every Hour some new Token of their Politeness and Affection; and I make no Scruple to think I am with just such a Brother, and such a Sister, as any happy Creature may rejoice in, and be proud of.—Mr. *B.* I cannot but repeat, is a charming Husband, and a most polite Gentleman. His Lady is always accusing herself to me of Aukwardness and Insufficiency; but not a Soul who sees her, can find it out: She is all genteel Ease; and the Admiration of every one who beholds her. — Only I tell her, with such Happiness in Possession, she is a little of the gravest sometimes.

The Letter which contains the Account of the Conversation, requested by Miss *Darnford*, p. 5. of this Volume, and promised by Mrs. *B.* p. 17 and mentioned by Miss in the preceding Letter, will be found the last Letter but one of this Volume. For Miss *Darnford*, having mislaid the first Copy of it, requested another, two or three Years after this, when married herself, for the sake of two young Ladies in her Neighbourhood, whose inconsiderate Rashness had given great Affliction to their honourable Parents. And Mrs. *B.* with a View to their particular Case, having made divers Additions and Improvements to it, it will come in more properly, as we conceive, in the Course of these Letters, at or near the Time when those Improvements were made to it.]

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My good Lady, You command me to acquaint you with the Proceedings between Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nanny Darnford*: And Miss *Polly* makes it very easy for me to obey you, in this Particular, and in very few Words; for she says, Every thing was adjusted before she came away, and the Ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this Time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it: For she says, Love is so aukward a Thing to Mr. *Murray*, and Good-humour so uncommon an one to Miss *Nancy*, that she hopes she shall never see such another Courtship.

Mr. *B.* teizes Miss, that she is a little piqu'd, and that she shew'd it by a satirical Fling or two in a former Letter to me, that her humble Servant took her at her Word: And yet he acknowleges, that he believes she despises him, as by his Conduct he has shewn, that he deserves to be despised by her.

She says, nothing has piqu'd her in the whole Affair, but the Triumph it gave to *that ill-natur'd Girl*, as she justly calls her Sister, who has insulted her unmercifully on that Account; and yet with so low and mean a Spite, that she has been vex'd at herself to shew the least Concern on the Occasion. But ungenerous Teizing is an intolerable thing, as she says; and often repeated, will vex a Mind naturally above it: Had it, says she, come from any body else, I should not have heeded it; but how can one despise a Sister?

We have been at the Play-house several times; and give me Leave to say, Madam, (for I have now read as well as seen several) That I think the Stage, by proper Regulations, might be made a profitable Amusement. But nothing more convinces one, than these Representations, of the Truth of the common Observation, That the best Things, corrupted, may prove the worst. The Terror and Compunction for evil Deeds, the Compassion for a just Distress, and the general Beneficence which those lively Exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human Mind, may be of great Service, when directed to right Ends, and induced by proper Motives; where the Actions which the Catastrophe is designed to punish, are not set in such advantageous Lights, as shall destroy the End of the Moral, and make the Vice that ought to be censured, imitable; where the Distress arises from proper Motives; where Instruction is kept in View all the Way; and Vice is punished, and Virtue rewarded.

But give me Leave to say, that I think there is hardly one Play I have seen or read hitherto, but has too much of Love in it, as that Passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the Descriptions of it! —In most, rather Rant and Fury, like the Loves of the fiercer Brute Animals, as *Virgil*, translated by *Dryden*, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully-hopeful Murmurs, that swell the Bosoms of our gentler Sex; and the respectful, timorous, submissive Complaining of the other, when the Truth of the Passion humanizes, as one may say, their more rugged Hearts.

In particular, my dear Lady, what strange Indelicates do these Writers of Tragedy often make of our Sex? They don't enter into the Passion at all, if I have any Notion of it: But when the Authors want to paint it strongly, (such as in those Plays I have seen and read) their Aim seems to be to raise a Whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down Reason, Religion, and Decency, and carries every laudable Duty away before it; so that all the Example can serve to shew, is, how a disappointed Lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The Play I first saw, was the Tragedy of the *Distress'd Mother*, and a great many beautiful Things I think there are in it: But half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned Rant of Passion, and ends in Cruelty, Bloodshed, and Desolation, which the Truth of Story not warranting, as Mr. *B.* tells me, makes it the more Pity, that the original Author (for it is a *French* Play translated, you know, Madam) had not conducted it, since it was in his Choice, with less Terror, and with greater Propriety, to the Passions intended, and actually raised in many Places.

I need not tell your Ladyship what the Story is; and yet it is necessary, as you demand my Opinion, that I should give a little Sketch of it. It is this then: "*Pyrrhus*, the Son of *Achilles*, is betrothed to *Hermione*, the Daughter of *Menelaus*; but *Hector's* Widow, *Andromache*, with *Astyanax*, her Son by *Hector*, in the Division of the *Trojan* Captives, falls to the Lot of *Pyrrhus*, who slighting *Hermione*, (actually sent to his Court, and in his Court, waiting his good Pleasure to espouse her) falls in Love with *Andromache*. *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*, in Love with *Hermione*, is sent Ambassador from the other *Greek* Princes to demand the Life of *Astyanax*, for fear the poor Infant should become another *Hector*, and avenge his Father's Death; a most improbable, unprincely, and

base-hearted Fear, as *Pyrrhus* himself represents it. *Pyrrhus*, in hopes to gain the Mother's Love, which he seeks on honourable Terms, offers to break with all his Allies, rather than give up the Child; but finding her resolv'd on Widowhood, determines to sacrifice the Child, and to marry *Hermione*. This creates a fine Distress in *Andromache*, between a laudable Purpose to continue the Widow of so great and so deserving a Prince, and her Desire to preserve the Life of her Son, by that beloved Hero; and at last, overcome by maternal Tenderness, finding no other Way, she resolves to marry *Pyrrhus*, and yet to destroy herself after the Marriage Ceremony had intitled her Son to her new Husband's Protection: A very strange, and not very certain Expedient to answer her View! and so to die the Widow of *Hector*, tho' she gave her Hand to *Pyrrhus*, and vow'd herself his at the Altar, and of Consequence had a still less Power over her own Life than before. —*Hermione*, a high-spirited Lady, raging in her Love to *Pyrrhus*, and for the Slight and Disappointment she met with, obliges *Orestes*, on Promise of giving her Heart and Hand to him, to murder *Pyrrhus* at the Altar, while the Ceremony of Marriage with *Andromache* was performing. He causes this to be done. When done, he applies to *Hermione*, expecting her Applause, who then violently upbraids him for having obey'd her; and flying towards the Temple, meets the Body of *Pyrrhus*, and stabs herself upon it.

"Upon this *Orestes* runs mad, and it is said to be the finest mad Scene in any *English Play*. —*Andromache* remains Queen; her Son lives; and being diverted from her own bloody Purpose, she has nothing to do, but to give Orders for the Funeral of *Pyrrhus*, and to bring her Son in Triumph from a Prison to a Palace."

This is, in brief, the Story. Now, Madam, since you will have me, I will tell you, in my artless Way, what I think not quite so pretty, and what is great and beautiful in this Play; which, upon the Whole, however, I was much pleased with, and should have been more, had there been less Terror in it, and more Probability, as I presume to say, in some of its Parts; and had not the softest Passion in Nature been treated as such a flaming Thing, as cannot be a worthy Example to Female Minds.

And first, I could not but observe, that the Plea of the Princes of *Greece* for the Murder of *Astyanax*, a helpless Infant, to procure which, and for nothing else, they send one of the chief Princes of *Greece* Ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, is a very poor one, and most easily answer'd. —For thus *Orestes* says, among other very pompous Things: *Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector? The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd Sword, That fill'd their States with Widows and with Orphans, For which they call for Vengeance on his Son. Who knows what he may one Day prove?—*

And in another Place: *Troy may again revive, and a new Hector Rise in Astyanax.*

And in another Place: *Sir, call to mind th' unrivall'd Strength of Troy, Her Walls, her Bulwarks, and her Gates of Brass, Her Kings, her Heroes, and imbattled Armies.*

What Tragedy Pomp is this! How poor the Plea, from Princes and Heroes, when it is so easily answer'd by *Pyrrhus*, in this manner! *I call them all to mind; and see them all Confus'd in Dust; all mix'd in one wide Ruin; All but a Child, and he in Bondage held. What Vengeance can we fear in such a Troy?*

And a little before: *Let dastard Souls be timorously wise: But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form Far-fansy'd Ills, and Dangers out of Sight.*

And still with greater Contempt: —*I thought your Kings were met On more important Counsels. When I heard The Name of their Ambassador, I hop'd Some glorious Enterprize was taking Birth. Is Agamemnon's Son dispatch'd for this? And do the Grecian Chiefs, renown'd in War, A Race of Heroes, join in close Debate, To plot an Infant's Death?—*

But, what if this very *Pyrrhus*, after twenty humane and generous Things, which the Poet makes him say, shews, that all this right Thinking is only owing to his Passion for the Mother? And as soon as she gives him to understand she is resolved to remain *Hector's* Widow, he determines to give way to the Embassy and Threats of the *Grecian* Princes, which he had so justly despised, and to destroy the Infant. But first he tells her: *'Tis , Hermione was sent to share My Throne and Bed—*

A fine Errand for a high-spirited Lady; and to wait afterwards his good Pleasure in his own Court, thro'a Series of Sights and Contempts, for the Performance of his Vows! And he generously, like a insulting Man, boasts: —*And would with Transport hear The Vows which you neglect.—*

To which *Andromache* nobly answers: —*She has no Troy, No Hector to lament: She has not lost A Husband by your Conquests: Such a Husband, Tormenting Thought! whose Death alone has made Your Sire immortal!—*

This inrages the Hero; and what he should have admir'd her for, had his Soul been half as noble as hers, he thus

resents: *I've been too tame; I will awake to Vengeance! The Son shall answer for his Mother's Scorn. The Greeks demand him: Nor will I indanger My Realms, to pleasure an ungrateful Woman.*

Accordingly he resolves to sacrifice the Child; to do Justice to *Hermione*, out of Spite to *Andromache*: And, most ungenerously, knowing *Orestes* loves *Hermione* to Distraction, tells him, he shall grace his Nuptial Rites, and he will receive *Hermione* from his Hands.

But now again, see what succeeds to this: One Look of Favour from *Andromache* reverses all his new Resolves, makes him throw new Indignities on *Hermione*, new Contempts upon the *Greek* Princes, and shew, that if he acts right in one Point, the saving of the Child, it is from wrong and unjustifiable Motives; and yet the Poet seems to design him an amiable Character.

Now, Madam, could not a Distress have been formed in this Story from more laudable and proper Motives? Should this Passion of unbridled Love be represented in such a strong, such an irresistible Light, to an Audience, who must be taught, that the highest Ingratitude, the most rageful Extreme of sensual Passion, the most unjustifiable Actions, and the Sacrifice of all Considerations of publick Good, and private Right, had Examples all in this Piece to warrant them?

'Tis, *Pyrrhus* is punish'd by a cruel Assassination — *Hermione* falls by her own Hand for murdering him by the Hands of the *Greeks*, and the Phrensy of *Orestes* becomes his Punishment: But what a Scene of Terror does all this raise? How unlikely to be an Exemplar either to publick or private Life? And what a hard Fate is that of *Hermione*, slighted, despised, insulted, by the Man she lov'd, to whom she was betrothed, and whose Resentment therefore was warranted, had it shewn itself in almost any Act short of the Murder, which, in the Violence of her Passion, she commanded *Orestes* to perpetrate?

Then, Madam, the Love of *Hermione* for *Pyrrhus* is not, I think, of that delicate Sort which ought to be set before our Sex for an Example. — 'Tis Rage, not Love, that of a Woman slighted; and, however just, supposing our Sex to have such revengeful Hearts, when slighted by the Man they love, is not so exemplary as one would wish: And besides, she is represented as sometimes *sighing and wishing for Orestes*; when a Love bears not the Thought of any Object, but that one it sighs for, even should that be ungrateful. Thus it is said of *Orestes* by her Confidante: *Orestes, whose Return you oft had wish'd, The Man whose Suff'rings you so oft lamented, And often prais'd his Constancy and Love.*

Then *Hermione* repeats her Woman's Words: *That Love, that Constancy, so ill requited— Upbraids me to myself: I blush, to think How I have us'd him; and would shun his Presence.*

The Motive for this, however, is neither Justice nor Generosity, but Pride; indeed, it must be own'd, a Pride too natural to a Female Mind, in such a Circumstance as hers: *What will be my Confusion, when he sees me Neglected and for saken, like himself? "Her Insolence at last is well repaid!" I cannot bear the Thought.*

And then, the Moment she sees him,—this is her blunt Question to him, notwithstanding all her Shame to see him: *How am I to interpret, Sir, this Visit? Is it a Compliment of Form or Love?*

Does this, Madam, shew any thing of the Delicacy of Sex or Condition? —And would one think it right, after she has thus extorted from him a repeated Confession of his Love, or *Weakness*, as he calls it, to upbraid him, that it ill becomes the Ambassador of *Greece*, *to talk of Love or Dying?*

In short, Madam, I think none of the Love in this Piece is such a Love, however suited to *Hermione's* Character and Circumstance, as is fit to be recommended to our Example: 'Tis a Love that shocks one, and is rather Rage and Tumult than Love, and succeeds accordingly. So that of *Pyrrhus* is ungovern'd, wild, unjust, ungenerous Caprice. *Hermione's* is founded in confess'd Ingratitude to *Orestes*, and she perseveres in it to *Pyrrhus*, when the Indignities put upon her should have made her sooner wish for Death than for so perjurd a Man; and yet, I think, she shews an inconsistent Tenderness for *Orestes*, (as I have hinted) while her Passion for *Pyrrhus* flames out with so much Violence.

The Motive of *Andromache*, (for hers is the most perfect Character in the Piece, and designed to be so by the Poet) to save her Son, is the best a Woman could have to excuse her for marrying the Man who had slaughter'd all her Relations: But the Uncertainty of securing that Point, by the mere Formality of joining Hands with *Pyrrhus*, and her Resolution to destroy herself, in Defiance of her Vows just plighted to be his, was a strange Expedient to preserve her Widowhood, and her Child: For was it very likely, that a Man so wildly in Love with her, as to forego all other just and prudent Considerations for her, (and who had shewn, that he would have destroy'd her Son, but for the sake of *her* Person) would, when disappointed by so great a Rashness, have hazarded his Realms

in Defence of her Son?

But of all Things, commend me to the noble Regard for *Self*, of her Woman and Confidante *Cephisa*, to whom *Andromache* communicates her rash Purpose, injoining her a willing Secrecy; the only way the Poet had to let us know it, as it was not put in Execution; for she shews that Regard to her dear *Self*, in this tragick Performance, which, in a Comedy, would have raised a Laugh, no doubt, as a Satire on Lady's Women: *Alas! I fear, I never shall outlive you!*

These Things struck me, Madam, when I saw the Play; and when I came to read it, I was more confirm'd in my Sentiments. But now I will transcribe some Passages, which pleased me much.

The Storms, and Doubts, and Uncertainty of wild ungovern'd Love, is very naturally, I humbly think, painted in several Scenes of this Play, in the Characters of *Hermione* and *Pyrrhus*; and no-where more affectingly than in the Upbraidings of *Hermione* to *Orestes*, after she found her bloody Purposes too well comply'd with. Thus: *What, if transported by my boundless Passion, I could not bear to see him wed another? Were you t' obey a jealous Woman's Phrensy? You should have divid'd into my inmost Thoughts: My Heart, tho' full of Rage, was free from Malice; And all my Anger was Excess of Love. Why did you take me at my Word? You saw The Struggles of my Soul; you heard me rave. You should have question'd me a thousand times; Yet still have doubted, still have question'd on, Before you ventur'd on a Life so precious. Why did you not return? Why not consult me A second time? And, undetermin'd still, Again return, and still find new Delays?*

The Scene between *Andromache* and *Hermione*, when the former supposes the latter on the Point of marrying *Pyrrhus*, and bespeaking her Interest for her Son's Life, affected me much, and was nobly acted by Mrs. *Oldfield*; who after assuring her, that her slain Lord's was the only Love she could ever indulge, as *Hermione* flies her, cries—*Ah! Madam, whither, whither do you fly? Where can your Eyes behold a Sight more pleasing Than Hector's Widow, suppliant, and in Tears? I come not an alarm'd, a jealous Foe, To envy you the Heart your Charms have won.— But oh! I have a Son:—And you, one Day, Will be no Stranger to a Mother's Fondness.*

Was not this, Madam, a moving and interesting Plea? And is not what follows affectingly noble? *But Heav'n forbid, that you should ever know A Mother's Sorrow for an only Son, Her Joy! her Bliss! her last surviving Comfort! When ev'ry Hour she trembles for his Life. Your Pow'r o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my Fears. Alas! what Danger is there in a Child, Sav'd from the Wreck of a whole ruin'd Empire? Let me go hide him in a desert Isle. You may rely upon my tender Care To keep him far from Perils of Ambition: All he can learn of me, will be to weep.*

This is sweetly moving, nobly pathetick. But I am angry at the Poet, if he could have help'd it, for drawing in *Hermione* such an ungenerous and unprincely Insult upon the Royal Mourner, when in the Height of her own Prosperity, as she imagin'd, and her Rival subjected beneath her Feet. —Fie upon him, thus to make her say, like a Woman, as our Censurers will reflect! *Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to Pity, No Woman does it better than yourself: If you gain him, I shall comply of course.*

This from one Woman to another, much more from one Princess to another; from the Elated to the Captive, could not be said, surely! —'Twas all the Poet; nor do I see there was need for it. For had he made *Hermione* on this Occasion capable (her own Empire secured, as she thought) of a more generous and humane Answer, would it not have heighten'd the Distress, when such a Character sunk, who had been basely injur'd by the Man she lov'd, and whose Crime was the Rage of slighted Love? Why would he chuse to make *Andromache's* Part thus nobly moving, at the Expence of the other Character, in a Point, where Justice, Generosity, and Humanity, were so much concern'd? And would not a fine Instruction have lain here for the Audience, to have had Compassion for the Distresses of another; and so much the more, as that other was a Rival sunk at the Feet of the Prosperous? —Indeed *Hermione*, which by the way Mrs. *Porter* acted incomparably, is a Character full of Rage and Violence; of Jealousy, and great Cause she had for it: But what then? Could she not, a Princess as she was, when her own Love was secured, have been made capable of feeling a Distress so nobly pleaded, by Motives so becoming a Mother's Lips, and a bridal Virgin's Prospects? —But I am upon the Author's Beauties

Andromache's Plea to *Pyrrhus*, when, thus insulted by *Hermione*, she sees no Hope of any way to preserve her Son, but by soothing the proud Heart of the Prince, whom her Refusal had incensed, is very pretty in the Mouth of Captive Royalty: —*Oh, Sir, excuse The Pride of Royal Blood, that checks my Soul, And knows not how to be importunate You know, alas! I was not born to kneel, To sue for Pity, and to own a Master.*

And afterwards: *Behold, how low you have reduc'd a Queen! These Eyes have seen my Country laid in Ashes;*

My Kindred fall in War; my Father slain; My Husband dragg'd in his own Blood; my Son Condemn'd to Bondage; and myself a Slave. Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of Woes, 'Twas some Relief to find myself your Captive; And, that my Son, deriv'd from antient Kings, Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his Master, When Priam kneel'd the great Achilles wept; I hop'd I should not find his Son less noble: I thought the Brave were still the most compassionate. O do not, Sir, divide me from my Child, If he must die—

Then there is a fine Scene recollected by *Andromache* to her Woman, between *Hector* and herself, on the Morning he set out for the Action in which he was slain. *That Morn, Cephisa! that ill-fated Morn! My Husband bid thee bring Astyanax. He took him in his Arms; and, as I wept, My Wife, my dear Andromache, said he, (Heaving with stifled Sighs, to see me weep)—*

Finely said, and the Hero all preserv'd! He sigh'd not for Fear of the Foe, but to see his beloved Lady weep! —From that Humanity, which should always be inseparable, I think, whether in Fiction or Fact, from Heroism: And that other Inseparable, Piety; as follows: *What Fortune may attend my Arms, the Gods Alone can tell. To thee I give the Boy; Preserve him as the Token of our Loves. If I should fall, let him not miss his Sire While thou surviv'st; but, by thy tender Care, Let the Son see, that thou didst love his Father.*

And the Advice, left by *Andromache* with *Cephisa*, for her Son, when she resolves to kill herself, after the Nuptial Ceremony is perform'd, is very worthy; after a Scene of passionate Fondness well express'd: —*Let him know, I dy'd to save him—And would die again.— Season his Mind with early Hints of Glory: Make him acquainted with his Ancestors; Trace out their shining Story in his Thoughts: Dwell on th' Exploits of his immortal Father; And sometimes—*

Very pretty! —*let him hear his Mother's Name: Let him reflect upon his Royal Birth With modest Pride. Pyrrhus will prove a Friend: But let him know, he has a Conqu'ror's Right. He must be taught to stifle his Resentments, And sacrifice his Vengeance to his Safety.*

And to his *Gratitude* too, Madam, should it not have been said, when he was so generously protected against the Demand of confederate Kings? *Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd, He then would frustrate all his Mother's Virtue, Provoke his Fate; and I shall die in vain!*

Very nobly said! But I cannot forbear making one Observation on occasion of Self-murder, which, however the Poets may be justify'd by the Examples of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when they draw their Stories from them, yet, in such a gloomy, saturnine Nation as ours, where Self-murders are more frequent, than in all the Christian World besides, methinks all those Stories should be avoided, for publick Entertainment: Or, where there is a Necessity, as in *Cato*, for Example, to introduce such a wicked Practice, the bad Example should be obviated, and the Poison it may administer, antidoted by more forcible Lessons than what these few doubtful Words express— *I fear I've been too hasty!*—

So, in this Tragedy I am speaking of, when *Hermione* destroys herself, and *Andromache* designs to do the like, should the *English* Poet have left this Practice unguarded or unaccompany'd by proper Lessons and Censures in such a Country as ours?

The staggering Doubts and Distress of *Hermione*, after she had engaged *Orestes* in the Murder of *Pyrrhus*, between her Love and her Resentment; her Questions to her Woman, that as he approach'd the Temple to marry her Rival, in Breach of his Vows of Betrothment to her, whether his Countenance shewed not some Tokens of Remorse; are very natural to one in her amorous Circumstance, I fancy: *But, say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well? Was his Brow smooth? Say, did there not appear Some Shade of Grief? Some little Cloud of Sorrow? Did he not stop? Did he not once look back? Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded? Did he not—Oh! be quick, and tell me all.*

This, Madam, I think, is charmingly natural. And on *Cleone's* Answer, That he went to the Temple all Joy and Transport, unguarded, and all his Cares employ'd to gratify *Andromache* in her Son's Safety, the Poet palliates a little, for a rageful Mind to say, *Enough! he dies!—the Traitor!—Where's Orestes?*

There are several Circumstances of Horror in this Play, that shocked me much; but I think none like the Description the Poet puts into the Mouth of *Pylades*, the inseparable Friend of *Orestes*, who, far from avoiding to shock the Soul of his Friend, by gently insinuating the Fate of that *Hermione*, on whom he had fixed his Happiness, thus terribly, with all the Aggravations that could attend such a Circumstance, points out the horrid Action; taking care even to make her as impious in her Reproaches of the Deity for her own Rashness, as she was in the Violence by which she dies; and so leaving a dreadful Example, that I presume was not needful to be left,

of a final Impenitence, especially in a suffering Character, that had not merited the Evils she met with.

Thus it is mentioned; and I am affected with the Transcription of a Passage, which the Poet has labour'd more than he ought, I think, to shew the Force of his descriptive Vein: *Full of Disorder, Wildness in her Looks, With Hands expanded, and dishevell'd Hair, Breathless and pale, with Shrieks she sought the Temple. In the Mid-way she met the Corps of Pyrrhus: She startled at the Sight: Then, stiff with Horror, Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire Amaze, She rais'd her Eyes to Heav'n, with such a Look, As spoke her Sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods. Then plung'd a Poniard deep within her Breast, And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in Death.*

This, from a Friend to a Lover of the miserable *Hermione*, tho' the Poet might think it the only Way he had left to make *Orestes* run quite distracted, yet was not, I presume to say, very judiciously put into the Mouth of a beloved Friend anxious for his Safety, and to get him off, after the Murder; and whose Part, till now, had been rather that of soothing, like a Friend, the Sorrows of his Mind.

The Moral of the Story only regards *Andromache*; nor is there, indeed, any thing but Violence and Terror in the rest of the Story and Characters, as if the Poet was determin'd to sink all into one, and make that great, at the Expence of the rest. 'Tis, however, in my humble Opinion, a good one, to shew, that Persons in Distress ought never to despond, be their Afflictions what they will; and ought to have weigh'd with *Andromache* herself, to make her avoid the Crime of Suicide, which she had resolved upon, since this Moral is put into her Mouth; but so late, that it seems rather to make her good by an Event she could not foresee, than by the Prudence of her Reflections, which would not without that Event, have prevented her from a rash Action; that would have rendered the Moral ineffectual. *Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care, Yet never let the noble Mind despair. Where press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes, The Gods their timely Succour interpose; And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief.*

Now, Madam, good as this Moral is, I should rather, in Generosity, have had it recommended from any Mouth than that of *Andromache*: For what is the Consolation she receives? What are the Expedients she so much rejoices in? Why, in the first place, the Murder of a Prince who lov'd her more than his own Glory, and to whom she had just given her Faith, as a second Husband, tho' forced to it, from a laudable Motive: And next, The Self-murder of *Hermione*, the Distraction of *Orestes*, and the Prospect of succeeding with her Son to the Throne of the murder'd Prince; from which, however, she could not expect but to be driven, and her Son at last to be destroy'd, by those vengeful Confederates, who had joined, by a solemn Embassy, to demand his Life, and who now, by his Elevation, had stronger Reasons to apprehend Danger from him; and the less Difficulty to effect his Ruin, as *Pyrrhus* was no more.

But, judge, my dear Lady, what, after the Play was over, I must think of the Epilogue, and indeed of the Audience, who call'd out for it: An Epilogue spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield* in the Character of *Andromache*, that was more shocking to me, than the most terrible Parts of the Play; as by lewd, and even senseless *Double-entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous Sentiments, which the Tragedy was design'd to raise.

The Pleasure this was receiv'd with by the Men, was equally barbarous and insulting; every one turning himself to the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries, where Ladies were, to see how they look'd, and how they stood an emphatical and too-well pronounc'd Ridicule, not only upon the Play in general, but upon the Part of *Andromache* in particular, which had been so well sustain'd by an excellent Actress; and I was extremely mortify'd to see my favourite (and the only perfect) Character, debas'd and despoil'd, and the Widow of *Hector* Prince of *Troy*, talking Nastiness to an Audience, and setting it out with all the wicked Graces of Action, and affected Archness of Look, Attitude, and Emphasis.

I stood up—Dear Sir! —Dear Miss!—said I—

What's the matter, my Love? said Mr. *B.* smileing, who expected, as he told me afterwards, to see me mov'd by this vile Epilogue—for it is always call'd for, it seems.

Why have I wept the Distresses of the injur'd *Hermione*? whisper'd I: Why have I been mov'd by the Murder of the brave *Pyrrhus*, and shock'd by the Madness of *Orestes*? Is it for this? See you not *Hector's* Widow, that noble *Andromache*, inverting the Design of the whole Play, satirizing her own Sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in my Mind, that Part of the Audience, who can call for this vile Epilogue, and those who can be delighted with it, after such Scenes of Horror and Distress?

He was pleas'd to say, smiling, I expected, my Dear, that your Delicacy, and Miss's too, would be shock'd on

this preposterous Occasion. I never saw this Play, Rake as I was, but the Impropriety of the Epilogue sent me away dissatisfy'd with it, and with human Nature too: And you only see, by this one Instance, what a Character that of an Actor and Actress is, and how capable they are to personate any thing for a sorry Subsistence.

Well, but, Sir, said I, are there not, think you, extravagant Scenes and Characters enough in most Plays, to justify the Censures of the Virtuous upon them, that the wicked Friend of the Author must crown the Work in an Epilogue, for fear the Audience should go away improv'd by the Representation? It is not, I see, Sir, always Narrowness of Spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the Mouths of good People against these Diversions.

In this wild way, talk'd I; for I was quite out of Patience at this unnatural and unexpected Piece of Ridicule, tack'd to so serious a Play, and coming after such a Moral.

Here is a Specimen, my dear Lady, of my Observations on the first Play I saw. How just, or how impertinent, I must leave to your better Judgment. I very probably expose my own Ignorance and Folly in them; but I will not say, Presumption, because you have put me upon the Task, which otherwise I should hardly have attempted. I have very little Reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, if I can escape your Ladyship's Censure, have Cause to pride myself in the Opportunity you have thereby given me to shew my Readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest Indulgence, now you have given me Leave to style myself

Your Ladship's obliged Sister, And humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XV.

My dear Lady, I gave you in my last, my bold Remarks upon a Tragedy—*The Distress'd Mother*—I will now give you my shallow Notions of a Comedy—*The Tender Husband*.

I lik'd this Title; tho' I can't say I was pleas'd at all with its second; with an explanatory *Or*,—*The Accomplish'd Fools*. But when I was told it was written by Sir *Richard Steele*, and that Mr. *Addison* had given some Hints towards it, if not some Characters, O dear Sir, said I, give us your Company to this Play; for the Authors of the *Spectators* cannot possibly produce a faulty Scene!

Mr. *B.* indeed smil'd; for I had not then read the Play: And the Earl of *F.* his Countess, Miss *Darnford*, Mr. *B.* and myself, agreed to meet with a Niece of my Lord's in the Stage-Box, which was taken on purpose:

There seems to me, my dear Lady, to be a great deal of Wit and Satire in the Play: But, upon my Word, I was grievously disappointed as to the Morality of it: Nor, in some Places, is *Probability* preserved; and there are divers Speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such from the Names I mention'd.

I should be afraid of being censur'd for my Presumption, were I to write to any body less indulgent to my Boldness, than your Ladyship: But I will make no Apologies to you, Madam. —Let me see, then, can I give you the brief History of this Comedy, as I did of the Tragedy? —I profess I hardly know, whether I can or not; at least, whether I should or not. —But I'll try.

The *Tender Husband*, Mr. *Clerimont*, has for his Wife a Lady who has travell'd, and is far gone in all the *French* Fashions: "She brought me," says he, "a noble Fortune; and I thought, she had a Right to share it; therefore carry'd her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in *our* Sex, and condemn every Virtue in *her own*; which, with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a travell'd Lady."

Tender as the Husband was to be suppos'd to the Wife, which, by the way, is not extremely apparent, in *proper* or *right* Instances of Tenderness, I presume to think, he shews no great Delicacy to the Sex in general in this Speech.

But what is the Method he takes to reclaim the Lady? —Why this: He sets a former Mistress of his own to work, in Man's Cloaths, to insnare his Lady: And thus he declares himself—"Now I can neither mortify her Vanity, that I may live at Ease with her, or quite *discard* her, till I have catch'd her a little inlarging her innocent Freedoms, as she calls them. For this End I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho', now-and-then, with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam," (to his Mistress *Lucy*, under the Name of Mr. *Fainlove*, in the Dress of a young Coxcomb) "you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her Ladyship." A Speech unnecessary to *Fainlove*, who was dress'd before for that Purpose, and had actually won Money, in that Character, of Mrs. *Clerimont*. But the Poet had no other way to let the Audience know it, as it should seem. —"It concerns you," continues he, "to be diligent: If we (*i.e.* he and his Lady) wholly part—I need say *no more*: If we do *not*—I'll see thee *well provided* for."

Here's a fine moral Scene open'd, my Lady, with regard to Mr. *Clerimont*, his Lady, and his kept Mistress! Mr. *Fainlove*, alias Mrs. *Lucy*, undertakes the Task, in Hopes to live with Mr. *Clerimont*, in case of a Divorce from his Wife; or to be provided for, in case the Plot does not succeed: Which looks pretty plainly, that, to say nothing of his Morality, the poor *Lucy* had not met with a generous Man in Mr. *Clerimont*, since, after the Forfeiture of her Honour, she was still to do a more infamous Jobb, if possible, to procure for herself a Provision from him.

Then Mr. *Clerimont* proceeds to instruct the new-made Man, how to behave like a Coxcomb, in order to ingage his Lady's Attention, and to join in all her Foibles, till she can furnish him with an Opportunity to detect them in such a way, as shall give a Pretence for a Divorce; and this in such free Language and Action, as must disgust any modest Body.

Then the Poet causes this faithful Mistress, in order to make her Character shine above that of the Wife, and indeed above his own likewise, to present her Employer with Bills for 500*l.* which she tells him she won of his Wife the preceding Night; and makes up 2000*l.* which Mr. *Clerimont* says, this unprovided—for Mistress of his has won from his Lady, and honestly given him; or else he could not, he says, have supply'd her Gaming Losses. And *Lucy* declares, she will gain him for ever from his Lady, if she can: Yet, you'll see, by-and-by, that it is not

Love to his particular Person, more than any other, that is her Inducement: Of course then, it must be Wickedness for Wickedness sake!

The next Character is Captain Clerimont, Brother to the other Gentleman, a Man of Fashion and the World, who being a younger Brother, has his Fortune to make; and we shall see presently, how he proposes to make it.

The next is Pounce, an infamous Jobber or Broker of Stocks, Marriages, or any thing—whose Character be pleas'd to take in his own Words: "Now 'tis my Profession to assist a *free-hearted* young Fellow against an *unnatural long-liv'd* Father—to disincumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates; to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance!" —One that Mr. *Clerimont* says, by way of Praise, he has seen prompting a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall*, that wanted Instruction; and could venture his Ears with great Bravery for his Friend.

A worse Character than this, can there be? Yet is it not produc'd to be punished, neither.

The next Person introduc'd is Hezekiah Tipkin, a Banker in *Lombard-street*, of an infamous and sordid Character, and a vile Usurer: Who has a beautiful Niece, Miss Bridget Tipkin, over-run with Affectation and Romance; with a great Fortune in Money, which so attracts the Captain, that he supposes, in a sordid, but witty manner enough, all imaginable Perfections in her Person, before he has a Sight of it. This young Lady, by a Treaty between her Uncle *Tipkin* and Sir Harry Gubbin, a tyrannical, positive, hot-headed Country Gentleman, is design'd to be marry'd to Humphrey the Son of Sir *Harry*, a Creature so savage, so rough, and so stupid, that there cannot be drawn a stronger Contraste between his Character and that of Miss *Bridget's*.

Mr. *Pounce*, who is employ'd as a Broker in *their* Match, is, for a Reward of 1000*l.* to cheat them and poor *Humphrey*, and to procure this young Lady for Captain *Clerimont*. Admirable Justice and Morality, all round! you'll say, my Lady. —For this Purpose, Mr. *Pounce* finds Mr. *Humphrey* so great a Fool, that, tho' he never saw him before, he very easily sets him against his Father, and against his Cousin *Bridget*, and all this on the Wedding day, in order to induce him to make Court to a Person he tells him of, but never saw: And who should be this Person, but the Sister of *Fainlove*, *Clerimont's* Man-dress'd Mistress, which Sister, however, was to be *Fainlove*, or *Lucy* herself, with a worthy Intent to impose upon him as a Wife, this cast-off Mistress of *Clerimont*: A just, a generous, an exemplary Plot this!

The next Character is an old Maiden Gentlewoman, Aunt to Miss *Bridget*, an antiquated Virgin, who, as *Pounce* says, has a mighty Affectation for Youth, and is a great Lover of Men and Money—and she is set over her Niece as a Promoter of the Match with *Humphrey*—Over this Lady Mr. *Pounce* has a great Ascendant, half for sordid Reasons, and half for amorous ones, which makes her a thorough ridiculous Character; and he introduces Captain *Clerimont* into the Company of the Aunt and Niece; and entertains the former, while the Captain engages the latter on the Subject of her beloved Romance. These, with Mrs. *Clerimont's* Maid *Jenny*, are the principal Characters.

I need not, my Lady, take up much of your Time, or my own, to tell you how they proceed.

Mr. *Clerimont*, then, after bearing from his Wife, what hardly any Gentleman could bear, surprises *Fainlove* as a Man (and a very wicked Scene it is, in every Part) taking shocking Freedoms with her: And falling into a feigned Rage, threatening to kill *Fainlove*, the Lady at first menaces, and is haughty and arrogant; but finding by her Husband's Behaviour to *Lucy*, whom he then addresses with Fondness before her Face, that she is trick'd by a Woman in Man's Habit, in her Turn would kill the Impostor as *Lucy*, whom as *Fainlove* she try'd to save; and a Scene on this Occasion occurs, to my thinking, very ridiculous. Mr. *Clerimont* then upbraids her Guilt; and, what was hardly ever known in Nature, she reforms *instantly* on the Spot, and expresses all the Signs of Contrition imaginable. He forgives and receives her, guilty as she is in her Intention, her Person only untainted, and an Adulteress in her Mind, as she would have been in Fact, had *Fainlove* been a Man: And a moving Scene, had it been from proper Motives, follows. Yet, (still more preposterous, excuse me, Madam) afterwards she resumes all her travell'd and nonsensical Airs, all her Follies, to help to support the Plot in favour of Captain *Clerimont* upon Miss *Bridget*, and that of *Pounce's* and Mr. *Clerimont's* against poor *Humphrey*, the only *innocent* Character in the Play, and the only *suffering* one; and this latter, as well as the former Plot, being brought about, a laughing Scene is produced, by Sir *Harry's* soundly cudgelling his stupid Son, for permitting himself to be so foolishly drawn in.

Now, my good Lady, can you see one Character, and, I think, I have given them justly, fit to be set up for an Example in this celebrated Play of an Author so celebrated? I must own, as I said before, I was greatly disappointed in my Expectations of it. There is, indeed, a great deal of sprightly Wit, and Knowledge of the wicked

Part of the World, display'd in it, as it seems to me, by what I have heard Mr. *B.* talk sometimes; but there is not one Character in it, but what is shockingly immoral, and, at the same time, either *above* or *below* Nature; so that the Ridicule which is intended in it, on the bad Characters, cannot, in my poor Opinion, be just or efficacious.

For, first, there never, I believe, could be a Gentleman, so foolishly tender, yet so plottingly cruel, to his Lady, as Mr. *Clerimont*.

There never could be such a very fantastical Lady, as Mrs. *Clerimont*. —And there is such an Improbability in the intimate Access, which *Lucy* in Man's Cloaths has to her; in that Creature's lewd Views, yet faithful and generous Conduct in giving back to *Clerimont*, who had not provided for her, 2000*l.* won of the fantastical Lady; and yet in her being so little delicate in her *Love* to *Clerimont*, which one would expect should be her Motive, as to join to trick and marry one of the greatest Fools in the World; that it was surprising to me, that it could pass either Author or Audience.

Then *Tipkin's* Character is unnaturally, stupidly, yet knavishly bad.

Sir *Harry Gubbin* is a Father, who never could have his Fellow; and after furiously beating his Son, is reconciled to his Marriage, as instantly as Mrs. *Clerimont* is converted; and that to an unknown Person, who appears to *him* in Man's Cloaths, for the sake of 3000*l.* Fortune only, altho' he had been quarrelling with *Tipkin*, about 1000*l.* out of 10000*l.* which his Son was to have with *Bridget*.

Numps, his Son, is a Character, take it all together, quite out of Nature and Probability: 'Tis hardly possible, that a Savage, brought up in a Wood, who never convers'd with Man or Woman, could be so stupid; and easily might a Poet form a Plot for a Play, if such a Character could be admitted, as *Numps's*.

The Aunt is credulous and affected beyond Probability also.

Miss *Bridget* delicately indelicate in many Places, and improbably fantastick in all.

Pounce shamelessly glorying, and *succeeding* in his Villainy, and deeming the worst of Rogueries a Panegyrick: And such Immoralities, mingled with Obscenities, that I was glad when the Play was over.

But yet, to say Truth, there are very pretty Descriptions, and a great deal of Wit and Humour in it. The Dialogue is lively. The Painter's Scene entertaining; and that between Sir *Harry* and *Tipkin*, diverting, tho' low; which, together with the fantastick Airs of Mrs. *Clerimont* and Miss *Bridget*, and the farcical Humours of *Numps*, make it the less Wonder, that such as did not attend to Nature, Probability, and Morality, were struck with the Life and Spirit of the Performance: And especially as Mr. *Wilks*, who acted Captain *Clerimont*, and Mrs. *Oldfield*, who acted Miss *Bridget*, so incomparably perform'd their Parts, as must have saved a Play even of a worse Tendency than the *Accomplish'd Fools*.

The Moral I will transcribe, altho', I doubt, it is a very inapplicable one to the Characters; and so is far from making Amends for a long Performance, that in such a Variety of Characters has not *one* moral one in it; nor so much as one just or generous Design pursued throughout the Play: *You've seen th' Extremes of the domestick Life, A Son too much confin'd—too free a Wife. By gen'rous Bonds you either should restrain, And only on their Inclinations gain.*

This I call inapplicable, because it was needless Advice to such Husbands as Mr. *Clerimont*, for whom it seems design'd; for he was generous to Excess, carrying her abroad to *Italy* and *France*, and paying all her Debts of Honour implicitly: Whence the Name of the Play, *The Tender Husband. Wives, to obey, must love—*

Clerimont did everything to make a grateful Woman love him, before his strange Plot to reclaim her. —*Children revere, While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.*

Mrs. *Clerimont* was not treated like a *Slave*, yet is reclaim'd only by *Fear*. So that the Moral seems to be calculated for the *Numps's* (the Fools and Idiots) and the *Sir Harries*; two Characters, that, as I humbly apprehend, never were in Nature, any more, it is to be hoped, than are the rest.

It looks to me, in short, as if the Author had forgot the Moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by some kind Friend, (Mr. *Addison*, perhaps) was at a Loss to draw one from such Characters and Plots as he had produc'd; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of Custom, without much regard to Propriety. And truly, I should imagine likewise, that the Play was begun with a Design to draw more amiable Characters, answerable to the Title of *The Tender Husband*; but that the Author being drawn away by the Luxuriancy of a Genius, which he had not the Heart to prune, on a general Survey of the Whole, distrusting the Propriety of that Title, added the under-one: With an—OR, *The Accomplish'd Fools*, in Justice to his Piece, and Compliment to his Audience. And, pardon me, Madam, had he called it *The Accomplish'd Knaves*, I would not have been angry at him, because

there would have been more Propriety in the Title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the Authors, have praised every Scene of this Play: I hoped to have Reason for it. Judge then, my dear Lady, what a Mortification it was to me, not to be able to say I liked above one, the *Painter's Scene*, and am forc'd to disapprove of every Character in it, and the Views of every one. I am, dearest Madam,

Your most obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XVI.

My dear Lady, Altho' I cannot tell how you receiv'd my Observations on the Tragedy of *The Distress'd Mother*, and the Comedy of *The Tender Husband*; yet will I proceed to give your Ladyship my Opinion of the Opera I was at last Night.

But what can I say, when I have mention'd what you so well know, the fine Scenes, the genteel Company, the charming Voices, and delightful Musick?

If, Madam, like the Nightingale, one were all Voice, or were all Ear, and lost to every Sense but that, and Harmony, surely the *Italian* Opera would be a transporting Thing! —But when one finds good Sense, and Instruction, and Propriety, sacrific'd to the Charms of Sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary Delight does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the Remembrance of having been pleas'd so many Hours by Air, well beaten and play'd upon; which being but Sound, you cannot bring away with you; and must therefore enter the Time pass'd in such a Diversion, into the Account of those blank Hours, from which one has not reap'd so much as one improving Lesson?

I speak this with regard to myself, who know nothing of the *Italian* Language: But yet I may not be very unhappy, that I do not, if I may form my Opinion of the Sentiments by the enervating Softness of the Sound, and the unmanly Attitudes and Gestures made use of to express the Passions of the Men—Performers, and from the amorous Complaining of the Women; as visible in the soft, the too—soft, Action of each.

Then, tho' I cannot but say, That the Musick is most melodious, yet to see a Hero, as an *Alexander*, or a *Julius Cæsar*, warbling out his Atchievements in War, his military Conquests, as well as his Love, in a soft Song, it seems to me to be making a Jest of both.

And how much more absurd is it still, to hear some dying Chieftain, some unfortunate Hero, chanting forth his Woes and his Calamities, and taking his Leave of the World (with less Propriety than our *English* Criminals at the fatal Tree) in a Sonetta! What can this move, how can this *pierce*, be the Story ever so dismal, any thing but one's Ears?

Every Nation, Mr. *B.* says, has its peculiar Excellence: The *French* Taste is Comedy and Harlequinery; the *Italian*, Melody and Opera; the *English*, masculine and nervous Sense, whether in Tragedy or Comedy. —Why can't one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national Excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. *B.* observes, That when once Sound is preferr'd to Sense, we shall depart from all our own Worthiness, and, at best, be but the Apes, yea, the Dupes, of those whom we may *strive* to imitate; but never can reach; much less excel.

Mr. *B.* says, sometimes, that this Taste is almost the only good Fruit our young Nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign Tours; and that he found the *English* Nation much ridicul'd on this Score by those very People who are benefited by the Depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other Qualifications be, which they bring home? —Yet every one does not return with so little Improvement, it is to be hop'd.

But what have I said, what can I say, of an *Italian* Opera? —Only, little to the Purpose as it is, I wonder how I have been able to say so much: For who can describe Sound? Or what Words shall be found to imbody Air? —And when we return, and are ask'd our Opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, The Scenery is fine; The Company splendid and genteel; The Musick charming for the Time; —The Action not extraordinary; The Language unintelligible; and, for all these Reasons—The Instruction none at all.

This is all that the Thing itself gives me to say of the *Italian* Opera; very probably, for want of a polite Taste, and a Knowledge of the Language.

In my next, I believe I shall give you, Madam, my Opinion of a Diversion or Amusement, which, I doubt, I shall like still less; and that is a *Masquerade*, for I fear I shall not be excus'd going to one, altho' I have no manner of Liking to it; especially in my present Way. I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful P. B.

I must add another Half—sheet to this Letter on the Subject—matter of it, the Opera; and am sure your Ladyship will not be displeas'd with the Addition.

Mr. *B.* coming up, just as I had concluded my Letter, asked me, What was my Subject? I told him, I was giving

your Ladyship my Notions of the *Italian* Opera. Let me see, said he, what they are, my Dear; for this is a Subject, that very few of those who admire them, and fewer still of those who decry them, know any thing of.

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. *Italian* Operas, said he, are very sad Things in *England*, to what they are in *Italy*. And the Translations given of them, abominable; and, indeed, our Language will not do them Justice.

Every Nation, as you take notice, has its Excellencies; and you say well, that ours should not quit the manly nervous Sense, which is the Distinction of the *English* Drama. One Play of our celebrated *Shakespeare* will give infinitely more Pleasure to a sensible Mind, than a dozen *English Italian* Operas. But, my Dear, in *Italy* they are quite another Thing: And the Sense is not, as here, sacrific'd so much to the Sound, but that they are both very compatible.

Be pleased, Sir, to give me your Observation on this Head in Writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady *Davers's* Acceptation. Do, Sir, pray do.

I will, my Dear; and he took the Pen in his Hand, and wrote the inclosed; which I beg your Ladyship to return me; because I will keep it by me, for my Instruction, if I should be led to talk of this Subject in Company. You must let my Sister know, said he, that I have given myself no Time to re-peruse what I have written. She will do well therefore to correct it, and return it to you.

"In *Italy*, Judges of Operas are so far from thinking the Drama a Poetical Part of their Opera's Nonsense, as the Unskilled in *Italian* rashly conclude in *England*, that if the *Libretto*, as they call it, is not approved, the Opera, notwithstanding the Excellence of the Musick, will be condemned. For the *Italians* justly determine, that the very Musick of an Opera cannot be complete and pleasing, if the Drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its Composition; because, in order to please, it must have the necessary Contraste of the Grave and Light; that is, the Diverting, equally blended through the Whole. If there be too much of the first; let the Musick express, as I may say, Love and the Tender, ever so much, it will come out heavy and tiresome; if the latter prevail, it will surfeit with Jig and Minuit: Wherefore it is the Poet's Business to adapt the Words for this agreeable Mixture: For the Musick is but secondary and subservient to the Words; and if there be an artful Contraste in the Drama, there will be the same in the Musick, supposing the Composer to be a skilful Master.

"Now, as in *England*, the Practice has been to mutilate, curtail, and patch up a Drama in *Italian*, in order to throw in a Glut of minuitish Airs, collected from an Author, the Contraste has always been broken thereby, and the Opera damn'd, without knowing the Reason: And as ignorant mercenary Prompters, tho' *Italians*, have been employ'd in the Hotch-potch, and in translating our Drama's from *Italian* into *English*, how could such Opera's appear any other than incongruous Nonsense?

Recitativo's.

"To avoid the natural Dissonance and Irregularity in common Speech, *Recitativo's* in Musick and dramatical Performances were invented; and, altho' the Time in pronouncing the Words contain'd in them, is scarce longer, than in common Conversation, yet the Concatenation of Sounds is, by this Means, so artfully contrived, as that the Cadences or Dialogue of Basses shall unite and delight the Ear with their Opposites, the highest Tenors and Trebles. Wherefore *Recitativo's* are a regular way of speaking by Art, as I may say, in order to avoid and correct the Irregularities of Speech, often found in Nature, and to express the Passions, without Offence to the Ear."

Permit me, dear Madam, to repeat my Assurances, that I am, and must ever be,

Your obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XVII.

Well, now, my dear Lady, I will give you my poor Opinion of a Masquerade, to which Mr. *B.* persuaded me to accompany Miss *Darnford*; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great Indifference, or rather Dislike, to go, and Miss therefore wanted so powerful a Second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the Freedoms which I had heard were used there, would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive Temper, at *this* Time especially.

But finding Mr. *B.* chose to have me go, if, as he was pleased to say, I had no Objection; I said, I *will* have none, Sir, I *can* have none, when you tell me it is your Choice; and so send for the Habits you like, and that you would have me appear in, and I will chearfully attend you.

The Habit Mr. *B.* pitch'd upon, was that of a *Spanish* Don, and it well befitted the Majesty of his Person and Air, and Miss chose that of a young Widow; and Mr. *B.* recommended that of a Quaker for me. We all admir'd one another in our Dresses; and Mr. *B.* promising to have me always in his Eye, we took Coach, and went thither.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. *B.* was singled out by a bold Nun, who talk'd *Italian* to him with such free Airs, that I did not much like it, tho' I know not what she said; for I thought the dear Gentleman no more kept to his *Spanish* Gravity, than she to the Requisites of the Habit she wore: When I had imagin'd, that all that was tolerable in a Masquerade, was the acting up to the Characters each Person assum'd: And this gave me no Objection to the Quaker's Dress; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I said softly, Dear Miss, (for Mr. *B.* and the Nun were out of Sight in a Moment) What is become of that Nun? —Rather, whisper'd she, What is become of the *Spaniard*?

A Cardinal attack'd me instantly in *French*: But I answer'd in *English*, not knowing what he said, Quakers are not fit Company for Red-hats.

They are, said he, in the same Language; for a Quaker and a Jesuit is the same Thing.

Miss was address'd by the Name of the sprightly Widow: Another ask'd, How long she intended to wear those Weeds? And a Footman, in a rich Livery, answer'd for her Eyes, thro' her Mask, that it would not be a Month.

But I was startled, when a Presbyterian Parson came up to me, and bid me look after my *Musidorus* —So that I doubted not by this, it must be somebody who knew my Name to be *Pamela*; and I presently thought of one of my Lawyers, whose Characters I gave in a former Letter.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more Accounts than that of my Timorousness, to have lost Sight of him. Out upon these nasty Masquerades! thought I; I can't abide them already!

An egregious beauish Appearance came up to Miss, and said, You hang out a very pretty *Sign*, Widow.— Not, reply'd Miss, to invite such Fops as you to my Shop.

Any Customer would be welcome, return'd he, in my Opinion. —I whisper this as a Secret.

And I whisper another, said Miss, That no Place warrants ill Manners.

Are you angry, Widow?

She affected Laugh: No, indeed; it i'n't worth while.

He turn'd to me—and I was afraid of some such Hit as he gave me—I hope, Friend, thou art prepar'd with a Father for the Light within thee? — That was his free Word.

Is this Wit? said I, turning to Miss: I have enough of this Diversion, where nothing but coarse Jests appear *barefac'd*.

At last Mr. *B.* accosted us, as if he had not known us: So lovely a Widow, and so sweet a Friend! no wonder you do not separate: For I see not in this various Assemblée a third Person of your Sex fit to join with you.

Not one, Sir! —said I—Will not a penitent Nun make a good Third with a mournful Widow, and a prim Quaker?

Not for more than Ten Minutes, at most.

Instantly the Nun, a fine Person of a Lady, with a noble Air, tho' I did not like her, join'd—us, and spoke in *Italian* something very free, as it seem'd by her Manner, and Mr. *B.*'s smiling Answer; but neither Miss nor I understood that Language, and Mr. *B.* would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a Signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his Person and Air; for tho' there were three other *Spanish* Habits there, he was call'd *The stately Spaniard* by one, and *The handsome Spaniard* by

another, in our Hearing, as he pass'd with us to the Dessert, where we drank each of us a Glass of Champaign, and eat a few Sweet-meats, with a Croud about us; but we appear'd not to know one another: While several odd Appearances, as One *Indian* Prince, One *Chinese* Mandarin, several *Domine's*, of both Sexes, a *Dutch* Skipper, a *Jewish* Rabbi, a *Greek* Monk, an Harlequin, a *Turkish* Bashaw, and a *Capuchin* Frier, glided by us, as we return'd into Company, signifying, that we were Strangers to them, by squeaking out, *I know you!* —Which is half the Wit of the Place.

Mr. *B.* had more Attacks made upon him by Ladies, than we had by Gentlemen; and his fine Person, noble Air, and a Deportment so suited to his Habit, (only in the Encounter of the Nun, when he had more of the *French* Freedom, as I thought, than the *Spanish* Gravity) made him many Admirers; and more, when the *Spanish* Minister, who was there in a *French* Dress, spoke to him in *Spanish*, and receiv'd a polite Answer from him in the same; while there were several who personated Foreign Characters, and knew nothing of the Language of the Country, whose Habits they assumed.

There were divers Antick Figures, some with Caps and Bells, one dress'd like a Punch; several Harlequins, and other ludicrous Forms, that jump'd and ran about like mad; and seem'd as if they would have it thought, that all their Wit lay in their Heels.

Two Ladies, one in a very fantastick party-colour'd Habit, with a Plume of Feathers, the other in a rustick one, with a Garland of Flowers round her Head, were much taken notice of for their Freedom, and having something to say to every body. They were as seldom separated as Miss and I, and were follow'd by a Croud, where-ever they went.

The party-colour'd one came up to me: Friend, said she, there is something in thy Person, that attracts every one's Notice: But if a Sack had not been a profane Thing, it would have become thee almost as well.

I thank thee, Friend, said I, for thy Counsel; but if thou hadst been pleas'd to look at home, thou wouldst not have taken so much Pains to join such Advice, and such an Appearance, together, as thou makest!

This made every one that heard it, laugh—One said, The Butterfly had met with her Match.

She return'd, with an affected Laugh—Smartly said! —But art thou come hither, Friend, to make thy Light shine before Men or Women?

Verily, Friend, neither, reply'd I; but out of mere Curiosity to look into the *Minds* of both Sexes; which I read in their *Dresses*.

A general Satire on the Assembly, by the Mass! said a fat Monk.

The Nun whisk'd to us: We're all concern'd in my Friend's Remark.—

And no Disgrace to a fair Nun, return'd I, if her Behaviour answer her Dress—Nor to a Reverend Frier, turning to the Monk, if his Mind be not a Discredit to his Appearance—Nor yet to a Country Girl, turning to the party-colour'd Lady's Companion, if she has not Weeds in her Heart to disgrace the Flowers on her Head.

An odd Figure, representing a *Merry Andrew*, took my Hand, and said, I had the most piquant Wit he had met with that Night: And, Friend, said he, let us be better acquainted!

Forbear, said I, withdrawing my Hand, not a Companion for a Jack-pudden neither!

A *Roman* Senator just then accosted Miss; and Mr. *B.* seeing me so much engag'd, 'Twere hard, said he, if our Nation, in Spite of *Cervantes*, produc'd not one Cavalier to protect a fair Lady thus surrounded.

Tho' surrounded, not distress'd, my good Knight-Errant, said the Nun: The fair Quaker will be too hard for half a dozen Antagonists, and wants not your Protection:—But your poor Nun bespeaks it, whisper'd she, who has not a Word to say for herself.

Mr. *B.* answer'd her in *Italian*, (I wish I understood *Italian!*)—and she had recourse to her Beads.

You can't imagine, Madam, how this Nun haunted the dear Gentleman! —Indeed, my Lady, you can't imagine it!

I must needs say, I don't like these Masquerades at all. Many Ladies, on these Occasions, are so very free, that the Censorious will be apt to blame the whole Sex for *their* Conduct, and to say, their Hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable Men, since they scruple not to shew as much, when they think they cannot be known by their Faces. But it is my humble Opinion, that could there be a Standard fix'd, by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* Wit, Decency would not be so often wounded, by Attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one, that can give himself the Liberty to say Things that shock a modester Person, not meeting with due Rebuke, but perhaps a Smile, (without considering whether it be of Contempt or Approbation) mistakes Courage

for Wit; and every thing sacred or civil becomes the Subject of his frothy Jest.

How else can one account for the Liberties of Expression and Behaviour taken by some of those who personated Bishops, Cardinals, Priests, Nuns, &c.? —For the freest Things I heard said, were from Persons in those Habits; who behav'd with so much Levity and Indecorum, as if they were resolved, as much as in them lay, to throw those venerable Characters into Ridicule, for no other Reason, than because they are by the Generality of the World deem'd *venerable*: But if it was once determin'd, that nothing should be call'd Wit, as nothing certainly ought, but what will stand the Test of Examination, but what is consistent with Decency and good Manners, and what will make an innocent Heart brilliant and cheerful, and give its Sanction to the happy Expression, by trying to keep up and return the Ball in like virtuous and lively Raillery; then we should have our publick Entertainments such as the most Scrupulous might join to countenance and applaud.

But what a Moralizer am I! will your Ladyship say: Indeed I can't help it:—And especially on such a Subject as a *Masquerade*, which I dislike more than any thing I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this Occasion; but, upon my Word, I am quite out of Humour with it; for I liked my *English* Mr. *B.* better than my *Spaniard*; and the Nun I approved not by any means; tho' there were some who observed, that she was one of the gracefulest Figures in the Place. And indeed, in spite of my own Heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your Ladyship knows so well what *Masquerades* are, that I may well be excus'd saying any thing further on a Subject I am so little pleas'd with: For you only desire my Notions of those Diversions, because I am a Novice to them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that Purpose.

I shall only therefore add, That after an hundred other Impertinencies spoken to Miss and me, and retorted with Spirit by Miss, and as well as I could by myself, quite sick of the Place, I feign'd to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved *Spaniard* to go off with us, and reached Home by Three in the Morning. And so much for *Masquerades*. I hope I shall never have Occasion to mention them again to your Ladyship. I am, my dearest Lady,

Your ever-obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XVIII.

My dearest Lady, My mind is so wholly ingross'd by Thoughts of a very different Nature from those which the Diversions of the Town and Theatres inspire, that I beg to be dispens'd, for the present, from these lighter Subjects. But yet, if it please God to spare my Life, as your Ladyship does not disapprove of my Remarks, I intend to make a little Book, which I will present to your Ladyship, containing my poor Observations on all the Dramatick Entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this Winter; and for this Purpose I have made brief Notes in the Margin of the printed Plays I have bought, as I saw them, with a Pencil; by referring to which, as Helps to my Memory, I shall be able to give your Ladyship my Thoughts at the Time of seeing them, pretty nearly with the same Advantage as if I had written them at my Return from each.

I have obtained of Sir *Simon*, and Lady *Darnford*, the very great Pleasure of their Permission to Miss to stay with me, till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me; and I owe this Favour partly to a kind Letter written in my Behalf to Sir *Simon*, by Mr. *B.* and partly to Miss's earnest Request to her Papa, to oblige me; Sir *Simon* having made some Difficulty to comply, as Mr. *Murray* and his Bride have left them, and he says, he cannot live long, if he has not the Company of his beloved Daughter.

I cannot but say, I have many more Anxieties and Apprehensions, than perhaps I ought, on the approaching Occasion; but I was always a sad Coward, and too thoughtful a good deal: But I have so *much* to lose; such a dear, dear Gentleman to part with, if I *must* part with him; such generous Friends and Lovers, as I may say, of both Sexes: And then the Circumstance itself has so many Terrors to an apprehensive Mind, attending it, that I am out of Breath sometimes at the Thoughts of it, and want to run away from myself, if I could. —But it cannot be; and when I charge my Mind with the Reflections that Religion inspires, and ask myself, Who it was that gave me all these Blessings? and, Who it is that has a Right to recall them, if He pleases, and *when*, and in *what way*, He pleases? and that if I leave them not *now*, I must be separated from them *another Day*; I endeavour to bring my Mind to a Resignation to the Divine Will.

But what shall I say, Madam, when I find my Frailty is so much increased, that I cannot, with the same Intenseness of Devotion, that I used to be blest with, apply myself to the Throne of Grace, nor, of Consequence, find my Invocations answer'd by that Delight, and inward Satisfaction, with which I used to please myself, when the present near Prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the Hour of Trial, and that this my Weakness of Mind will not be punish'd with a spiritual Dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attach'd to those worldly Delights and Pleasures which no Mortal ever enjoy'd in a more exalted Degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest Lady, let me be always remember'd in your Prayers—*Only* for a Resignation to the Divine Will; a *cheerful* Resignation! I presume not to prescribe to His gracious Providence; for if one has but *that*, one has every thing that one need to have. Yet, my dear Lady, there is such a natural Repugnance between Life and Death, that Nature will shrink, when one comes to the Trial, let one have never so much Fortitude at a Distance. Yet, I hope, I may be forgiven; for now—and—then I comfort myself with the Divine Exemplar, which prayed in bloody Sweats for the bitter Cup to be removed; but gave us the Example of Resignation, that I am wishing to be able to follow: *However, not mine, but thy Will be done!*

Forgive me, my dearest Lady, for being so deeply serious. I have just now been contending with a severe Pang, that is, for the present, gone off; what Effect its Return may have, God only knows. And if this is the last Line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble Respects to my good Lord *Davers*, and the dear Countess, and praying for the Continuance of all your Healths and Happiness, both here and hereafter) I am permitted to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XIX.

From Lady Davers to Mr. B.

My dearest Brother, Altho' I believe it is needless to put a Gentleman of your generous Spirit in mind of doing a worthy Action; yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a Line or two with regard to the good old Couple in *Kent*.

I am sure, if, for our Sins, God Almighty should take from us my incomparable Sister, (forgive me, my dear Brother, but to intimate what *may* be, altho' I hourly pray, as her trying Minute approaches, that it will not) you will, for her sake, take care that her honest Parents have not the Loss of your Favour, to deepen the inconsolable one, they will have, in such a Case, of the best of Daughters.

I say, I am sure you will do as generously by them as ever: And I dare say, your sweet *Pamela* doubts it not: Yet as you know how sensible she is of every Favour done to them, it is the Countess's Opinion, and mine, and Lady *Betty's* too, that you give *her* this Assurance in some *legal* Way; for as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks more of her Circumstance, than, for your sake, she chuses to express to you, it will be like a Cordial to her dutiful and grateful Heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute, more than any *one* Thing, to make her go thro' her Task with Ease and Safety.

I know how much your Heart is wrapp'd up in the dear Creature: And you are a worthy Brother, to let it be so! —You will excuse me therefore, I am sure, for this my Officiousness.

I have no Doubt that God will spare her to us, because, altho' we may not be worthy of so much Excellence, yet we now all unite so gratefully to thank Him for such a worthy Relation, that I hope we shall not be depriv'd of an Example so necessary to us all.

I can have but one Fear; and that is, that, young as she is, she seems ripen'd for Glory; she seems to have liv'd long enough for *herself*. But for *You*, and for *Us*, that God will *still* spare her, shall be the hourly Prayer of,

My dear worthy Brother, Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

Have you got her Mother with you? I hope you have. God give you a Son and Heir, if it be his blessed Will! But however that be, preserve your *Pamela* to you! For you never can have such *another* Wife.

LETTER XX.

From Mrs. B. to Mr. B.

My ever dear, and ever honoured Mr. B.

As I know not how it may please God Almighty to deal with me on the approaching Occasion, I should think myself inexcusable, if I could not find one or two select Hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing Way, in which your Goodness has indulged me, because you saw I took Delight in it.

But yet think not, O best Beloved of my Heart! that I have any Boon to beg, any Favour to ask, either for myself, or for my Friends, or so much as the *Continuance* of your Favour to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my Wishes: As to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my Desert, let my Deservings be what they will. I have only therefore to acknowledge, with the deepest Sense of your Goodness to me, and with the most Heart-affecting Gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy Hour, that you so generously made me yours, till *this* Moment, you have not left me one Thing, on my own Part, to wish for, but the Continuance and Increase of your Felicity, and that I might be worthier and worthier of the unexampled Goodness, Tenderness, and Condescension, where—with you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved Master, Friend, Husband, my *first*, my *last*, and *only* Love! believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your Honour and Felicity, temporary and eternal; and I make no doubt, that God, in his infinite Goodness and Mercy, will perfect his own good Work, begun in your dear Heart; and whatever may now happen, give us a happy Meeting never more to part from one another. For, altho', as you were pleased to question t'other Day, when you were resolving some of my Doubts—(and, Oh! what a sweet Expositor have you been to me upon all those Occasions, on which my diffident Mind led me to you for Information and Direction!) whether the Happiness of the Blessed was not too exalted an Happiness to be subjected to the poor Ties of Relationship and Sense, which now delight, and attach so much to them, our narrow Minds and Conceptions; yet cannot I willingly give up the pleasing, the *charming* Hope, that I shall one Day rejoice, *distinguishingly* rejoice, in the Society of my best beloved Husband and Friend, and in that of my dear Parents; and I will keep and encourage this dear Hope, so consolatory to us in the Separation, which dearest Friends *must* experience, so long as it can stand me in any stead; and till I shall be all Intellect, and above the soothing Impressions which are now so agreeable to Sense, and to conjugal and filial Piety.

Let me then beg of you, my dearest Protector, and best Friend, to pardon all my Imperfections and Defects; and if, ever since I have had the Honour to be yours, I have in *Looks*, or in *Word*, or in *Deed*, given you Cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the Score of natural Infirmary (for in Thought or Intention, I can truly boast, I never wilfully err'd). Your Tenderness for me, and your generous Politeness to me, always gave me Apprehension, that I was not what you wish'd me to be, because you would not find Fault with me, so often as I fear I deserved: And this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary Errors and Omissions.

You have inabled me, Sir, to do all the Good to my poor Neighbours, and to distressed Objects, that was in my own Heart to do; and I hope I have dispensed the Power you have so generously intrusted to my Disposal, without Extravagance or Dishonour, with regard to you, and with Comfort and Suitableness to the particular Cases recommended to me: But yet, as it is necessary I should render some Account of my Stewardship, in relation to the large Sums you have put into my Hands for charitable Uses, you will find, my beloved *Master*, and best *Friend*, your poor *Steward's* Accounts of every thing, in the Cabinet that was my honoured Lady's, till your Goodness made it mine, in a† Vellom Book, which is written on the first Leaf, Title—page wise, Humble Returns for Divine Mercies; and you will see a Balance struck, down to this very Day, and the *little Surplus* in the green Purse upon the Book. And if you will be pleased, Sir, to perfect, by your Generosity, the Happiness of the Cases I have marked with a Star, thus, which are such as are not fully recover'd, and will be pleased to keep up my little School, I dare ask no more; for, my dearest Mr. B. if I should be called from *your Service* to my *new Place*, your *next* Steward (and long, I hope, for your honourable Family's sake, you will not be without one) may find out another and *better* Method for your Honour and her own, to dispense your Bounty, than that I have taken.

The rich Jewels and Equipage, with which your generous Goodness adorned my Unworthiness, will be found

in the same Cabinet, in the private Drawer: And if I may be pardon'd for one extravagant Wish, (your Circumstances, dear Sir, are very great! and your future Lady will not wear any thing that was mine) it is, that my dear Miss *Darnford* may be desir'd, as the Effect of your own Goodness, and generous Consideration for my Memory, to wear the Diamond Necklace, which, I know, she admires; but is far from wishing for it, or expecting it, altho' the Neck that it was given to adorn, and to make more worthy of you, should be laid low by the irresistible Leveller.

In the bottom Drawer, on the Left-hand of the Cabinet, you will find, Sir, all my unfinish'd Scribble, and among the rest, a little Parcel, indorsed, Mr. *H.* and *P. Barlow.* The Title will surprise you; but as I know not what may happen to make Doubts and Puzzles in the Affair mentioned in those Papers, when I cannot obviate them, I thought it was best to give a brief History of it in Writing, with his Letter to me on the Occasion; and I humbly beg, the Whole may be kept within your own Breast, unless that vile Affair, which has much disturb'd me, should be reviv'd: Altho' I have no Reason to apprehend it will, because the poor Girl, I hope, is sincerely penitent, and Mr. *H.* himself seems in another way of thinking as to her.

Will you be pleased, Sir, to bestow on my dearest Miss *Goodwin*, as a Remembrance of her Aunt's Love, the Diamond Solitaire, and the second Pair of Ear-rings? Perhaps, my dearest Lady *Davers* would not disdain to wear, as a Present from her beloved Brother, my best Diamond Ring. And if my most beloved and most valued Ring of all, the dear first Pledge of my Happiness, were, for the first time since I was honoured with it, by your own putting it on, taken from my Finger and inamell'd, it would be a mournful, yet a pleasing Token for my poor Mother, and a sweet *Memento* of your Bounty to them, and of your inexpressible Goodness and Favour to her poor Daughter! ———But how I presume! And yet just now said, I had nothing to ask!

Now I am, unawares to myself, upon the Subject of petitioning, how it would please me, could I know it, if the dear Child I have just named, were given to the Care and Example of my excellent Miss *Darnford*, if she would be pleased to accept of the Trust; and if Lady *Davers* has no Objection, and would not chuse to take the pretty Soul under her own Wing!

I had once great Pleasure in the Hope of having this dear Miss committed to my Care—But what Pleasures, what Happiness, have I not had crowd'd into this last, and this first happy, thrice happy Year—even more than most of my Sex have had to boast of, and those not unhappy neither, in a long, long Life! Every Day has brought with it some new Felicity, some new Happiness, as unlook'd for, as undeserv'd; for, Oh! best Beloved of my Heart, how have you always met me in your Comings—in, left me at your Goings—out, with Smiles and Complacency, the *latter* only distinguish'd from the *former*, by a kind Regret, as the *other* was from *that*, by a Joy, next to Transport, when all *your* dear generous Heart appeared in your noble Countenance, and set *my* faithful one into responsive Flutters, to meet and receive it with all the grateful Emotions that the chastest conjugal Flame could inspire!—

But I must not dwell upon these charming, charming Reflections! —My present Doubts will not permit me to indulge them! For, if I were — how would my Desires be rivett'd to this Earth! —With what Regret should I transfer my Thoughts to a *still* more important and more necessary Subject! and with what Ingratitude look up to a diviner, and still more noble Master, who ought to be the Ultimate of all our Wishes and Desires! And who has given me You, my dearest Mr. *B.* and *with* You, all that this World can make desirable! —And has therefore a Right to take away, what he has given! —And if I now die, what a Glory will it be to me, to be permitted to discharge Part of my Obligations to the worthiest of Gentlemen, by laying down my Life in the Service of his honourable Family!

But let me say one Word for my dear worthy Mrs. *Jervis.* Her Care and Fidelity will be very necessary for your Affairs, dear Sir, while you remain single, which I hope will not be long. But whenever, Sir, you make a second Choice, be pleased to allow her such an Annuity as may make her independent, and pass away the Remainder of her Life with Comfort and Ease. And this the rather I presume to request, as my late honoured Lady once intimated the same thing to your Generosity. If I were to name what that may be, it would not be with the Thought of *heightening*, But of *limiting* rather, the natural Bounty of your Heart; and Fifty Pounds a Year would be a rich Provision in her Opinion, and will intail upon you, dear Sir, the Blessings of one of the faithfulest and worthiest Hearts in the Kingdom.

Nor will Christian Charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent *Jewkes.* I understand by Miss *Darnford*, that she begs for nothing but to have the Pleasure of dying in your Service, and of having, by that

means, an Opportunity given her of atoning for some small Slips and Mistakes in her Accounts, which she had made formerly, as she accuses herself; for she will have it, that Mr. *Longman* has been better to her than she deserv'd in passing one† Account particularly, to which he had; with too much Reason, objected. Do, dear Sir, if your *future* happy Lady has no *great* Dislike to the poor Woman, be pleased to grant her Request, except her own Mind should alter, and she desire her Dismission: And be pleased to present her with my little Book of select Devotions, with my Notes in the Inter-leaves: It is in the bottom Drawer of the Right-hand, among my devotional Miscellanies: Or rather, much rather, be pleased to order a Copy of it to be made out for her, and to give the Original, being mostly my own Hand-writing, to my dear Father. This is a better Thought by much; for the dear good Man will esteem it the more for that. I wonder I did not think of this before.—

To the other Servants, I have only to leave my Thanks, and best Wishes, for their respectful Love and dutiful Behaviour to one, who from being once hardly the Equal to some of them, has been exalted to the honourable Station of their Mistress, by your superlative Goodness and Favour. No Servants, my dear Mr. *B.* ever deserved a Mistress's Thanks, if they do not; for they, every one of them, most cheerfully came into all my little Schemes and Regulations, and they have encouraged me, by their ready Obedience, and their respectful Loves, to pursue to them the natural Dictates of my own Heart, and have made all Assumings and Pride as unnecessary, as they would have been grievous to me, and censurable by every one else: For was it not my high Concern so to behave myself to all, Low as well as High, that my best beloved Benefactor should not, by *my* Arrogance or Inattention, have Censurers of *him*, added to Envious of *me*, for the Step he had taken, so derogatory to his own Honour, and to that of his antient and splendid Family?

To the Favour of the best of Masters I therefore leave them, with this Testimony of their Merits, and my kind Regard to them, which makes me venture to call them, without one Exception, from my Silver-hair'd *Jonathan*, to the lowest Menial, *The best Set of Servants* that Gentleman ever had: Nor, by Miss *Darnford's* Account of the Behaviour of those at the Hall, do I find them at all unworthy of being class'd with these here, in the happy Character. And let me say, my dearest Mr. *B.* that I have been not a little attentive to their respective Behaviours, as well from my own, as (more particularly) from Mrs. *Jervis's* Observations; because I thought it my Duty, as well in Justice to your dear Self, as to them.

As to *Polly Barlow*, to whom I was willing to behave with an Eye to my dear good Lady's Kindness to myself, I have nothing to say, by way of Distinction from the rest; having hinted to Mrs. *Jervis* to give her *her* Advice, from time to time, and that if a good honest Husband should offer, she should advise the poor Girl not to decline it.

Forgive me, dearest Sir, for thus mentioning to you, in this solemn Letter, so particularly, your Servants. But the Pleasure which their Regularity and Worthiness have given me, together with the Knowledge I have of their Fidelity and affectionate Duty to You, methinks call for this Testimony of my Satisfaction in them, and Recommendation of them to your Favour.

And now, what have I farther to say, but to beg of God to shower down his most precious Blessings upon you, my dearest, my *first*, my *last*, and my *only* Love! and to return to You an hundred-fold, the Benefits, which you have conferr'd upon Me and Mine, and upon so many poor Souls, as you have bless'd thro' my Hands! And that you may in your next Choice be happy with a Lady, who may have every thing I want; and who may love and honour you, with the same affectionate Duty, which has been my Delight, and my Glory to pay you: For in this, I am sure, no one *can* exceed me! —And after having given you long Life, Prosperity, and Increase of Honour, translate you into a blessed Eternity, where, through the Merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I shall be allowed a Place, and be permitted (O let me indulge that pleasing, that *consolatory* Thought!) to receive and rejoice in my restored Spouse, and principal earthly Good, for ever and ever; are the Prayers, the *last* Prayers, if it so please God! of, my dearest dear Mr. *B.*

Your dutiful and affectionate Wife, and faithful Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXI.

From Miss Darnford to Lady Darnford.

My honoured Mamma, You cannot conceive how you and my dear Papa have delighted the Heart of my good Mrs. *B.* and obliged her Mr. *B.* by the Permission you have given me to attend her till the important Hour shall be over with her; for the dear Lady is exceedingly apprehensive, and one can hardly blame her; for I don't believe there is such a happy Couple in the World.

I am glad to hear, that the Ceremony is over, so much to both your Satisfactions: May this Matrimony be but a Tenth Part as happy, as that I am Witness to; and Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* will have that to boast of, which few married People have, even among those we call happy!

For my Part, I believe I shall never care to marry at all; for tho' I cannot be so deserving, yet I shall not bear to think of an Husband much less excellent than Mr. *B.* And by what I see in *her* Apprehensions, and by what I can conceive of the *Circumstance*; I don't think a young Lady can be requited with a *less* worthy one, for all she suffers on an Husband's Account, and for the sake of *his* Family and Name.

Mrs. *Andrews*, a discreet worthy Soul, as ever I knew, and who in her Aspect and Behaviour, is far from being a Disgrace even to Mr. *B.*'s Lady, is with her dear Daughter, to her no small Satisfaction, as you may suppose; who now—and—then says, What a foolish Creature, my dear Mother, have you for a Daughter! —*You* did not behave so weakly as I do, when you were in the same Circumstances, I dare say; and yet you had a dear good Husband, tho' not a rich one, to hope to live for! —But, come, I will have a good Heart, to make myself as worthy of the Company and Chearings of Three such Friends, as I am bless'd with, in my Mother, my Miss *Darnford*, and Mrs. *Jervis*!

Mr. *B.* ask'd my Advice Yesterday, about having in the House a Midwife, to be at hand, at a Moment's Warning. I told him I fear'd the Sight of such a Person would terrify her: And so he instantly started an Expedient, which her Mother, Mrs. *Jervis*, and myself, approved of, and have put into Practice; for, this Day, I have Mrs. *Harris*, a distant Relation of *mine*, tho' not of yours, Sir and Madam, come to make me a Visit from *Essex*, and Mr. *B.* was so good as to prevail upon her, in *Compliment to me*, as was pretended, to accept of her Board in his House, while she stays in Town, which, she says, will be about a Week.

Now, you must know, that this Mrs. *Harris* being a discreet, modest, matron-like Person, Mrs. *B.* took a Liking to her at first Sight, and is already very familiar with her; and understanding that she is a Gentlewoman who was a Doctor of Physick's Lady, and takes as much Delight in administring to the Health of her own Sex, as her Husband used to do to that of both, Mrs. *B.* says, It is very fortunate, that she has so experienc'd a Lady to consult, as she is such a Novice in her own Case.

Mr. *B.* however, to carry on the honest Imposture better, just now, in Presence of Mrs. *Harris*, and Mrs. *Andrews*, and me, ask'd the former, If it was not necessary to have in the House the good Woman? This frighted Mrs. *B.* who turn'd pale, and said she could not bear the Thoughts of it. Mrs. *Harris* said, It was highly necessary, that Mrs. *B.* if she would not permit the Gentlewoman to be in the House, should see her; and that then, she apprehended, there would be no Necessity, as she suppos'd she did not live far off, to have her in the House, since Mrs. *B.* was so uneasy upon that Account. This pleas'd Mrs. *B.* much, and Mrs. *Thomas* was admitted to attend her.

Now, you must know, that this is the Assistant of my new Relation; and she, being appris'd of the Matter, came; but never did I see so much Shyness and Apprehension as Mrs. *B.* shew'd all the time Mrs. *Thomas* was with her, holding sometimes her Mother, sometimes Mrs. *Harris*, by the Hand, and being ready to sweat with Terror.

Mrs. *Harris* scrap'd Acquaintance with Mrs. *Thomas*, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. *Harris* great Praises; which increas'd Mrs. *B.*'s Confidence in her: And she undertakes to govern the Whole so, that the dreaded Mrs. *Thomas* need not come till the very Moment; which is no small Pleasure to the dear over-nice Lady. And she seems every Hour to be better pleas'd with Mrs. *Harris*, who, by her prudent Talk, will more and more familiarize her to the Circumstance, unawares to herself in a manner. But notwithstanding this Precaution, of a Midwife in the House, Mr. *B.* intends to have a Gentleman of the Profession in Readiness, for fear of the worst.

I tell Mr. *B.* he is very happy, in this Stratagem; but that, I suppose, he has been more us'd to Contrivances of this sort, than he ought; and was so free as to add, That I presum'd his Lady is hardly the first he has cheated into a Child. And, indeed, I think, Mrs. *B.*'s Merit to the rest of her Sex, is very great, were it only in reforming such an uncommonly agreeable and manly Rake as this; for no doubt he has done, and would have done, a world of Mischief among the Thoughtless and Indiscreet in Upper Life; for his Taste, when at the worst, always lay, it seems, above the Vulgar.

Mrs. *B.* has written a Letter, and the Superscription following will tell you to whom it is directed: "To the ever honour'd and ever dear Mr. *B.* with Prayers for his Health, Honour, and Prosperity in this World, and everlasting Felicity in that to come. *P. B.*" It is seal'd with black Wax, and she gave it me this Moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. *B.* if she dies. But God, of his Mercy, avert that! and preserve the dear Lady, for the Honour of her Sex, and the Happiness of all that know her, and particularly for that of your *Polly Darnford*; for I cannot have a greater Loss, I am sure, while my honour'd Papa and Mamma are living: And may that be for many, very many, happy Years!

I will not close this Letter, till all is over: Happily, as I hope! —Mrs. *B.* is better again, and has, occasionally, made some fine Reflections, directing herself to me, but design'd for the Benefit of her *Polly*, on the Subject of the Inconsideration of some of our Sex, with regard to this Circumstance; inferring, that if *such* are *her* Apprehensions, tho' a lawful Wife, and *such* the Danger attending this Case, how must it leave a poor Creature destitute of all spiritual Consolation, (as well as of the Assistance and Comfortings of the nearest Friends, and of a kind Husband) when she has sacrific'd her Honour, and cannot think of any thing so probable, as the Moment approaches, but that God will punish her *in Kind*, as she called it; that is to say, added she, by the very Sufferings, which are the natural Consequences of the Sin she has so wickedly committed!

I knew what her Design was, and said, Ay, *Polly*, let you and me, and every single young Body, bear these Reflections in Mind, pronounced by so excellent a Lady, in Moments so arduous as these!

The Girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the Door, on her Knees, praying to God to preserve her dear Lady, and she should be happy for ever! —*That*, as Mrs. *B.* so often prettily writes, *was her Word!*

Mrs. *B.* is exceedingly pleas'd with my new Relation, Mrs. *Harris*, as we call her, who behaves with so much Prudence, that she suspects nothing, and told Mrs. *Jervis*, she wish'd nobody else was to come near her. And as she goes out (being a Person of Eminence in her way) two or three times a Day, and last Night staid out late, Mrs. *B.* said, she hop'd she would not be out, when she should wish her to be at home.

I have the Pleasure, the very great Pleasure, my dear Papa and Mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an Hour ago, my dear Mrs. *B.* was brought to-bed of a fine Boy.

We are all out of our Wits for Joy almost. I ran down to Mr. *B.* myself, who receiv'd me with trembling Impatience. A Boy! a fine Boy! dear Mr. *B.* said I: A Son and Heir indeed!

But how does my *Pamela*? Is *she* safe? Is *she* like to do well? We hope so, said I: Or I had not come down to you, I'll assure you. He folded me in his Arms, in a joyful Rapture: How happy you make me, dearest Miss *Darnford!* If my *Pamela* is safe, the Boy is welcome, welcome indeed! —But when may I go up to thank my Jewel?—

Mrs. *Andrews* is so overjoy'd, and so thankful, that there's no getting her from her Knees.

A Man and Horse is dispatch'd already to Lady *Davers*; and another order'd to *Kent*, to the good old Man.

Mrs. *Jervis*, when I went up, said, she must go down, and release the good Folks from their Knees; for, half an Hour before, they declar'd they would not stir from that Posture, till they heard how it went with their Lady; and when the happy News was brought them of her Safety, and a young Master, they were quite ecstasick, she says, in their Joy, and not a dry Eye among them, shaking Hands, and congratulating one another, Men and Maids: Which must make it one of the most affecting Sights that can be imagin'd. And Mr. *Longman*, who had no Power to leave the House for three Days past, (tho' Business requir'd his Presence in *Bedfordshire* sought his worthy Principal; and never was so much moving Joy seen, as this honest-hearted Steward ran over with.

I have not Mrs. *B.*'s Pen; so cannot draw these affecting Scenes of Joy, as she could have done, had she been in my Case. —Let me only say, I never saw such a Family-Joy in my Life: And who would care for Royalty, and all its Pageantry, when Virtue can thus interest every body in its Concerns, and, on such an Occasion as this, give that general and sincere Joy to all within its Circle, that could fill a Nation on the Birth of a first-born Prince from Sovereigns the most beloved?

I did a foolish thing in my Joy—I gave Mr. *B.* the Letter design'd for him, had an unhappy Event follow'd: and he won't give it me again; but says, he will obtain Mrs. *B.*'s Leave, when she is better, to open it; and the happier Turn will augment his Thankfulness to God, and Love to her, when he shall, by this means, be blest with Sentiments so different from what the other Case would have afforded. But I will get it from him, if I can, and give it her back; for one knows not what it may contain; yet her Innocence and Purity make one less apprehensive a good deal; for, I dare say, she has no Excuses to make for Failings he knows nothing of.

Mrs. *B.* had a very sharp Time. Never more, my dear Papa, talk of a Husband to me. Indeed, in the Mind I am in, I will never be marry'd. — Place all your Expectations on *Nancy!* Not one of these Men, that I have yet seen, Mr. *B.* excepted, (and you know what a Chance it was, that he would be so good) is worth running these Risques for! But his Indearments and Tenderness to his Lady, his thankful and manly Gratitude and Politeness, when he was admitted to pay his Respects to her, and his Behaviour to Mrs. *Andrews*, and to us all, tho' but for a Visit of ten Minutes, was alone worthy of all her Risque!

I would give you a Description of it, had I Mrs. *B.*'s Pen, and of twenty agreeable Scenes and Conversations besides: But, for want of that, must conclude, with my humble Duty, as becomes, honour'd Sir and Madam,

Your ever grateful Polly Darnford.

You may guess at our Hurry; for I have been Three Days writing this Letter, Piece by Piece.

LETTER XXII.

From the same.

My honoured Papa and Mamma, We have nothing but Joy and Festivity in this House; and it would be endless to tell you the Congratulations the happy Family receives every Day, from Tenants and Friends. Mr. *B.* you know, was always deem'd one of the kindest Landlords in *England*; and his Tenants are so overjoy'd, at the happy Event which has given them a young Landlord of his Name, (for all those who live in that large Part of the Estate, which came by Lady *B.* his Mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir *Jacob Swynford's* Family for their Landlord, who, they say, are all made up of Pride and Cruelty, and would have racked them to Death) that they had a voluntary Meeting of about Twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the Occasion, and it was unanimously agreed to make a Present of a Piece of gilt Plate to serve as a Bason for the Christening, to the Value of One hundred Guineas; on which is to be engraven the following Inscription:

In Acknowledgement of the Humanity and Generosity of the Best of Landlords, and as a Token of his Tenants Joy on the happy Birth of a Son and Heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his Father's Generosity, and his Mother's Virtues, this Piece of Plate, is, with all due Gratitude, presented, as a Christening Bason to all the Children that shall proceed from such worthy Parents, and their Descendants, to the End of Time,

By the obliged and joyful Tenants of the maternal Estate in *Bedfordshire* and *Gloucestershire*, the Initials of whose Names are under—engraven; viz.—

Then are to follow the first Letters of each Persons Christian and Surname.—

What an Honour is this to a Landlord! In my Opinion far, very far, surpassing the *mis-nomer'd* Free gifts that we read of in some Kingdoms on extraordinary Occasions, some of them like this! For here it is all truly spontaneous—A Free Gift *indeed*; and Mr. *B.* took it very kindly, and has put off the Christening for a Week, to give Time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

Such good Tenants, such a good Wife, such Blessings from Heaven following him, nobody, I tell Mr. *B.* has so much Incouragement to be good, as he has; and if hereafter he should swerve, he would not have the least Excuse, and would be the ungratefulest Man breathing.

The Earl and Countess of *C—*, and Lord and Lady *Davers*, are here, to stand in Person at the Christening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady *Davers* is transported with Joy, to have a Son and Heir to the Estate: She is, every Hour almost, thanking her dear Sister for him; and reads in the Child all the great Qualities she forms to herself in him. 'Tis, indeed, a charming Boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a Child so very young) of his Father's manly Aspect. The dear Lady herself is still but weak; but the Joy of all around her, and her Spouse's Tenderness and Politeness, give her chearful and free Spirits, and she is all Serenity, Ease, and Thankfulness.

Mrs. *B.* as soon as the Danger was over, asked me for her Letter with the black Seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. *B.* but to no Purpose: So I was forced to tell her who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hop'd he had not open'd it.

He came into her Chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said, he had designed to ask her Leave to break the Seal, which he had not yet done; nor would, without her Consent.

You will see nothing in it, Sir, said the dear Lady, but a grateful Heart, a faithful Love, and my Prayers, that God will be as good to You, as you have been to Me.

Will you give me Leave, my Dear, said he, to break the Seal? If you do, Sir, let it not be in my Presence; but it is too serious. Not, my Dear, now the Apprehension is so happily over: It may now add to my Joy and my Thankfulness on that Account. Then do as you please, Sir: But I had rather you would not.

Then here it is, Miss *Darnford*; I had it from you: It was put into your Hands; and there I place it again. That's something like, said I, considering the Gentleman. Mrs. *B.* I hope we shall bring him into good Order between us in time.

So I return'd it to the dear Writer; who lifted up her Eyes, and her Lips moving, shew'd a thankful Ejaculation,

that she was spared to receive it back again; and put it into her Bosom.

I related to Lady *Davers*, when she came, this Circumstance; and she, I believe, has got Leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all Opportunities now of justifying her Brother's Choice, and doing Honour to his Spouse, with Lady *Betty C.* who is her great Favourite, and who delights to read Mrs. *B.*'s Letters.

You desire to know, my honoured Papa, how Mr. *B.* passes his Time, and whether it be in his Lady's Chamber? No, indeed! Catch Gentlemen, the best of them, in too great a Complaisance that way, if you can. What then, does he pass his Time with me, you are pleased to ask? What a Disadvantage a Man lies under, who has been once a Rake! But I am so generally with Mrs. *B.* that when I tell you, Sir, that his Visits to her are pretty much polite Form, I believe I answer all you mean by your Questions; and especially when I remind you, Sir, that Lady and Lord *Davers*, and the Earl and Countess, and your unworthy Daughter, are at Dinner and Supper-time always together; for Mrs. *Andrews*, who is not yet gone back to *Kent*, breakfasts, dines, and sups with her beloved Daughter, and is hardly ever out of her Room.

Then, Sir, Mr. *B.* and the Earl, and Lord *Davers*, give pretty constant Application to the Business of Parliament; and, now-and-then, sup abroad— So, Sir, we are all upon Honour; and I could wish, (only that your Pleasantry always gives me Joy, as it is a Token, that you have your much-desired Health and Freedom of Spirits) that, even in Jest, my *Mamma's* Daughter might pass unquestioned.

But I know why you do it: It is only to put me out of Heart to ask to stay longer. Yet I wish— But I know you won't permit me to go thro' the whole Winter here. —Will my dear Papa grant it, do you think, my honoured Mamma, if you were to lay the highest Obligation upon your dutiful Daughter, and petition for me? And should you care to try?

I dare not hope it myself, you see, Madam: But when one sees a Gentleman here, who denies his Lady nothing that she asks, it makes one be ready to wish, methinks, that Lady *Darnford* was as happy in that Particular as Lady *B.*—

Your Indulgence, for this Winter, this *one* Winter, or rather, this small *Remainder* of Winter, I make not so much doubt of, you see, Madam. I know you'll call me a bold Girl; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my Request: And I will be as good as ever I can afterwards. I will fetch up all the lost Time; rise an Hour sooner in the Morning, go to-bed an Hour sooner at Night; flower my Papa any thing he pleases; read him to sleep, when he pleases; put his Gout into good Humour, when it will be soothed—And Mrs. *B.* will, to crown all, come down with me, by Permission of her sovereign Lord, who will attend her, you may be sure; and will not *all* this do, to procure me a Month or two more? —If it won't, why then, I will thank you for your past Indulgence, and, with all Duty and Cheerfulness, bid Adieu to this dear *London*, this dearer Family, and attend a *still* dearer Papa and Mamma; whose dutiful Daughter I will ever be, whilst

Polly Darnford.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

My honoured Papa and Mamma, I Have received your joint Commands, and intend to set out on *Wednesday* next Week. I hope I shall find my Papa in better Health than he is at present, and in better Humour too; for I am very sorry he is displeas'd with my petitioning for a little longer Time in *London*. It is very severe to impute to me Want of Duty and Affection to you both, which would, if deserved, make me very unworthy of your Indulgence.

Mr. *B.* and his dear Lady are resolv'd to accompany me in their Coach and Six, till your Chariot meets me, if you will be pleas'd to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your Gate, if it do not; but he vows, that he will not alight at your House, nor let his Lady neither. But I say, that this is a misplaced Resentment, because I ought to think it a Favour, that you have indulg'd me so much as you have. And yet even this is likewise a Favour on *their* Side to me, because it is an Instance of their Fondness for your unworthy Daughter's Company.

Mrs. *B.* is, if possible, more lovely since her Lying-in, than before. She has so much Delight in her Nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her Pen, which will be a great Loss to all whom she used to oblige with her Correspondence. Indeed, this new Object of her Care is a charming Child; and she is exceedingly pleas'd with her Nurse;—for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to perform that Office herself.

She makes a great Proficiency in the *French* and *Italian* Languages; and well she may; for she has the best Schoolmaster in the World, and one whom she loves better than Lady ever lov'd a Tutor. He is lofty, and won't be disput'd with; but I never saw a more polite and tender Husband, for all that; and well may a Lady, bless'd as she is, bear with a little Imperiousness sometimes; which, however, she nips in the Bud, by her Sweetness of Temper, and ready Compliance. But then he is a Man of Sense; and a Lady need be the less concern'd to yield a Point to a Man of Sense, and of Generosity, as he is: Who is incapable of treating her the worse for her Resignation and Complacency. Whenever I marry, it shall be to a Man of Sense, and a generous Man, against the World; for such an one cannot treat a Woman ill; as Mrs. *B.* often observes.

We had a splendid Christening, and exceedingly well order'd, and every body was highly delighted at it. The Quality Gossips went away but on *Tuesday*; and my Lady *Davers* took Leave of her charming Sister, with all the Blessings, and all the Kindness, and affectionate Fondness to her, that could be express'd.

Mr. *Andrews*, that worthy old Man, came up to see his Grandson Yesterday, and in order to attend his Wife down. You would never have forgotten the good Man's Behaviour (had you seen it) to his Daughter, and to the charming Child: I wish I could describe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. *B.* will take notice of it to Lady *Davers*; and if she enters into the Description of it while I stay, I will beg a Copy of it, to bring down with me; because I know you were pleas'd with the sensible, plain, good Man, and his Ways, when at the Hall in your Neighbourhood,

The Child is nam'd *William*, that I should have told you; but I write without any manner of Connection, just as things come uppermost: But don't, my dear Papa, cons this too as an Instance of Disrespect. I wish you was not so angry with me; it makes me almost afraid to see you! —As I said, I shall set out next *Wednesday* in Mr. *B.*'s Coach and Six; and as we shall keep the main Road all the Way, I shall see, by my being met, how I am to be received, or whether pardon'd or not. Mr. *B.* says, he will take me back again, if my dear Papa frown at me ever so little, and he will not deliver me up into any other Hands but his neither.

We have been at several Plays, and at the Opera divers times; for we make the best of our Time, as it is so short; and we fear'd how it would be; tho' I hop'd I should not have Anger neither. Mrs. *B.* is taken up with writing, between whiles, Remarks upon the Plays, &c. she sees, in a little Book, for Lady *Davers*. She sent that Lady her Remarks upon one or two, with which she is so well pleas'd, that she will not let even her Nursery pass for an Excuse from writing on upon those Subjects; and this will so ingross the dear Lady's Pen, that I shall not be favour'd so much as I used to be; but Lady *Davers* promises me to lend me the Book, when she has read it; so that will be some Satisfaction.

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the Felicity of this charming Couple; and that I will mention, in Confidence. Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* and myself, were at the Masquerade, before she lay-in: There was a

Lady greatly taken with Mr. *B.* She was in a Nun's Habit, and followed him where-ever he went; and Mr. *Turner*, a Gentleman of one of the Inns of Court, who visits Mr. *B.* sometimes, and is an old Acquaintance of his, tells me by the Bye, that the Lady took an Opportunity to unmask to Mr. *B.* Mr. *Turner* has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of ———, a fine Lady; but not the most prudent in her Conduct of late, since her Widowhood. And he has since discovered, as he says, that a Letter or two has passed between Mr. *B.* and that Lady, if not more.

Now Mrs. *B.* with all her Perfections, has, as she owns, a little Spice of Jealousy; and should she be once alarm'd, I tremble for the Consequences to both their Happiness.

It is my Opinion, that if ever any thing makes a Misunderstanding between them, it will be from some such Quarter as this. But 'tis a thousand pities it should. And I hope, as to the actual Correspondence begun, Mr. *Turner* is mistaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the World, the first Hints of this Matter should come from me. —Mr. *B.* is a very enterprising and gallant Gentleman, is a fine Figure of a Man, and very genteel, and I don't wonder a Lady may like him. But he seems so pleas'd, so satisfy'd with his Lady, and carries it to her with so much Tenderness and Affection, that I hope her Merit, and this his Affection for her, will secure his conjugal Fidelity.

If it prove otherwise, and she discovers it, I know no one that would be more miserable than Mrs. *B.* as well from Motives of Piety and Virtue, as from the excessive Love she bears him. —But I hope for better Things, for both their sakes.—

My humble Thanks for all your Indulgences to me, with Hopes, that you will not, my dear Papa and Mamma, hold your Displeasure against me, when I throw myself at your Feet, as I now soon hope to do, conclude me

Your dutiful Daughter, M. Darnford.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady, We are just return'd from accompanying the worthy Miss *Darnford* as far as *Bedford*, in her Way home, where her Papa and Mamma met her in a Coach and Four. Sir *Simon* put on his pleasant Airs, and schooled Mr. *B.* for persuading his Daughter to stay so long from him; *me* for putting her upon asking to stay longer; and *Miss* for being persuaded by us.

I think he is worse than ever, in his way of Talk, and for my Rebukes to him; for he ran on a deal of Stuff about me, and my late Circumstance; and would have it, that I am so much improv'd, that I ought to make a Court'sy to Mr. *B.* once an Hour. He said, when I was angry at him, and his Lady blam'd him, that it was all pure Revenge for my Letter, and for keeping Miss so long from him.

We tarry'd two Days together at *Bedford*; for we knew not how to part; and then we took a most affectionate Leave of each other.

We struck out of the Road a little, to make a Visit to the dear House, where we tarry'd one Night; and next Morning, before any body could come to congratulate us, (designing to be *incog.*) we proceeded on our Journey to *London*, and found my dearest, dear Boy, in charming Health.

What a new Pleasure has God Almighty's Goodness bestow'd upon me; which, after every little Absence, rises upon me, in a maternal Tenderness, every Step I move toward the dear little Blessing! — Yet, sometimes, I think your dear Brother is not so fond of him, as I wish him to be. He says, 'tis time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his Notice, and be grateful! —A negligent Word, i'n't it, Madam? —Considering—

My dear Father came to Town, to accompany my good Mother down to *Kent*, and they set out three or four Days after your Ladyship left us. It is impossible to describe the Joy with which his worthy Heart overflow'd, when he congratulated us on the happy Event. And as he had been apprehensive for his Daughter's Safety, judge, my Lady, what his Transports must be, to see us all safe and well, and happy, and a Son given to dear Mr. *B.* by his greatly honoured Daughter.

I was in the Nursery when he came. So was my Mother. Miss *Darnford* also was there. And Mr. *B.* who was in his Closet at his Arrival, after having received his most respectful Congratulations himself, brought him up (tho' he has not been there since: indeed he han't!): *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman! see who's here.

I sprung to him, and kneeled for his kind Blessing: O my Father! said I, see! pointing to the dear Baby at the Nurse's Breast, how God Almighty has answer'd all our Prayers!

He dropp'd down on his reverend Knees by me, clasping me in his indulgent Arms: O my Daughter! —O my blessed Daughter! —And do I once more see you! And see you safe and well! —I do! I do! —Blessed be thy Name, O gracious God, for these thy Mercies!

While we were thus joined, happy Father, and happy Daughter, in one Thanksgiving Prayer, the sweet Baby having fallen asleep, the Nurse had put it into the Cradle; and when my Father rose from me, he went to my Mother, God bless my dear *Betty*, said he: I long'd to see you, after this Separation. Here's Joy! Here's Pleasure! O how happy are we! And taking her Hand, he kneeled down on one Side the Cradle, and my Mother on the other, both looking at the dear Baby, with Eyes running over; and, Hand in Hand, he prayed, in the most fervent manner, for a Blessing upon the dear Infant; and that God Almighty would make him an Honour to his Father's Family, and to his Mother's Virtue that was his kind Word,) and that, in the Words of Scripture, *be might grow on, and be in Favour both with the Lord, and with Men!* —

They both rose, and Mr. *B.* taking my Hand, and Miss *Darnford's*; (your Ladyship may guess how *we* were moved! for Miss is a sweet-natur'd Lady, you know, Madam) My dear *Pamela*! How these kind, these grateful Hearts affect me! — Do you often, my dear Miss *Darnford*, see Scenes wrought up by the Poets to this moving Height? —Here we behold and admire that noble Simplicity, in which Nature always triumphs over her Hand-maid Art! —And which makes a Scene of Joy as affecting to a noble Mind, as that of the deepest Distress! Else, how could it display its Force thus sweetly on your lovely Cheek! And he saluted the dear Miss, and me too!

Mr. *B.* has just put into my Hands Mr. *Locke's* Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my Thoughts upon it in Writing. He has a very high Regard for this Author, and tells me, That my Tenderness for

Billy will make me think some of the first Advice given in it, a little harsh, perhaps; but altho' he has not read it through, only having dipp'd into it here and there, he believes, from the Name of the Author, I cannot have a better Directory: And my Opinion of it, after I have well considered it, will inform him, he says, of my own Capacity and Prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the Point of a *first Education*.

I ask'd, If I might not be excus'd Writing, only making my Observations here and there, to himself, as I found Occasion? But he says, I shall myself better consider it, and be more a Mistress of the Subject, and he shall the better attend to my Reasonings, when they are put into Writing: And surely, my Dear, said he, you may, in such an important Point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your Penmanship, as our other dear Friends.

After this, your Ladyship will judge, I had not another Word to say. He cuts one to the Heart, when he speaks so seriously.

I have look'd a little into it. It is a Book quite accommodated to my Case, being written to a Gentle—Gentleman, the Author's Friend, for the Regulation of his Conduct towards his Children. But how shall I do, Madam, if in such a fam'd and renowned Author, I see already some few things, that I think want clearing up? Won't it look like intolerable Vanity, in such a one as me, to find fault with such a Genius as Mr. *Locke's*?

But I will consider of the Matter thoroughly, before I set Pen to Paper; for, altho' he writes in a very familiar and intelligible Style, perhaps I may not understand him at once reading.

But I must, on this Occasion, give your Ladyship the Particulars of a short Conversation between your dear Brother and me; which, however, perhaps, will not be to my Advantage, because it will shew you what a teizing Body I can be, if I am indulged. —But Mr. *B.* will not spoil me neither in that way: No fear of that, I dare say! —Your Ladyship will see this in the very Dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. *Locke's* Book, and Mr. *B.* asked me, How I lik'd it? Exceedingly well, Sir. But I have a Proposal to make, which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming Opportunity of understanding Mr. *Locke*.

What is your Proposal, my Dear? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet Earnestness in your Look.

Why so it is, reply'd I: And I must know, whether you are in a high good Humour with me, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my Proposal will not then do, I'm sure.

You have all the amusing Ways of your Sex, my dear *Pamela*. But tell me what you would say: You know I don't love Suspense.

May be you're busy, Sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your Closet.

Woman! —said he; how you love to put one upon the Tenters! Yet, my Life for yours, by your Parade, what I just now thought important, is some pretty Trifle. —Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you; and tapp'd my Cheek.

Well, I wish I had not come just now! —I see you are not in a quite good Humour enough for my Proposal. —So, pray, Sir, excuse me, till Tomorrow.

He took my Hand, and led me to his Closet, calling me his pretty Impertinent; and then urging me, I said—You know, Sir, I have not been us'd to the Company of Children. Your dear *Billy* will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any Part of Education. I can learn of the charming Boy nothing but the Baby Conduct: But now, if you would permit me to take into the House some little Master of three or four Years old, or Miss of five or six, I should watch over all their little Ways; and now reading a Chapter in the *Child*, and now a Chapter in the *Book*, I shall be inabled to look forward, and with Advantage, into the Subject; and to go thro' all the Parts of Education tolerably, for one of my Capacity; for, Sir, I can, by my own Defects, and what I have wished to mend, know how to judge of, and supply that Part of Life, which carries one up to Eleven or Twelve Years of Age, which was mine, when my Lady took me.

A pretty Thought, *Pamela*! But tell me, Who will part with their Child, think you? Would *you* do it, if it were your own Case, altho' you were ever so well assur'd of the Advantages your Little—one would reap by it? —For, don't you consider, my Dear, that the Child ought to be wholly subjected to your Authority? That its Father or Mother ought seldom to see it; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you? —And where, my Dear, will you meet with Parents so resign'd? —Besides, one would have the Child descended of genteel Parents, and not such as could do nothing for it; otherwise the Turn of Mind and Education you would give it, might do it more Harm than Good.

All this is, Sir, very. But would you have no other Objection, if one could find a genteelly descended young

Master? And would you join to persuade his Papa to give me up this Power, only from three Months to three Months, as I liked, and the Child liked, and as the Papa approved of my Proceedings?

This is so reasonable, with these last Conditions, *Pamela*, that I should be pleased with your Notion, if it could be put in Practice, because the Child would be benefited by your Instruction, and you would be improved in an Art, that I could wish to see you an Adept in.

But, perhaps, Sir, you had rather it were a Miss, than a Master!

I had, my Dear, if a Miss could be found, whose Parents would give her up to you: But I suppose you have some Master in your Head, by your putting it upon that Sex at first.

Let me see, Sir, You say you are in a good Humour! Let me see, if you be! —Looking boldly in his Face.

He saluted me: What now would the pretty Fool be at?

Only, Sir, that you have nothing to do, but to speak the Word, and there is a Miss whose Papa, and Mamma too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me, for my own Instruction, as well as for her sake; and if, to speak in the Scripture Phrase, I have found *Grace in your Sight*, kind Sir, speak this Word to the dear Miss's Papa.

And have you thus come over with me, *Pamela*! — Go, I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. This looks so artful, that I won't love you!; Dear Sir! —And dear Madam! too! Begone, I say! —You have surpris'd me by Art, when your Talent is Nature, and you should keep to that!

I was sadly balk'd and vex'd, and had neither Power to go nor stay! —At last, seeing I had put him into a kind of Flutter, as now he had put me, I moved my unwilling Feet towards the Door. —He took a Turn about the Closet mean time. —Yet stay, said he, there is something so generous in your Art, that, on Recollection, I cannot part with you.

He took Notice of the starting Tear—I am to blame! —You had surpris'd me so, that my hasty Temper got the better of my Consideration. Let me kiss away this pearly Fugitive. Forgive me, my dearest Love! What Brutes are such passionate Wretches as me, when compar'd to such Angels as my *Pamela*! I see, at once now, all the Force, and all the Merit of your amiable Generosity: And to make you amends for this my Hastiness and inconsiderate Harshness, I will coolly consider of this Matter, and will either satisfy you by my Compliance, or by the Reasons I will give for the contrary.

But say, my *Pamela*; can you forgive my Hastiness? —Can I, Sir! Yes, indeed, clasping my Arms about him; and bid me Go, and Begone, twenty times a Day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly, and condescendingly treated, in the same Breath almost! —I see, dear Sir, continued I, that I must be in Fault, if ever you are lastingly displeas'd with me. —For as soon as you turn yourself about, your Anger vanishes, and you make me rich Amends for speaking a few harsh Words. Only one thing, dear Sir, let me add, If I have dealt artfully with you, impute it to my Fear of offending you, thro' the Nature of my Petition, and not thro' Design. And that I took the Example of the Prophet, to King *David*, in the Parable of the *Ewe-Lamb*.

I remember it, my Dear—and you have well pointed your Parable, and had nothing to do, but to say, *Thou art the Man!*

I am called upon by my dear Benefactor for a little Airing; and he suffers me only to conclude this long Letter, knowing to whom I have the Honour to write, this being Post-day. And so I am oblig'd, with greater Abruptness than I had design'd, to mention thankfully your Ladyship's Goodness to me; particularly in that kind, kind Letter, which your dear Brother shew'd me *this Morning*, and not before—I believe, for fear I should be so much oppress'd by the Sense of your Ladyship's unmerited Goodness to me, had he shew'd it me before your Departure from us, that I should not be able to look up to you; heaping Favours and Blessings upon me, as you hourly were besides. What a happy, happy Creature am I! —But my Gratitude runs me into Length; and sorry I am, that I cannot have time just now to indulge it.

But yet I am apt sometimes to doubt, whether I ought to think myself so very happy; and whether it is not an Argument of a mean Spirit; because I am under Obligations, *unreturnable* Obligations, to every living Soul, as well as to your Ladyship; and yet can rejoice in them; as if it was such a glorious Thing to be oblig'd, when it is not in one's Power to oblige again.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady *Davers*, is there nothing, my dear Countess, and my good Lord *C*. that I can do, to shew, at least, that I have a *Will*, and am not an ingrateful, and a sordid Creature?

And yet, if you give me Power to do any thing that will have the Appearance of a Return, even that *Power* will be laying a fresh Obligation upon me—Which, however, I should be very proud of, because I should thereby

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

convince you, by something more than Words, how much I am (most particularly to yourself, my dearest Lady *Davers*, (my Sister, my Friend, my Patroness)

Your most obliged, and faithful Servant, P. B.

Your dear Brother joins in respectful Thankfulness to his Four noble Gossips. And I made my *Billy*, by his Lips, subscribe his. I hope so to direct his earliest Notions, as to make him sensible of his dutiful Obligations to such noble and good God-papa's and Mamma's.

LETTER XXV.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My dearest Pamela, Talk not to us of unreturnable Obligations, and all that, as by your last Letter. You do more for us, in the Entertainment you give us all, by your Letters, than we *have* done, or ever *can*, for you. And as to me, I know no greater Pleasure in the World, than my Brother's Felicity and yours. God continue it to you both. I am sure it will be *his* Fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminish'd.

We have heard some idle Rumours here, as if you were a little uneasy of late; and having not had a Letter from you for this Fortnight past, it makes me write, to ask, How you all do? and whether you expected an Answer from me to your last?

I hope you won't be punctilious with me, my *Pamela*. For we have nothing to write to you about, except it be, how much we all love and honour you; and that you believe already; or else you don't do us Justice.

I suppose you'll be going out of Town soon, now the Parliament is rising. My Lord is resolv'd to put his Proxy into another Hand, and intends, I believe, to take my Brother's Advice in it. Both the Earl and his Lordship are highly pleas'd with my Brother's moderate and independent Principles. He has got great Credit among all unprejudic'd Men, by the Part he acted throughout the last Sessions, in which he has shewn, that he would no more join to distress and clog the Wheels of Government, by an unreasonable Opposition, than he would do the dirty Work of any Administration. As he has so noble a Fortune, and wants nothing of any Body, he would be doubly to blame, to take any other Part than that of his Country, in which he has so great a Stake.

May he act *out* of the House, and *in* the House, with equal Honour; and he will be his Country's Pride, and your Pride, and mine too! Which is the Wish of

Your affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

If you want a Pretence to kiss my dear Boy, give him, now—and—then, one for me. I hope he improves, under the Eye of so careful a Mamma; the little Rogue will else be unworthier than I wish him to be. I hope you proceed with my Book. I must see your Observations on *Locke* too. 'Twas a charming pretty Thought of yours, that of Miss *Goodwin*. A hasty Wretch! how could he be angry! —'Twas well he so soon consider'd of the Matter, and ask'd Pardon.

LETTER XXVI.

My dearest Lady, I Have been a little in Disorder, that I have. Some little Rubs have happen'd. I hope they will be happily removed. But I am unwilling to believe all that is said. This is a wicked Town, though! I wish we were out of it. But I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. *B.* would let me and my *Billy* go into *Kent*: But I don't care to leave him behind me, neither, and he is not inclin'd to go. Excuse my Brevity, my dearest Lady! But I must break off, with only assuring your Ladyship, that I am, and ever will be,

Your obliged and grateful P. B.

LETTER XXVII.

*My dearest Pamela, I Understand Things go not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to Town, and residing with you, while you stay in it, will be of Service to you, or help to get you out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some Indisposition, and a Desire of consulting your *London* Physicians; or any thing you shall think fit to be done, by*

Your affectionate Sister, and faithful Friend, B. Davers.

LETTER XXVIII.

My dearest Lady, A Thousand Thanks for your Goodness to me! But I hope all will be well. I hope God will inable me to act so prudent a Part as will touch his generous Breast. Be pleased to tell me what your Ladyship has heard; but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any Appeals; for, I know, those will not be excus'd; and I do all I can to suppress my Uneasiness before him. But I pay for it, when I am alone. My Nursery, and my Reliance on God, (I should have said the latter first) are all my Consolation. —God preserve and bless you, my good Lady, and my Noble Lord; (But I am apt to think your Ladyship's Presence will not avail) prays,
Your affectionate and obliged P. B.

LETTER XXIX.

Why does not my sweet Girl subscribe *Sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my Brother's Faults. But I hope he uses you with Politeness and Decency. He shall be none of my Brother, if he don't. I rest a great deal upon your Prudence, and it will be very meritorious, if you can overcome yourself, so as to act unexceptionably, tho' it may not be deserv'd, on this Occasion: For in doing so, you'll have a Triumph over Nature itself; for, my dear Girl, as you have formerly own'd, you have a little Touch of Jealousy in your Composition.

What I have heard, is no Secret to any body. The injured Party is generally the last that hears in these Cases, and you shall not first be told any thing by me that must *afflict* you, but cannot *you*, more than it does *me*. God give you Patience and Comfort! The wicked Lady has a deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon Happiness. But no more, than that I am

Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

I am all Impatience to hear how you conduct yourself on this trying Occasion. Let me know *what* you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

LETTER XXX.

Why don't I subscribe Sister? asks my dearest Lady *Davers*? —I have not had the Courage to do it of late. For my Title to that Honour, arises from the dear, thrice dear Mr. *B.* And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your Ladyship by that beloved Name, let the rest happen as God shall see fit.

Mr. *B.* cannot be unpolite; but he is cold, and a little cross, and short in his Speeches to me. I try to hide my Grief from every body, and from him most; for, my dear Lady, neither my Father, Mother, nor Miss *Darnford*, know any thing from me. Mrs. *Jervis*, from whom I seldom hide any thing, as she is on the Spot with me, hears not my Complaining, nor my Uneasiness; for I would not lessen the dear Gentleman. He may *yet* see the Error of the Way he is in. God grant it, for his own sake, as well as mine! —I am even sorry your Ladyship is afflicted with the Knowledge of the Matter.

The poor unhappy Lady, God forgive her! is to be pity'd: She loves him, and having strong Passions, and being unus'd to be controul'd, is lost to a Sense of Honour and Justice; poor, poor Lady! —O these wicked Masquerades! From them springs all my Unhappiness! My *Spaniard* was too amiable, and met with a Lady who was no Nun, but in Habit. Every one was taken with him in that Habit, so suited to the natural Dignity of his Person! —O these wicked, wicked Masquerades!

I am all Patience in Appearance, all Uneasiness in Reality. I did not think I could, especially in *this* Point, this most *affecting* Point, be such an Hypocrite. It has cost me—Your Ladyship knows not what it has cost me! to be able to assume that Character! Yet my Eyes are swell'd with crying, and look red, altho' I am always breatheing on my Hand, and patting them with that, and my warm Breath, to hide the Distress that will, from my over-charged Heart, appear in them.

Then he says, What's the matter with the little Fool! You're always in this Way. What ails you, *Pamela*?

Only a little vapourish, Sir! —Nasty Vapours! Don't be angry at me! —Then *Billy*, I thought, was not very well!

This Boy will spoil your Temper: At this Rate, what should be your Joy, will become your Misfortune. Don't receive me in this Manner, I charge you.

In what Manner, Sir? I always receive you with a grateful Heart! If any thing troubles me, it is in your Absence: But see, Sir, (then I try to smile and seem pleas'd) I am all Sunshine now you are come! —Don't you see I am?

Yes, your Sunshine of late is all thro' a Cloud! —I know not what's the matter with you. Your Temper will alter, and then ——

It shan't alter, Sir—It shan't—if I can help it. —And then I kiss'd his Hand; that dear Hand, that, perhaps, was last about his more beloved Countess's Neck—Distracting Reflection!

But come, may-be I think the worst! —To be sure I do! —For my Apprehensions were ever aforehand with Events; and bad must be the Case, if it is worse than I think it. But it will ripen of itself; it is a corroding Evil: It will increase to its Crisis, and then it may dissipate happily, or end in Death!

All that grieves me, (for I have had the Happiness of a whole Life crouded thick upon me into a few past Months, and so ought to be grateful for the Good I have reaped) is for his own dear sake, for his Soul's sake. —But, come, he is a young Gentleman, and may see his Error:—This may be a Trial to *him*, as well as to *me*. And if he *should* conquer it, what a charming, charming Thing would that be!

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard, and how I *came* to hear it. I told your Ladyship, in one of my former, that two Gentlemen, brought up to the Law, but above the Practice of it, tho', I doubt, not above Practices less honourable, had visited us, on coming to Town.

They have been often here since, Mr. *Turner* particularly; and sometimes by himself, when Mr. *B.* has happen'd to be out; and he it was, as I guess'd, that gave me, at the wicked Masquerade, the Caution of looking after my *Musidorus* †.

I did not like their Visits, and *his* much less: For he seem'd to me a Man of an intriguing Spirit. But about Three Weeks ago, Mr. *B.* setting out upon a Party of Pleasure to *Oxford*, he came, and pretending great Business

with me, and I happening to be at Breakfast in the Parlour, only *Polly* attending me, admitted him to drink a Dish of Chocolate with me. And when *Polly* had stept down, he told me, after many Apologies, that he had discover'd who the Nun was at the Masquerade, that had ingag'd Mr. *B.*

I said, It was very indifferent to me, who the Lady was.

He reply'd, (making still more Apologies, and pretending great Reluctance to speak out) That it was no less a Lady than the young Countess Dowager of —, a Lady noted for her Wit and her Beauty; but of a gay Character, tho' he believ'd not yet culpable.

I was alarm'd; but would not let him see it; and he run into the Topick of the Injustice of marry'd Gentlemen, who had virtuous Wives, and gave themselves up to Intrigues of this kind.

I remember'd some of Mr. *B.*'s Lessons formerly, of which I once gave your Ladyship a Transcript §, particularly, that of drawing a kind Veil over his Faults, and extenuating those I could not hide; and still more particularly that Caution, that if ever Rakes attempted a marry'd Lady, their Incouragement proceeded from the Sights and Contempts with which they endeavour'd to inspire her against her Husband; and I told Mr. *Turner*, That I was so well satisfy'd in Mr. *B.*'s Affection for me, and his well-known Honour, that I could not think myself obliged to any Gentleman, who should endeavour to give me a less Opinion of either, than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, that the very Party Mr. *B.* was upon, was with the Countess for one, and the Lord —, who had marry'd her Sister.

I said, I was glad he was in such good Company, and wished him all manner of Pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my Discretion, that I would not let Mr. *B.* know from whom I had the Information: That, indeed, his Motive was Self-interest in mentioning it to me; for that he had presum'd to make some Overtures of an honourable Nature to the Countess, in his own Behalf; which had been rejected since that Masquerade Night: And that he hoped the prudent Use I would make of the Intimation, might, some-how, be a Means to break off that Correspondence, before it was attended with bad Consequences.

I told him, coldly, tho' it stung me to the Heart, That I should not interfere in the Matter at all: That I was fully assur'd of Mr. *B.*'s Honour; and was sorry, he, Mr. *Turner*, had so bad an Opinion of a Lady, for whom he professed so high a Consideration. And rising up, Will you excuse me, Sir, that I cannot attend at all to such a Subject as this; and think I ought not; and so must withdraw?

Only, Madam, one Word. He offer'd to take my Hand, but I would not permit it—And then he swore a great Oath, that he had told me his and his only Motive: And that Letters had passed between the Countess and Mr. *B.*; adding, That one Day I would blame myself for not endeavouring to stifle a Flame, that might now perhaps be kept under; but which, if it got Head, would be of more fatal Consequence to my Repose than I at present imagin'd. —But, said he, I beg you'll keep it in your own Breast; else it may, from two such hasty Spirits, as his and mine, possibly be attended with still worse Consequences.

I will never, Sir, enter into a Subject, that is not proper to be communicated, every Tittle of it, to Mr. *B.*; and this must be my Excuse for withdrawing. And away I went from him.

Your Ladyship will judge with how uneasy an Heart; which became more so, when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolv'd to give it as little Credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till Mr. *B.*'s own Behaviour should convince me, to my Affliction, that I had some Reason to be alarm'd: So I open'd not my Lips about it to Mrs. *Jervis*, or any body.

At Mr. *B.*'s Return, I receiv'd him in my usual affectionate and unreserved Manner; and he behav'd himself with as great Goodness and Kindness to me as usual; or, at least, with so little Difference, that had not the Gentleman's Officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But, next Day, a Letter was brought by a Footman for Mr. *B.* He was out: So *John* gave it to me. The Superscription was a Lady's Writing: The Seal, the Dowager Lady's, with a Coronet. This gave me great Uneasiness: And when Mr. *B.* came in, I said, Here is a Letter for you, Sir; and from a Lady too!

What then?—said he with Quickness.

I was balked, and withdrew. For I saw him turn the Seal about and about, as if he would see if I had endeavour'd to look into it.

He needed not to have been so afraid; for I would not have done such a Thing, had I known my Life was to depend upon it.

I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick Answer; yet I did my Endeavour to hide it, when he came

up.

Was not my Girl a little inquisitive upon me, just now?

I spoke pleasantly, Sir! —But you were very quick upon your Girl.

'Tis my Temper, my Dear—You know I mean nothing. You should not mind it.

I should not, Sir, if I had been *used* to it.

He look'd at me with Sternness. —Do you doubt my Honour, Madam?

Madam! did you say, Sir! —I won't take that Word! —Dear Sir, call it back—I won't be call'd *Madam!* —Call me your Girl, your Rustick, your *Pamela*—Call me any thing but *Madam!*

My Charmer, then, my Life, my Soul; will any of those do? and saluted me: But whatever you do, let me not see, that you have any Doubts of my Honour to you.

The very Mention of the Word, dear Sir, is a Security to me; I want no other; I cannot doubt: But if you speak short to me, how shall I bear that!

He withdrew, speaking nothing of the Contents of his Letter; as I dare say he would, had the Subject been such as he chose to mention to me.

We being alone, after Supper, I took the Liberty to ask him, Who was of his Party to *Oxford*? He nam'd the Viscountess — and her Lord, Mr. *Howard* and his Daughter, Mr. *Herbert* and his Lady: And I had a Partner too, my Dear, to represent you.

I am much obliged to the Lady, Sir, be she who she would.

Why, my Dear, you are *so* engag'd in your Nursery! Then this was a sudden Thing; as, you know, I told you.

Nay, Sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do, but to be pleas'd with it.

He watched my Eyes, and the Turn of my Countenance—You look, *Pamela*, as if you'd be glad to return the Lady Thanks in Person. Shall I engage her to visit you? She longs to see you.

Sir,—Sir,—hesitated I—as you please—I can't be—I can't be—displeas'd.

Displeas'd!—interrupted he; why that Word? And why that Hesitation in your Answer? You speak very volubly, my Dear, when you're not moved.

Dear Sir, said I, almost as quick as himself, Why should I be moved? What Occasion is there for it? I hope you have a better Opinion of me than—

Than what? —*Pamela*—What would you say? I know you're a little jealous Slut. I know you are.

But, dear Sir, why should you think of imputing Jealousy to me on *this* Score? —What a Creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a Lady, but I must be jealous of you? —No, Sir, I have Reason to rely upon your Honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and—

And what? Why, my Dear, you are giving me Assurances, as if you thought the Case requit'd it!

Ah! thought I, so it does, I see too plainly, or apprehend I do; but I durst not say so; nor give him any Hint about my Informant; tho' now I was enough confirm'd of the Truth of what Mr. *Turner* had told me.

Yet, I resolv'd, if possible, not to alter my Conduct. But my frequent Weepings, when by myself, could not be hid as I wish'd; my Eyes not keeping my Heart's Counsel.

And this gives Occasion to some of the stern Words which I have mention'd above.

All that he further said, at this Time, was, with a negligent, yet a determin'd Air—Well, *Pamela*, don't be doubtful of my Honour. You know how much I love you. But, one Day or other, I shall gratify this Lady's Curiosity, and will bring her to pay you a Visit, and you shall see you need not be asham'd of her Acquaintance! —Whenever you please, Sir, — was all I car'd to say farther; for I saw he was upon the Catch, and look'd stedfastly upon me whenever I mov'd my Lips; and I am not a finish'd Hypocrite; and he can read the Lines of one's Face, and the Motions of one's Heart, I think.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But 'till I reflected and weigh'd well the Matter, it was worse, and my natural Imperfection of this sort made me see a Necessity to be the more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own Prudence. And thus I reason'd when he withdrew:

Here, thought I, I have had a greater Proportion of Happiness, without Alloy, fallen to my Share, than any of my Sex; and I ought to be prepar'd for some Trials.

'Tis, this is of the sorest Kind; 'tis worse than Death itself to me, who had an Opinion of the dear Gentleman's Reformation, and prided myself not a little on that Account. So that the Blow is full upon my sore Place. 'Tis on the Side I could be the most easily penetrated. But *Achilles* could be touch'd only in his Heel; and if he was to die

by an Enemy's Hand, must not the Arrow find out that only vulnerable Place? —My Jealousy is that Place with me, as your Ladyship observes, but is seated deeper than the Heel: It is in my *Heart*, and the barbed Dart has found it out, and there it sticks up to the very Feathers.

Yet, thought I, I will take care, that I do not exasperate him by Upbraidings, when I should try to move him by Patience and Forbearance. For the Breach of *his* Duty cannot warrant the Neglect of *mine*. My Business is to reclaim, and not to provoke. And when, if it please God, this Storm shall be over-blown, let me not, by my present Behaviour, leave any Room for Heart-burnings; but, like a skilful Surgeon, so heal the Wound to the Bottom, tho' the Operation be painful, that it may not fester, and break out again with fresh Violence, on future Misunderstandings, if any shall happen.

He is a young Gentleman, has been used to have his own Will, thought I. This may be a permitted Stumbling-block in his Way, to make him stand the firmer, when recover'd. The Lady may be unhappy that she cannot conquer her faulty Love. They may both see their Error, and stop short of Crime. If not, he is a Gentleman of fine Sense; he may run an undue Length, but may reclaim; and then I shall be *his* Superior, by my preserved Virtue and Duty, and have it in my Power to forgive the dear Gentleman, and so repay him some of those Obligations which I shall never otherwise have it in my Power to repay; —nor indeed wish to have it, in this way, if it please God to prevent it.

Then, thought I, how much better is it to be the *suffering* than the *offending* Person! —But yet, Madam, to have so fine a Gentleman, who had advanced so far up the Hill of Virtue, to slide back all at once; and (between your Ladyship and me) to have him sink down to the Character he had despised; and, at last, if his dear Life should be spared, (as is my hourly Prayer) to have him carry his Vices into advanced Years, and become such a poor Gentleman, as we see Sir *Simon Darnford*, retaining a Love of his juvenile Follies, even after the Practice has left him; how my Heart shudders at such a Thought for my Mr. *B.*!

Well, but, thought I, let the worst come to the worst, he may perhaps be so good as to permit me to pass the Remainder of my Days, with my dear *Billy*, in *Kent*, with my Father and Mother; and so, when I cannot rejoice in Possession of a virtuous Husband, I shall be employ'd in praying for him, and enjoy a two fold Happiness, that of doing my own Duty to my dear Baby, — and a pleasing Entertainment that will be! — and that of comforting my worthy Parents, and being comforted by them; — and no small Consolation this! —And who knows, but I may be permitted to steal a Visit now—and—then to dear Lady *Davers*, and be called Sister, and be deem'd a *faultless* Sister too! — and that will be a fine Thing! But, remember, my dear Lady, that if ever it come to this, I will not bear, that for my sake, you shall, with too much Asperity, blame your dear Brother; for I will be ingenious to find Excuses or Extenuations for him; and I will now—and—then, in some disguised Habit, steal the Pleasure of seeing him, and his happier Countess; and give him, with a silent Tear, my Blessing for the Good I and mine have reaped at his dear Hands.

But, oh! if he takes from me my dear *Billy*, who must, after all, be his Heir, and gives him to the cruel Countess, he will at once burst asunder the Strings of my Heart! For, Oh my happy Rivaless! if you tear from me my Husband, he is in his own Disposal, and I cannot help it: —Nor can I indeed, if he will give you my *Billy*. But this I am sure of, that my Child and my Life must go together!

Your Ladyship will think I rave. Indeed I am almost crazed at times. For the dear Gentleman is so negligent, so cold, so haughty! that I cannot bear it. He says, just now, You are quite alter'd, *Pamela*. I believe I am, Madam. But what can I do! He knows not, that I know so much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my Intelligencer: And what may be the Case between them?

I weep in the Night, when he is asleep; and in the Day, when he is absent: And I am happy when I can, unobserv'd, steal this poor Relief. I believe already I have shed as many Tears as would drown my poor Baby. How many more I may have to shed, God only knows! —For oh! Madam, after all my Fortitude, and my Recollection, to fall from so much Happiness, and so soon, is a trying Thing!

But I will hope still the best, and resign to God's Will, and his, and see how far the dear Gentleman will be permitted to exercise me. So don't, my good Lady, be over-much concern'd for me— For you know I am apt to be too apprehensive! And should this Matter blow over, I shall be asham'd of my Weakness, and the Trouble I must give to your generous Heart, for one so undeservedly favour'd by you, as is

Your obliged Sister, and most humble Servant, P. B.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

Dear my Lady, let no Soul see any Part of this our present Correspondence, for your dear Brother's sake, and your sake, and my sake.

LETTER XXXI.

My dearest Pamela, You need not be afraid of any body's knowing what passes between us on this cutting Subject. Tho' I hear of it from every Mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all Falshood and Malice. Yet Lady *Betty* will have it, that there is more in it than I will own, and that I know my Brother's Wickedness, by my pensive Looks. She will make a Vow, she says, never to marry any Man living.

I am greatly mov'd by your affecting Periods. Charming *Pamela!* what a Tempest do you raise in one's Mind, when you please, and lay it too, at your own Will! Your Colourings are strong; but, I hope, your Imagination carries you much farther than it is possible he should go.

I am pleased with your prudent Reasonings, and your wise Resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. God only can! And his Direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that on the noble Uncle of this vile Lady — (why don't you call her so as well as I?) —expostulating with her on the Scandals she brought on her Character and Family, she pretended to argue, foolish Creature! for Polygamy; and said, She had rather be a certain Gentleman's second Wife, than the first to the greatest Man in *England!*

I leave you to your own Workings; but if I find your Prudence unrewarded by the Wretch, the Storm you saw raised at the Hall, shall be nothing to the Hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the Roots all the Happiness the two Wretches propose to themselves!

Don't let my Intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try some way to move the Wretch. What must be done, must be by touching his Generosity: He has that in some Perfection. But how in *this* Case to move it, is beyond my Power or Skill to prescribe.

God bless you, my dearest *Pamela!* You shall be my *only* Sister. And I will never own my Brother, if he be so base to your superlative Merit. Adieu once more!

From your Sister and Friend, B. Davers.

LETTER XXXII.

My dearest Lady, A Thousand Thanks for your kind, your truly Sisterly Letter and Advice. Mr. *B.* is just return'd from a Tour to *Portsmouth*, I believe, with the Countess; but am not sure.

Here I am forc'd to leave off— Let me scratch thro' this last Surmise. It seems, she was not with him. This is some Comfort, however.

He is very kind; and *Billy* not being well, when he came in, my Grief passed off without Blame. He has said a great many kind Things to me: But added, That if I gave myself so much Uneasiness every Time the Child ailed any thing, he would hire the Nurse to over-lay him. Bless me, Madam! what hard-hearted, what shocking Things are these Men capable of saying! —The farthest from their Hearts, indeed; so they had need! —For he was as glad of the Child's being better as I could be.

In the Morning he went out in the Chariot for about an Hour, and return'd in a very good Humour, saying twenty agreeable Things to me, which makes me so proud, and so pleas'd!

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this Matter happily conquer'd, for his own Soul's sake! —But he seems, by what your Ladyship mentions, to have carry'd this Polygamy Point with the Lady.

Can I live with him, Madam, —Ought I—if this be the Case? I have it under his Hand, that the Laws of his Country were sufficient to deter him from this Practice. But oh! he knew not this Countess then! They say, she is a fine Woman! —

But here I must break off. He is return'd, and coming up. Go into my Bosom, for the present, O Letter dedicated to dear Lady *Davers* — Come to my Hand, the Play Employment, so unsuited to my present afflicted Mind! —Here he comes!

O but, Madam, Madam! my Heart is almost broken! —Just now Mr. *B.* tells me, that the Countess—Dowager, and the viscountess her Sister, are to be here to see my *Billy*, and to drink Tea with me, this very Afternoon!

I was all Confusion, when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

Will not my Friends be welcome, *Pamela*? said he, sternly.

O yes, Sir, very welcome! —But I have these nasty Vapours so, that I wish I might be excus'd. —I wish I might be allow'd to take an Airing in the Chariot for two or three Hours; for I shall not be fit to be seen by such—Ladies—said I, half out of Breath.

You'll be fit to be seen by nobody, my Dear, if you go on thus. —But, do as you please.

He was going, and I took his Hand: Stay, dear Sir, let me know what you would have me to do. If you would have me stay, I will.

To be sure I would.

Well, Sir, then I will. For it is hard, thought I, if an innocent Person cannot look up, in her own House too, as it is at present, as I may say, to a guilty one! —Guilty in her Heart, at least! —Tho', poor Lady, I hope she is not so in Fact, and, if God hears my Prayers, never will, for all Three of our sakes.

But, Madam, think for me, what a Task I have! How my Heart throbs in my Bosom! How I tremble! How I struggle with myself! What Rules I form for my Behaviour to this naughty Lady! How they are dash'd in Pieces as soon as form'd, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myself, when I come to the Test.

But one Thing will help me. I *pity* the poor Lady; and as she comes with the Heart of a Robber, to invade me in my lawful Right, I pride myself in a Superiority over this Countess; and will endeavour to shew her the Country—Girl in a Light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here; for Mr. *B.* is just come in to receive his Guests; and I am in a sad Flutter upon it. All my Resolution fails me: What shall I do! —O that this Countess was come, and gone! —I tremble so, that I shall behave like a guilty one before the Guilty, who will enjoy their Minds, I'll warrant, as if they were innocent! — Why should that be? —But, surely, if all was bad, as this *Turner* has said, they could not act thus barbarously by me! For I have not deserv'd to be given up to be insulted! I hope I have not! —For what have I done?

I have one Comfort, however, in the midst of all my Grievs; and that is in your Ladyship's Goodness, who

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

gives me Leave to assume the honour'd Title, that, let what will happen, will always give me equal Pride and Pleasure, in subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's obliged Sister? and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXIII.

My dear Lady, I Will now pursue my last affecting Subject; for the Visit is over: But a sad Situation I am in with Mr. *B.* for all that: But I'll try to forget it, till I come to it in course, bad as it is.

At Four in the Afternoon Mr. *B.* came in to receive his Guests, whom he expected at Five. He came up to me. I had just closed my last Letter; but put it up, and set before me your Ladyship's Play Subjects.

So, *Pamela!* —How do you now?

Your Ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary Account of myself. —As well—As well, Sir, as possible. —Half out of Breath.

You give yourself strange melancholy Airs of late, my Dear! —You don't do well! —All that Cheerfulness which used to delight me whenever I saw you, I'm sorry for it, is quite vanish'd of late. —You and I must shortly have a little serious Talk together.

When you please, Sir. —I believe it is only not being us'd to this smoaky thick Air of *London!* —I shall be better when you carry me into the Country. —I dare say I shall! —But I never was in *London* so long before, you know, Sir.

All in good time, *Pamela.* —But is this the best Appearance you chuse to make to receive such Guests?

If it displease you, Sir, I will dress otherwise in a Minute.

You look well in any thing. —But I thought you'd have had your Jewels— Yet they would never have less become you; for of late your Eyes have lost that Brilliancy that used to strike me with a Lustre, much surpassing that of the finest Diamonds.

I am sorry for it, Sir. —But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind Compliment, I should be too happy, forgive me, my dearest Mr. *B.* if the Failure be not rather in *your* Eyes than *my own.*

He looked at me stedfastly! —I fear, *Pamela*— But, don't be a Fool!

You are angry with me, Sir!

No, not I.

Would you have me dress better?

No, not I—If your Eyes look'd a little more brilliant, you want no Addition.

Down he went.

Strange, short Speeches, these, my Lady, to what you have heard from his dear Mouth! —Yet they shall not rob me of the Merit of a patient Sufferer, I am resolv'd, thought I.

Now, my Lady, as I doubted not, my Rival would come adorn'd with every outward Ornament, I put on only a white Damask Gown, having no Desire to vie with her in Appearance; for a virtuous and honest Heart is my Glory, I bless God! I wish the Countess had the same to boast of!

About Five, their Ladyships came in the Countess's new Chariot; for she has not been long out of her transitory Mourning, and dress'd as rich as Jewels and a Profusion of Expence could make her.

I saw them from the Window alight. O how my Heart throbb'd! —Lie still, said I, busy Thing! Why all this Emotion? —Those shining Ornaments cover not such a guileless Flutterer as thou. Why then, all this Emotion?

I would not be so officious as to be below to receive them. *Polly Barlow* came up instantly, from Mr. *B.*

I hastened down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my Feet, in spite of all the Resolution I had been so long endeavouring to collect together.

Mr. *B.* presented the Countess to me, both of us cover'd with Blushes; but from very different Motives, as I imagine.

The Countess of —, my Dear.

She saluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with Envy, half with Shame: But one is apt to form Peoples Countenances by what one judges of their Hearts.

O too lovely! too charming Rivaless! thought I. —Would to Heaven I saw less Attractions in you! —For indeed, indeed, Madam, she is a charming Lady! —Yet she could not help calling me Mrs. *B.* that was some Pride; and said, She had heard me so much praised, that she quite long'd to see me.

Oh! these villainous Masquerades, thought I! — You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor

naughty Nun, that was!

Mr. *B.* presented also the Viscountess to me: I saluted her Ladyship; her Sister saluted me.

She is a graceful Lady; better, as I hope, in Heart; but not equal in Person to her Sister.

You have taken no Pains, my Dear, in your Dress To-day.

The Ladies will excuse it, Sir; I am so often in the Nursery, when you are absent.

Mrs. *B.* answers her Character, said the Countess; she wants no Ornaments. You have a charming little Master, I am told, Madam; but no Wonder, from such a Pair!

O dear Heart, thought I, i'n't it so! —Your Ladyship may guess, what I thought further.

Will your Ladyship see him now? said Mr. *B.*

He did not look down, no, not one bit!—tho' the Countess play'd with her Fan, and looked at him, and looked at me, and then looked down, by Turns, a little consciously: While I wrapt up myself in my Innocence, my first Flutters being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, to a Countess.

With all my Heart, Mr. *B.* said she.

I rang, *Polly*, bid Nurse bring *my Billy* down—*My*, said I, with an Emphasis.

I met the Nurse at the Stairs Foot, and brought in my dear Baby in my Arms: Such a Child, and such a Mamma, said the Viscountess!

Will you give Master to my Arms, one Moment, Madam? said the Countess.

Yes, thought I, much rather than my dear naughty Gentleman should any other.

I yielded it to her: I thought she would have stifled it with her warm Kisses! Sweet Boy! Charming Creature! And press'd it to her too lovely Bosom, with such Emotion, looking on the Child, and on Mr. *B.* that I liked it not by any means.

Go, you naughty Lady! thought I:—But I durst not say so. And go, naughty Man, too! thought I; for you seem to look too much gratify'd in your Pride, by her Fondness for your Boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do! —But neither, your Ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. *B.* looked at me, but with a Bravery, I thought, too like what I had seen him look in some former Scenes, in as bad a Cause. —But, thought I, God delivered me *then*: I will confide in Him. — He will *now*, I doubt not, restore thy Heart to my Prayers; untainted, I hope! for thy own dear sake, as well as mine.

The Viscountess took the Child from her Sister, and kissed him with great Pleasure. She is a marry'd Lady. Would to God! the Countess was too; for Mr. *B.* never corresponded, as I told your Ladyship once, with marry'd Ladies: So I was not afraid of her Love to my *Billy*. —But let me, said the Viscountess, have the Pleasure of restoring Master to his charming Mamma. I thought, added she, I never saw a lovelier Sight in my Life, than when in his Mamma's Arms.

Why, I *can't say*, said the Countess, but Master and his Mamma do Credit to one another. Dear Madam let us have the Pleasure of seeing him still on your Lap, while he is so good.

I wonder'd the dear Baby was so quiet; tho' he is generally so: But *he* might surely, if but by Sympathy, have complained for his poor Mamma, tho' she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's Distress, when it is deep! And one wonders too, that Things animate and inanimate look with the same Face, when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and interesting Event!

I sat down with my Baby on my Lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous Boldness (I will call it so; for well says the Text, *The Righteous is as bold as a Lion!*) now on my *Billy*, now on his dear Papa, and now on the Countess, with such a *Triumph* in my Heart! for I saw her blush, and look down, and the dear Gentleman seem'd to eye me with a kind of conscious Tenderness, as I thought.

A Silence of five Minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all Four looking upon one another, and the little Dear was awake, and stared full upon me with such innocent Smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me Amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his pretty little Hand in mine—You are very good, my Charmer, in this noble Company! said I.

I remember'd, Madam, a Scene that made greatly for me in the Papers you have seen, when, instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. *Longman*, for hard Usage, (for Oh! my Lady, your dear Brother has a hard Heart, indeed he has, when he pleases) I only prayed for him on my Knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had Dignity and a proud Superiority in my vain Heart, over them all. —Then it was not my Part to be upon Defiances, where I lov'd, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by it, but justify'd, seemingly, by After-Acts in a passionate Resentment, to their Minds, at least, their too wicked Treatment of me? Moreover, your Ladyship will remember, that Mr. *B.* knew not, that I was acquainted with his Intrigue, I must call it so! —If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a Visit; and he had told me, I should see the Lady he was at *Oxford* with.

And this, breaking Silence, he mention'd; saying, I gave you Hope, my Dear, that I should procure you the Honour of a visit from the Lady who put herself under my Care at *Oxford*.

I bow'd my Head to the Countess; but my Tears being ready to start, I kiss'd my *Billy*: Dearest Baby, said I, you are not going to cry, are you? —I would have had him just then to cry, instead of me.

The Tea Equipage was brought in. *Polly*, carry the Child to Nurse. I gave it another Kiss, and the Countess desired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty Lips should so closely follow mine. Her Sister kissed it also, and carry'd him to Mr. *B.* Take him away, *Polly*, said he: —I owe him my Blessing!

Oh! these young Gentlemen Papa's! said the Countess— They are like young unbroken Horses, just put into the Traces! —Are they so, thought I! —Matrimony must not expect your good Word! I doubt!

Mr. *B.* after Tea, at which I was far from being talkative, (for I could not tell what to say; tho' I try'd, as much as I could, not to appear sullen) desir'd the Countess to play one Tune upon the Spinet. She did, and sung, at his Request, an *Italian* Song to it, very prettily; too prettily, I thought! I wanted to find some Faults, some great Faults in her: But Oh! Madam! she has too many outward Excellencies! Pity she wants a good Heart.

He could ask nothing, that she was not ready to oblige him in! Indeed he could not!

She desired *me* to touch the Keys. I would have been excus'd: but could not. And the Ladies commended my Performance: But neither my Heart to play, nor my Fingers in playing, deserv'd their Praises. Mr. *B.* said indeed, You play better sometimes, my Dear! —Do I, Sir? was all the Answer I made.

The Countess hoped, she said, I would return her Visit; and so said the Viscountess.

I reply'd, Mr. *B.* would command me whenever he pleas'd.

She said, She hoped to be better acquainted — (I hope not, thought I) and that I would give her my Company for a Week or so, upon the Forest: It seems she has a Seat upon *Windsor* Forest.

Mr. *B.* says, added she, you can't ride a single Horse; but we'll learn you there. 'Tis a sweet Place for that Purpose.

How came Mr. *B.* thought I, to tell *you* that, Madam? I suppose you know more of me than I do myself. Indeed, my Lady, this may be too ; for she may know what is to become of me!

I told her, I was very much oblig'd to her Ladyship; but Mr. *B.* directed all my Motions.

What say you, Sir? said the Countess.

I can't promise that, Madam; for Mrs. *B.* wants to go down to *Kent*, before we go to *Bedfordshire*, and I am afraid I can't give her my Company thither.

Then, Sir, I shan't chuse to go without you.

I suppose not, my Dear. But, if you are disposed to oblige the Countess for a Week, as you never were at *Windsor*—

I believe, Sir, interrupted I, what with my little Nursery, and *one* thing or *another*, I must deny myself that Honour, for this Season.

Well, Madam, then I'll expect you in *Pallmall*.

I bow'd my Head, and said, Mr. *B.* would command me.

They took Leave with a Politeness natural to them.

Mr. *B.* as he handed them to their Chariot, said something in *Italian* to the Countess: The Word *Pamela* was in what he said: She answer'd him, with a downcast Look, in the same Language, half pleas'd, half serious; and the Chariot drove away.

I would give, said I, a good deal, Sir, to know what her Ladyship said to you; she look'd with so particular a Meaning, if I may so say.

I'll tell you, truly, *Pamela*: I said to her, Well, now your Ladyship has seen my *Pamela*! —Is she not the charming'st Girl in the World?

She answer'd, Mrs. *B.* is very grave, for so young a Lady: But I must needs say, She is a lovely Creature.

And did you say so, Sir? And did her Ladyship so answer? —And my Heart was ready to leap out of my Bosom for Joy.

But my Folly spoil'd all again; for, to my own Surprize and great Regret, I burst out into Tears; tho' I even sobb'd to have suppress'd them, but could not; and so I lost a fine Opportunity to have talked to him while he was so kind: For he was angry with me.

What made me such a Fool, I wonder! But I had so long struggled with myself; and not expecting so kind a Question from the dear Gentleman, or such a favourable Answer from the Countess, I had no longer any Command of myself.

What ails the little Fool? said He, with a wrathful Countenance, that made me worse. —Take care, take care, *Pamela!* —You'll drive me from you in spite of my own Heart.

So he went into the best Parlour, and put on his Sword, and took his Hat, —Sir, Sir! with my Arms expanded, was all I could say; but he avoided me, putting on his Hat with an Air, and out he went, bidding *Abraham* follow him.

This is the Dilemma, into which, as I hinted at the Beginning of this Letter, I have brought myself with Mr. *B.* How strong, how prevalent, is the Passion of Jealousy, that thus it will shew itself uppermost, when it is uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful Regards!

My Mind is so perplex'd, that I must lay down my Pen: And, indeed, your Ladyship will wonder, all Things consider'd, that I could write the above Account as I have done, in this cruel Suspense, and with such Apprehensions. But Writing is all the Diversion I have, when my Mind is oppress'd. 'Tis a temporary Relief; and this Interview was so interesting, that it took up a great deal of my Attention while I wrote: But now I am come to a Period of it, and so unhappy an one, as has resulted from my ungovern'd Passion, my Apprehensions are return'd upon me with double Strength. Why did I drive the dear Gentleman from me upon such a promising Appearance? —Why did I? —But all this had been prevented, had not this nasty Mr. *Turner* put into my Head worse Thoughts.

How shall I do to look up to him now on his Return! To be sure, he plainly sees, to what my Emotion is owing! —Yet I dare not tell him either my Information, or my Informant, because if he knows the one, he will know the other; and then what may be the Consequence!

Past Ten o'Clock at Night.

I have only Time to tell your Ladyship, (for the Postman waits) that Mr. *B.* is just come in; he is gone into his Closet, and has shut the Door, and taken the Key on the Inside; so I dare not go to him there. In this Uncertainty and Suspense, pity and pray for

Your Ladyship's afflicted Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXIV.

My dear Lady, I will now proceed with my melancholy Account. Not knowing what to do, and Mr. *B.* not coming near me, and the Clock striking Twelve, I ventur'd to send this Billet to him, by *Polly*.

Dear Sir, I know you chuse not to be invaded when you retire into your Closet; and yet, being very uneasy on account of your abrupt Departure, and heavy Displeasure, I take the Liberty to write these few Lines.

I own, Sir, that the sudden Flow of Tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind Expressions to the Countess in my Favour, when I had thought for more than a Month past, you were angry with me, and which had distress'd my weak Mind beyond Expression, might appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly waited but one Moment, till this Fit, which was rather owing to my Joy and my Gratitude, than to Perverseness, had been over, (and I knew the Time when you would have generously soothed it!) I should have had the Happiness of a more serene and favourable Parting.

Will you permit me, Sir, (*Polly* shall wait your Answer) to attend you? I dare not come *without* your Permission; for should you be as angry as you were, I know not how I should bear it. But if you say I may come down, I hope to satisfy you, that I intended not any Offence. Do, dear Sir, permit me to attend you. I can say no more, than that I am

Your ever dutiful P. B.

Polly return'd with the following. —So, thought I, a Letter! I could have spared that, I am sure. I expected no Favour from it. So, tremblingly, open'd it.

My Dear, I would not have you sit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial Recriminations. *You knew the Time!* —So did I, my Dear! —But it seems that Time is over with both; and I have had the Mortification, for some past Weeks, I may say, to come home to a very different *Pamela*, than I used to leave all Company and all Pleasure for. —I hope we shall better understand one another. But you cannot see me at present with any Advantage to yourself; and I would not, that any thing farther should pass, to add to the Regrets of both. I wish you good Rest. I will give your Cause a fair Hearing, when I am more fit than at present, to hear all your Pleas, and your Excuses. I cannot be insensible, that the Reason for the Concern you have lately shewn, must lie deeper than, perhaps, you'll own, at present. As soon as you are prepared to speak all that is upon your Mind, and I to hear it with Temper, then, we may come to an Eclaircissement. 'Till when I am

Your affectionate, &c.

My busy Apprehension immediately suggested to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high Hand, into a Compliance with some new Scheme or other that was projecting. But I had resolved to make their Way as clear to one another as was in my Power, if they would have it so; and so I try'd to allay my Grief as much as I could; and it being near One, and hearing nothing from Mr. *B.* I bid *Polly* go to Bed, thinking she would wonder at our Intercourse by Letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventur'd, my Feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapp'd at the Door of his Closet.

Who's that?

I, Sir: One Word, if you please. Don't be more angry, however, Sir.

He open'd the Door: Thus poor *Hester*, to her Royal Husband, ventur'd her Life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that *Eastern Monarch*, great as he was, extended to the fainting Suppliant the golden Sceptre!

He took my Hand: I hope, my Dear, by this Tragedy Speech, we are not to expect any sad Catastrophe to our present Misunderstanding.

I hope not, Sir. But 'tis all as God and you shall please. I am resolv'd to do my Duty, Sir, if possible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel Suspense! Let me know what is to become of me. — Let me know but what is design'd for me, and you shall be sure of all the Acquiescence that my Duty and Conscience can give to your Pleasure.

What *means* the dear Creature! What *means* my *Pamela!* —Surely your Head, Child, is a little affected!

I can't tell, Sir, but it may! —But let me have my Trial, that you write about. Appoint my Day of Hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another Month, as the last has been, for the World.

Come, my Dear, said he, let me attend you to your Chamber. But your Mind has taken much too solemn a

Turn, to enter further now upon this Subject. Think as well of me, as I do of you, and I shall be happy as ever.

I wept— Be not angry, dear Sir: Your kind Words have just the same Effect upon me now, as in the Afternoon.

Your Apprehensions, my Dear, must be very strong, that a kind Word, as you call it, has such an Effect upon you! But let us wave the Subject for a few Days, because I am to set out on a little Journey at Four, and had not intended to go to Bed for so few Hours.

When we came up, I said, I was very bold, Sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my Life had been the Forfeit: And you receiv'd me with more Goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask, Whither you go so soon? And if you had intended to have gone without taking Leave of me?

I go to *Tunbridge*, my Dear. I should have stept up, and taken Leave of you before I went.

Well, Sir, I will not ask you, Who is of your Party? —I will not— No, putting my Hand to his Lips— Don't tell me, Sir: It mayn't be proper.—

Don't fear, my Dear; I won't tell you: Nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better Understanding. —Only, once more, think as well of me, as I do of you!

Would to Heaven, thought I, there was the same Reason for the one as the other!

I intended (for my Heart was full) to enter further into this Subject, so fatal to my Repose: But the dear Gentleman had no sooner laid his Hand on the Pillow, but he fell asleep, or seem'd to do so, and that was as prohibitory to my Talking, as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining Reflections to myself; which gave me not one Wink of Sleep; but made me of so much Service to him, as to tell him when the Clock struck Four, that he should not (tho' I did not say so, you may think, Madam) make my ready Rivaless (for I doubted not her being one of the Party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dress'd instantly; and saluting me, bid me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own Power.

He said, He should be back on *Saturday* Night, as he believ'd. And I wish'd him, most fervently, I am sure! Health, Pleasure, and Safety.

Here, Madam, must I end this Letter. My next will, perhaps, contain my Trial, and my Sentence: God give me but Patience and Resignation, and then, whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy: Especially while I can have, in the last Resource, the Pleasure of calling myself

Your Ladyship's most oblig'd Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXV.

My dear Lady, I will be preparing to write to you, as I have Opportunity, not doubting but this present Letter must be a long one; and having some Apprehensions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either Head or Heart to write to your Ladyship, were I to defer it till the Catastrophe of this cruel, cruel Suspense.

O what a Happiness am I sunk from! —And in so few Days too! —O the wicked, wicked Masquerades! They shall be always followed with the Execrations of an injured Wife in me, who, but for that wretched Diversion, had still been the happiest of her Sex!

But I was too secure! It was fit, perhaps, that I should be humbled and mortified; and I must try to make a Virtue of the cruel Necessity, and see, if, by the Divine Grace, I cannot bring *real* Good out of this *appearing* Evil.

The following Letter, in a Woman's Hand, and sign'd, as you'll see, by a Woman's Name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your Ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the Penny-Post.

Madame, I am unknowne to you; but you are not so altogether to me, because I have bene edify'd by your pious Behavior at Church, where I see you with Pleasure every Sabbath Day. I am well acquainted with the Family of the Comptesse of —; and you may possibly have heard what you wish'd not to have heard concerning her. But this very Morning, I can assure you, her Ladyship is gone with your Spouse to *Tonbridge*; and there they are to take Lodgings, or a House; and Mr. *B.* is after to come to Towne, and settle Matters to goe downe to her, where they are to live as Man and Wife. Make what Use you please of this Information; and believe me to have no other Motive, than to serve you, because of your Virtues, which make you deserve a better Returne. I am, thus I shall not set my true Name,

Your grete Admirer and Servant, Thomasine Fuller.

Wednesday Morning, 9 o'Clocke.

Just above I called my State, a State of *cruel Suspense*! But I recall the Words: For now it is no longer Suspense; since, if this Letter says Truth, I know the worst: And there is too much Appearance that it does, let the Writer be who it will, or his or her Motive what it will; for, after all, I am apt to fancy this, a Contrivance of Mr. *Turner's*; tho', for fear of ill Consequences, I will not say so.

And now, Madam, I am endeavouring, by the Help of Religion, and cool Reflection, to bring my Mind to bear this heavy Evil, and to recollect, what I *was*, and how much more honourable an Estate I *am in*, than I could ever have expected to be; and that my Virtue and good Name are secur'd; and I can return innocent to my dear Father and Mother: And these were once the only Pride of my Hope.

Then, additional to what I was, at that Time, (and yet I pleas'd myself with my Prospects, poor as they were) I have honest Parents bountifully provided for, thank God, and your ever dear Brother, for this Blessing! —and not only provided for—but made useful to him, to the Amount of their Provision, well nigh! There is a Pride, my Lady!

Then I shall have better Conditions from his Generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my dear, charming *Billy*—O! be contented, too charming, and too happy Rivaless, with my Husband! and tear not from me my dearest Baby, the Pledge, the beloved Pledge of our happier Affections, and the dear Remembrance of what I once was. —But if, my dear Mr. *B.* you doubt the Education I can give him, fit for the Heir to your great Fortune, (for such he must be, despised or abandon'd as his poor Mother may be!) and will remove him from me, and Grief kill me not before that sad Hour, let me have some Office, not incompatible with that of his Tutor, to instil Virtue into his ductile Mind; for Tutors, altho' they may make Youth learned, do not always make them virtuous; and let me watch over his Steps, and where-ever he goes, let me go: I shall value no Dangers nor Risques; the most distant Clime shall be native to me, where-ever my *Billy* is; so that I may be a Guard, under God, to his Morals, that he make no Virgin's Heart sigh, nor Mother's bleed, as mine has done in both States.

But how I rave, will your Ladyship be apt to say? —This is no good Symptom, you'll think, that I have reap'd at present that Consolation from religious Considerations, which, to a right Turn of Mind, they will afford in the heaviest Misfortunes. But this was only in fear they would take my *Billy* from me: A thousand pleasing Prospects,

that had begun to dawn on my Mind, I can bear to have dissipated; but I cannot permit my dear Mr. B's Son and Heir to be torn from me.

Yet I hope they will not be so cruel; for I will give them no Provocation to do it, if I can help it. No Law-suits, no Complainings, no Asperities of Expression, much less bitter Reflections, shall they ever have from me. I will be no Conscience to them: They will be punished too much, greatly too much, in their own, for what I wish; and they shall always be followed by my Prayers. I shall have Leisure for that Exercise, and shall be happy and serene when, I doubt, I doubt, they will not be so!

But still I am running on in a Strain that shews my Impatience, rather than my Resignation: Yet some Struggles must be allow'd me; I could not have loved, as I love, if I could easily part with my Interest in so beloved a Husband. —For, Madam, my Interest I will part with, and will sooner die, than live with a Gentleman, who has another Wife, tho' I was the first. —Let Countesses, if they can, and Ladies of Birth, chuse to humble themselves to this Baseness— The low-born *Pamela* cannot stoop to such Meanness. Pardon me, Madam; you know I only write this with a View to this poor Lady's Answer to her noble Uncle, of which you wrote me Word.

FRIDAY

Is now concluding. I hope I am calmer a great deal. For, being disappointed, in all Likelihood, of twenty agreeable Schemes and Projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much Pleasure to myself, as I may. For, my Lady, 'tis one's Duty, you know, to suit one's Mind to one's Condition; and I hope I shall be inabled to do Good in *Kent*, if I cannot in *London* and *Bedfordshire*, and *Lincolnshire*. God every-where provides us with Objects, on which to exercise one's Gratitude and Beneficence.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. *Jervis* with me.

Come, Madam, you must not be too much concern'd for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy Person; for tho' I was thankful for my splendid Fortunes, and should have been glad, to be sure I should, of continuing in them, with so dear a Gentleman; yet a high Estate had never such dazzling Charms with me, as it has with some: If it had, I could not have resisted so many Temptations, possibly, as God inabled me to resist.

SATURDAY Night

Is now come. 'Tis Nine, and no Mr. *B.* —O why, as *Deborah* makes the Mother of *Sisera* say, is his Chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the Wheels of his Chariot?

I have this Note now at Eleven o'Clock:

My dearest Pamela, I dispatch this Messenger, lest, expecting me this Night, you should be uneasy. I shall not be with you till *Monday*, when I hope to dine with my dearest Life.

Ever affectionately yours.'

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to Bed. Yet 'tis a sad thing! —I have had but poor Rest for a great while; nor shall have any till my Fate is decided. Hard-hearted Gentleman, he knows under what Uneasiness he left me!

MONDAY Eleven.

If God Almighty hears my Yesterday's, and indeed my hourly Prayers, the dear Gentleman will be good still: But my aking Heart, every Time I think in what Company he is, (for I find the Countess is certainly one of the Party) bodes me little Satisfaction.

He's come! He's come! now, just now, come! I will have my Trial over before this Night be past, if possible. I'll go down, and meet him with Love unfeigned, and a Duty equal to my Love, altho' he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this Occasion, I conquer Nature, as your Ladyship says; and then, by God's Grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their House, I suppose; —but what need they, when they'll have one in *Bedfordshire*, and one in *Lincolnshire*? But they know best. God bless him, and reform her! That's all the Harm I wish them! or will wish them!

The dear Gentleman has receiv'd me with great Affection and Tenderness. Sure he cannot be so bad! —Sure he cannot!

I know, my Dear, said he, I left you in great Anxiety; but 'tis an Anxiety you have brought upon yourself; and I have not been easy ever since I left you.

I am sorry for it, Sir.

Why my dear Love, there is still a melancholy Air in your Countenance: Indeed it seems mingled with a kind of Joy, I hope at my Return to you. But 'tis easy to see which of the two is the most natural.

You should see nothing, Sir, that you would not wish to see, if I could help it.

I am sorry you cannot, reply'd he. But I am come Home to hear all your Grievances, and to redress them, if in my Power.

When, Sir, am I to come upon my Trial? I have a great deal to say to you. I will tell you every thing I think! And as it may be the last *Grievances*, as you are pleased to call 'em, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one Word till I have said all I have to say. For, if it does but hold, I have great Courage; I have indeed! —You don't know half the Sauciness that is in your Girl yet, but when I come upon my Trial, you'll wonder at my Boldness.

What means my Dearest? and took me in his Arms. You alarm me exceedingly, by this moving Sedateness.

Don't let it alarm you, Sir! I mean you nothing but Good! —But I have been preparing myself to tell you all my Mind. And as an Instance of what you may expect from me sometimes, Sir, I will be your Judge, and put home Questions to you; and sometimes you shall be mine, and at last pronounce Sentence upon me; or, if you won't, I will upon myself, a severe one to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you! —When comes on the Trial, Sir?

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. And I said, But don't be afraid, Sir, I will invade your Province; for tho' I shall count myself your Judge, in some Cases, you shall be Judge Paramount still.

Dear Charmer of my Heart, said he, and clasped me to his Bosom, what a *new* Pamela have I in my Arms! A mysterious Charmer! Let us, instantly go to my Closet, or yours, and come upon our mutual Trial; for you have fir'd my Soul with Impatience!

No, Sir, if you please, we will dine first. I have hardly eaten any thing these four Days; and your Company will give me an Appetite perhaps. I shall be pleas'd to sit down at Table with you, Sir, taking his Hand, and trying to smile upon him; for the Moments I may have of your Company, may be, some Time hence, very precious to my Remembrance.

I was forced then to turn my Head, to hide from him my Eyes, brimful, as they were, of Tears.

He took me again in his Arms: —My dearest *Pamela*, if you love me, distract not my Soul thus, by your dark and mysterious Speeches. You are displeas'd with me, and I thought I had Reason to take something amiss in your late Conduct: but, instead of your suffering by my Anger, you have Words and an Air, that penetrate my very Soul.

O, Sir, Sir, treat me not thus kindly! Put on an awfuller Brow, or how shall I retain my Purpose! How shall I!

Dear, dear Creature! make not use of *all* your Powers to melt me! *Half* of them is enough. For there is Eloquence in your Eyes I cannot resist; but in your present solemn Air, and affecting Sentences, you mould me to

every Purpose of your Heart; so that I am a mere Machine, a passive Instrument, to be play'd upon at your Pleasure.

Dear, kind Sir! how you revlve my Heart, by your Goodness! Perhaps I have had only a frightsul Dream, of a few Weeks Continuance, and am but just now awaken'd! —But we will not anticipate our Trial. Only, Sir, give Orders, that you are not to be spoken with by any body, when we have din'd; for I must have you *all* to my self, without Interruption.

Just as I had said this, a Gentleman called on him, and I retir'd to my chamber, and wrote to this Place.

Mr. *B.* dismiss'd his Friend, without asking him to dine with him: So I had him all to myself at Dinner. But we said little, and sat not above a Quarter of an Hour; looking at each other, he with Impatience, and some seeming Uneasiness; I, with more Steadiness, I believe; but now—and—then a Tear starting.

I could eat but little, tho' I try'd all I could, and especially as he help'd me, and courted me by Words of Tenderness and Sweetness—— O why were ever such Things as *Masquerades* permitted in a Christian Nation!

I chose to go into *my* Closet rather than into *his*; and here I sit, waiting the dear Gentleman's coming up to me. If I keep but my Courage, I shall be pleased. I know the *worst*, and that will help me; for he is too noble to use me roughly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by Upbraidings, any more than I will act, in this Case, beneath the Character I ought to assume as his Wife.

For, my dear Lady, this is a Point of high Importance. It has touched and rais'd my Soul beyond its Pitch: I am a *new Pamela*, as he says, and a *proud Pamela*, as he will find— For, Madam, the Person who can support herself under an Injury like this, and can resolve to forgive it, has a Superiority to the Injurer, let him be a Prince, tho' she were but a Beggar—born. But the Difficulty will be, how to avoid being melted by my own Softness, and Love for the Man, more dear to me than Life; yea, more dear to me, than my *Billy*, and than all my Hopes in the charming Boy. But here he comes!

Now, *Pamela*— Now, see what thou canst do! — Thou knowest the worst! Remember that! —And may'st not be unhappy, even *at* the worst, if thou trustest in God.

I am commanded, my dear Lady, now to write particularly my Trial, for a Reason I shall mention to you in the Conclusion of this Letter; and I must beg you to favour me with the Return of all my Letters to you, on this affecting Subject. —The Reason will appear in its Place— And Oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear Lady; for I am happy, and shall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, so did every body, was impossible. But I will not anticipate the Account of my Trial, and the Effects, the blessed Effects, it has produced. Thus then it was:

Mr. *B.* came up, with great Impatience in his Looks. I met him at my Chamber—door, with as sedate a Countenance, as I possibly could put on, and my Heart was high with my Purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected. —Yet, on Recollection, now, I impute to myself something of that kind of noble Enthusiasm, that was wont to inspire the innocent Sufferers of old, for a still worthier Cause than mine; though their Motives could hardly be more pure, in that one Hope I had to be an humble Means of saving the Man I love and honour, from Errors that might be fatal to his Soul.

I took his Hand with Boldness: Dear Sir, leading him to my Closet, Here is the Bar, at which I am to take my Trial, pointing to the Backs of three Chairs, which I had placed in a join'd Row, leaving just Room to go by on each Side—You must give me, Sir, all my own Way; this is the first, and perhaps the last Time that I shall desire it. —Nay, dear Sir, turning my Face from him, look not upon me with an Eye of Tenderness; if you do, I may lose my Purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastick my Behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your Passions, but your Reason; and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no Relapse: The others will raise but a transient Hope, which the Winds of Sense may easily dissipate; and I regard it accordingly.

What means all this Parade, my Dear? Let me perish, that was his Word, if I know how to account for *You*, or your *Humour*.

You will presently, Sir. But give me all my Way— I pray you do, this once— this one Time only!

Well, so, this is your Bar, is it? There's an Elbow—chair, I see; take your Place in it, *Pamela*, and here I'll stand to answer all your Questions.

No, Sir, that must not be. So I boldly led *him* to the Elbow—chair. You are the Judge, Sir; it is I that am to be try'd. Yet I will not say I am a Criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, Sir, you know.

Well, take your way; but I fear for your Head, my Dear, in all this.

I fear only my Heart, Sir, that's all: But there you must sit—So here (retiring to the three Chairs, and leaning on

the Backs, here) I stand.

And now, my dearest Mr. *B.* you must begin first: When you shew'd me the House of Peers, their Bar, at which Causes are heard, and sometimes Peers are try'd, look'd awful to me, and the present Occasion requires, that this should. Now, dear Sir, you must be my Accuser, as well as my Judge.

I have nothing to accuse you of, my Dear, if I *must* give into your moving Whimsy. You are every thing I wish you to be. But for the last Month you have seem'd to be uneasy, and have not done me the Justice to acquaint me with your Reasons for it.

I was in hopes, Sir, my Reasons might prove to be no Reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded Apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the Point; and methinks I stand here as *Paul* did before *Felix*; and, like that poor Prisoner, if I, Sir, reason of *Righteousness, Temperance* and *Judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great *Felix* did, tremble, don't put me off to *another Day*, to a *more convenient Season*, as that Governor did *Paul*; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.

Strange, uncommon Girl! how unaccountable is all this! —Pr'ythee, my Dear, and he pulled a Chair by him, Come and sit down by me, and without these romantick Airs let me hear all you have to say; and teize me not with this Parade.

No, Sir, let me stand, if you please, while I *can* stand; when I am weary, I will sit down at my Bar.

Now, Sir, as you are so good as to say, you have nothing but Change of Temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a Cause; and I will do it without Evasion, or Reserve: But, I beseech you, say not one Word, but Yes, or No, to my Questions, 'till I have said all I have to say; and then you shall find me all Silence and Resignation.

Well, my strange Dear! —But sure your Head is a little turn'd! —What is your Question?

Whether, Sir, the Nun— I speak boldly; the Case requires it — who followed you at the Masquerade every-where, is not the Countess of ——?

What then, my Dear? (speaking with Quickness) — I *thought* the Occasion of your Sullenness and Reserve was this! —But, *Pamela* —

Nay, Sir, interrupted I, only Yes, or No, if you please: I will be all Silence by-and-by.

Yes, then.

Well, Sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not, (it may be too bold in me to multiply Questions) that she *loves* you; that you correspond by Letters with her—Yes, Sir, *before* that Letter from her Ladyship came, which you receiv'd from my Hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear I should have had a Curiosity to see its Contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your Polygamy Notions, and her Ladyship seems so well convinc'd of them, that she has declar'd to her noble Uncle, (who expostulated with her on the Occasions she gave for Talk) that she had rather be a certain Gentleman's second Wife, than the first to the greatest Man in *England*; and you are but just return'd from a Journey to *Tunbridge*, in which that Lady was a Party; and the Motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a Letter here in my Hand.

He was displeas'd, and frowned: I look'd down, being resolv'd not to be terrified, if I could help it.

I have caution'd you, *Pamela*——

I know you have, Sir, interrupted I; but be pleas'd to answer me, Has not the Countess taken a House or Lodgings at *Tunbridge*?

She had: —And what then?

And is her Ladyship there, or in Town?

There: And what then?

Are you to go to *Tunbridge*, Sir, soon, or not? Be pleas'd to answer me but that one Question.

I will know, rising up in Anger, your Informants, *Pamela*.

Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper Time; you shall know all, as soon as I am convinc'd, that your Wrath will not be attended with bad Consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the Cause of my Reserve in this Point; for I have not a Thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I wish to be conceal'd from you. —But, dear Sir, your Knowledge of the Informants makes nothing at all as to the Truth of the Information. —Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to *Tunbridge* again.

I am: And what then? —Must the Consequence be Crime enough to warrant your Jealousy?

Dear Sir, don't be so very angry, still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. I don't do this, as

you charged me in your Letter, in a Spirit of matrimonial Recrimination: If you don't *tell* me, that you see the Countess with Pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; not have I any thing to say by way of Upbraiding. 'Tis my Misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive; and it is the less Wonder, that a fine young Gentleman as you are, and a fine young Lady as she is, should engage one another's Affections.

I knew all this, except what this Letter, which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble Sisters to visit me: Hence proceeded my Grief; and should I, Sir, have deserv'd to be what I am, if I was *not* griev'd? Religion has helped me, Sir, and God has answer'd my Supplications, to inable me to act this new and uncommon Part before you, at this imaginary Bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your Passions in my Favour; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your Displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the Moment that my raised Spirits sink down to their usual Level; or are diverted from this my long meditated Purpose, to tell you all my Mind.

I repeat then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble Sisters came to visit your poor Girl, and your *Billy*. Yet, *grave*, as the Countess called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any Impatience of Speech or Action, any Discomposure?

No, Sir, patting my Hand on my Breast, *here* all the Discomposure lay, struggling, vehemently struggling, now—and—then, and wanting that Vent at my Eyes, which, it seems, (overcome by my Joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the Lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it— You might have seen, Sir, I could not!

But I want neither to recriminate, nor expostulate, nor yet, Sir, to form Excuses for my general Conduct; for that you accuse not in the main. —But be pleased, Sir, to read this Letter. It was brought by the Peny-Post, as you'll see by the Mark. Who the Writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that Knowledge, and your Resentment upon it, will not alter the Fact, or give it a more favourable Appearance.

I stepp'd to him, and giving him the Letter, came back to my Bar, and sat down on one of the Chairs while he read it, drying my Eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much moved at the Contents of this Letter. Called it d—n'd Malice, and hoped he might find out the Author of it, saying he would advertise 500 Guineas Reward for the Discoverer.

He put the Letter in his Pocket, Well, *Pamela*, you believe all that you have said, no doubt; and this Matter has a black Appearance indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* Informant? Was that by Letter, or personally? That d—n'd *Turner*, I doubt not, is at the Bottom of all this. The vain Coxcomb has had the Insolence to imagine the Countess would favour an Address of his; and is enraged to meet with a Repulse; and has taken Liberties upon it, that have given Birth to all the Scandals which have been scatter'd about on this Occasion. Nor do I doubt, but he has been the Serpent at the Ear of my *Eve*.

I stood up at my Bar, and said, Don't be too hasty, Sir, in your Judgment—You *may* be mistaken.

But *am* I mistaken, *Pamela*? —You never yet told me an Untruth in Cases the most arduous. *Am* I mistaken?

Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. *Turner*, you'll guess at somebody else: And what avails all this to the Matter in Hand? You are your own Master, and must stand and fall by your own Conscience. God grant, that *that* may acquit you! —But my Intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.

But, my Dear, to the Fact then: This is a malicious and a villainous Piece of Intelligence! given you, perhaps, for the sake of Designs and Views, that may not yet be proper to be avow'd.

By God's Grace, Sir, I defy all Designs and Views of any one, upon my Honour!

But, my Dear, the Charge is basely false: We have not agreed upon any such way of Life.

Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the Intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one Minute or two, to recover my failing Spirits, and then I'll tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much Brevity as I can, for fear neither my Head nor my Heart should perform the Parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.

I sat down then, he taking the Letter out of his Pocket, and looking upon it again, with much Vexation and Anger in his Countenance; and after a few Tears and Sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their Service, unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my Feet trembling, as well as my Knees; which however, leaning against the Seats of the Chairs, which made my Bar, as my Hand, held by the Back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my Voice, wiped my Eyes, and said:

You have all the Excuses, dear Mr. *B*. that a Gentleman can have, in the Object of your present Passion.

Present Passion, *Pamela!*

Dear Sir, hear me out, without Interruption.

The Countess is a charming Lady. She excels your poor Girl in all those outward Graces of Form, that your kind Fancy (more valu'd by me than the Opinion of all the World besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional Advantages, as Nobleness of Birth, of Alliance, and Deportment, which I want (Happy for you, Sir, that you had known her Ladyship some Months ago, before you disgrac'd yourself by the Honours you have done me!). This, therefore, frees you from the aggravated Crime of those, who prefer to their own Ladies less amiable and less deserving Persons; and I have not the Sting that these must have, who are contemn'd and ill-treated for their Inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your Girl; not even for your Person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal Attachment; when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward Eye as you are, that is the least Consideration by far with me: No, Sir, it is your Mind, your generous and beneficent Mind, that is the principal Object of my Affection; and the Pride I took in hoping, that I might be an humble Means, in the Hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more Joy than all the Blessings I reaped from your Name or your Fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. *B.* what my Grief and my Disappointment must be!

But I will not expostulate; I *will not*, because it must be to no Purpose; for could my Fondness for you, and my watchful Duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now have appear'd before you in this solemn manner; and I know the Charms of my Rivaless are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but Divine Grace can touch your Heart; and that I expect not, from the Nature of the Case, should be instantaneous.

I will therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me, (don't look with such tender Surprize upon me!) give up your Person to my happier, to my *worthier* Rivaless. For, since such is your Will, and such seem to be your Engagements, what avails it me to oppose them?

I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to *Kent*, to my dear Parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your Favour and Bounty.

I will there (holding up my folded Hands) pray for you every Hour of my Life; and for every one, who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Countess.

I will never take your Name into my Lips, nor suffer any other in my Hearing, but with Reverence and Gratitude, for the Good I and mine *have* reap'd at your Hands; nor will I wish to be freed from my Obligations to you, except you shall chuse to be divorced from me; and if you should, I will give your Wishes all the Forwardness that I honourably can, with regard to my own Character, and yours, and that of my beloved Baby.

But you must give me something worth living for along with me; your *Billy* and mine! —Unless it is your Desire to kill me quite; and then, 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess's Way, if you tear from my Arms my *second* earthly Good, after I am depriv'd of You, my *first*.

I will there, Sir, dedicate all my Time to my first Duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any Accident, any Misunderstanding, between you, you should part by Consent, and you will have it so, my Heart will be ever yours, and my Hopes will be resum'd of being an Instrument still for your future Good, and I will receive your returning ever valu'd Heart, as if nothing had happen'd, the Moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine.

For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your Notions of Polygamy, that I will, were my Life to depend upon it, consent to live with a Gentleman, dear as, God is my Witness, (lifting up my tearful Eyes) you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open Sin with another! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the Purity, and I will aver Piety, of my Motives, when I say this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt, but my Proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my Word! and don't let me be tortur'd, as I have been so many Weeks, with such Anguish of Mind, that nothing but religious Considerations can make supportable to me.

And are you in Earnest, *Pamela?* said the dear Gentleman, coming to me, and folding me in his Arms over the Chair's Back, the Seat of which supported my trembling Knees— Can you so easily part with me?

I can, Sir, and I will! —rather than divide my Interest in you, knowingly, with any Lady on Earth. But say not, however, Can I part with you, Sir; it is you that part with me; And tell me, Sir, tell me, but what you had intended should become of me?

You talk to me, my dearest Life, as if all you had heard against me was ; and you would have me answer you,

(would you?) as if it was?

I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you: You know the rest of my Information: Judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe! —You know the Rumours of the World concerning you: Even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least Pains to find out my Wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the Hearing of it; and if you know the License taken with both your Characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your Honour in the World's Eye, nor my Lady hers? I told you, Sir, the Answer she made to her Uncle.

You told me, my Dear, as you were told. Be tender of a Lady's Reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempted from Calumny; and even Words said, and the Occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different Construction from what they would have done, had the Occasion been told.

This may be all, Sir: I wish my Lady would be as tender of her Reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your Affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be, according to *my* Notions of Virtue and Honour, and according to your *own*, Sir, which I took Pride in, before that fatal Masquerade?

You answer me not, continu'd I; and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answer'd? But come, dearest Sir, (and I put my Arms round his Neck) let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your Benefits and your past Kindness to me. I have been a happy Creature; no one, till within these few Weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a Passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a Love as mine: I am sure it cannot.

I see your Difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your Conscience, I will wait with Patience my happier Destiny; and I will wish to live, (if I can be convinc'd you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a Directress to the first Education of my dearest Baby.

You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved Face next to my fond Heart. 'Tis all your own: And ever shall be, let it be worthy of the Honour in your Estimation or not.

But, yet, my dear Sir, if one could as easily, in the Prime of sensual Youth, look Twenty Years forward, as one can Twenty Years backward, what an empty Vanity, what a mere Nothing, will be all those grosser Satisfactions, that now give Wings of Desire to our debased Appetites?

Motives of Religion *will* have their due Force upon *your* Mind one Day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have inabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching Point (after infinite Struggles, I own) with so much Temper and Resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. *B.* when we come to that last Bed, from which the Piety of our Friends shall lift us, but from which, we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor *Pamela*, must all come to this! —we shall find what it is will give us the Joy, and inable us to support the Pangs of the dying Hour. —Think you, my dearest Sir, and I pressed my Lips to his Forehead, as his Head was reclin'd on my throbbing Bosom, that *then*, in that important Moment, what now gives us so much Pleasure, will have any Part in our Consideration, but as it may give us Woe or Comfort in the Reflection?

But, I will not, I will not, O best Beloved of my Soul, thus afflict you! —Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy Prospects? I have said enough to such a Heart as yours, if Divine Grace touches it. And if not, all I can say, will be of no Avail! —I will leave you therefore to That, and to your own Reflections. And after giving you ten thousand Thanks for your kind, your indulgent Patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a Week for *Kent*, with my dear *Billy*; that you will receive one Letter from me, at least, of Gratitude and Blessings; it shall not be of Upbraids and Exclamations.

But my Child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his Shadow, every Place wherein you shall put my *Billy*, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me! —And if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miss *Goodwin* with me, as you had almost given me room to hope, I will read over all the Books of Education, and digest them as well as I am able, in order to send you my Scheme, and to shew you how fit I hope your *Indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious Trusts reposed in me!

I was silent, waiting in Tears his Answer. But his generous Heart was touch'd, and seem'd to labour within him for Expression.

He came round to me at last, and took me in his Arms: Exalted Generosity! said he; Noble-minded *Pamela*! Let no Bar be put between us henceforth! No Wonder, when one looks back to thy first promising Dawn of Excellence, that thy fuller Day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak Eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and

I have been inconsiderately led on by blind Passion for an Object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my *Pamela*, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my Power) restore to your Virtue an Husband all your own.

Oh! Sir, Sir, (and I should have sunk down with Joy, had not his kind Arms supported me) what have you said? —Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to Deed; God, of his infinite Goodness, continue you both so! —And Oh! that the dear Lady would make me as truly love her, for the Graces of her Mind, as I admire her for the Advantages of her Person!

You are Virtue itself, my dearest Life; and from this Moment I will reverence you as my tutelary Angel. I shall behold you with Awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your Dictates; for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right. —But I will not, my dearest Life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden Effect of Passions thus movingly touch'd, and which may subside again, when the Soul, as you observ'd in your own Case, sinks to its former Level: But this I promise you, (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the Pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your dear Head was affected, so uncommon, yet so like yourself, has been the manner of your Acting) that I will break off a Correspondence, that has given you so much Uneasiness; And my *Pamela* may believe, that if I can be as good as my Word in this Point, she will never more be in Danger of any Rivaless whatever.

But say, my dear Love, (added the charming, charming Man) say you forgive me; and resume but your former Cheerfulness, and affectionate Regards to me; else I shall suspect the Sincerity of your Forgiveness: And you shall indeed go to *Kent*; but not without me, nor your Boy neither; and if you insist upon it, the poor Miss, you have wish'd so often, and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your Disposal.

Do you think, my Lady, I could speak any one distinct Sentence! No indeed I could not— Pardon! Pardon *You*, dear Sir!—and I sunk down on my Knees, from his Arms —All I beg—All I hope— *Your Pardon—my Thankfulness*. —O spare me— spare me but Words—And indeed I was just choak'd with my Joy; I never was so in my whole Life before. And my Eyes were fixed, as the dear Gentleman told me; for he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the Whites; for the Sight was out of its Orbits, in a manner, lifted up to Heaven— in Ecstasy for a Turn so unexpected!

We were forced to separate soon after; for there was no bearing each other, so excessive was my Joy, and his Goodness. He left me, and went down to his own Closet.

Judge my Employment you will, I am sure, my dear Lady. I had new Ecstasy to be blest with, in a Joy and Thankfulness so exalted, that they left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off Body, and trod in Air; so much Heaviness had I lost, and so much Joy had I received! From two such Extremes, how was it possible I could presently hit the Medium! —For when I had given up my beloved Husband, as lost to me, and had dreaded the Consequences to his future State; to find him not only untainted as to Deed, but, in all Probability, mine upon better and surer Terms than ever—O, Madam! is not this a Joy beyond all Joy, and surpassing all Expression!

About Eight o'Clock, my dear Mr. *B.* sent me up these Lines from his Closet, which will explain what I meant as to the Papers I must beg your Ladyship to return me.

My dear Pamela, "I have so much real Concern at the Anguish I have given you, and am so much affected with the Recollection of the uncommon Scenes between us, just now, that I write, because I know not how to look so excellent a Creature in the Face. —You must therefore sup without me, and take your Mrs. *Jervis* to Bed with you; who, I doubt not, knows all this Affair; and you may tell her the happy Event. You must not interfere with me just now, my Dear, while I am writing upon a Subject which takes up all my Attention; and which requiring great Delicacy; I may, possibly, be all Night, before I can please myself in it. I am determin'd, absolutely, to make good my Promise to you. But if you have written to your Mother, to Miss *Darnford*, or to Lady *Davers*, any thing of this Affair, you must shew me the Copies of your Letters, and let me into every Tittle how you came by your Information. — I solemnly promise you, on my Honour, (that has not yet been violated to you, and I hope never will) that not a Soul shall know or suffer by the Communication, not even *Turner*; for I am confident he has had some Hand in it. This Request you must comply with, if you can confide in me; for I shall make some Use of it, (as prudent an one as I am able) for the sake of every one concern'd, in the Conclusion of the Correspondence between the Lady and myself. Whatever you may have said, in the Bitterness of your Heart, in the Letters I require to see, or whatever any of those, to whom they are directed, shall say, on the bad Prospect, shall be forgiven, and look'd upon as deserv'd, by

Your ever obliged and faithful, &c."

I return'd the following:

Dearest, dear Sir, "I will not break in upon you, while you are so importantly employ'd. Mrs. *Jervis* has indeed seen my Concern for some Time past, and has heard Rumours, as I know by Hints she has from Time to Time given me; but her Prudence, and my Reserves, have kept us from saying any thing to one another of it. Neither my Mother, nor Miss *Darnford*, know a Tittle of it from me. I have received a Letter of Civility from Miss, and have answer'd it, taking and giving Thanks for the Pleasure of each other's Company, and best Respects from her, and the *Lincolnshire* Families, to your dear Self. These, my Copy, and her Original, you shall see when you please. But, in Truth, all that has passed, is between Lady *Davers* and me, and I have not kept Copies of mine; but I will dispatch a Messenger to her Ladyship for them, if you please, in the Morning, before 'tis Light; not doubting your kind Promise of excusing every Thing and every Body. I beg, dear Sir, you will take care your Health suffers not by your sitting up; for the Nights are cold and damp. I will, now you have given me the Liberty, let Mrs. *Jervis* know how happy you have made me, by dissipating my Fears, and the idle Rumours, as I shall call them to her, of Calumniators. God bless you, dear Sir, for your Goodness and Favour to

"Your ever dutiful P. B."

He was pleased to return me this:

"My dear Life, You need not be in such haste to send. If you write to Lady *Davers*, how the Matter has ended, let me see the Copy of it. And be very particular in *your*, or rather *my* Trial. It shall be a standing Lesson to me for my future Instruction, as it will be a fresh Demonstration of your Excellence, which every Hour I more and more admire. I am glad Lady *Davers* only knows the Matter. I think I ought to avoid seeing you, till I can assure you, that every thing is accommodated to your Desire. *Longman* has sent me some Advices, that will make it proper for me to meet him at *Bedford* or *Gloucester*. I will not go to *Tunbridge*, till I have all your Papers; and so you'll have three Days time to procure them. Your Boy, and your Penmanship, will find you no disagreeable Employment till I return. Nevertheless, on second Thoughts, I will do myself the Pleasure of breakfasting with you in the Morning, to re-assure you of my unalterable Purpose, to approve myself,

"My dearest Life, Ever faithfully Yours."

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful Affair. My next shall inform your Ladyship of the Particulars of our Breakfast Conversation. But I would not slip this Post, without acquainting you with this blessed Turn; and to beg the Favour to send me back my Letters, which will lay a new Obligation upon,

Dear Madam, Your obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXVI.

My dearest Lady, Your joyful Correspondent has obtained Leave to get every thing ready to quit *London* by *Friday* next, when your kind Brother promises to carry me down to *Kent*, and allows me to take my Charmer with me. There's Happiness for you, Madam! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed Spot, a dear faithful Husband, a beloved Child, and a Father and Mother whom I so much love and honour!

Mr. *B.* told me this voluntarily, this Morning at Breakfast; and then, in the kindest manner, he took Leave of me, and set out for *Bedfordshire*.

But I should, according to my Promise, give your Ladyship a few Particulars of our Breakfast Conference.

I bid *Polly* withdraw, when her Master came up to Breakfast; and I ran to the Door to meet him, and threw myself on my Knees: O forgive me, dearest, dear Sir, all my Boldness of Yesterday! — My Heart was strangely affected—or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my dearest Mr. *B.* that my future Conduct shall be different from what it used to be, or that I shall keep up to a Spirit, that you hardly thought had Place in the Heart of your dutiful *Pamela*, till she was thus severely try'd.

I have weigh'd well your Conduct, my dear Life, said the generous Gentleman, raising me to his Bosom; and I find an Uniformity in it, that is surprisingly just.

There is in your Composition indeed, the strangest Mixture of Meekness and high Spirit, that ever I met with. Never was a saucier dear Girl, than you, in your Maiden Days, when you thought your Honour in Danger: Never a more condescending Goodness, when your Fears were at an End. Now again, when you had Reason, as you believ'd, to apprehend a Conduct in me, unworthy of my Obligations to you, and of your Purity, you rise in your Spirit, with a Dignity that becomes an injured Person; and yet you forget not, in the Height of your Resentments, that angelick Sweetness of Temper, and Readiness to forgive, which so well become a Lady who lives as you live, and practises what you practise. My dearest *Pamela*, I see, continued he, serves not God for nought: In a better Sense I speak it, than the Maligner spoke it of *Job*: Since in every Action and Motion of yours, the heavenly Direction you so constantly invoke, shews itself thus beautifully.

And now again, this charming Condescension, the Moment you are made easy, is an Assurance that your affectionate Sweetness is return'd: And I cannot fear any thing, but that I shall never be able to deserve it.

He led me to the Tea-Table, and sat down close by me. *Polly* came in. If every thing, said he, be here, that your Lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Mr. *Colbrand* and *Abraham* know, I shall be with them presently. Nobody shall wait upon me but you, my Dear.

Polly withdrew.

You are all Goodness, Sir: And how generously, how kindly, do you account for that Mixture in my Temper you speak of! — Depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will never grow upon this your Indulgence.

I always lov'd you, my Dearest, said he, and that with a passionate Fondness, which has not, I dare say, many Examples in the marry'd Life: But I revere you now. And so great is my Reverence for your Virtue, that I chose to sit up all Night, as now to leave you for a few Days, until, by disingaging myself from all Intercourses that have given you Uneasiness, I can convince you, that I have render'd myself as worthy as I can be of such an Angel, even upon your own Terms. I will account to you, continued he, for every Step I *shall* take, and will reveal to you every Step I *have* taken: For this I can do, because the Lady's Honour is untainted, and wicked Rumour has treated her worse than she could deserve.

I told him, that since *he* had been pleased to name my Lady, I would take the Liberty to say, I was glad, for her own sake, to hear that. He changing the Subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him Pain, told me, as above, that I might prepare on *Friday* for *Kent*; and I parted with him, with greater Joy and Gratitude than ever I did in my Life. So necessary sometimes are Afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's Passions, and to make us, in our happiest States, know we are still on Earth, but even when they are over-blown, to augment and redouble our Joys.

I am now giving Orders, my dear Lady, for my beloved Journey, and quitting this undelightful Town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from *Kent*, I hope; and perhaps I shall then have an Opportunity to acquaint your Ladyship with the Particulars, and (if God answers my Prayers) the Conclusion of the Affair, which has

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

given me so much Uneasiness. Mean time, I am, with the greatest Gratitude, for the kind Share you have taken in my past Afflictions, my good Lady,

Your Ladyship's Most obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXVII.

My dearest Pamela, Inclosed are all the Letters you send for. I rejoice with you upon the Turn this afflicting Affair has taken, thro' your inimitable Prudence, and a Courage I thought not in you. —A Wretch! —to give you so much Discomposure. —But I will not, if he be good now, rave against him, as I was going to do—I am impatient to hear what Account he gives of the Matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I won't call her Names; for she loves the Wretch; and that, if he be just to *you*, will be her Punishment.

What Care ought these young Widows to take of their Reputation? —And how watchful ought they to be over themselves? —She was hardly out of her Weeds, and yet must go to a Masquerade, and tempt her Fate, with all her Passions about her, with an Independence, and an Affluence of Fortune, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

Then her Lord and she had been marry'd but barely Two Years; and one of them, she was forc'd, with the gayest Temper in the World, to be his Nurse: For, always inclin'd to a consumptive Indisposition, he languish'd, without Hope, a Twelvemonth, and then dy'd.

She has good Qualities—is generous—noble—but has strong Passions, and is thoughtless and precipitant.

My Lord came home to me last *Tuesday*, with a long Story of my Brother and her; for I had kept the Matter as secret as I could, for his sake and yours. It seems, he had it from Sir *John*— Uncle to the young Lord *C.* who is very earnest to bring on a Treaty of Marriage between her and his Nephew, who is in Love with her, and is a fine young Gentleman: but has held back, on the Liberties she has lately given herself with my Brother. I hope she is innocent, as to Fact; but I know not what to say to it. He ought to be hang'd, if he did not say she was. Yet I have a great Opinion of his Veracity: And yet he is so bold a Wretch! —And her Inconsideration is so great! —

But lest I should alarm your Fears, I will wait till I have the Account he gives you of this dark Affair; till when, I congratulate you upon the Leave you have obtain'd to quit the Town, and on your setting out for a Place so much nearer to *Tunbridge* (forgive me, *Pamela*; but he is an intriguing Wretch, and I would not have you to be too secure, lest the Disappointment should be worse for you, than what you knew before): For assure yourself, that I am, in all Cases and Events,

Yours, affectionate Sister and Admirer, B. Davers.

P. S. Your *Bar*, and some other Parts of your Conduct in your Trial, as you call it, make me (as, by your Account, it seemed to do him) apprehensive, that you would hardly have been able to have kept your Intellect so untouched as were to be wish'd, had this Affair proceeded. And this, as it would have been the most deplorable Misfortune that could have befallen us, who love and admire you so justly, redoubles my Joy, that it is likely to end so happily. God send it may!

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady, Mr. B. with great Goodness came back from *Bedfordshire* to his Time. Every thing being in Readiness, we set out, my Baby, and his Nurse, and *Polly*, and *Rachel*, in the Coach. Mr. B. and myself in the Chariot. The other Maids are to go down with Mrs. *Jervis*, when every thing in *London* is settled by her Direction, to *Bedfordshire*; and all the Men—servants too, except Mr. *Jonathan*, and *Abraham* and *John*, who went down with us on Horseback; as also did Mr. *Colbrand*.

We were met by my Father and Mother in a Chaise and Pair, that your dear Brother had, unknown to me, presented to them, that they might often take the Air together, and go to Church in it, (which is at some Distance from them) on *Sundays*. The Driver is cloathed in a good brown Cloth Suit, but no Livery; for that my Parents could not have borne, as Mr. B.'s Goodness made him consider.

Your Ladyship must needs think, how much we were all overjoy'd at this Meeting: For my own Part, I cannot express how much I was transported when we arrived at the Farm—house, to see all I delighted in, upon one happy Spot together!

Mr. B. is much pleased with the Alterations made here, and it is a sweet, rural, and convenient Place.

We were at Church together on *Sunday*, and welcom'd into these Parts by the Bells, and by the Minister, and the People of most Note.

Mr. B. is to set out on *Tuesday* for *Tunbridge*, with my Papers. A happy Issue attend that Affair, I pray God! He has given me the following Particulars of it, to the Time of my Trial, beginning at the Masquerade.

He says, That at the Masquerade, when, pleased with the fair Nun's Shape, Air, and Voice, he had followed her to a Corner most unobserved, she said, in *Italian*, Why are my Retirements invaded, audacious *Spaniard*?

Because, reply'd he, my dear Nun, I hope you would have it so.

I can no otherwise, return'd she, strike dead they bold Presumption, than to shew thee my Scorn and Anger thus—And unmasking, she surpris'd me, said Mr. B. with a Face as beautiful, but not so soft, as my *Pamela's*! —And I, said Mr. B. to shew I can defy your Resentment, will shew you a Countenance as intrepid, as yours is lovely. And so he drew aside his Mask too.

He says, he observed his fair Nun followed, where—ever she went, by a Mask habited like *Testimony* in *Sir Courtly Nice*, whose Attention was fixed upon them; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. *Turner*. So he and the fair Nun, took different Ways, and he joined me and Miss *Darnford*, and found me ingag'd in the manner I related to your Ladyship; and his Nun at his Elbow, unexpected.

That afterwards, as he was ingag'd in *French* with a Lady who had the Dress of an *Indian* Princess, and the Mask of an *Ethiopian*, his fair Nun said, in broken *Spanish*, Art thou at all Complexions? —By St. *Ignatius*, I believe thou'rt a Rover!

I am trying, reply'd he, in *Italian*, whether I can meet with any Lady comparable to my lovely Nun.

And what is the Result?

Not one; no, not one.

I wish you could not help being in Earnest, said she; and slid from him.

He ingag'd her next at the Side—board, drinking under her Veil a Glass of Champaign. You know, *Pamela*, said he, there never was a sweeter Mouth in the World, than the Countess's, except your own. She drew away the Glass, as if, unobserved by any body, to shew me the lower Part of her Face.

I cannot say, continued he, but I was struck with her charming Manner, and an Unreservedness of Air and Behaviour, that I had not before seen so becoming. —The Place, and the Freedom of Conversation and Deportment allowed there, gave her Manner great Advantages, in my Eye, altho' her Habit requir'd, as I thought, continued he, a little more Gravity and Circumspection: And I could not tell how to resist a secret Pride and Vanity, which is but too natural to both Sexes, when they are taken notice of by Persons so worthy of Regard.

Naturally fond of any thing that carry'd the Face of an Intrigue, I long'd to know, proceeded he, who this charming Nun was. —And next Time I ingag'd her, My good Sister, said I, how happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a Conversation with you at your Grate?

Answer me, thou bold *Spaniard*, (for that was a Name she seem'd fond to call me by, said he, which gave me to imagine, that Boldness was a Qualification with which she was not displeas'd: 'Tis not unusual with our vain Sex, observed he, to cons even Reproaches to our Advantage) Is the Lady here, whose Shackles thou wearest?

Do I look like a Man shackled, my fairest Nun?

N—No! not much like such an one. But I fancy thy Wife is either a *Widow*, or a *Quaker*?

Neither, reply'd I, taking, by Equivocation, her Question literally.

And art thou not a marry'd Wretch? Answer me quickly! —We are observ'd.

No—said I.

Swear to me, thou art not.—

By St. *Ignatius* then: For, my Dear, I was no *Wretch*, you know.

Enough! said she—and slid away; and the Fanatick would fain have ingag'd her, but she avoided him as industriously.

Before I was aware, continued Mr. *B.* she was at my Elbow, and, in *Italian*, said, That fair Quaker yonder is the Wit of the Assemblée: Her Eyes seem always directed to thy Motions: And her Person shews some Intimacies have passed with somebody! Is it with thee?

It would be my Glory if it was, said I, were her Face answerable to her Person.

Is it not?

I long to know, reply'd Mr. *B.*

I am glad thou dost not.

I am glad to hear my fair Nun say that.

Dost thou, said she, hate Shackles? Or is it, that thy Hour is not come?

I wish! reply'd he, this be not the Hour, the very Hour—pretending (naughty Gentleman! — What Ways these Men have!—) to sigh.

She went again to the Side-board, put her Hand kerchief upon it. Mr. *B.* followed her, and observed all her Motions. She drank a Glass of Lemonade, as he of Burgundy; and a Person in a Domine, who was supposed to be the King, taking every one's Attention, and Mr. *B.* eying her Handkerchief, which he doubted not she laid on purpose to forget taking up, she left it there; and slipping by him, he, unobserv'd, as he believes, took it, and put it in his Pocket, and at one Corner found the Cover of a Letter, To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of ———.

That after this, the fair Nun was so shy, so reserv'd, and seem'd so studiously to avoid him, that he had no Opportunity to return her Handkerchief; and the Fanatick observing how she shunned him, said, in *Erench*, What, Monsieur, have you done to your Nun?

Found her to be a very Coquet; and told her so —and she is offended.

How could you affront a Lady, reply'd he, with such a *charming Face*?

By that, I had Reason to think, said Mr. *B.* that he had seen her unmask; and I said—It becomes not any Character, but that you wear, to pry into the Secrets of others, in order to make ill-natur'd Remarks, and perhaps to take gentlemanly Advantages.

No Man would make that Observation, return'd he, whose Views would bear prying into.

I was nettled, said Mr. *B.* at this warm Retort, and drew aside my Mask: Nor would any Man, who wore not a Mask, tell me so!

He took not the Challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that Night.

So, thinks I, another Instance this might have been of the glorious Consequences of Masquerading, —O my Lady, these Masquerades are abominable Things!—

The King, they said, met with a free Speaker that Night: In Truth, I was not very sorry for it; for if Monarchs will lay aside their sovereign Distinctions, and mingle thus in Masquerade with the worst as well as the highest (I cannot say *best*) of their Subjects, let 'em take the Consequence. —Perhaps they might have a Chance to hear more Truth here than in their Palaces—the only Good that possibly can accrue from them—that is to say—If they made a good Use of it when they heard it. For, you see, my Monarch, tho' told the Truth, as it happened, received the Hint with more Resentment than Thankfulness! —So, 'tis too likely, did the Monarch of us both!

And now, my Lady, you need not doubt, that so polite a Gentleman would find an Opportunity to return the Nun her Handkerchief! —To be sure he would: For what Man of Honour would rob a Lady of any Part of her

Apparel? And should he that wanted to steal a Heart, content himself with a Handkerchief? —No, no, that was not to be expected. —So what does he do, but, the very next Day, after Dinner, the soonest Opportunity he could well take, because of the late Hours the Night before, resolve to pursue this Affair! Accordingly, the poor Quaker little thinking of the Matter, away goes her naughty *Spaniard*, to find out his Nun at her Grate, or in her Parlour rather.

He asks for the Countess. Is admitted into the outward Parlour—Her Woman comes down; requires his Name, and Business. His Name he mentioned not. His Business was, to restore into her Lady's own Hands, something she had dropt the Night before.— Was desir'd to wait.

I should have told your Ladyship, that he was dress'd very richly—having no Design at all, to make Conquests; no, not he! —O this wicked Love of Intrigue! —A kind of Olive-colour'd Velvet, and fine brocaded Waistcoat. I said, when he took Leave of me, You're a charming Mr. *B.*—and saluted him, more pressingly than he return'd it; but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his rich-lac'd Ruffles, and Bosom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting Heart. —He went in his own Chariot, that he did: So that he had no Design to conceal who he was—But Intrigue, a new Conquest, Vanity, Pride! —O these Men! —They had need talk of Ladies! —But it is half our own Fault; indeed it is, to incourage their Vanity!

Well, Madam, he waited till his Stateliness was moved to send up again, That he would wait on her Ladyship some other Time. —So down she came, dress'd most richly, Jewels in her Breast, and in her Hair, and Ears—But with a very reserved and stately Air—He approached her—Me thinks I see him, dear saucy Gentleman. You know, Madam, what a noble manner of Address he has!

He took the Handkerchief, from his Bosom, with an Air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, This happy Estray, thus restor'd, begs Leave, by me, to acknowlege its lovely Owner!

What mean you, Sir? —Who be you, Sir? — What mean you?

Your Ladyship will excuse me: But I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honourable. —(No to be sure!)—This, Madam, you left last Night, when the Domine took up every one's Attention but mine, which was much better ingag'd; and I take the Liberty to restore it to you.

She turn'd to the Mark; a Coronet, at one Corner. 'Tis, Sir, I see now it is one of mine: But such a Trifle was not worthy of being brought by such a Gentleman as you seem to be; nor of my Trouble to receive it in Person. Your Servant, Sir, might have delivered the Bagatelle to mine.

Nothing should be called so, that belongs to the Countess of——

She was no Countess, Sir, that *dropt* that Hand-kerchief; and a Gentleman would not attempt to penetrate *unbecomingly*, thro' the Disguises that a Lady thinks proper to assume, especially at such a Place, where every Inquiry should begin and end.

This, Madam, from a Lady, who had unmasked —because *she would not be known!* —Very pretty, indeed! —Oh! these slight Cobweb Airs of Modesty! so easily seen thro'—Hence such Advantages against us are taken by the Men.

She had looked out of her Window, and seen no Arms quartered with his own; for you know, my Lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: So, she doubted not, it seems, but he was an unmarried Gentleman, as he had intimated to her the Night before.

He told her, it was impossible, after having had the Opportunity of seeing the finest Lady in the World, not to wish to see her again; and that he hop'd, he did not, *unbecomingly*, break thro' her Ladyship's Reserves: Nor had he made any Inquiries either on the Spot, or off of it; having had a much better Direction by Accident.

As how, Sir? said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an Air, between Attentive and Pleasant, that, bold Gentleman, forgetting all manner of Distance, so early too! he clasped his Arms round her Waist, and saluted her, struggling with Anger and Indignation, he says: But I think little of that!—

Whence this Insolence? —How—now, Sir! —Begone! were her Words, and she rung the Bell; but he set his Back against the Door—(I never heard such Boldness in my Life, Madam!)—till she would forgive him. —And it is plain, she was not so angry as she pretended; for her Woman coming, she was calmer: *Nelthorpe*, said she, fetch my Snuff-box, with the Lavender in it.

Her Woman went; and then she said, You told me, Sir, last Night, of your Intrepidity: I think you are the boldest Man I ever met with: But, Sir, surely you ought to know, that you are not now in the *Hay-market*.

I think, truly, Madam, the Lady might have sav'd herself that Speech; for, upon my Word, they neither of 'em wore Masks—Tho' they ought both to have put on one of Blushes. —I am sure I do for 'em, while I am writing.

Her irresistible Loveliness served for an Excuse, that she could not disapprove from a Man she disliked not; and his irresistible—may I say, Assurance, Madam? —found too ready an Excuse.

Well, but, Sir, said I, pray, when her Ladyship was made acquainted, that you were a marry'd Gentleman, how then? —I long to hear, how then! —Pray, did *she* find it out, or did *you* tell her?

Patience, my Dear!

Well, pray, Sir, go on. —What was next?

Why, next, I put on a more respectful and tender Air: I would have taken her Hand indeed, but she would not permit it; and when she saw I would not go, till her Lavender Snuff came down, (for so I told her, and her Woman was not in Haste) she seated herself, and I took my Place by her, and began upon a Subject of a charming Lady I saw the Night before, after I had parted with her Ladyship, but not equal by any means to her: And I was confident this would engage her Attention; for I never knew the Lady, who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this Topick. Flattery and Admiration, *Pamela*, are the two principal Engines by which our Sex make their first Approaches to yours; and if you listen to us, we are sure, either by the Sap or the Mine, to succeed, and blow you up, whenever we please, if we do but take care to suit ourselves to your particular Foibles; or, to carry on the Metaphor, point our Batteries to your weak Side: For the strongest Fortresses, my Dear, are weaker in one Place than another! —A fine thing, Sir, said I, to be so learned a Gentleman! —I wish tho' you had always come honestly by your Knowledge, thought I.

When the Lavender Snuff came down, continued he, we were engaged in an agreeable Disputation, that I had raised on purpose to excite her Opposition, she having all the Advantage in it; and in order to give it up, when she was intent upon it, as a Mark of my Consideration for her.

I the less wonder, Sir, said I, at your Boldness (pardon the Word!) with such a Lady, in your first Visit, because of her Freedoms, when mask'd; her Unmasking, and her Handkerchief, and Letter-cover. To be sure the Lady, when she saw next Day, such a fine Gentleman, and such an handsome Equipage, had little Reason, after her other Freedoms, to be so very nice with you, as to decline an insnaring Conversation, calculated on purpose to engage her Attention, and to lengthen out your Visit. But did she not ask you, who you were?

Her Servants did of mine. —And her Woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted) came, and whispered her Lady, that I was Mr. *B. of Bedfordshire*; and had an immense Estate, to which they were so kind as to add two or three thousand Pounds a Year, out of pure Good-will to me: I thank them.

But pray, dear Sir, what had you in View in all this? Did you intend to carry this Matter at first, as far as ever you could?

I had, at first, my Dear, no View, but such as Pride and Vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by Inconsideration, and the Love of Intrigue, without so much as giving myself any Thought about the Consequences. The Lady, I observed, had abundance of fine Qualities. I thought I could converse with her, on a very agreeable Foot; and her Honour, I knew, at any Time, would preserve me mine, if ever I should find it in Danger: And, in my Soul, I prefer'd my *Pamela* to all the Ladies on Earth, and questioned not, but that, and your Virtue, would be another Barrier to my Fidelity.

As to the Notion of *Polygamy*, I never, but in the Levity of Speech, and the Wantonness of Argument, like other lively young Fellows, who think they have Wit to shew, when they advance something out of the common way, had it in my Head. I thought myself doubly bound by the Laws of my Country, to discourage that way of Thinking, as I was a Five hundredth Part of one of the Branches of the Legislature; and inconsiderable as that is, yet it makes one too considerable, in my Opinion, to break those Laws, one should rather join all one's Interest to enforce.

In a Word, therefore, Pride, Vanity, Thoughtlessness, were my Misguiders, as I said. The Countess's Honour and Character, and your Virtue and Merit, my Dear, and my Obligations to you, were my Defences: But I find one should avoid the first Appearances of Evil. One knows not one's own Strength. 'Tis presumptuous to depend upon it, where Wit and Beauty are in the Way on one Side, and Youth and strong Passions on the other.

You certainly, Sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me, what her Ladyship said, when she knew you were marry'd?

The Countess's Woman was in my Interest, and let me into some of her Lady's Secrets, having a great Share in her Confidence; and particularly acquainted me, how loth her Lady was to believe I was marry'd. I had paid her three Visits in Town, and attended her once to her Seat upon the Forest, before she heard that I was. But when she

was assured of it, and directed her *Nelthorpe* to ask me about it, and I readily own'd it, she was greatly incensed, tho' nothing but general Civilities, and Intimacies not inconsistent with honourable Friendship, had passed between us. The Consequence was, she forbid me ever seeing her again, and set out with her Sister, and the Viscount, for *Tunbridge*, where she stay'd about three Weeks.

I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myself for permitting her Ladyship so long to believe me a single Man; and here the Matter had dropp'd, in all Probability, had not a Ball, given by Lord—, to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also the Viscountess, invited, brought us again into one another's Company. The Lady withdrew, after a while, with her Sister, to another Apartment; and being resolved upon personal Recrimination, (which is what a Lady, who is resolved to break with a favoured Object, should never trust herself with) sent for me, and reproached me on my Conduct, in which her Sister join'd.

I own'd frankly, that it was rather Gaiety than Design, that made me give Cause, at the Masquerade, for her Ladyship to think I was not marry'd; for that I had a Wife, who had a thousand Excellencies, and was my Pride, and my Boast: That I held it very possible for a Gentleman and Lady to carry on an innocent and honourable Friendship, in a *Family* way; and I was sure, when she and her Sister saw my Spouse, they would not be displeas'd with her Acquaintance; and all that I had to reproach myself with, was, that after having, at the Masquerade, given Reason to think I was not marry'd, I had been loth, *officiously*, to say I was, altho' it never was my Intention to conceal it.

In short, I acquitted myself so well to both Ladies, that a Family Intimacy was consented to.

I renew'd my Visits, and we accounted to one another's Honour, by entering upon a kind of *Platonick* System, in which Sex was to have no manner of Concern.

But, my dear *Pamela*, I must own myself extremely blameable, because I knew the World, and human Nature, I will say, better than the Lady, who never before had been trusted into it upon her own Feet; and who, notwithstanding that Wit and Vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little Time for Consideration, as she had met with a Man whose Person and Conversation she did not dislike, and whose Circumstances and Spirit set him above sordid or mercenary Views: And besides, I made myself useful to her in some of her Affairs, wherein she had been grossly abused; which brought us into more intimate and frequent. Conversations, than otherwise we should have had Opportunities for.

I ought therefore to have more carefully guarded against Inconveniencies, that I knew were so likely to arise from such Intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, because the Lady had no Apprehension at all of any: So that, my Dear, if I have no Excuse from human Frailty, from Youth, and the Charms of the Object, I am intirely destitute of any.

I see, dear Sir, said I, there is a great deal to be said for the Lady. I wish I could say there was for the Gentleman. But such a fine Lady had been safe, with all her Inconsideration, and so, forgive me, Sir, would the Gentleman, with all his intriguing Spirit, had it not been for these vile Masquerades. Never, dear Sir, think of going to another.

Why, my Dear, he was pleas'd to say, those are least of all to be trusted at those Diversions, who are most desirous to go to them. —Of this I am now fully convinced.

Well, dear Sir, I long to hear the further Particulars of this Story: For this generous Openness, now the Affair is over, cannot but be grateful to me, as it shews me you have no Reserves; and as it tends to convince me, that the Lady was less blameable than I apprehended she was: For dearly do I love, for the Honour of my Sex, to find Ladies of Birth and Quality innocent; who have so many Opportunities of knowing and practising their Duties, above what meaner Persons can have—Else, what *one* fails in thro' Surprize and Ignorance, it will look as if the *others* did from Inclination: And what a Disgrace is that upon the Sex in general? And what a Triumph to the wicked ones of yours?

Well observed, my Dear: This is like your generous and deep way of Thinking.

Well, but dear Sir, proceed, if you please. — Your Reconciliation is now effected: A Friendship Quadrupartite is commenced. And the Viscountess and myself are to find Cement for the erecting of an Edifice, that is to be devoted to *Platonick* Love. What, may I ask, came next? And what did you design should come of it?

The *Oxford* Journey, my Dear, followed next; and it was my Fault, that you made not a Party in it: For both Ladies were very desirous of your Company: But it being about the Time you were going abroad, after your Lying-in, I excused you to them. Yet they both long'd to see you; especially, as by this Time, you may believe,

they knew all your Story: And besides, whenever you were mentioned, I always did Justice, as well to your Mind, as your Person; and this, not only for the Sake of Justice, but, to say Truth, because it gave the two Sisters, and the Viscount, (whose softly Character, and his Lady's prudent and respectful Conduct to him, notwithstanding that, are both so well known) less Cause of Suspicion, that I had any dishonourable Designs upon the Dowager Lady.

Miss *Darnford* will have it, permit me, my dear Lady, to observe, that I have some Merit, with Regard to the rest of my Sex, if I am inabled to reform such a dangerous Spirit of Intrigue, as your dear Brother possessed: And the History of this Affair from his own Mouth, made me begin to pride myself on this Head: For was he not, think you, my Lady, in this Case, a sad Gentleman! —And how deeply was he able to lay his Mischiefs! And how much had this fine Lady been to be pity'd, had she fallen by his Arts, who was the only Man, almost, that from the Gracefulness of his Person, the Nobleness of his Mind, his Generosity, Courage, ample Fortunes, and Wit, could have made her unhappy! —God be praised, that it was stopt in Time, tho', as it seems, but just in Time, as well for the poor Lady's sake, as for Mr. *B.*'s, and my own!

Excuse me, Madam, for this Digression. But yet, for what I am going to repeat, I shall still want further Excuse; for I cannot resist a little rising Vanity, upon a Comparison (tho' only as to Features) drawn, by your dear Brother, between the Countess and me; which, however the Preference he gives me in it, may be undeserved, yet it cannot but be very agreeable, in this particular Case of a Rivalry, to one who takes so much Pride in his good Opinion, and who makes it her chief Study, by all honest and laudable Means, to preserve it; but who, else, I hope, is far from considering such a transitory Advantage, (had I it in as great a Degree as his kind Fancy imputes to me) but as it deserves. I will give it, as near as I can, in his own Words:

It may not be altogether amiss, my Dear, now I have mentioned the Justice I always did your Character and Merit, to give you a brief Account of a Comparison, which once the Countess's Curiosity drew from me, between your Features and hers.

She and I were alone in the Bow-window of her Library, which commands a fine View over *Windsor* Forest, but which View we could not enjoy; for it rain'd, and blew a Hurricane almost, which, tho' ready dress'd to go abroad, detain'd us within.

I began a Subject, which never fails to make the worst of Weather agreeable to a fine Lady; that of praising her Beauty, and the Symmetry of her Features, telling her, how much I thought every graceful one in her Face adorn'd the rest, as if they were all form'd to give and receive Advantage from each other. I added, approaching her, as if the more attentively to peruse her fine Face, that I believ'd it possible, from the transparent Whiteness of her Skin, and the clear Blueness of her Veins, to discover the Circulation, without a Microscope.

Keep your Distance, Mr. *B.* said she. Does your magnifying thus egregiously the Graces you impute to my outward Form, agree with your *Platonick* Scheme? Your Eye, penetrating as you imagine it, pierces not deep enough for a *Platonick*, if you cannot look farther than the White and the Blue, and discover the Circulation of the Spirit; for our Friendship is all Mind, you know.

, Madam; but if the Face is the Index of the Mind, when I contemplate yours, I see and revere the Beauties of both in one. And what *Platonick* Laws forbid us to do Justice to the one, when we admire the other?

Well, sit you down, bold Mr. *B.* sit you down, and answer me a Question or two on this Subject, since you will be always raising my Vanity upon it.

I did, saluting her Hand *only* (That was his Word, which I took notice of in the dear *Platonick*, tho' I said nothing).

Tell me now of a Truth, with all the Charms your too agreeable Flattery gives me, Which is the most lovely, your *Pamela*, or myself?

I told her, you were both inimitable, in a different Way.

Well, said she, I give up the Person and Air in general, because I have heard, that she is slenderer, and better shap'd, than most Ladies; but for a few Particulars, as to *Face*, (invidious as the Comparison may be, and concern'd as you are to justify your Choice) I'll begin with the *Hair*, Mr. *B.* Whose Hair is of most Advantage to her Completion? — Come, I fancy, I shall, at least, divide Perfections with your *Pamela*.

Your Ladyship's delicate light Brown is extremely beautiful, and infinitely better becomes your Completion and Features, than would that lovely shining Auburn, which suits best with my Girl's.

You must know, *Pamela*, I always called you my Girl, to her, as I do frequently to yourself and others.

So she excels me there, I find!

I don't say so.

Well, but as to the Forehead, Mr. B.?

Indeed, Madam, my Girl has some Advantage, I presume to think, in her Forehead: She has a noble Openness and Freedom there, that bespeaks her Mind, and every body's Favour, the Moment she appears: Not but that your Ladyship's, next to hers, is the finest I ever saw.

So! —*Next* to hers! rubbing her Forehead—Well, Brows, Mr. B.?

Your Ladyship's fine Arch-Brow is a Beauty in your fair Face, that a Pencil cannot imitate; but then your fairer Hair shews it not to that Advantage, I must needs say, that her darker Hair gives her; for, as to Complection, you are both so charmingly fair, that I cannot, for my Life, give a Preference to either.

Well, well, foolish Man, said she, peevishly, thou art strangely taken with thy Girl! —I wish thou wouldst go about thy Business! —What signifies a little bad Weather to Men? —But if her Complection is as good as mine, it must look better, because of her dark Hair. —I shall come poorly off, I find! —Let's have the Eyes, however.

For black Eyes in my Girl, and blue in your Ladyship, they are both the loveliest I ever beheld. — And, *Pamela*, I was wicked enough to say, That it would be the sweetest Travelling in the World, to have you both placed at Fifty Miles Distance from each other, and to pass the Prime of one's Life from Black to Blue, and from Blue to Black; and it would be impossible to know which to prefer, but the present.

Ah! naughty Mr. B. said I, were you not worse than the Countess a great deal?

The Countess is not bad, my Dear. I was all in Fault.

But what, Sir, did she say to you?

Say! why, the saucy Lady did what very few Ladies have ever done: She made the Powder fly out of my Wig, by a smart Cuff, with her nimble Fingers.

And how, Sir, did you take that?

How, my Dear! —Why I kiss'd her in Revenge.

Fine Doings between two *Platonicks!* thought I.

But I will own to you, Madam, that my Vanity in this Comparison, was too much soothed, not to wish to hear how it was carried on.

Well, Sir, did you proceed further in your Comparison?

I knew, my Dear, you would not let me finish at half your Picture. —O *Pamela*—Who says, you are absolutely perfect? Who says, there is no *Sex* in your *Mind*? and tapp'd my Neck.

All is owing, Sir, to the Pride I take in your Opinion. I care not how indifferent I appear in the Eyes of all the World besides.

The Cheek came next, proceeded Mr. B. I allow'd her Ladyship to have a livelier Carmine in hers; and that it was somewhat rounder, her Ladyship being a little plumper than my Girl; but that *your* Face, my Dear, being rather smaller featur'd of the two, there was an inimitably finer Turn in your Cheek, than I had ever seen in my Life.

Her Ladyship stroked her Cheek-bones, which, however, Madam, I think, are far from being high, (tho', to be sure, she is a little larger featur'd; in excellent Proportion, for all that, as she is of a taller and a larger Make than me) and said, Very well, Sir; you are determined to mortify me. But, added her Ladyship, (which shewed, Madam, she little depended upon *Platonicism* in him) if you have a *View* in this, you will be greatly mistaken, I'll assure you: For, let me tell you, Sir, the Lady who can think meanly of herself, is any Man's Purchase.

The Nose I left in doubt, said Mr. B. but allow'd, that each were exquisitely beautiful on its own proper Face.

Her Ladyship was sure of a Preference in her Mouth. I allow'd, that her Lips were somewhat plumper—and, saluting her by Surprise, (for which I had much ado to preserve my Wig from another Disorder—) a little softer, of Consequence; but not quite so red—for, said I, I never saw a Lip of so rich and balmy a Red in my Life, as my Girl's.

But *your* Smiles, Madam, are more bewitchingly free and attractive; for my Girl is a little too grave.

And, my Lady, charming as your Teeth are, I think hers not a whit inferior in Whiteness and Regularity.

Her Chin, my Lady, is a sweet Addition to her Face, by that easy soft half Round, that looks as if Nature had begun at Top, and gave that as her finishing Stroke to the rest: While, my dear Lady, yours is a little, little too strong featur'd; but such as so infinitely becomes your Face, that my Girl's Chin would not have half the Beauty upon your Face.

Her Ears, my Lady, are just such as your own: —Must they not be beautiful then? Her Neck, tho' it must not presume—let me see, Madam, approaching her—(Keep your Distance, Sir. I was forced to do so)—tho' it must not pretend to excel yours for Whiteness, yet, except yours, did I never see any Neck so beautiful. But your Ladyship, it must be confess'd, being a little plumper in Person, has the Advantage *here*.

I had a smart Rap on my Knuckles with her Fan. And she would hear no more. But was resolv'd she would see you, she said.

And, my Dear, I am the more particular in repeating this comparative Description of the two charming'st Persons in *England*, because you will see the Reason, (and that it was not to insult you, as you rightly judg'd in your Letter to my Sister, but to your Advantage) that I gave way to the Importunity of the Countess to see you; for I little thought you were so well acquainted with our Intimacy; much less, that we had been made more intimate, to you, than ever, in Truth, we were, or, perhaps, might have been: And when I asked you, Why you were not richer dress'd, and had not your Jewels, you may believe, (as I had no Reason to doubt, that the Countess would come in all her Ornaments) I was not willing my Girl should give way to the noble Emulatrix in any thing; being concern'd for your own Honour, as well as mine, in the Superiority of Beauty I had so justly given you.

Well, Sir, to be sure, this was kind, very kind; and little was I disposed (knowing what I knew) to pass so favourable a Construction on your Generosity to me.

My Question to her Ladyship, continued Mr. *B.* at going away, Whether you was not the charming'st Girl in the World, which, seeing you together at one View, rich as she was drest, and plain as you, gave me the double Pleasure (a Pleasure she said afterwards I exulted in) of deciding in your Favour; my Readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous Answer, I thought would have intitled me to a better Return than a Flood of Tears; which confirm'd me, that your past Uneasiness was a Jealousy, I was not willing to allow in you; tho' I should have been more indulgent to it, had I known the Grounds you thought you had for it: And this was the Reason of my leaving you so abruptly as I did.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* broke off, referring to another time the Conclusion of his Narrative. And, having written a great deal, I will here also close this Letter (tho' possibly I may not send it, till I send the Conclusion of this Story in my next) with the Assurance, that I am

Your Ladyship's obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXXIX.

My dear Lady, Now I will proceed with my former Subject; and with the greater Pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of the Countess's Character, than what went before, altho' that set it in a better Light, than it had once appeared to me in. I began, as follows:

Will you be pleased, Sir, to favour me with the Continuation of our last Subject? I will, my Dear. You left off, Sir, with acquitting me (as knowing what I knew) for breaking out into that Flood of Tears, which occasioned your abrupt Departure. But, dear Sir, will you be pleased to satisfy me about that affecting Information, of your Intention and my Lady's, to live at *Tunbridge* together?

'Tis absolutely Malice and Falshood. Our Intimacy had not proceeded so far; and, thoughtless as my Sister's Letters suppose the Lady, she would have spurn'd at such a Proposition, I dare say.

Well, but then, Sir, as to the Expression to her Uncle, that she had rather have been a certain Gentleman's second Wife?

I believe, she might say something like it in Passion to him: He had been teizing her (from the time that I held an Argument in favour of that foolish Topick *Polygamy*, in his Company, and his Niece's, and in that of her Sister and the Viscount) with Cautions against conversing with a Man, who, having, as he was pleased to say behind my Back, marry'd beneath him, wanted to ingage the Affections of a Lady of Birth, in order to recover, by doubling the Fault upon her, the Reputation he had lost.

She despis'd his Insinuation enough to answer him, That she thought my Arguments in Behalf of *Polygamy* were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse Reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may guess at them, by her being incapable to tell me what they were; and then, to vex him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported: And this was Handle enough for her Uncle, who took care to propagate it with an Indiscretion peculiar to himself; for I heard of it in three different Companies, before I knew any thing of it from herself; and when I did, it was so repeated, as you, my Dear, would hardly have censur'd her for it, the Provocation consider'd.

Well, but then, dear Sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this Rate, in the Correspondence between my Lady and you?

Not on her Side, I dare say, if her Ladyship can be excused to Punctilio, and for having a greater Esteem for a married Man, than he can deserve, or than may be strictly defended to a Person of your Purity and Niceness.

Well, Sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the Gentlemen generous in Points where the Honour of our Sex is concern'd.

But, pray, Sir, what then was there on *your* Side, in that Matter, that made you give me so patient and so kind a Hearing?

Now, my Dear, you come to the Point: At first it was, as I have said before, nothing in me but Vanity, Pride, and Love of Intrigue, to try my Strength, where I had met with some Encouragement, as I thought, at the Masquerade; where the Lady went further too than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single Man. For by what I have told you, *Pamela*, you will observe, that she endeavour'd to satisfy herself on that Head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. *Nelthorpe* acquainted me afterwards, when we were better known to one another, That her Lady was so partial in my Favour, (Who can always govern their Fancies, my Dear?) as to think, so early as at the Masquerade, that if every thing answer'd Appearances, and that I were a single Man, she, who has a noble and independent Fortune, might possibly be induc'd to make me happy in her Choice.

Supposing then, that I was unmarried, she left a Signal for me in her Handkerchief. I visited her; had the Honour, after the customary first Shyness, of being well receiv'd by her; and continued my Visits, till, perhaps, she would have been glad I had not been marry'd: But, when she found I was, she avoided me, as I have told you; till the Accident I mention'd, threw us again upon one another, which renew'd our Intimacy upon Terms perhaps too inconsiderate on one Side, and too designing on the other.

For myself, what can I say? Only that you (without Cause, as I thought) gave me great Disgusts by your unwonted Reception of me: Ever in Tears and Grief; the Countess ever chearful and lively: And apprehending, that your Temper was intirely changing; I believ'd I had no bad Excuse to make myself easy and chearful abroad,

since my Home became more irksome to me, than ever I believ'd it could be. Then, as we naturally love those, who love us, I had Vanity, and some Reason for my Vanity (indeed all vain Men believe they have)—to think the Countess had more than an Indifference for me. She was so exasperated by the wrong Methods taken with an independent Lady of her generous Spirit, to break off the Acquaintance with me, that in Revenge she deny'd me less than ever Opportunities of her Company. The Pleasure we took in each other's Conversation, was reciprocal. The World's Reports had united us in one common Cause; and you, as I said, had made Home less delightful to me, than it us'd to be: What might not then have been apprehended from so many Circumstances concurring with the Lady's Beauty and my Frailty?

I waited on her to *Tunbridge*. She took an House there. Where Peoples Tongues will take so much Liberty, when they have no Foundation for it at all, and where the utmost Circumspection is us'd, what will they not say, where so little of the latter is aim'd at? No wonder then, that Terms were said to be agreed upon between us: From her Uncle's Story, of *Polygamy* propos'd by me, and agreed to by her, no wonder that all your *Thomasine Fuller's* Information was surmised.

And thus stood the Matter, when I was determin'd to give your Cause for Uneasiness a fair Hearing, and to take my Measures according to what should result from that Hearing.

From this Account, dear Sir, said I, it will not be so difficult, as I was afraid it would be, to end this Affair even to her *Ladyship's* Satisfaction!

I hope not, my Dear.

But, if, now, Sir, the Countess should still be desirous not to break with you; from so charming a Lady, who knows what may happen!

Very, *Pamela*: But, to make you still easier, I will tell you, That her Ladyship has a first Cousin marry'd to a Person with a publick Character to several of the *Italian* Courts; and had it not been for my Persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest Invitations, and pass'd a Year or two in *Italy*, where she once resided for three Years together, which makes her so perfect a Mistress of *Italian*.

Now I will let her know, additional to what I have written to her, the Uneasiness I have given you, and, so far as it is proper, what is come to your Ears, and your generous Account of her, and the Charms of her Person, of which she will not be a little proud; for she has really noble and generous Sentiments, and thinks well (tho' her Sister, in Pleasantry, will have it, a little enviously) of you: And when I shall endeavour to persuade her to go, for the sake of her own Character, to a Place and Country of which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it; for she has a greater Opinion of my Judgment, than it deserves: And I know a young Lord, that may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his Lady, if he can obtain her Consent: And what say you, *Pamela*, to this?

O, Sir! I believe I shall begin to love the Lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about.

But I see, give me Leave to say, Sir, how dangerously you might have gone on, both you and my Lady, under the Notion of this *Platonick* Love, till two precious Souls might have been lost: And this shews one, as well in Spirituall as Temporall, from what slight Beginnings the greatest Mischiefs sometimes spring; and how easy at first a Breach may be stopp'd, that, when neglected, the Waves of Passion will improve, and bear down all before them.

Your Observation, my Dear, is just, reply'd he; and tho' I am confident the Lady was more in Earnest than myself in the Notion of *Platonick* Love, yet am I convinc'd, and always was, That *Platonick* Love is *Platonick* Nonsense: 'Tis the Fly buzzing about the Blaze, till its Wings are scorch'd: Or, to speak still stronger, It is a Bait of the Devil to catch the Unexperienc'd and Thoughtless: Nor ought such Notions to be pretended to, till the Parties are Five or Ten Years on the other Side of their Grand Climacterick: For Age, Old-age, and nothing else, must establish the Barriers to *Platonick* Love. But, continued he, this was my comparative Consolation, tho' a very bad one, that had I swerv'd, I should not have been the only Instance, where Persons more scrupulous than I pretend to be, have begun Friendships even with spiritual Views, and ended them as grossly as I could do, were the Lady to have been as frail as her Tempter.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* finished his Narrative. He is now set out for *Tunbridge* with all my Papers. I have no Doubt in his Honour, and kind Assurances, and hope my next will be a joyful Letter; and that I shall inform you in it, that the Affair which went so near my Heart, is absolutely concluded to my Satisfaction, to Mr. *B.*'s, and to

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

the *Countess's*; for if it be so to all three, my Happiness will be founded on a permanent Basis, I hope. Mean time I am, my dear good Lady,

Your most affectionate and obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XL.

A new Misfortune, my dear Lady! —But this is of God Almighty's sending; so must bear it patiently. My dear Baby is taken with the Smallpox! To how many Troubles are the happiest of us subjected, in this Life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful Mismanagements! —I am able to mind nothing else!

I had so much Joy (as I told your Ladyship in the Beginning of my last Letter but one) to see, on our Arrival at the Farm-house, my dearest Mr. *B.* my beloved Baby, and my good Father and Mother, all upon one happy Spot together, that I fear I was too proud. —Yet I was truly thankful—I am sure I was! —But I had, notwithstanding, too much Pride and too much Pleasure, on this happy Occasion.

I told your Ladyship, in my last, that your dear Brother set out on *Tuesday* Morning for *Tunbridge* with my Papers: And I was longing to know the Result, hoping that every thing would be concluded to the Satisfaction of all Three: For, thought I, if this be so, my Happiness must be permanent. But, alas! alas! There is nothing permanent in this Life. I feel it by Experience now! —I knew it before by Theory! But that was not so near and so interesting by half!

For in the Midst of all my Pleasures and Hopes; in the Midst of my dear Parents Joy and Congratulations on our Arrival, and on what had passed so happily since we were last here together, (in the Birth of the dear Child, and my Safety, for which they had been so apprehensive) the dear Baby was taken ill. It was on that very *Tuesday* Afternoon, his Papa set out for *Tunbridge*: But we knew not it would be the Small-pox till *Thursday*! Oh! Madam! how are all the Pleasures I had form'd to myself, sicken'd now upon me! for my *Billy* is very bad.

They talk of a kind Sort; but, alas! they talk at random: for they come not out at all! How then can they say they are kind? —I fear the Nurse's Constitution is too hale and too rich for the dear Baby! —Had *I* been permitted—But, hush! all my repining *ifs*! —Except one *If*; and that,—*If* it be got happily over, it will be best he had it so young, and while at the Breast!

Oh! Madam, Madam! The small Appearance that there was, is gone in again: And my Child, my dear Baby, will die! —The Doctors seem to think so.

They want to send for Mr. *B.* to keep me from him! —But I forbid it! —For what signifies Life or any thing, if I cannot see my Baby, while he is so dangerously ill?

My Father and Mother are, for the first time, quite cruel to me; they have forbid me, and I never was so desirous of disobeying them before, to attend the Darling of my Heart: And why? —For, fear of this poor Face! —For fear I should get it myself! —But I am living low, very low, and have taken proper Precautions by Bleeding, and the like, to lessen the Distemper's Fury, if I should have it: And the rest I leave to Providence. And if Mr. *B.*'s Value is confin'd so much to this poor transitory Sightliness, he must not break with his Countess, I think; and if I am ever so deform'd in Person, my poor Intellects, I hope, will not be impair'd, and I shall, if God spare my *Billy*, be useful in his first Education, and be helpful to dear Miss *Goodwin*— or to any Babies—with all my Heart—he may make me an humble Nurse to! —How peevish, sinfully so, I doubt, does this Accident, and their affectionate Contradiction, make one!

I have this Moment received the following from Mr. *B.*

Maidstone.

My dearest Love, I am greatly touched with the dear Boy's Malady, which I have this Moment heard of. I desire you instantly to come to me hither, in the Chariot, with the Bearer, Mr. *Colbrand*. I know what your Grief must be: But as you can do the Child no Good, I beg you'll oblige me. Every thing is in a happy Train; but I can think of nobody but you, and (for *your* sake principally, but not a little for *my own*) my Boy. I will set out to meet you; for I chuse not to come myself, lest you should endeavour to persuade me to permit your tarrying about him; and I should be sorry to deny you any thing. I have taken here handsome Apartments for you, till the Event, which I pray God may be happy, shall better determine me what to do. I will be ever

"Your most affectionate and faithful."

Maidstone indeed is not so very far off, but one may hear every Day once or twice, by a Man and Horse; so I will go, to shew my Obedience, since Mr. *B.* is so intent upon it. —But I cannot live, if I am not permitted to come back. —Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to close this Letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at *Maidstone*, that Mr. *B.* has been so good as to return with me hither; and I find my Baby's Case not yet quite desperate! —I am easier now I see him, in Presence of his beloved Papa—who lets me have all my Way, and approves of my preparative Method for myself; and he tells me, that, since I will have it so, he will indulge me in my Attendance on the Child, and endeavour to imitate my Reliance on God—that is his kind Expression, and leave the Issue to Him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the Distemper, but the Loss of his Love, he said, in Presence of the Doctors, and my Father and Mother, pressing my Hand to his Lips, My dearest Life, make yourself easy under this Affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself: I love you more for your Mind than your Face. That and your Person will be the same; and were that sweet Face to be cover'd with Seams and Scars, I will value you the more for the Misfortune: And glad I am, that I had your Picture so well drawn in Town, to satisfy those who have heard of your Loveliness, what you were, and hitherto are. For myself, my Admiration lies deeper; and, drawing me to the other End of the Room, whisperingly he said, The last Uneasiness between us was, now I begin to think, necessary, because it has turned all my Delight in you, more than ever, to the Perfections of your Mind; and so God preserves to me the Life of my *Pamela*, I care not, for my own Part, what Ravages the Distemper makes here; and tapp'd my Cheek.

How generous, how noble, how comforting was this! —I will make this Use of it; I will now be resigned more and more to this Dispensation, and prepare myself for the worst; for it is the Dispensation of that God, who gave me my Baby, and all I have!

When I retir'd, the Reflections which I made, on supposing the worst, gave Birth to the following serious Lines, (for I cannot live without Pen and Ink in my Hand) written, as by a third Person, suppose a good Minister. Your Ladyship will be pleas'd to give them your favourable Allowances. *Tell me, fond, weeping Parent, why Thou fearst so much thy Child should die? 'Tis, tho' human Frailty may, Yet Reason can't, have much to say. What is it thou thyself hast found In this dull, heavy, tiresome Round Of Life—to make thee wish thy Son Should thro' the like dark Mazes run? Suppose the worst!—'Twill end thy Fears, And free thee from a world of Cares. For, Oh! what anxious Thoughts arise From hopeful'st Youths, to damp our Joys? Who, from the Morning's brightest Ray, Can promise, what will be the Day?*

When I went from my Apartment, to go to my Child, my dear Mr. *B.* met me at the Nursery Door, and led me back again. You must not go in again, my Dearest. They have just been giving the Child other Things to try to drive out the Malady; and some Pustules seem to promise on his Breast. I made no Doubt, my Baby was then in Extremity; and I would have given the World to have shed a few Tears; but I could not.

With the most soothing Goodness he led me to my Desk, and withdrew to attend the dear Baby himself;—to see his last Gasps, poor little Lamb, I make no doubt!

This Suspense, and my own strange Hardness of Heart, that would not give up one Tear, (for the Passage from *that* to my Eyes seem'd quite choak'd up, which used to be so open and ready on other Occasions, affecting ones too) produced these Lines: *Why does my full-swoln Heart deny*

*The Tear, relief-ful, to my Eye?
If all my Joys are pass'd away,
And thou, dear Boy, to Parent Clay
Art hasting, the last Debt to pay;
Resign me to thy Will, my God:
Let me, with Patience, bear this Rod.
However heavy be the Stroke,
If thou wilt not his Doom revoke,
Let me all sinful Anguish shun,
And say, resign'd, Thy Will be done!*

Two Days have pass'd, dreadful Days of Suspense! and now, blessed be God! who has given me Hope, that our Prayers are heard, the Pustules come kindly out, very thick in his Breast, and on his Face; but of a good Sort, they tell me. —They won't let me see him, indeed they won't! —What cruel Kindness is this! One must believe all they tell one!

But, my dear Lady, my Spirits are so weak, and I have such a violent Head-ach, and have such a strange shivering Disorder all running down my Back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this

present—Aguishly inclin'd—I don't know how!—that I must leave off, the Post going away, with the Assurance, that I am, and will be to the last Hour of my Life,

Your Ladyship's grateful and obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XLI.

From Mr. B. to Lady Davers.

My dear Sister, I Take very kindly your Solicitude for the Health of my beloved *Pamela*. The last Line she wrote, was to you; for she took to her Bed the Moment she laid down her Pen.

I told her your kind Message, and Wishes for her Safety, by my Lord's Gentleman; and she begg'd I would write a Line to thank you in her Name for your affectionate Regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for, with her accustomed Prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper Regimen, the Moment she knew the Child's Illness was the Small-pox.

The worst is over with the Boy, which keeps up her Spirits; and her Mother is so excellent a Nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the Care of a skilful Physician, Dr. *M.* (who directs and approves of every thing the good Dame does) that it is a singular Providence, this Malady seiz'd them here; and affords no small Comfort to the dear Creature herself.

When I tell you, that, to all Appearance, her charming Face will not receive any Disfigurement by this cruel Enemy to Beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a Felicity so desirable: But were it to be otherwise, if I were capable of slighting a Person, whose principal Beauties are much deeper than the Skin, I should deserve to be thought the most unworthy and superficial of Husbands.

Whatever your Notions have been, my ever-ready censuring Lady *Davers*, of your Brother, on a certain Affair, I do assure you, That I never did, and never can, love any Lady as I love my *Pamela*.

It is indeed impossible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward Beauties are far from being indifferent to me; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have Justice enough to love her *equally*, and Generosity enough to be *more tender* of her, were she to suffer by this Distemper. But, as her Humility, and her Affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater Obligation to me, for such my Tenderness to her, were she to lose any the *least* valuable of her Perfections, I rejoice, that she will have no Reason for Mortification on that Score.

My Respects to Lord *Davers*, and all your noble Neighbours. I am
Your affectionate Brother, And humble Servant.

LETTER XLII.

From Lady Davers, in Answer to the preceding.

My dear Brother, I do most heartily congratulate you on the Recovery of Master *Billy*, and the good Way my Sister is in. I am the more rejoic'd, as her sweet Face is not likely to suffer by the Malady; for, be the Beauties of the Mind what they will, those of Person are no small Recommendation, with some Folks, I am sure; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving Mind constant, that *one only* would not be sufficient.

This News gives me the more Pleasure, because I am well inform'd, that a certain gay Lady was pleased to give herself Airs upon hearing of my Sister's Illness; as, That she could not be sorry for it; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest Woman in *England*. She meant only, I suppose, as to *outward* Prettiness, Brother!

You give me the Name of a *ready Censurer*. I own, I think myself to be not a little interested in all that regards my Brother, and his Honour. But when some People are not readier to *censure*, than others to *trespass*, I know not whether they can with Justice be styled *ensorious*.

But however that be, the Rod seems to have been held up, as a Warning—and that the Blow, in the irreparable Deprivation, is not given, is a Mercy, that I hope will be deserved; tho' you never can those very signal ones you receive at the Divine Hands, beyond any Gentleman I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed censorious again) your very Vices have been turned to your Felicity, as if God would try the Nobleness of the Heart he has given you, by overcoming you (in Answer to my Sister's constant Prayers, as well as mine) by Mercies rather than by Judgments.

I might give Instances of the Truth of this Observation, in almost all the Actions and Attempts of your past Life: And take care, (if you *are* displeas'd, I *will* speak it) take care, thou bold Wretch, that if this Method be ingratfully slighted, the uplifted Arm fall not down—with double Weight on thy devoted Head!

I must always love and honour my Brother; but cannot help speaking my Mind: Which, after all, is the natural Result of that very Love and Honour, and which obliges me to style myself,

Your truly affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

LETTER XLIII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady, My first Letter, and my first Devoirs, after those of Thankfulness to that gracious God, who has so happily conducted me thro' two such beavy Trials, as my Child's and my own Illness, must be directed to your Ladyship, with all due Acknowledgement of your generous and affectionate Concern for me.

We are now preparing for our Journey to *Bedfordshire*; and there, to my great Satisfaction, I am to be favour'd with the Care of Miss *Goodwin*.

After we have tarry'd about a Month there, Mr. *B.* will make a Tour with me thro' several Counties, (taking the Hall in the Way, for about a Fortnight) and shew me what is remarkable everywhere as we pass; for this, he is pleas'd to think, will better contribute to my Health, than any other Method; for the Distemper has left upon me a kind of Weariness and Listlessness: And he proposes to be out with me till the *Bath* Season begins; and by the Aid of those healing and balsamick Waters, he hopes, I shall be quite establish'd. Afterwards he purposes to return to *Bedfordshire* for a little while; then to *London*; then to *Kent*; and, if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to *Paris*.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable Schemes and Proposals. But I have made one Amendment to them; and that is, that I must not be deny'd to pay my Respects to your Ladyship, at your Seat, and to my good Lady Countess; and this will be far from being the least of my Pleasures.

I have had Congratulations without Number, on my Recovery; but one, among the rest, I did not expect; from the Countess Dowager: Could you think it, Madam? Who sent me, by her Gentleman, the following Letter, from *Tunbridge*.

"*Dear Mrs. B.* I Hope, among the Congratulations of your numerous Admirers, on your happy Recovery, my very sincere ones, will not be unacceptable. I have no other Motive for making you my Compliments on this Occasion, on so slender an Acquaintance, than the Pleasure it gives me, that the Publick, as well as your private Friends, have not been deprived of a Lady whose Example, in every Duty of Life, is of so much Concern to both. May you, Madam, long rejoice in an uninterrupted State of Happiness, answerable to your Merits, and to your own Wishes, are those of

"Your most obedient humble Servant."

To this kind Letter I return'd the following:

"*My good Lady,* I am under the highest Obligation to your generous Favour, in your kind Compliments of Congratulation on my Recovery. There is something so noble and so condescending in the Honour you have done me, on so slender an Acquaintance, that it bespeaks the exalted Mind and Character of a Lady, who, in the Principles of Generosity, and in Nobleness of Nature, has no Example. May God Almighty bless you, my dear Lady, with all the Good you wish me, and with Increase of Honour and Glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and will always pray,

"Your Ladyship's Most obliged and obedient Servant, P. B."

This leads me to mention to your Ladyship, what my Illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. *B.* met with such a Reception and Audience from the Countess, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient Hearing of what he thought fit to read her from your Ladyship's Letters and mine, that he said, Don't be jealous, my dear *Pamela*; but I must admire her, as long as I live.

He gave me the Particulars, so much to her Ladyship's Honour, that I told him, he should not only be welcome to admire her Ladyship, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good Friends, and with great Professions of Esteem for each other—And as Mr. *B.* had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable Accounts and Managements of her Ladyship's Bailiff, one of her Servants brought a Letter for him on *Monday* last, wholly written on that Subject. But her Ladyship was so kindly considerate, as to send it unsealed, in a Cover directed to me. When I open'd it, I was frighted, to see it begin, to Mr. *B.* and I hastened to find him, in the Walk up to the new-raised Mount. —Dear Sir—Here's some Mistake—You see the Direction is to Mrs. *B.* —'Tis very plain—But upon my Word, I have not read it.

Don't be uneasy, my Love! —I know what the Subject must be; but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there

ever be, but what you or any body may see.

He read it, and giving it to me to peruse, said, Answer yourself the Postscript, my Dear—That was—"If, Sir, the Trouble I give you, is likely to subject you or your Lady to Uneasiness or Apprehensions, I beg you will not interfere in it. I will then set about the Matter myself; for my Uncle I will not trouble: Yet, Women enter into these Particulars with as little Advantage to themselves, as Inclination."

I told him, I was intirely easy and unapprehensive; and, after all his Goodness to me, should be so, if he saw the Countess every Day. That's kindly said, my Dear, return'd he; but I will not trust myself to see her every Day, or at all, for the present: I'll assure you, I will not. —But I shall be obliged to correspond with her for a Month or so, on this Occasion: Unless you prohibit it; and it shall be in your Power to do so.

I said, With my whole Heart, he might; and I should be quite easy in both their Honours.

Yet will I not, *Pamela*, said he, unless you see our Letters; for I know she will always, now she has begun, send in a Cover to you, what she will write to me, unseal'd; and whether I am at home or abroad, I shall take it unkindly, if you do not read them.

He went in with me, and wrote an Answer, which he sent by the Messenger; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his Seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the Lady than I did before; and am so well satisfy'd in his own Honour and generous Affection for me; for you saw, Madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, tho' he was angry, at times, at my Change of Temper, as he apprehended it, not knowing, that I was apprised of what passed between him and the Countess.

I really am better pleas'd with this Correspondence than I should have been, had it not been carry'd on; because the Servants, on both Sides, will see, by my Deportment on the Occasion, (and I will officiously, with a smiling Countenance, throw myself in their Observation) that it is quite innocent; and this may help to silence the Mouths of those who have so freely censur'd their Conduct.

Indeed, Madam, I think I have received no small Good myself by that Affair, which once lay so heavy upon me: For I don't believe I shall ever be jealous again; indeed, I don't think I shall. And won't that be an ugly Foible overcome? I see what may be done, in Cases not favourable to our Wishes, by the Aid of proper Reflection; and that the Bee is not the only Creature that may make Honey out of the bitter Flowers, as well as the sweet.

My best and most grateful Respects and Thanks to my good Lord *Davers*; to the Earl, and his excellent Countess; and, most particularly, to Lady *Betty*, with whose kind Compliments your Ladyship acquaints me; and to Mr. *H.* for all your united Congratulations on my Recovery. What Obligations do I lie under to such noble and generous Well-wishers! — I can make no Return, but by my Prayers, that God, by *his* Goodness, will supply all my Defects. And these will always attend you, from, my dearest Lady,

Your ever obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

Mr. *H.* is just arriv'd. He says, He comes a special Messenger, to make a Report how my Face has come off. He makes me many Compliments upon it. How kind your Ladyship is, to enter so favourably into the minutest Concerns, which you think may any way affect my future Happiness in your dear Brother's Wishes! —I want to pour out all my Joy and my Thankfulness to God, before your Ladyship, and my good Lady Countess of *C*———! For I am a happy, yea, a blessed Creature! — Mr. *B.*'s Boy, your Ladyship's Boy, and my Boy, is charmingly well; quite strong, and very forward, for his Months; and his Papa is delighted with him more and more.

LETTER XLIV.

My dear Miss Darnford, I hope you are happy and well. You kindly say you can't be so, till you hear of my perfect Recovery. And this, blessed be God! you have heard already from Mr. *B.*

As to your Intimation of the fair Nun, 'tis all happily over. Blessed be God, for that too: And I have a better and more indearing Husband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My *Billy* too improves every Day: And my dear Father and Mother seem to have their Youth renew'd like the Eagle's. How many Blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn Travellers, to the Northern Counties, I think, quite to the Borders; and afterwards to the Western, to *Bath*, to *Bristol*, and I know not whither myself. But among the rest, to *Lincolnshire*, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be in my dear Miss *Darnford*!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. *Jewkes* is better or worse for the Advice of the Doctor, whom I order'd to attend her from *Stamford*; and in what Frame her Mind is.

Do, my dear Miss, vouchsafe her a Visit, in my Name; tell her, if she be low-spirited, what God has done for me, as to my Recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her spare neither Expence nor Attendance, nor any thing her Heart can wish for, nor the Company of any Relations or Friends she may desire to be with her.

If she is in her *last Stage*, poor Soul! how noble will it be in you to give her Comfort and Consolation in her dying Hours!

Altho' we can merit nothing at the Hand of God, yet I have a Notion, that we cannot deserve more of one another, and, in some Sense, for that Reason, of him, than in our Charities on so trying an Exigence! When the poor Soul stands shivering, as it were, on the Edge of Life, and has nothing strong, but its Fears and Doubts!—Then a little Balm pour'd into the Wounds of the Mind, a little comforting Advice to rely on God's Mercies, from a good Person; how consolatory must it be! And how, like Morning Mists before the Sun, must all Diffidences and gloomy Doubts be chased away by it!

But, my dear Miss, the great Occasion of my writing to you just now, is, by Lady *Davers's* Desire, on a quite different Subject. She knows how we love one another. And she has sent me the following Lines by her Kinsman, who came to *Kent*, purposely to inquire how my Face far'd in the Smallpox; and accompany'd us from *Kent* hither, (*i. e.* to *Bedfordshire*) and sets out To-morrow for Lord *Davers's*.

My dear Pamela, *Jackey* will tell you the Reason of his Journey, my Curiosity, on your own Account: And I send this Letter by him; but he knows not the Contents. My good Lord *Davers* wants to have his Nephew marry'd, and settled in the World: And his noble Father leaves the whole Matter to my Lord, as to the Person, Settlements, &c.

"Now I, as well as my Lord, think so highly of the Prudence, the Person, and Family of your Miss *Darnford*, that we shall be obliged to you, to sound that young Lady on this score.

"I know Mr. *H.* would wish for no greater Happiness. But if Miss is engag'd, or cannot love my Nephew, I don't care, nor would my Lord, that such a Proposal should be receiv'd with undue Slight. His Birth, the Title and Estate he is Heir to, are Advantages that require a Lady's Consideration. He has not indeed so much Wit as Miss; but he has enough for a Lord, whose Friends are born before him, as the Phrase is; is very good-humour'd, no Fool, no Sot, no Debauchee: And, let me tell you, these are Circumstances not to be met with every Day in a young Man of Quality.

"As to Settlements, Fortune, &c. I fancy there would be no great Difficulties. The Business is, If Miss could love him well enough for a Husband? That we leave to you to sound the young Lady; and if she thinks she can, we will directly begin a Treaty with Sir *Simon* on that Subject. I am, my dearest *Pamela*,

Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.

Now, my dear Miss, as my Lady has so well stated the Case, I beg you to inable me to return an Answer. I will not say one Word *pro* or *con.* till I know your Mind—Only, that I think he is good-humour'd, and might be easily persuaded to any thing a Lady should think reasonable.

And now, I must tell you another Piece of News in the matrimonial way. Mr. *Williams* has been here to congratulate us, on our multiply'd Blessings; and he has acquainted Mr. *B.* that an Overture has been made him by

his new Patron, (for I suppose you know, that all is adjusted according to the Scheme I formerly acquainted you with, between Mr. *Adams* and him, and both are settled in their respective Livings; only, that I ought to have told you, that Mr. *Williams*, on mature Consideration, declin'd the stipulated 80*l. per Annum* from Mr. *Adams*, as he thought it would have a Simoniacal Appearance) of a Kinswoman of his Lordship's, a Lady of Virtue and Merit, and a Fortune of 3000*l.* to make him Amends, as the Earl tells him, for quitting a better Living to oblige him; and that he is in great Hope of obtaining the Lady's Consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. *B.* is very much pleased with so good a Prospect in Mr. *Williams's* Favour, and has been in the Lady's Company formerly at a Ball, at *Gloucester*; and he says, she is a prudent and deserving Lady; and offers to make a Journey on Purpose to forward it, if he can be of Service.

But now my Hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial Proposition, which gives me more Puzzle and Dislike a great deal. And that is, Mr. *Adams* has, with great Reluctance, and after abundance of bashful Apologies, requested of me, to know, If I have any Objection to his making his Addresses to *Polly Barlow*? Which, however, he told me, he had not mention'd to her, nor to any body living, because he would first know whether I should take it amiss, as her Service was so immediately about my Person.

This unexpected Motion perplex'd me a good deal. The Gentleman is a worthy and a pious Man. He has now a very good Living; but is but just enter'd upon it; and I think, according to his accustom'd Prudence in other respects, had better have turn'd himself about first.

But that is not the Point with me neither. I have a great Regard to the Function. I think it is as necessary, in order to preserve the Respect due to the Clergy, that their Wives should be nearly, if not quite, as unblemish'd, and as circumspect, as themselves; and this, for the Gentleman's own sake, as well as in the Eye of the World; for how shall he pursue his Studies with Comfort to himself, if he be made uneasy at home? or how shall he expect his Female Parishioners will regard his *publick* Preaching, when he cannot influence the *private* Practice of his Wife?

I can't say, excepting in the Instance of Mr. *H.* but *Polly* is a good sort of Body enough; so far as I know: But that is such a Blot in the poor Girl's Escutcheon, a Thing not *accidental*, not *surpris'd* into, not owing to *Inattention*, but to cool *Premeditation*, after she had slept over and over upon it; that, I think, I could wish Mr. *Adams* a Wife more unexceptionable.

'Tis, Mr. *Adams* knows not this;—but *that* is one of my Difficulties. If I tell him, I shall hurt the poor Maiden irreparably, and deprive her of a Gentleman for a Husband, to whom she may possibly make a good Wife—For she is not very meanly descended—much better than myself, as the World would account it, were they to judge from my my Father's low Estate, when I was exalted. —I never, dear Miss, shall be ashamed of these Retrospections!

She is genteel, has a very innocent Look, a good Face, is neat in her Person, and not addicted to any Excess, that I know of. But, *still*, my dear Miss, that one *premeditated* Fault, is so sad a one, that tho' she might make a good Wife, for any middling Man of Business,—yet she wants, methinks, that Purity, that Conduct, which I would always have in the Wife of a good Clergyman.

Then, besides, she has not apply'd her Thoughts to that sort of Oeconomy, which is proper for the Wife of a Country Clergyman to know something of: And she has a Turn to Dress and Appearance, that I can see, if indulg'd, she would not be one that would help to remove the Scandal which some severe Remarkers are apt to throw upon the Wives of *Parsons*, as they call them.

The Maiden, I believe, likes Mr. *Adams* not a little. She is very courteous to every body, but most to him of any body, and never has miss'd being present at our *Sunday* Duties; and five or six times, Mrs. *Jervis* tells me, she has found her desirous to have Mr. *Adams* expound this Text, and that Difficulty; and the good Man is taken with her Piety: Which, and her Reformation, I hope, is sincere: But, Oh! Miss! she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several Instances, as foolish as she was in the Affair I hint at.

So, sometimes, I say to myself, The Girl may love Mr. *Adams*: Ay, but then I answer, So she did Mr. *H.* and on his own very bad Terms too. — In short—but I won't be too censorious neither.

So I'll say no more, than that I was perplexed; and yet should be very glad to have *Polly* well marry'd; for, since *that* Time, I have always had some Diffidences about her—Because, you know, Miss—her Fault was so enormous, and so premeditated! I wanted you to advise with—But this was the Method I took.

I appointed Mr. *Adams* to drink a Dish of Tea with me in the Afternoon. *Polly* attended, as she generally does;

for I can't say I love Men Attendants in these womanly Offices—A Tea-kettle in a Man's Hand, that would, if there was no better Employment for him, be fitter to hold a Plough, or handle a Flail, or a Scythe, has such a Look with it! —This is like my low Breeding, some would say, perhaps—But I cannot call Things polite, that I think unseemly; and, moreover, let me tell you, Lady *Davers* keeps me in Countenance in this my Notion; and who doubts her Politeness?

Well, but *Polly* attended, as I said; and there were strange Simperings, and Bowing, and Court'sying, between them; the honest Gentleman seeming not to know how to let his Mistress wait upon him; while she behav'd with as much Respect and Officiousness, as if she could not do too much for him.

Very well, thought I; I have such an Opinion of your Veracity, Mr. *Adams*, that I dare say you have not, because you told me you have not, mention'd the Matter to *Polly*: But, between her Officiousness, and your mutual Simperings, and Complaisance, I see you have found out a Language between you, that is full as significant as plain *English* Words. *Polly*, thought I, sees no Difficulty in *this* Text; nor need you, Mr. *Adams*, have much Trouble to make her understand, when you come to expound on *this* Subject.

I was forced, in short, to put on a statelier and more reserv'd Appearance than usual, to make them avoid Acts of Complaisance for one another, that might not be proper to be shewn before me, from one who sat as my Companion, to my Servant.

When she withdrew, the modest Gentleman hem'd, and look'd on one Side, and turn'd to the right and left, as if his Seat was uneasy to him, and I saw knew not how to speak; so I began in mere Compassion to him, and said, Mr. *Adams*, I have been thinking of what you mention'd to me, as to *Polly Barlow*.

Hem! Hem! said he; and pull'd out his Handkerchief, and wip'd his Mouth—Very well, Madam; —I hope, no Offence, Madam!

No, Sir, none at all. But I am at a Loss how to distinguish in this Case; whether it may not be from a Motive of too humble Gratitude, that you don't think yourself above matching with *Polly*, as you may suppose her a Favourite of mine; or whether it be your Value for her Person and Qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your Eyes, than any other Person would be.

Madam—Madam, said the bashful Gentleman hesitatingly—I do—I must needs say—I can't but own—that—Mrs. *Mary*—is a Person—whom I think very agreeable; and no less modest and virtuous.

You know, Sir, your own Circumstances. To be sure you have a very pretty House, and a good Living to carry a Wife to. And a Gentleman of your Prudence and Discretion wants not any Advice: But you have reap'd no Benefits by your Living. It has been an Expence to you, rather, that you will not presently get up: Do you propose an early Marriage, Sir? Or were it not better, that you suspended your Intentions of that sort for a Year or two more?

Madam, if your Ladyship chuse not to part with—

Nay, Mr. *Adams*, interrupted I, I say not any thing for my own sake in this Point; that is out of the Question with me. I can very willingly part with *Polly*, were it To-morrow, for her Good and yours.

Madam, said he, I humbly beg Pardon; but— but—Delays—may breed Dangers.

Oh! very well! thought I; I'll be further, if the artful Girl has not let him know, by some Means or other, that she has some other humble Servant.

And so, Miss, it has proved—For, dismissing my Gentleman, with assuring him, that I had no Objection at all to the Matter, or to parting with *Polly*, as soon as it suited with their Conveniency—I sounded her, and asked, If she thought Mr. *Adams* had any Affection for her?

She said, He was a very good Gentleman.

I know it, *Polly*; and are you not of Opinion, he loves you a little?

Dear Ma'm, good your Ladyship—love me! — I don't know what such a Gentleman, as Mr. *Adams*, should see in me, to love me!

Oh! thought I, does the Objection lie on *that* Side then? —I see 'tis not of *thine*.

Well, but, *Polly*, if you have *another* Sweetheart, you should do the fair Thing, that you should; it would be wrong, if you encourag'd any body else, if you thought of Mr. *Adams*.

Indeed, Ma'm, I had a Letter sent me—A Letter that I receiv'd—from—from a young Man in *Bedford*; but I never gave an Answer to it.

Oh! thought I, then thou wouldst not encourage *two at once*; this was as plain a Declaration as I wanted, that

she had Thoughts of Mr. *Adams*.

But how came Mr. *Adams*, *Polly*, to know of this Letter?

How came Mr. *Adams* to know of it, Ma'm!— repeated she—half surpris'd—Why, I don't know, I cann't tell how it was—but I dropp'd it near his Desk—pulling out my Handkerchief, I believe, Ma'm; and he brought it after me; and gave it me again.

Well, thought I, thou'rt an intriguing Slut, I doubt, *Polly*—*Delays may breed Dangers*, quoth the poor Gentleman! —Ah! Girl, Girl! thought I, but did not say so, thou deservest to be blown up, and to have thy Plot spoiled, that thou dost—But if thy Forwardness should expose thee afterwards to Evils, which thou mayst avoid, if thy Schemes take Place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee—So let the Matter take its Course; I will trouble myself no more about it. 'Tis an invidious Task; and I wish thou wilt but make Mr. *Adams* the Wife he deserves.

And so I dismiss'd her, telling her, That whoever thought of being a Clergyman's Wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an Example to all her Sex in the Parish, and shew how much his Doctrines had Weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her Temper and Manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in Dress with the Ladies of the Laity; should resolve to sweeten his Labours, and to be obliging in her Deportment to Poor as well as Rich, that her Husband got no Discredit thro' her Means, which would weaken his Influence upon his Auditors; and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his Temper, that his Mind might be more disingag'd, in order to pursue his Studies with the better Effect.

And so much, my dear Miss *Darnford*, for your humble Servant; and for Mr. *Williams's* and Mr. *Adams's* matrimonial Prospects—And don't think me disrespectful, that I have mention'd my *Polly's* Affair in the same Letter with yours. For in High and Low, (I forget the *Latin* Phrase—I have not had a Lesson a long, long while, from my dear Tutor) Love is in all the same! —But whether you'll like Mr. *H.* as well as *Polly* does Mr. *Adams*, that's the Question. But, leaving that to your own Decision, I conclude with one Observation: That altho' I thought ours was a House of as little Intriguing as any body's, since the dear Master of it has left off that Practice; yet I cannot see, that any Family can be clear of some of it long together, where there are Men and Women worth plotting for, as Husbands and Wives.

My best Wishes and Respects attend you all, my most worthy Neighbours. I hope, ere many Months are past, to assure you all, severally, (to wit, Sir *Simon*, my Lady, and your dear Self, Mrs. *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and his Lady, and Niece, whose kind Congratulations make me very proud, and very thankful) how much I am obliged to you; and particularly, my dear Miss, how much I am

Your ever affectionate and faithful Friend and Servant, P. B.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss Darnford, in Answer to the preceding.

My dear Mrs. B. I have been several times (in Company with Mr. *Peters*) to see Mrs. *Jewkes*. The poor Woman is very bad, and cannot live many Days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself of her past Behaviour to so excellent a Lady; and, with Blessings upon Blessings, heaped upon you, and her Master, and your charming little Boy, she is continually declaring how much your Goodness to her exasperates her former Faults to her own Conscience.

She has her Sister-in-law and her Niece with her, and has settled all her Affairs, and thinks she is not long for this World.

Her Distemper is an inward Decay, all at once, as it were, from a Constitution that seem'd like one of Iron; and she is a mere Skeleton: You would not know her, I'm sure.

I will see her every Day; and she has given me up all her Keys, and Accompts, to give Mr. *Longman*; who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her Sister-in-law, she says herself, is a Woman of *this World*, as *she* has been.

Mr. *Peters* calling on me to go with him to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is much as she was; but your faithful Steward is come. I am glad of it—and so is she. —Nevertheless I will go every Day, and do all the Good I can for the poor Woman, according to your charitable Desires, and excellent Intentions.

I thank you, Madam, for your Communication of Lady *Davers's* Letter. I am much obliged to my Lord, and her Ladyship; and should have been proud of an Alliance with that noble Family: But with all Mr. *H.'s* good Qualities, as my Lady paints them out, I could not, for the World, make him my Husband.

I'll tell you one of my Objections, in Confidence tho' (for you are only to *sound* me, you know); and I would not have it mention'd, that I have taken any Thought about the Matter, because a stronger Reason may be given, such an one as my Lord and Lady will both allow; which I will communicate to you by—and-by.

My Objection arises even from what you intimate of Mr. *H.'s* Good-humour, and his Persuadableness, if I may so say. Now, Madam, were I of a boisterous Temper, and high Spirit, such an one as required great Patience in a Husband, to bear with me, then Mr. *H.'s* Character of Good-humour might have been a Consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the Thought) a Temper not wholly unlike your own, and such an one as would not want to contend for Superiority with a Husband, it is no Recommendation to me, that Mr. *H.* is a good-humour'd Gentleman, and will bear with Faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. *B.* my Husband must be a Man of Sense, and must give me Reason to think, he has a superior Judgment to my own, or I shall be unhappy. He will otherwise do wrong-headed Things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: He will be obstinate and tenacious, and will be taught to talk of Prerogative, and to call himself a Man, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him of course; and so be deem'd a bad Wife, when I hope I have Qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a Man of Sense, for my Husband. You know who says, *For Fools (pardon me this harsh Word, 'tis in my Author) For Fools are stubborn in their Way, As Coins are harden'd by th' Alloy; And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff, As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.*

Now you must not think I would dispense with real Good-humour in a Man. No, I make it one of my *Indispensables* in a Husband. A good-natur'd Man will put the best Constructions on what happens: But he must have Sense to *distinguish* the best. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undesigned Failings: But he must have Judgment to distinguish what *are* or are *not* so.

But Mr. *H.'s* Good humour is Softness, as I may call it; and my Husband must be such an one, in short, as I need not be asham'd to be seen with in Company; one, who being my Head, must not be beneath all the Gentlemen he may happen to fall in with; and who, every time he is adjusting his Mouth for Speech, will give me Pain at my Heart, and Blushes in my Face, even before he speaks.

I could not bear, that every Gentleman, and every Lady, we encounter'd, should be prepar'd, whenever he offer'd to open his Lips, by their contemptuous Smiles, to expect some weak and silly Things from him; and when he *had* spoken, that he should, with a booby Grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory Point in Mr. *H.* is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible Figure of a Man. But, dear Madam, you know, that's so much the worse, when the Man's Talent is not Taciturnity, except before his Aunt, Mr. *B.* and you; when he is not conscious of internal Defect, and values himself upon outward Appearance.

As to his Attempt upon your *Polly*, tho' I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a Fault so wickedly common among Gentlemen, that when a Lady resolves never to marry, till a quite virtuous Man addresses her, it is, in other Words, resolving to die single: So that I make not this the *chief* Objection; altho', I must tell you, I would abate in my Expectations of half a dozen other good Qualities, rather than that one of Virtue in a Husband.

But, when I reflect upon the Figure Mr. *H.* made in that Affair, I cannot bear him; and if I may judge of other Coxcombs by him, what Wretches are these smart, well-dressing, Querpo-fellows, many of which you and I have seen admiring themselves at the Plays and Operas!

This is one of my infallible Rules, and I know it is yours too; That he who is taken up with the Admiration of his own sweet Person, will never admire a Wife's. His Delights are centred in himself, and he will not wish to get out of that narrow, that exceeding narrow Circle; and, in my Opinion, should keep no Company, but that of Tailors, Wig-puffers, and Milaners.

But I will run on no further upon this Subject; but will tell you a Reason, that you *may* give to Lady *Davers*, why her kind Intentions to me cannot be answer'd; and which she'll take better than what I *have said*, were she to know it, as I hope you won't let her: And this is, My Papa has had a Proposal made to him from a Gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir *W. G.* of this County, who is one of *your* great Admirers, and Mr. *B.*'s too; and that, you must suppose, makes me have never the worse Opinion of him, or of his Understanding; altho' it requires no great Sagacity or Penetration to see how much you adorn our Sex, and human Nature too.

Every thing was adjusted between my Papa and Mamma, and Sir *William*, on Condition we approv'd of each other, before I came down, which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times, and then my Papa surpris'd me into an half Approbation of him: And this, it seems, was one of the Reasons I was so hurry'd down from you.

I can't say, but I like the Gentleman as well as most I have seen; he is a Man of Sense and Sobriety, to give him his Due; and is in very easy Circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; and that's no bad Earnest, you are sensible, in a Marriage Prospect.

But hitherto, he seems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is; but I have often observ'd, that when any thing is in our own Power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be, perhaps, if we were kept in Suspense! Why should this be?

But this I am convinc'd of, There is no Comparison between Sir *William* and Mr. *Murray*.

Now I have nam'd this Brother-in-law of mine; what do you think?

Why, that good Couple have had their House on Fire three times already, and that very dangerously too; for once it was put out by Mr. *Murray's* Mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir *Simon* has been forced to carry Water to extinguish it; for, Truly, Mrs. *Murray* would go home again to her Papa: She would not live with such a surly Wretch: And it was, With all his Heart: A fair Riddance! for there was no bearing the House with such an ill-natur'd Wife:—Her Sister *Polly* was worth a thousand of her!

I am sorry, heartily sorry, for their Unhappiness: But could she think every body must bear with her, and her fretful Ways?

They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better us'd to one another; and when he sees she can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as Husbands generally do with ill-temper'd Wives; that is to say, he'll try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her Maids instead of him; for she must have somebody to vent her Spleen upon; poor *Nancy*!

I am glad to hear of Mr. *Williams's* good Fortune.

As Mr. *Adams* knows not *Polly's* Fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a *sly* Girl. I always thought her so: Something so innocent, and yet so artful in her very Looks! She is an odd Compound of a Girl. But these worthy and piously turn'd young Gentlemen, who have but just quitted the College, are mere Novices, as to the World: indeed, they are *above* it, while *in* it; they therefore give themselves little Trouble to study it, and so depending on the Goodness of their own Hearts, are more liable to be imposed upon, than People of half their Understanding.

I think, as he seems to love her, you do right not to hinder the Girl's Fortune. But I wish she may take your Advice, in her Behaviour to *him*, at least; for as to her Carriage to her Neighbours, I doubt she'll be one of the Heads of the Parish, presently, in her own Estimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any worthy Gentleman of the Cloth should have a Wife, who, by a bad Example, should pull down, as fast as he, by a good one, can build up.

This is not the Case of Mrs. *Peters*, however; whose Example I wish was more generally follow'd by Gentlewomen, who are made so by marrying a good Clergyman, if they were not so before.

Don't be surpris'd, if you should hear, that poor *Jewkes* is given over! —She made a very exemplary— Full of Blessings—And more easy and resign'd, than I apprehended she would be.

I know you'll shed a Tear for the poor Woman: —I cann't help it myself. But you will be pleas'd, that she had so much Time given her, and made so good Use of it.

Mr. *Peters* has been every thing that one would wish one of his Function to be, in his Attendances, and Advice, to the poor Woman. Mr. *Longman* will take proper Care of every thing.

So, I will only add, That I am, with the sincerest Respects, in Hopes to see you soon, (for I have a Multitude of things to talk to you about) Dear Mrs. *B*.

Your ever faithful and affectionate Polly Darnford.

LETTER XLVI.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady Davers, I Understand from *Miss Darnford*, that before she went down from us, her Papa had encourag'd a Proposal made by *Sir W. G.* whom you saw, when your Ladyship was a kind Visitor in *Bedfordshire*. We all agreed, if your Ladyship remembers, that he was a polite and sensible Gentleman, and I find it is countenanc'd on all Hands.

Poor *Mrs. Jewkes*, Madam, as *Miss* informs me, has paid her last Debt. I hope, thro' Mercy, she is happy! Poor, poor Woman! —But why say I so! —Since in *that* Case, she will be richer than an earthly Monarch! At least till he is levell'd with her in Death!

Your Ladyship was once mentioning a Sister of *Mrs. Worden's*, whom you could be glad to recommend to some worthy Family. —Shall I beg of you, Madam, to oblige *Mr. B.'s* in this Particular? I am sure she must have Merit, if your Ladyship thinks well of her; and your Commands in this, as well as in every other Particular, shall have their due Weight with

Your Ladyship's Obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

Just now, dear Madam, *Mr. B.* tells me, I shall have *Miss Goodwin* brought me hither Tomorrow!

LETTER XLVII.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in Answer to the preceding.

My dear Pamela, I am glad Miss *Darnford* is likely to be so happy in a Husband, as Sir *W. G.* will certainly make her. I was afraid, that the Proposal I made, would not do with Miss, had she not had so good a Tender. I want *too*, to have the foolish Fellow marry'd—— for several Reasons; one of which is, He is continually teizing us to permit him to go up to Town, in order for him to reside there for some Months, to *see the World*, as he calls it. But we are convinc'd he would *feel* it, as well as *see* it, if we gave way to his Request: For, in Understanding, Dress, and inconsiderate Vanity, he is so exactly siz'd and cut out for a Town Fop, Coxcomb, or pretty Fellow, as it is called, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the Vices of those People; and, perhaps, having such Expectations as he has, will be made the Property of Rakes and Sharpers. He complains, that we use him like a Child in a Go-cart, or a Baby with Leading-strings, and that he must not be trusted out of our Sight. 'Tis a sad thing, that these *Bodies* will grow up to the Stature of Men, when the *Minds* improve not at all with them, but are still those of Boys and Children. Yet, he would certainly make a fond Husband; for, at present, he has no very bad Qualities. But is such a *Narcissus!* —But this between ourselves; for his Uncle is wrapt up in the Fellow—And why? Because he is good-humour'd, that's all. He has vex'd me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him——But 'tis not worth troubling you with the Particulars.

I hope Mrs. *Jewkes* is happy, as you say! —— Poor Woman! she seemed to promise for a longer Life! But what shall we say?

Your Compliment to me, of my *Beck's* Sister, is a very kind one. I am greatly obliged to you for it. Mrs. *Oldham* is a sober, grave Widow, a little aforehand in the World, but not much; has liv'd well; understands Household Management thoroughly; is diligent, and has a Turn to serious Things, which will make you like her the better.

I'll order *Beck* and her to wait on you in a Chaise and Pair, and she will satisfy you in every thing, as to what you may, and may not, expect of her.

You can't think how kindly I take this Motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your Friends. Little did I think you would remember me, of (what I had forgotten in a manner) my favourable Opinion and Wishes for her, express'd so long ago——But you are, what you are——a dear, obliging Creature.

Beck is all Joy and Gratitude upon it; and her Sister had rather serve you, than the Princess. You need be under no Difficulties about Terms: She would serve you for nothing, if you would accept of her Service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss *Goodwin* will be soon put into your Care. It will be happy for the Child, and I hope she will be so dutiful to you, as to give you no Pain for your generous Goodness to her. Her Mamma has sent me a Present of some choice Products of that Climate, with Acknowledgements of my Kindness to Miss. I will send Part of it to you by your new Servant; for so I presume to call her already.

What a naughty Sister you are, however, to be so far advanc'd again, as to be obliged to shorten your intended Excursions, and yet not to send me Word of it yourself? Don't you know how much I interest myself in every thing that makes for my Brother's Happiness and yours? —More especially in so material a Point, as is the Increase of a Family, that it is my Boast to be sprung from— Yet I must find this out by Accident, and by other Hands! — Is not this very slighting? —But never do so again, and I'll forgive you now, because of the Joy it gives me: Who am

Your truly affectionate and obliged Sister, B. Davers.

I thank you for your Book upon the Plays you saw. Inclosed is a List of some others, which I desire you to read, and to oblige me with your Remarks upon them at your Leisure; tho' you may not perhaps have seen them by the Time you will favour me with your Observations.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady Davers. I have a valuable Present made me by the same excellent Lady: So hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of Thanks, I return yours by Mrs. *Worden*; whose Sister I much approve of, and thank your Ladyship for your kind Recommendation of so worthy a Gentlewoman. We begin with so much good Liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving Letter, much more valuable to me, than the handsome Present, was put into my Hands, at the same time with that; of which the following is a Copy.

LETTER

From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.

Happy, deservedly happy, dear Lady! Permit these Lines to kiss your Hands, from one, who, tho' she is a Stranger to your Person, is not so to your Character: *That* has reach'd us here, in this remote Part of the World, where you have as many Admirers as have heard of you. But *I* more particularly am bound to be so, by an Obligation, that I can never discharge, but by my daily Prayers for you, and the Blessings I continually implore upon You and Yours.

I can write my whole Mind *to* you, tho' I cannot, from the most deplorable Infelicity, receive *from* you the wish'd for Favour of a few Lines in Return, written with the same Unreservedness: So unhappy am I, from the Effects of an Inconsideration and Weakness on one hand, and Temptations on the other, which You, at a tenderer Age, most nobly, for your own Honour, and that of your Sex, have escaped: Whilst I— But let my Tears in these Blots speak the rest— as my Heart bleeds, and has constantly bled ever since, at the grievous Remembrance— But believe me, however, dear Madam, that 'tis Shame and Sorrow, and not Pride and Impenitence, that makes me loth to speak out, to so much Purity of Life and Manners, my own odious Weakness.

Nevertheless, I ought, and I *will* accuse myself by Name: Imagine then, illustrious Lady, truly illustrious, for Virtues, which are infinitely superior to all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune! — Imagine, I say, that, in this Letter, you see before you the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* guilty, but *ever penitent*, *Sarah Godfrey*; the unhappy, tho' fond and tender Mother of the poor Infant, to whom your generous Goodness, as I am inform'd, has extended itself, in such manner, as to make you desirous of taking her under your worthy Protection: God for ever bless you for it! prays an indulgent Mother, who admires, at an awful Distance, that Virtue in you, which she could not practise herself.

'And will you, my dearest Lady, will you take under your own immediate Protection, the poor unguilty Infant? Will you love her, for the sake of her suffering Mamma, whom you know not; for the sake of the Gentleman, now so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear, with Pleasure, he is? And will you, by the best Example in the World, give me a moral Assurance, that she will never sink into the Fault, the Weakness, the Crime (I ought not to scruple to call it so) of her poor, inconsiderate———But You are her Mamma *now*: I will not think of a *guilty* one therefore. And what a Joy is it to me, in the midst of my heavy Reflections on my past Misconduct, that my beloved *Sally* can boast a *virtuous* and *innocent Mamma*, who has withstood the Snares and Temptations, that have been so fatal—elsewhere!—and whose Example, and Instructions, next to God's Grace, will be the strongest Fences, that can be wish'd for, to her Honour! — Once more I say, and on my Knees I write it! God for ever bless you here, and augment your Joys hereafter, for your generous Goodness to my poor, and, till now, *motherless* Infant.

I hope the dear Child, by her Duty and Obligeingness, will do all in her little Power to make you Amends, and never give you Cause to repent this your *unexampled* Kindness to *her* and to *me*. She cannot, I hope, (except her Mother's Crime has had an Influence upon her, too much like that of an original Stain) be of a sordid, or an ingrateful Nature. And, O my poor *Sally*! if you *are*, and if you ever fail in your Duty to your new Mamma, to whose Care and Authority I transfer my *whole* Right in you, remember that you have no more a Mamma in me, nor can you be intitled to my Blessing, or to the Fruits of my Prayers for you, which I make now, on that *only* Condition, your implicit Obedience to all your new Mamma's Commands and Directions.

'You may have the Curiosity, Madam, to wish to know how I live: For no doubt you have heard all my sad, sad Story! ——Know then, that I am as happy, as a poor Creature can be, who has once so deplorably, so inexcusably fallen. I have a worthy Gentleman for my Husband, who marry'd me as a Widow, whose only Child by my former, was the Care of her Papa's Friends, particularly of good Lady *Davers*, and her Brother. —Poor, unhappy I! to be under such a *sad* Necessity, to disguise the Truth! —Mr. *Wrightson* (whose Name I am unworthily honour'd by) has several times earnestly intreated me to send for the poor Child, and to let her be join'd as his—— killing Thought, that it cannot be!—with two others, I have by him! —Judge, my good Lady, how that very Generosity, which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my Joys, must wound me deeper, than even ungenerous or unkind Usage from him could do! And how heavy that Crime must lie upon me, which turns my very Pleasures to Misery, and fixes all the Joy I *can* know, in Repentance for my past Misdeeds! — How happy

are You, Madam, on the contrary, You, who have nothing of this sort to pall, nothing to mingle with your Felicities! who, bless'd in an Honour untainted, and a Conscience that cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well-deserved Comfort, as it offers itself; and can *improve* it too, by Reflection on *your* past Conduct! While *mine*— alas!— like a Winter Frost, nips in the Bud every rising Satisfaction!

'My Spouse is rich, as well as generous, and very tender of me— Happy, if I could think *myself* as deserving, as *he* thinks me! —My principal Comfort, as I hinted, is in my Penitence for my past Faults; and that I have a merciful God for my Judge, who knows that Penitence to be sincere!

'You may guess, Madam, from what I have said, in what Light I *must* appear here; and if you would favour me with a Line or two, in Answer to the Letter you have now in your Hand, it will be one of the greatest Pleasures I *can* receive: A Pleasure next to that which I *have* receiv'd in knowing, that the Gentleman you love best, has had the Grace to repent of all his Evils; has early seen his Errors; and has thereby, I hope, freed *two* Persons from being, one Day, mutual Accusers of each other: For now I please myself to think, that the Crimes of both may be wash'd away in the Blood of that Saviour God, whom both had so grievously offended!

'May that good God, who has not suffer'd me to be abandon'd intirely to my own Shame, as I deserved, continue to shower down, upon You, those Blessings, which a Virtue like yours may expect from his Mercy! May you long be happy in the Possession of all you wish! And late, very late, (for the Good of Thousands, I wish this!) may you receive the Reward of your Piety, your Generosity, and your filial, your social, and conjugal Virtues! are the Prayers of

Your most unworthy Admirer, and obliged humble Servant, Sarah Wrightson.

'Mr. *Wrightson* begs your Acceptance of a small Present, Part of which can have no Value, but what its excelling Qualities, for what it is, will give it at so great a Distance as that dear *England*, which I once left with so much Shame and Regret; but with a laudable Purpose, *however*, because I would not incur still *greater* Shame, and of Consequence give Cause for still *greater* Regret!

To this Letter, my dear Lady *Davers*, I have written the following Answer, which Mr. *B.* will take care to have convey'd to the good Lady.

Dearest Madam, I embrace with great Pleasure the Opportunity you have so kindly given me, of writing to a Lady, whose Person tho' I have not the Honour to know, yet whose Character, and noble Qualities, I truly revere.

I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam, for the precious Trust you have reposed in me, and the Right you make over to me, of your maternal Interest in a Child, on whom I set my Heart, the Moment I saw her.

'Lady *Davers*, whose Love and Tenderness for Miss, as well for her Mamma's sake, as your late worthy Spouse's, had, from her kind Opinion of me, consented to grant me this Favour; and I was, by Mr. *B.*'s Leave, in actual Possession of my pretty Ward, about a Week before your kind Letter came to my Hands.

'As I had been long very solicitous for this Favour, judge how welcome your kind Concurrence was to me; and the rather, as, had I known, that a Letter from you was on the Way to me, I should have apprehended, that you had yielded to the Intreaties of your worthy Spouse, and would have insisted upon depriving the surviving Friends of her dear Papa, of the Pleasure they all take in the dear Miss. Indeed, Madam, I believe we should one and all have join'd to disobey you, had *that* been the Case; and it is a very great Satisfaction to us, that we are not under so hard a Necessity, as the disputing with a tender Mamma the Enjoyment of her own Child, would have been

'Assure yourself, dearest, worthiest, kindest Madam, of a Care and Tenderness in me to your dear Miss, truly maternal, and answerable, as much as is in my Power, to the Trust you repose in me. The little Boy, that God has given me, shall not be more dear to me, than my sweet Miss shall be; and my Care, by God's Grace, shall extend to her *future* as well as her *present* Prospects, that she may be worthy of that Piety, and *truly* religious Excellence, which I admire in your Character.

'We all rejoice, dear Madam, in the Account you give of your present Happiness. It was impossible, that God Almighty should desert a Lady so exemplarily deserving; and He certainly conducted you in your Resolutions to abandon every thing that you loved in *England*, after the Loss of your dear Spouse, because it seems to have been the Intention of His Providence, that you should reward the Merit of Mr. *Wrightson*, and meet with your own Reward in so doing.

'Miss is very fond of my little *Billy*: She is a charming Child, is easy and genteel in her Shape, and very pretty; she dances finely, has a sweet Air, and is improving every Day in Musick; works with her Needle, and reads,

admirably, for her Years, and takes a Delight in both, which gives me no small Pleasure. But she is not very forward in her Penmanship, as you will see by what follows: The inditing too is her own; but in that, and the Writing, Miss took a good deal of Time, on a separate Paper.

Dearest dear Mamma, Your Sally is full of Joy, to have any Commands from her honoured Mamma. I promise to follow all your Directions. Indeed, and upon my Word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me so dear a new Mamma here. Now I know, indeed, I have a Mamma, and I will love and obey her, as if she was you your own Self. Indeed I will. You must always bless me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe me, because I am above telling Fibs. I am, my honoured Mamma, on the other Side of the Water, and ever will be, as if you was here,

Your dutiful Daughter; Sally Goodwin."

'Miss (permit me, dear Madam, to subjoin) is a very good-temper'd Child, easy to be persuaded, and, I hope, loves me dearly; and I will endeavour to make her love me better and better; for on that Love will depend the Regard which, I hope, she will pay to all I shall say and do for her Good.

'Repeating my Acknowledgements for the kind Trust you repose in me, and with Thanks for the valuable Present you have sent me, we all here join in Respects to worthy Mr. *Wrightson*, and in wishing you, Madam, a Continuance and Increase of worldly Felicity; and I particularly beg Leave to assure you, that I am, and ever will be, with the highest Respect and Gratitude, tho' personally unknown, dearest Madam,

The affectionate Admirer of your Piety, and your obliged humble Servant, P. B.'

Your Ladyship will see how I was circumscrib'd and limited; otherwise I would have told the good Lady (what I have mention'd, more than once) how I admire and honour her for her Penitence, and that noble Resolution, which enabled her to do what Thousands could not have had the Heart to do, abandon her Country, her Relations, Friends, Baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the wicked Seducer, whom she too well loved, and hazard the Sea, the Dangers of Pirates, and possibly of other wicked Attempters of the mischievous Sex, in a World she knew nothing of, among Strangers; and all to avoid repeating a Sin, she had been unhappily drawn into; and for which the dear good Lady still abhors herself.

Must not such a Lady as this, dear Madam, have as much Merit, as many even of those, who, having not had her Temptations, have not fallen? This, at least, one may aver, that next to not committing an Error, is certainly the Resolution to retrieve it all that one may, to repent of it, and studiously to avoid the Repetition of it. But who, besides this excellent Mrs. *Wrightson*, having so fallen, and, being still so ardently solicited and pursued (and flatter'd, perhaps, by fond Hopes, that her Spoiler would, one Day, do her all the Justice he *could*—For who, can do complete Justice to a Lady he has robb'd of her Honour)—could resolve as she resolved, and act as she acted?

Miss is a sweet pretty Dear; but permit me to say, has a little of her Papa's Spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging, when she is convinc'd of her Fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be; but in every thing else deserves the Character I give of her to her Mamma.

She is very fond of fine Cloaths, is a little too lively to the Servants—Told me once, when I took notice, that Softness and Mildness of Speech became a young Lady; That they were *but* Servants; and she could say no more, than *Pray*, and *I desire*, and *I wish you'd be so kind*—to her Uncle or to me.

I told her, Our Servants were not common Servants, and deserved any civil Distinctions; and that so long as they were ready to oblige her in every thing, by a kind Word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could serve for no other End, but to convince every one of the Haughtiness of one's own Temper; and looked, as if one would question their Compliance with one's own Will, unless we would exact it with an high Hand; which might cast a Slur upon the Command we gave, as if we thought it was hardly so reasonable, as otherwise to obtain their Observation of it.

Besides, my Dear, said I, you don't consider, that if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common, as on extraordinary Occasions, you weaken your own Authority, if ever you should be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one Case, than in the other.

She takes great Notice of what I say, and when her little proud Heart is subdued by Reasonings she cannot answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, that she may come off as flyingly as she can: And as the Case requires, I let her off easily, or I push the little Dear to her last Refuge, and make her quit her Post, and yield up her Spirit, captive to Reason and Discretion, two excellent Commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure, that I can inspire her with the Love of Virtue, for *its own* Sake, I will rather try to conduct her Spirit to proper Ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible our Passions are given us for excellent Ends, and may, by a proper Direction, be made subservient to the noblest Purposes.

I tell her sometimes, there is a decent Pride in Humility, and that it is very possible for a young Lady to behave with so much Dignity, as shall command Respect by the Turn of her Eye, sooner than by Asperity of Speech; and that she may depend upon it, that the Person who is always finding Faults, frequently causes them; and that it is no Glory to be better born than Servants, if she is not better behav'd too.

Besides, I tell her, Humility is a Grace that shines in an *high* Condition, but cannot equally in a *low* one; because that is already too much humbled, perhaps: And that, tho' there is a Censure lies against being *poor and proud*, yet I would rather forgive Pride in a poor Body, than in a rich; for in the Rich it is Insult and Arrogance, proceeding from their high Condition; but in the Poor it may be a Defensative against Dishonesty, and may shew a natural Bravery of Mind, perhaps, if properly directed, and manifested on right Occasions, that the Frowns of Fortune cannot depress.

She says, She hears every Day Things from me, that her Governess never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, because her Governess has *many* young Ladies to take care of, I but *one*; and that I want to make her wise and prudent betimes, that she may be an Example to other Misses; and that Governesses and Mamma's shall say to their Misses, When will you be like Miss *Goodwin*? Do you ever hear Miss *Goodwin* say a naughty Word? Would Miss *Goodwin*, think you, have done so or so?

She threw her Arms about my Neck, on one such Occasion as this: Oh, said she, What a charming Mamma have I got! I will be in every thing as like you, Madam, as ever I can! —And then You will love me, and so will my Uncle, and Every-body else.

Mr. *B.* whom, now—and—then she says, she loves as well as if he were her own Papa, sees, with Pleasure, how we go on; and loves us both, if possible, better and better. But she tells me, I must not have any Daughter but her; and is very jealous on the Occasion, about which your Ladyship so kindly reproaches me.

There is a Pride, you know, Madam, in some of our Sex, that serves to useful Purposes, and is a good Defence against improper Matches, and mean Actions; and this is not wholly to be subdu'd, for that Reason; for, tho' it is not *Virtue*, yet, if it can be *Virtue's Substitute*, in high, rash, and inconsiderate Minds, it may turn to good Account. So I will not quite discourage my dear Pupil neither, till I see what Discretion, and riper Years, may add to her distinguishing Faculty. For, as some have no Notion of Pride, separate from Imperiousness and Arrogance; so others know no Difference between Humility and Meanness.

There is a golden Mean in every thing; and if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her Passions, and such even of those Foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to useful Purposes, chusing to imitate Physicians, who in certain Chronical Illnesses, as I have read in Lord *Bacon*, rather proceed by Palliatives, than by harsh Extirpatives, which, thro' the Resistance given to them by the Constitution, may create such Ferments in it, as may destroy that Health it was their Intention to establish.

But, whither am I running? —Your Ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading Freedom of my Pen: For tho' these Notions are well enough with regard to Miss *Goodwin*, they must be very impertinent to a Lady, who can so much better instruct Miss's Tutoress, than that vain Tutoress can her Pupil. And therefore, with my humblest Respects to my good Lord *Davers*, and your noble Neighbours, and to Mr. *H.* I hasten to conclude myself,

Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and obedient Servant, P. B.

Your *Billy*, Madam, is a charming Dear! —I long to have you see him. He sends you a Kiss upon this Paper. You'll see it stain'd, just here. The Charmer has cut Two Teeth, and is about more: So you'll excuse the dear, pretty, slabbering Boy. Miss *Goodwin* is ready to eat him with Love: And Mr. *B.* is fonder and fonder of us all: And then your Ladyship, and my good Lord *Davers*, love us too. O my dear Lady, what a blessed Creature am I!

Miss begs I'll send her Duty to her *Noble* Uncle and Aunt; that's her just Distinction always, when she speaks of you both, which is not seldom. She ask'd me, pretty Dear! just now, If I think there is such a happy Girl in the World, as she is? I tell her, God always blesses good Misses, and makes them happier and happier.

LETTER XLIX.

My dear Lady Davers, I have Three Marriages to acquaint you with, in One Letter. In the first Place, *Sir W. G.* has sent, by the particular Desire of my dear Friend, that he was made one of the happiest Gentlemen in *England*, on the 18th past; and so I have no longer any Miss *Darnford* to boast of. I have a very good Opinion of the Gentleman; but if he be but half as good an Husband, as she will make a Wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

Mr. Williams's Marriage to a Kinswoman of his Noble Patron, (as you have heard was in Treaty) is the next; and there is great Reason to believe from the Character of both, that they will likewise do Credit to the State.

The third is *Mr. Adams* and *Polly Barlow*; and I wish them, for both their Sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his Living, highly pleas'd with one another; and I hope will have Reason to continue so to be.

As to the first, I did not indeed think, the Affair would have been so soon concluded; and Miss kept it off so long, as I understand, that her Papa was angry with her: And indeed, as the Gentleman's Family, Circumstances, and Character, were such, that there could lie no Objection against him, I think it would have been wrong to have delay'd it.

I should have written to your Ladyship before; but have been favour'd with *Mr. B.'s* Company into *Kent*, on a Visit to my good Mother, who was indispos'd. We tarry'd there a Week, and left both my dear Parents, to my thankful Satisfaction, in as good Health as ever they were in their Lives.

Mrs. Judy Swynford, or Miss *Swynford* (as she refuses not being call'd, now—and—then) has been with us for this Week past, and she expects her Brother, *Sir Jacob*, to fetch her away about a Week hence.

It does not become me to write the least Word, that may appear disrespectful of any Person, who has the Honour to bear a Relation to your Ladyship and *Mr. B.* Otherwise I should say, That the *B.'s* and the *S—s* are directly the Opposites of one another. But yet, as she says, she never saw your Ladyship but once, you will forgive me to mention a Word or two about this Lady, because she is a Character, that is in a manner new to me.

She is a Maiden Lady, as you know, Madam; and tho' she will not part with the green Leaf from her Hand, one sees by the Grey goose Down on her Brows and her Head, that she cannot be less than Fifty—five. —But so much Pains does she take, by Powder, to have never a dark Hair in her Head, because she has one Half of them white, that I am sorry to see, what is a Subject for Reverence, should be deem'd, by the good Lady, Matter of Concealment.

She is often, in Conversation, indeed, seemingly reproaching herself, that she is an *old Maid*, and an *old Woman*; but it is very discernible, that she expects a Compliment, that she is *not so*, every time she is so free with herself: And if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own Behalf.

She takes particular Care, that of all the publick Transactions which happen to be talked of, her Memory will never carry her back above Thirty Years, and then it is, About Thirty Years ago, when I was a Girl, or, when I was in Hanging—sleeves; and so she makes herself, for Twenty Years of her Life, a very useless and insignificant Person.

If her Teeth, which, for her Time of Life, are very good, tho' not over—white, (and which, by the Care she takes of them, she seems to look upon as the last Remains of her better Days) would but fail her, I imagine it would help her to a Conviction, that would set her Ten Years forwarder at least. But, poor Lady! she is so *young*, in Spite of her Wrinkles, that I am really concern'd for her Affectation; because it exposes her to the Remarks and Ridicule of the Gentlemen, and gives one Pain for her.

Surely, these Ladies don't act prudently at all; since, for every Year *Mrs. Judy* would take from her Age, her Censurers add two to it; and, behind her Back, make her going on towards Seventy; whereas, if she would lay Claim to her *Reverentials*, as I may say, and not endeavour to conceal her Age, she would have a great many Compliments for looking so well at her Time of Life. And many a young Body would hope to be the better for her Advice and Experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the World than themselves.

Then she laughs back to the Years she owns, when more flippant Ladies, at the Laughing—time of Life, delight

to be frolick: She tries to sing too, altho', if ever she had a Voice, she has outliv'd it; and her Songs are of so antique a Date, that they would betray her; only as she tells us, they were learnt her by her Grandmother, who was a fine Lady at the Restoration: She will join in a Dance; and tho' her Limbs move not so pliantly, as might be expected of a Lady no older than she would be thought to be, and whose Dancing—days are not intirely over, yet that was owing to a Fall from her Horse some Years ago, which, she doubts, she shall never recover, so as to be quite well; tho' she finds she grows better and better *every Year*.

Thus she loses the Respect, the Reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable Affectation; takes Pains, by aping Youth, to make herself unworthy of her Years, and even less valuably discreet than she would be thought, for fear she should be imagined older, if she appear'd wiser.

What a sad Thing is this, Madam? —What a mistaken Conduct? —We pray to live to old Age; and it is promised as a Blessing, and as a Reward, for the Performance of certain Duties; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as Youth, than to be deemed wise, and in Possession of it. And so we shew how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting; and yet covet on: For what? Why, to be more and more asham'd, and more and more unworthy of what we covet!

How fantastick a Character is this! —Well may irreverent, unthinking Youth despise, instead of revering, the hoary Head, which the Wearer is so much asham'd of.

Will you forgive me, Madam? The Lady boasts a Relationship to you, and to Mr. *B.* and, I think, I am very bold. But my Reverence for Years, and the Disgust I have to see any Body behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater Liberty: Which, however, I shall wish I had not taken, if it meets not with that Allowance, which I have always had from your Ladyship in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the Blessing I so much revere in others. For now my heavy Time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best Friends, with my vapourish Fears, that now (with a perfect Resignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, That I am

Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.

My dear *Billy*, and Miss *Goodwin*, improve both of them every Day, and are all I can desire or expect them to be. Could Miss's poor Mamma be here with a Wish and back again, how much would she be delighted with one of our Afternoon Conferences; our *Sunday* Employments, especially! —And let me tell your Ladyship, that I am very happy in another young Gentleman of the Dean's recommending, instead of Mr. *Adams*.

LETTER L.

My dearest Lady, I am once more, blessed be God for all his Mercies to me! enabled to dedicate to you the first Fruits of my Penmanship, on my Upsitting, to thank you, and my noble Lord, for all your kind Sollicitudes for my Welfare. *Billy* every Day improves, Miss is all I wish her to be, and my second dear Boy continues to be as lovely and as fine a Baby as your Ladyship was pleased to think him; and their Papa, the best of Gentlemen, and of Husbands!

I am glad to hear Lady *Betty* is likely to be so happy. Mr. *B.* says, her noble Admirer is as worthy a Gentleman as the Peerage boasts; and I beg of your Ladyship to congratulate the dear Lady, and her noble Parents, in my Name, if I should be at a Distance, when the Nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the Honour of a Visit from my Lady, the Countess Dowager, on Occasion of her leaving the Kingdom for one Year, for which Space she designs to reside in *Italy*; principally at *Naples* or *Florence*.

Mr. *B.* was abroad when her Ladyship came, having taken a Turn to *Gloucester* the Day before, and I expected him not till the next Day. Her Ladyship sent her Gentleman, the preceding Evening, to let me know, that Business had brought her as far as *Wooburn*; and if it would not be unacceptable, she would pay her Respects to me, at Breakfast, the next Morning, being speedily to leave *England*. I return'd, that I should be very proud of that Honour. And about Ten her Ladyship came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two Boys, the little Man, and the pretty Baby, as she called them; and I had very different Emotions from the Expression of her Love to them, and her Visit to me, from what I had once before. She was sorry, she said, Mr. *B.* was abroad; tho' her Business was principally with me. For, Mrs. *B.* said she, I come to tell you all that pass'd between Mr. *B.* and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us than we deserve; and I could not leave *England*, till I had done myself the Pleasure of waiting on you for this Purpose.

I said, I was very sorry, I had ever been uneasy, when I had two Persons of so much Honour—Nay, said she, interrupting me, you have no need to apologize: Things look'd bad enough, as they were represented to you, to justify greater Uneasiness than you express'd.

She ask'd me, Who that pretty genteel Miss was? —I said, a Relation of Lord *Davers*, who was intrusted lately to my Care. Then, Miss, said her Ladyship, and kissed her, you are very happy.

Believing the Countess was desirous of being alone with me, I said, My dear Miss *Goodwin*, won't you go to your little Nursery, my Love? For so she calls my last Blessing—You'd be sorry the Baby should cry for you—For Miss was so taken with the charming Lady, that she was loth to leave us —But on my saying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the Countess began her Story with a sweet Confusion, that added to her Loveliness. She said, She would be brief, because she should exact all my Attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done.

She began with acknowledging, "That she thought, when she saw Mr. *B.* first at the Masquerade, that he was the finest Gentleman she had ever seen; that the allow'd Freedoms of the Place had made her take Liberties in following him, and engaging him where-ever he went. She blamed him very freely for passing for a single Gentleman; for, that she said, as she had so splendid a Fortune of her own, was all she was solicitous about; having never, as she confess'd, seen a Gentleman she could like so well; her former Marriage having been in some sort forced upon her, at an Age, when she knew not how to distinguish; and that she was very loth to believe him marry'd, even when she had no Reason to doubt it. Yet, this, I must say, Madam, said her Ladyship, I never heard a Gentleman, when he owned he was married, express himself of a Lady, with more affectionate Regard and Fondness, than he, when he spoke of you to me; which made me long to see you: For I had a great Opinion of those personal Advantages, which every one flatter'd me with: And I was very unwilling to yield the Palm of Beauty to you.

"I believe you will censure me, Mrs. *B.* said she, for permitting his Visits, after I knew how happy he was in such a Lady—these were her Words. To be sure, that was a thoughtless and a faulty Conduct in me—But the World's saucy Censures, and my Friends indiscreet Interposals, incensed me; and, knowing the Uprightness of my own Heart, I was resolved to disregard both, when I found they could not think worse of me than they did.

"I am naturally, said she, of a haughty Spirit, impatient of Contradiction, always gave myself Freedoms, for which, satisfy'd with my own Innocence and Honour, I thought myself above being accountable to any body—And then Mr. *B.* has such noble Sentiments, a Courage and Fearlessness, which I saw on more Occasions than one, that all Ladies, who know the Weakness of their own Sex, and how much they want the Protection of the Brave, are taken with. Then his personal Address was so peculiarly distinguishing, that having an Opinion of his Honour, I was imbarass'd greatly how to deny myself his Conversation; altho', you'll pardon me, Mrs. *B.* I began to be afraid, that my Honour might suffer in the World's Opinion for the Indulgence.

"Then, said she, when I had resolv'd, as several times was the Case, to see him no more, some unforeseen Accident threw him in my way again, at one publick Entertainment or other; for I love Balls, and Concerts, and publick Diversions, perhaps, better than I ought; and I had all my Resolves to begin again.

"Yet this, said she, I can truly say, whatever his Views were, I never heard from his Lips the least indecent Expression, nor saw in his Behaviour to me, aught that might make me very apprehensive; saving, that I began to fear, that by his insinuating Address, and noble Manner, I should be too much in his Power, and too little in my own, if I went on so little doubting, and so little alarm'd, if ever he should pull off the Mask, and avow dishonourable Designs.

"I had often lamented, said her Ladyship, that our Sex were prohibited, by the Designs of the other upon their Honour, and by the World's Censures, from conversing with the same Ease and Freedom with Gentlemen, as with one another. And when once I asked myself, To what this Conversation might tend at last? And where the Pleasure each seem'd to take in the other's might possibly end? I resolv'd to break it off; and told him my Resolution next time I saw him. But he stopp'd my Mouth with a romantick Notion, as I since think it, (tho' a sorry Plea will have Weight in favour of a Proposal one has no Aversion to) of *Platonic* Love; and we had an Intercourse by Letters, to the Number of Six or Eight, I believe, on that and other Subjects.

"All this time, I was the less apprehensive, continued her Ladyship, because he always spoke so tenderly, and even with Delight, whenever he mention'd his Lady; and I could not find, that you were at all alarm'd at our Acquaintance; for I never scrupled to send my Letters, by my own Livery, to your House, sealed with my own Seal.

"At last, indeed, he began to tell me, that from the sweetest and the evenest Temper in the World, you seem'd to be leaning towards Melancholy, were always in Tears, or shew'd you had been weeping, when he came home; and that you did not make his Return to you so agreeable as he used to find it.

"I asked, If it was not owing to some Alteration in his own Temper? If you might not be uneasy at our Acquaintance? And at his frequent Absence from you, and the like? He answer'd, No!— that you were above Disguises, were of a noble and frank Nature, and would have taken some Opportunity to hint it to him, if you had.

"This, however, gave me but little Satisfaction, and I began to think seriously of the Matter, and was more and more convinced, that my Honour requir'd it of me, to break off this Intimacy.

"And altho' I permitted Mr. *B.* to go with me to *Tunbridge*, when I went to take a House there, yet I was uneasy, as he saw. And, indeed, so was he, tho' he tarry'd a Day or two longer than he designed, on account of a little Excursion, my Sister and her Lord, and he and I, made into *Sussex*, to see an Estate that I had Thoughts of purchasing; for he was so good as to look into my Affairs for me, and has put them upon an admirable Establishment.

"His Uneasiness, he told me, was upon your Account, and he sent you a Letter to excuse himself for not waiting on you on *Saturday*, and to tell you, he would dine with you on *Monday*. And I remember, when I said, Mr. *B.* you seem to be chagrin'd at something; you are more thoughtful than usual; his Answer was—Madam, you are right. Mrs. *B.* and I have had a little Misunderstanding. She is so solemn and so melancholy of late, that I fear it will be too easy a Matter to put her out of her right Mind: And I love her so well, that then I should hardly keep my own.

"Is there no Reason, think you, said I, continu'd the Countess, to imagine, that your Acquaintance and mine gives her Uneasiness? You know, Mr. *B.* how that Villain *T.* (a Gentleman, said she, whose insolent Address I rejected with the Contempt it deserv'd) has slander'd us. How know you, but he has found a way to your Wife's Ear, as he has done to my Uncle's, and to all my Friends? And if so, it is best for us both to discontinue a Friendship, that may be attended with disagreeable Consequences!

"He said, he should find it out on his Return to you. And will you, said I, ingenuously, acquaint me with the

Issue of your Inquiries? for, added I, I never beheld a Countenance in so young a Lady, that seem'd to mean more than Mrs. *B.*'s, when I saw you in Town; and notwithstanding her Prudence, I could see a Reserve and Thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must indicate too much.

"He return'd to you, Madam: He wrote to me, in a very moving Letter, the Issue of your Conference, and referred to some Papers of yours, that he would shew me, as soon as he could procure them, they being out of your own Hands, and let me know that *T.* was the Accuser, as I had suspected.

"In brief, Madam, when you went down into *Kent*, he came to me, and read some Part of your Account to Lady *Davers*, of your Informant and Information; your Apprehensions; your Prudence; your Affection for him; the Reason of your Melancholy; and, according to the Appearance Things bore, Reason enough you had, especially from the Letter of *Thomasine Fuller*, which was one of *T.*'s vile Forgeries: For tho' we had often, for Argument's sake, talked of Polygamy, (he arguing for it, I against it) yet had not Mr. *B. dared*, I will say, nor was he inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me: No, Madam, I was not so much abandon'd of a Sense of Honour, as to give Reason for any one, but my impertinent and foolish Uncle, to impute such a Folly to me; and he had so behaved to me, that I cared not what *he* thought.

"Then, what he read to me, here and there, as he pleased, gave me Reason to admire you for your generous Opinion of one you had so much seeming Cause to be afraid of: He told me his Apprehensions, from your uncommon Manner, that your Mind was in some Degree affected, and your strange Proposal of parting with an Husband every one knows you so dearly love: And we agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of Correspondence, except the latter, for one Month, by Letter, till some of my Affairs were settled, which had been in great Disorder, and were in his kind Management then; and I had not one Relation, whom I car'd to trouble with them, because of their Treatment of me on Mr. *B.*'s account. And this, I told him, should not be neither, but thro' your Hands, and with your Consent.

"And thus, Madam, said her Ladyship, have I told you the naked Truth of the whole Affair.

"I have seen Mr. *B.* but once since, and that at an Horse-race, in the open Field.

"I respect him greatly; you must allow me to say that. Except in the Article of permitting me to believe, for some Time, that he was a single Gentleman, which is a Fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew it, he has always behaved towards me with so much Generosity and Honour, that I could have wish'd I had been of his Sex, since he has a Lady so much more deserving than myself; and never would there have been then, had he had the same Esteem for me, a more perfect Friendship.

"I am now going, continu'd her Ladyship, to embark for *France*, and shall pass a Year in *Italy*; and then I shall, I hope, return, as solid, as grave, as circumspect, tho' not so wise, as Mrs. *B.*"

In this manner the Countess concluded her Narrative; and I told her, That I was greatly obliged to her Ladyship for the Honour she did me in this Visit, and the kind and considerate Occasion of it: But that Mr. *B.* had made me intirely happy in every Particular, and had done her Ladyship the Justice she so well deserv'd, having taken upon himself the Blame of passing as a single Gentleman, at his first Acquaintance with her Ladyship.

I added, That I could hope her Ladyship might be prevented, by some happy Gentleman, from leaving a Kingdom to which she was so great an Ornament, as well by her Birth, her Quality, and Fortune, as by her Perfections of Person and Mind.

She said, She had not been the happiest of her Sex in her former Marriage; altho' nobody, her Youth consider'd, thought her a bad Wife; and her Lord's Goodness to her, at his Death, had demonstrated his own favourable Opinion of her by Deeds, as he had done by Words, upon all Occasions: But that she was yet young; a little too gay and unsettled; and had her Head turn'd towards *France* and *Italy*, for one Tour, of a Year at least, having pass'd some Time in those Countries, which she thought of with Pleasure, tho' then but a Girl of Twelve or Thirteen: That for this Reason, and having been on a late Occasion still more unsettled, (looking down with Blushes, which often overspread her lovely Face, as she talked) she had refused some Offers, not despicable: That, indeed, Lord *C.*—threatened to follow her to *Italy*, in hopes of meeting better Success there; but if he did, tho' she would make no Resolutions, she believ'd she should be too much offended with him, to give him Reason to boast of his Journey.

She wish'd to see Mr. *B.* and to take Leave of him, but not out of my Company, she was pleased to say. Your Ladyship's Consideration for me, reply'd I, lays me under high Obligation; but, indeed, Madam, there is no Occasion for it, from any Diffidences I have in yours or Mr. *B.*'s Honour. And if your Ladyship will give me the

Pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. *B.* to oblige me with his Company to return this Favour, the first Visit I make abroad.

You are very kind, my dear Mrs. *B.* said she: But I think to go to *Tunbridge* for a Fortnight, when I have disposed of every thing for my Imbarkation, and so set out from thence. And if you should then be both in *Kent*, I should be glad to take you at your Word.

To be sure, I said, Mr. *B.* at least, would attend her Ladyship there, if any thing should happen to deprive me of that Honour; and if it would be agreeable to her Ladyship, I made no doubt he would, with as high a Pleasure, as I should receive in his doing so, attend her Ladyship on board, and see her safe on the other Side.

You are a generous Lady! said the Countess— I take great Concern to myself, for having been the Means of giving you a Moment's Uneasiness formerly: But I must now endeavour to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my Character, which has been so basely traduc'd by that presumptuous Fellow *Turner*, that was her Word, who hoped, I suppose, thereby to bring me down to his Level.

Her Ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay Dinner, and saying, She should be at *Wooburn* all the next Day, took a very kind and tender Leave of me, wishing me all manner of Happiness, as I did her.

Mr. *B.* came home in the Evening, and next Morning rode to *Wooburn*, to pay his Respects to the Countess, and came back in the Evening. Thus happily, and to the Satisfaction of all Three, as I hope, ended this perplexing Affair.

Mr. *B.* asks me, Madam, How I relish Mr. *Locke's Treatise of Education?* which he put into my Hands some time since, as I told your Ladyship. I answer'd, Very well; and I thought it an excellent Piece, in the main.

I'll tell you, said he, what you shall do. You have not shew'd me any thing you have written for a good while. I would be glad, you would fill up your Leisure-time, as you cannot be without Pen and Ink, with your Observations on that Treatise, that I may know what you can object to it; for you say, *In the main*, which shews, that you do not intirely approve of every Part of it.

But will not that be presumptuous, Sir?

I admire Mr. *Locke*, reply'd he; and I admire my *Pamela*. I have no Doubt of his Excellencies; but I want to know the Sentiments of a young Mother, as well as of a learned Gentleman, upon the Subject of Education; because I have heard several Ladies censure some Part of his Regimen, when I am convinc'd, that the Fault lies in their own over-great Fondness for their Children.

As to myself, Sir, said I, who, in the early Part of my Life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any Objection to the Part which I imagine you have heard most objected to by Ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their first Stage. But there are a few other Things that want clearing up to my Understanding; but which, however, may be the Fault of that.

Then, my Dear, suppose me at a Distance from you, cannot you give me your Remarks in the same manner as if you were writing to Lady *Davers*, or Miss *Darnford*, that was?

Yes, Sir, depending on your kind Favour to me, I believe I could.

Do then, return'd he; and the less Restraint you write with, the more I shall be pleased with it. But I confine you not to Time or Place. We will make our Excursions as I once proposed to you; and do you write me a Letter now—and—then upon the Subject; for the Places and Remarkables you will see, will be new only to yourself; nor will either of those Ladies expect from you an Itinerary, or a particular Description of Countries, which they will find better described by Authors, who have made it their Business to treat upon those Subjects. By this Means, you will be usefully employ'd in your own way, which may turn to good Account to us both, and to the dear Children, which it may please God to bestow upon us.

You don't expect, Sir, any thing regular or digested from me?

I don't, my Dear. Let your Fancy and your Judgment be both employ'd; and I require no Method; for I know, in your easy, natural way, that would be a Confinement, that would cramp your Genius, and give what you write a stiff, formal Air, that I might expect in a Pedagogue, but not in my *Pamela*.

Well, but, Sir, said I, altho' I may write nothing to the Purpose, yet if Lady *Davers* is desirous to give it a Reading, will you allow me to transmit, what I shall write, to her Hands, when you have perus'd it yourself? For your good Sister is so indulgent to my Scribble, that she will expect to be always hearing from me; and this way I shall oblige her Ladyship, while I obey her dear Brother.

With all my Heart, he was pleased to say.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 4

So, my Lady, I shall now—and—then pay my Respects to you in the writing way, tho' I must address myself, it seems, to my dearest Mr. *B.*; and I hope I shall be received on these my own Terms, since they are your Brother's Terms also; and, at the same time, such as will convince you, how much I wish to approve myself, to the best of my poor Ability,

Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER LI.

My dearest Mr. B: I have been considering of your Commands, in relation to Mr. *Locke's* Book; and as you are pleas'd to give me Time to acquit myself of the Task, I shall take the Liberty to propose to include in a little Book my humble Sentiments, as I did to Lady *Davers*, in that I shew'd you in relation to the Plays I had seen. And, since you confine me not to Time or Place, perhaps, I shall be three or four Years in completing it, because I shall reserve some Subjects to my further Experience in Childrens Ways and Tempers, and in order to benefit myself by those good Lessons and Instructions, which I shall receive from your delightful Conversation, in that Compass of Time, if God spare us to one another: And then it will, moreover, be more worthy, than it can otherwise be, of the Perusal of the most honour'd and best-beloved of all my Correspondents, much honour'd and beloved, as they all are.

I must needs say, my dear Mr. *B.* that this is a Subject to which I was always particularly attentive; and among the Charities your bountiful Heart permits me to dispense to the Poor and Indigent, I have had always a watchful Eye upon the Children of such, and endeavour'd, by Questions put to them, as well as to their Parents, to inform myself of their little Ways and Tempers, and how Nature delights to work in different Minds, and how it might be pointed to their Good, according to their respective Capacities; and I have for this Purpose erected, with your Approbation, a little School of Seven or Eight Children, among which are Four in the earliest Stages, when they can but just speak, and call for what they want, or love: And I am not a little pleas'd to observe, when I visit them in their School-time, that Principles of Goodness and Virtue may be instill'd into their little Hearts much earlier than is usually imagin'd. And why should it not be so? For may not the Child, that can tell its Wants, and make known its Inclination, be easily made sensible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper Method? For, sometimes, Signs and Tokens, (and even Looks) uniformly practis'd, will do as well as Words; as we see in such of the Young of the Brute Creation, as we are dispos'd to domesticate, and to teach to practise those little Tricks, of which the Aptness or Docility of their Natures makes them capable.

But yet, dearest Sir, I know not enough of the next Stage, or the *maturer* Life, to touch upon that, as I wish to do; and yet there is a natural Connection and Progression from the one to the other: And I would not be thought a vain Creature, who believes herself equal to *every* Subject, because she is indulg'd with the good Opinions of her Friends, in a *few*, that are supposed to be within her own Capacity. For,

I humbly conceive, that it is no small Point of Wisdom to know, and not to mistake, one's own Talents; and for this Reason, permit me, dear Sir, to suspend, till I am better qualify'd for it, even my own Proposal of beginning my little Book; and, in the mean time, to touch upon a few Places of the admirable Author you have put into my Hand, that seem to me to warrant another way of Thinking, than that which he prescribes.

But, dear Sir, let me premise, that all that your dear Babies can demand of my Attention for some time to come, is their Health; and it has pleas'd God to bless them with such sound Limbs, and, to all Appearance, good Constitutions, that I have very little to do, but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear Papa; and that is hourly, and yet not so often as you confer upon me Benefits, and Favours, and new Obligations, even to the Prevention of all my Wishes, were I to sit down to study for what must be the next.

As to this Point of *Health*, Mr. *Locke* gives these plain and easy to be observed Rules.

He prescribes, First, *Plenty of open Air*. That this is right, the Infant will inform one, who, tho' it cannot speak, will make Signs to be carry'd abroad, and is never so well pleas'd, as when it is enjoying the open and free Air; for which Reason I conclude, that this is one of those natural Pointings, as one may call it, that is implanted in every Creature, teaching it to chuse its Good, and to avoid its Evil.

Sleep is the next, which he enjoins to be indulg'd to its utmost Extent: An admirable Rule, as I humbly conceive; since sound Sleep is one of the greatest Nourishers in Nature, both to the *once* Young, and to the *twice* Young, if I may so phrase it. And I the rather approve this Rule to Children, because it keeps the Nurse unemploy'd, who otherwise, perhaps, would be doing it the greatest Mischief, by cramming and stuffing its little Bowels, till they were ready to burst. And, if I am right, what an inconsiderate and foolish, as well as pernicious Practice is it, for a Nurse to *waken* the Child from its nourishing Sleep, for fear it should suffer by Hunger, and instantly pop the Breast into its pretty Mouth, or provoke it to feed, when it has no Inclination to either; and, for

want of Digestion, must have its Nutriment turn to Repletion, and bad Humours!

Excuse me, dear Sir, these lesser Particulars. Mr. *Locke* begins with them; and surely they may be allow'd to a young *Mamma*, writing (however it be to a Gentleman of Genius and Learning) to a *Papa*, on a Subject, that in its lowest Beginnings ought not to be unattended to by either. I will therefore pursue my excellent Author without further Apology, since you have put his Work into my Hands.

The next Thing then, which he prescribes, is *plain Diet*. This speaks for itself; for the Baby can have no corrupt Taste to gratify: All is pure, as out of the Hand of Nature; and what is not plain and natural, must vitiate and offend.

Then, *no Wine*, or *strong Drink*. Equally just; and for the same Reasons.

Little or *no Physick*. Undoubtedly right. For the *Use* of Physick, without Necessity, or by way of *Precaution*, as some call it, begets the *Necessity* of Physick; and the very *Word* supposes *Distemper* or *Disorder*; and where there is none, would a Parent beget one, or render its salutary Force ineffectual, by frequent Use, when it was wanted?

Next, he forbids *too warm* and *too streight Cloathing*. Dear Sir, this is just as I wish it. How has my Heart ached, many and many a time, when I have seen poor Babies roll'd and swath'd, ten or a dozen times round, then Blanket upon Blanket, Mantle upon that; its little Neck pinn'd down to one Posture; its Head, more than it frequently needs, triple-crown'd like a young Pope, with Covering upon Covering; its Legs and Arms, as if to prevent that kindly Stretching, which we rather ought to promote, when it is in Health, and is aiming at Growth and Inlargement, the former bundled up, the latter pinn'd down; and how the poor Thing lies on the Nurse's Lap, a miserable little pinion'd Captive, goggling and staring with its Eyes, the only Organs it has at Liberty, as if it was supplicating for Freedom to its fetter'd Limbs! Nor has it any Comfort at all, till, with a Sigh or two, like a dying Deer, it drops asleep; and happy then will it be, till the officious Nurse's Care shall awaken it for its undesired Food, just as if the good Woman were resolv'd to try its Constitution, and were willing to see how many Difficulties it could overcome.

Then this Gentleman advises, that the Head and Feet should be kept cold; and the latter often us'd to cold Water, and expos'd to Wet, in order to lay the Foundation, as he says, of an healthy and hardy Constitution.

Now, Sir, what a Pleasure is it to your Girl, that her Notions, and her Practice too, fall in so exactly with this learned Gentleman's Advice, that, excepting one Article, which is, that your *Billy* has not yet been accusom'd to be *wet-shod*; every other Particular has been observ'd! —And don't you see what a charming, charming Baby he is? —Nay, and so is your little *Davers*, for his Age—pretty Soul!

Perhaps some, were they to see this, would not be so ready, as I know you will be, to excuse me; and would be apt to say, What Nursery Impertinencies are these, to trouble a Man with! —But, with all their Wisdom, they would be mistaken; for if a Child has not good Health, (and are not these Rules, the moral Foundation, as I may say, of that Blessing?) its animal Organs will play but poorly in a weak or crasy Case. These, therefore, are necessary Rules to be observed for the first two or three Years; for then the little Buds of their Minds will begin to open, and their watchful *Mamma* will be employ'd, like a skilful Gardener, in assisting and encouraging the charming Flower thro' its several hopeful Stages to Perfection, when it shall become one of the principal Ornaments of that delicate Garden, your honour'd Family. Pardon me, Sir, if in the above Paragraph I am too figurative. I begin to be afraid I am out of my Sphere, writing to your dear Self, on these important Subjects.

But be that as it may, I will here put an End to this my first Letter, (on the earliest Part of my Subject) rejoicing in the Opportunity you have given me of producing a fresh Instance of that Duty and Affection, wherewith I am, and shall ever be, my dearest Mr. B.

Your gratefully happy P.B.

LETTER LII.

I will now, my dearest, my best-beloved Correspondent of all, begin, since the tender Age of my dear Babies will not permit me to have an Eye yet to their *better* Part, to tell you what are the little Matters, to which I am not quite so well reconcil'd in Mr. *Locke*: And this I shall be better inabled to do, by my Observations upon the Temper and natural Bent of my dear Miss *Goodwin*, as well as by those, which the Visits I make now—and—then to the bigger Children of my little School, and those at the Cottages adjacent, have enabled me to form: For human Nature, Sir, you are not to be told, is human Nature, whether in the High-born, or in the Low.

This excellent Author, in his Fifty-second Section, having justly disallow'd of slavish and corporal Punishments in the Education of those we would have to be wise, good, and ingenious Men, adds:—"On the other Side, to flatter Children by Rewards of Things, that are pleasant to them, is as carefully to be avoided. He that will give his Son Apples, or Sugar-plums, or what else of this kind he is most delighted with, to make him learn his Book, does but authorize his Love of Pleasure, and cockers up that dangerous Propensity, which he ought, by all means, to subdue and stifle in him. You can never hope to teach him to master it, whilst you compound for the Check you give his Inclination in one Place, by the Satisfaction you propose to it in another: To make a good, a wife, and a virtuous Man, 'tis fit he should learn to cross his Appetite, and deny his Inclination to Riches, Finery, or pleasing his Palate, &c."

This, Sir, is excellently said; but is it not a little too philosophical and abstracted, not only for the Generality of Children, but for the Age he supposes them to be of, if one may guess by the Apples and the Sugar-plums proposed for the Rewards of their Well-doing? Would not this, Sir, require in Children, that Memory and Reflection, which the same Author, in another Place, calls the Concomitant of Prudence and Age, and not of Childhood?

It is undoubtedly very right, to check an unreasonable Appetite, and that at its first Appearance. But if so small and so reasonable an Inducement will prevail, surely, Sir, it might be comply'd with. A generous Mind takes Delight to win over others by good Usage and Mildness, rather than by Severity; and it must be a great Pain to such an one, to be always inculcating, on his Children or Pupils the Doctrine of Self-denial, by Methods quite grievous to his own Nature.

What I would then humbly propose, is, That the Encouragements offer'd to Youth, should, indeed, be innocent ones, as the Gentleman enjoins, and not such as would lead to Luxury, either of Food or Apparel: But I humbly think it necessary, that Rewards, *proper* Rewards, should be propos'd as Incentives to laudable Actions: For is it not by this Method, that the whole World is influenc'd and govern'd? Does not God himself, by Rewards and Punishments, make it our *Interest*, as well as our *Duty*, to obey Him? And can we propose to ourselves, for the Government of our Children, a better Example than that of the Almighty?

This fine Author seems, dear Sir, to think he had been a little of the strictest, and liable to some Exception. "I say not this," proceeds he, (§53.) "that I would have Children kept from the Conveniencies or Pleasures of Life, that are not injurious to their Health or Virtue. On the contrary, I would have their Lives made as pleasant and as agreeable to them as may be, in a plentiful Enjoyment of whatsoever might innocently delight them." And yet, dear Sir, he immediately subjoins a very hard and difficult Proviso to the Indulgence he has just granted—"Provided," says he, "it be with this Caution, That they have those Enjoyments only as the Consequences of the State of Esteem and Acceptation they are in with their Parents and Governors."

I doubt, my dear Mr. *B.* this is expecting such a Distinction and Discretion in Children, as they are seldom capable of in their tender Years, and requiring such Capacities as are not commonly to be met with: So that it is not prescribing to the *Generality*, as this excellent Author intended. 'Tis, I humbly conceive, next to impossible, that their tender Minds should distinguish beyond Facts: They covet this or that Plaything, and have no other Motive than being gratify'd in the Possession of what they desire. The Parent, or Governor, has another Motive in obliging the Child: He takes Advantage of its Desires, and annexes to the Indulgence which the Child hopes for, such or such a Task or Duty, as a Condition; and shews himself pleas'd with its Compliance with it: So the Child wins its Plaything, and receives the Praise and Commendation so necessary to lead on young Minds to laudable Pursuits. But, dear Sir, shall it not be suffer'd to enjoy the innocent Reward of its Compliance, unless it can give

Satisfaction, that its greatest Delight is not in having the Thing coveted, but in performing the Task, or obeying the Injunctions, impos'd upon it as a Condition of its being oblig'd? I doubt, Sir, this is a little too strict, and not to be expected from Children. A Servant, full-grown, would not be able to shew one, that, on Condition he comply'd with such and such Terms, (which, it is to be suppos'd by the *Offer*, he would not have comply'd with, but for that Inducement) that he should have such and such a Reward; I say, he would hardly be able to shew one, that he preferr'd the Pleasure of performing the requisite Conditions to the stipulated Reward. How then is it to be expected from a Child, who is less capable of distinguishing?

Let therefore, if, Sir, I may presume to say so, innocent Rewards be propos'd, and let us be contented to lead on the ductile Minds of Children to a Love of their Duty, by obliging them with such: We may tell them what we *expect* in this Case; but we ought not, I humbly conceive, to be too rigorous in *exacting* it; for, after all, the Inducement will certainly be the uppermost Consideration with the Child: 'Tis out of Nature to Suppose it otherwise; nor had it been offer'd to it, if the Parent himself had not thought so. And therefore we can only let the Child know his Duty in this respect, and that he *ought* to give a Preference to that, and then rest ourselves contented, altho' we should discern, that the Reward is the chief Incentive, if it do but oblige to the Performance of it. For this, from whatever Motive inculcated, may beget a Habit in the Child of doing it; and then, as it improves in Years, one may hope, that Reason will take place, and enable him, from the most solid and durable Motives, to give a Preference to the Duty.

Upon the Whole, then, may I, Sir, venture to say, That we should not insist upon it, that the Child should so nicely distinguish away its little *innate* Passions, as if we expected it to be born a Philosopher? Self-denial is indeed a most excellent Doctrine, to be inculcated in Children, and it must be done *early* too: But we must not be too severe in our exacting it; for a Duty too rigidly insisted upon, will make it odious. This Mr. *Locke* himself excellently observes in another Place, on the Head of too great Severity; which he illustrates by a familiar Comparison: "Offensive Circumstances," says he, "ordinarily infect innocent Things, which they are joined with. And the very Sight of a Cup, wherein any one uses to take nauseous Physick, turns his Stomach; so that nothing will relish well out of it, tho' the Cup be never so clean and well-shap'd, and of the richest Materials."

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, That Mr. *Locke* proceeds to explain himself still more rigorously on the Subject of Rewards; which I quote, to shew I have not misunderstood him. "But these Enjoyments," says he, "should *never* be offer'd or bestow'd on Children, as the Rewards of this or that particular Performance, that they shew an Aversion to, or to which they would not have apply'd themselves without that Temptation." If, my dear Mr. *B.* the Minds of Children *can* be led on by innocent Inducements to the Performance of a Duty, of which they are capable, what I have humbly offer'd, is enough, I presume, to convince one, that it *may* be done. But if ever a particular Study be propos'd to be master'd, or a Byas to be overcome, that is not an *indispensable* Requisite to his future Life or Morals, to which the Child shews an Aversion, I would not, methinks, have him be too much tempted or compell'd to conquer or subdue it, especially if it appear to be a *natural* or rivetted Aversion.

For, Sir, permit me to observe, That the Education and Studies of Children ought, as much as possible, to be suited to their Capacities and Inclinations: And, by this means, we may expect to have always *useful*, and often *great* Men, in different Professions: For that Genius, that will not take to one Study, may shine in another no less necessary Part of Science. But, if innocent, the Promise of innocent, Rewards, will conquer this *Aversion*, as it is call'd; it will then hardly bear that Name; and let them, by all means, if I may presume to say so, be propos'd for their Encouragement. Nevertheless, I must repeat, that if, as the Child grows up, and is capable of so much Reason, that, from the Love of the *Inducement*, one can raise his Mind to the Love of the *Duty*, it should be done by all means. But, my dear Mr. *B.* I am afraid, that *that* Parent or Tutor will meet but with little Success, who, in a Child's *tender* Years, shall refuse to comply with its Foibles, till he sees it values its Duty, and the Pleasure of obeying its Commands, beyond the little Enjoyment on which its Heart is fixed. For, as I humbly conceive, that Mind, which can be brought to prefer its Duty to its Appetites, will want little of the Perfection of the wisest Philosophers.

Besides, Sir, permit me to say, That I am afraid, this perpetual Opposition between the Passions of the Child, and the Duty to be enforced, especially when he sees how other Children are indulg'd, (for if this Regimen could be observ'd by *any*, it would be impossible it should become *general*, while the fond and the inconsiderate Parents are so large a Part of Mankind) will cow and dispirit a Child; and will, perhaps, produce a Necessity of making use of Severity to subdue him to this Temper of Self-denial; for if the Child refuses, the Parent *must* insist; and

what will be the Consequence? —Must it not introduce a harsher Discipline than this Gentleman allows of? —And which, I presume to say, did never yet do Good to any but to slavish and base Spirits, if to them. A Discipline which Mr. *Locke* every where justly condemns.

See here, dear Sir, a Specimen of the Presumption of your Girl: What will she come to in time? you will perhaps say—Her next Step will be to arraign myself. —No, no, dear Sir, don't think so: For my Duty, my Love, and my Reverence, shall be your Guards, and defend you from every thing saucy in me, but the bold Approaches of my Gratitude, which shall always testify for me, how much I am

Your obliged and dutiful P. B.

LETTER LIII.

My dearest Mr. B. I will continue my Subject, altho' I have not had an Opportunity to know whether you approve of my Notions or not, by reason of the Excursions you have been pleas'd to allow me to make in your beloved Company, to the Sea-ports of this Kingdom, and to the more noted inland Towns of *Essex, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire*, which have given me infinite Delight and Pleasure, and inlarg'd my Notions of the Wealth and Power of the Kingdom, in which God's Goodness has given you so considerable a Stake.

My next Topick will be upon an Home Education, which Mr. *Locke* prefers, for several weighty Reasons, to a School one, provided such a Tutor can be procur'd, as he makes next to an Impossibility to procure. The Gentleman has set forth the Inconveniencies of both, and was himself so discourag'd on a Review of them, that he was ready, as he says, to throw up his Pen. My chief Cares, dear Sir, on this Head, are threefold: 1st, The Difficulty, which, as I said, Mr. *Locke* makes almost insuperable, to find a Tutor qualify'd. 2^{dly}, The Necessity there is, according to Mr. *Locke*, of keeping the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may set him bad Examples. And, next, Those still greater Difficulties, which will arise from the Examples of his Parents, if they are not very discreet and circumspect.

As to the Qualifications of the Tutor, Mr. *Locke* supposes, that he is to be so learned, so discreet, so wise, in short, so *perfect* a Man, that, I doubt, and so does Mr. *Locke*, such an one is hardly possible to be met with for this *humble* and *slavish* Employment. I presume, Sir, to call it so, because of the too little Regard that is generally paid to these useful Men in the Families of the Great, where they are too frequently put upon a Foot with the uppermost Servants, and the rather, if they happen to be Men of Modesty.

"I would," says this Gentleman, "from Childrens first beginning to talk, have some discreet, sober, nay, *wise* Person about them, whose Care it should be to fashion them right, and to keep them from all Ill; especially the Infection of bad Company. I think," continues he, "this Province requires great Sobriety, Temperance, Tenderness, Diligence, and Discretion; Qualities hardly to be found united in Persons that are to be had for ordinary Salaries, nor easily to be found anywhere."

If this, Sir, be the Case, does not this excellent Author recommend a Scheme, that is render'd in a manner impracticable from this Difficulty?

As to these Qualities being more rarely to be met with in Persons that are to be had for *ordinary Salaries*, I cannot help being of Opinion, (altho', with Mr. *Locke*, I think, no Expence should be spared, if that *would* do) that there is as good a Chance of finding such an one among the needy Scholars, as among those better provided for: Because the Necessities of the former, as they became a Spur to his own Learning and Improvement, so will they, at first setting out in the World, quicken his Diligence, and, in Hopes of recommending him to a worthier Lot, make him be glad of embracing an Offer of this kind, in a Family, which has Interest enough to prefer him.

I say not this, dear Sir, to encourage that wretched Niggardliness, which this Gentleman justly censures, of those who grudge an handsome Consideration to so necessary and painful a Labour as that of a Tutor, which, where a deserving Man can be met with, cannot be too genteelly rewarded, nor himself too respectfully treated. I only take the Liberty to deliver my Opinion, that an humble Condition is as likely as any other to produce a Gentleman of these good Qualities, as well for the Reason I have hinted at, as for others, which might be mention'd. To which, to name no more, the Merit of Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams* will bear Witness.

But Mr. *Locke* proceeds with his Difficulties in this Particular: "To form a young Gentleman as he should be," says he, "'tis fit his Governor should be well-bred, understand the Ways of Carriage, and Measures of Civility, in all the Variety of *Persons, Times, and Places*; and keep his Pupil, as far as his Age requires, constantly to the Observation of them. This is an Art," continues he, "not to be learnt or taught by Books. Nothing can give it, but good Company, and Observation, join'd together."

And in another Place, "Besides being well-bred, the Tutor should know the World well; the Ways, the Humours, the Follies, the Cheats, the Faults of the Age he is fallen into, and particularly of the Country he lives in: These he should be able to shew to his Pupil, as he finds him capable; teach him Skill in Men, and their Manners; pull off the Mask, which their several Callings and Pretences cover them with; and make his Pupil discern what lies at the Bottom, under such Appearances, that he may not, as unexperienc'd young Men are apt to

do, if they are unwarn'd, take one thing for another, judge by the Outsides, and give himself up to Shew, and the Insinuation of a fair Carriage, or an obliging Application: Teach him to guess at, and beware of, the Designs of Men he hath to do with, neither with too much Suspicion, nor too much Confidence."

This, dear Sir, is excellently said: 'Tis noble *Theory*. And if the Tutor is a Man void of Resentment and Caprice, and will not be govern'd by partial Considerations in his own Judgment of Persons and Things, it will be well: But if otherwise, he may take Advantage of the Confidence plac'd in him, to the Injury of some worthy Person, and by Degrees monopolize the young Gentleman to himself, and govern his Passions as absolutely, as I have heard some First Ministers have done those of their Prince, equally to his own personal Disreputation, and to the Disadvantage of his People. But,

All this, and much more, according to Mr. *Locke*, is the Duty of a Tutor; and on the finding out such an one, depends his Scheme of an Home Education. No Wonder then, that he himself says, "When I consider the Scruples and Cautions, I here lay in your Way, methinks it looks as if I advised you to something, which I would have offer'd at, but in Effect not done," &c. Permit me, dear Sir, in this Place, to express my Fear, that it is hardly possible for any one, of Talents inferior to those of Mr. *Locke* himself, to come up to the Rules he has laid down on this Subject; and 'tis to be question'd, whether even *he*, with all that vast Stock of natural Reason, and solid Sense, for which, as you tell me, Sir, he was so famous, had attain'd to these Perfections, at his first setting out into Life.

Now, therefore, dear Sir, you can't imagine, how these Difficulties perplex me, as to my knowing how to judge which is best, an Home or a School Education! —For hear what this excellent Author so justly observes on the latter, among other things no less to the Purpose: "I am sure, he who is able to be at the Charge of a Tutor at Home, may there give his Son a more genteel Carriage, more manly Thoughts, and a Sense of what is worthy and becoming, with a greater Proficiency in Learning into the Bargain, and ripen him up sooner into a Man, than any at School can do. Not that I blame the School-master, in this," says he, or think it to be laid to his Charge. The Difference is great between two or three Pupils in the same House, and three or fourscore Boys lodg'd up and down: For, let the Master's Industry and Skill be never so great, it is impossible he should have 50 or 100 Scholars under his Eye, any longer than they are in the School together." But then, Sir, if there be such a Difficulty, as Mr. *Locke* says, to meet with a proper Tutor, what a perplexing thing is this? And what shall one say, as to the Preference he gives to an Home Education, in which such a Tutor is to be suppos'd necessary?

But then, according to this Gentleman, there is another Difficulty attending an Home Education; and is, what I hinted at before, in my second Article, The Necessity there is to keep the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may set him bad Examples. For thus he says: "Here is another great Inconvenience, which Children receive from the ill Examples, which they meet with from the meaner Servants. They are *wholly*, if possible, to be kept from such Conversation: For the Contagion of these ill Precedents, both in Civility and Virtue, horribly infects Children, as often as they come within Reach of it. They frequently learn from unbred or debauched Servants, such Language, untowardly Tricks, and Vices, as otherwise they would be ignorant of, all their Lives. 'Tis an hard Matter wholly to prevent this Mischief," continues he; "you will have very good Luck; if you never have a clownish or vicious Servant, and if from them your Children never get any Infection."

Then, Sir, my next Point (which I mention'd in the Beginning of this Letter) is a still greater Difficulty, as it may happen in an Home Education; to wit, The Example of the Parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet.

All these Difficulties in an Home Education being put together, let me, dear Sir, humbly propose it, as a Matter for your Consideration and Determination, Whether there be not a middle way to be found out in a School Education, that may remedy some of these Inconveniencies? For suppose, Sir, you cannot, as the Task is so difficult, get a Tutor so qualified, as Mr. *Locke* thinks he ought to be, for your *Billy*, as he grows up. Suppose there is Danger from your meaner Servants; and suppose we his Parents should not be able to lay ourselves under the requisite Restraints, in order to form his Mind by our own Examples, which, I hope, by God's Grace, however, will not be the Case—— Cannot some Master be found out, who shall be so well rewarded for his Care of a *few* young Gentlemen, as shall make it worth his while to be contented with those *few*? suppose Five, Six, Seven, or Eight at most; whose Morals and Breeding he may attend to, as well as to their Learning? The farther this Master lives from the young Gentlemens Friends, the better it may be. We will hope, that he is a Man of a mild Disposition, but strict in his Discipline, and who shall make it a Rule not to give Correction for small Faults, or

till every other Method has been try'd; who carries such a just Dignity in his Manner, without the Appearance of Tyranny, that his Looks may be of greater Force, than the Words of some, and his Words than the Blows of others; and who will rather endeavour to shame than terrify a Youth out of his Faults. Then, Sir, suppose such an one was to allot such a Portion of Time for the *more learned* Studies; and before the Youth was tir'd with *them*, suppose such another Portion was allotted for the *Writing* and *Arithmetick* Parts; and then, to relieve his Mind from both, suppose the *Dancing—master* should take his Part; and innocent Exercises of mere Diversion, to fill up the rest, at his own Choice, in which, diverted by such a Rotation of Employments, (all thus render'd delightful by their successive Variety) he would hardly wish to pass much Time. For the Dancing of itself will answer both Parts, that of good Breeding, and that of Exercise: And thus different Studies, at one time, may be master'd.

Moreover the Emulation, which will be inspir'd, where there are several young Gentlemen, will be of inconceivable Use both to Tutor and Pupil, in lessening the Trouble of the one, and advancing the Learning of the other, which cannot be expected, where there is but a single young Gentleman to take care of.

Such a Master will know it to be his Interest, as well as his Duty, to have a watchful Eye over the Conduct and Behaviour of his Servants. His Assistants, in the different Branches of Science and Education, will be Persons of approved Prudence, for whom he will think himself answerable, since his own *Reputation* will depend upon their Behaviour, as well as his *Livelihood*. The young Gentlemen will have young Gentlemen for their Companions, all under the Influence of the same Precepts and Directions; and if some chosen Period were fixed, once a Week, as a Reward for some Excellence, where, at a little Desk, rais'd a Step or two above the other Seats, the excelling Youth should be set to read, under the Master's Direction, a little Portion from the best Translations of the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, and even from the best *English* Authors; this might, in a very engaging manner, initiate them into the Knowledge of the History of past Times, and of their own Country, and give them a Curiosity to pass some of their vacant Hours in the same laudable Pursuit: For, dear Sir, I must still insist, that Rewards, and innocent Gratifications, as also little Honours and Distinctions, must needs be very attractive to the Minds of Youth.

And don't you think, dear Sir, that the little Ride, and Dairy—house Breakfasting, by which Miss *Goodwin's* Governess distinguishes the little Ladies, who excel in their allotted Tasks, is a sweet pretty Encouragement to their ductile Minds? —Yes, it is, to be sure! —And I have often thought of it with Pleasure, and have partaken, in a manner, of the Delight, that I have supposed their pretty Hearts must be fill'd with, on the Occasion. And why may not such little Triumphs be, in Proportion, as incentive to Children to master laudable Tasks, as the *Roman* Triumphs, of different Kinds, and their Mural and Civick Crowns, all which I have heard you speak of, were to their Heroes and Warriors of old? For Mr. *Dryden* well observes, *That Men are but Children of a larger Growth. Our Appetites are apt to change, as theirs, And full as craving too, and full as vain.*

Permit me, Sir, to transcribe four or five Lines more, for the Beauty of the Thought: *And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room, Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing: But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind, Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward To the World's open View—*

Improving the Thought; methinks, I can see the dear little Miss, who has, in some eminent Task, borne away the Palm, making her publick Entry, as I may call it, after her Dairy Breakfast, and pretty Airing, into her Governess's Court—yard, through a Row of her School—fellows, drawn out on each Side, to admire her; her Governess and Assistants receiving her at the Porch, their little Capitol, and lifting her out with Applauses and Encomiums, with a *Thus shall it be done to the Miss, whom her Governess delighteth to honour!* I see not, my Mr. *B.* why the dear Miss, in this Case, as she moves thro' her admiring School—fellows, may not have her little Heart beat with as much Delight, be as gloriously elated, proportionally, as that of the greatest Hero in his Triumphal Car, who has return'd from Exploits, perhaps, much less laudable.

But how I ramble! —Yet, surely, Sir, you don't expect Method or Connexion from your Girl. The Education of our Sex will not permit that, where it is best. We are forced to struggle for Knowledge, like the poor feeble Infant, in the Month, who, as I describ'd in my first Letter on this Subject, is pinn'd and fetter'd down upon the Nurse's Lap; and who, if its little Arms happen, by Chance, to escape its Nurse's Observation, and offer but to expand themselves, are immediately taken into Custody, and pinion'd down to their passive Behaviour. So, when a poor Girl, in spite of her narrow Education, breaks out into Notice, her Genius is immediately tamed by trifling Employments, lest perhaps she should become the Envy of one Sex, and the Equal of the other. But you, Sir, act more nobly by your *Pamela*; for you throw in her Way all the Opportunities of Improvement that can offer; and

she has only to regret, that she cannot make a better Use of them, and, of consequence, render herself more worthy of your generous Indulgence.

I know not how, Sir, to recover my Thread; and so must break off, with that Delight, which I always take, when I come near the Bottom of my Letters to your dear Self; because then I can boast of the Honour which I have in being

Your ever dutiful P. B.

LETTER LIV.

Well, but, my dear Mr. *B.* you will, perhaps, think from my last rambling Letter, that I am most inclin'd to a *School* Education for your *Billy*, some Years hence, if it shall please God to spare him to us. But indeed I cannot say, that I am: I only lay several things together in my usual indigested and roving way, to take your Opinion upon, which, as it ought, will be always decisive with me. And indeed I am so throughly convinc'd by Mr. *Locke's* Reasons, where the Behaviour of Servants can be so well answer'd for, as that of yours can be, where the Example of the Parents will be, as I hope, rather edifying than otherwise, that, without being sway'd, as I think, by maternal Fondness, in this Case, I must needs give a Preference to the Home Education; and the little Scheme I presum'd to form in my last, was only, as you will be pleas'd to remember, on a Supposition, that those necessary Points could not be so well secur'd.

In my Observations on this Head, I shall take the Liberty, Sir, in one or two Particulars, a little to differ from an Author, that I admire exceedingly; and that is the present Design of my writing these Letters; for I shall hereafter, if God spare my Life, in my little Book, (when you have kindly decided upon the Points in which I presume to differ from that Gentleman) shew you, Sir, my great Reverence and Esteem for him; and shall then be able to let you know all my Sentiments on this important Subject, and that more undoubtingly, as I shall be more improv'd by Years, and your dear Conversation; especially, Sir, if I have the Honour and Happiness of a foreign Tour with you, of which you give me Hope; so much are you pleas'd with the Delight I take in these improving Excursions, which you have now favour'd me with, at times, thro' more than half the Kingdom.

Well then, Sir, I will proceed to consider a little more particularly the Subject of an Home Education, with an Eye to those Difficulties, which Mr. *Locke* takes notice of, as I have mention'd in my last.

As to the first, the Difficulty of finding a qualify'd Tutor; we must not expect so much Perfection, I doubt, as Mr. *Locke* lays down as necessary. What, therefore, I humbly conceive is best to be done, will be to avoid chusing a Man of bigotted and narrow Principles, who yet shall not be tainted with sceptical or heterodox Notions; who shall not be a mere Scholar or Pedant; who has travell'd, and yet preserv'd his moral Character untainted; and whose Behaviour and Carriage is easy, unaffected, unformal, and genteel, as well acquiredly as naturally so, if possible; who shall not be dogmatical, positive, overbearing, on one hand; nor too yielding, suppliant, fawning, on the other; who shall study the Child's natural Bent, in order to direct his Studies to the Point, in which he is most likely to excel. In order to preserve the Respect due to his own Character from every one, he must not be a Busybody in the Family, a Whisperer, a Tale-bearer; but be a Person of a benevolent Turn of Mind, ready to compose Differences: who shall avoid, of all things, that Foppishness of Dress and Appearance, which distinguishes the *Petits-mâtres*, and *French* Ushers, (that I have seen at some Boarding-schools) for Coxcombs, rather than Guides of Education: For, as I have heard you, my best Tutor, often observe, the Peculiarities of Habit, where a Person aims at something fantastick, or out of Character, are an undoubted Sign of a wrong Head: For such an one is so kind, as always to hang out on his Sign, what sort of Furniture he has in his Shop, to save you the Trouble of asking Questions about him; so that one may know what he *is*, as much as one can know a Widow by her Weeds.

Such a Person as I have thus negatively describ'd, may be found without very much Difficulty perhaps, because some of these Requisites are personal, and others are such as are obvious, at first Sight, to a common Penetration; or, where not so, may be found out by Inquiry into his general Character and Behaviour: And to the Care of such an one, dear Sir, let me for the present suppose your *Billy* is committed: And so we acquit ourselves of the first Difficulty, as well as we can, that of the Tutor; who, to make himself more perfect, may form himself, as to what he wants, by Mr. *Locke's* excellent Rules on that Head.

But before I quit this Subject, will you give me Leave, Sir, to remind you of your own Opinion upon it, in a Conversation that pass'd between you and Sir *George Stuart*, and his Nephew, in *London*; in which you seem'd to prefer a *Scotish* Gentleman for a Tutor, to those of your own Nation, and still more than to those of *France*. Don't you remember it, dear Sir? And how much those Gentlemen were pleas'd with your facetious Freedom with their Country, and said, You made them Amends for that, in the Preference you gave to their learned and travell'd Youth? If you have forgot it, I will here transcribe it from my *Records*, as I call my Book of Memorandums; for

every time I am pleas'd with a Conversation, and have Leisure, before it goes out of my Memory, I enter it down as near the very Words as I can; and now you have made me your Correspondent, I shall sometimes perhaps give you back some Valuables from your own Treasure.

Miss *Darnford*, and Mr. *Turner*, and Mr. *Fanshaw*, were present, I well remember. These are your Words, as I have them written down:

"Since the Union of the Two Kingdoms, we have many Persons of Condition, who have taken Tutors for their Sons from *Scotland*; which Practice, to speak impartially, has been attended with some advantageous Circumstances, that should not be overlook'd. For, Sir *George*, it must be confess'd, that notwithstanding your narrow and stiff manner of Education in *Scotland*, a Spirit of manly Learning, a kind of poetick Liberty, as I may call it, has begun to exert itself in that Part of the Island. The blustering North, forgive me Gentlemen, seems to have harden'd the Foreheads of her hungry Sons; and the Keeness with which they set out for Preferment in the kindlier South, has taught them to know a good deal of the World betimes. Thro' the easy Terms on which Learning is generally attain'd there, as it is earlier inculcated, so it may, probably, take deeper Root: And since 'tis hardly possible, forgive me, dear Sir *George*, and Mr. *Stuart*, they can go to a worse Country on this Side *Greenland*, than some of the Northern Parts of *Scotland*; so their Education, with a View to travel, and to better themselves by Settlements in other Countries, may perhaps be so many Reasons for them to take greater Pains to qualify themselves for this Employment, and may make them succeed better in it; especially when they have been able to shake off the Fetters which are rivetted upon them under the narrow Influences of a too tyrannical Kirk—discipline, which you, Sir *George*, have just now so freely censur'd.

"To these Considerations when we add the Necessity, which these remote Tutors lie under, of behaving well, because, in the first place, they seldom wish to return to their own Country; and in the next, because *that* cannot prefer them, if it would; and, thirdly, because it would not, if it could, if the Gentleman be of an enlarged Genius, and generous way of Thinking; I say, when we add to the Premises these Considerations, they all make a kind of Security for their good Behaviour: While those of our own Country have often Friends or Acquaintance, on whose Favour they are apt to depend, and for that Reason give less Attention to the Duties requisite for this important Office.

"Besides, as their kind Friend *Æolus*, who is accustom'd to spread and strengthen the bold Muscles of the strong—featur'd *Scot*, has generally blown away that inauspicious Bashfulness, which hangs a much longer time, commonly, on the Faces of the Southern Students; such an one (if he falls not too egregiously into the contrary Extreme, so as to become insufferable) may still be the more eligible Person for a Tutor, as he may teach a young Gentleman, betimes, that necessary Presence of Mind, which those who are confin'd to a private Education, sometimes want.

"But, after all, if a Gentleman of this Nation be chosen for this Employment, it may be necessary, that he should be such an one as has had as genteel and free an Education himself, as his Country and Opportunities will afford; and has had, moreover, the native Roughness of his Climate filed off and polished by Travel and Conversation; who has made, at least, the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, and has a Taste for the Politeness of the former Nation; for, from the natural Boisterousness of a *North Briton*, and the fantastick Politeness of a *Frenchman*, if happily blended, such a Mixture may result, as may furnish out a more complete Tutor, than either of the Two Nations, singly, may be able to produce. But it ought to be remember'd, that this Person should, by all means, have conquer'd his native Brogue, as I may call it, and be a Master of the *English* Pronunciation; otherwise his Conversation will be very disagreeable to an *English* Ear.

"And permit me, Gentlemen, to add, That as an Acquaintance with the Muses contributes not a little to soften the Manners, and to give a graceful and delicate Turn to the Imagination, and a kind of Polish to severer Studies, I believe it would not be amiss, that he should have a Taste of Poetry, altho' perhaps it were not to be wish'd he had such strong Inclinations that way, as to make that lively and delectable Amusement his predominant Passion: For we see very few Poets, whose warm Imaginations do not run away with their Judgments. And yet, in order to learn the dead Languages in their Purity, it will be necessary, as I apprehend, to inculcate both the Love and the Study of the antient Poets, which cannot fail of giving a Youth a Taste for Poetry in general."

Permit me, dear Sir, to ask you, Whether you advanc'd this for Argument—sake, as sometimes you love to amuse and entertain your Friends in an uncommon way? For I should imagine, that our Two Universities, which you have been so good as to shew me, and for which I have ever since had a greater Reverence, even than I had

before, are capable of furnishing as good Tutors as any Nation in the World: For here the young Gentlemen seem to me to live both in the *World*, and in the *University*; and we saw several Gentlemen who had not only fine Parts, and polite Behaviour, but deep Learning, as you assur'd me; some of whom you entertain'd, and were entertain'd by, in so elegant a manner, that no travell'd Gentleman, if I may be allow'd to judge, could excel them: And besides, my dear Mr. *B.* I know who is reckon'd one of the politest and best-bred Gentlemen in *England* by every body, and learned as well as polite, and yet had his Education in one of those celebrated Seats of Learning. I wish your *Billy* never may fall short of the Gentleman I mean, in all these Acquirements; and he will be a dear happy Creature, I am sure!

But how I wander again from my Subject! I have no other way to recover myself, when I thus ramble, but by bringing back myself to that one delightful Point of Reflection, that I have the Honour to be, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful and obliged P. B.

LETTER LV.

Dearest Sir, I now resume my Subject. I had gone thro' the Article of the Tutor, as well as I could; and now let me trouble you with a few Lines upon what Mr. *Locke* says, That Children are wholly, if possible, to be kept from the Conversation of the meaner Servants; whom he supposes to be, as too frequently they are, *unbred and debauch'd*, to use his own Words.

Now, Sir, let me observe, on this Head, that I think it is very difficult to keep Children from the Conversation of Servants at all times. The Care of personal Attendance, especially in the Child's early Age, must fall upon Servants of one Denomination or other, who, little or much, must be conversant with the inferior Servants, and so be liable to be tainted by their Conversation; and it will be difficult in this Case to prevent the Taint being communicated to the Child. Wherefore it will be a *surer*, as well as a more *laudable* Method, to insist upon the regular Behaviour of the whole Family, than to expect the Child, and its immediate Attendant or Tutor, should be the only good ones in it.

Nor is this so difficult a thing to bring about, as may be imagin'd. Your Family, dear Sir, affords an eminent Instance of it: The Good have been confirm'd, the Remiss have been reform'd, the Passionate have been tam'd; and there is not a Family in the Kingdom, I will venture to say, to the Honour of every Individual of it, more uniform, more regular, and freer from Evil, and more regardful of what they say and do, than yours. And, I believe, Sir, you will allow, that tho' they were always honest, yet they were not always so laudably, so exemplarily virtuous, as of late: Which I mention only to shew the Practicableness of a Reformation, even where bad Habits have taken place—For your *Pamela*, Sir, arrogates not to herself the Honour of this Change: 'Tis owing to the Divine Grace shining upon Hearts naturally good; for else an Example so easy, so plain, so simple, from so young a Mistress, who, moreover, had been exalted from their own Station, could not have been attended with such happy Effects.

You see, dear Sir, what a Master and Mistress's Example could do, with a poor Soul so far gone as Mrs. *Jewkes*. And I dare be confident, that if, on the Hiring of a new Servant, Sobriety of Manners, and a virtuous Conversation, were insisted upon; and they were told, that a general Inoffensiveness in Words, as well as Actions, was expected from them, as indispensable Conditions of their Service; and that a Breach of that kind would be no more pass'd over, than a wilful Fraud, or Act of Dishonesty; and if, added to these Requisites, their Principals take care to support these Injunctions by their own Example; I say, in this Case, I dare be confident, that if such a Service did not *find* them good, it would *make* them so.

And why, indeed, should we not think this a very practicable Scheme, when it is consider'd, that the Servants we take, are at Years of Discretion, and have the strong Tie of *Interest* superadded to the Obligations we require of them; and which, they must needs know (let 'em have what bad Habits they will) are right for *themselves* to discharge, as well as for *us* to exact?

We all know of how much Force the Example of Superiors is to Inferiors. It is generally and too justly said, That the Courts of Princes abound with the most profligate of Men, insomuch that you cannot well give a Man a more significantly bad Title, than by calling him a Courtier: Yet even among these, one shall see the Force of *Example*, as I have heard you, Sir, frequently observe: For let but the Land be blest with a pious and religious Prince, who makes it a Rule with him to countenance and promote none but Men of Virtue and Probity; and, to put the Case still stronger, let such an one even succeed to the most libertine Reign, wherein the Manners of the People have seem'd to be wholly deprav'd; yet a wonderful Change will be immediately effected. The flagitious Livers will be chas'd away, or reform'd; or at least will think it their Duty, or their *Interest*, which is a stronger Tie with such, to *appear* reform'd; and not a Man will seek for the Favour or Countenance of his Prince, but by laudable Pretences, or by worthy Actions.

There was a Time, the Reign of King *Richard* III. when, as I have read, Deformity of Body was the Fashion, and the Nobility and Gentry of the Court thought it an indispensable Requisite of a graceful Form to pad for themselves a round Shoulder, because the King was crooked. And can we think human Nature so absurdly wicked, that it would not much rather have try'd to imitate a personal Perfection, than a Deformity so shocking in its Appearance, in People who were naturally strait?

'Tis a melancholy thing to reflect, that of all Professions of Men, the Mariners, who most behold the Wonders of Almighty Power display'd in the great Deep, (a Sight that has struck me with Awe and Reverence only from a Coast Prospect) and who every Moment of their Lives, while at Sea, have but one frail Plank betwixt themselves and inevitable Destruction; are yet, generally speaking, as I have often heard it observ'd, the most abandon'd Invokers and Blasphemers of the Name of that God, whose Mercies they every Moment unthankfully, altho' so visibly, experience. Yet, as I heard it once remark'd at your Table, Sir, on a particular Occasion, we have now living one Commander in the *British* Navy, who, to his Honour, has shewn the Force of an excellent Example supporting the best Precepts: For on board of his Ship not an Oath or Curse was to be heard; while Volleys of both (issued from impious Mouths in the same Squadron out of his Knowledge) seem'd to fill the Sails of other Ships with guilty Breath, calling aloud for that Perdition to overtake them, which perhaps his worthy Injunctions might be of Weight to suspend.

If such then, dear Sir, be the Force of a good Example, what have Parents to do, who are dispos'd to bring up a Child at home under their own Eye, according to Mr. *Locke's* Advice, but, first, to have a strict Regard to *their own* Conduct? This will not want its due Influence on the Servants; especially if a proper Care and Scrutiny be made into their Characters, before they are entertain'd, and a watchful Eye be had over them, to keep them up to those Characters afterwards. And when they know they must forfeit the Favour of a worthy Master, and their Places too, (which may be thought to be the best of Places, because an *uniform* Character must make all around it easy and happy) they will readily observe such Rules and Directions as shall be prescrib'd to them—Rules and Directions, which their own Consciences will tell them are *right* to be prescrib'd; and even *right* for them to follow, were they *not* insisted upon by their Superiors: And this Conviction must go a great way towards their *thorough* Reformation: For a Person wholly convinc'd, is half reform'd. And thus the Hazard a Child will run of being corrupted by conversing with the Servants, will be remov'd, and all Mr. *Locke's* other Rules be better inforc'd.

I have the Boldness, Sir, to make another Objection; and that is, to the Distance which Mr. *Locke* prescribes to be kept between Children and Servants: For may not this be a Means to fill the Minds of the former with a Contempt of those below them, and an Arrogance that is not warranted by any Rank or Condition, to their Inferiors of the same Species?

I have transcrib'd, Sir, what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd in relation to this Distance, where he says, That the Children are by all means to be kept *wholly* from the Conversation of the meaner Servants. —But how much better Advice does the same Author give for the Behaviour of Children to Servants in the following Words? Which, I humbly presume to think, are not so intirely consistent with the former, as might be expected from so admirable an Author.

"Another way," says he, (§ III.) "to instil Sentiments of Humanity, and to keep them lively in young Folks, will be, to accustom them to Civility in their Language and Deportment towards their Inferiors, and the meaner sort of People, particularly Servants. It is not unusual to observe the Children in Gentlemens Families treat the Servants of the House with domineering Words, Names of Contempt, and an imperious Carriage, as if they were of another Race and Species beneath them. Whether ill Example, the Advantage of Fortune, or their natural Vanity, inspire this Haughtiness, it should be prevented or weeded out; and a gentle, courteous, affable Carriage towards the lower Ranks of Men, plac'd in the Room of it. No Part of their Superiority," continues this excellent Author, "will be hereby lost, but the Distinction increas'd, and their Authority strengthen'd, when Love in Inferiors is join'd to outward Respect, and an Esteem of the Person has a Share in their Submission: And Domesticks will pay a more ready and chearful Service, when they find themselves not spurn'd, because Fortune has laid them below the Level of others at their Master's Feet."

These, dear Sir, are certainly the Sentiments of a generous and inlarg'd Spirit: But I hope I shall be forgiven, if I observe, that the great Distance Mr. *Locke* before enjoins to be kept between Children and Servants, is not very consistent with the above-cited: For if we would prevent this undue Contempt of Inferiors in the Temper of Children, the best way, as I humbly presume to think, is not to make it so unpardonable a Fault for them, especially in their early Years, to be in their Company. For can one make the Children shun the Servants, without rendering them odious or contemptible to them, and representing them to the Child in such disadvantageous Lights, as must needs make the Servants vile in their Eyes, and themselves lofty and exalted in their own? and thereby cause them to treat them with "domineering Words, and an imperious Carriage, as if they were of another

Race or Species beneath them; and so," as Mr. *Locke* says, "nurse up their natural Pride into an habitual Contempt of those beneath them: And then," as he adds, "where will that probably end, but in Oppression and Cruelty?" —But this Matter, dear Sir, as I presume to think, will all be happily accommodated and reconcil'd, when the Servants good Behaviour is secur'd by the Example and Injunctions of the Principals.

Upon the Whole, then, of what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd, and what I have taken the Liberty to suggest on this Head, it shall be my Endeavour, in that early Part of your dear *Billy's* Education, which your Goodness will intrust to me, to inculcate betimes in his Mind the Principles of universal Benevolence and Kindness to others, especially to Inferiors.

Nor, dear Sir, shall I fear, that the little Dear will be wanting to himself in assuming, as he grows up, an Air of Superiority and Distance of Behaviour equal to his Condition, or that he will descend too low for his Station. For, Sir, there is a Pride and Self-love natural to human Minds, that will seldom be kept so low, as to make them humbler than they ought to be.

I have observ'd, before now, Instances of this, in some of the Families we visit, between the young Masters or Misses, and those Children of lower Degree, who have been brought to play with them, or divert them. On the Masters and Misses Side, I have always seen, they lead the Play, and prescribe the Laws of it, be the Diversion what it will; while, on the other hand, their lower-rank Play-fellows have generally given into their little Humours, tho' ever so contrary to their own; and the Difference of Dress and Appearance, and the Notion they have of the more eminent Condition of their Play-fellows Parents, have begot in them a kind of Awe and Respect, that perhaps more than sufficiently secures the Superiority of the one, and the Subordination of the other.

The Advantage of this universal Benevolence to a young Gentleman, as he grows up, will be, as I humbly conceive, that it will so diffuse itself over his Mind, as to influence all his Actions, and give a Grace to every thing he does or says, and make him admir'd and respected from the best and most durable Motives; and will be of greater Advantage to him for his attaining an handsome Address and Behaviour, (for it will make him conscious, that he *merits* the Distinction he will meet with, and encourage him still *more* to merit it) than the best Rules that can be given him for that Purpose.

I will therefore teach the little Dear Courteousness and Affability, from the properest Motives I am able to think of; and will instruct him in only one Piece of Pride, That of being above doing a mean or low Action. I will caution him not to behave in a lordly or insolent manner, even to the lowest Servants. I will tell him, as I do my dear Miss *Goodwin*, That that Superiority is the most commendable, and will be best maintain'd, that is owing to Humanity and Kindness, and which is grounded on the Perfections of the *Mind*, rather than on the *accidental* Advantages of *Fortune* and *Condition*: That if his Conduct be such as it ought to be, there will be no Occasion to tell a Servant, that he *will* be observ'd and respected: That *Humility*, as I once told my Miss *Goodwin*, is a charming Grace, and most conspicuously charming in Persons of Distinction; for that the Poor, who are humbled by their Condition, cannot glory in it, as the Rich may; and that it makes the lower Ranks of People love and admire the High-born, who can so condescend: Whereas *Pride*, in such, is Meanness and Insult, as it owes its Boast and its Being to accidental Advantages; which, at the same time, are seldom of *his* procuring, who can be so mean as to be proud: That even I would sooner forgive Pride in a low Degree, than in an high; for it may be a Security in the first, against doing a base thing: But in the Rich, it is a base thing itself, and an impolitick one too; for the more Distinction a proud Mind grasps at, the less it will have; and every poor despis'd Person can whisper such an one in the Ear, when surrounded with, and adorn'd by, all his glittering Splendors, that he *was* born, and *must* die, in the *same manner* with those whom he despises.

Thus will the Doctrine of Benevolence and Affability, inculcated early in the Mind of Youth, and duly cultivated, as he grows up, inspire the young Gentleman with the requisite Conduct to command Respect from *proper* Motives; and at the same time that it will make the Servants observe a Decorum towards him, it will oblige them to have a Guard upon their Words and Actions in the Presence of one, whose Manner of Education and Training-up would be so great a Reproach to them, if they were grosly faulty: So that hereby, as I conceive, a mutual Benefit would flow to the Manners of each, and *his* good Behaviour would render him, in some measure, an instructive Monitor to the whole Family.

But permit me, Sir, to inlarge on the Hint I have already given, in relation to the Example of the Parents, in case a Preference be given to the Home Education. For if this Point cannot be secur'd, I should always imagine it were best to put the Child to such a School, as I have taken the Liberty to mention . But yet the Subject, Sir, might

be spar'd by me in the present Case, as I write with a View only to your Family; tho' you will remember, that while I follow Mr. *Locke*, whose Work is publick, I must be consider'd as if I was directing myself to the Generality of the World: For, Sir, I have the Pleasure to say, That your Conduct in your Family is unexceptionable; and the Pride to think, that mine is no Disgrace to it. No one hears a Word from your Mouth unbecoming the Character of a polite Gentleman; and I shall always endeavour to be very regardful of what falls from mine. Your Temper, Sir, is equal and kind to all your Servants, and they love you, as well as awefully respect you: And well does your Generosity, and bountiful and considerate Mind, deserve it of them all: And they, seeing I am watchful over my own Conduct, so as not to behave unworthy of your kind Example, regard me as much as I could wish they should; for well do they know, that their beloved Master will have it so, and greatly honours and esteems me himself. — Your Table-talk is such as Persons of the strictest Principles may hear, and join in: Your Guests, and your Friends, are, generally speaking, Persons of the genteel Life, and of the best Manners:— So that Mr. *Locke* would have advis'd *you*, of all Gentlemen, had he been living, and known you, to give your Children an Home Education, and assign'd these, and still stronger Reasons for it.

But, dear Sir, were we to speak to the Generality, it is to be fear'd, this would be an almost insuperable Objection to it. For (I am sorry to say it, but) when one turns one's Eyes to the bad Precedents given by the Heads of some Families, it is hardly to be wonder'd at, that there is so little Virtue and Religion among Men. For can those Parents be surpris'd at the Ungraciousness of their *Children*, who hardly ever shew them, that their *own* Actions are govern'd by reasonable or moral Motives? Can the gluttonous Father expect a self-denying Son? With how ill a Grace must a Man who will often be disguis'd in Liquor, preach Sobriety? A passionate Man, Patience? An irreligious Man, Piety? How will a Parent, whose Hands are seldom without Cards or Dice, be observ'd in Lessons against the pernicious Vice of Gaming? Can the profuse Father, who is squandering away the Fortunes of his Children, expect to be regarded in a Lesson of Frugality? 'Tis impossible he should, except it were, that the Youth, seeing how pernicious his Father's Example is, should have the Grace to make a proper Use of it, and look upon it as a Sea-mark, as it were, to enable him to shun the dangerous Rocks, on which he sees his Father splitting. And even in this *best* Case, let it be consider'd, how much Shame and Disgrace this thoughtless Parent ought to take to himself, who can admonish his Child by nothing but the *Odiusness* of his own Vice; and how little it is owing to him, that his Guilt is not *doubled*, by his Son's treading in his Steps! Let such an unhappy Parent duly weigh this, and think how likely he may be, by his bad Example, to be the Cause of his Child's Perdition, as well as his own, and stand unshock'd and unamended, if he can!

Give me Leave to add, That it is then of no Avail to wish for discreet Servants, if the Conduct of the Parents is faulty. If the Fountain-head be polluted, how shall the Under-currents run clear? That Master or Mistress, who would exact from their Servants a Behaviour which they themselves don't practise, will be but ill observ'd. And that Child, who discovers great Excesses and Errors in his Parents, will be found to be less profited by their good Precepts, than prejudic'd by their bad Examples. Excessive Fondness this Hour, violent Passions, and perhaps Execrations, the next; unguarded Jests, an Admiration for fashionable Vanities, rash Censures, are perhaps the best, that the Child sees in, or hears from, those who are most concern'd to inculcate good Precepts into his Mind. And where it is so, an Home Education is not by any means, surely, to be chosen.

Having, Sir, as well as my slender Abilities will permit, presum'd to deliver my Opinion upon Three great Points, *viz.* The Qualifications of a Tutor; The Necessity of having an Eye to the Morals of Servants; and, The Example of Parents (all which, being taken care of, gives a Preference, as I imagine, to an Home Education); permit me, dear Sir, to offer one more Point, on this Subject, to your Consideration, altho' I just touch'd upon it before.

It is that of *Emulation*; which I humbly conceive to be of great Efficacy to lead Children on in their Duties and Studies. And how, dear Sir, shall this Advantage be procur'd for a young Master, who has no Schoolfellows, and who has no Example to follow, but that of his Tutor, whom he cannot, from the Disparity of Years, and other Circumstances, without Pain, (because of this Disparity) think of emulating? And this, I conceive, is a very great Advantage to such a School Education, as I mentioned in my former Letter, where there are no more Scholars, than the Master can with Ease and Pleasure instruct.

But one way, in my humble Opinion, is lest to answer this Objection, and still preserve the Reason for the Preference which Mr. *Locke* gives to an Home Education; and that is, what I formerly hinted to you, dear Sir†, to take into your Family the Child of some honest Neighbour of but middling Circumstances, and like Age with your

own, but who should give apparent Indications of his natural Promptitude, ingenuous Temper, obliging Behaviour, and good Manners; and to let him go hand-in-hand with yours in his several Studies and Lessons under the same Tutor.

This Child would be sensible of the Benefit, as well as the Distinction he receiv'd, and consequently of what was expected from him, and would double his Diligence, and exert all his good Qualities, which would inspire the young Gentleman with the wish'd-for Emulation, and, as I imagine, would be so promotive of his Learning, that it would even greatly compensate the Tutor's Pains with the additional Scholar; for the young Gentleman would be asham'd to be out-done by one of like Years and Stature with himself. And little Rewards might be propos'd to the greatest Proficient, in order to heighten the Emulation.

Then, Sir, permit me to add, That the *Generosity* of such a Method, to a Gentleman of your Fortune, and beneficent Mind, would be its own Reward, were there no other Benefit to be receiv'd by it.

Moreover, such an ingenious Youth might, by his good Morals and Industry, hereafter, be of Service in some Place of Trust in the Family; and it would be easy for a Gentleman of your Interest in the World, if such a thing offer'd not, to provide for the Youth in the Navy, in some of the publick Offices, or among your private Friends—If he prov'd faulty in his Morals, his Dismission would be in your own Power, and would be Punishment enough.

But if, on the other hand, he prov'd a sober and hopeful Youth, such an one would make an excellent Companion for your *Billy* in riper Years; as he would be, in a manner, a Corroborator of his Morals; for, as his Circumstances would not support him in any Extravagance, so those Circumstances would be a Check upon his Inclinations; and this being seconded by the Hopes of future Preferment from your Favour and Interest, which he could not expect but upon the Terms of his Perseverance in Virtue, he would find himself under a Necessity of setting such an Example, as might be of great Benefit to his Companion: Who should be watch'd as he grew up, that he did not (if his ample Fortune became dangerous to his Virtue) contribute of his Affluence to draw the other after him into Extravagance. And to this End, as I humbly conceive, the noble Doctrine of *Independence* should be early instill'd into both their Minds, and, upon all Occasions, inculcated and inforc'd; which would be an Inducement for the one to endeavour to *improve* his Fortune by his honest Industry, lest he should never be inabled to rise out of a State of Dependence; and to the other, to *keep*, if not *improve*, his own, lest he should ever fall into such a servile State, and thereby lose the glorious Power of conferring Obligations on the Deserving; which surely is one of the highest Pleasures that a generous Mind can know.

A Pleasure, Sir, which you have oftener experienc'd than Thousands of Gentlemen: And which may you still continue to experience for a long, long, and happy Succession of Years to come, is the Prayer of one, the most oblig'd of all others in her own Person, as well as in the Persons of her dearest Relations; and who owes to this glorious Beneficence the Honour she boasts, of being

Your ever dutiful and grateful P. B.

LETTER LVI.

But now, my dear Mr. *B.* if you will indulge me in a Letter or two more, preparative to my little Book, that I mention'd, I will take the Liberty to touch upon one or two other Places, wherein I differ from this learned Gentleman. But, first, permit me to observe, that if Parents are, above all things, to avoid giving bad Examples to their Children, they will be no less careful to shun the Practice of such fond Fathers and Mothers, as are wont to indulge their Children in bad Habits, and give them their Head, at a time when, like Wax, their tender Minds may be moulded into what Shape they please. This is a Point, that, if it please God, I will carefully attend to, because it is the Foundation, on which the Superstructure of the whole future Man is to be erected. For, according as he is indulg'd or check'd in his childish Follies, a Ground is laid for his future Happiness or Misery; and if once they are suffer'd to become habitual to him, it cannot but be expected, that they will grow up with him, and that they will hardly ever be eradicated. "Try it," says Mr. *Locke*, speaking to this very Point, "in a Dog, or an Horse, or any other Creature, and see whether the ill and resty Tricks they have learn'd when young, are easily to be mended, when they are knit: And yet none of these Creatures are half so wilful and proud, or half so desirous to be Masters of themselves, as Men."

And this brings me, dear Sir, to the Head of *Punishments*, in which, as well as in the Article of *Rewards*, which I have touch'd upon, I have a little Objection to somewhat advanc'd by Mr. *Locke*.

But permit me, Sir, however, to premise, that I am exceedingly pleas'd with the Method laid down by this excellent Writer, rather to shame the Child out of his Fault, than beat him; which latter serves generally for nothing but to harden his Mind.

Obstinacy, and telling a *Lye*, and committing a *wilful* Fault, and then *persisting* in it, are, I agree with this Gentleman, the only Causes for which the Child should be punish'd with Stripes: And I admire the Reasons he gives against a too rigorous and severe Treatment of Children.

But I will give Mr. *Locke's* Words, to which I have some Objection.

"It may be doubted," says he, "concerning Whipping, when, as the *last* Remedy, it comes to be necessary, at *what time*, and by *whom*, it should be done; whether presently, upon the committing the Fault, whilst it is yet fresh and hot—I think it should not be done presently," adds he, "lest Passion mingle with it; and so, tho' it exceed the just Proportion, yet it lose of its due Weight. For even Children discern whenever we do things in a Passion."

I must beg Leave, dear Sir, to differ from Mr. *Locke* in this Point; for I think it ought rather to be a Rule with Parents, who shall chastize their Children, to conquer what would be extreme in *their own* Passion on this Occasion, (for those Parents, who cannot do it, are very unfit to be Punishers of the wayward Passions of their Children) than to *defer* the Punishment, especially if the Child knows its Fault has reach'd its Parent's Ear. It is otherwise, methinks, giving the Child, if of an obstinate Disposition, so much more Time to harden its Mind, and bid Defiance to its Punishment.

Just now, dear Sir, your *Billy* is brought into my Presence, all smiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart-cheering Promises; and the Subject I am upon goes to my Heart. Surely, surely, I can never beat your *Billy!*—Dear little Life of my Life! how can I think thou canst ever deserve it, or I can ever inflict it?—No, my Baby, that shall be thy Papa's Task, if ever thou art so heinously naughty; and whatever *he* does, must be right.—Pardon my foolish Fondness, dear Sir!—I will proceed.

If then, I humbly presume to advise, the Fault be so atrocious as to deserve Whipping, and the Parent be resolv'd on this exemplary Punishment, by no means, I should imagine, ought the Child,—poor dear little Soul!—to come into one's Presence without meeting his due Reward. For else, I should think, a Fondness too natural to be resisted, will get the Upper-hand of one's Resentment, and how shall one be able to whip the dear Creature one cannot be angry with? Then after he has once seen one without meeting his Punishment, will he not be inclin'd to hope for Connivance at his Fault? And may he not be apt (for Childrens Resentments are strong) to impute to Cruelty, a Correction, that should always appear to be inflicted with Reluctance, and thro' Motives of Love?

If, from Anger at his Fault, one should go *above the due Proportion*, (I am sure I might be trusted for this!) let it take its Course!—How barbarously, methinks, I speak!—He ought to *feel* the Lash, first, Because he *deserves*

it, poor little Creature! Next, Because it is *propos'd* to be exemplary. And lastly, Because it is not intended to be *often* us'd: And the very Passion or Displeasure one expresses, (if it be not enormous) will shew one is in Earnest, and inspire him with a necessary Awe, and make him be afraid to offend again. The *End* of the Correction is to shew him the Difference betwixt a kind Parent, and a provok'd one: And as it is proper to take him at his first Offer of a full Submission and Repentance, (and not before) and instantly dispassionate one's self, and shew him the Difference by Acts of Pardon and Kindness, (which will let him see, that one punishes him out of Necessity rather than Choice) so one would not be afraid to make him smart so sufficiently, that he should not soon forget the Severity of the Discipline, nor the Disgrace of it. There's a cruel Mamma for you, Mr. *B.*! What my *Practice* may be, I can't tell; but this *Theory*, I presume to think, is right.

As to the Act itself, I much approve Mr. *Locke's* Advice, to do it by Pauses, mingling Stripes and Expostulations together, to shame and terrify the more; and the rather, as the Parent, by this slow manner of inflicting the Punishment, will less need to be afraid of giving too violent a Correction; for those Pauses will afford *him*, as well as the *Child*, Opportunities for Consideration and Reflection.

But as to the Person, by whom the Discipline should be perform'd, I humbly conceive, that this excellent Author is here also to be objected to.

"If you have a discreet Servant," says he, "capable of it, and has the Place of governing your Child, (for if you have a Tutor, there is no Doubt) I think it is best the Smart should come immediately from another's Hand, tho' by the Parent's Order, who should see it done; whereby the Parent's Authority will be preserv'd, and the Child's Aversion for the Pain it suffers, rather be turn'd on the Person that immediately inflicts it. For I would have a Father seldom strike the Child, but upon very urgent Necessity, and as the last Remedy."

'Tis in such an urgent Case, dear Sir, that we are supposing it should be done at all. If there be not a Reason strong enough for the Father's whipping the Child himself, there cannot be any sufficient for his ordering any other to do it, and standing by to see it done: But, I humbly presume to think, that if there be a Necessity for it, no one can be so fit as the Father himself to do it. The Child cannot dispute *his* Authority to punish, from whom he receives and expects all the good Things of this Life: He cannot question *his* Love to him, and, after the Smart is over, and his Obedience secur'd, must believe that so tender, so indulgent a Father, could have no other End in whipping him, but his Good. Against him, he knows, he has no Remedy, but must passively submit; and when he is convinc'd he *must*, he will in time conclude, that he *ought*.

But to have this severe Office perform'd by a Servant, tho' at the Father's Command; and that professedly, that the Aversion of the Child for the Pain it suffers, should be turn'd on the Person who immediately inflicts it, is, I am humbly of Opinion, the *Reverse* of what ought to be done. And *more* so, if this Servant has any Direction of the Child's Education; and still *much* more so, if it be his Tutor, notwithstanding Mr. *Locke* says, there is no Doubt, if there be a Tutor, that it should be done by him.

For, dear Sir, is there no Doubt, that the Tutor should lay himself open to the Aversion of the Child, whose Morals he is to direct, whose Manners he is to form? Is it not the best Method a Tutor can take, in order to inforce the Lessons he would inculcate, to endeavour to attract the Love and Attention of his Pupil by the most winning, mild, and inviting Ways that he can possibly think of? And yet is *he*, this very Tutor, *out of all Doubt*, to be the Instrument of doing an harsh and disgraceful thing, and that in the last Resort, when all other Methods are found ineffectual; and that too, because he ought to incur the Child's Resentment and Aversion, rather than the Father? No, surely, Sir, it is not reasonable it should be so: Quite contrary, in my humble Notion, there can be no Doubt, that it should be *otherwise*.

It should, methinks, be enough for a Tutor, in case of a Fault in the Child, to threaten to complain to his Father; but yet not to make such Complaint, without the Child obstinately persists in his Error, which, too, should be of a Nature to merit such an Appeal: And this, methinks, would highly contribute to preserve the Parent's Authority; who, on this Occasion, should never fail of extorting a Promise of Amendment, or of instantly punishing him with his own Hands. And, to heighten the Esteem of the Child to his Tutor, and to reconcile him to him for complaining of him, it might not, possibly, be amiss, that his Interposition in the Child's Favour, if the Fault were not too flagrant, should be permitted to save him once or twice from the impending Discipline.

'Tis certain, that the Passions, if I may so call them, of Affection and Aversion are very early discoverable in Children; insomuch that they will, even before they can speak, afford us Marks for the Detection of an hypocritical Appearance of Love to it before the Parents Faces. For the Fondness or Averseness of the Child to

some Servants, as I have observ'd in other Families, will at any time let one know, whether their Love to the Baby is uniform and the same, when one is absent, as present. For in one Case the Child will reject with Sullenness all the little Sycophancies, that are made to it in one's Sight; while, on the other, its Fondness of one, who generally obliges it, is an infallible Rule to judge of such an one's Sincerity behind one's Back. This little Instance shews the Strength of a Child's Resentments, and its Sagacity, at the earliest Age, in discovering who obliges, and who disoblige it: And hence one may infer, how improper a Person *he* is, whom we would have a Child to love and respect, or by whose Precepts we would have it directed, to be the Punisher of his Faults, or to do any harsh or disagreeable Office to it.

For my own Part, dear Sir, I must take the Liberty to declare, that if the Parent were not to inflict the Punishment himself, I think it much better it should be given him, in the Parent's Presence, by the Servant of the lowest Consideration in the Family, and one whose Manners and Example one would be the least willing of any other he should follow. Just as the common Executioner, who is the lowest and most flagitious Officer of the Commonwealth, and who frequently deserves, as much as the Criminal, the Punishment he is chosen to inflict, is pitch'd upon to perform, as a Mark of greater Ignominy, those Sentences which are intended as Examples to deter others from the Commission of heinous Crimes. And this was the Method the Almighty took, when he was dispos'd to correct severely his chosen People: For in that Case He generally did it by the Hands of the most profligate Nations around them, as we read in many Places of the Old Testament.

But the following Rule, among a thousand others, equally excellent, I admire in Mr. *Locke*: "When," says he, "(for any Misdemeanour) the Father or Mother looks sour on the Child, every one else should put on the same Coldness to him, and nobody give him Countenance till Forgiveness ask'd, and a Reformation of his Fault has set him right again, and restor'd him to his former Credit. If this were constantly observ'd," adds he, "I guess there would be little Need of Blows or Chiding: Their own Ease or Satisfaction would quickly teach Children to court Commendation, and avoid doing that which they found every body condemn'd, and they were sure to suffer for, without being chid or beaten. This would teach them Modesty and Shame, and they would quickly come to have a natural Abhorrence for that which they found made them slighted and neglected by every body."

This affords me, dear Sir, a pretty Hint: For if ever your charming *Billy* should be naughty, what would I do, but proclaim throughout your worthy Family, that the little Dear was in Disgrace! And one should shun him, another should decline answering him, a third should say, No, Master, I cannot obey you, till your Mamma is pleas'd with you: A fourth, Who should mind what little Masters bid them do, when little Masters won't mind what their Mamma's say to them? And when the dear little Soul found this, he would come in my Way, and I see (pardon me, my dear Mr. *B.*) he has some of his Papa's Spirit already, indeed he has! and I will direct myself with double Kindness to your beloved *Davers*, and to my Miss *Goodwin*, and take no Notice at all of the dear Creature, if I can help it, till I see his Papa (forgive my Boldness, Sir) banish'd from his little sullen Brow, and all his Mamma rise to his Eyes: And when his musical Tongue shall be unlock'd to own his Fault, and promise Amendment—O then! how shall I clasp him to my Bosom! and Tears of Joy, I know, will meet his Tears of Penitence! —How these Flights, dear Sir, please a body! —What Delights have those Mamma's, (which some fashionable Ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make their dear Babies, and their first Educations, their Entertainment and Diversion! To watch the beamy Dawnings of Reason in them, to direct their little Passions, as they shew themselves, to this or that particular Point of Benefit and Use; and to prepare the sweet Virgin Soil of their Minds to receive the Seeds of Virtue and Goodness so early, that as they grow up, one need only now a little Pruning, and now a little Watering, to make them the Ornaments and Delights of the Garden of this Life! And then their pretty Ways, their fond and grateful Endearments, some new Beauty every Day rising to Observation—O my dearest Mr. *B.* whose Enjoyments and Pleasures are so great, as those of such Mamma's as can bend their Minds, two or three Hours every Day, to the Duties of the Nursery?

I have a few other things to observe upon Mr. *Locke's* Treatise, which when I have done, I shall read, admire, and improve by the rest, as my Years and Experiences advance; of which, in my propos'd little Book, I shall give you better Proofs than I am able to do at present; raw, crude, and indigested as the Notions of so young a Mamma must needs be. But these shall be the Subjects of another Letter; for now I am come to the Pride and the Pleasure I always have, when I subscribe myself, dearest Sir,

Your ever dutiful and grateful P. B.

LETTER LVII.

Dear Sir, Mr. *Locke* gives a great many very pretty Instructions relating to the Play-games of Children; but I humbly presume to think what he says, in one or two Places, a little objectionable.

He would not indulge them in any Playthings, but what they make themselves, or endeavour to make. "A smooth Pebble, a Piece of Paper, the Mother's Bunch of Keys, or any thing they cannot hurt themselves with," he rightly says, "serves as much to divert little Children, as those more chargeable and curious Toys from the Shops, which are presently put out of Order, and broken."

These Playthings may certainly do well enough, as he observes, for little ones: But, methinks, to a Person of easy Circumstances, as the making these Toys employs the industrious Poor, the buying them for the Child might be dispens'd with, tho' they *were* easily broken; and especially as they are of all Prices, and some less costly, and more durable, than others.

"Tops, Gigs, Battledors," Mr. *Locke* observes, "which are to be used with Labour, should indeed be procur'd them—not for Variety, but Exercise: But if they had a Top, the Scourge-stick and Leather-strap should be left to their own making and sitting."

But may I presume to say, That whatever be the Good Mr. *Locke* proposes by this, it cannot be equal to the Mischief Children may do themselves in making these Playthings? For must they not have Implements to work with? And is not a Knife, or other edg'd Tool, without which it is impossible they can make or shape a Scourge-stick, or *any* of their Playthings, a fine Instrument in a Child's Hands? This Advice is the Reverse of the Caution warranted from all Antiquity, *That 'tis dangerous to meddle with edg'd Tools*: And I am afraid, the Tutor must often act the Surgeon, and follow the Indulgence with a Styptick and a Plaister; and the young Gentleman's Hands might be so often bound up, that it might indeed perhaps be one way to cure him of his earnest Desire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other Good that it can do him: For I doubt, the excellent Consequences propos'd by our Author from this Doctrine, such as to teach the Child Moderation in his Desires, Application, Industry, Thought, Contrivance, and good Husbandry, Qualities that, as he observes, will be useful to him when he is a Man, are too remote to be ingrafted upon such Beginnings: Altho' it must be confess'd, that, as Mr. *Locke* wisely observes, good Habits and Industry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, Sir, may I ask, Are not the very Play and Sports, to which Children accustom themselves, whether they make their own Playthings or not, equivalent to the Work or Labour of grown Persons? Yes, Sir, I will venture to say, they are, and more than equivalent to the Exercises and Labour of many.

Mr. *Locke* advises, that the Child's Playthings should be as few as possible, which I intirely agree with: That they should be in his Tutor's Power, who is to give him but one at once: But as it is the Nature of the human Mind to court most what is prohibited, and to set light by what is in its own Power; so I am half doubtful, (only that Mr. *Locke* says it, and the Matter may not be so very important, as other Points, in which I have taken the Liberty to differ from that Gentleman) Whether the Child's absolute Possession of his own Playthings in some little Repository, of which he may be permitted to keep the Key, especially if he make no bad Use of the Privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them; while the contrary Conduct might possibly inhanse his Value of them. And if, when he had done with any Plaything, he were oblig'd to put it into its allotted Place, and was accustom'd to keep Account of the Number and Places of them severally, this would teach him Order, and at the same time instruct him to make a proper Account of them, and to avoid being a Squanderer or Waster: And if he should omit to put them in their Places, or be careless of his Playthings, the Command of them taken away for a time, or threatening to give them away to others, would make him be more heedful.

Mr. *Locke* says, "That he has known a Child so distracted with the Number and Variety of his Play-games, that he tired his Maid every Day to look them over: And was so accustom'd to Abundance, that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, What more? What new thing shall I have? A good Introduction," adds he, "to moderate Desires, and the ready way to make a contented happy Man!"

All that I shall offer to this, is, that there are few *Men* so philosophical as one would wish them to be; much less *Children*. But no Doubt, that this Variety engag'd the Child's Activity; which, of the two, might be turn'd to better Purposes, than Sloth or Indolence; and if the Maid was tired, it might be, because she was not so much

alive, as the Child; and perhaps the Grievance might not be so great, because, if she was his Attendant, 'tis probable she had nothing else to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. *Locke* says, it is no matter how few Playthings the Child is indulg'd with: But yet I can hardly persuade myself, that Plenty of them can have such bad Consequences, as the Gentleman apprehends; and the rather, because they will excite his Attention, and keep alive his Industry and Activity. His Inquiry after new Things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a Branch of those natural Desires, which are implanted in him, and will every Day increase: But this may be observ'd, That as he grows in Years, he will be above some Playthings, and so the Number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps, in a greater Proportion, than the new ones will increase.

Mr. *Locke* observes, on the Head of good Breeding, That "There are two Sorts of ill Breeding; the one a sheepish Bashfulness, and the other a misbecoming Negligence and Disrespect in our Carriage; both which, says he, are avoided by duly observing this one Rule, Not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others." I think, as Mr. *Locke* explains this Rule, it is an excellent one. But on this Head I would beg Leave to observe, that however discommendable a bashful Temper is, in some Instances, where it must be deem'd a Weakness of the Mind, yet, in my humble Opinion, it is generally the Mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be preferr'd to an undistinguishing and hardy Confidence, which is, as it seems to me, the genuine Production of unfeeling Ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which Mr. *Locke* calls *Sheepishness*, should indeed be shaken off as soon as possible, because it is an Enemy to Merit in its Advancement in the World: But were I to chuse a Companion for your *Billy*, as he grows up, I should not think the worse of the Youth, who, not having had the Opportunities of knowing Men, or seeing the World, had this Defect. On the contrary, I should be apt to look upon it as an outward Fence or Inclosure, as I may say, to his Virtue, which might keep off the lighter Attacks of Immorality, the *Hussars* of Vice, as I may say, who are not able to carry on a formal Siege against his Morals; and I should expect such an one to be docile, humane, good-humour'd, diffident of himself, and so most likely to improve as well in Mind as Behaviour: While an harden'd Mind, that never doubts itself, must be a Stranger to its own Infirmities, and, suspecting none, is impetuous, over-bearing, incorrigible; and if rich, a Tyrant; if not, possibly an Invader of other Mens Properties.

Mr. *Locke* proposes (§ 148.) a very pretty Method to cheat Children, as it were, into Learning: But then, he adds, "There may be Dice and Playthings with the Letters on them to teach Children the Alphabet by playing." And in another Place, (§ 151.) "I know a Person of great Quality—who by pasting on the six Vowels (for in our Language y is one) on the six Sides of a Die, and the remaining eighteen Consonants on the Sides of three other Dice, has made this a Play for his Children, that he shall win, who at one Cast throws most Words on these four Dice; whereby his eldest Son, yet in Coats, has *play'd* himself into *Spelling* with great Eagerness, and without once having been chid for it, or forced to it."

I must needs say, my dear Mr. *B.* that I should rather your *Billy* should be a Twelvemonth backwarder for want of this Method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be apprehended from so early inculcating the Use of Dice and Gaming upon the Minds of Children? Let Mr. *Locke* himself speak for this in his § 208. and I should be glad to be able to reconcile the two Passages in this excellent Author. —"As to Cards and Dice," says he, "I think the safest and best way is never to learn any Play upon them, and so to be incapacitated for these dangerous Temptations, and incroaching Wasters of useful Time"—and, he might have added, of the noblest Estates and Fortunes; while Sharppers and Scoundrels have been lifted into Distinction upon their Ruins. Yet, in § 153. Mr. *Locke* proceeds to give particular Directions in relation to the Dice he recommends.

But, after all, if some innocent Plays were fix'd upon to cheat Children into Reading, that, as he says, should look as little like a Task as possible, it must needs be of Use for that Purpose. But let every Gentleman, who has a Fortune to lose, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vilest Company, who generally have nothing at all to risque, tremble at the Thoughts of teaching his Son, tho' for the most laudable Purposes, the early Use of Dice and Gaming.

But, dear Sir, permit me to say, how much I am charm'd with an Hint in Mr. *Locke*, which makes your *Pamela* hope, she may be of greater Use to your Children, even as they *grow up*, than she could ever have flatter'd herself to be. —'Tis a charming, charming Paragraph; I must not skip one Word of it. Thus it begins, and I will observe upon it as I go along. "§ 177. But under whose Care soever a Child is put to be taught," says Mr. *Locke*, "during

the tender and flexible Years of his Life, this is certain, it should be one, who thinks *Latin* and Language the least Part of Education."

How agreeable is this to my Notions; which I durst not have avow'd, but after so excellent a Scholar: For I have long had the Thought, that a deal of precious Time is wasted to little Purpose in the Attaining of *Latin*. Mr. *H.* I think, says, he was Ten Years in endeavouring to learn it, and, as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the Matter neither! —Indeed he lays that to the wicked Picture in his Grammar, which he took for granted, as he has said several times, as well as once written, was put there to teach Boys to rob Orchards, instead of improving their Minds in Learning, or common Honesty.

But (for this is too light an Instance for the Subject) Mr. *Locke* proceeds—"One who, knowing how much Virtue and a well-temper'd Soul is to be preferr'd to any sort of *Learning* or *Language*," What a noble Writer is this! "makes it his chief Business to form the Mind of his Scholars, and give that a right Disposition:" Ay there, dear Sir, is the Thing! "Which if once got, tho' all the rest should be neglected," charmingly observ'd! "would in *due time*" without wicked Dice, I hope! "produce all the rest; and which if it be not got and settled, so as to keep out ill and vicious Habits, *Languages* and *Sciences*, and all the other Accomplishments of Education, will be to no Purpose, but to make the worse or more dangerous Man." Now comes the Place I am so much delighted with! "And indeed, whatever Stir there is made about getting of *Latin*, as the great and difficult Business, his Mother" O thank you, thank you, dear Sir, for putting this excellent Author into my Hands! "may teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three Hours in a Day with him," —If she will? Never fear, dear Sir, but I will, with the highest Pleasure in the World! "and make him read the Evangelists in *Latin* to her." How I long to be five or six Years older, as well as my dearest Babies, that I may enter upon this charming Scheme! "For she need but buy a *Latin* Testament, and having got somebody to mark the last Syllable but one, where it is long, in Words above two Syllables, (which is enough to regulate her Pronunciation and Accenting the Words) read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid understanding them in *Latin*, if she can." Why, dearest, dear Sir, you have taught me almost all this already; and you, my best and most beloved Tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce *Latin* more than tolerably, tho' I don't understand it: But this Method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *Children*. But thus the good Gentleman proceeds:] "And when she understands the Evangelists in *Latin*, let her in the same manner read *Æsop's* Fables, and so proceed on to *Eutropius*, *Justin*, and such other Books. I do not mention this," adds Mr. *Locke*, "as an Imagination of what I fancy *may* do, but as of a thing I have *known* done, and the *Latin* Tongue got with Ease this way."

Mr. *Locke* proceeds to mention other Advantages, which the Child may receive from his Mother's Instruction, which I will endeavour more and more to qualify myself for: Particularly, after he has intimated, That "At the same time the Child is learning *French* and *Latin*, he may be enter'd also in Arithmetick, Geography, Chronology, History, and Geometry too; for if," says he, "these be taught him in *French* or *Latin*, when he begins once to understand either of these Tongues, he will get a Knowledge in these Sciences, and the Language to boot:" After he has intimated this, I say, he proceeds: "Geography, I think, should be begun with: For the learning of the Figure of the Globe, the Situation and Boundaries of the Four Parts of the World, and that of particular Kingdoms and Countries, being only an Exercise of the Eyes and Memory, a Child with Pleasure will learn and retain them. And this is so certain, that I now live in an House with a Child, whom his Mother has so well instructed this way in Geography," But had she not, do you think, dear Sir, some of this good Gentleman's kind Assistance, as he liv'd in the House with the Child? "that he knew the Limits of the Four Parts of the World; would readily point, being ask'd, to any Country upon the Globe, or any County in the Map of *England*; knew all the great Rivers, Promontories, Streights, and Bays in the World, and could find the Longitude and Latitude of any Place, before he was six Years old."

There's for you, dear Sir! —See what a Mother can do, if she pleases!

I remember, Sir, formerly, in that sweet Chariot Conference, at the Dawning of my Hopes, when all my Dangers were over; a Conference I still think of with Pleasure; that you ask'd me, how I would bestow my Time, supposing the neighbouring Ladies would be above being seen in my Company; when I should have no Visits to receive or return; no Parties of Pleasure to join in; no Card-tables to employ my Winter Evenings?

I then, Sir, transported with my opening Prospects, prattled to you, how well I would endeavour to pass my Time in the Family Management and Accounts, in Visits now-and-then to the indigent and worthy Poor; in Musick sometimes; in Reading, in Writing, in my superior Duties—And I hope I have not behaved quite

unworthily of my Promises.

But I also remember, dear Sir, what *now*, that the fair Prospect is no longer distant, and that I have been so long your happy, thrice happy Wife, I may speak without those Blushes which then cover'd my Face, that you said, (with a modest Grace, and with that virtuous Endearment, that is so *beautiful* in *your* Sex, as well as *becoming* in *ours*, whether in the Character of Lover or Husband, Maiden or Wife) "And I hope, my *Pamela*, to have superadded to all these, such an Employment" —as—in short, Sir, I am now bless'd with, and writing of! no less than the useful Part I may be able to take in the first Education of your lovely Babies!

And now I must add, That this pleasing Hope sets me above all other Diversions: I wish for no Parties of Pleasure but with you, my dearest Mr. *B.* and these are Parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your Conversation, and of the Time you pass (beyond what I could ever have promised to my utmost Wishes) in such poor Company as mine, for no other Reason but because I love to be instructed, and take my Lessons well, as you are pleas'd to say: And indeed I must be a sad Dunce, if I did not, from so beloved a Master.

I want no Card-table Amusements: For I hope, (there's a proud Hope!) in a few Years, to be able to teach my dear Little-ones the First Rudiments, as Mr. *Locke* points the Way, of *Latin*, of *French*, and of Geography, and Arithmetick.

O my dear Mr. *B.* by your Help and Countenance, what may I not be able to teach them! and how may I prepare the Way for a Tutor's Instructions, and give them up Minds half cultivated to their Hands! —And all this time improve myself too, not only in Science, but in Nature, by tracing in the little Babes what all Mankind are, and have been, from Infancy to riper Years, and watching the sweet Dawnings of Reason, and delighting in every bright Emanation of that Ray of Divinity lent to the human Mind, for great and happy Purposes, when rightly pointed and directed!

There is no going further in this Letter after these charming Recollections and Hopes: For they bring me to that grateful Remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and also what I have been for so happy a Period, and what I am, which is, what will be ever my Pride and my Glory; and well it may, when I look back to my Beginning, which I ever shall, with humble Acknowledgement, and can call myself, dearest Mr. *B.*

Your honoured and honouring, and, I hope I may say, in time, useful Wife, P. B.

LETTER LLVIII.

My dearest Mr. B. Having in my former Letters said as much as is necessary to let you into my Notion of the excellent Book you put into my Hands, and having touch'd those Points in which the Children of both Sexes may be concern'd, (with some *Art* in my Intention, I own) in Hopes that they would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the Honour and Pleasure you have done me in committing the dear Miss *Goodwin* to my Care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the little Book which I have done myself the Honour to mention to you.

You have been so good as to tell me, (at the same time that you have not disapprov'd these my Specimen Letters, as I may call them) that you will kindly accept of my intended Present, and you encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one Side of the Leaf blank for your Corrections and Alterations, those Corrections will be a fine Help and Instruction to me in the pleasing Task, which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early Education of the dear Children, which it has pleased God to give you. And altho' I shall be Years in writing it, perhaps, as the dear Babies improve, and as I improve, by the Opportunities which their Advances in Years will give me, and the Experience I shall gain, I shall, perhaps, venture to give my Notions and Observations on the more material and nobler Parts of Education, as well as the inferior; for, (but that I think the Subjects above my present Abilities) Mr. *Locke's* Book would lead me into several Remarks, that might not be unuseful, and which appear to me intirely new; tho' that may be owing to my slender Reading and Opportunities perhaps.

But what, my dearest Mr. *B.* I would now touch upon, is a Word or two still more particularly upon the Education of my own Sex; a Topick which naturally rises to me from the Subject of my last Letter. For there, dear Sir, we saw, that the Mothers might teach the Child this Part of Science, and that Part of Instruction; and who, I pray, as our Sex is generally educated, shall teach the *Mothers*? How, in a Word, shall they come by their Knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to say, That Miss *Goodwin* gives all the Promises of a fine young Lady, and takes her Learning, and loves Reading, and makes very pretty Reflections on all she reads, and asks very pertinent Questions, and is as knowing, at her Years, as most young Ladies. This is very, Sir; but it is not every one that can boast Miss *Goodwin's* Capacity, and Goodness of Temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of lost Time, as I must call it; for the first four Years in the dear Child were a perfect Blank, as far as I can find, just as if the pretty Dear was born the Day she was four Years old: For what she had to *unlearn* as to Temper, and Will, and such things, set against what little Improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a Blank.

I would indeed have a Miss brought up to her Needle; but I would not have *all* her Time employ'd in Samplers, and learning to mark, and to do those unnecessary things, which she will never, probably, be call'd upon to practise.

And why, pray, my dear Mr. *B.* are not Girls intitled to the same first Education, tho' not to the same Plays and Diversions, as Boys; so far at least, as it is supposed by Mr. *Locke* a Mother can instruct them?

Would not this lay a Foundation for their future Improvement, and direct their Inclinations to useful Subjects, such as should make them above the Imputations of some unkind Gentlemen, who allot to their Parts common Tea-table Prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the Men find us better and more suitable Companions and Assistants to them in every useful Purpose of Life? —O that your lordly Sex were all like my dear Mr. *B.* —I don't mean, that they should all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly Girls, as I was, from the Cottage, and, destroying all Distinction, make such their Wives. I cannot mean this: Because it is a far greater Likelihood, that such an one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a Sphere, would have her Head made giddy with her Exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it: And then to what a Blot, over all the fair Page of a long Life, would this little Drop of dirty Ink spread itself! What a standing Disreputation to the Choice of a Gentleman!

But *this* I mean, that after a Gentleman had enter'd into the Marriage State with a young Creature (saying nothing at all of Birth or Descent) far inferior to him in Learning, in Parts, in Knowledge of the World, and in all the Graces that make Conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit

Company for himself, as he shall find she is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of Improvement: That he would direct her Taste, point out to her proper Subjects for her Amusement and Instruction; travel with her now—and—then, a Month in a Year perhaps; and shew her the World, after he has encourag'd her to put herself forward at his own Table, and at the Houses of his Friends, and has seen, that she will not do him great Discredit any—where. What Obligations, and Opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such an Husband, every Hour, more and more! as she will see his Wisdom in a thousand Instances, and experience his Indulgence to her in ten thousand, (for which otherwise no Opportunity could have so fitly offer'd) to the Praise of his Politeness, and the Honour of them both! —And then, when select Parties of Pleasure or Business engag'd him not abroad, in his home Conversation, to have him, as my dear Mr. *B.* does, delight to instruct, and open her Prospects, and inspire her with an Ambition to enlarge her Mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual Kind of marry'd Life, as I may call it, would such Persons find theirs! And how suitable to the Rules of Policy and Self—love in the Gentleman! For is not the Wife, and are not her Improvements, all *his own*? —*Absolutely*, as I may say, *his own*? And does not every Excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her Husband's Honour, because she is *his*, even more than *to her own*?— In like manner as no Dishonour affects a Man so much, as that which he receives from a bad Wife.

But where, would some say, were they to see what I write, is such a Gentlemen as Mr. *B.* to be met with? Look around, and see, with all the Advantages of Sex, of Education, of Travel, of Conversation in the open World, where a Gentleman of his Abilities to instruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others, who, perhaps, will question the Capacities and Inclinations of our Sex in general, to improve in useful Knowledge, were they to meet with such kind Indulgers, either in the Characters of a Parent or Husband.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a Gentleman: But for the second, (would it be excus'd in me, who am one of the Sex, and so may be thought partial to it) I could, by Comparisons drawn from the Gentlemen and Ladies within the Circle of my own Acquaintance, produce Instances to the Advantage of Ladies, which are so flagrantly in their Favour, that might make it suspected, that it is Policy more than Justice, in those who would keep our Sex unacquainted with that more eligible Turn of Education, which gives the Gentlemen so many Advantages over us in *that*; and which will shew, that they have none at all in *Nature* or *Genius*.

I know you'll pardon me, dear Sir! for you are so exalted above your *Pamela*, by Nature and Education too, that you cannot apprehend any Inconvenience from bold Comparisons. I will take the Liberty therefore to mention a few Instances among our Friends, where the Ladies, notwithstanding their more cramp'd and confin'd Education, make more than an equal Figure with the Gentlemen in all the graceful Parts of Conversation, in Spite of the Contempts pour'd out upon our Sex by some witty Gentlemen, whose Writings I have in my Eye.

To begin then with Mr. *Murray*, and Miss *Darnford* that was: Mr. *Murray* has the Reputation of Scholarship, and has travell'd too; but how infinitely is he surpass'd in every noble and useful Quality, and in Greatness of Mind, and Judgment, as well as Wit, by the young Lady I have nam'd? This we saw, when last at the Hall, in Fifty Instances, where the Gentleman was, you know, Sir, on a Visit to Sir *Simon* and his Lady.

Next, dear Sir, permit me to observe, that my good Lord *Davers*, with all his Advantages, born a Counsellor of the Realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his Lady, your noble Sister.

My Countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady *Betty*, her eldest Daughter, greatly surpass the Earl, and my Lord, her eldest Brother, in every Point of Knowledge, and even Learning, as I may say, altho' both Ladies owe that Advantage principally to their own Cultivation and Acquirement.

Let me presume, Sir, to name Mr. *H.* and when I *have* nam'd him, shall we be puzzled to find any—where in our Sex, one Remove from vulgar Life, a Woman that will not out—do Mr. *H*?

Lady *Darnford*, upon all useful Subjects, makes a much brighter Figure than Sir *Simon*; whose Knowledge of the World has not yet made him acquainted with himself.

Mr. *Arthur* excels not his Lady.

Mrs. *Towers*, a Maiden Lady, is an Over—match for half a dozen of the neighbouring Gentlemen I could name, in what is call'd Wit and Politeness, and not inferior to any of them in Judgment.

I could multiply Instances of this Nature, were it needful, to the Confutation of that low, and I had almost said *unmanly* Contempt, with which a certain celebrated Genius treats our Sex in general, in most of his Pieces that I have seen; particularly in his *Letter of Advice to a new—marry'd Lady*: A Letter written in such a manner, as must disgust, instead of instructing, and looks more like the Advice of an Enemy to the Sex, and a partial one too, than

a Friend to the particular Lady. But I ought to beg Pardon for this my Presumption, for two Reasons; first, Because of the truly admirable Talents of this Writer; and next, Because we know not what Ladies the ingenious Gentleman may have fallen among in his younger Days.

Upon the Whole therefore I conclude, That Mr. *B.* the noble minded Mr. *B.* is almost the only Gentleman, who excels *every* Lady I have seen; so *greatly* excels, that even the Emanations of his Excellence irradiate a low Cottage-born Girl, and make her pass among Ladies of Birth and Education for Somebody.

Forgive my Pride, dear Sir; but it would be almost a Crime in your *Pamela* not to glory in the mild Benignity of those Rays, by which her beloved Mr. *B.* endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny Sphere; while she, by the Advantages only of his reflected Glory, in his Absence, which makes a dark Night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter Beaminess, and makes a distinguishing Figure among such lesser Planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the Aids she boasts of: Tho', after all, her silvery Lustre is easily overshadow'd by those crossing Clouds, that make his Glory shine the brighter.

I dare not, dear Sir, conjecture, whence arises this more than Parity in the Genius of the Sexes, among the Persons I have mention'd, notwithstanding the Disparity of Education, and the Difference in the Opportunities of each. It might lead one into too proud a Thought in Favour of a Sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* Wits I might name, who, indeed, are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all God Almighty's Works: Yet might I better do it, too, than any body, since, as I have intimated above, I am so infinitely transcended by my dear Gentleman, that no Competition, Pride or Vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of the Gentlemen, who are so free in their Contempts of us, that they will, for *their own* sakes, (and that, with such, generally goes a great way) rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: We shall then make better Daughters, better Wives, better Mothers, and better Mistresses: And who (permit me, Sir, to ask these People) would be so much the better for these Opportunities and Amendments, as our Upbraiders themselves?

On re-perusing what I have written, I must repeatedly beg your Excuse, dear Sir, for these proud Notions in behalf of my Sex. I can truly say, That they are not, if I know myself, owing to Partiality, because I have the Honour to be one of it; but to a better Motive by far: For what does this contemptuous Treatment of one Half, if not the better Half, of the human Species, naturally produce, but Libertinism, and abandon'd Wickedness? For does it not tend to make the Daughters, the Sisters, the Wives of Gentlemen, the Subjects of profligate Attempts? —Does it not render the Sex vile in the Eyes of the most Vile? And when a Lady is no longer beheld by such Persons with that Dignity and Reverence, with which, perhaps, the Graces of her Person, and the Innocence of her Mind, should sacredly, as it were, encompass her, do not her very Excellencies become so many Incentives for base Wretches to attempt her Virtue, and bring about her Ruin?

What then may not wicked Wit have to answer for, when its Possessors prostitute it to such unmanly Purposes? And, as if they had never had a Mother, a Sister, a Daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, those sacred Fences, which may lay the fair Inclosure open to the Invasions of every clumsier and viler Beast of Prey, who, tho' destitute of *their* Wit, yet corrupted by it, shall fill their Mouths, as well as their Hearts, with the borrow'd Mischief, and propagate it, from one to another, to the End of Time; and who, otherwise, would have pass'd by the uninvaded Fence, and only shew'd their Teeth, and snarl'd at the well-secured Fold within it!

You cannot, my dearest Mr. *B.* I know you cannot, be angry at this Romantick Painting; since you are not affected by it: For when you were at worst, you acted (more dangerously, 'tis, for the poor Innocents) a *principal* Part, and were as a Lion among Beasts— Do, dear Sir, let me say *among*, this one time— You scorn'd to borrow any Man's Wit, and if nobody had follow'd your Example, till they had had your Qualities, the Number of Rakes would have been but small: Yet; dearest Sir, don't mistake me neither; I am not so mean as to bespeak your Favour by extenuating your Failings: If I *were*, you would deservedly despise me. For, undoubtedly, (I *must* say it, Sir) your Faults were the greater for your Perfections; and such Talents misapply'd, as they made you more capable of Mischief, so did they increase the Evil of your Practices. All then that I mean by saying you are not affected by this Painting, is, that you are not affected by the Description I have given of clumsy and sordid Rakes, whose *Wit* is *borrow'd*, and their *Wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear Sir, since that noble Conversation, which you held with me at *Tunbridge*, in relation to the Consequences, that might, had it not been for God's Grace intervening, have follow'd the Masquerade Affair, I have the Pleasure, the inexpressible Pleasure, to find a thorough Reformation, from the *best* Motives, taking

Place; and your joining with me in my Closet, (as Opportunity permits) in my Evening Duties, is the charming Confirmation of your kind, and voluntary, and, I am proud to say, your *pious* Assurances! So that this makes me fearless of your Displeasure, while I rather triumph in my Joy, for your precious Soul's sake, than presume to think of recriminating; and when, (only this one time for all, and for ever) I take the Liberty of looking back from the delightful *Now*, to the painful *Formerly!*

But, what a Rambler am I again! You command me, Sir, to write to you all I think, without Fear. I obey, and, as the Phrase is, do it without either *Fear* or *Wit*.

If you *are not* displeas'd, it is a Mark of the Nobleness of your Nature, and the Sincerity of your late pious Declarations.

If *you are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having apply'd a Corrosive to eat away the *Proud Flesh* of a *Wound*, that is not yet so thoroughly *digested*, as to bear a painful Application, and requires Balsam, and a gentler Treatment. But when we were at *Bath*, I remember what you said once of the Benefit of Retrospection; and you charg'd me, when ever a *proper* Opportunity offer'd, to remind you, by that one Word, *Retrospection*, of the charming Conversation we had there, on our Return from the Rooms.

If this be not one of those *proper* Opportunities, forgive, dearest Sir, the Unseasonableness of your very impertinent, but, in Intention, and Resolution,

Ever dutiful, P. B.

LETTER LIX.

From Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother.

Ever dear, and Ever honoured, I must write this one Letter to you, altho' I have had the Happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. *B.* is now about to honour me with the Tour he so kindly promised to me, when with you; and it may therefore be several Months, perhaps, before I have again the Pleasure of paying you the like dutiful Respects.

You know his kind Promise, That he would, for every dear Baby I present him with, take an Excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my Health.

The Task I have undertaken of dedicating all my Writing Amusements to the dearest of Gentlemen; the full Employment I have, when at home; the frequent Rambles he has been so often pleas'd to indulge me in, with my dear Miss *Goodwin*, to *Kent*, to *London*, to *Bedfordshire*, to *Lincolnshire*, and to my Lady *Daver's*, take from me the Necessity of writing to your honoured Selves, to my Miss *Darnford* that was, and to Lady *Davers*, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy Friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, occurring this Year, as to our Conversations, Visits, Friends, Employments, and Amusements, (with little Variation) that fell out the last, as they must do in a Family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have, for these Reasons, more Leisure to pursue my domestick Duties, which are increas'd upon me; and when I have said, That I am every Day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. *B.* in Miss *Goodwin*; my *Billy*, and my *Davers*, and now, newly, in my sweet little *Pamela*, (for so, you know, Lady *Davers*. would have her called, rather than by her own Name) what can I say more?

As to the Tour I spoke of, you know, the first Part of Mr. *B.*'s obliging Scheme is to carry me to *France*; for he has already travell'd with me over the greatest Part of *England*; and I am sure, by my Passage last Year, to the *Isle of Wight*, I shall not be afraid of crossing the Water from *Dover* thither; and he will, when we are at *Paris*, he says, take my further Directions (that was his kind Expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady *Davers* are so good as to promise to accompany us to *Paris*, provided Mr. *B.* will give them his and my Company to *Aix la Chapelle*, for a Month or six Weeks, whither my Lord is advised to go. And Mr. *H.* if he can get over his Fear of crossing the salt Water, is to be of the Party.

Lady *G.* Miss *Darnford* that was, (who likewise has lately lain in of a fine Daughter) and I, are to correspond, as Opportunity offers; and she is so good as to promise to send to you what I write, as formerly: But I have refused to say one Word in my Letters of the Manners, Customs, Curiosities, &c. of the Places we see, because, first, I shall not have Leisure; and, next, because those things are so much better described in Books already printed, written by Persons who made stricter and better Observations than I can pretend to make: So that what I shall write will relate only to our private Selves, and shall be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. *B.* has it in his Thought, he intends to be out of *England* two Years: —But how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear Babies! —But this must be my Time, my *only* Time, Mr. *B.* tells me, to ramble and see distant Places and Countries; for he is pleas'd to say, That as soon as his Little-ones are capable of my Instructions, and begin to understand my Looks and Signs, he will not spare me from them a Week together; and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold Boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his Papa in his dear forward Spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss *Goodwin* highly, who is very fond of *him*, and my little *Davers*; but vows she will never love so well my little black-ey'd *Pamela*.

You see what a sweet Girl Miss is, and you admir'd her much: Did I tell you, what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver Hairs, and reverend Countenances? —Madam, said she, I dare say, your Papa and Mamma *honoured their Father and Mother*: They did, my Dear; but what is your Reason for saying so? —Because, reply'd she, *they have lived so long in the Land which the Lord their God has given them*. I took the dear Charmer in my Arms, and kiss'd her three or four times, as she deserv'd; for was not this very pretty in the Child?

I must with inexpressible Pleasure write you Word, how happily God's Providence has turn'd for the best, that Affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine Countess, (who is gone abroad) of whom you and my Father had heard, as you told me, some Reports, which had you known at the Time, would have made you

very apprehensive for Mr. *B.*'s Morals, as well as for my Repose.

I will give you the Particulars of this dark Affair, so far as shall make you Judges of my present Joy.

There was but one thing wanting, my dear Parents, to complete all the Happiness I wish'd for in this Life; and that was the remote Hope I had entertain'd, that one Day, my dear Mr. *B.* who from a licentious Gentleman, became a Moralist, would be so touch'd by the Divine Grace, as to become, in time, more than a Moral, a *Religious* Gentleman, and that he would, at last, join in the Duties which he had the Goodness to countenance.

For this Reason I began with mere *Indispensables*. I crouded not his Gate with Objects of Charity: I visited them at their Homes, and reliev'd them; distinguishing the worthy Indigent (made so by unavoidable Accidents and Casualties) from the wilfully, or perversly, or sottishly such, by *greater* Marks of my Favour.

I confin'd my Morning and Evening Devotions to my own Closet, as privately as possible, lest I should give Offence and Discouragement to so gay a Temper, so unaccustom'd, poor Gentleman! to Acts of Devotion and Piety; while I met his Household together, only on Mornings and Evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their publick Duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at Church in the other; leaving them to their own Reflections for the rest of the Week; after I had suggested to them a Method I wish'd to be follow'd by themselves, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good Order had its desired Effect, and our Sabbath-day Assemblies were held with so little Parade, that we were hardly any of us miss'd. All, in short, was done with chearful Ease and Composure; and every one of us was better dispos'd to our domestick Duties by this Method: I to attend the good Pleasure of my best Friend, and they to attend that of us both.

In this manner, we went on, very happily, my neighbourly Visits of Charity taking up no more Time than common Airings, and passing, many of them, for such; my *private Duties* being only between my First, my Heavenly Benefactor, and myself, and my Family ones (personally) confin'd to the Day, separated for these best of Services: And Mr. *B.* pleas'd with my Manner, beheld the good Effects, and countenanc'd me by his Praises and his Endearments, *as* acting discreetly, *as* not falling into Enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) *as* not aiming at being *righteous over-much*.

But still I wanted, and I waited for, with humble Impatience, and I made it part of my constant Prayers, that the Divine Grace would at last touch his Heart, and make him *more* than a Countenancer, *more* than an Applauder, of my Duties: That he might, for his own dear sake, become a Partaker, a Partner in them; and then, thought I, when we can Hand in Hand, Heart in Heart, one Spirit, as well as one Flesh, join in the same Closet, in the same Prayers and Thanksgivings, what an happy Creature shall I be!

I say, *Closet*; for, I durst not aspire so high, as to hope he would favour me with his Company among his Servants, in our *Sunday* Devotions—I knew it would be going too far, in *his* Opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their Mistress, had I been ever so high-born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one Degree, Mr. *Longman* in another, Mrs. *Jervis* in another—But from a Gentleman of his lordly Temper, and manner of Education, I knew I could never hope for it; so would not lose *every* thing, by grasping at *too much*.

But in the midst of all these comfortable Proceedings, and my further charming Hopes, a nasty Masquerade threw into the dear Gentleman's Way a Temptation, that, for a time, blasted all my Prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own Head almost. For, judge what my Disappointment must be, when I found all my Wishes frustrated, all my Prayers render'd ineffectual: His very Morality, which I had flatter'd myself, in time, I should be an humble Instrument to exalt into a religious Frame of Mind, shock'd, and in Danger; and all the good Work to begin again, if offended Grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful Trespasser!

But who shall pretend to scrutinize the Councils of the Almighty? —For out of this *evil Appearance* was to proceed the *real Good*, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear Gentleman *was* to be on the Brink of relapsing: It was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a Conduct not natural to my Temper, and to raise his generous Concern for me: And, in the very Crisis, Divine Grace interposed, made him sensible of his Danger, made him resolve against his Error, before it was yet too late; and his sliding Feet, quitting the slippery Path he was in, collected new Strength, and he stood the firmer, and more secure, for his Peril.

For, my dear Parents, having happily put an End to that Affair, he was pleas'd, when we were at *Tunbridge* together, and in very serious Discourse on divine Subjects, to say to this Effect: Is there not, my *Pamela*, a Text, *That the unbelieving Husband shall be saved by the believing Wife, while he beholds her chaste Conversation*

coupled with Fear?

I need not tell you, my dear Mr. *B.* that there is, nor where it is.

Then, my Dear, I begin to hope, that will be my Case: For, from a late Affair, of which this Spot of Ground puts me more in mind, I see so much Reason to doubt my own Strength, which I had built, and, as I thought, securely, on *moral* Foundations, that I must look out for a *better* Guide to conduct me, than the proud Word *Honour* can be, in the general Acceptation of it among us lively young Gentlemen.

How often, my dearest Love, continued he, have I promised, (and I never promised, but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often have I declar'd, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my *Pamela*, till I could shew her, in my own Mind, a Purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past Conduct would admit of!

But I depended too much upon my own Strength: And I am now convinc'd, that nothing but

RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS,

and a Resolution to watch over the very *first* Appearances of Evil, and to check them, as they arise, can be of sufficient Weight to keep steady to his good Purposes, a young vain Mind, *too* little accusom'd to Restraint, and too much us'd to play upon the Brink of Dangers, from a Temerity, and Love of Intrigue, too natural to enterprising Minds.

You shall therefore, my *Pamela*, from this Instant, be my Guide; and, only taking care, that you do not all at once, by too *rigorous* Injunctions, damp and discourage the rising Flame, I will leave it to you to direct it as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deem'd worthy to mingle with your own.

Judge, my dear Parents, how rapturous my Joy was upon this Occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a Danger (so narrowly escap'd) which was attended with the *very* Consequences, that I had so long pray'd for; and which I little thought the Divine Providence was bringing about by the very Means, that, I apprehended, would put an End to all my pleasing Hopes and Prospects of that Nature.

It is in vain for me to think of finding Words to express what I felt, and how I acted, on this Occasion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient Emotions; and then threw myself at his Feet, embracing his Knees, with Arms the most ardently clasping! My Face lifted up to Heaven, and to his dear Face, by Turns, my Eyes overflowing with Tears of Joy, which half choak'd up the Passage of my Words—At last, his kind Arms clasping my Neck, and kissing my tearful Cheek, I could only say—My Prayers, my ardent Prayers, are at last—at last—heard— May God Almighty, dear Sir, confirm your pious Purposes!— And, Oh! what an happy *Pamela* have you at your Feet!

I wept for Joy, till I sobb'd again — and he raising me to his kind Arms, when I could speak, I said, To have this *heavenly* Prospect, O best Beloved of my Heart! added to all my *earthly* Blessings! — how shall I contain my Joy!— For, Oh! to think that my dear Mr. *B.* is, and will be, mine, and I his, thro' the Mercies of God, when this transitory Life is past and gone, to all Eternity; what a rich Thought is this!— Methinks, I am already, dear Sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the Perfection of those Joys, which this thrice welcome Declaration gives me Hope of, hereafter!— But, what shall I say, oblig'd as I was beyond Expression before, and now doubly oblig'd in the rapturous View you have open'd to me, into an happy Fururity!

He was pleas'd to say, He was delighted with me beyond Expression; that I was his ecstasick Charmer! —That the Love I shew'd for his future Good was the moving Proof of the Purity of my Heart, and my Affection for him! And that very Evening he was pleas'd to join with me in my retired Duties; and at all proper Opportunities favours me with his Company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my Lessons, as he calls my fond cheerful Discourses on serious Subjects.

And now, my dear Parents, do you not rejoice with me, in this charming, charming Appearance? For, *before*, I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate; but, *now*, I am likely to have the most *pious* of Husbands! What an happy Wife, what an happy Daughter, is *his* and *your Pamela*!— God, of his infinite Mercy, continue and improve the ravishing Prospect!

I was forc'd to leave off here, to enjoy the charming Reflections, which this lovely Subject, and my blessed Prospects, filled me with: And now proceed to write a few Lines more.

I am under some Concern on account of our going to travel into *Roman-catholick* Countries, for fear we should want the publick Opportunities of Divine Service: For, I presume, the Ambassador's Chapel will be the only Protestant Place of Worship allow'd of; and *Paris* the only City in *France* where there is one. But we must endeavour to make it up in our private and domestick Duties: For, as the Phrase is, when we are at *Rome*, we must do as they do at *Rome*; that is to say, so far, as not to give Offence, on one hand, to the People we are among, nor Scandal, on the other, by Compliances hurtful to one's Conscience. But my Protector knows all these things so well, (no Place in what is called the Grand Tour, being new to him) that I have no Reason to be very uneasy on these Accounts.

And now, my dearest dear honoured Parents, let me, by Letter, as I did on my Knees at Parting, beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Blessings, and that God will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy Friends, a happy Meeting again.

Kent, you may be sure, will be our first Visit, on our Return, for your sakes, for my dear *Davers's* sake, and for my little *Pamela's* sake, who will be both sent down, and put into your Protection; while my *Billy*, and Miss *Goodwin*, (for since I began this Letter, it is so determin'd) are to be my delightful Companions; for Mr. *B.* declar'd, His Boy shall not be one Day out of my Presence, if he can help it, because, he is pleas'd to say, his Temper wants looking after, and his Notices of every thing are strong and significant.

Poor little Dear! he has indeed a little sort of Perverseness and Headstrongness, as one may say, in his Will: But he is but a Baby; and I shall, I hope, manage him pretty well; for he takes great Notice of all I say, and of every Look of mine, already— He is, besides, very good—humour'd, and willing to part with any thing for a kind Word; and this gives me Hope of a docile and benevolent Disposition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last Paragraph but one, that I was within a Line of concluding; but it is *to You*, and *of my Babies*, I am writing; so shall go on to the Bottom of this new Sheet, if I do not directly put an End to my Scribbling: Which I do, with assuring you both, my dear good Parents, that where—ever I am, I shall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my Prayers, as becomes

Your ever dutiful Daughter, P. B.

My Respects to all your good Neighbours in general. Mr. *Longman* will visit you now—and—then. Mrs. *Jervis* will take one Journey to *Kent*, she says, and it shall be to accompany my Babies, when they are carried down to you. Poor *Jonathan*, and she, good Folks! seem declining in their Health, which much grieves me.— Once more, God send us all an happy Meeting, if it be his blessed Will! Adieu, Adieu, my dear Parents!

Your ever dutiful, &c.

LETTER LX.

My dear Lady G. I Received your last Letter at *Paris*, as we were disposing every thing for our Return to *England*, after an Absence of near Two Years; in which, as I have inform'd you, from time to time, I have been a great Traveller, into *Holland*, the *Netherlands*, through the most considerable Provinces of *France*, into *Italy*; and, in our Return to *Paris* again, (the principal Place of our Residence) through several Parts of *Germany*.

I told you of the Favours and Civilities we receiv'd at *Florence*, from the then Countess Dowager of —— who, with her Humble Servant Lord *C.* — (that had so assiduously attended her for so many Months in *Italy*) accompany'd us from *Florence* to *Inspruck*.

Her Ladyship made that worthy Lord happy in about a Month after she parted from us; and the noble Pair gave us an Opportunity at *Paris*, in their Way to *England*, to return some of the Civilities, which we receiv'd from them in *Italy*: And they are now arriv'd at her Ladyship's Seat on the Forest.

Her Lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for she is one of the most charming Ladies in *England*; and behaves to him with so much Prudence and Respect, that they are as happy in each other, as can be wish'd. And let me just add, That both in *Italy* and at *Paris*, Mr. *B.*'s Demeanour and her Ladyship's to one another, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord *C.* who had once been jealous of Mr. *B.* nor the *other Party*, who had had a Tincture of the same Yellow Evil, as you know, because of the Countess, had so much as a Shadow of Uneasiness remaining on that Occasion.

Lord *Davers* has had his Health (which had begun to decline in *England*) so well, that there was no persuading Lady *Davers* to return before now; altho' I begg'd and pray'd I might not have another little *Frenchman*, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I pleasantly used to say, the Obligations which their Parentage lays them under to dearer *England*.

And now, my dearest Friend, I have shut up my Rambles for my whole Life; for Three little *English* Folks, and One little *Frenchman*, (but a charming Baby, as well as the rest, *Charley* by Name) and a near Prospect of a further Increase, you will say, are Family enough to employ all my Cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, altho' I could not write to you so often as I would, because of our being so constantly in Motion, what was most worthy of your Knowledge relating to our Particular, and how happy we have all been in one another. And I have the Pleasure to confirm to you what I have several times written, that Mr. *B.* and my Lord and Lady *Davers* are all that I could wish and hope for, with regard to their first Duties. Indeed, indeed, we are an happy Family, united by the best and most solid Motives!

Miss *Goodwin* is a charming young Lady! —— I cannot express how much I love her. She is a perfect Mistress of the *French* Language, and speaks *Italian* very prettily: And, as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear Tutor's Lessons, together with the Opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned Gentry of different Nations, that I will hold a Conversation with you in two or three Languages, if you please, when I have the Happiness to see you. There's a learned Boaster for you, my dear Friend! (if the Knowledge of different Languages makes one learned). But I shall bring you an Heart as intirely *English* as ever, for all that!

We landed on *Thursday* last at *Dover*, and directed our Course to the dear Farm-house; and you can better imagine, than I express, what a Meeting we had with my dear Father and Mother, and my beloved *Davers* and *Pamela*, who are charming Babies —— But is not this the Language of every fond Mamma?

Miss *Goodwin* is highly delighted now with my sweet little *Pamela*, and says, She shall be her Sister indeed! For, Madam, said she, Miss is a Beauty! —— And we see no *French* Beauties like Master *Davers* and Miss.

Beauty! my dear Miss *Goodwin*, said I; what is Beauty, if she be not a good Girl? —— Beauty is but a specious, and, as it may happen, a dangerous Recommendation, a mere skin-deep Perfection; and if, as she grows up, she is not as good as my Miss *Goodwin*, she shall be none of my Girl.

What adds to my Pleasure, my dear Friend, is to see them both so well got over the Small pox. It has been as happy for them, as it was for their Mamma and her *Billy*, that they had it under so skilful and kind a Manager in that Distemper, as my dear Mother. I wish, if it please God, it was as happily over with my little pretty *Frenchman*.

Every body is surpris'd to see what the past two Years have done for Miss *Goodwin*, and my *Billy*. —— O my

dear Friend, they are both of them almost—nay, quite, I think, for their Years, all that I wish them to be.

In order to make them keep their *French*, which Miss so well speaks, and *Billy* so prettily prattles, I make them, when they talk to one another, and are in the Nursery, speak nothing else: But at Table, except on particular Occasions, when *French* may be spoken, they are to speak in *English*; that is to say, when they *do* speak: For I tell them, that little Masters must do nothing but ask Questions for Information, and say Yes, or No, till their Papa's or Mamma's give them Leave to speak; nor little Ladies neither, till they are Sixteen: for, my dear Loves, cry I, You would not speak before you know *how*: And Knowledge is obtain'd by *Hearing*, and not by *Speaking*: And setting my *Billy* on my Lap, in Miss's Presence, Here, said I, taking an Ear in the Fingers of each Hand, are two Ears, my *Billy*; and, then pointing to his Mouth, but one Tongue, my Love: So you must be sure to mind, that you *bear* twice as much as you *speak*, even when you grow a bigger Master than you are now.

You have so many pretty Ways to learn one, Madam, says Miss, now—and—then, it is impossible we should not regard what you say to us!

Several *French* Tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. *B.* But there is one *English* Gentleman, now on his Travels with young Mr. *R.* with whom Mr. *B.* has agreed; and in the mean time, my best Friend is pleas'd to compliment me, that the Children will not suffer for want of a Tutor, while I can take the Pains I do: Which he will have to be too much for me; especially, that now, on our Return, my *Davers* and my *Pamela* are added to my Cares. But what Mother can take too much Pains to cultivate the Minds of her Children?— If, my dear Lady *G.* it were not for these *frequent* Lyings—in!— But this is the Time of Life— Tho' little did I think, so early, I should have so many careful Blessings!

I have as great Credit as Pleasure from my little Family. All our Neighbours here in *Bedfordshire* admire us more and more. You'll excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) Vanity; I hope I know better than to have it real—Never, says Mrs. *Towers*, who is still a single Lady, did I see, before, a Lady so much advantag'd by her Residence in that fantastick Nation, (for she loves not the *French*) and who brought home with her nothing of their Affectations!— She will have it, that the *French* Politeness, and the *English* Frankness and Plainness of Heart, appear happily blended in all we say and do. And she makes me a thousand Compliments upon Lord and Lady *Davers's* Account, who, she would fain persuade me, owe a great deal of Improvement, (my Lord in his Conversation, and my Lady in her Temper) to living in the same House with us.

Indeed my Lady *Davers* is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to every body, and says, she knows not how to live from me; and that I have been a Means of saving half an hundred Souls, as well as her dear Brother's. On an Indisposition of my Lord's at *Montpelier*, which made her Ladyship very apprehensive, she declar'd, that were she to be depriv'd of his Lordship, she would not let us rest, till we had consented to permit her to live with us; saying, that we had Room enough in *Lincolnshire*, and she would enlarge the *Bedfordshire* Seat at her own Expence.

Mr. *H.* is Mr. *H.* still; and that's the best I can say of him: For, I verily think, he is more an Ape than ever. His *whole* Head is now *French*. 'Twas *half* so before. We had great Difficulties with him abroad: His Aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious and religious Turn, we had like to have turn'd him into a *Roman* Catholick. For he was pleas'd much with the shewy Part of that Religion, and the fine Pictures and Decorations in the Churches of *Italy*; and having got into Company with a *Dominican* at *Padua*, a *Franciscan* at *Milan*, and a *Jesuit* at *Paris*, they lay so hard at him, in their Turns, that we had like to have lost him to each Assailant; so were forced to let him take his own Course; for, his Aunt would have it, that he had no other Defence from the Attacks of Persons to make him embrace a faulty Religion, than to permit him to continue as he was; that is to say, to have none at all. So she suspended attempting to proselyte the thoughtless Creature, till he came to *England*. I wish her Ladyship Success here; but, I doubt, he will not be a Credit to any Religion, for a great while. And as he is very desirous to go to *London*, as he has always been, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering Coxcomb will do more to make him one of that Class, in an Hour, than his Aunt's Lessons, to make him a good Man, in a Twelvemonth. *Where much is given, much is required.* The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. *H.* has to trust to.

Just now we have a Messenger to tell us, that his Father, who has been long ill, is dead. So, now, he is a Lord indeed! He flutters and struts about most strangely, I warrant, and is wholly employ'd in giving Directions relating to his Mourning Equipage —And now there will be no holding of him in, I doubt; except his new Title has so much Virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and a better Man.

He will now have a Seat in the House of Peers of *Great Britain*; but I hope, for the Nation's sake, he will not meet with many more like himself there! —For, to me, that is one of the most venerable Assemblies in the World; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an *English* Gentleman is respected, if he be any thing of a Man, above a foreign Nobleman; and an *English* Nobleman, above some petty Sovereigns.

If our travelling Gentry duly consider'd this Distinction in their Favour, they would, for the Honour of their Country, as well as for their own Credit, behave in a better manner, in their foreign Tours, than, I am sorry to say it, some of them do. But what can one expect, from the unlick'd Cubs, pardon the Term, sent abroad with only Stature, to make them look like Men, and Equipage to attract Respect, without one other Qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this, with a few Tears, to the Memory of my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, my other Mother, my Friend, my Adviser, my Protectress, in my single State, and my faithful Second and Partaker in the Comforts of my higher Life, and better Fortunes!

What would I have given to have been present, as, it seems, she so earnestly wished, to close her dying Eyes! I should have done it, with the Piety and the Concern of a truly affectionate Daughter. But that melancholy Happiness was deny'd to us both; for, as I told you in the Letter on the Occasion, the dear good Woman (who now is in the Possession of her blessed Reward, and is rejoicing in God's Mercies) was no more, when the News reached me, so far off, as at *Heidelburgh*, of her last Illness and Wishes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her Parlour, (where I used to see, with so much Delight, the good Woman sitting, always employ'd in some useful or pious Work) shedding a Tear to her Memory: And in my Sabbath Duties, missing *her*, I miss half a dozen Friends, methinks; and I sigh in Remembrance of her; and can only recover that chearful Frame, which the Performance of those Duties always gave me, by reflecting, that she now is reaping the Reward of that sincere Piety, which us'd to edify and encourage us all.

The Servants we brought home with us, and those we left behind us, met in Tears at the Name of Mrs. *Jervis*. Mr. *Longman* lamented too, in the most moving Strain, her Loss: And all I can do now, in Honour of her Memory and her Merit, is to be a Friend to those she lov'd most, as I have already begun to be; and none of them shall suffer in those Concerns that can be answer'd, now she is gone. For the Loss of so excellent a Friend and Relation, is Loss enough to all that knew her, and claim'd Kindred with her.

Poor worthy *Jonathan* too, ('tis almost a Misery to have so soft, so susceptible an Heart as I have, or to have such good Servants and Friends as one cannot lose without such Emotions as I feel for their Loss!) his Silver Hairs, which I have beheld with so much Delight, and thought I had a Father in Presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a Face, how are they now laid low! — Forgive me, my dear Lady *G. Jonathan* was not a common Servant; neither are *any* of ours so: But *Jonathan* excell'd all that excell'd in his Class!— I am told, That these two worthy Folks dy'd within two Days of one another; a Circumstance you mention'd not in your Letter to me; on which Occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the Words of *David* over *Saul* and his Son *Jonathan*, the Namesake of our worthy Butler, *They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.*

I might have continu'd on in the Words of the Royal Lamerter; for, surely, never did one Fellow-servant love another in my Maiden State, nor Servant love a Mistress in my exalted Condition, better than *Jonathan* lov'd me! I could see in his Eyes a glistening Pleasure, whenever I pass'd by him: If at such times I spoke to him, as I seldom fail'd to do, with a *God bless you too!* in Answer to his repeated Blessings, he had a kind of Re-juvenescence (may I say?) visibly running thro' his whole Frame: And, now-and-then, if I laid my Hand upon his folded ones, as I pass'd him on a *Sunday* Morning or Evening, praying for me, with a *How do you, my worthy old Acquaintance?* his Heart would spring to his Lips in a kind of Rapture, and his Eyes would run over.

O my beloved Friend! how the Loss of these two Worthies of my Family oppresses me at times!

Mr. *B.* likewise shew'd a generous Concern on the Occasion: And when all the Servants welcom'd us in a Body, on our Return, Methinks, my Dear, said the good Gentleman, I miss your Mrs. *Jervis*, and honest *Jonathan*. A starting Tear, and, They are happy, dear honest Souls! and a Sigh, were the Tribute I paid to their Memories, on their beloved Master's so kindly repeating their Names.

Who knows, had I been here— But, away, too painful Reflection! They liv'd to a good old Age, and fell like Fruit fully ripe: They *died the Death of the Righteous*; I must follow them in time, God knows how soon: And *Oh! that my latter End may be like theirs!*

Once more, forgive me, my dear Friend, this small Tribute to their Memories: And believe, that I am not so ungrateful for God's Mercies, as to let the Loss of these dear good Folks lessen with me the Joy, and the Delight, I have still (more than any other happy Creature) left me, in the Health, and the Love, of the best of good Husbands, and good Men; in the Children, charming as ever Mother boasted! charming, I mean principally, in the dawning Beauties of their Minds, and in the Pleasure their Towardliness of Nature gives me; including, as I always do, and have Reason to do, from her dutiful Love, as I may call it, for me, and Observation of all I say to her, my dear Miss *Goodwin*; in the Preservation to me of the best and worthiest of Parents, hearty, tho' aged, as they are; in the Love and Friendship of good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and my excellent Friend Lady *G*. God preserve all these to me, (not forgetting the worthy Mr. *Longman*) as I am truly thankful for His Mercies!— And then, notwithstanding my affecting Losses, as above, who will be so happy as I?

That you, my dear Lady *G*. may long continue so, likewise, in the Love of a worthy Husband, and the Delights of an increasing hopeful Family, which will make you some Amends for the heavy Losses you also have sustain'd, in the two last Years, of an affectionate Father, and a most worthy Mother; and, in Mrs. *Jones*, of a good Neighbour; prays

Your ever affectionate Friend and Servant, P. B.

Letter LXI.

My beloved Lady G. You will excuse my long Silence, when you are *reminded* of the Occasions to which it has been owing; for some of them you know; and when you are *told* the others.

In the first Place, I was oblig'd to pay a dutiful and concerning Visit to *Kent*, where my good Father was taken ill of a Fever, and my Mother of an Ague: And think, Madam, how this must affect me, from their Time of Life!— O Death! Death! thou mayst knock at the Doors of Tenements so frail, but so beloved: We cannot help ourselves: But we will not let thee in, if we can possibly avoid it; for the Lives of such dear Parents are a Part of my own Life: And, if God see fit, I cannot spare them! Indeed I cannot!

Mr. *B.* kindly accompany'd me, apprehending, that his beloved Presence would be necessary, if that Recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not taken Effect; especially, as a Circumstance I am, I think, *always* in, added more Weight to his Apprehensions.

I had hardly return'd from *Kent* to *Bedfordshire*, and look'd round, when I was oblig'd to set out to attend Lady *Davers*, who sent me word, that she should *die*, that was her strong Term, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my Counsel and Presence, so she was pleas'd to express herself, her sick Lord, who was just got out of an intermittent Fever, which left him without any Spirits, and was occasion'd by fretting at the Conduct of her *stupid Nephew*, those also were her Words.

For you must have heard, (Every-body hears when Man of Quality does a foolish Thing!) and it has been in all the News-papers, That —'On *Wednesday* last the Right Honourable *John* (*Jackey*, they should have said) Lord *H.* Nephew to the Right Honourable *William* Lord *Davers*, was marry'd to the Honourable Mrs. *P.* Relict of *J. P.* of *Twickenham*, Esq; a Lady of celebrated Beauty, and ample Fortune.'

Now, my dear Friend, you must know, that this celebrated Lady is, 'tis , of the ——— Family, whence her Title of *Honourable*; but is indeed so *celebrated*, that every fluttering Coxcomb in Town can give some Account of her, even before she was in Keeping of the Duke of ———, who had cast her off to the Town he had robb'd of her.

In short, my Dear, she is quite a common Woman; has no Fortune at all, as one may say, only a small Jointure incumber'd, and is much in Debt.— She is a Shrew into the Bargain, and the poor Wretch is a Father already; for he has had a Girl of Three Years old (her Husband has been dead Seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor ever inquir'd, If his Widow had a Child?— And he is now imploy'd in paying the Mother's Debts, and trying to make the best of his Bargain.

This is the Fruit of a *London* Journey, so long desir'd by him, and his Fluttering about there with his new Title.

He was drawn in by a Brother of his Lady, and a Friend of that Brother's, two Town Sharpers, Gamesters, and Bullies.— Poor Sir *Joseph Wittol!* That was his Case, and his Character, it seems, in *London*.

Shall I present you with a Curiosity? 'Tis a Copy of his Letter to his Uncle, who had, as you may well think, lost all Patience with him, on occasion of this abominable Folly.

My Lord Davers, For if you will not call me Nephew, I have no Reason to call you Uncle; Surely you forget who it was you held up your Cane to: I have as little Reason to value your Displeasure, as you have me; for I am, God be thanked! a Lord, and a Peer of the Realm, as well as you: And as to your not owning me, nor your Brother *B.* not looking upon me, I care not a Farthing; and, bad as you think I have done, I have marry'd a Woman of Family—Take that among you!

'As to your personal Abuses of her, take care what you say. You know the Statute will defend us as well as you!— And, besides, she has a Brother, that won't let her good Name be call'd in Question—Mind that!

'Some Things I wish had been otherwise—Perhaps I do—What then?— Must you, my Lord, make more Mischief, and add to my Plagues, if I have any?— Is this your Uncleship?

'But I sha'n't want your Advice. I have as good an Estate as you have, and am as much a Lord as yourself. Why the Devil then, am I to be treated as I am? Why the Plague—But I won't swear neither!— I desire not to see you, any more than you do me, I can tell you that. And if we ever meet under one Roof with my Liking, it must be at the House of Peers, where I shall be upon a Par with you in every thing, that's my Comfort.

'As to my Lady *Davers*, I desire not to see her Ladyship; for she was always plaguy nimble with her Fingers;

but, let my false Step be what it will, I have, in other respects, marry'd a Lady, who is as well descended as herself, and no Disparagement neither; so have not that to answer for to her Pride; and who has as good a Spirit too, if they were to come Face to Face, or I am mistaken: Nor will she take Affronts from any one. So, my Lord, leave me to make the best of my Matters, as I will you of yours. So no more, but that I am

Your Servant, H.

'P. S. I mean no Affront to Mrs. B. She is the best of ye all—by G—.'

I will not take up your Time with further Observations upon this poor Creature's bad Conduct: His Reflection must proceed from *Feeling*; and will, that's the worst of it, come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only say, I am sorry for it on his own Account, but more for that of Lord and Lady *Davers*, who take the Matter very heavily, and wish he had marry'd the lowest-born Creature in *England*, (so she had been honest and virtuous) rather than done as he has done.

But, I suppose, the poor Gentleman was resolv'd to shun, at all Adventures, Mr. B.'s Faule, and keep up to the Pride of Descent and Family!—and so marry'd the *only* Creature, as I hope, (since it cannot be help'd) that is so great a Disgrace to both! For I presume to flatter myself, for the sake of my Sex, that, among the poor Wretches, who are sunk so low as the Town-Women are, there are very few of Birth or Education; but such, principally, as have had their Necessities or their Ignorance taken Advantage of by base Men; since Birth and Education must needs set the most unhappy of the Sex above so sordid and so abandon'd a Guilt, as the hourly Wickedness of such a Course of Life subjects them to.

But let me pursue my Purpose of excusing my long Silence. I had hardly return'd from Lord and Lady *Davers*'s, and recover'd my Family Management, and resum'd my Nursery Duties, when my Fourth dear Boy, my *Jemmy*—(for, I think, I am going on to make out the Number Lady *Davers* allotted me) press'd upon me in such a manner, as not to be refus'd, for one Month or Six Weeks close Attention. And then a Journey to Lord *Davers*'s, and that noble Pair accompanying us to *Kent*; and daily and hourly Pleasures crouding upon us, narrow and confin'd as our Room there was, (tho' we went with as few Attendants as possible) took up *more* of my Time. So that I hope you will forgive me, on all these Accounts, because, as soon as I return'd, I set about writing this, as an Excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the Subject you insist upon, in the next; and to tell you, that I am incapable of Forgetfulness or Negligence to such a Friend as Lady *G*. For I must always be, dear Madam,

Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant, P. B.

Letter LXII.

My dear Lady G. The Remarks which, your Cousin *Fielding* tells you, I have made on the Subject of young Gentlemens Travelling, and which you request me to communicate to you, are Part of a little Book upon Education, which I wrote for Mr. *B.*'s Correction and Amendement, on occasion of his putting Mr. *Locke's* Treatise on that Subject into my Hands, and requiring my Observations upon it.

I cannot flatter myself, that they will answer your Expectation; for I am sensible they must be unworthy even of the Opportunities I have had in the Excursions, in which I have been indulg'd by the best of Gentlemen.

But your Requests are so many Laws to me; and I will give you a short Abstract of what I read to Miss *Fielding*, who has so greatly over-rated it to you.

That Gentleman's Book contains many excellent Rules on the Subject of Education: But this of Travel I will only refer you to at present. You will there see his Objections against the Age at which young Gentlemen are sent abroad, from Sixteen to Twenry-one, the Time in all their Lives, he says, in which young Men are the least suited to these Improvements, and in which they have the least Fence and Guard against their Passions.

The Age he proposes is from Seven to Fourteen, because of the Advantage they will then have to master Foreign Languages, and to form the Tongue to their Accents, as well as that then they will be easier directed by their Tutors or Governors. Or else he proposes that more sedate Time of Life, when the Gentleman is able to travel without a Tutor, and to make his own Observations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the Laws and Fashions, the natural and moral Advantages and Defects of his own Country; by which means, as Mr. *Locke* wisely observes, the Traveller will have something to exchange with those abroad, from whose Conversation he hopes to reap any Knowledge. This Gentleman supports his Opinion by excellent Reasons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little Book, which I have not yet quite finish'd, on *this* Head, relates principally to *Home Travelling*, which Mr. *B.* was always resolv'd his Sons should undertake, before they enter'd upon a Foreign Tour. I have there observ'd, That *England* abounds with Curiosities, both of Art and Nature, worth the Notice of a diligent Inquirer, and equal with some of those we admire in Foreign Parts; and that if the Youth be not sent abroad at Mr. *Locke's* earliest Time, from Seven to Fourteen, (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the sake of attaining a Perfection in the Languages) he may with good Advantage begin, at Fourteen or Fifteen, the Tour of *Great Britain*, now-and-then by Excursions in the Summer Months, between his other Studies, and as a Diversion to him.

This I should wish might be enter'd upon in his Papa's Company, as well as his Tutor's, if it could conveniently be done; who thus initiating both the Governed and the Governor in the Methods he would have observ'd by both, will obtain no small Satisfaction and Amusement to himself.

For the Father would by this means be an Eyewitness of the Behaviour of the one and the other, and have a Specimen, how fit the young Man was to be trusted, or the Tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his Sight; as *they* would of what was expected from them by the Father. And hence a thousand Benefits, as I humbly conceive, would arise to the young Gentleman from the Observations and Reflections he would receive from his Father, as Occasion offer'd, with regard to Expence, Company, Conversation, Hours, and such-like.

If the Father could not himself accompany his Son, he might appoint the Stages the young Gentleman should take, and injoin both Tutor and Son to give, at every Stage, an Account of whatever they observed curious and remarkable, not omitting the minutest Occurrences, travelling Expences, &c. By this means, and the Probability, that he might hear of them, and their Proceedings, from his Friends, Acquaintance, and Relations, who might fall in with them, or at whose Seats they might sometimes be entertained, they would know the Inspection they were under, and have a greater Regard to their Conduct.

By seeing thus the different Customs, Manners, and Oeconomy of different Persons and Families, (for in so mix'd a Nation as ours is, there is as great a Variety of that sort to be met with, as in most) and from their different Treatment at their several Stages, a great deal of the World may be learn'd by the young Gentleman. He would be prepar'd to go abroad with more Delight to himself, as well as more Experience, and greater Reputation to his Family and Country. In such Excursions as these, the Tutor would see the Temper and Inclination of the young

Gentleman, and might give proper Notices to the Father, if any thing was amiss, that it might be set right, while the Youth was yet in his Reach, and more under his Inspection, than he would be in a foreign Country: And the Observations the young Gentleman would make at his Return, as well as in his Letters, would shew how fit he was to be trusted, and how likely to improve, when at a greater Distance.

After *England* and *Wales*, as well the inland Parts, as the Sea-coasts, let them, if they behave according to Expectation, take a Journey into *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and visit the principal Islands, as *Guernsey*, *Jersey*, &c. the young Gentleman continuing to write down his Observations all the way, and keeping a Journal of Occurrences: And let him employ the little Time he will be on board of Ship in these small Trips from Island to Island, or Coastwise, in observing upon the noble Art of Navigation, of the Theory of which, it will not be amiss, that he has some Notion, as well as of the curious Structure of a Ship, its Tackle, and Furniture: A Knowledge very far from being insignificant to a Gentleman who is an Islander, and has a Stake in the greatest maritime Kingdom in the World; and hence he will be taught to love and value that most useful and brave Set of Men, the *British* Sailors, who are the natural Defence and Glory of the Realm.

Hereby he will confirm his Theory of the Geography of the *British* Dominions in *Europe*: He will be apprised of the Situation, Conveniencies, Interests and Constitution of his own Country; and will be able to lay a Ground-work for the future Government of his Thoughts and Actions, if the Interest he bears in his native Country should call him to the publick Service in either House of Parliament.

With this Foundation, how excellently would he be qualify'd to go abroad? and how properly then would he add to the Knowledge he had attain'd of his own Country, that of the different Customs, Manners, and Forms of Government of others? How would he be able to form Comparisons, and to make all his Inquiries appear pertinent and manly? All the Occasions of that ignorant Wonder, which renders a Novice the Jest of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask Questions, and to judge without Leading-strings. Nor would he think he has seen a Country, and answer'd the Ends of his Father's Expence, and his own Improvement, by running thro' a Kingdom, and knowing nothing of it, but the Inns and Stages, at which he stopp'd to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the best Acquaintance, and contract worthy Friendships with such as would court and reverence him as one of the rising Genius's of his Country.

Whereas most of the young Gentlemen, who are sent abroad raw and unprepar'd, as if to wonder at every thing they see, and to be laugh'd at by all that see them, do but expose themselves, and their Country. And if at their Return, by Interest of Friends, by Alliances or Marriages, they shall happen to be promoted to Places of Honour or Profit, their unmerited Preferment will only serve to make those Foreigners, who were Eye-witnesses of their Weakness and Follies, when among them, conclude greatly in Disfavour of the whole Nation, or, at least, of the Prince, and his Administration, who could find no fitter Subjects to distinguish.

This, my dear Friend, is a brief Extract from my Observations on the Head of qualifying young Gentlemen to travel with Honour and Improvement. I doubt you'll be apt to think me not a little out of my Element; but since you *would* have it, I claim the Allowances of a Friend; to which my ready Compliance with your Commands the rather intitles me.

I am very sorry Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* are so unhappy in each other. Were he a generous Man, the heavy Loss the poor Lady has sustained, as well as her Sister, my beloved Friend, in so excellent a Mother, and so kind a Father, would make him bear with her Infirmities a little.

But, really, I have seen on Twenty Occasions, that, notwithstanding all the fine Things Gentlemen say to Ladies before Marriage, if the latter do not *improve* upon their Husbands Hands, their imputed Graces, when single, will not protect them from Indifference, and, probably, from worse: While the Gentleman, perhaps, thinks *he* only, of the Two, is intitled to go backward in Acts of Kindness and Complaisance. A strange and a shocking Difference, which too many Ladies experience, who, from fond Lovers, prostrate at their Feet, find surly Husbands, trampling upon their Necks!

You, my dear Friend, were happy in your Days of Courtship, and are no less so in your State of Wedlock. And may you continue to be so to a good old Age, prays

Your affectionate and faithful Friend, P. B.

Letter LXIII.

My dear Lady G. I will chearfully cause to be transcribed for you the Conversation you desire, between myself, Mrs. *Towers*, and Mrs. *Arthur*, and the Three young Ladies their Relations, in Presence of the Dean and his Daughter, and Mrs. *Brooks*; and glad I shall be, if it may be of Use to the two thoughtless Misses your Neighbours; who, you are pleased to tell me, are great Admirers of my Story, and my Example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater Attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested Lessons of their Mamma.

I am only sorry, that you should have been under any Concern about the supposed Trouble you give me, by having mislaid my former Relation of it. For, besides obliging my dear Lady *G.* the Hope, that I may be able to do Service by it to a Family so worthy, in a Case so nearly affecting its Honour, as to make two headstrong young Ladies recollect what belongs to their Sex and their Characters, and what their filial Duties require of them, affords me high Pleasure; and if it shall be attended with the wish'd Effects, it will be an Addition to my Happiness.

I said, *cause* to be transcribed; because I hope to answer a double End by it; for, after I had re-consider'd it, I set Miss *Goodwin* to transcribe it, who writes a very pretty Hand, and is not a little fond of the Task, and, indeed, of any Task I set her; and will be more affected, as she *performs* it, than she could be by *reading* it only; altho' she is a very good Girl at present, and gives me Hopes, that she will continue to be so.

As soon as it is done, I will inclose it, that it may be read to the Parties without this Introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few Observations to this Transcription, with a View to the Cases of your inconsiderate young Ladies, and for having corrected the former Narrative in several Places.

My dear Lady G. The Papers you have mislaid, relating to the Conversation between me and the young Ladies, Relations of Lady *Towers*, and Lady *Arthur*, in Presence of these two last-nam'd Ladies, Mrs. *Brooks*, and the worthy Dean, and Miss *L.* (of which, in order to perfect your kind Collection of my Communications, you request another Copy) contained as follows:

I first began with apprising you, that I had seen these three Ladies, twice or thrice before, as Visitors, at their Kinswomens Houses; so that they and I were not altogether Strangers to one another: And my two Neighbours acquainted me with their respective Tastes and Dispositions, and gave me their Histories, preparative to this Visit, to the following Effect:

'That Miss *Stapylton* is over-run with the Love of Poetry and Romance, and delights much in flowery Language, and metaphorical Flourishes: Is about Eighteen, wants not either Sense or Politeness; and has read herself into a Vein, that is more amorous (that was Lady *Towers's* Word) than discreet. Has extraordinary Notions of a *First-sight* Love; and gives herself greater Liberties, with a Pair of fine Eyes, (in hopes to make sudden Conquests in pursuance of that Notion) than is pretty in her Sex and Age; which makes those who know her not, conclude her bold and forward; and is more than suspected, with a Mind thus prepared for instantaneous Impressions, to have experienc'd the Argument to her own Disadvantage, and to be *struck* (before she has *stricken*) by a Gentleman, whom her Friends think not at all worthy of her, and to whom she was making some indiscreet Advances, under the Name of *Philoclea* to *Philoxenus*, in a Letter which she intrusted trusted to a Servant of the Family, who, discovering her Design, prevented her Indiscretion for that Time.

'That, in other respects, she has no mean Accomplishments, will have a fine Fortune, is genteel in her Person, tho' with some visible Affectation, dances well, sings well, and plays prettily on several Instruments; is fond of Reading, but affects the Action, and Air, and Attitude, of a Tragedian; and is too apt to give an Emphasis in the wrong Place, in order to make an Author mean more significantly than it is necessary he should, even where the Occasion is common, and in a mere historical Fact, that requires as much Simplicity in the Reader's Accent, as in the Writer's Style: No Wonder then, that when she reads a Play, she will put herself into a Sweat, as Lady *Towers* says; distorting very agreeable Features, and making a *Multitude* of wry Mouths, with *one* very pretty one, in order to convince her Hearers, what a near Neighbour her Heart is to her Lips.

'Miss *Cope* is a young Lady of Nineteen, lovely in her Person, with a handsome Fortune in Possession, and great Prospects. Has a soft and gentle Turn of Mind, which disposes her to be easily imposed upon. Is address'd

by a Libertine of Quality, whose Courtship, while permitted, was Imperiousness; and Tenderness, Insult; having found the young Lady too susceptible of Impression, open and unreserv'd, and even valuing him the more, as it seem'd, for treating her with ungenerous Contempt; for that she was always making Excuses for Slightings, Ill-manners, and even Rudeness, which no other young Lady would forgive.

'That this Facility on her Side, and this Insolence on his, and an over-free, and even indecent Degree of Ramping, as it is called, with Miss, which once her Mamma surpris'd them in, made her Papa forbid *his* Visits, and *her* receiving them.

'That this, however, was so much to Miss's Regret, that she was detected in a Design to elope to him out of the private Garden-door, where, in all Probability, the indelicate and dishonourable Peer would have triumphed over her Innocence; having given out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the Daughter, for the Disgrace he had received from the Parents.

'That tho' she was convinc'd of this, 'twas fear'd she still lov'd him, and would throw herself in his way the first convenient Opportunity; urging, that his rash Expressions were the Effect only of his Passion; for that she knows he loves her too well, to be dishonourable to her: And, by the same Degree of favourable Prepossession, she will have it, That his brutal Roughness, is the Manliness of his Nature; That his most shocking Expressions, are Sincerity of Heart; That his Boasts of his former Lewdness, are but Instances that he knows the World; That his Freedoms with her Person, are but Excess of Love, and innocent Gaiety of Temper; That his resenting the Prohibition he has met with, and his Threats, are other Instances of his Love and his Courage: And Peers of the Realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow Rules, like the Vulgar; for, truly, their *Honour*, which is regarded in the greatest Cases, equal with the *Oath* of a common Gentleman, is a Security that a Lady may trust to, if he is not a Profligate indeed; and that Lord *P.* cannot be.

'That excepting these Weaknesses, Miss has many good Qualities; is charitable, pious, humane, humble; sings sweetly, plays on the Spinet charmingly; is meek, fearful, and never was resolute or courageous enough to step out of the regular Path, till her too flexible Heart became touch'd with a Passion, that is said to tame Lions, and therefore her rough Peer has none of it; and animate the Dove, and Miss *Cope* has too much of it.

'That Miss Sutton, a young Lady of the like Age with the two former, has too lively and airy a Turn of Mind; affects to be thought well read in the Histories of Kingdoms, as well as in polite Literature. Speaks *French* fluently, talks upon all Subjects much; and has a great deal of that flippant Wit, which makes more Enemies than Friends. However is innocent, and unsuspectedly virtuous hitherto; but makes herself cheap and accessible to Fops and Rakes, and has not the worse Opinion of a Man for being such. Listens eagerly to Stories told to the Disadvantage of Individuals of her own Sex; tho' affecting to be a great Stickler for the Honour of the Sex in general: Will un pityingly propagate such Stories: Thinks (without considering to what the Imprudence of her own Conduct may subject her) the Woman, that slips, inexcusable: Asserts, that it is the *Man's Place to ask*, the *Woman's to deny*; and by this means encourages the one in their vile Attempts, and gives up the other for their Weakness, in a kind of silly Affectation, to shew her Security in her own Virtue; at the very time, that she is dancing upon the Edge of a Precipice, presumptuously inattentive to her own Danger.'

The worthy Dean, knowing the Ladies Intention in this Visit to me, brought his Daughter with him, as if by Accident: For Miss *L.* with many good Qualities, is of a remarkably soft Temper, tho' not so inconsiderately soft as Miss *Cope*: But is too credulous; and, as her Papa suspects, entertains more than a Liking to a wild young Gentleman, the Heir to a noble Fortune, who makes Visits to her, full of Tenderness and Respect, but without declaring himself. This gives the Dean a good deal of Uneasiness, and he is very desirous, that Miss should be in my Company on all Occasions; as she is so kind to profess a great Regard to my Opinion and Judgment.

'Tis easy to see the poor young Lady is in Love; and she makes no doubt, that the young Gentleman loves *her*: But, alas! why then (for he is not a bashful Man, as you shall hear) does he not say so?— He has deceived already two young Creatures. His Father has caution'd the Dean against his Son. Has told him, that he is sly, subtle, full of Stratagem; yet has so much Command of himself, (which makes him more dangerous) as not to precipitate his Designs; but can wait with Patience, till he thinks himself secure of his Prey, and then pulls off the Mask at once; and, if he succeeds, glories in his Villainy.

Yet does the Father beg of the Dean to permit his Visits; for he would be glad he would marry Miss *L.* tho' greatly unequal in Fortune to his Son; wishing for nothing so much, as that he *would* marry. And the Dean, owing his principal Preferment to the old Gentleman, cares not to disoblige him, or affront his Son, without some

apparent Reason for the latter; especially as the Father is bound up in him, all the Family Hopes depending upon him, having no other Child, and being himself half afraid of him, lest, if too much thwarted, he should fly out intirely.

So here, Madam, are Four young Ladies of like Years, and different Inclinations and Tempers, all of whom may be said to have Dangers to encounter with, resulting from their respective Dispositions: And who, professing to admire my Character, and the Example I had set, were brought to me, to be benefited, as Lady *Towers* was pleased to say, by my Conversation: And all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their respective Characters.

How proud, my dear Lady *G.* would this Compliment have made me, from such a Lady as Mrs. *Towers*, had I not been as proud as proud could be before, in the good Opinion of four beloved Persons, Mr. *B.* Lady *Davers*, the Countess of *C.* and your dear Self!

We were attended only by *Polly Barlow*, who was as much concern'd as any body in some of the Points, that came before us. And as you know this was in the Time of the Visit paid us by Lord and Lady *Davers*, and that noble Countess, 'tis proper to say, they were abroad together upon a Visit, from which, knowing how I was to be engag'd, they excus'd me.

The Dean was well known to, and valu'd by, all the Ladies; and therefore was no manner of Restraint upon the Freedom of our Conversation.

I was above in my Closet when they came; and Lady *Towers*, having presented each young Lady to me when I came down, said, being all seated, I can guess at your Employment, Mrs. *B.*—Writing, I dare say? I have often wish'd you for a Correspondent; for every one who can boast that Favour, exalts you to the Skies, and says, Your Letters exceed your Conversation; but I always insisted upon it, that *that* was impossible.

Lady *Towers*, said I, is always saying the most obliging Things in the world of her Neighbours: But may not one suffer, dear Madam, for these kind Prepossessions, in the Opinion of greater Strangers, who will judge more impartially than your Favour will permit you to do?

That, said Lady *Arthur*, will be so soon put out of Doubt, when Mrs. *B.* begins to speak, that we will refer to that, and so put an End to every thing that looks like Compliment.

But, Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, may one ask, What particular Subject was at this Time your Employment?

I had been writing (you must know, Lady *G.*) for the sake of engaging Miss *Stapylton's* flowery Vein, a little Sketch of the Style she is so found of; and hoped for some such Opportunity as this Question gave me, to bring it on the Carpet; for my only Fear, with her, and Miss *Cope*, and Miss *Sutton*, was, that they would deem me too grave; and so what should fall in the Course of Conversation, would make the less Impression upon them. For even the best Instructions in the world, you know, will be ineffectual, if the Method of conveying them is not adapted to the Taste and Temper of the Person you would engage. Whence, as I take it, that excellent Rule of the Apostle, of *becoming all Things to all Men*.

I answer'd, That I had been meditating upon the Misfortune of a fine young Lady, who had been seduced and betrayed by a Gentleman she loved; and who, notwithstanding, had the Grace to stop short, (indeed, later than were to be wished) and to abandon Friends, Country, Lover, in order to avoid any further Intercourse with him; and that God had blessed her Penitence and Resolution, and she was now very happy in a neighbouring Dominion.

A fine Subject, said Miss *Stapylton!*— Was the Gentleman a Man of Wit, Madam? Was the Lady a Woman of Taste?

The Gentleman, Miss, was all that was desirable in Man, had he been virtuous. The Lady, all that was excellent in Woman, had she been more circumspect. But it was a first Love on both Sides; and little did she think he could have taken Advantage of her Innocence and her Affection for him.

A sad, sad Story! said Miss *Cope*: But, pray, Madam, did their Friends approve of their Visits? For Danger sometimes, as I have heard, arises from the Cruelty of Friends, who force Lovers upon private and clandestine Meetings; when, perhaps, there can be no material Objection, why the Gentleman and Lady may not come together.

Well observ'd, Miss *Cope*, thought I! How we are for making every Case applicable to our own, when our Hearts are fix'd upon a Point?

It cannot be called *Cruelty* in Friends, Miss, said I, when their Cautions, or even *Prohibitions*, are so well

justify'd by the Event, as in *this* Case—and *generally* by the wicked Arts and Practices of Seducers. And how happy is it for a Lady, when she suffers herself to be convinc'd, that those who have lived *Forty* Years in the World, may know twice as much, at least, of that World, as she can possibly know at *Twenty*, Ten of which moreover are almost a Blank! If they do *not*, the one must be supposed very ignorant; the other, very knowing.

But, Miss, the Lady, whose hard Case I was meditating, *hop'd* too much, and *fear'd* too little; that was her Fault; which made her give Opportunities to the Gentleman, which neither *Liberty* nor *Restraint* could justify in her. She had not the Discretion, poor Lady! in this one great Point of all, that the Ladies I have in my Eye, I dare say, would have had in her Case.

I beg Pardon, said Miss, and blush'd. I know not the Case, and ought to have been silent.

Ay, Miss, thought I, so you would, had not you thought yourself more affected by it, than were to be wish'd you were.

I think, said Miss *Sutton*, the Lady was the less to be pity'd, as she must know what her Character requir'd of her; and that Men will deceive, where—ever they are trusted. 'Tis *their* Place to ask; a *Lady's* to deny.

So, Miss, reply'd I, you are supposing a continual State of War between the Two Sexes; one offensive, the other defensive: And indeed, I think the Notion not amiss; for a Lady will assuredly be less in Danger, when she rather *fears* an *Enemy*, than *hopes* a *Friend*, where so much depends upon the Issue, either of her Doubt, or of her Confidence.

I don't know *neither*, Madam, return'd Miss, very briskly, whether the Men should be set out to us as such Bugbears, as our Mamma's generally represent them. It is doing too much Honour to their Sex. It is making them too considerable; and is a kind of Reflection upon the Discretion and Virtue of our own, supposing us weak indeed.

The late Czar, I have read, continued Miss, took a better Method with the *Swedes*, who had often beat him; when, after a great Victory, he made his Captives march in Procession, thro' the Streets of his principal City, to familiarize them to the *Russes*, and shew them they were *but* Men.

Very well observ'd, Miss, reply'd I: But then, did you not say, that this was thought necessary to be done, because the *Russes* had been often *defeated* by these *Swedes*, and thought *too highly* of them; and when the *Swedes*, taking Advantage of that Prepossession, had the *greater Contempt* for the *Russes*?

Miss looked a little disconcerted; and being silent, I proceeded;

I am very far, Miss, from thinking the Generality of Men considerable, if our Sex do Justice to themselves, and to what their Characters require of them. Nevertheless, give me Leave to say, that the Men I thought altogether *inconsiderable*, I would not think worthy of my Company, nor give it to them, when I could avoid it. For when once they are persuaded, that it is their Privilege to *ask*, and the Lady's only to *deny*, it will certainly imbolden them to solicit, and to think themselves acting in Character when they put the Lady upon exerting her less active Privilege. And yet I am humbly of Opinion with the Poet: *He comes* too near, *who comes to be deny'd*.

For these Reasons, Miss, I was pleas'd with your Notion, that it would be best to look upon that Sex, especially, if we allow them the Privilege you speak of, in an *hostile* Light.

But permit me to observe, with regard to the most contemptible of the Species, Fops, Coxcombs, and pretty Fellows, that many a *good* General has been defeated, when, trusting to his superior Strength and Skill, he has despised a *truly weak* Enemy.

I believe, Madam, return'd Miss, your Observation is very just. I have read of such Instances. But, dear Madam, permit me to ask, Whether we speak not too generally, when we condemn every Man who dresses well, and is not a Sloven, as a Fop or a Coxcomb?

No doubt, we do, when this is the Case. But permit me to observe, that you hardly ever in your Life, Miss, saw a Gentleman who was *very* nice about his Person and Dress, that had any thing he thought of *greater* Consequence to himself, to regard. 'Tis natural it should be so; for should not the Man of *Body* take the greatest Care to set out and adorn the Part for which he thinks himself, most valuable? And will not the Man of *Mind* bestow his principal Care in improving that Mind? Perhaps, to the Neglect of Dress, and outward Appearance, which is a Fault. But surely, Miss, there is a Middle—way to be observ'd between both, in these, as in most other Cases; for a Man need not be a Sloven, any more than a Fop. He need not shew a Contempt for Dress, and yet not think Appearance his first and chief Concern; be ready to quarrel with a high Wind for discomposing his *Peruque*, or to put on his Hat, for fear of depressing his Foretop; be more afraid of a Spot upon his Cloaths, than twenty in

his Mind: Be a Self-admirer, and always at the Glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it shew him the Deformity of his Mind, as well as the Finery of his Person:—Who has a Tailor for his Tutor, and a Milaner for his School-mistress; who laughs at Men of Sense (indeed, excusably perhaps in Revenge because they laugh at him): Who calls Learning Pedantry; and looks upon the Knowledge of the Fashions, as the only useful Science to a fine Gentleman.

Pardon me, Ladies: I could proceed with the Character of this Species of Men; but I need not; because every Lady present, I am sure, would despise such an one, as much as I do, were he to fall in her way: And the rather, because it is a certain Fact, that he who admires himself, will never admire his Lady as he ought; and if he maintains his Niceness after Marriage, it will be with a Preference to himself against her: If not — will sink, very probably, into the worst of Slovens; for, the Mind that is capable of one Extreme, (in every Case of human Life almost) when that goes off, if not a Man of Prudence, constitutionally, in a manner, falls into its Opposite.

But to return to the former Subject, (for the general Attention encouraged me to proceed) permit me, Miss *Sutton*, to add, That a Lady must run great Risques to her Reputation, if not to her Virtue, who will admit into her Company, *any* Gentleman, who shall be of Opinion, and *know* it to be *hers*, that it is *his* Province to ask a Favour, that she thinks it becomes *her* to deny.

I believe, Madam, said Miss, I spoke these Words a little too generally: But I meant *honourable* Questions, to be sure.

There can be but *one* honourable Question, thought I; and that is seldom asked, but when the Affair is brought near a Conclusion, and there is a Probability of its being granted; and which a Single Lady, while she has Parents or Guardians, should never think of permitting to be put to herself, much less of approving, nor, perhaps, as the Case may be, of denying; but I would not push her too far, altho' there was Room to have made the young Lady blush for her inconsiderate Notion.

So, I said, I don't *doubt*, Miss, but you meant honourable Questions. A young Lady of Miss *Sutton's* good Sense, and worthy Character, could not mean otherwise.

And yet Miss appear'd to be under an agreeable Confusion, every Lady, by her Eye, seeming to think she had met with a deserv'd Rebuke; and which not seeming to expect, it abated her Liveliness all the Time after, and turn'd, as I may say, her *Tongue* into *Ear*.

Lady *Towers* seasonably reliev'd us both from a Subject too *applicable*, if I may so express it, saying, But, dear Mrs. *B.* will you favour us with the Result of your Meditation, if you have committed it to Writing, on the unhappy Case you mention'd?

I was rather, Madam, exercising my Fancy than my Judgment, such as it is, upon the Occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical Style, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before such Judges, I doubt.

O pray, dear Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, favour us with it *to chuse*; for I am a great Admirer of that Style.

We shall never know half your Excellencies, said Lady *Arthur*: I have a great Curiosity, both from the *Subject* and the *Style*, to hear what you have written: And I beg you will oblige us all.

Do, dear Madam, said Miss *L.* Do, dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*. I beg it of you also, said the Dean. Do, dear Madam, let us have it, said all the Ladies.

It is short and unfinish'd. It is design'd to be woven into a Letter to a dear Friend: And let it be ever so censurable, I should be *more* so, if I made any Difficulties after such an unanimous Request. So taking it out of my Letter-case, I read as follows:

"While the *Banks of Discretion* keep within their natural Chanel the *proud Waves of Passion*, all calm and serene, glides along the silver Current, inlivening the adjacent Meadows, as it passes, with a brighter and more flowery Verdure. But if the *Torrents of sensual Love* are permitted to descend from the *Hills of credulous Hope*, they may so swell the gentle Stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to be retain'd in its usual Bounds. What then will be the Consequence?— Why, the *Trees of Resolution*, and the *Shrubs of cautious Fear*, whose intertwining Roots had contributed to support the frail Mound, being loosen'd from their Hold, *they*, and the *Bank* itself, will be seen floating on the Surface of the triumphant Waters.

"But here, a dear Lady, having unhappily failed, is enabled to set her *Foot* in the *new-made* Breach, while yet it is *possible* to stop it, and to say, with little Variation, in the Language of that Power, which only could enable her to say it, *Hither, ye proud Waves of dissolute Love, altho' you have come, yet no farther shall ye come*; is such

an Instance of magnanimous Resolution, and Self-conquest, as is very rarely to be met with."

They were all greatly taken with what I read, and the Dean gave it Beauties by his kind Comments, which he himself could hardly think it merited, supposing, no doubt, that it might afford a Subject for the young Ladies to contemplate upon in their own Taste, as one may say. Miss *Stapylton* particularly appear'd so delighted with it, that she desired a Copy of it; and the other Three young Ladies complaisantly join'd in her Request.

Whereupon I said, That if it could have the Benefit of the Dean's Remarks upon it, it would be worthy of their Acceptance: But, however, it was at their Service; for I had the rough Sketch of it above.

Miss *Stapylton* took it, promising to give each a Copy, and honour'd it with a Place in her Bosom. I mention this, because it answer'd my End; and, slight as the Cause was, gave the young flighty Ladies an high Opinion of me, which made them listen with the greater Attention to all that succeeded.

Our Conversation, after this, took a more general Turn, as to the Air of it, if I may say so, which I thought right, lest the young Ladies should imagine it was a designed Thing against them: But yet it was such, that every one of them found her Character and Taste little or much concerned in it; and all seem'd, as Lady *Towers* afterwards observ'd to me, by their Silence and Attention, to be busied with private Applicatious.

The Dean began first, with a View to his own Daughter; and seeing his Drift, I humour'd it accordingly; and the rather, as Miss *Cope's* Case was included in that of Miss *L*. He was pleas'd to say, That I seem'd design'd by Providence, as a Model, as well as an Exemplar, for my Sex; and it was Matter of great Surprize to him, that, my tender Years consider'd, I should be capable of making those Reflections, by which Persons of twice my Age and Experience might be instructed. You see, Madam, said he, how attentive we all are, when your Lips begin to open; and I beg we may have nothing to do, but to *be* attentive.

I have had such Advantages, Sir, reply'd I, from the Observations and Cautions of my late excellent Lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* Improvement, than that I have made *so much*. She used to think me pretty, and not ill-temper'd, and, *of course*, not incredulous, where I conceived a good Opinion; and was always arming me on that Side, as believing I might be the Object of wicked Attempts, and the rather, as my low Fortunes subjected me to Danger. For, had I been born to Rank and Condition, as these young Ladies here, I should have had Reason to think of *myself*, as justly, as, no doubt, *they* do, and, of consequence, beyond the Reach of any vile Intriguer; as I should have been above the greatest Part of that Species of Mankind, who, for want of Understanding or Honour, or thro' pernicious Habits, give themselves up to Libertinism.

Charming Humility! said Miss *Cope*, with her Hands lifted up. So said Miss *Stapylton*.

These were great Advantages, no doubt, said Miss *Sutton*; but in *you*, they met with a surprising Genius, 'tis very plain, Madam; and there is not, in my Opinion, a Lady in *England* of your Years, who would have improv'd by them, as you have done.

I answer'd, That I was much oblig'd to her for her good Opinion: But that I had always observ'd, that the Person who admir'd any good Qualities in another, gave a kind of *natural* Demonstration, that she had the same in an eminent Degree herself, altho', perhaps, her modest Diffidence would not permit her to trace the generous Principle to its Source.

The Dean, in order to bring us back again to our Subject, repeated my Remark, that it was safer, in Cases where so much depended upon the Issue, as a Lady's Honour and Reputation, to *fear* an *Enemy*, than to *hope* a *Friend*; and praised my Observation, that even a *weak* Enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high Notions of the Honour and Value of my own Sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy Part of the other; insomuch that I thought they could have no Strength, but what was founded in our Weakness: That, indeed, the Difference of Education must give Men Advantages, even where the Genius was naturally equal; and among others, Courage and Hardness of Hearts, which make Ladies, where they meet not with Men of Honour, to engage upon very unequal Terms; for that it was so customary with them to make Vows and Promises, and to set so light by them, *when made*, that an innocent Lady cannot guard too watchfully against them; and, in my Opinion, should believe nothing they said, or even *vow'd*, but what carry'd Demonstration with it.

I remember, continued I, my Lady used often to observe, That there was a Time of Life in all young Persons, which might properly be called, *The Romantick*, which was a very dangerous Period, and requir'd therefore a great Guard of Prudence: That the Risque was not a little augmented by reading Novels and Romances; and that the

Poetical Tribe had much to answer for on this Head, by reason of their inflaming and unnatural Descriptions, which did much Hurt to thoughtless Minds, and lively Imaginations. For to those, she would have it, were principally owing, the Rashness and Indiscretion of even *soft* and *tender* Dispositions; which, in Breach of their Duty, and even Decorum of Sex, too frequently set them upon Enterprizes, like what they have read in those pernicious Writings, which not seldom make them fall a Sacrifice to the base Designs of some vile Intriguer; and even in Cases where their Precipitation ends the best, that is to say, in *Marriage*, they too frequently (in direct Opposition to the Cautions and Commands of their *try'd*, their *experienc'd*, and *unquestionable* Friends) throw themselves upon an *almost Stranger*, who, had he not been unworthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect Methods to obtain their Favour.

And the Misfortune is, continu'd I, the most innocent are generally the most credulous. They would do no Harm to others themselves, and cannot think others would do them any. And with regard to the particular Person who has obtain'd, perhaps, a Share in her Confidence, *he* cannot, surely, she thinks, be so *ingrateful*, as to return Evil for Good! Were all the Men in the World, besides, to prove false, the *beloved* Person cannot. 'Twould be unjust to *her own Merit*, as well as to *his Vows*, to suppose it: And so *Design* on his Side, and *Credulity* and *Self-opinion* on the Lady's, at last inroll the unhappy Believer in the List of the too-late Repenters.

And what, Madam, said the Dean, has not that Wretch to answer for, who makes Sport of destroying a virtuous Character, and in being the wicked Means of throwing, perhaps, upon the Town, and into the Dregs of Prostitution, a poor Creature, whose Love for him, and Confidence in him, was all her Crime, and who otherwise might have made a worthy Figure at the Head of some reputable Family, propagating good Examples, instead of Ruin and Infamy, to Mankind; and so have been an useful Member of the Commonwealth? To say nothing of, what is still worse, the dreadful Crime of occasioning the Loss of a Soul; since final Impenitence too genenerally follows the first Sacrifice which the poor Wretch is seduced to make of her Honour?

There are several Gentlemen in our Neighbourhood, said Mrs. *Brooks*, who might be benefited by this touching Reflection, if it was represented in the same strong Lights from the Pulpit. And permit me to say, Mr. Dean, that, I think, you should give us a Sermon upon this Subject, for the sake of both Sexes; one for Caution, the other for Conviction.

I will think of it, reply'd he. But I am sorry to say, that we have too many among our younger Gentry, who would think themselves pointed at, were I to touch this Subject ever so cautiously.

I am sure, said Lady *Towers*, there cannot well be a more useful one; and the very Reason the Dean gives, is a convincing Proof of it to me.

When I have had the Pleasure of hearing the further Sentiments of such an Assembly as this, upon the delicate Subject, reply'd this polite Divine, I shall be better enabled to treat it. And, pray, Ladies, proceed; for it is from your Conversation, that I must take my Hints.

You have nothing to do then, said Lady *Towers*, but to engage Mrs. *B.* to speak; and you may be sure, we will all be as attentive to *her*, as we shall be to *you*, when we shall have the Pleasure to hear so fine a Genius improving upon her Hints, from the Pulpit.

I bow'd, as the Dean did, to Lady *Towers*; and knowing, that she praised me so highly, in order to induce the young Ladies to give the greater Attention to what she wished I should speak, I said, It would be almost an unpardonable Presumption in me, after so high a Compliment, to open my Lips. Nevertheless, as I was sure, by speaking, I should have the Benefit of Instruction, whenever it made *them* speak, I would not be backward to enter upon any Subject; for that I should consider myself as a young Counsel, in some great Cause, who served but to open it, and prepare the Way for those of greater Skill and Abilities.

I beg then, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, you will *open the Cause*, be the Subject what it will. And I could almost wish, that we had as many Gentlemen here as Ladies, who would have Reason to be asham'd of the Liberties they take in censuring the Conversations of the Tea-table; since the Pulpit, as the worthy Dean gives us Reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. *B.*

Nor is it much Wonder, reply'd I, when the Dean himself is with us, and it is grac'd by so charming and distinguish'd a Circle.

If many of our young Gentlemen were here, said Lady *Towers*, they might improve themselves in all the Graces of polite and sincere Complaisance. But, compar'd to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse Stuff from our Race of Wou'd-be-wits, that what they say, may be compar'd to the Fawnings and Salutations of

the Ass in the Fable, who emulating the Lap-dog, merited a Cudgel rather than Encouragement.

But, Mrs. *B.* continued she, begin, I pray you, to *open* and *proceed* in the Cause; for there will be no Counsel employ'd but you, I can tell you.

Then give me a Subject, that will suit me, Ladies, and you shall see how my Obedience to your Command; will make me run on.

Will you, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, give us a few Cautions and Instructions on a Theme of your own, That a young Lady should rather *fear* too much, than *hope* too much? A necessary Doctrine perhaps; but a difficult one to be practised by a Lady, who has begun to love, and supposes all Truth and Honour in the Object of her Favour.

Hope, Miss, said I, in my Opinion, should never be unaccompany'd by *Fear*; and the more Reason will a Lady ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt her Lover, when she once begins to find in her own Breast a Favour for him. For then her Danger is doubled, since she has *herself* (perhaps, the more dangerous Enemy of the two) to guard against, as well as *him*.

She may secretly hope the best indeed; but what *has been* the Fate of others, *may be* her own; and tho' she thinks it not *probable* from such a faithful Protester, as he appears to her to be, yet while it is *possible*, she should never be off her Guard: Nor will a prudent Woman trust to his Mercy, or Honour, but to her own Discretion; and the rather, because, if he mean well, he *himself* will value her the more for her Caution, since every Man desires to have a virtuous and prudent Wife; if not well, she will detect him the sooner; and so, by her Prudence, frustrate all his base Designs.

The Ladies seeming, by their Silence, to approve what I said, I proceeded:

But let me, my dear Ladies, ask, What that Passion is, which generally we dignify by the Name of *Love*; and which, when *so* dignify'd, puts us upon a thousand Extravagancies? I believe, if it were to be examined into, it would be found too generally to owe its Original to *ungovern'd Fancy*; and were we to judge of it by the Consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called *Rashness, Inconsideration, Weakness*; any thing but *Love*; for, very seldom, I doubt, is the *solid Judgment* so much concern'd in it, as the *airy Fancy*. But when once we dignify the wild Misleader with the Name of *Love*, all the Absurdities, which we have read in Novels and Romances, take Place, and we are induc'd to follow Examples that seldom end happily but in *them*.

But, permit me further to observe, that Love, as we call it, operates differently in the Two Sexes, as to its Effects. For in Woman it is a *creeping* Thing, in Man an *Incroacher*; and this ought, in my humble Opinion, to be very seriously attended to. Miss *Sutton* intimated thus much, when she observ'd, that it was the Man's Province to ask, the Lady's to deny—Excuse me, Miss, the Observation was just, as to the Mens Notions; altho', methinks, I would not have a Lady allow of it, except in Cases of Caution to themselves.

The Doubt therefore, proceeded I, which a Lady has of her *Lover's* Honour, is needful to preserve *her own*, and *his* too. And if she does him Wrong, and he should be too just to deceive her, she can make him Amends, by Instances of greater Confidence, when she pleases. But if she has been accustom'd to grant him little Favours, can she easily recal them? and will not the *Incroacher* grow upon her Indulgence, pleading for a Favour To-day, which was not refused him Yesterday, and reproaching her want of Confidence, as a want of Esteem; till the poor Lady, who, perhaps, has given way to this *creeping, insinuating* Passion, and has avow'd her Esteem for him, puts herself too much in his Power, in order to manifest, as she thinks, the *Generosity* of her Affection; and so, by Degrees, is carry'd farther than she intended, or nice Honour ought to have permitted; and all because, to keep up to my Theme, she *hopes* too much, and *doubts* too little? And, permit me, Ladies, to add, That there have been Cases, where a Gentleman himself, pursuing the Dictates of his *incroaching* Passion, and finding a Lady *too conceding*, has taken Advantages, that, probably, at first, he did not presume to think of.

Miss *Stapylton* said, That *Virtue* itself spoke when I spoke; and she was resolv'd, when she came home, to recollect as much of this Conversation as was possible, and write it down in her Common-place Book, where it would make a better Figure than any thing she had there.

I suppose, Miss, said Lady *Towers*, your chief Collections are Flowers of Rhetorick, pick'd up from the *French* and *English* Poets, and Novel-writers. I would give something for the Pleasure of having it two Hours in my Possession.

Fie, Madam, reply'd Miss, a little abash'd, How can you expose your Kinswoman thus, before the Dean and Mrs. *B.*?

Lady *Towers*, Miss, said I, only says this to provoke you to shew your Collections. I wish I had the Pleasure of

seeing them. I doubt not but your Common-place Book is a Store-house of Wisdom.

There is nothing bad in it, I hope, said Miss; but I would not, that Mrs. *B.* should see it, for the World. But, let me tell you, Madam, to Lady *Towers*, there are many beautiful Things, and good Instructions, to be collected from Novels, and Plays, and Romances; and from the poetical Writers particularly, light as you are pleased to make of them. Pray, Madam, (to me) have you ever been at all conversant in such Writers?

Not a great deal, Miss; there were very few Novels and Romances, that my Lady would permit me to read; and those I did, gave me no great Pleasure; for either they dealt so much in the *Marvellous* and *Improbable*, or were so unnaturally *inflaming* to the *Passions*, and so full of *Love* and *Intrigue*, that hardly any of them but seem'd calculated to *fire* the *Imagination*, rather than to *inform* the *Judgment*. Tilts and Tournaments, breaking of Spears in Honour of a Mistress, swimming of Rivers, engaging with Monsters, rambling in Search of Adventures, making unnatural Difficulties, in order to shew the Knight-Errant's Prowess in overcoming them, is all that is requir'd to constitute the *Hero* in such Pieces. And what principally distinguishes the Character of the *Heroine*, is, when she is taught to consider her Father's House as an enchanted Castle, and her Lover as the Hero who is to dissolve the Charm, and to set her at Liberty from one Confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a worse: To instruct her how to climb Walls, drop from Windows, leap Precipices, and do twenty other extravagant Things, in order to shew the mad Strength of a Passion she ought to be asham'd of: To make Parents and Guardians pass for Tyrants, and the Voice of Reason to be drown'd in that of indiscreet Love, which exalts the other Sex, and debases her own. And what is the Instruction, that can be gather'd from such Pieces, for the Conduct of common Life?

Then have I been ready to quarrel with these Writers for another Reason; and that is, The dangerous Notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *First-sight Love*. For there is such a Susceptibility supposed on both Sides, (which, however it may pass in a Man, very little becomes a Lady's Delicacy) that they are smitten with a Glance; the *ficitious* blind God is made a *real* Divinity; and too often Prudence and Discretion are the first Offerings at his Shrine.

I believe, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, blushing, and playing with her Fan, there have been many Instances of Peoples Loving at first Sight, which have ended very happily.

No doubt of it, Miss, reply'd I. But there are three Chances to one, that so precipitate a Liking does not. For where can be the Room for Caution, for Inquiry, for the Display of Merit, and Sincerity, and even the Assurance of a *grateful Return*, to a Lady, who thus suffers herself to be prepossess'd? Is it not a Random Shot? Is it not a Proof of Weakness? Is it not giving up the Negative Voice, which belongs to the Sex, even while she doubts to meet the Affirmative one from him she wishes for?

Indeed, Ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding, (and I am the less afraid of speaking my Mind, because of the Opinion I have of the Prudence of every Lady that hears me) that where this Weakness is found, it is no way favourable to a Lady's Character, and to that Discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me, as if a Lady's *Heart* were too much in the Power of her *Eye*, and that she had permitted her *Fancy* to be much more busy than her *Judgment*.

Miss *Stapylton* blush'd, and look'd around her.

But I have generally observ'd, Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, that whenever you censure any Indiscretion, you seldom fail to give Cautions how to avoid it. And pray let us know what is to be done in this Case? That is to say, How a young Lady ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable Impressions?

What I imagine, reply'd I, a young Lady ought to do, on any the *least* favourable Impressions of this kind, is immediately to *withdraw into herself*, as one may say; to reflect upon what she owes to her Parents, to her Family, to her Character, and to her Sex; and to resolve to check such a random Prepossession, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a Prey to the Undeserving than otherwise, as there are so many of that Character to one Man of real Merit.

The most that I apprehend a *First-sight* Favour can do, is to inspire a *Liking*; and a Liking is conquerable, if the Person will not brood over it, till she hatches it into *Love*. Then every Man and Woman has a black and a white Side; and it is easy to set the Imperfections of the Person against the supposed Perfections, while it is only *Liking*. But if the busy *Fancy* be permitted to work as it pleases, uncheck'd, uncontroul'd, then, 'tis very likely, were it but to keep itself in Countenance for her first Impressions, she will see Perfections in the Object, which no living Soul can see but herself. And it will hardly be expected, but that, as a Consequence of her first Indiscretion,

she will confirm, as an Act of her Judgment, what her wild and ungovern'd Fancy had misled her to think of with so much partial Favour. And too late, as it may too probably happen, she will see and lament her fatal, and, perhaps, undutiful Error.

We are talking of the Ladies only, added I (for I saw Miss *Stapylton* was become very grave): But I believe the Case of First-sight Love often operates alike in both Sexes, and the same Inconveniencies may arise to both, from a Rashness of this kind: And where it is so, it will be very lucky, shall I say? if either Gentleman or Lady find Reason, on cool Reflection, to approve a Choice, which they were so ready to make without Thought.

'Tis allow'd, my dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, that rash and precipitate Love may operate pretty much alike in the Rash and Precipitate of both Sexes; and which-soever loves, generally exalts the Person beloved, above his or her Merits: But I am desirous, for the sake of us Maiden Ladies, since 'tis a Science in which you are so great an Adept, to have your Advice, how we should watch and guard against its first Incroachments, and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the Men most Advantage over us.

Nay, now, Lady *Towers*, you railly my Presumption indeed!

I admire you, Madam, reply'd she, and every thing you say and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I so seriously *say* and *think*, Raillery. For my own Part, continued she, I never was in Love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young Ladies —(Miss *Cope* looked a little silly upon this—) And who can better instruct us to guard our Hearts, than a Lady who has so well defended *her own*?

Why then, Madam, if I must speak, I think, what gives the other Sex the greatest Advantage, over even many of the most Deserving of ours, is, that dangerous Foible, The *Love of Praise*, and the Desire to be *flatter'd* and *admir'd*: A Passion that I have observ'd to predominate, more or less, from Sixteen to Sixty, in most of our Sex. We are too generally delighted with the Company of those who extol our Graces of Person or Mind; for will not a *grateful* Lady study hard to return a *few* Compliments to a Gentleman, who makes her *so many*? She is concern'd to *prove* him a Man of distinguishing Sense, or a polite Man, at least, in regard to what she *thinks* of herself; and so the Flatterer shall be preferr'd to such of the Sincere and Worthy, as cannot say what they do not think. And by this means many an excellent Lady has fallen a Prey to some sordid Designer.

Then, I think, nothing gives Gentlemen so much Advantage over our Sex, as to see how readily a virtuous Lady can forgive the capital Faults of the most abandon'd of the other; and that sad, sad Notion, *That a Reform'd Rake makes the best Husband*; a Notion that has done more Hurt, and Discredit too, to our Sex, (as it has given more Encouragement to the Profligates of the other, and more Discouragement to the sober Gentlemen) than can be easily imagin'd. A fine thing indeed! as if the Wretch, who had run thro' a Course of Iniquity to the endangering of Soul and Body, was to be deem'd the best Companion for Life, to an innocent and virtuous young Lady, who is to owe the Kindness of his Treatment of her, to his having never before accompany'd with a modest Woman; nor, till his Interest on one hand, (to which his Extravagance, perhaps, compels him to attend) and his impair'd Constitution on the other, oblige him to it, *wish'd* to accompany with one; and who always made a Jest of the marry'd State, and, perhaps, of every thing sacred and just!

You observe very well, my dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*; but People will be apt to think, that you have less Reason than any of our Sex, to be severe against the Notion you speak of: For who was a greater Rake than a certain Gentleman, and who a better Husband?

Madam, reply'd I, the Gentleman you mean never was a common Town-Rake: He is a Gentleman of Sense, and fine Understanding; and his Reformation, *secondarily*, as I may say, has been the natural Effect of those extraordinary Qualities. But besides, Madam, I will presume to say, That that Gentleman, as he has not many Equals in the Nobleness of his Nature, so is not likely, I doubt, to have many Followers, in a Reformation begun in the Bloom of Youth, upon *Self-conviction*, and altogether, humanly speaking, *spontaneous*! — Those young Ladies, who would plead his Example, in support of this pernicious Notion, should find out the same generous Qualities in the Gentleman, before they trust to it; and it will then do less Harm: tho' even then, I could not wish it to be generally propagated.

It is really unaccountable, said Lady *Towers*, after all, as Mrs. *B.* I remember, once formerly said, That our Sex should not as much insist upon Virtue and Sobriety, in the Character of a Gentleman, as the Gentleman, be he ever such a Rake, does in that of a Lady. And 'tis certainly a great Encouragement to Libertinism, that a worn-out Debauchee shall think himself at any time good enough for an Husband, and have the Confidence to imagine, that a modest Lady will accept of his Address with a *Preference*.

I can account for it but one way, said the Dean: And that is, that a modest Lady is apt to be *diffident* of herself, and she thinks this Diffidence an Imperfection. A Rake *never is*: So he has in Perfection a Quality she thinks she wants; and, knowing *too little* of the World, imagines she mends the Matter by accepting of one who knows *too much*.

That's well observ'd, Mr. Dean, said Lady *Towers*: But there is another Fault in our Sex, which Mrs. *B.* has not touch'd upon; and that is, The foolish Pride some Ladies take in taming a wild Fellow; and that they have been able to do more than many of their Sex before them could do: A Pride that often costs them dear enough; as I know in more than one Instance.

Another Weakness, said I, might be produc'd against some of our Sex; and that is, in joining too readily to droll upon, and sneer at, the Misfortune of any poor young Creature, who has shewn too little Regard for her Honour: And that (instead of speaking of it with Concern, and thinking themselves happy, it was not their own Case, and inveighing against the Seducer) they will too lightly sport with the unhappy Creature's Fall, propagate the Knowledge of it— (I would not look upon Miss *Sutton*, while I spoke this)—and avoid her, as an Infection; yet, after a while, not scruple to admit into their Company the vile Aggressor, and even smile with him, at his barbarous Jests upon the poor Sufferer of their own Sex.

I have known three or four Instances of this in my Time; said Lady *Towers*, that Miss *Sutton* might not take it to herself; for she look'd down, and was a little serious.

This, rejoin'd I, puts me in mind of a little humourous Copy of Verses, written, as I believe, by Mr. *B.* And which, to the very Purpose we are speaking of, he calls

Benefit of making others Misfortunes our own.

Thou'st heard it, or read it, a Million of Times, That Men are made up of Falshoods and Crimes: Search all the old Authors, and ransack the new, Thou'lt find in Love—Stories, scarce one Mortal . Then why this complaining? And why this wry Face? Is it' cause thou'rt affected most, with thy own Case? Hadst thou sooner made others Misfortunes thy own, Thou never, thyself, this Disaster hadst known; Thy compassionate Caution had kept thee from Evil, And thou mightst have defy'd Mankind and the Devil.

The Ladies were pleas'd with the Lines; but Lady *Towers* wanted to know, she said, at what Time of Mr. *B.*'s Life they could be written. Because, added she, I never suspected before, that the good Gentleman ever took Pains to write Cautions or Exhortations to our Sex, to avoid the Delusions of his own.

These Verses, and this facetious, but severe Remark of Lady *Towers*, made every young Lady look up with a cheerful Countenance; because it pushed the Ball from *Self*: And the Dean said to his Daughter; So, my Dear, You, that have been so attentive, must let us know, what useful Inferences you can draw from what Mrs. *B.* and the other Ladies have so excellently said?

I observe, Sir, said Miss, from the Faults the Ladies have so justly imputed to some of our Sex, that the Advantage the Gentlemen chiefly have over us, is from our own Weakness; and that it behoves a prudent Lady to guard against *first Impressions* of Favour, since she will think herself oblig'd, in Compliment to *her own* Judgment, to find Reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

But I would be glad to know, Ladies, added Miss, If there be any way, that a Lady can judge, whether a Gentleman means honourably or not, in his Address to her?

Mrs. *B.* can best inform you of that, Miss *L.* said Lady *Towers*: What say you, Mrs. *B.*?

There are a few Signs, answer'd I, easy to be known, and, I think, almost infallible.

Pray let's have 'em, said Lady *Arthur*; and they all were very attentive.

These are they, reply'd I: I lay it down as an undoubted Truth, That Love is one of the most *respectful* Things in the World. It strikes with Awe and Reverence the Mind of the Gentleman, who boasts its Impression. It is chaste and pure in Word and Deed, and cannot bear to have the least Indecency mingle with it.

If therefore a Gentleman, be his Birth or Quality what it will, the higher the worse, presume to wound a Lady's Ears with indecent Words: If he endeavour, in his Expressions or Sentiments, to convey gross or impure Ideas to her Mind: If he is continually pressing for *her Confidence* in *his Honour*: If he requests Favours, which a Lady ought to refuse: If he can be regardless of his Conduct or Behaviour to her: If he can use *boisterous* or *rude* Freedoms, either to her *Person* or *Dress*— (Here poor Miss *Cope*, by her Blushes, bore Witness to her Case—) If he avoids *speaking* of *Marriage*, when he has a *fair Opportunity* of doing it (—Here Miss *L.* look'd down, and blush'd—) or leaves it *once* to a Lady to wonder that he does not:

In any, or in all these Cases, he is to be suspected, and a Lady can have little Hope of such a Person, nor, as I humbly apprehend, consistent with Honour and Discretion, encourage his Address.

The Ladies were so kind, as to applaud all I said, and so did the Dean. Miss *Stapylton*, and Miss *Cope*, and Miss *L.* were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the Conversation: And our noble Guests coming in soon after, with Mr. *B.* the Ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them, with some Difficulty, to pass the Evening; and Miss *L.* who has an admirable Finger at the Spinnet, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three Tunes. Each of the Ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a Tune or two: But Miss *Cope*, as well as Miss *L.* surpass'd me much. We all sung too in Turns, and Mr. *B.* took the Violin, in which he excels. Lord *Davers* oblig'd us on the Harpsichord: Mr. *H.* play'd on the Flute, and sung us a Fop's Song, and perform'd it in Character. So that we had an exceeding gay Evening, and parted with great Satisfaction on *all Sides*, and high Delight on the young Ladies; for this put them all into good Humour, and good Spirits, enlivening the former Scene, which otherwise might have closed, perhaps, more gravely than efficaciously.

The Distance of Time since this Conversation passed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the Account of it, which you have mislaid: And which take briefly, as follows:

Miss *Stapylton*, upon her Return home, was as good as her Word, and wrote down all she could recollect of the Conversation; and suffered it to have such an Effect upon her, as to turn the Course of her Reading and Studies, to

weightier and more solid Subjects; and, avoiding the Gentleman she had began to favour, gave way to her Parents Recommendation; and is happily marry'd to Sir *Jonathan Barnes*.

Miss *Cope* came to me a Week after this, with the Leave of both her Parents, and tarry'd with me Three Days; in which time she open'd all her worthy Heart to me; and return'd in such a Disposition, and with such Resolutions, that she never would see her Peer again; nor receive Letters from him, which she own'd to me she had done clandestinely before: And she is now the happy Lady of Sir *Michael Beaumont*, who makes her the best of Husbands, and permits her to follow her charitable Inclinations, according to a Scheme, which she prevail'd upon me to give her.

Miss *L.* by the Dean's indulgent Prudence and Discretion, has escaped her Rake; and, upon the Discovery of an Intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a just Abhorrence of him; and is since marry'd to Dr. *Jenkins*, as you know, with whom she lives very happily.

Miss *Sutton* is not quite so well off, as the Three former; tho' not altogether unhappy neither, in her Way. She could not indeed conquer her Love of Dress and Tinsel; and so became the Lady of Col. *Wilson*: And they are thus far easy in the Marriage State, that, being seldom together, in all Probability they save a Multitude of Misunderstandings; for the Colonel loves Gaming, in which he is generally a Winner; and so passes his Time mostly in Town. His Lady has her Pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the Country. And now—and—then a Letter passes on both Sides, by the Inscription and Subscription of which, they remind one another, that they have been *once* in their Lives at *one* Church together.

And what now, my dear Lady *G.* have I to add to this tedious Account (for Letter I can hardly call it) but that I am, with great Affection,

Your Friend and Servant, P. B.

LETTER LXIV.

My dear Lady G. You desired me to send you a little Specimen of my *Nursery Tales* and *Stories*, with which, as Miss *Fenwick* told you, on her Return to *Lincolnshire*, I entertain my Miss *Goodwin*, and my little Boys. But you make me too high a Compliment, when you tell me, it is for your own Instruction and Example. Yet you know, my dear *Lady G.* be your Motives what they will, I must obey you, altho', were others to see it, I might expose myself to the Smiles and Contempt of Judges less prejudic'd in my Favour. So I will begin without any further Apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very Stories with which Miss *Fenwick* was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a Report.

Let me acquaint you then, that my Method is, To give Characters of Persons I have known in one Part or other of my Life, in feigned Names, whose Conduct may serve for Imitation or Warning to my dear attentive Miss; and sometimes I give Instances of good Boys and naughty Boys, for the sake of my *Billy*, and my *Davers*; and they are continually coming about me, Dear Madam, a pretty Story now, cries Miss: And, Dear Mamma, tell me of good Boys, and of naughty Boys, cries *Billy*.

Miss is a surprising Child, for her Age, and is very familiar with many of the best. Characters in the *Spectators*; and having a Smattering of *Latin*, and more than a Smattering of *Italian*, and being a perfect Mistress of *French*, is seldom at a Loss for the Derivation of even such Words as are not of *English* Original. And so I shall give you a Story in feigned Names, with which she is so delighted, that she has wrote it down. But I will first trespass on your Patience with one of my childish Tales.

Every Day once or twice, if I am not hinder'd, I cause Miss *Goodwin*, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a Tune or two to me and my *Billy* and *Davers*, who, as well as my *Pamela*, love and learn to touch the Keys, young as the latter is; and she will have a sweet Finger, I can see that; and a charming Ear; and her Voice is Musick itself!— Oh! the fond, fond Mother, I know you will say, on reading this!

Then, Madam, we all proceed hand in hand together to the Nursery, to my *Charley* and *Jemmy*: And in this happy Retirement, so much my Delight in the Absence of my best Beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with the Joy and the Hope of my future Prospects, as well as my present Comforts.

Miss *Goodwin* imagine you see, on my Right Hand, sitting on a Velvet Stool, because she is eldest, and a Miss: *Billy* on my Left, in a little Cane Elbow Chair, because he is eldest, and a good Boy: My *Davers*, and my sparkling-ey'd *Pamela*, with my *Charley* between them, on little silken Cushions at my Feet, hand in hand, their pleased Eyes looking up to my more delighted ones, and my sweet-natur'd promising *Jemmy* in my Lap; the Nurses and the Cradle just behind us, and the Nursery Maids delightedly pursuing some useful Needle-work, for the dear Charmers of my Heart. —All as hush and as still, as Silence itself, as the pretty Creatures generally are, when their little watchful Eyes see my Lips beginning to open: For they take great notice already, of my Rule of Two Ears to One Tongue, insomuch that if *Billy* or *Davers* are either of them for breaking the Mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my Finger to my Lip, or if Miss points hers to her Ears, even to the breaking of a Word in two, as it were: And yet all my Boys are as lively as so many Birds; while my *Pamela* is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a Dove.

I began with a Story of Two little Boys, and Two little Girls, the Children of a fine Gentleman and a fine Lady, who loved them dearly: That they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that every body who saw them, admired them, and talked of them far and near: That they would part with any thing to one another: Loved the Poor: Spoke kindly to the Servants: Did every thing they were bid to do; were not proud; and knew no Strife, but who should learn their Books best, and be the prettiest Scholar: That the Servants loved them, and would do any thing they desired; that they were not proud of fine Cloaths; let not their Heads run upon their Playthings, when they should mind their Books; said Grace before they eat; their Prayers before they went to-bed, and as soon as they rose; were always clean and neat; would not tell a Fib for the World, and were above doing any thing that requir'd one: That God blessed them more and more, and blessed their Papa and Mamma, and their Uncles and Aunts, and Cousins, for their sakes. And there was a happy Family, my dear Loves!— No one idle; all prettily employ'd; the Masters at their Books; the Misses at their Books too, or their Needles; except at their Play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome: And no such Word was ever heard from

their Mouths, as, Why mayn't I have this or that, as well as *Billy* or *Bobby*?— Or, Why should *Sally* have this or that, any more than I?— But it was, As my Mamma pleases; My Mamma knows best; and a Bow and a Smile, and no Surliness, or scouling Brow to be seen, if they were deny'd any thing; for well did they know, that their Papa and Mamma loved them so dearly, that they would refuse them nothing that was for their Good; and they were sure, when they were refused, they asked for something that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never were such good Boys and Girls as these! And they grew up, and the Masters became fine Scholars, and fine Gentlemen, and every body honour'd them; and the Misses became fine Ladies, and fine Housewives; and this Gentleman, when they grew to be Women, sought to marry one of the Misses, and that Gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their Companies! So that they had nothing to do but pick and chuse the best Gentlemen in the County: While the greatest Ladies for Birth, and the most remarkable for Virtue, (which, my Dears, is better than either Birth or Fortune) thought themselves honour'd by the Addresses of the Two Brothers. And they marry'd, and made good Papas and Mammams, and were so many Blessings to the Age in which they lived. There, my dear Loves! were happy Sons and Daughters! For good Masters seldom fail to make good Gentlemen; and good Misses, good Ladies; and God blesses them with as good Children as they were to their Parents; and so the Blessing goes round!— Who would not but be good?

Well, but, Mamma, we will all be good: Won't we, Master *Davers*, cries my *Billy*? Yes, Brother *Billy*. Then they kiss one another, and if they have Playthings, or any thing they like, exchange with each other, to shew the Effect my Lessons have upon them. But what will become of the naughty Boys? Tell us, Mamma, about the naughty Boys!

Why, there was a poor, poor Widow Woman, who had Three naughty Sons, and One naughty Daughter; and they would do nothing that their Mamma bid them do; were always quarreling, scratching and fighting; would not say their Prayers; would not learn their Book; so that the little Boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for Blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty Ways, and their Undutifulness to their poor Mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant, so that they impoverish'd their poor Mother, and at last broke her Heart, poor, poor Widow Woman!— And her Neighbours joined together to bury the poor Widow Woman; for these sad ungracious Children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her Heart was quite broken: And this helped to break it the sooner; for had she liv'd, she saw she must have wanted Bread, and had no Comfort from such wicked Children.

Poor, poor Widow Woman! said my *Billy*, with Tears; and my little Dove shed Tears too, and *Davers* was moved, and Miss wiped her fine Eyes.

But what became of the naughty Boys, and the naughty Girl, Mamma!— Became of them! Why one Son was forced to go to Sea, and there he was drowned: Another turned Thief; for he would not work, and he came to an untimely End: The third was idle, and ignorant, and nobody would employ him, that knew how he had used his poor Mother, and so he was forced to go into a far Country, and beg his Bread. And the naughty Girl, having never lov'd Work, pined away in Sloth and Filthiness, and at last broke her Arm, and died of a Fever, lamenting too late, that she had been so wicked a Daughter to so good a Mother!— And so there was a sad End of all the Four ungracious Children, who never would mind what their poor Mother said to them; and God punished their Naughtiness, as you see!— While the good Children I mentioned before, were the Ornament and the Glory of their Family, and the Delight of every body that knew them.

Who would not be good! was the Inference: And the Repetition from *Billy*, with his Hands clapt together, Poor, poor Widow Woman!— gave me much Pleasure.

So my childish Story ended, with a Kiss of each pretty Dear, and their Thanks for my Story: And then came on Miss's Request for a *Woman's* Story, as she called it. I dismiss'd my Babies to their Play in the Apartment allotted for that purpose; and taking Miss's Hand, she standing before me, all Attention, began in a more womanly Strain to *her*; for she is very fond of being thought a Woman; and indeed is a prudent, sensible Dear, comprehends any thing instantly, and makes very pretty Reflections upon what she hears or reads, as you will observe in what follows:

There is nothing, my dear Miss *Goodwin*, that young Ladies should be so watchful over, as their Reputation: 'Tis a tender Flower, that the least Frost will nip, the least cold Wind will blast; and when once blasted, it will never flourish again; but wither to the very Root. But this I have told you so often, that I am sure I need not repeat

what I have said. So to my Story.

There were Four pretty Ladies lived in one genteel Neighbourhood, the Daughters of Four several Families; but all Companions, and Visitors; and yet all of very different Inclinations. Coquetilla we will call one, Prudiana another, Profusiana the third, and Prudentia the fourth; their several Names denoting their respective Qualities.

Coquetilla was the only Daughter of a worthy Baronet, by a Lady very gay, but rather indiscreet than unvirtuous, who took not due care of her Daughter's Education, but let her be over-run with the Love of Fashions, Dress, and Equipage; and when in *London*, Balls, Operas, Plays, the Park, the Ring, the Withdrawing-Room, took up her whole Attention. She admir'd nobody but herself, flutter'd about, laughing at, and despising a Croud of Men-Followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless Freedoms of Behaviour, too nearly treading on the Skirts of Immodesty: Yet made she not one worthy Conquest, exciting, on the contrary, in all sober Minds, that Contempt upon herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the World. After she had several Years flutter'd about the dangerous Light, like some silly Fly, she at last sinded the Wings of her Reputation; for, being despised by every worthy Heart, she became too easy and cheap a Prey to a Man the most unworthy of all her Followers, who had Resolution and Confidence enough to break thro' those few cobweb Reserves, in which she had incircled her precarious Virtue; and which were no longer of Force to preserve her Honour, than till she met with a Man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. And what then became of *Coquetilla*?— Why she was forced to pass over Sea, to *Ireland*, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull Obscurity; to go by another Name; and at last, unable to support a Life so unsuitable to the natural Gaiety of her Temper, she pin'd herself into a Consumption, and dy'd un pity'd and unlamented, among Strangers, and having not one Friend but whom she bought with her Money.

Poor Lady *Coquetilla*! said Miss; what a sad thing it is, to have a wrong Education! And how happy am I, who have so good a Lady to supply the Place of a dear distant Mamma!— But be pleased, Madam, to proceed to the next.

Prudiana, my Dear, was the Daughter of a Gentleman who was a Widower, having, while the young Lady was an Infant, bury'd her Mamma. He was a good sort of Man; but had but one Lesson to teach to *Prudiana*, and that was, To avoid all manner of Conversation with the Men; but never gave her the right Turn of Mind, nor instilled into it that Sense of her religious Duties, which would have been her best Guard in all Temptations. For, so as she kept out of the Sight and Conversation of the Gentlemen, and avoided the Company of those Ladies, who more freely conversed with the other Sex, it was all her Papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, sullen, and reserved Turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had Sense enough to discover early the Faults of *Coquetilla*, and, in Dislike of them, fell the more easily into that contrary Extreme which her recluse Education, and her Papa's Cautions, naturally led her. So that Pride, Reserve, Affectation, and Censoriousness, made up the Essentials of her Character, and she became more unamiable even than *Coquetilla*; and as the other was too accessible, *Prudiana* was quite unapproachable by Gentlemen, and unfit for any Conversation, but that of her Servants, being also deserted by those of her own Sex, by whom she might have improv'd, on account of her censorious Disposition. And what was the Consequence? Why this: Every worthy Person of both Sexes despising her, and she being used to see nobody but Servants, at last throws herself upon one of that Class: In an evil Hour, she finds something that is taking to her low Taste in the Person of her Papa's Valet, a Wretch so infinitely beneath her, (but a Coxcomb of a Servant) that every body attributed to her the Scandal of making the first Advances; for, otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his Master's Daughter. So here ended all her Pride; all her Reserves came to this! Her Censoriousness of others, redoubled People's Contempts upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally, turn'd out of Doors, without a Penny of Fortune: The Fellow was forced to set up a Barber's Shop in a Country Town; for all he knew, was to shave, and dress a Peruque; and her Papa would never look upon her more: So that *Prudiana* became the Outcast of her Family, and the Scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in Conversation and Company, with the Wretches of her Husband's Degree!

Poor, miserable *Prudiana*! said Miss.— What a sad, sad Fall was hers!— And all owing to the want of a proper Education too!— And to the Loss of such a Mamma, as I have an Aunt, and so wise a Papa, as I have an Uncle!— How could her Papa, I wonder, restrain her Person as he did, like a poor Nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous Restraints of the Mind?

I am sure, my dear good Aunt, it will be owing to you, that I shall never be a *Coquetilla*, nor a *Prudiana*

neither. Your Table is always surrounded with the best of Company, with worthy Gentlemen as well as Ladies; and you instruct me to judge of both, and of every new Guest, in such a manner, as makes me esteem them all, and censure nobody; but yet to see Faults in some to avoid, and Graces in others to imitate; but in nobody but Yourself and my Uncle, any thing so like Perfection, as shall attract one's Admiration to one's own Ruin.

You are young yet, my Love, and must always doubt your own Strength; and pray to God, more and more, as your Years advance, to give you more and more Prudence, and Watchfulness over your Conduct.

But yet, my Dear, you must think justly of yourself too; for let the young Gentlemen be ever so learned, and discreet, your Education intitles you to think as well of yourself, as of them: For, don't you see, the Ladies who are so kind to visit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good Figures in Conversation, say as good things, as any of the Gentlemen? For, my Dear, all that the Gentlemen know more than the Ladies, except here and there such an one as your dear Uncle, with all their learned Education, is only, that they have been *disciplin'd* perhaps, into an Observation of a few Accuracies in Speech, that, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *Pedant*, than the *Gentleman*: Such as the avoiding of a false Concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do, as well as the best; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to speak in Mood and Tense, and such like valuable Parts of Education: So that, my Dear, you can have no Reason to look upon that Sex in so high a Light, as to depreciate your own: And yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one Rule your Guide:

In your *maiden State*, think yourself *above* the Gentlemen, and they'll think you so too, and address you with Reverence and Respect, if they see it is not arrogant Pride, but a conscious Merit, a Dignity, such as becomes Virgin Modesty, and untainted Purity of Mind and Manners, like that of an Angel among Men; for so young Ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other Sex.

In your *marry'd State*, which is a kind of State of Humiliation for a Lady, you must think yourself subordinate to your Husband; for so it has pleased God to make us. You must have no Will of your own, in *petty* Things: And if you marry a Gentleman of Sense and Honour, such an one as your Uncle, he will look upon you as his Equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abasing yourself.— In short, my Dear, he will act by you, just as your dear Uncle does by me: And then, what a happy Creature will you be!

So I shall, Madam! To be sure I shall!— But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise Directors, and such an Example before me: And if it please God, I will never think of any Man, (in pursuance of your constant Advice to young Ladies at the Tea-table) who is not a Man of Sense, and a virtuous Gentleman. But now, dear Madam, for your next Character. There are Two more yet to come, that's my Pleasure! I wish there were Ten!

Why the next was *Profusiana*, you remember, my dear Love. *Profusiana* took another Course to *her* Ruin. She fell into some of *Coquetilla's* Foibles, but pursu'd them for another End, and in another Manner. Struck with the Grandeur and Magnificence of what weak People call the *Upper Life*, she gives herself up to the Circus, to Balls, to Operas, Masquerades, and Assemblées; affects to shine at the Head of all Company, at *Tunbridge*, at *Bath*, and every Place of publick Resort; plays high, is always receiving and paying Visits, giving Balls, and making Treats and Entertainments; and is so much *above* the Conduct which mostly recommends a young Lady to the Esteem of the Deserving of the other Sex, that no Gentleman, who prefers solid Happiness, can think of addressing her, tho' she is a fine Person, and has many outward Graces of Behaviour. She becomes the favourite Toast of the Places she frequents, is proud of that Distinction; gives the Fashion, and delights in the Pride, that she can make Apes by Imitation, whenever she pleases: But yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the Subject of the Attempts of every Coxcomb of Eminence; and with much ado, preserves her Virtue, tho' hardly her Character.

What, all this while, is poor *Profusiana* doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a suitable Proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her Gaieties and Extravagancies; for *Profusiana* has Wit, and is not totally abandon'd of Reflection, when she suffers herself to think. But her Conduct procures her not one solid Friendship, and she has not in a Twelvemonth, among a thousand Professions of Service, one Devoir that she can attend to, or a Friend that she can depend upon. All the Women she sees, if she excels them, hate her; the gay Part of the Men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a Plot against her Honour. Even the Gentlemen, whose Conduct in the general is govern'd by Principles of Virtue, come down to these publick Places to partake of the innocent Freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves Airs of Gallantry, and never have it in their Thoughts to

commence a Treaty of Marriage, with an Acquaintance begun upon that gay Spot. What solid Friendships and Satisfactions then is *Profusiana* excluded from?

Her Name indeed is written in every publick Window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the Pleasure of every Profligate, or Sot, who carries a Diamond to engrave it: And that, it may be, with most vile and barbarous Imputations and Freedoms of Words, added by Rakes, who very probably never exchange'd a Syllable with her. The wounded Trees are perhaps taught also to wear the Initials of her Name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a Scoundrel. But all this while, she makes not the least Impression upon one noble Heart: And at last, perhaps, having run on to the End of an uninterrupted Race of Follies, she is cheated into the Arms of some vile Fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the Remains of that Fortune which her Extravagance had left; and then, after the worst Usage, abandoning her with Contempt, she sinks into an Obscurity, that cuts short the Thread of her Life, and leaves no Remembrance, but on the brittle Glass, and more faithful Bark, that ever she had a Being.

Alas! alas! what a Butterfly of a Day, said Miss—an Expression she remembered of Lady *Towers's*—was poor *Profusiana!* — What a sad thing to be so dazled by worldly Grandeur, and to have so many Admirers, and not one real Friend!

Very, my Dear; and how carefully ought a Person of a gay and lively Temper to watch over it! And what a Rock may publick Places be to a Lady's Reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her Conduct, when she is exposed to the Censures and Observations of malignant Crouds of People; many of the worst of whom, spare the least, those who are most unlike themselves!

But then, Madam, said Miss, would *Profusiana* venture to play at publick Places? Will Ladies game, Madam? I have heard you say, that Lords, and Sharpers but just out of Liveries, in Gaming, are upon a Foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his Reputation? And will Ladies so disgrace their Characters, and their Sex, as to pursue this pernicious Diversion in publick?

Yes, my Dear, they will, too often, the more's the Pity! And don't you remember when we were at *Bath*, how I hurried you by some Knots of genteel People, and you asked, What those were doing? I told you, whisperingly, They were Gameing; and loth I was, that my Miss *Goodwin* should stop to see some Sights, to which, till she arrived at Years of Discretion, it was not proper to familiarize her Eye; in some sort acting like the antient *Romans*, who would not assign Punishments to certain atrocious Crimes, because they were such Friends to human Nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them: So I was not for having you, while a little Girl, see those things, which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you: But now you are so much a Woman in Discretion, that I may tell you any thing.

She kiss'd my Hand, and made me a fine Courtesy —And told me, That now she long'd to hear of *Prudentia's* Conduct. *Her* Name, Madam, said she, promises better things, than those of her Three Companions; and so it had need: For how sad is it to think, that out of Four Ladies of Distinction, Three of them should be naughty, and, *of course*, unhappy—These two Words, *of course*, my Dear, said I, were very prettily put in: Let me kiss you for them: Since every one that is naughty, first or last, must be *certainly* unhappy.

Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable *Prudentia*. Like the industrious Bee, she makes up her Honey-hoard from every Flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every Character is of Use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the Happiness of an Aunt, who loved her, as I do you, and of an Uncle, who doted on her, as yours does: For, alas! poor *Prudentia* lost her Papa and Mamma almost in her Infancy, in one Week: But was so happy, in her Uncle and Aunt's Care, as not to miss them in her Education, and but just to remember their Persons. By Reading, by Observation, and by Attention, she daily added new Advantages to those which her Education gave her. She saw and pitied the fluttering Freedoms and dangerous Flights of *Coquetilla*. The sullen Pride, the Affectation, and stiff Reserves which *Prudiana* assumed, she penetrated, and made it her Study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous Conduct, extravagant Temper, and Love of tinsell'd Grandeur, which were the Blemishes of *Profusiana's* Character, she dreaded, and shunn'd. She fortifies herself with the excellent Examples of the past and present Ages, and knows how to avoid the Faults of the Faulty, and to imitate the Graces of the most perfect. She takes into her Scheme of that future Happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the Excellencies of her Sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestick Virtues, which shall one Day make her the Crown of some worthy Gentleman's earthly Happiness; and which, *of course*, as you prettily said, my Dear, will secure and heighten her own.

That noble Frankness of Disposition, that sweet and unaffected Openness and Simplicity, (all unconscious of Art or Design in herself, and undreading it from others, but yet her Prudence ever wakeful, and on its Guard) which shine in all her Actions and Behaviour, commend her to the Esteem and Reverence of all Mankind; as her Humility and Affability, and a Temper uncensorious, and ever making the best for the absent Person, of either Sex, do to the Love of every Lady. Her Name indeed is not prostituted on Windows, nor carved on the Barks of Trees in publick Places and Walks: But it smells sweet to every delighted Nostril, dwells on every praiseful Tongue, and is ingraved on every admiring Heart. She meets with no Address but from Men of Honour and Probity: The fluttering Coxcomb, the inveigling Parasite, the insidious Deceiver, the mercenary Fortune-hunter, spread no Snares for a Heart guarded by Discretion and Prudence, as hers is. They see, that all her amiable Virtues are the happy Result of an uniform Judgment, and the Effects of her own Wisdom, founded in an Education to which she does the highest Credit. And at last, after several worthy Offers, enough to perplex any Lady's Choice, she blesses some one happy Gentleman, more distinguish'd than the rest, for Learning, good Sense, and *Politeness*, which is but another Word for *Virtue* and *Honour*; and shines, to her last comfortable Hour, in all the Duties of domestick Life, as an excellent Wife, Mother, Mistress, Friend, and Christian; and so confirms all the Expectations of which her Maiden Life had given such strong and such edifying Presages.

Then folding my dear Miss in my Arms, and kissing her, Tears of Pleasure standing in her pretty Eyes, Who would not, said I, shun the Examples of the Coquetilla's, the Prudiana's, and the Profusiana's of this World, and chuse to imitate the Character of PRUDENTIA!—the Happy, and the Happy-making Prudentia!

O Madam! Madam; said the dear Creature, smothering me with her even clamorous Kisses, Prudentia is YOU!— Is YOU indeed!— It *can* be nobody else!— O teach me, good GOD! to follow *your* Example, and I shall be a Second Prudentia— Indeed I shall!

God send you may, my beloved Miss! And may he bless you more, if possible, than *Prudentia* was blessed!

And so, my dear Lady G. you have some of my Nursery Tales; with which, relying on your kind Allowance and Friendship, I conclude myself,

Your affectionate and faithful P. B.

CONCLUSION.

Altho' it will be seen, and confess'd, (notwithstanding the Sheets, which compose these Two additional Volumes, might have been easily formed into Three) how difficult it was to reduce Materials so ample within the Compass which the Editor had assigned them; yet, being unwilling to deserve a Suspicion, that the Extent of this Work was to be measur'd but by the Patience of its Readers, He thinks proper to conclude in this Place: Subjoining, in order to elucidate the Whole, a brief Note of the following Facts.

That Mr. *B.* continued (after the Affair that took Date at the Masquerade, and so happily concluded) to be one of the best and most exemplary of Men, an Honour to his Country, both in his publick and private Capacity, having, at the Instances of some of his Friends, in very elevated Stations, accepted of an honourable Employment abroad in the Service of the State; which he discharged in such a manner, as might be expected from his Qualifications, and Knowledge of the World: And on his Return, after an Absence of Three Years, resisting all the Temptations of Ambition, devoted himself to his privater Duties, and join'd with his excellent Lady in every pious Wish of her Heart: Adorning the married Life with all the Warmth of an elegant Tenderness: Beloved by his Tenants, respected by his Neighbours, rever'd by his Children, and almost ador'd by the Poor, in every County where his Estates gave him Interest, as well for his own bountiful Temper, as for the Charities which he permitted to be dispensed, with so liberal a Hand, by the Representative of his Heart, his dear Lady.

That she made him the Father of Seven fine Children, Five Sons, and Two Daughters, all adorn'd and accomplish'd by Nature, to be the Joy and Delight of such Parents; being educated, in every respect, by the Rules of their inimitable Mother, in that Book which she mentions to have written for the Revisal and Correction of her Consort; the Contents of which may be gather'd from her Remarks upon Mr. *Locke's* Treatise of Education, in her Letters to Mr. *B.* and in those to Lady *G.*

That Miss Goodwin, at the Age of Eighteen, was marry'd to a young Gentleman of fine Parts, and great Sobriety and Virtue: And that both she and her Spouse, in every material Part of their Conduct, and in their Behaviour to one another, emulated the great and good Examples set them by Mr. and Mrs. *B.*

That Lord Davers dying Two Years before this Marriage, his Lady went to reside at the Hall in *Lincolnshire*, the Place of her Birth, that she might enjoy the Company and Conversation of her excellent Sister; who, for Conveniency of the Chapel, and Advantage of Room and Situation, had prevail'd upon Mr. *B.* to make that the chief Place of his Residence; and there the noble Lady lived long (in the strictest Friendship with the happy Pair) a resolv'd and an honourable Relict of her affectionate Lord.

That the worthy Mr. Andrews, and the happy good Woman his Wife, lived together in the calm, conscious Sweetness, set forth in their Letters, for the Space of Twelve Years, at the *Kentish* Farm; where the good old Gentlewoman then died first, full of Comfort and Years, her dutiful Daughter performing the last pious Offices to so beloved and so loving a Parent: Her Husband surviving her about a Year only.

That Lady *G.* Miss Darnford that was, after a happy Marriage of several Years, died in Childbed of her Fourth Child; to the inexpressible Concern of her affectionate Consort, and of her dear Friend Mrs. *B.*

That Mr. Longman liv'd to a great Age in the worthy Family, much esteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent Youth, whom he had recommended, to ease him in his Business, and who, answering Expectation, succeeded him in it.

That, at last, dying rich, out of his great Love and Gratitude to the honourable Family, in whose Service he had acquir'd most of his Fortune, and in Disgust to his nearest Relations, who had perversely disoblig'd him, he bequeath'd to Three of them One hundred Pounds apiece, and left all the rest to his honoured Principal Mr. *B.*: Who, as soon as he came to know it, being at that Time abroad, directed his Lady to call together the Relations of the old Gentleman; and, after touching them to the Heart with a just and effectual Reproof, when she found them fill'd with due Sense of their Demerit, which had been the Cause of their suffering, then to divide the Whole, which had been left him, among them, according to their Proximity of Blood: An Action worthy of so generous and ennobled a Spirit; and which procured him the Prayers and Blessings, not only of the Benefited, but of all who heard of it. For it is easy to imagine, how chearfully and how gracefully his benevolent Lady discharged a Command so well suited to her natural Generosity.