

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 3

Samuel Richardson

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Vol. 3

PREFACE.

The Two former Volumes of Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded, met with a Success greatly exceeding the most sanguine Expectations: And the Editor hopes, that the Letters which compose these, will be found equally written to Nature, avoiding all romantick Flights, improbable Surprizes, and irrational Machinery; and that the Passions are touched, where requisite, and Rules, equally New and Practicable, inculcated throughout the Whole, for the General Conduct of Life: And, therefore he flatters himself, that they may expect the good Fortune, which few Continuations have met with, to be judg'd not unworthy the First; nor disproportion'd to the more exalted Condition in which Pamela was destin'd to shine, as an affectionate Wife, a faithful Friend, a polite and kind Neighbour, an indulgent Mother, and a beneficent Mistress; after having in the Two former Volumes supported the Character of a dutiful Child, a spotless Virgin, and a modest and amiable Bride.

The Reader will easily see, that, in so great a Choice of Materials, as must arise from a Multitude of important Subjects in a married Life, to such Genius's and Friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B. the Editor's greatest Difficulty was, how to bring them within the Compass which he was determin'd not to exceed. And it having been left to his own Choice, in what manner to digest and publish the Letters, and where to close the Work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other Avocations, and some Designs of another Nature in which he was engaged, to have carry'd the Piece no farther than the Two former Volumes; as may be gather'd from the Conclusion of the First Five Editions.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an Explanation of the Reasons whereby he was provoked into a Necessity of altering his Intention. But he is willing to decline saying Any-thing upon so well-known a Subject; lest his Interest might appear more concern'd, than the Satisfaction of the Publick.

The Editor has been much press'd with Importunities and Conjectures in relation to the Person and Family of the incomparable Lady, who is the Subject of these Volumes: All that he thinks himself at Liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the Story has its Foundation in Truth: That the most material Incidents (as will be collected from several Passages in the Letters) happen'd between the Years 1717 and 1730: And that there was a Necessity, for obvious Reasons, to vary and disguise some Facts and Circumstances, as also the Names of Persons, Places, &c.

LETTER I.

My dear Father and Mother, We arrived here last Night, highly pleased with our Journey, and the Occasion of it. May God bless you both with long Life and Health, to enjoy your sweet Farm, and pretty Dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful Hearts too uneasy in the Possesstion of it, by your modest Diffidence of your own Worthiness: For, at the same time that it is what will do Honour to the best of Gentlemen, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his Condition, as that it will give any one Cause to censure it as the Effect of a too partial and injudicious Kindness for the Parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear Master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every Light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible Heart?) holds his kind Purpose of fitting up the large Parlour and three Apartments in the commodious Dwelling he calls yours, for his Entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my Duty to you both, for a few happy Days together; and he has actually given Orders for that Purpose; and that the three Apartments be so fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* Condition, than his *own*; for, he says, the plain simple Elegance which he will have to be observed in the Rooms as well as the Furniture, will be a Variety in his Retirement to this Place, that will make him return to his own with the greater Pleasure; and at the same time, when we are not there, will be of Use for the Reception of any of your Friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good Couple of any of their Accommodations.

The old Bow-windows he will have preserv'd, but will not have them sash'd, nor the Woodbinds, Jessamines and Vines that run up against them, destroyed; only he will have larger Panes of Glass, and convenienter Casements, to let in more of the sweet Air and Light, to make amends for that obstructed by the Shades of those fragrant Climbers. For he has mention'd three or four times, how gratefully they dispens'd their intermingled Odours to us, when, the last Evening, we stood at the Window in our Bed-chamber, to hear the responsive Songs of two warbling Nightingales, one at a Distance, the other near, which took up our delighted Attention for above two Hours, and charm'd us the more, as we thought their Season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, and called me for it, the sweetest of all Nightingales, saying, How greatly do the innocent Pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty Tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal Mind! Never talk, my *Pamela*, as you frequently do, of Obligation to me: One such Hour as I now enjoy, is an ample Reward for all the Benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole Life!

The Parlour indeed will be more elegant, tho' that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its Wainscot as Furniture, and to be new floor'd. The dear Gentleman has already given Orders about it, and you will soon have Workmen with you to put them in Execution. The Parlour Doors are to have Brass Hinges and Locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a Watch-case: For who knows, said he, my Dear, but we shall have still added Blessings, in two or three charming Boys and Girls, to place there in their Infancy, before they can be of Age to be benefited by your Lessons and Example? And besides, I make no doubt, but I shall entertain there some of my chosen Friends, in their Excursions, for a Day or so.

How am I, every Hour of my Life, overwhelm'd with Instances of God Almighty's Goodness and his! —O spare, blessed Father of Mercies, the precious Life of this excellent Gentleman! and increase my Thankfulness, and my Worthiness; and then— But what shall I say? —Only that then I may *continue* to be what I am; for more bless'd and more happy, in my own Mind, surely I cannot be.

The Beds he will have of Cloth, because he thinks the Situation a little cold, especially when the Wind is Easterly, and because he purposes to be down in the early Spring Season now—and—then, as well as in the latter Autumn; and the Window Curtains of the same, in one Room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The Carpets for them will come down with the other Furniture; for he will not alter the old Oaken Floors of the Bed-chamber, nor yet of the little Room he intends for my Use, to withdraw to, when I chuse not to join in such Company as may happen to fall in: Which, my Dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular Friends, who may be disposed once in a Year or two, to see, when I am there, how I live with my *Pamela*, and her Parents, and how I pass my Time in my Retirement, as I shall call this: For otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am asham'd of Company I shall always bepleas'd with. —Nor are you, my Dear, continued he, to take this as a Compliment to yourself, but a Piece of requisite Policy in me; for

who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the World thinks, below me, when they shall see, that such a Reproach, as they would intend it, is so far from being so to me, that every Day of my Life, I not only pride myself in my *Pamela*, but take Pleasure in owning her Relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving Visits from them; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring Light, as if I would have the World forget (who in that Case would always take the more Pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low Reflection, when they shall see, I can bend my Mind to partake with them the Pleasures of their humble, but decent Life? —Ay, continued he, and be rewarded for it too, with better Health, better Spirits, and a better Mind; so that, my Dear, added he, I shall reap more Benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.

In this generous manner does this best of Gentlemen endeavour to disclaim tho' I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not inhanse the proper Merit of a Beneficence that is natural to him; and which indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect depreciated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his Nature) he cannot help it, if he would. —O that it was in my Power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but Will—and that is *wholly* his:—And what a Happiness is it to me, a Happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without *Reserve*; since the dear Gentleman requires nothing of me, but what is consistent with my Duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first Mover and Cause of all his own Happiness, of my Happiness, and of that of my dear, my ever dear Parents!

But whither does the enchanting Subject lead me! I am running on to my usual Length, tho' I have not the same Excuse for it; for heretofore I had nothing to do but to write. Yet, I am sure, if I do exceed a little, *you* will be pleased with it; and you have moreover a Right to rejoice with me in the Days of my Felicity, after your indulgent Hearts had been so much pained by a long Succession of my Fears and my Dangers, which only ought to be remember'd now, as Subjects of thankful Exultation, by

Your dutiful and happy Daughter.

LETTER II.

My dearest Daughter, I Need not repeat to you the Sense your good Mother and I have of our Happiness, and of our Obligations to your honoured Spouse: You both were pleased Witnesses of it every Hour of the happy Fortnight you passed with us. But still, my Dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *You*, much less to the 'Squire, with the Freedom he so often invited us to take: For, I don't know how it is, but tho' you are our Daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high Condition, that we see no Difference in your Behaviour to us your poor Parents; yet, when we look upon you as the Lady of so fine a Gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of Respect, and—I don't know what to call it,— that lays a little Restraint upon us! And yet we would not, methinks, let our Minds be run away with the Admiration of worldly Grandeur, so, as to set too much by it.

But your Merit, and your Prudence, my dear Daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any Notion of it:—And to have Gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your Genteelness and Amiableness neither, as for your Behaviour, and your Affability to Poor as well as Rich, and to hear every one calling you an Angel, and saying, you *deserve* to be what you are; makes us hardly know how to look upon you but as an Angel—indeed! I am sure you have been a good Angel to us!— Since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honour'd Husband's Heart, to make us the happiest Couple in the World: But little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant Land, heard of our dear Child's Happiness, and never partaken of the Benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for!— Thus kindly to be owned, and called Father and Mother by such a brave Gentleman, and thus to be placed, that we have nothing to do, but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a Providence, my dear Child, as is too mighty to be borne by us, with Equalness of Temper; and we kneel together every Morning, Noon and Night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our Unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter Days, when all we had to fear, was, that as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard Labour, we should be troublesome, where, not our Pride, but our industrious Wills, would have made us wish not to be so;—but to be intitled to a happier Lot: For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear Child, and your unhappy Brother's Children; for it is well known, that, tho' we pretend not to boast of our Family, and indeed had no Reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was:—To be sure, partly by my own Fault; for had it been for your poor aged Mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for *John* and *William*; for, so unhappy were they, poor Lads, that what I could do, was but as a Drop of Water to a Bucket.

But yet the Issue has shewn, that (if I may presume to say so) what I did, was not displeasing to God; inasmuch as I have the Comfort to see, that my Reliance on Him, while I was doing what though some thought *imprudent* Things, yet not *wrong* Things, is so abundantly rewarded, beyond Expectation and Desert. Blessed be his holy Name for it!

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. *B.*'s Lady, say *command*, tho', as to my dear *Daughter*, I will only say *desire*: And indeed I will not, as you wish'd me not to do, let the one Condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my Thought: You spoke it in better Words, but this was the Sense—But you have the Gift of Utterance; and Education is a fine thing, where it meets with such Talents to improve upon as God has given you. —But let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long Letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy Dwelling, and this well-stock'd Farm, in these rich Meadows, and well-cropt Acres, we look around us, and, which Way soever we turn our Heads, see Blessings—upon Blessings, and Plenty upon Plenty; see Barns well-stor'd, Poultry increasing, the Kine lowing and crouding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own—And then think; that all is the Reward of our Child's Virtue!— O my dear Daughter, who can bear these Things!— Excuse me— I must break off a little, for my Eyes are as full as my Heart; and I will retire to bless God and your honoured Husband.

So—my dear Child—I now again take up my Pen —But reading what I had written, in order to carry on the Thread, I can hardly forbear again being in like sort affected.— But do you think I will call all these Things my own!— Do you think I will live Rent-free!— Do you think I would? Can the honoured 'Squire believe, that

having such a generous Example before me, if I had no Gratitude in my Temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me?— If his Goodness makes him know no Mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving?— Come, come, my dear Child, your poor Father is not so sordid a Wretch neither. He will shew the World, that all these Benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his Temper, as by his Condition: What tho' I cannot be as worthy of all these Favours as I wish? I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear Child, if the King and his Royal Family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive Taxes and Duties from his Subjects; if Dukes and Earls, and all the top Gentry, cannot support their Bravery, without having their Rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'Squire, to pay to his Steward, what any other Person would pay for this noble Stock and improving Farm: And I will do it, an' it please God to bless me with Life and Health.— I should not be worthy to crawl on the Earth, if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. *Longman*, the faithful Mr. *Longman*? sure no Gentleman had ever a more worthy Steward than he: It was as we were walking over the Grounds together—and observing in what good Order every thing was; he was praising some little Contrivances of my own, for the Improvement of the Farm, and saying how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. *Longman*, said I, comfortably indeed: But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much Rent for it as another?— I can tell you, said he, the 'Squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman *Andrews*. —Why, Man, he has no Occasion for it: He's worth a Power of Money, besides a noble and clear Estate in Land. —Adsheartlikins, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: For he's as generous as a Prince where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way. —Why, for that Reason, Mr. *Longman*, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my Friend. —Make *me* your Friend! You have not a better in the World, to my Power, I can tell you that; nor your Dame neither; for I love such honest Hearts: I wish my own Brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. —What I can do for you, I will, and here's my Hand upon it.

Well then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the Rent Farmer *Dickins* offered, and let me know what the Stock cost, and what the Crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other Quarterly; and not let the 'Squire know it till you can't chuse; and I shall be as happy as a Prince; for I doubt not, by God's Blessing, to make a comfortable Livelihood of it, besides. —Why, dost believe, Goodman *Andrews*, said he, I would do such a thing? —Would not his Honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might not hide another? —Go to, go to, honest Heart, I love thee dearly: But can the 'Squire do too much for his Lady, think'st thou? Come, come, (and he jeer'd me so, I could not tell what to say to him) I wish at Bottom there is not some Pride in this;—what, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his Honour, would you? —No, good Mr. *Longman*, said I,—it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any Pride, it is only in my dear Child—to whom, under God, all this is owing! —But some how or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear Daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest Pleasures to me, to do the good 'Squire Service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest Grandson *Thomas* is very desirous to come and live with us: The Boy is honest, and, they tell me, industrious. And Cousin *Burroughs* wants me to employ his Son *Roger*, who understands the Business of a Farm very well. It is no wonder, that all one's Relations should wish to partake of our happy Lot; and if they *can* and *will* do their Business as well as others, I see not why Relationship should be an Objection: But yet, I think, one would not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured Husband with one's Relations. You, my best Child, will give me always your Advice, as to my Carriage in this my new Lot; for I would not for the World be thought an Incroacher. And I am sure you have so much Prudence, that there is nobody's Advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our Blessings (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest Child; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no Notion how it can be in this Life) conclude us,
Your ever loving Father and Mother, John and Eliz. Andrews.

May we not hope to be favour'd now—and—then with a Letter from you, my dear Child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great Joy to us: Indeed it would. —But we know you'll have enough to do, without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

LETTER III.

My dear Father and Mother, I have shew'd your Letter to my Best-beloved. —Don't be uneasy that I have;—for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my Pride to have such honest and grateful Parents: And I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best Argument I can use why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy without Pain or Anxiety all the Benefits of your happy Lot.

Dear, good Souls! said he, how does every thing they say, and every thing they write, manifest the Worthiness of their Hearts! No Wonder, *Pamela*, you love and revere such honest Minds; for that you would do, were they not your Parents: And tell them, that I am so far from having them believe that what I have done for them, is only the Effect of my Affection for their Daughter, that let 'em find out another Couple, as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear Obliger, in the *same* County, because I would wish *two* Counties to be blest for their sakes. Tell them, my Dear, that they have a Right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* Merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their Patrimony: And if there can any thing arise, that is more than they themselves can wish for, in the way of Life they chuse to live, let them look round among their own Relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid Reasons for rejoicing in the Situation they are pleased with: And do you, my Dear, continued he, still further enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged Hearts, for fear they should deny any Comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others.

I could only fly to his generous Bosom, (for this is a Subject which most affects me) and, with my Eyes swimming in Tears of grateful Joy, and which overflow'd as soon as my bold Lips touch'd his dear Face, bless God and him with my whole Heart; for speak I could not! —But, almost choak'd with my Joy, sobb'd to him my grateful Acknowledgment— He clasped me in his Arms; and said, How, my Dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your Parents! If it be thus to be bless'd for conferring Benefits so insignificant to a Man of my Fortune, what Joys is it not in the Power of rich Men to give themselves, whenever they please! —Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for; which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all Intellect, and better fitted to receive them! —'Tis too much!—too much! said I, in broken Accents: —How am I oppress'd with the Pleasure you give me! — Oh, Sir,—bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it! And indeed, my Heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear Breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow Prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, surely, my dear, my beloved Parents, nobody's Happiness is so great as mine!— If it proceeds thus from Degree to Degree, and is to be augmented by the Hope, the charming Hope, that the dear second Author of your Blessings and mine, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind Man to us, what a Felicity will this be! And if our Prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the Pleasure to think, that his Advances in Piety are owing not a little to them, and to the Example God shall give us Grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the Pride to think, we have repaid his Goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the Debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Thus, then, do I set before you imperfectly, as I am forced to do, the Delight your grateful, your honest Hearts give us. I say, imperfectly, and well I may; for I might as easily paint Sound, as describe the noble, the sublime Pleasures that wind up my Affections to even a painful Height of Rapture, on such Occasions as this: And I desire, as he often bids *me*, that *you* will take to yourselves the Merit of thus delighting us both, and then think with less Uneasiness of the Obligation you are under to the best of Friends!— And indeed it is but doing Justice to his beneficent Temper, to think, that we have given him an Opportunity of exercising it, in a way so agreeable to it; and I can tell by the Ardour of his Speech, by the additional Lustre that it lights up in his Eyes, naturally so lively, and by the virtuous Endearments, refined on these Occasions above what Sense can know, that he has a Pleasure, a Joy, a Transport, in doing what he does of this sort, that is its own Reward; as every virtuous and noble Action must be to a Mind that can be delighted with Virtue for its own sake, and can find itself enlarged by the Power of doing Good to worthy Objects. Even I, my dear Parents, know this by Experience, when I can be an humble Means to make an honest Creature happy, tho' not related to myself; and yet I am but a Third-hand Dispenser, as I have elsewhere said, of these Comforts; and all the Light I can communicate, as I once before

observed†, like that of the Moon, is but borrowed from his sunny Radiance.

Forgive me, my dear, my worthy Parents, if my Style on this Subject be raised above that natural Simplicity which is more suited to my humble Talents. But how can I help it? For when the Mind is elevated, ought not the Sense we have of our Happiness, to make our Expression soar equally? Can the Affections be so highly raised as mine are on these Occasions, and the Thoughts creep, groveling, like one's ordinary Self? No, indeed! —Call not this, therefore, the Gift of Utterance, if it should appear to you in a better Light than it deserves. It is the Gift of Gratitude! A Gift which makes you and me too, *speaking* and *writing*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves! —And thus will our Gratitude be the Inspirer of Joy to our common Benefactor; and his Joy will heighten our Gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as Cause and Effect to each other's Happiness, to bless; the dear Gentleman that blesses us. —And will it be right then to say, you are so uneasy under such (at least as to your Wills) returned and discharged Obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful Heart for all the Mercies he heaps upon the Children of Men: My dear Mr. *B.* who, in these Particulars, imitates Divinity, desires no more:—You *have* this thankful Heart;—yes, you have; and that to such a high Degree of Gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, my dear Parents, when your worthy Minds would be too much affected with your Gratitude, so as to lay you under the Restraints you mention, to the dear Gentleman, and, for his sake, to your dependent Daughter; then let me humbly advise you, that you will at such Times, with more particular, more abstracted Aspirations, than at others, raise your Thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the Opportunity; and pray for him, and for me; for *him*, that all his future Actions may be of a Piece with this noble Disposition of Mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blest for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a Rewarder in the Hands of Providence of this its dear excellent Agent; and then we shall look forward all of us with Pleasure indeed to that State, where there is no Distinction of Degree, and where the humble Cottager shall be upon a Par with the proudest Monarch.

O my dear, dear Parents! how can you, as in your *Postscript*, say—May we not be *favoured* now—and—then with a Letter? Call *me* your Daughter, your *Pamela* — I am no Lady to you.— I have more Pleasure to be called your Comfort, and to be thought to act worthy of the Sentiments with which your Examples, Cautions and Instructions have inspired me, than in any one thing in this Life, my determined Duty to our common Benefactor, the best of Gentlemen and Husbands, excepted. And I am sure, God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your Prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: And see, O see, my excellent Parents! how we are crown'd with Blessings upon Blessings, till we are the Talk of all that know us:—You for your Honesty! I for my Humility and Virtue!—that Virtue which God's Grace inspired, and your Examples and Lessons, with those of my dear good Lady, cultivated; and which now have left me nothing to do but to reap all the Rewards which this Life can afford; and if I walk humbly, and improve my blessed Opportunities, will heighten and perfect all in a still more joyful futurity!—

Hence, my dear Parents, (I mean, from the Delight I have in writing to you, a Delight which transports me so much above my own Sphere) you'll see that I *must* write to you, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great Joy to you!— And is there any thing that can add to your Joy, think you, that is in the Power of your *Pamela*, that she would not *do*!— O that the Lives and Healths of my dearest Mr. *B.* and my dearest Parents, may be continued to me! And who then can be so blest as your *Pamela*?

I *will* write; *depend* upon it, I will—on every Occasion:—And you augment my Joys, to think it is in my Power to add to your Comforts. Nor can you conceive the Pleasure I have in hoping, that this your new happy Lot, may, by relieving you from corroding Care, and the too wearing Effects of hard Labour, add, in these your advanced Years, to both your Days! —For so happy am I, I can have no Grief, no Pain, in looking forward, but from such Thoughts as remind me, that one Day, either you from me, or I from you, must be separated.

But 'tis fit that we so comport ourselves, as that we should not imbitter our present Happiness with Prospects too gloomy — but bring our Minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along, — and at last, when all is to be wound up, lie down, and say, *Not mine, but thy Will be done!*

But I have written a great deal; yet have much still to say, relating to other Parts of your kind, your acceptable Letter; and so will soon write again: For I must think every Opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any Addition to my Name, if that will make you easier,

Your dutiful Pamela.

LETTER IV.

My dearest Father and Mother, I Now write again, as I told you I should in my last —But I am half afraid to look back on the Copy of it; for your worthy Hearts, so visible in your Letter, and my best Beloved's kind Deportment upon shewing it to him, raised me into a Frame of Mind, that was bordering on Ecstasy: Yet am I sure, I wrote my Heart. But you must not, my dear Father, write to your poor *Pamela* so affectingly. Your *steadier* Mind could hardly bear your own moving Strain, and you was forced to lay down your Pen, and retire: How then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not, if I may so say, *increased* that Love by fresh and stronger Instances of your Worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself?— But I will not again touch upon this Subject.

You must know then, that my dearest Spouse commands me, with his kind Respects, to tell you, that he has thought of a Method to make your *worthy Hearts* easy; those were his Words—And this is, said he, by putting that whole Estate, with the new Purchase, under your Father's Care, as I at first intended; and he shall receive and pay, and order every thing as he pleases, and *Longman*, who grows in Years, shall be eased of that Burden. Your Father writes, said he, a very legible Hand, and he shall take what Assistants he pleases: And do you, *Pamela*, see to that, that this new Task may be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his Accounts only to you, my Dear. And there will be several Pleasures arise to me upon it, continued he: First, That it will be a Relief to honest *Longman*, who has Business enough on his Hands besides. Next, It will make the good Couple easy, that they have an Opportunity of enjoying that as their Due, which now their too grateful Hearts give them so many causeless Scruples about Thirdly, it will employ your Father's Time, more suitably to *your* Liking, and *mine*, because with more Ease to himself; for you see his industrious Will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth Place, the Management of this Estate will gain him more Respect and Reverence among the Tenants and his Neighbours; and yet be all in his own way. —For, my Dear, added he, you'll see, that it is always one Point in View with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsick Merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other Light than that in which they have been accustomed to appear.

So, my dear Father, the Instrument will be drawn and brought you by honest Mr. *Longman*, who will be with you in a few Days, to put the last Hand to the new Purchase, and to give you Possession of your new Commission, if you please to accept it; as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. *B's* third Reason; and because I know, that this Trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. *Longman* himself was in it—And better it cannot be Mr. *Longman* is very fond of this Relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper Powers, the Method, &c. — and he says, in his usual way of Phrasing, that he'll make it as easy to you as a Glove.

If you do accept it, my best Beloved will leave every thing to you, as to Rent, where not already fixed, and likewise as to Acts of Kindness and Favour to be done where you think proper; and he is pleased to say, That, with all his bad Qualities, he was ever deemed a kind Landlord; and this I can confirm in fifty Instances to his Honour: So that the old Gentleman, said he, need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh Methods of Proceeding, where Things will do without; and he'll always have it in his Power to befriend an honest Man: So that the Province will be intirely such a one as suits with his Inclination. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises, continued he, or where a little Knowledge in Law-matters is necessary, *Longman* shall do all that: And your Father will see, that he will not have in those Points a Coadjutor that will be too hardhearted for his Wish: For it was a Rule my Father set me, and I have strictly followed, that tho' I have a Lawyer for my Steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* Things, than *oppressive* ones; and *Longman* has so well answered this Intention, that he was always more noted for composing Differences, than promoting Law-suits.

I dare say, my dear Father, this will be an acceptable Employment to you, on the several Accounts my dearest Mr. *B.* was pleased to mention: And what a charming Contrivance is here!— God forever bless his considerate Heart for it!— To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself; as well as respected by, and even a Benefactor to all around you! What can one say to all these Things?— But what signifies exulting in one's Gratitude for *one* Benefit!— Every Hour the dear Gentleman heaps new ones upon us, and we have hardly Time to thank him for

one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless Degrees, confound one, and throw back one's Words upon one's Heart before they are well formed, and oblige one to sit down under all with profound Silence and Admiration.

As to what you mention of the Desire of Cousin *Thomas*, and *Roger*, to come to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear Benefactor's Opinion was. He was pleased to say, I have nothing to chuse in this Case, my Dear. Your Father is his own Master: He may employ whom he pleases; and, if they are not wanting in Respect to him and your Mother, I think, as he rightly observes, Relationship should rather have the Preference; and as he can remedy Inconveniences, if he finds any, by all means let every Branch of your Family have Reason to rejoice with him.

But I have thought of this Matter a good deal, since I had the Favour of your Letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my Advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely; yet intirely submitting all to your own Liking.

In the first Place, then, I think it would be better to have *any body* than Relations; and that for these Reasons: One is apt to expect more Regard from Relations, and they more Indulgence, than Strangers can have Reason for.

That where there is such a Difference in the Expectations of both, it is hardly possible but Uneasiness must arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no End of Impositions: If you dismiss them, it will occasion Ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you them ungrateful; and as, it may be, your prosperous Lot will raise you Enviars, such will be apt to believe *them*, rather than *you*.

Then the World will be inclined to think, that we are crouding upon a generous Gentleman, a numerous Family of indigent People; and tho' they may be ever so deserving, yet it will be said, The Girl is filling every Place with her Relations, and *beleaguering*, as you significantly express it, a worthy Gentleman. And this will be said, perhaps, should one's Kindred behave ever so worthily; And so,

In the next Place, one would not, for *their* Sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* Reproach, and *equal* Benefit, any-where else: For I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his Station, and made independent, at Mr. *B.*'s Expence, if their Industry will not do it; altho' I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that Industry, in the way of their Callings.

Then it will possibly put others of our Relations upon the same Expectations, of living with you; and this may occasion Ill-will among them, if some be preferred to others in your Favour.

Then, my dear Father, I apprehend, that our beloved and honoured Benefactor would be under some Difficulty, from his natural Politeness, and Regard for you and me. —You see how kindly, on all Occasions, he treats you both, not only as the Father and Mother of his *Pamela*, but as if you were his own Father and Mother: And if you had any body as your Servants there, who called you Cousin, or Grandfather, or Uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the Foot of common Servants, tho' *they* might nevertheless think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I am sure I shall always think *myself*) with his Commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a Difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him*, and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise, (believe me, I hope you will, my dear Father and Mother) I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest Relation I have. But in the World's Eye, to every body but my best of Parents, I must, if I have ever so much Reluctance to it, appear in a Light that may not give Discredit to his Choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will have it in your Power, without the least Injury to our common Benefactor, to do kinder Things by any of our Relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little Money, to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their Advantage. You can fit out my She-Cousins to good reputable Places. —The younger you can put to School, or, when fit, to Trades, according to their Talents, and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable Livelihood.

But, above all things, one would as much discourage as one could, such a proud and ambitious Spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by Favour instead of Merit; and this the rather, for that, undoubtedly, there are many more happy Persons in low than in high Life, take Number for Number, all the World over.

I am sure, altho' four or five Years of different Life had passed with me, I had so much Pride and Pleasure in

the Thought of working for my Living with you, my dear Parents, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my Confinement the more grievous to me, and even, if possible, aggravated the Apprehensions attending it.

But I must beg of you, not to harbour a Thought, that these my Reasons proceed from the bad Motives of a Heart tainted with Pride on its high Condition. Indeed there can be no Reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner:—The greatest Families on Earth have some among them who are unhappy, and low in Life; and shall such an one reproach me with having twenty low Relations, because they have, peradventure, not above Five? or with Ten, because they have but one, or two, or three? —Or should I, on the other hand, be ashamed of Relations who had done nothing blame-worthy, and whose Poverty (a very necessary State in the Scale of Beings) was all their Crime; when there is hardly any great Family but has produced Instances of Persons guilty of bad Actions, *really* bad, which have reduced them to a Distress we never knew? Let the Person who would reproach me with *low Birth*, which is *no* Disgrace, and what I *cannot help*, give me no Cause to retort upon him *low Actions*, which *are* a Disgrace to any Station, the more so, the higher it is, and which he *can help*; or else I shall smile with Contempt at his empty Reproach: And could I be half so proud *with* Cause, as he is *without*, glory in my Advantage over him.

Let us then, my dear Father and Mother, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last Day, will judge of us all: And then the honest Peasant will stand fairer in our Esteem, than the guilty Peer.

In short, this shall be my own Rule—Every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my Relation, whether he be so or not, and the more he want my Assistance, the more intitled to it he shall be, as well as to my Esteem: While those who deserve it not, must expect nothing but Compassion from me, and my Prayers, were they my Brothers or Sisters. 'Tis, had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus: But if it be a right way of Thinking, it is a Blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of Reproach to me, which one Day will be matter of Justification.

Upon the Whole then, I should think it adviseable, my dear Father and Mother, to make such kind Excuses to the offered Services of my Cousins, as your better Reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* Value, as their Circumstances may require, or Occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing them, and having them about you, will add any one Comfort to your Lives, I give up intirely my own Opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever-dear Parents,
Your dutiful and happy Daughter.

The Copy of this Letter I will keep to myself, till I have your Answer to it, that you may be under no Difficulty how to act in either of the Cases mentioned in it.

LETTER V.

My dearest Daughter, How shall I do to answer, as they deserve, your two last Letters? Surely no happy Couple ever had such a Child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at Words like your Words; and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the Thankfulness of our Hearts, on the kind Office your honoured Husband has given us; for no Reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our Minds in the Notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so! —Happy shall I be if I can! But I see the generous Drift of his Proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the Nature of my Employment, and in my Mind too, overladen, as I may say, with Benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new Neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind Offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. *Longman*, shall with still greater Pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall be wanting in Ability; I doubt I shall: But I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's Grace, will be within my own Capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my Power to do good to those who shall deserve it: And I will take *double* Pains to find out the Merit of such as I shall recommend to Favour, and that their Circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing, my dear Daughter, let me desire, that I may make up my Accounts to Mr. *Longman*, or to his Honour himself, when he shall make us so happy as to be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my Accounts to you: For so well known is your Love to us, that tho' you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's Grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing World might think it was like making up Accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest Child, get me off of this Difficulty, and I *can* have no other; for already I am in Hopes I have hit upon a Contrivance to improve the Estate, and to better the Condition of the Tenants at the same time, at least, not to worst them, and which, I hope, will please every body: But I will acquaint Mr. *Longman* with this, and take his Advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear Child, or to your Spouse. —If I could act so for his Interest, as not to be a Burden, what happy Creatures should we both be in our own Minds! We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and, so far as shall be consistent with our new Trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good Wishes and Prayers for both your Happiness.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by the Reasons you give for not taking to us any of our Relations. Every one of those Reasons has its Force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a Daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the Amount of forty Shillings at one Time, I will take your Direction in it, that your wise Hints of making every one continue their Industry, and not to rely upon Favour instead of Merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier*, as well as *better* Men and Women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred Pounds a Year in good Comingsin, it would not do without Industry; and with it, one may do with a Quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear Child, your Reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my Head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the Matter: But yet it ran in my own Thought, that I could not like to be an Incroacher:—For I hate a dirty thing; and in the midst of my Distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it.

You rejoice our Hearts beyond Expression at the Hope you give us of receiving Letters from you now—and—then: To be sure it will be the chief Comfort of our Lives, next to seeing you, as we are put in hope we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear Child, don't let us put you to Inconvenience neither. Pray don't! You'll have enough upon your Hands without—To be sure you will.

The Workmen have made a good Progress, and wish for Mr. *Longman* to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your Condition. You have weathered the first Dangers, and but for your fine Cloaths and Jewels, we should not see any Difference, indeed we should not, between our dear *Pamela*, and the much-respected Mrs. *B.*—But God has given you too much Sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember in your former Writings, a Saying of the Squire's, speaking of you, my dear Child, That it

was for Persons who were not used to Praise, and did not deserve it, to be proud of it: In like sort one may say, it is for Persons of little Sense to be proud; but you, my dear Child, every one sees, are *above* it: And that methinks is a proud Word; is it not? If one was not—I don't know how—half—stupid, I believe—one would be raised by your high Style of Writing. But I should be more than half—stupid, I'm sure, to aim at it.

Every Day brings us Instances of the good Name his Honour and you, my dear Child, have left behind you in this Country. Here comes one, and here comes another, and a third and a fourth; and, Goodman *Andrews*, cries one, and, Goody *Andrews*, cries another—(and some call us Mr. and Mrs. but we like the other full as well) When heard you from his Honour? How does his Lady do? —What a charming Couple are they! —How lovingly they live! —What an Example do they give to all about them! —Then one cries, God bless 'em both; and another cries, *Amen*; and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, But when do you expect them down again? —Such—a—one longs to see 'em;—and such—a—one will ride a Day's Journey, to have but a Sight of 'em at Church. — And then they say, how this Gentleman praises them, and that Lady admires them. —O my dear Child! what a Happiness is this! How do your poor Mother and I stand fixed to the Earth to hear both your Praises, our Tears trickling down our Cheeks, and our Hearts heaving as if they would burst with Joy, till we are forced to take Leave in half Words, and hand—in—hand go in together, to bless God, and bless you both. —O my Daughter! what a happy Couple have God and you made us!

Your poor Mother is very anxious about her dear Child. I will not touch upon a Matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, tho' the Time may be some Months off, she every Hour prays for your Safety and Happiness, and for all the Increase of Felicity that his Honour's generous Heart can wish for. This is all we will say at present: Only, that we are, with continued Prayers and Blessings, my dearest Child,

Your loving Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews.

Yet one Word more! — and that is, — Our *Duty* to your honoured Husband. We must say so now; tho' he forbid us so often before. You cannot, my dear Child, imagine how I was ashamed to have my poor Letter shewn to him. I hardly remember what I wrote; but it was from my Heart, I'm sure; so I needed not to keep a Copy; for an honest Mind must always be the same, in Cases that cannot admit of Change, such as those of my Thankfulness to God and to him. But don't shew him all I write; for I shall be afraid of what I say, if I think any body but our Daughter sees it, who knows how to allow for her poor Parents Defects.

LETTER VI.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My dear Pamela, I had intended to have been with you before this; but my Lord has been a little indisposed with the Gout, and *Jackey* too has had an Intermittent Fever; but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are return'd from your *Kentish Expedition*.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your Papers. You have given us, by their Means, many a delightful Hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charm'd with you. *Lady Betty*, as well as her noble Mamma, has always been of our Party, whenever we have read your Accounts. She is a dear generous Lady, and has shed many a Tear over them, as indeed we all have; and my Lord has not been unmov'd, nor *Jackey* neither, at some of your Distresses and Reflections. Indeed, *Pamela*, you are a charming Creature, and an Ornament to our Sex. We wanted to have had you among us an hundred times, as we read, that we might have lov'd, and kiss'd, and thank'd you.

But after all, my Brother, generous and noble as he was, when your Trials were over, was a strange wicked young Fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the Trap he had laid for your Virtue.

I can assure you, my Lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint Idea of your Person. I tell him, and tell them all, that you are the finest Girl, and the most improv'd in Person and Mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid, altho' they should imagine all they can in your Favour, from my Account of you, that they will be disappointed when they see you, and converse with you. But one thing more you must do for us, and then we will love you still more; and that is, you must send us the rest of your Papers, down to your Marriage at least, and further, if you have written further; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, tho' we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an Account of an angry Letter I wrote to my Brother, to persuade him to give you your Liberty, and a Sum of Money; not doubting but his Designs would end in your Ruin, and, I own it, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your Merit and Excellence, nor could I, but for your Letters so lately sent me, have had any Notion of either. —I don't question but, if you have recited my passionate Behaviour to you, when I was at the Hall, I shall make a ridiculous Figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the Pleasure you *have* given me, and will still further give me, if you comply with my Request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best Story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the Conclusion of it in your own Words. She says now—and—then, What a hopeful Brother you have, *Lady Davers!* —O these intriguing Gentlemen! —What Rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine Husband of him, had I receiv'd your Proposal! The *dear Pamela* would have run in his Head, and had I been the first Lady in the Kingdom, I should have stood but a poor Chance in his Esteem; for, you see, his Designs upon her began† early.

She says, you had a good Heart to go back again to him, when the violent Wretch had driven you from him on such a slight Occasion: But yet, she thinks, the Reasons you give in your Relation, and your Love for him, (which then you began to discover was your Case) as well as the Event, shew'd you did right.

But we'll tell you all our Judgments, when we hav read the rest of your Accounts. So pray send them, as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself Sister till then)

Your affectionate, &c. Davers.

LETTER VII.

My dear good Lady, You have done me great Honour in the Letter your Ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high Pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor Papers were in the least diverting to you and to such honourable and worthy Persons as your Ladyship is pleased to mention. I could wish, my dear Lady, I might be favour'd with such Remarks on my Conduct, (so nakedly set forth, without any Imagination that they would ever appear in such an Assembly) as may be of Use to me in my future Life, and make me, by that means, more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the Honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest Lady, favour me so far: I am prepared to receive Blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect Praise so much from my *Actions* as from my *Intentions*; for, indeed, *these* were always just and honourable: But why even for these do I talk of Praise, since, being prompted by Impulses I could not resist, it can be no Merit in me to have been govern'd by them?

As to the Papers following those in your Ladyship's Hands, when I say, that they must needs appear impertinent to such Judges, after what you know, I dare say your Ladyship will not insist upon them; yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my Dangers and Trials were happily at an End; So that they only contain "the Conversations that passed between your Ladyship's generous Brother and me; his kind Assurances of honourable Love to me; my Acknowledgments of Unworthiness to him; Mrs. *Jewkes's* respectful Change of Behaviour towards me; Mr. *B.'s* Reconciliation to Mr. *Williams*; his introducing me to the good Families in the Neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable Intentions. A Visit from my honest Father, who (not knowing what to conclude from the Letter I wrote to him before I returned to your honoured Brother, desiring my Papers from him) came in great Anxiety of Heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a Stratagem that had ended in my Ruin. His joyful Surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the Hopes given me, answer'd, by the private Celebration of our Nuptials—An Honour so much above all that my utmost Ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your Ladyship's Arrival, and Anger, not knowing I was actually marry'd, but supposing me a vile wicked Creature; in which Case I should have deserved the worst of Usage. Mr. *B.'s* angry Lessons to me, for daring to interfere, tho' I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful Manner, between your Ladyship and himself. The most acceptable Goodness and Favour of your Ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful Sense. My Return to this sweet Mansion in a manner so different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four Years, in paying my Duty to the best of Mistresses, your Ladyship's excellent Mother, to whose Goodness in taking me from my poor honest Parents, and giving me what Education I have, I owe, under God, my Happiness. The Joy of good Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, and all the Servants, on this Occasion. Mr. *B.'s* acquainting me with Miss *Godfrey's* Affair, and presenting to me the pretty Miss *Goodwin*, at the Dairy-house. Our Appearance at Church; the Favour of the Gentry in the Neighbourhood, who, knowing your Ladyship had not disdain'd to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more readily into a neighbourly Intimacy with me, and still so much the more readily, as the continued Kindness of my dear Benefactor, and his condescending Deportment to me before them, (as if I had been worthy of the Honour done me) did Credit to his own generous Act."

These, my Lady, down to my good Parents setting out to this Place, in order to be settled, by my honoured Benefactor's Bounty, in the *Kentish* Farm, are the most material Contents of my remaining Papers: And tho' they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally Matters of course, after what your Ladyship has with you; *as* the Joy of my fond Heart can be better judg'd of by your Ladyship, than described by me; and *as* your Ladyship is acquainted with all the Particulars that can be worthy of any other Person's Notice but my dear Parents; I am sure your Ladyship will dispense with your Commands: and I make it my humble Request, that you will.

For, Madam, you must needs think, that when my Doubts were dispell'd; when I was confident all my Trials were over; when I had a Prospect before me of being so abundantly rewarded for what I had suffer'd; when every Hour rose upon me with new Delight, and fraught with fresh Instances of generous Kindness from such a dear Gentleman, my Master, my Benefactor, the Son of my honoured Lady; your Ladyship must needs think, I say,

that I must be *too* much affected, my Heart must be *too* much open'd; and especially as it then (reliev'd from its past Anxieties and Fears, which had kept down and damp'd the latent Flame) first discover'd to me Impressions of which before I hardly thought it susceptible. — So that it is scarce possible, that my *Joy* and my *Prudence*, if I were to be try'd by such Judges of Delicacy and Decorum, as Lord and Lady *Davers*, the honoured Countess, and Lady *Betty*, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wish'd: Altho' indeed the continued Sense of my Unworthiness, and the Disgrace the dear Gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous Goodness to me, always went hand—in—hand with that my *Joy* and my *Prudence*; and what these Considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier and more equal to myself than otherwise it was possible such a young Creature as I could have been.

Wherefore, my dear good Lady, I hope I stand excus'd, and shall not bring upon myself the Censure of being disobedient to your Commands.

Besides, Madam, as you inform me, that my good Lord *Davers* will attend your Ladyship hither, I should never dare to look his Lordship in the Face, if all the Emotions of my Heart on such affecting Occasions, stood confess'd to his Lordship; and, indeed, if I am ashamed they should to your Ladyship, and to the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, whose Goodness might induce you all three to think favourably, in such Circumstances, of one who is of your own Sex, how would it concern me, that the same should appear before such Gentlemen as my Lord and his Nephew? —Indeed I could not look up to either of them, in the Sense of this. —And give me Leave to hope, that some of the Scenes, in the Letters your Ladyship had, were not read to Gentlemen: Your Ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand Trials of all. —For tho' I was the innocent Subject of wicked Attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's Opinion, for what I could not help; yet, for your dear Brother's sake, as well as for the Decency of the Matter, one would not, when one shall have the Honour to appear before my Lord and his Nephew, be looked upon, methinks, with that Levity of Eye and Thought, which perhaps hard-hearted Gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very Scenes, which would move Pity and Concern, in a good Lady's Breast, for a poor Creature so attempted.

So, my dear Lady, be pleased to let me know, if the Gentlemen *have* heard all. —I hope they have not. —And be pleased also to point out to me such Parts of my Conduct as deserve Blame: Indeed, I will try to make a good Use of your Censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it; —for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the Honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished Family, and the Right the best of Gentlemen has given me to style myself

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

LETTER VIII.

From Lady Davers, in Reply.

My dear Pamela, You have given us all a great Disappointment, in declining to oblige me with the Sequel of your Papers. I was a little out of Humour with you at first;—I must own I was:—For I cannot bear Denial, when my Heart is set upon any thing. But Lady *Betty* became your Advocate, and said, She thought you very excusable; since, no doubt, there might be many tender Things, circumstanced as you was, which might be well enough for your Parents to see, but for nobody else; and Relations of our Side least of all, whose future Intimacy and frequent Visits, might give Occasions for Raillery and Remarks, that might not be always agreeable. I regarded her Apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great Balk to her, that you did not comply with my Request. But now, Child, when you know me more, you'll find, that if I am oblig'd to give up one Point, I always insist upon another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last Case I know how to take my Measures, and resent.

Now then, this is what I insist on; That you correspond with me in the same manner you did with your Parents, and acquaint me with every Passage that is of Concern to you; beginning with your Accounts how you spent your Time, both of you, when you were in *Kent*; for, you must know, we are all taken with your Duty to your Parents, and the Discretion of the good Couple, and think you have given a very edifying Example of filial Piety to all who shall hear your Story; for if so much Duty is owing to Parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is a Power to add to the natural Obligation, all the Comforts and Conveniencies of Life? We People in upper Life, you must know, love to hear how Gratitude and unexpected Benefits operate upon honest Minds, who have little more than plain artless Nature for their Guide; and we flatter ourselves with the Hopes of many a delightful Hour, by your Means, in this our solitary Situation, as it will be, if we are obliged to pass the next Winter in it, as my Lord and the Earl threaten me, and the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you Joy and Trouble: And if my Brother carries you to Town, for the Winter, while he attends Parliament, the Advices you will be able to give us of what passes in *London*, and of the public Entertainments and Diversions he will take you to, as you will relate them from your own artless and natural Observations, will be as diverting to us, as if we were at them ourselves. For a young Creature, of your good Understanding, to whom all these Things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better Taste of them, their Beauties and Defects, than we might have before. For we People of Quality go to those Places, dress'd out and adorn'd, in such Manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many Parts of the public Entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right Judgment of it: And, indeed, we, some of us, behave with so much Indifference to the Entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our View was rather to trifle away our Time, than to improve ourselves, by attending to the Story or the Action.

See, *Pamela*, I shall not make an unworthy Correspondent altogether; for I can get into thy grave Way, and moralize a little now—and—then: And if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant Correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all Restraint, as if you was writing to your Parents, (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be) then I am sure we shall have Truth and Nature from you; and these are Things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our Conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one Letter: And yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your Answer, which you may give to both together; and am, mean time,

Yours, &c. Davers.

LETTER IX.

Dear Pamela, I am very glad thy honest Man has let thee into the Affair of *Sally Godfrey*. But pr'ythee, *Pamela*, give us an Account of the Manner in which he did it, and of thy Thoughts upon it; for that is a critical Case; and according as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: For I would not make Mischief between you for the World.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying Part of your Conduct. For he loves the Child; and will judge of you by your Conduct towards it. He dearly loved her Mother; and, notwithstanding her Fault, she well deserv'd it: For she was a sensible, ay, and a modest Lady, and of an ancient and genteel Family. But he was Heir to a noble Estate, was of a bold and enterprising Spirit, fond of Intrigue— Don't let this concern you.— You'll have the greater Happiness and Merit too, if you can hold him—And 'tis my Opinion, if any body can, you will. —Then he did not like the young Lady's Mother, who sought artfully to intrap him. So that the poor Girl, divided between her Inclination for him, and her Duty to her designing Mother, gave into the Plot upon him; and he thought himself, vile Wretch as he was, for all that!—at Liberty to set up Plot against Plot, and the poor Lady's Honour was the Sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him. I hope you received the Child kindly. —I hope you had Presence of Mind to do this. —For it was a nice Part to act; and all his Observations were up, I dare say, on the Occasion. —Do, let me hear how it was. There's my good *Pamela*, do. And write, I charge you, freely and without Restraint; for altho' I am not your Mother, yet am I *his* elder Sister, you know— and, as such—come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* Sister, and so intitled to expect a Compliance with my Request: For is there not a Duty, in degree, to elder Sisters from younger?

As to our Remarks upon your Behaviour, they have been very much to your Credit, I can tell you that: But, nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested Correspondence with me, consult Lady *Betty*, and will go over your Papers again, and try to find fault with your Conduct; and if we can see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our Minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one Opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the Whole.

So, *Pamela*, you see I put myself upon the same Foot of Correspondence with you. —Not that I will promise to answer every Letter: No, you must not expect that. —Your Part will be a kind of Narrative purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight or ten Letters, as it may happen, before I return one: But such a Part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our Opinion of your Proceedings, and Relations of Things. —And as you wish to be found fault with, as you say, you shall freely have it, (tho' not in a splenetic or illnatur'd way) as often as you give Occasion. Now, you must know, *Pamela*, I have two Views in this: One is, to see how a Man of my Brother's Spirit, who has not deny'd himself any genteel Liberties, (for, it must be own'd, he never was a common Town Rake, and had always Dignity in his Roguery) will behave himself to you, and in Wedlock, which used to be very freely sneered by him: The next, that I may love you more and more, which it will be enough to make me do, I dare say, as by your Letters I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by Conversation; so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one Objection to this; and that is, that your Family Affairs will require your Attention, and not give you the Time you used to have for this Employment. But consider, Child, the Station you are raised to, does not require you to be quite a domestic Animal. You are lifted up to the Rank of a Lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an Example, as will derive upon you the Ill-will and Censure of other Ladies. —For will any of our Sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such Works as either must be a Reproach to herself, or to them? —You'll have nothing to do but to give Orders. You will consider yourself as the Task-mistress, and the common Herd of Female Servants as so many Negroes directing themselves by your Nod; or yourself as the Master-wheel, in some beautiful Piece of Mechanism, whose dignify'd grave Motion is to set a going all the Under-wheels, with a Velocity suitable to their respective Parts. —Let your Servants, under your Direction; do all that relates to Houshold Oeconomy: They cannot write to entertain and instruct as you can. So what will you have to do? —I'll answer my own Question: In the first Place,

Endeavour to please your Sovereign Lord and Master; and, let me tell you, any other Woman in *England*, be her Quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, To receive and pay Visits, in order, for his Credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable Neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, You will have Time upon your Hands (as your Monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a Brazen-face as he has been) to write to me, in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your Style, that nothing can be easier for you, than to do this.

And thus, and with Reading, may your Time be filled up with Reputation to yourself, and Delight to others, till a fourth Employment puts itself upon you; and that is, (shall I tell you in one Word, without mincing the Matter?) a Succession of brave Boys, to perpetuate a Family that has for many hundred Years been esteemed worthy and eminent, and which, being now reduced, in the direct Line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else, let me tell you, (nor will I balk it) my Brother, by descending to the wholesome Cot—Excuse me, *Pamela*, — will want one Apology for his Conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, Child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more — but to let you know what is expected from you, and to encourage you in the Prospect that is already opening to you both, and to me, who have the Welfare of the Family I sprung from so much at Heart, altho' I know this will be attended with some Anxieties to a Mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your Solitude for fear the Gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your Letters. —But this I will particularly speak to in a third Letter, having fill'd my Paper on all Sides: And am
Yours, &c. Davers.

You see, and I hope will take it as a Favour, that I break the Ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected Correspondence between us.

LETTER X.

From the same.

And so, *Pamela*, you are very solicitous to know if the Gentlemen have seen every Part of your Papers. I can't say but they have. Nor, except in regard to the Reputation of your saucy Man, do I see why the Parts you hint at, might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady *Betty*, who is a very nice and delicate Lady, had no Objections to any Part, tho' read before Men: Only now and then, crying out— O the vile Man! —See, Lord *Davers*, what Wretches you Men are! —And, commiserating you, Ah! the poor *Pamela*! —And expressing her Impatience to hear on, how you escap'd at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your Escape. —And now—and—then, O Lady *Davers*! what a vile Brother you have! —I hate him perfectly. —The poor Girl cannot be made Amends for all this, tho' he has marry'd her. Who, that knows these Things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his Advantages of Person, Mind and Fortune? —And such—like Expressions in your Praise, and condemning him and his wicked Attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every Tittle of your Danger; how near you were to Ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any Measures to effect his vile Purposes, even daring to attempt you in the Presence of a *good* Woman, which was a Wickedness that every *wicked* Man could not be guilty of;—I say, except one had known these things, one should not have been able to judge of the Merit of your Resistance, and how shocking those Attempts were to your Virtue, insomuch that Life itself was indanger'd by them: Nor, let me tell you, could I in particular, have so well justify'd him for marrying you (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty Temper of Mind) if there had been Room to think he could have had you upon easier Terms.

It was necessary, Child, on twenty Accounts, that we, your and his Well-wishers and Relations, should know that he had try'd every Stratagem, and made use of every Contrivance, to subdue you to his Purpose, before he marry'd you: And how would it have answer'd to his intrepid Character, and Pride of Heart, had we not been particularly let into the Nature of those Attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserv'd the good Fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful Treatment he can possibly shew you?

Nor ought you to be concern'd who sees any the most tender Parts of your Story, except, as I said, for *his* sake; for it must be a very unvirtuous Mind, that can form any other Ideas from what you relate, than those of Terror and Pity for you. Your Expressions are too delicate to give the nicest Ear Offence, except at him. —You paint no Scenes but such as make his Wickedness odious; and that Gentleman, much more Lady, must have a very corrupt Heart, who could, from such Circumstances of Distress, make any Reflections but what should be to your Honour, and in Abhorrence of such Actions. Indeed, Child, I am so convinced of this, that by this Rule I would judge of any Man's Heart in the World, better than by a thousand Declarations and Protestations. I do assure you, rakish as *Jackey* is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord *Davers* has formerly lived, (for he has been a Man of Pleasure) they gave me, by their Behaviour on these tenderer Occasions, Reason to think they had more Virtue than not to be very apprehensive for your Safety; and my Lord several times exclaim'd, that he could not have thought his Brother such a Libertine neither.

Besides, Child, were not these things written in Confidence to your Mother? And bad as his Actions were to you, if you had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been Room for any one who should have seen what you writ, to imagine they had been still worse? —And how could the Terror be supposed to have had such Effects upon you, as to indanger your Life, without imagining you had undergone the worst that a vile Man *could* offer, unless you had told us, what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a Bound, as it were, to one's apprehensive Imaginations of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your Purity, tho' you could not help it?

Moreover, *Pamela*, it was but doing Justice to the Libertine himself, to tell your Mother the whole Truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but that he could stop short of the Execution of his wicked Purposes, which, he apprehended, if pursu'd, would destroy the Life, that, of all Lives, he would chuse to preserve; and you ow'd also thus much to your Parents Peace of Mind, that after all their distracting Fears for you, they might see they had Reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated Daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now all is

over, and he has made you his Wife, that it must be a Satisfaction to the wicked Man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, and that he took no more Liberties than he *did*.

For my own Part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your Fits, by any Description short of those you give; and had you been less particular in the Circumstances, I should have judg'd he had been still *worse*, and your Person, tho' not your Mind, less pure, than his Pride would expect from the Woman he should marry: For this is the Case of all Rakes, that tho' they indulge in all manner of Libertinism themselves, there is no Class of Men who exact greater Delicacy than they, from the Persons they marry; tho' they care not how bad they make the Wives, the Sisters, and Daughters of others.

I have run into Length again; so will only add, (and send all my three Letters together) that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked *Jewkes* in your Sight, after the most impudent Assistance she gave to his lewd Attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her Place, and rewarded her for her Vileness, which could hardly be equalled by the worst Actions of the most abandoned Procuress.

I know the Difficulties you lay under, in his arbitrary Will, and in his Intercession for her: But Lady *Betty* rightly observes, that he knew what a vile Woman she was, when he put you into her Power, and no doubt employ'd her, because he was sure she would answer all his Purposes; and that therefore she should have had very little Opinion of the Sincerity of his Reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there, and in having her put on a foot, in the Present on your Nuptials, with honest *Jervis*.

She would, she says, had she been in your Case, have had one Struggle for her Dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your Virtue, must have thought this a natural Consequence of it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you shew him all I write, or not: But I have written this last Part in the Cover, as well for want of Room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Tho', if you think it will serve any good End, I am not against shewing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my Mind, tho' I were to smart for it; and that nobody can, or has the Heart to make me do, but my bold Brother. So, *Pamela*, for this time,

Adieu.

LETTER XI.

My good Lady, I am honoured with your Ladyship's Three Letters, the Contents of which are highly obliging to me: And I should be inexcusable, if I did not comply with your Injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your Ladyship's Condescension in accepting of my poor Scribble, and promising me such a rich and invaluable Return; of which you have given me already such ample and such delightful Instances. I will not plead my Defects, to excuse my Obedience. I only fear, that the Awe which will be always upon me, when I write to your Ladyship, will lay me under so great a Restraint, that I shall fall short even of the Merit my Papers have already made for me, thro' your kind Indulgence. But nevertheless, sheltering myself under your Goodness, I will cheerfully comply with every thing your Ladyship expects from me, that is in my Power to do.

You will give me Leave, Madam, to put into some little Method, the Particulars of what you desire of me; that I may speak to them all: For since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my Papers, (which indeed would not bear in many Places) I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my Readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your Ladyship would have the Particulars of the happy Fortnight we passed in *Kent*, on one of the most agreeable Occasions that could befall me.

Secondly, An Account of the Manner in which your dear Brother acquainted me with the affecting Story of Miss *Godfrey*, and my Behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your Ladyship, and Lady *Betty*, expect that I should say something upon your welcome Remarks on my Conduct towards Mrs. *Jewkes*.

The other Particulars contained in your Ladyship's kind Letters will naturally fall under one or other of these three Heads. —But expect not, my Lady, tho' I begin in Method thus, that I shall keep up to it; If your Ladyship will not allow for me, and keep in View the poor *Pamela Andrews* in all I write, but will have Mrs. *B.* in your Eye, what will become of me? —But, indeed, I promise myself so much Improvement from this Correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater Delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled Awe and Diffidence that will accompany me, in every Part of the agreeable Task.

To begin with the first Article;

Your dear Brother, and my honest Parents — (I know your Ladyship will expect from me, that on all Occasions I should speak of them with the Duty that becomes a good Child) —I say, then, your dear Brother, and they, and myself, set out on the *Monday Morning* for *Kent*, passing thro' *St. Albans* to *London*, at both which Places we stopp'd a Night; for our dear Benefactor would make us take easy Journeys; and on *Wednesday Evening* we arrived at the sweet Place allotted for the good Couple. We were attended only by *Abraham* and *John*, on Horseback; for Mr. *Colbrand*, having sprain'd his Foot, was in the Travelling—Coach with the Cook and House—Maid, and *Polly Barlow*, a genteel new Servant, whom Mrs. *Brooks* recommended to wait on me.

Mr. *Longman* had been down there for a Fortnight, employ'd in settling the Terms of an additional Purchase to this pretty well—wooded and well—watered Estate; and the Account he gave of his Proceedings was very satisfactory to his honour'd Principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the Tenants from pursuing a form'd Resolution of meeting their Landlord on Horseback, at some Miles Distance; for he had inform'd them when he expected us: But knowing how desirous Mr. *B.* was of being retired while he staid here this time, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new Purchase actually enter'd upon, they would have his Presence among them now—and—then; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy Landlord, before we left the Country.

The House, my good Lady, is large and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; which was owing to the worthy Mr. *Longman's* Care and Direction. The Ground is well—stock'd, the Barns and Out—houses in excellent Repair, and my poor Father and Mother have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the Goodnes; we experience from the bountiful Mind of your good Brother.

But indeed, my Lady, I have the Pleasure of discovering every Day more and more, that there is not a better dispos'd and more generous Gentleman in the World than himself, insomuch that, I verily think, he has not been

so careful to conceal his *bad* Actions as his *good* ones. His Heart is naturally beneficent, and his Beneficence is the Gift of God to him, as I have been so free as to tell him, to serve for excellent Purposes, even for a Foundation to the noblest Superstructure, whenever the Rubbish of Sense shall be clear'd from it, and the Divine Workmen be properly employ'd to build a Temple for the Deity to reside in. —Pardon me, my dear Lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: But I find a great many Instances of his considerate Charity, which hardly any body knew of, and which, since I have been his Almoner, could not avoid coming to my Knowledge. —But this, possibly, is no News to your Ladyship. Every body knows the generous Goodness of your own Heart: Every one that wanted Relief tasted the Bounty of your excellent Mother, my late honour'd Lady: So that 'tis a *Family Grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you, Madam.

This cannot, my dear Lady, I hope, be consid as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less oblig'd. Indeed I know nothing so God-like in Human Nature as this Disposition to do Good to our Fellow-Creatures; for is it not following immediately the Example of that gracious Providence which every Minute is conferring Blessings on us all, and by giving Power to the Rich, makes them but the Dispensers of its Benefits to those that want them? But yet, as there are but too many Objects of Compassion, and as the most beneficent Mind in the World cannot, like Omnipotence, do Good to all, how much are they oblig'd who are distinguished from others? And this, kept in Mind, will always contribute to make the Benefited receive as they ought the Favours of the Obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood in all I mean; but my grateful Heart is so over-fill'd when it is employ'd on this Subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more, at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. —Yet, perhaps, the Copies of the Letters I here inclose to your Ladyship, (that mark'd I. written by me to my Father and Mother, on our Return hither from *Kent*; that mark'd II. from my dear Father in Answer to it, and that mark'd III. mine in Reply to his will, (at the same time that they may convince your Ladyship, that I will conceal nothing from you, in the Course of this Correspondence, that may in the least amuse and divert you, or that may better explain our grateful Sentiments) in a great measure, answer what your Ladyship expects from me, as to the happy Fortnight we pass'd in *Kent*.

And here I will conclude this Letter, chusing to suspend the Correspondence, till I know from your Ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your Attention; whether you will not dispense with your own Commands for my writing to you, when you see it is so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me; or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other Way, be less tedious, less serious— in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my Power, your Ladyship may command from,

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

Your dearest Brother, from whose Knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable Portion of my Time, gives me Leave to proceed in this Correspondence, if you command it; and is pleas'd to say, He will content himself to see such Parts of it, and *only* such Parts, as I shall shew him, or read to him.— Is not this very good, Madam? —O my Lady, you don't know how happy I am!

LETTER XII.

My dear Pamela, You very much oblige me by your chearful Compliance with my Request. I leave it intirely to you to write in what Manner you please, and as you shall be in the Humour to write, when you take up your Pen; for then I shall have you write with less Restraint: For, you must know, that what we admire in you, are Truth and Nature, and not studied or elaborate Sentiments. We can hear at Church, or we can read in our Closets, fifty good Things that we expect not from you; but we cannot receive from any body else the Pleasure of Sentiments flowing with that artless Ease, which so much affects us when we read your Letters. Then, my sweet Girl, your Gratitude, your Prudence, your Integrity of Heart, your Humility, shine so much in all your Letters and Sentiments, that no Wonder my Brother loves you as he does: But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by Praise ruin those Graces which we admire, and, but for that, cannot praise too much. —In my Conscience, if thou canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*, and that was once, more than I thought ever any Woman on this Side the Seventieth Year of his Age would ever be able to say. The Letters to and from your Parents we are charm'd with, and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an Instance of your Confidence in me, as it is of your Judgment and Prudence; for you cannot but think, that we his Relations are a little watchful over your Conduct, and have our Eyes upon you, to observe what Use you are likely to make of the Power you have over your Man, with respect to your own Relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled Prudence, and you take the right Method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your Marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your Parents, because their Honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguishing Character, and they will not forget themselves, nor their former Condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an *Incroacher*, as the good old Man calls it, my Brother would be one of the first to see it, and he would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to despise you, and to repent of his Choice: For the least Shadow of an Imposition, or low Cunning, or mean Selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you're a charming Girl; and Lady *Betty* says so too; and, moreover, adds, That if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of Husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his Fortune and Birth. —And, in my Heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the Sequel of your Letter to your Father? for you promise, my dear charming Scribbler, in that you sent to me, to write again to his Letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter Part of it, about your Relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But, let it be what it will, send it to me, exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have Reason to praise or to reprove you. For surely, *Pamela*, you must leave one Room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the Thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more Prudence by Intuition, as it were, than the best of us have in a Series of the genteelest Education, and with fifty Advantages at least in Conversation that *you* could not have, by reason of my Mother's retired Life, while you were with her, and your close Attendance on her Person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great Improvement to you: It is your own Writings. This Itch of Scribbling has been a charming Help to you. For here, having a natural Fund of good Sense, and a Prudence above your Years, you have, with the Observations those Advantages have inabled you to make, been Flint and Steel too, as I may say, to yourself: So that you have struck *Fire* when you pleas'd, wanting nothing but a few dry'd Leaves, like the first Pair in old *Du Bartas*, to serve as Tinder to catch your animating Sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, which impress'd you more than Reading could, and enjoying besides the Benefit of a good Memory, every thing you heard or read became your own; and not only so, but improved by passing thro' more salubrious Ducts and Vehicles; like some fine Fruit grafted upon a common Free-stock, whose more exuberant Juices serve to bring to quicker and greater Perfection the downy Peach, or the smooth Nectarine with its crimson Blush.

Really, *Pamela*, I believe I, too, shall improve by writing to you. —Why, you dear Saucy-face, at this Rate, you'll make every one that converses with you, better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *Room* for 'em to be.

As to my own Part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your Correspondence will possibly make me resume the poetical Ideas that used to be strong upon me, before I entered into the drowsy married Life; for my good Lord *Davers's* Turn happens not to be to Books; and so, by Degrees, my Imagination was in a manner quench'd, and I, as a dutiful Wife should, endeavour'd to form my Taste by that of the Man I chose.

But after all, *Pamela*, you are not to be a little proud (I can tell you that) of my Correspondence; and I could not have thought it e'er would have come to this: But you'll have the Penetration to observe, that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without Restraint: For already you have made us a Family of Writers and Readers; so that Lord *Davers* himself is become inamour'd of your Letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, *Jackey*, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering Fellow you ever knew, and whose Delight in a Book ran no higher than a Song or a Catch, now comes in with an inquiring Face, and vows he'll set Pen to Paper, and turn Letter-writer himself; and intends (if my Brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an Answer.

I have twenty Things still to say; for you have unlocked all our Bosoms: And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen Lines when I began; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own Way, in your Subjects, and in your Style. —And if you will but give me Hope, that you are in the Way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate Sister; but, till then, it shall only barely be

Your Correspondent, Davers.

You'll proceed with the Account of your *Kentish* Affair, I doubt not.

LETTER XIII.

My dear good Lady, What kind, what generous things, are you pleased to say of your happy Correspondent! And what Reason have I to value myself on such an Advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a Correspondence with so noble and so admired a Lady! I wish I be not now proud indeed! —To be praised by such a Genius, and by the noble Sister of my honoured Benefactor, whose Favour, next to his own, it was always my chief Ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with Vanity a steadier and a more equal Mind than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured Lady, what a fine Pen her beloved Daughter was Mistress of, when she pleased to take it up: But I never could have had the Presumption, but from your Ladyship's own Motion, to hope to be in any manner the Subject of it, much less to be called your Correspondent.

Indeed, Madam, I *am* proud, *very* proud of this Honour, and consider it as such a Heightening to my Pleasures, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your Ladyship without Reserve.

But permit me, in the first Place, to disclaim any Merit, from my own poor Writings, to that Improvement which your Goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast of that Sort, is owing principally, if it deserves Commendation, to my late excellent Lady. It is hardly to be imagined what Pains her Ladyship took with her poor Servant. Besides making me keep a Book of her Charities dispensed by my Hands, she caused me always to set down, in my Way, the Cases of the Distressed, their Grievs from their Misfortunes, and their Joys in her bountiful Relief; and so I was enter'd early into the various Turns that affected worthy Hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the Help of the fine Observations which my good Lady used to make to me, when I read to her what I wrote. For many a time has her worthy Heart run over with Pleasure at my Remarks, and with Praises; and I was her good Girl, her dear *Pamela*, her hopeful Maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my Hand with Transport, and draw me to her, and vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying, what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear Lady! you cannot think what an Encouragement this condescending Behaviour and Goodness was to me. Indeed, Madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her Feet, and embrace her Knees; and, my Eyes streaming with Tears of Joy, would often cry, O continue to me, my dearest Lady, the Blessing of your Favour and kind Instructions, and it is all your happy, happy *Pamela* can wish for!

But I will proceed to obey your Ladyship, and write with as much Freedom as I possibly *can*: For you must not expect, that I can be intirely divested of that Awe, which will lay me under more Restraint, than if I was writing to my Father and Mother, whose Partiality for their Daughter made me in a manner secure of their good Opinions.

And now, that I may shorten the Work before me, in the Account I am to give of the sweet Fortnight that we passed in *Kent*, I inclose not only the Copy of the Letter your Ladyship desired me to send you, but my Father's Answer to it, which, with those you have already, will set before your Ladyship all you want to see in relation to the Desire some of my Kindred had to live with my Father, and my own Advice on the Occasion. And I am humbly confident you will join in Sentiment with me: For Persons are less doubtful of Approbation, when their Minds are incapable of dark Reserves, or such Views as they would be afraid should be detected by the most watchful Observer of their Conduct: And your Ladyship gives me double Pleasure, that you are pleased to have an Eye upon mine; first, Because I hope it will be such as will, generally, bear the strictest Scrutiny; and next, Because, when my Actions fall short of my Intentions, I presume to hope your Ladyship will be as kind a Monitor to me, as you are a Correspondent; and then I shall have an Opportunity to correct myself, and be, as near as my slender Talents will permit, what your Ladyship would have me to be.

As the Letters I sent before, and those I now send, will let your Ladyship into several Particulars, such as a brief Description of the House and Farm, and your honoured Brother's Intentions of retiring thither now—and—then; of the Happiness and Gratitude of my dear Parents, and their Wishes to be able to deserve the Comforts his Goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger Lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest: And, particularly,

That the Behaviour of my dear Benefactor to me, to my Parents, to Mr. *Longman*, and to the Tenants, was one

continued Series of Benignity and Condescension. He endeavoured, in every kind and generous way, to encourage the good Couple to be free and chearful with him; and seeing them unable to get over that Awe and Respect which they owe him above all Mankind, and which they sought to pay him on all Occasions, he would take their Hands, and more than once called them by the nearest and dearest Names of Relationship, as if they were his own Parents; and I believe would have distinguish'd them oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his Goodness to bear the Honour (as my dear Father says in his first Letter) with *Equalness of Temper*; and he seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before Strangers, and before the Tenants, and before Mr. *Sorby*, and Mr. *Bennet*, and Mr. *Shepherd*, three of the principal Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, who, with their Ladies, came to visit us, and whose Visits we *all* returned; for your dear Brother would not permit my Father and Mother to decline the Invitation of those worthy Families.

Judge you, my dear Lady, with what a Joy these kind Distinctions, and this sweet Behaviour, must fill their honest Hearts: Judge of my grateful Sentiments and Acknowledgements on these hourly Instances of his Goodness; and judge of the Respect and Esteem with which this must inspire every one to the good Couple. And when once Mrs. *Bennet* had like to have said something of their former Condition, which she would have recalled in some Confusion, and when she could not, apologized for it, the dear Gentleman said,—All is well, Mrs. *Bennet*: No Apologies are necessary; and to shew you they are not, I'll tell you myself what you cannot have heard so particularly from others, and which were I to endeavour to conceal, would be a Piece of Pride as stupid as despicable: So, in a concise manner, he gave them an Account of my Story, so much to my Advantage, and so little to his own, in the ingenuous Relation of his Attempts upon me, that you can't imagine, Madam, how much the Gentry were affected by it, and how much, in particular, they applauded him for the Generosity of his Actions to me and to my dear Parents. And your Ladyship will permit me to observe, that since the Matter is circumstanced as it is, Policy, as well as Nobleness of Mind, obliged from the dear Gentleman this Frankness and Acknowledgement; for having said *worse* of himself, and as mean of our Fortunes, as they could think, what remained for the Hearers but to *applaud*, when he had left them no Room to *reproach*, not so much as in Thought?

Every Day we rode out, or walked a little about the Grounds; and while we were there, he employ'd Hands to cut a Vista thro' a Coppice, as they call it, but rather a little Wood, to a rising Ground, which fronting an old-fashion'd Balcony in the Middle of the House, he ordered it to be planted like a Grove, and a little Building to be erected on its Summit, in the Fashion of an antient *Greek* Temple, of which he has sent them a Draught, drawn by his own Hand, from one he had seen Abroad; and this, and a few other Alterations mentioned in my Letter to my Father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear Gentleman was every Hour pressing me, while there, to take one Diversion or other, frequently abpraising me, that I seemed not to chuse any thing; urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to chuse for me; saying he was half-afraid, that my constant Compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a Restraint; and he would have me have a Will of my own, since it was impossible, that it could be such as he should not take a Delight in conforming to it.

But, when (as I told him) his Favour for me made him rather study what was obliging to me, than himself, and that he prevented all my Wishes by his Goodness, how was it possible for me not to receive with Pleasure and Gratitude every Intimation from him, in such a manner, as that tho' it might seem to be the Effect of an implicit Obedience to his Will, yet was it (nor could it be otherwise) intirely my own?

I will not trouble your Ladyship with any further Particulars relating to this happy Fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded Days, to the very last; and your Ladyship will judge, better than I can describe, what a Parting there was between my dear Parents, and their honoured Benefactor, and me.

We set out, attended with the good Wishes of Crouds of Persons of all Degrees; for your dear Brother left behind him noble Instances of his Bounty; it being the *first* Time, as he bid Mr. *Longman* say, that he had been down among them since that Estate had been in his Hands.

But permit me, Madam, to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy Period, thanking God in private, for the blessed Terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which once were tender'd to me; for your Ladyship will remember, that the *Kentish* Estate was to be Part of the Purchase of my Infamy.

We return'd thro' *London* again, by the like easy Journeys, but tarry'd not to see any thing of that vast

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Metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved Brother only stopping at his Banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome House, which he purposes to take for his Winter Residence: He chuses it to be about *Soho-Square*, or the new Buildings called *Hanover-Square*; and he left Mr. *Longman* there, to see one, which his Banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear good Lady, I have answer'd your first Commands, by the Help of the Letters which passed between my dear Parents and me; and conclude this, with the Assurance, that I am, with high Respect,

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

LETTER XIV.

My dearest Lady, I now set myself to obey your Ladyship's second Command, which is, To give an Account in what manner your dear Brother broke to me the Affair of the unfortunate Miss *Godfrey*, with my Behaviour upon it: And this I cannot do better, than by transcribing the Relation I gave at the Time, in those Letters to my dear Parents which your Ladyship has not seen, in these very Words.

Thus far, my dear Lady, the Relation I gave to my Parents, at the Time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy Affair.

It is a great Pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the Hints you kindly give me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, Madam, I could not help it; for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy Lady; and tho' I could not but rejoice, that I had had the Grace to escape the dangerous Attempts of the dear Intriguer, yet never did the Story of any unfortunate Lady make such an Impression upon me as hers did: She loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous Advantages of her soft Passion for him; and so, by Degrees, put herself in his Power, and too seldom, alas! have the noblest-minded of the seducing Sex the Mercy or the Goodness to spare the poor Creatures that do! —And then this Love, to be sure, is a sad Thing, when once it is suffer'd to reign! —A perfect Tyrant!—requiring an unconditional Obedience to its arbitrary Dictates, and deeming every Instance of Discretion, and Prudence, and Virtue itself, too often, but as so many Acts of Rebellion to its usurped Authority.

And then, how do even Blemishes become Perfections in those we love? Crimes themselves too often, to inconsiderate Minds, appear but as human Failings; and human Failings are a *common Cause*, and always pardonable by human Frailty.

Then 'tis another Misfortune of People in Love, they always think highly of the beloved Object, and lowly of themselves; such a dismal Mortifier is Love!

I say not this, Madam, to excuse the poor Lady's Fall: Nothing can do that; because Virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all Considerations, and to Life itself. But methinks I love this dear Lady so well, for the sake of her edifying Penitence, that I would fain extenuate her Crime, if I could; and the rather, as, in all Probability, it was a *first Love* on *both Sides*; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised Deceiver*.

Your Ladyship will see by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss *Goodwin*; and I am so fond of the little Charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy Mother, tho' personally unknown to me, as for the Relation she bears to the dear Gentleman whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your Ladyship's Interest to procure her to be given up to my Care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly, as if I was her own Mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty Baby is so justly beloved by Mr. *B*. But I will here conclude this Letter, with assuring your Ladyship, that I am,

Your obliged and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XV.

My good Lady, I now come to your Ladyship's Remarks on my Conduct to Mrs. *Jewkes*; which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor Woman's Baseness.

Your Ladyship says, "That I ought not to have borne her in my Sight, after the impudent Assistance she gave to his lewd Attempts; much less to have left her in her Place, and rewarded her for her Vileness." Alas! my dear Lady, what could I do; a poor Prisoner, as I was made, for Weeks together, in Breach of all the Laws of Civil Society; not a Soul who durst be my Friend; and every Day expecting to be ruin'd and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determin'd Spirits in *England*? —And when it pleased God to turn his Heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked Attempts, and to profess honourable Love to me, his poor Servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon Conditions with such a Gentleman, who had me in his Power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked Purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoy'd, after all my Dangers past, (which were so great, that I could not go to Rest, nor rise, but with such Apprehensions, that I wish'd for Death rather than Life) to think of refusing any Terms that I could yield to, and keep my Honour.

And tho' such noble Ladies, as your Ladyship and Lady *Betty*, who are born to Independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a Foot with the highest-descended Gentleman in the Land, might have exerted Spirit, and would have had a Right to pick and chuse your own Servants, and distribute Rewards and Punishments to the Deserving and Undeserving, at your own good Pleasure; yet what had I, a poor Girl, who ow'd my Title even to common Notice, to the Bounty of my late good Lady, and a kind of imputed Sightliness of Person, which had made me only the Subject of vile Attempts; who from a Situation of Terror and Apprehension was lifted up to a Hope, beyond my highest Ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad Woman, as an Instance, that I could forgive his own hard Usage of me; who had experienced so often the Violence and Impetuosity of his Temper, which even his beloved Mother never resisted till it subsided; and then indeed he was all Goodness and Acknowledgement, (of which I could give your Ladyship more than one Instance) what, I say, had I to do, to take upon me Lady-Airs, and resent?

But, my dear Ladies, (let me, in this Instance, bespeak both your Ladyships Attention) I should be inexcusable, if I did not tell you all the Truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor Wretch, in regard to *his Commands*, but from *my own Inclination*.

If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your Ladyships; and, as I pretend not to Perfection, am ready to take the Blame I shall be found to deserve in your Ladyships Judgment; but indeed, were it to do again, I verily think, I could not help forgiving her. And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean Court to my Master's Passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my Eyes open: Which, I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When this poor Creature was put into my Power, (seemingly at least, tho' it might possibly have been resum'd, and I might have been re-committed to hers, had I given him Reason to think I made an arrogant Use of it) you cannot imagine what a Triumph I had in my Mind on the mortify'd Guilt, which (from the highest Degree of Insolence and Imperiousness, that before harden'd her masculine Features) appear'd in her Countenance, when she found the Tables likely to be soon turn'd upon her.

This Change of Behaviour, which at first operated in sullen Awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent Respect, shew'd me, what an Influence Power had over her; and that when she could treat her late Prisoner, when taken into Favour, so obsequiously, it was the less Wonder the bad Woman could think it her Duty to obey Commands so unjust, when her Obedience to them was required from her Master.

To be sure, if a Look could have killed her, after some of her bad Treatment, she had been slain over and over, as I may say: But to me, who always was taught to distinguish between the Person and the Action, I could not hold my Resentment against the poor passive Machine of Mischief, one Day together, tho' her Actions were so odious to me.

I should indeed except that Time of my grand Trial, when she appear'd so much a Wretch to me, that I saw her not (even after two Days that she was kept from my Sight) without great Flutter and Emotion of Heart; and I had

represented to your Brother before, how hard a Condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly Wickedness† .

But, my dear Ladies, when I consider'd the Matter in *one* particular Light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my Sight*, and act by her (as a Consequence of that Forgiveness) as if she had not so horridly offended. — Else, how would it have been Forgiveness? Especially as she was ashamed of her Crime, and there was no Fear of a Repetition of it.

Thus then I thought on the Occasion: Poor wretched Agent, for Purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* Master and *my* Master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the Resentment even of such a poor Girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject, as thou art. And she who is the Object of my *Pity*, is surely beneath my *Anger*. My Eye, that used to quiver and tremble at thy haughty Eye, shall now, with conscious Worthiness, take a superior Steadiness, and look down thy scouling guilty one into Self-Condernation, the State thou couldst never cast mine into, nor from it wilt be able to raise thine own! Bear the Reproach of thy own wicked Heart, low, vile Woman, unworthy as thou art of the *Name*, and chosen, as it should seem, for a Foil to the Innocent, and to make Purity shine forth the brighter, the *only* good Use such Wretches as thou can be of to others (except for Examples of Penitence and Mercy): This will be Punishment enough for thee, without my exposing myself to the Imputation of descending so near to a Level with thee, as to resent thy Baseness, when thou hast no Power to hurt me!—

Such were then my Thoughts, my proud Thoughts, so far was I in my Heart, and, I hoped, in the very Act that proceeded from that Heart, from *intentional* Meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B.'s Interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject, *Self*-mortify'd, and *Master*-mortify'd Mrs. *Jewkes!*—

And do you think, Ladies, when you revolve in your Thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I was designed to be; when you revolve the amazing Turn in my Favour, and the Prospects before me (Prospects so much above my Hopes, that I left them intirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those Prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty Persecutor become my repentant Protector; the lofty Spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without Awe, except in those animating Cases, where his Guilt, and my Innocence, gave me a Courage, more than natural to my otherwise dastardly Heart: When this impetuous Spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low Character of his Servant, and was his Prisoner, under Sentence of a Ruin worse than Death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very Purpose, could stoop to acknowledge the Vileness of those Purposes: Could say, at one time, "That my Forgiveness of Mrs. *Jewkes* should stand me in greater Stead than I was aware of:" Could tell her, before me, "That she must for the future shew me all the Respect that was due to one he must love:" At another, acknowlege before her, "That he had been stark naught, and that I was very forgiving† : " Again†† , to Mrs. *Jewkes*, putting himself on a Level with her, as to Guilt, "We are both in generous Hands: and indeed, if *Pamela* did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my Instructions:" Another time to the same§ , "We have been both Sinners, and must be both included in one Act of Grace:"

When I say, I was thus lifted up to the State of a sovereign Forgiver, and my lordly Master became a Petitioner for himself, and for the guilty Creature, whom he put under my Feet; what a Triumph was here for the poor *Pamela!* And could I have been guilty of so mean a Pride, as to trample upon the poor abject Creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortify'd, and so much in my Power? For so she actually was, while I seemed to think so: And would it have been good Manners with regard to my Master, or Policy with respect to myself, to doubt it, after he had so declared?—

Then, my dear Ladies, while I was enjoying the Soul-charming Fruits of that Innocence which the Divine Grace had inabled me to preserve, in spite of so many Plots and Contrivances on my *Master's* Side, and such wicked Instigations, and Assistances on hers, and all my Prospects were improving upon me beyond my Wishes; when all was Sunshine, unclouded Sunshine, and I possessed my Mind in Peace, and had nothing to do but to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my Unworthiness; when I saw, as I said above, my Persecutor become my Protector, my active Enemy, no longer my Enemy, but creeping, with slow, doubtful Feet, and speaking to me, with awful hesitating Doubt of my Acceptation; a Stamp of an insolent Foot, turned into court'sying half-bent Knees; threatening Hands into supplicating Folds; and the Eye unpitying to Innocence, running over with the Sense of her own Guilt, a faltering Accent on her late menacing Tongue, and uplifted

Handkerchief,—“I see she will be my Lady: And then I know how it will go with me;”—Was not this, my Ladies, a Triumph of Triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted *Pamela*?— Could I do less than pardon her? And having declared, that I did so, was I not to shew the Sincerity of my Declaration?

Indeed, indeed, my dear good Ladies, I found such a Subject for Exultation in this providential Change of my Condition, that I had much ado to subdue my rising Pride, and thought there was more Danger of being lifted up, (every Moment, to see such improving Contrition on the poor Creature's Part) than to be supposed guilty of a Meanness of Heart, in *stooping* (yes, Madam, that was then the proudly proper Word, in the Elevation wherein I found myself) to forgive her! —And, what! should I not forgive a Creature for that very Baseness, which, happily withstood, had so largely contributed to exalt me? Indeed, my dear good Ladies, permit me to repeat, I could not chuse but to forgive her! —How could I? —And would it not have been out of Character in me, and against all Expectation of my high-soul'd (tho' sometimes, as in my Case, for a great while together, meanly-acting) Master, if I had not?—

Would it not have shewn him, that the lowborn *Pamela* was incapable of a generous Action, had she refused the *only* Request her humble Condition had given her the Opportunity of granting, at that time, with Innocence? Would he not have thought the humble Cottager as capable of Insolence, and Vengeance too, in her Turn, as the betterborn? And that she wanted but the Power, to shew that unrelenting Temper by which she had so grievously suffer'd? —And might not this have given him Room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his Purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept Mistress, than an humble and obliged Wife?—

I see, (might he not have said?) the Girl has strong Passions and Resentments; and she that has, will be *acted*, and sometimes *govern'd*, by them. —I will improve upon the Hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable Temper:—I will gratify her Revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her Pride, till I make it administer to her Fall: For a Wife I cannot think of, in the lowborn Cottager; especially when she has lurking in her all the Pride and Arrogance (you know, my Ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our Sex) of the better-descended. —And by a little Perseverance, and watching her unguarded Hours, and applying Temptations to her Passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my Advantage of them.—

Might not this have been the Language, and this the Resolution, of such a dear wicked Intriguer? —For, my Lady, you can hardly conceive the Struggles he apparently had to bring down his high Spirit to so humble a Level. And tho', I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* Case, ineffectual, thro' Divine Grace, yet how do I know what lurking Vileness might have appeared by Degrees in this frail Heart, to have encouraged his Designs, and to have augmented my Trials and my Dangers? And perhaps downright Violence might have been used, if he could not on one hand have subdu'd his Passion, nor on the other, have overcome his Pride. A Pride, that every one, reflecting upon the Disparity of Birth and Condition between us, would have dignify'd with the Name of *Decency*; a Pride that was become such an essential Part of the dear Gentleman's Character, in this Instance of a Wife, that altho' he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small Motive in his chusing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more Humility, more Submission, than he thought he had Reason to flatter himself would be paid him, by a Lady equally born and educated: And of this I will send your Ladyship an Instance, in a Transcription from that Part of my Journal you have not seen, of his Lessons to me, on the Occasion your Ladyship so well remembers, of my incurring his Displeasure by interposing between yourself and him†, in your Misunderstanding at the Hall; for, Madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your Ladyship's Attention, out of those Papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in the Lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such Judges.

Thus, could your Ladyship have thought it?— have I ventur'd upon a strange Paradox, that even this strongest Instance of his Debasing himself, is not the weakest Instance of his Pride; and he ventured once at Sir *Simon Darnford's* to say, in your Ladyship's Hearing, as you may remember, that in his Conscience he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable Husband to any body but *Pamela*: And why? For the Reasons you will see in the inclosed Papers, which give an Account of the noblest and earliest Curtain-lecture that ever Girl had: One of which is, That he expects to be *borne* with, (*comply'd* with, he meant) even when in the wrong: Another, That a Wife should never so much as expostulate with him, tho' he *was* in the wrong, till by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him for his *own* sake, than for *Contradiction's* sake: And then, another time, perhaps he might take better Resolutions†.

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your Ladyship, and to Lady *Betty* too, that I am justify'd, or at

least excusable, in pardoning Mrs. *Jewkes*: And I have yet another Reason behind, for doing so, had she been as absolutely in my Power, as the Wish of the most resenting Person in the World could have made her; and that is, the Hope I had, that the poor Creature, by being continued in a Family where the Gentleman gave Hopes of so desirable a Reformation, and where the Example of the Person he was about to honour in so eminent a Degree, beyond all that could have been hoped for by her a few Days before, might, possibly contribute to make her change her Manner of Thinking, as well as Acting.

I looked upon the poor Wretch, in all her Deportment to me, in my Days of Trial, as one devoted to Perdition, by her own Act and Deed; as one who had no Regard to a future State; and who, while she could live in Ease and Plenty for a wretched poor Term of Years, the Remainder of an ill-spent Life, cared not what she did, and was ready to undertake any thing which Persons of Power and Riches would put her upon: That even were she to be turned off disgracefully, at my Desire, besides shewing myself to be of an implacable Spirit, which some People would have imputed to right, some to wrong Motives, as they favoured me or not, she might be entertained by some profligate Persons, to whose Baseness such a Woman might be useful; and that then her Power to do Mischief might be augmented, and she might go on more successfully to do the Devil's Work, and several innocent Creatures might be intangled, like so many thoughtless Flies, in the insnaring Web of this venomous-hearted Spider, which I had so happily escaped. Is it not better then, thought I, if I can impress *Conviction* upon the poor Wretch, whom its hopeful Forerunner *Shame* had already taken hold of, and add the delightful Hope of Mischiefs prevented, to that of a Soul reclaimed? And may not I, who have been so hardly used by her, for *that* very Reason, have more Influence upon her, than any other Person, even the best of Divines, could have? ———When *I* talk to her in a virtuous Way, will she not see, that I talk from *Example*, (pardon my Presumption, Madam, in saying so) as well as *Precept*? Will she not see, that those Principles must proceed from a right Direction, a Direction *worthy* of being followed, which could make a Sufferer by her, forgive as readily as she could err; and in Hopes of reclaiming her to the Paths of Virtue, forget that she was either her Enemy or her Superior, tho' the one she had Reason to apprehend, and the other she saw I was become?

Nay, would not this Behaviour of mine, very probably, operate on a much higher and nobler Subject, her dear naughty Master, and let *him* see the Force and Amiability of a virtuous Habit? that there must be something in those Laws, that could make so young a Creature pursue them, in an Instance so difficult to some Minds, (and especially to the Passionate and High-born) that of forgiving Injuries, when in one's Power to resent, and of returning Good for Evil?

And then, when no sullen Behaviour to the poor Wretch, on my Side, took Place; no distant Airs were affected, no angry Brow put on, nor Sharpness of Speech, to one who might expect all these from me; would it not shew him, that I was sincere in my Forgiveness? that I was not able to bear Malice? was a Stranger to Revenge? had truly that Softness of Nature, and Placableness of Disposition, which he would wish for in a Person he thought to honour; which he holds to be the greatest Merit in our Sex; and which, I dare say, your Ladyship will join with me in Opinion, is indispensably necessary for a happy Life in the Person who is his Wife?

Then I have no Notion of that slight Distinction I have so often heard, between *forgive* and *forget*, when Persons have a mind to split Hairs, and to distinguish away their Christian Duties by a Word, and say, *I must forgive such an Action, but I will never forget it*: When I would rather say, *I will remember such an Action, in order for my future Guard*; but *I will forgive it as often as I remember it, or else I will try to forget it for ever, if it will occasion a Breach in my Christian Charity*.

After what I have said, I will not name lesser Considerations, such as that of my being forced to accompany with the poor Woman, and my being destitute of the Company of my own Sex, but of such as were too inferior and stupid for me to take Notice of, in the Prospect before me.

But one thing I may mention further: Might it not, Ladies, be right, that by keeping her, I should make the World think, that Mr. B. had not gone such very wicked Lengths, as would have been imagin'd, if she had not been supportable to me in the same House? Which, moreover, those Persons, who might not know those Reasons which it was not to your dear Brother's Credit to give, might have imputed to me as Arrogance, or Revenge; and so brought still greater Disgrace upon the Choice he had made of me, as if I would take as much upon me, as tho' I were to be the Obliger instead of the Obliged; and who knows, besides, what she might have reported of both, had she been dismissed?

How then, dearest Ladies, if these Considerations have any Weight, could I act otherwise than I did, either

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with respect to your honoured Brother, myself, or the poor Woman? And when I tell your Ladyship, that I have all the Reason in the World to be pleased with this Manner of Acting, in the Confidence it has given me with Mr. B. and his good Opinion of the Sincerity of my Charity, and (in what I was very desirous of) its Effects upon the poor Woman, I dare say, both your Ladyships Opinions will be in my Favour on this Head.

But your dear Brother has just sent me Word, that Supper waits for me; and the Post, moreover, being going off, I defer till the next Opportunity what I have to say as to these good Effects; and am, mean time,

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

LETTER XVI.

My dear Lady, I will now acquaint you with the good Effect my Behaviour to Mrs. *Jewkes* has had upon her, as a further Justification of my Conduct towards the poor Woman.

That she began to be affected as I wish'd, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the Conversations I had with her after my Happiness was completed; but it still appears in her general Demeanor to the Servants, to the Neighbours, and in her devout Behaviour at Church; but still more particularly in a Letter I have received from Miss *Darnford*. I dare say, your Ladyship will be pleased with the Perusal of the whole Letter, altho' a Part of it would answer my present Design: And in Confidence that you will excuse, for the sake of its other Beauties, the high and undeserved Praises which Miss's Goodness makes her so lavishly to bestow upon me, I will transcribe it all.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

'My dear Neighbour that was, I must depend upon your known Goodness, to excuse me for not writing before now, in Answer to your Letter of Compliment to us, for the Civilities and Favours, as you call them, which you received from us in *Lincolnshire*, where we were infinitely more obliged to you, than you to us.

'The Truth is, my Papa has been much disordered with a kind of rambling Rheumatism, to which the Physicians, learnedly speaking, give the Name of *Arthritica vaga*, or the Flying Gout; and when he ails ever so little, (It signifies nothing concealing his Infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them) he is so peevish, and wants so much Attendance, that my Mamma, and her two Girls, (one of which is as waspish as her Papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself) have much ado to make his Worship keep the Peace: And I being his Favourite, when he is indisposed, because I have most Patience, if I may give myself a good Word, he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, which is not often indeed, and to tell him Stories, and sing to him, when he is merry; and so I have been employ'd as a principal Person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him chearful, and happy when I could do it at any Rate. For once, in a Pet, he flung a Book at my Head, because I had not attended him for Two Hours, and he could not bear to be slighted by little Bastards, that was his Word, that were father'd upon him for his Vexation! ;—Ah!—thought I, but I durst not say it—if thy Lady had been half as lively as thou hast been in thy Day, my worthy Vather, thou mightest have had some Reasons for the Epithet!

'Forgive me, dear Friend; you know I'm a bold Girl: But I love him dearly for all that, and honour him too; and he knows I do;————and, what's strange, if he did not love me again, would not have flung his Book at my Head. —O these Men! Fathers or Husbands, much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so that, between one and t'other, a poor Girl has nothing for it, but a few Weeks Courtship, and perhaps a first Month's Bridalry, if that; and then she's as much a Slave to a Husband, as she was a Vassal to her Father—I mean, if the Father be a Sir *Simon Darnsord*, and the Spouse a Mr. B.

'But I will be a little more grave; for a graver Occasion calls for it; and yet an Occasion that will give you real Pleasure. It is the very great Change that the Example you have left behind you has had upon your Housekeeper.

'You desired her to keep up as much Regularity as she could among the Servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it; so that she has every one's good Word. She speaks of her Lady not only with Respect, but Reverence, and calls it a blessed Day for all the Family, and particularly for herself, that you came into *Lincolnshire*. She reads Prayers, or makes one of the Servants read them, every *Sunday* Night, and never misses being at Church, Morning and Afternoon, and is preparing herself by Mr. *Peters's* Advice and Direction, for receiving the Sacrament, which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the Seal of her Reformation.

'Mr. *Peters* gives us this Account of her, and says she is full of Contrition for her past mis-spent Life, and is often asking him, If such and such Sins can be forgiven? and among them names her vile Behaviour to her Angel-Lady, as she calls you.

'It seems, she has written a Letter to you, which passed Mr. *Peters's* Revisal before she had the Courage to send it; and prides herself, that you have favoured her with an Answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a Cover of black Silk next her Heart; for any thing from your Hand, she is sure, will be efficacious to her to make her keep her good Purposes; and for that Reason she places it there: And when she has any bad Thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty Word or passionate Expression, she recollects her Lady's Letter, and that recovers her to a Calm, and puts her again into a better Frame.

'As she has written to you, 'tis possible I might have spar'd you the Trouble of reading this Account of her; but yet you will not be displeas'd, that so free a Liver and Speaker, should have some Testimonial besides her own Assurances, to vouch for the Sincerity of her Reformation.

'What a happy Lady are you, that Persuasion dwells upon your Tongue, and Reformation follows your Example! We all hear continually of your Excellencies. Every body is proud of speaking of you, and of having something to say of what they observe in you. This makes us long more and more to see you here again. My Papa t'other Day said, he wish'd you'd undertake him.

'This is not the least of what is admirable in you, that profess'd Rakes and Libertines, who take upon

themselves to ridicule Seriousness in every body else, speak of you with Reverence; and while they attribute Pharisaical Pride, or Affectation, or Hypocrisy, to other good Persons, they say you are a Credit to Religion, and that adorns you, and you that.

'Happy, thrice happy Mrs. *B.*! May you long live the Ornament of your Sex, and a Credit to all your Acquaintance! Such Examples as you set, how are they wanted in an Age so depraved! I fear not making you proud, since Praise but puts the Worthy upon enlarging their Deservings: For who, as I heard you once say, can sit down easy under imputed Attributes they do not deserve? — If they will not disclaim Praise they have not merited, when apply'd to their Conduct, they give an Earnest, by receiving it, that they will *endeavour* to do it, and ought never to rest till they have made themselves a Title to it.

'Happy Mr. *B.*! —But why say I so; since, with more Propriety, I may say, Happy Every—one who sees, who knows, who converses with Mrs. *B.* not more the Glory of the humble Cot, than she is capable of adorning the princely Palace!

'If you knew how I love you, you would favour me with your Presence and Conversation, if it was in your own Power to do so; and then I would rank myself among the *Happies*, and call myself,

'The Happy Polly Darnford.'

Your Ladyship will, as I said, forgive me what may appear like Vanity in this Communication. Miss *Darnford* is a charming young Lady. I always admir'd her; but her Letters are the sweetest, kindest! —But I am too much the Subject of *their* Encomiums, and so will say no more; but add here the Copy of the poor Woman's Letter to me; and your Ladyship will see what an ample Correspondence you have open'd to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

'Honoured Madam, I have been long labouring under two Difficulties; the Desire I had to write to you, and the Fear of being thought presumptuous, if I did. But I will depend on your Goodness, so often try'd; and put Pen to Paper, in that very Closet, and on that very Desk, which once were so much used by your dear Self, when I was acting a Part, that now cuts me to the Heart, to think of. But you forgave me, Madam, and shew'd me you had too much Goodness to revoke your Forgiveness. And could I have silenc'd the Reproaches of my own Heart, I should have had no Cause to think I had ever offended.

'But, oh! Madam, how has your Goodness to me, which once filled me with so much Gladness, now, on Reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times miserable! —To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so much Sweetness, and so much Forgivingness! Every Place that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with Sadness, and makes me often smite my Breast, and sit down with Tears and Groans, bemoaning my vile Actions, and my hard Heart! How many Places are there in this melancholy fine House, that call one thing or other to my Remembrance, that gives me Remorse! But the Pond, and the Woodhouse, whence I dragged you so mercilessly, after I had driven you to Despair almost, what Thoughts do they bring to my Remembrance! —Then my wicked Instigations;— What an odious Wretch was I!

'Had his Honour been as abandoned as myself, what a Virtue had been destroy'd between *his* Orders, and *my* too rigorous Execution of them; nay, stretching them, to shew my wicked Zeal, to serve a Master, that tho' I honour'd, I should not, (as you more than once hinted to me, but with no Effect at all, so impenetrably wicked was my Heart) have so well obey'd in his unlawful Purposes.

'His Honour has made you Amends, has done Justice to your Merits, and so aton'd *his* Fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my Power ever to make Reparation! All that is left me, is, to let your Ladyship see, that your pious Example has made such an Impression upon me, that I am miserable now in the Reflection upon my past Guilt!—

'You have forgiven me, and *GOD* will, I hope; for the Creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; that is all my Hope! —Yet sometimes, I dread, that I am forgiven here, at least not punish'd, in order to be punish'd the more here—after! — What will then become of the unhappy Wretch, that has thus lived in a State of Sin, and had so qualify'd herself by a Course of Wickedness, as to be thought a proper Instrument for the worst Purposes that any one could be employ'd in?

'Good your Ladyship, let not my honour'd Master see this Letter. He will think I have the Boldness to reflect upon him; when, God knows my Heart, I only write to condemn myself, and my *unwomanly* Actions, as you were pleased often most justly to call them.

'But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not considering who I am writing to; and whose precious Time I am taking up. —But what I chiefly write for, I am not come to yet; that is, to beg your Ladyship's Prayers

for me. For oh, Madam, I fear I shall else be for ever miserable! We every Week hear of the Good you do, and the Charity you extend to the Bodies of the Miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good Madam, to the unhappy *Jewkes*, the Mercy of your Prayers, and tell me, if you think I have not sinned beyond Hope of Pardon; for there is a Woe denounced against the presumptuous Sinner.

'Your Ladyship assured me, at your Departure, on the Confession of my Remorse for my Misdoings, and my Promise of Amendment, that you would take it for a Proof of my being in Earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up a Regularity among the Servants here; if I would subdue them with Kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that the best Security they could give of their doing their Duty to their Master in his *Absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty, whose Omniscience made him always *present*. This, I remember, your Ladyship told me, was the best Test of Fidelity and Duty, that any Servants could shew; since it was impossible without Religion, but that worldly Convenience, or Self-Interest, must be the main Tye; and when that failed, the worst Actions might succeed, if Servants thought they should find their sordid Advantage in sacrificing their Duty.

'So well am I convinced of this Truth, that I hope I have begun the Example to good Effect; and as no one in the Family was so wicked as I, and so they had less Pains to take to be reformed, you will take Pleasure to know, that you have now Servants here, whom you need not be ashamed to call yours.

"Tis, I found it a little difficult at first to keep them within Sight of their Duty, after your Ladyship departed: But when they saw I was in Earnest, and used them courteously, as you advised, and as your Usage of me convinced me was the rightest Usage; when they were told I had your Commands to acquaint you, how they conformed to your Injunctions; the Task became easy; and I hope we shall all be still more and more worthy of the Favour of so good a Lady, and so bountiful a Master.

'I dare not presume upon the Honour of a Line to your unworthy Servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I could have it. But I shall ever pray for your Ladyship's and his Honour's Felicity, as becomes

'Your undeserving Servant, K. Jewkes.'

I have already, with these transcribed Letters of Miss *Darnford* and Mrs. *Jewkes*, written a great deal: But nevertheless, as there yet remains one Passage in your Ladyship's Letter, relating to Mrs. *Jewkes*, that seems to require an Answer, I will take Notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your Patience.

That Passage is this; "Lady *Betty* rightly observes, says your Ladyship, That he knew what a vile Woman she was, when he put you into her Power; and, no doubt, employ'd her, because he was sure, she would answer all his Purposes: And that therefore she should have had very little Opinion of the Sincerity of his Reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there."

I make no doubt, Madam, that Mrs. *Jewkes* was placed there, as one who would be subservient to every bad Design; and that this was the Reason of Mr. *B.*'s causing me to be carried off to that House: But then this was a Proof too of my hopeless Condition, and of my want of Power to make his Reformation any Part of my Terms.

Alas! Madam, I was to take him as I found him, as I have already hinted, glad of my own Safety; and had only to hope, that God (and HE only could do it; for neither Law nor Justice had stood in the naughty Gentleman's Way) would perfect the good Work already begun in him; and having first made him refrain from what he had absolutely determin'd upon, would next let him see his Error, and at last give him Grace to reform.

But Lady *Betty* adds, "That had she been in my Case, she would have had one Struggle for Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with my Virtue, must have thought this a natural Consequence of it, if he was in Earnest to reclaim."

But, alas! Madam, he was not so well pleased with my Virtue for Sake's sake, as Lady *Betty* thinks he was. He would have been glad, at that very Time, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *pretend* to be in Earnest to reclaim: No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong Passion for me. This Passion had been heighten'd by *my* resisting of it. His Pride, and the Advantages he had both of Person and Fortune, would not let him brook Controul; and when he could not have me upon his own Terms, God turn'd his evil Purposes to good ones, and he resolved to submit to my own, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without. For all this time, I had no Terms to propose. Neither my low Fortunes, my unjust Captivity, nor my Sex, nor unexperienc'd Youth, (not a Soul near me, whom I could call my Friend, or whose Advice I could ask) permitted me to offer at making Terms with him, had I been disposed to have disputed his Will, or his Intercession for the Woman; which, as I have said, I was not.

I had but one steady Purpose to adhere to, and having Grace given me to adhere to that, he resolved, since he could not conquer his Passion for me, to make me his with Honour. But still, I doubt, as I said, this was not for the Love of Virtue at that time. That came afterwards, and I hope will be always his governing Motive, in his future Actions; and then I shall be happy indeed!

But Lady *Betty* thinks, "I was to blame to put Mrs. *Jewkes* upon a Foot, in the Present I made on my Nuptials, with Mrs. *Jervis*." But the Case was rather this, That I put Mrs. *Jervis* on a Foot with Mrs. *Jewkes*; for the dear Gentleman had *named* the Sum he would have me give Mrs. *Jewkes* and I would not give Mrs. *Jervis* *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that Occasion, without making such a Difference between two Persons equal in Station, on a Solemnity too where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a Partiality, as might have induced their Master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my Forgiveness as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger Reason still was behind; that I could, in a much more agreeable manner, both to Mrs. *Jervis* and myself, shew my Love and my Gratitude to the dear good Woman: And this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your Ladyship; at the Tribunal of whose Judgment I am willing all my Actions, respecting your dear Brother, shall be try'd: And I hope, your Ladyship will not think me a too profuse or lavish Creature; I hope you won't have Reason for it: Yet if you think you have, pray, my dear Lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one Article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this Head the Subject of a Letter by itself. And am, mean time,
Your Ladyship's most obliged and obedient Servant, P. B.

LETTER XVII.

My dear Lady, It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the Subject where I left off in my last, that your Ladyship should know, that your generous Brother has made me his Almoner, as I was my late dear Lady's; and has order'd Mr. *Longman* to pay me 50*l.* Quarterly, for Purposes of which he requires no Account, tho' I have one always† ready to produce; and he has given me other Sums to enable me to do all the Good I can to distressed Objects, at my first setting out. Thus enabled, your Ladyship knows not how many honest Hearts I have made glad already, and how many I hope to rejoice before a Year is at an End, and yet come within my Limits.

Now, Madam, as I knew Mrs. *Jervis* was far from being easy in her Circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old†† Debts for two extravagant Children who are both dead; and maintaining in Schooling and Cloaths three of their Children, which always keeps her bare; I took upon me one Day, as she and I sat together, at our Needles, to say to her, (as we are always running over old Stories, when we are alone) My good Mrs. *Jervis*, will you allow me to ask you after your own private Affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them?

You are very good, Madam, said she, to concern yourself about my poor Matters, so much as you have to employ your Thoughts about, and so much as every Moment of your Time is taken up from the Hour you rise, to the Time of your Rest. But I can with great Pleasure attribute it to your Bounty, and that of my honoured Master, that I am easier and easier every Day.

But tell me, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, how your Matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle Concerns with my Friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll treat *me* with equal Freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but Death shall divide our Friendship.

She had Tears of Gratitude in her Eyes, and taking off her Spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much Goodness! —Oh! my Lady!—

Oh! my *Pamela*, say, reply'd I. —How often must I chide you for calling me anything but your *Pamela*, when we are alone together?—

My Heart, said she, will burst with your Goodness! —I cannot bear it!—

But you *must* bear it, and bear still worse Exercises to your grateful Heart, I can tell you that: A pretty thing, truly! Here, I a poor helpless Girl, raised from Poverty and Distress, by the Generosity of the best of Gentlemen, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on Lady-Airs to a Gentlewoman born, the Wisdom of whose Years, and her faithful Services, and good Management, make her a much greater Merit in this Family, than I can pretend to have! ——And return, shall I? in the Day of my Power, Insult and Haughiness for the Kindness and Benevolence I received from her in that of my Indigence! ——Indeed, I won't forgive you my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other Light than as your Daughter; for you have been a Mother to me, when the Absence of my own could not afford me the Comfort, and good Counsel, I received every Day from you.—

Then moving my Chair nearer her, and taking her Hand, and wiping, with my Handkerchief in my other, her reverend Cheek, Come, come, my dear second Mother, said I, call me your Daughter, your *Pamela*: I have passed many sweet Hours with you under that Name: And as I have but too seldom such an Opportunity as this, open to me your worthy Heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* Mother as easy and happy, as our dear Master has made my *first*? —

She hung her Head on her Shoulder, and I waited till the Discharge of her Tears gave Time for Utterance to her Words; provoking only her Speech, by saying, You used to have Three Grandchildren to provide for in Cloaths and Schooling. They are all living, I hope?

Yes, Madam, they are living: And your last Bounty (Twenty Guineas was a great Sum, and all at once!) made me very easy, and very happy!—

How easy, and how happy, Mrs. *Jervis*?

Why, my dear Lady, I paid Five to one old Creditor of my unhappy Sons; Five to a second; and Two—and—an—half to two others, in Proportion to their respective Demands; and with the other Five I paid off all Arrears of the poor Childrens Schooling and Maintenance, and every one is satisfy'd and easy, and all declare they will never do harsh Things by me, if they are paid no more.

But, tell me, Mrs. *Jervis*, what you owe in the World, put all together; and you and I will contrive, with Justice to our best Friend, to do all we can, to make you quite easy; for, at your Time of Life, I cannot bear, that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove; and so my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, let me know all.

Come, I know your Debts, (dear, just, good Woman, as you are!) like *David's Sins*, are ever before you: So come, putting my Hand in her Pocket, let me be a friendly Pick-pocket: Let me take out your Memorandum-Book, and we will see how all Matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy Heart is too much affected (pulling out her Book, which she always has about her): I will go to my Closet, and return presently.

So I left her to recover her Spirits, and retir'd with the good Woman's Book to my Closet.

Your dear Brother stepping into the Parlour just after I had gone out, Where's your Lady, Mrs. *Jervis*? said he; and being told, came up to me, What ails the good Woman below, my Dear? said he: I hope, you and she have had no Words!

No, indeed, Sir, answer'd I. —If we had, I am sure it would have been my Fault: But I have picked her Pocket of her Memorandum-Book, in order to look into her private Affairs, to see if I cannot, with Justice to our common Benefactor, make her as easy as you, Sir, have made my other dear Parents.

A Blessing, said the dear Gentleman, upon my Charmer's benevolent Heart! —I will leave every thing to your Discretion, my Dear! —Do all the Good you prudently can to your Mrs. *Jervis*.

I clasped my bold Arms about him, the starting Tear testifying my Gratitude: Dearest, dear Sir, said I, you affect me as much, as I did Mrs. *Jervis*: And if any one but you had a Right to ask, What ails your *Pamela*? as you do, What ails Mrs. *Jervis*? I must say, I am hourly so much oppress'd by your Goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own Joy.

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging Creature. But, said he, I came to tell you, that after we have din'd, we'll take a Turn, if you please, to Lady *Arthur's*: She has a Family of *London* Friends for her Guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your Company, and attend you myself, only to drink Tea with her; for I have told her, we are to have Friends to sup with us.

I will attend you, Sir, reply'd I, most willingly; altho' I doubt I am to be made a Shew of.

Something like it, said he — For she has promis'd them this Favour.

I need not dress otherwise than I am?

No, he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good Works*, (those were his kind Words) and I ran over Mrs. *Jervis's* Accounts, and found a Balance drawn of all her Matters, in one Leaf, in a very clear manner, and a thankful Acknowledgement to God, for her Master's last Bounty, "which had inabled her to give Satisfaction to others, and do herself great Pleasure," as she had written underneath.

The Balance of all was 35*l.* II *s.* and odd Pence; and I went to my *Escritoire*, and took out 40*l.* and down I hasted to my good Mrs. *Jervis*. And I said, to her, Here, my dear good Friend, is your Pocket-Book; but are 35 or 36*l.* all you owe or are bound for in the World?

It is, Madam, said she, and enough too. It is a great Sum; but 'tis in Four Hands, and they are all in pretty good Circumstances; and so convinced of my Honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the Debt every Year something, since I have been in my Master's Service.

Nor shall it ever be in any Body's *Power*, said I, to trouble you. I'll tell you how we'll order it.

So I sat down and made her sit down by me, Here, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, is 40*l.* It is not so much to me now, as the Two Guineas were to you, that you would have given me, if I would have accepted of them, at my going away from this House, to my Father's, as I thought. But I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear: Indeed I won't make you so uneasy as that comes to. But here take this, and pay the Thirty-five Pounds odd Money to the utmost Farthing; and the remaining Four Pounds odd will be a little Fund in Advance towards the Childrens Schooling. And thus you shall repay it. I always designed, as our dear Master added Five Guineas *per Annum* to your Salary, in Acknowledgment of the Pleasure he took in your Services, when I was *Pamela Andrews*, to add Five Pounds *per Annum* to it from the Time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many Years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole Forty Pounds be repaid. And so, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't have any Obligation to me, you know, but for the Advance; and that is a poor Matter, not to be spoken of: And I will have Leave for it, for fear I should die.

Had your Ladyship seen the good dear Woman's Behaviour on this Occasion, you would never have forgot it. She could not speak: Tears ran down her Cheeks in plentiful Currents: her modest Hand put gently from her my offering Hand, and her Bosom heav'd, and she sobb'd with the painful Tumult that seem'd to struggle within her, and, which for some few Moments, made her incapable of speaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my Arm round her Neck, and wiping her Eyes, and kissing her Cheek, she cry'd, My dear, my excellent Lady! 'tis too much! too much! I cannot bear all this — And then she threw herself at my Feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it, and with uplifted Hands, May God Almighty, said she —— I kneeled by her, and clasping her Hands in mine, both uplifted together — May God Almighty, said I, drowning her Voice with my louder Voice, bless us both together, for many happy Years! and may He bless and reward the dear Gentleman who has thus inabled me to make *the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy!*

Dear, good Woman, said I, rising, and raising her, Do you think you shall outdo me in Prayers and Praises to the Fountain of all our Mercies? — Do you think you shall? — And while I am impower'd to do Good to so many worthy Objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. *Jervis* happy at *home*?

And thus, my Lady, did I force upon the good Woman's Acceptance the Forty Pounds.

Permit me, Madam, to close this Letter here, and to resume the Subject in my next; till when I have the Honour to be,

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

LETTER XVIII.

My dear Lady, I now resume my last Subject where I left off, that your Ladyship may have the Whole before you at one View.

I went, after Dinner, with my dear Benefactor, to Lady *Arthur's*; and met with fresh Calls upon me for Humility, having the too natural Effects of the Praises and professed Admiration of that Lady's Guests, as well as my dear Mr. *B.'s*, and those of Mr. and Mrs. *Arthur*, to guard myself against: And your good Brother was pleased to entertain me in the Chariot, going and coming, with an Account of the Orders he had given in relation to the *London House*, which is actually taken, and the Furniture he should direct for it; so that I had no Opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. *Jervis*.

But after Supper, retiring from Company to my Closet, when his Friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual Bed-time: He inquired kindly after my Employment, which was trying to read in the *French Telemachus*: For, my Lady, I am learning *French*, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my Master? —Why, the best I *could* have in the World, your dearest Brother, who is pleased to say I am no Dunce: How inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a Master, who teaches me on his Knee, and rewards me with a Kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly master'd the Accent and Pronunciation, which he tells me is a great Difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into *English* two or three Places that were beyond my Reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in *French*, What I had done for Mrs. *Jervis*?

I said, Permit me, Sir, (for I am not Proficient enough to answer you in my new Tongue) in *English*, to say, I have made the good Woman quite happy; and if I have your Approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this Instance, as I am in all others.

I dare answer for your Prudence, my Dear, he was pleased to say; but this is your Favourite: Let me know, when you have so bountiful a Heart to Strangers, what you do for your Favourites?

I then said, Permit my bold Eye, Sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must turn from me then, or else how shall I look you in the Face? how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeas'd? for you will not chide me in Words, so partial have you the Goodness to be to all my Foibles.

He put his Arm round my Waist, and looked down now—and—then, as I desired; for, O Madam, he is all Condescension and Goodness to his unworthy yet grateful *Pamela!* And I told him all I have written to your Ladyship about the Forty Pounds. —And now, dear Sir, said I, half hiding my Face on his Bosom, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your *Pamela*, if you please: It shall be all kind from you, and Matter of future Direction and Caution.

He raised my Head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, Thus then I chide, I beat, my Angel! —And yet I have one Fault to find with you; and let Mrs. *Jervis*, if not in Bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you as you deserve before her. My *Polly* being in Hearing, attending to know if I wanted her Assistance to undress, I bad her call Mrs. *Jervis*. And tho' I thought from his kind Looks, and kind Words, as well as tender Behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my Fault was, for which I was so to be exposed.

The good Woman came, and as she enter'd with all that Modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his Chair further from me, and, with a set Aspect, but not unpleasant, said,——Step in, Mrs. *Jervis*: Your Lady (for so, Madam, he will always call me to Mrs. *Jervis* and the Servants) has incurred my Censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you Face to Face.

She look'd surpris'd— now on me, now on her dear Master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive. —I am sorry — I am very sorry for it, Sir! said she, court'sying low. —But should be more sorry, if I were the unhappy Occasion.

Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, I can't say but it is on your Account that I must blame her.

This gave us both Confusion, but especially the good Woman; for still I hoped much from his kind Behaviour to me just before. —And she said, Indeed Sir, I could never deserve—

He interrupted her, My Charge against you, *Pamela*, said he, is that of Niggardliness, and no other; for I will

put you both out of your Pain: You ought not to have found out the Method of Repayment.

The dear Creature, said he, to Mrs. *Jervis*, seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good Conduct deserved an annual Acknowledgement from me, in Addition to your Salary, the Lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your Service, than the Gentleman. — Had it been for old Acquaintance—sake, for Sex—sake, she should not have given me Cause to upbraid her on this Head. —But I will tell you, that you must look upon the Forty Pounds you have, as the Effect of a just Distinction on many Accounts; and your Salary from last Quarter—day shall be advanced, as the dear Niggard intended it some Years hence; and let me only add, that when my *Pamela* first begins to shew a Coldness to her Mrs. *Jervis*, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble Virtue which is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the Delight of all who converse with her.

This was what he was pleased to *say*: Thus, with the most graceful Generosity, and a Nobleness of Mind *truly* peculiar to himself, was he pleased to *act*: And what, does your Ladyship think, could Mrs. *Jervis* or I say to him? —Why indeed nothing at all! —We could only look upon one another, with our Eyes full, and our Hearts full, of a Gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which express'd itself at last in a Manner he was pleased to call more elegant than Words, and that was, with uplifted folded Hands, and Tears of Joy.

Oh my dear Lady! how many Opportunities have the beneficent *Rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *Fellow—creatures*, happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my Duty before; what a Sense of Obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of Men!

But here let me put an End to this tedious Subject; the principal Part of which can have no Excuse, if it may not serve as a Proof of my chearful Compliance with your Ladyship's Commands, That I recite *every* thing that is of Concern to me, and with the same Freedom as I was wont to do to my dear Parents.

I have done it, and at the same time have offer'd what I had to plead in Behalf of my Conduct to the two Housekeepers, which you expected from me; and I shall therefore close this my humble Defence, if I may so call it, with the Assurance that I am,

My dearest Lady, Your obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.

LETTER XIX.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. In Answer to the Six last Letters.

"Where she had it, I can't tell; but I think I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age;" are, as I remember, my Brother's Words, speaking of his *Pamela*, in the early Part of your Papers. In Truth, thou'rt a surprising Creature; and every Letter we have from you, we have new Subjects to admire you for.— Do you think, Lady *Betty*, said I, when I had read to the End of the Subject about Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not soon set out to hit this charming Girl a Box of the Ear or two?

For what, Lady *Davers*? said she.

For what! reply'd I. —Why, don't you see how many Slaps of the Face the bold Slut hits me? —*I'll* Lady—Airs her! I will! — *I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her Betters, with her Cottage Excellencies, and Improvements that shame our Education.

Why, you dear charming *Pamela*, did you only exceed me in *Words*, I could forgive you; for there may be a Knack, and a Volubility, as to *Words*, that a natural Talent may supply; but to be thus outdone in *Thought* and in *Deed*, who can bear it? and in so young an Insulter too!

Well, *Pamela*, look to it, when I see you: You shall feel the Weight of my Hand, or —the Pressure of my Lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly: For here, instead of my stooping, as I had thought it would be, to call you Sister, I shall be forced to think in a little while, that you ought not to own *me as yours*, till I am nearer your Standard.

But to come to Business. I will summarily take Notice of the following Particulars in all your obliging Letters, in order to convince you of my Friendship, by the Freedom of my Observations on the Subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the Advantages you received from the Favour of my dear Mother; and as you know many Things of her by your Attendance upon her, in the last three or four Years of her Life, I must desire you will give me, as Opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured Lady, and of her Behaviour and Kindness to you, and with a Retrospect to your own early Beginnings, the Dawnings of this your bright Day of Excellence: And this not only I, but the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, (her Sister Lady *Jenny* too) with whom I am going over your Papers again, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your *Kentish* Account; tho' we wished you had been more particular in some Parts of it; for we are greatly taken with your Descriptions, and your Conversation Pieces: Yet I own, your honest Father's Letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *Defect*, as our Pleasure in reading your Relations makes us call it. Your Parents are honest, discreet Folks, I see that: I have a Value for them. And you're the prudentest Creature I ever knew, in all your Ways; particularly in the Advice you give them about your more distant Relations, and to aim at nothing beyond their natural Sphere. —Every Tittle is right, and as it should be. On these Accounts it is, that all the World will allow, that you, and your Parents too, merit the Fortune you have met with.

3. I am highly delighted with the Account you give me of my Brother's breaking to you the Affair of *Sally Godfrey*, and your Conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet Story, as he brought it on, and as you relate it. The Wretch has been very just in his Account of it. But don't you think he was a sad young Fellow! Well may you be thankful for your Escape; well may you!— Your Behaviour was what I admire; and so we do all; but none of us think we could have imitated it in all its Parts. We are in Love with your charitable Reflections in favour of the poor Lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them; and a better Mother too than she had, and a faithfuller Lover, than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his Temper, in your declared Love of Miss. I see, Child, you know your Man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your Sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having Miss with you; for the Girl may be pert, perhaps insolent (you know who is her Father); you'd not care to check her, for several Reasons, and this may make you uneasy; for, if you *did*, he might take it amiss, let your Motives be ever so good: So I think you'd better see her now—and—then at the Dairy—house, or at School, than have her with you.— But this I leave to your own Discretion, and *his* good Pleasure, to determine upon; for in the latter it must rest, let you, or me, or any body, say what we will.

5. You have fully, and to our Satisfaction, answer'd our Objections to your Behaviour to Mrs. *Jewkes*. We had

not considered your Circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming Girl, and all your Motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautions for the future how we censure you. We are particularly pleased with the Triumphs of your Innocence over his and her Guilt; and agree, that they are the rightest and best—to-be-defended Motives for Pride that ever were set before us.

In short, I say with the Countess, This good Girl is not without her Pride; but it is the Pride that becomes, and can only attend, the innocent Heart; and I'll warrant, said her Ladyship, nobody will become her Station so well as one who is capable of so worthy a Pride as this.

But what a Curtain-Lecture hadst thou, *Pamela!* A noble one, dost thou call it! —Why, what a Wretch hast thou got, to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly Will, even when in the Wrong, till thou hast obey'd it, and of consequence join'd in the Evil he imposes! He says, indeed, in *small* Points; but I suppose he is to judge which are and which are not small.

Thus, I remember, my Brother himself took Notice once of a Proposal in the House of Commons, to grant the Crown a very great Sum to answer Civil-List Deficiencies, which being opposed by the Minority, the Minister found out an Expedient, that they would give the Money *first*, and examine into the Merits of the Demand *afterwards*. So we read, that, in some Countries, an accused Person is put to Death, and try'd afterwards; and all he has to hope for while he lives, is, that his Relations, and his own Family, will be released from Obloquy, if an Acquittal ensues.

Much good may do you with such an Husband, says Lady *Betty!* —Every body will *admire* you, but no one will have Reason to *envy* you upon those Principles. Yet, I don't know how it is, but this is evident, that at present there is not a happier Couple in the World than you two are.

6. I am pleased with your Promise of sending me what you think I shall like to see, out of those Papers you chuse not to shew me collectedly: This is very obliging. You're a good Girl, and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your Paradox, *Pamela*, that his marrying *you* was an Instance of his Pride. The Thought, tho', is pretty enough, and ingenious: But whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your Observation on the *Forget* and *Forgive* we are much pleased with, and think you have distinguished well on that Head.

9. You are a very good Girl for sending me a Copy of Miss *Darnford's* Letter. She is a charming young Lady. I always had a great Opinion of her Merit; her Letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every Letter that passes between you; and pray send me in your next a Copy of your Answer to her Letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad with all my Heart to hear of poor *Jewkes's* Reformation. Your Example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your Answer to her Letter. Don't think me unreasonable: 'Tis all for your sake. You must needs know that, or you know nothing. For I think you deserve all Miss *Darnford* says of you; and that's a great deal too.

Pray —have you shewn *Jewkes's* Letter to your good Friend?— Lady *Betty* wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? for, she says, it cuts him to the Quick; and I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: But, as you say, he's above loving Virtue for *Virtue's sake*, I warrant him. He likes it in a Wife, because 'tis a Husband's Security against the *Lex Talionis*. There's a great deal in that, I can tell you. I once heard the Wretch hold an Argument, that Women had no Souls. I asked him, If he was to marry, whether he'd have his Wife *act* as if she believ'd this Doctrine to be good? That was another thing he said: He was for having his Wife think she had, he must own: Such a Belief could do her no Harm. Ah! *Pamela*, Theory and Practice, never was such a Rake, for one not quite a Town Debauchee!

11. Your Manner of Acting by Mrs. *Jervis*, with so handsome a Regard to my Brother's Interest, her Behaviour upon it, and your Relation of the Whole, and of his generous Spirit in approving, reproofing, and improving your prudent Generosity, make no inconsiderable Figure in your Papers. And Lady *Betty* says, Hang him, he has some excellent Qualities too!— It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good Actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad. But you, *Pamela*, have the Glory of all! We desire particularly, that you will never omit any of those moving Scenes, which you so well describe, be the Occasion what it will: For they are Nature, and that's your Excellence. Keep to that; for one more learned, I verily think, could not write as you do, nor instruct, and delight, and *move*, all at once, so very engagingly.

12. I am glad you are learning *French*: Thou art a happy Girl in thy Teacher, and he is a happy Man in his

Scholar. We are pleased with the pretty Account you give us of his Method of Instructing and Rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not learn any Language quickly under such Methods, and with such Encouragements, from the Man you love, were your Genius less apt than it is. But we wish'd you had enlarged on that Subject: For such Fondness of Men to their Wives, who have been any time marry'd, is so rare and so unexpected from my Brother, that we thought you should have written a Side upon that Subject at least.

What a bewitching Girl art thou! What an Exemplar to Wives now, as well as thou wast before to Maidens! Thou canst tame Lions, I dare say, if thou'dst try!— Reclaim a Rake in the Meridian of his Libertinism, and make such an one as my Brother not only marry thee, but love thee better at several Months End, than he did the first Day, if possible! Wonderful Girl! Yet usest thou no Arts but honest ones, such as Prudence directs, Nature points out, and such as make Duty delightful, even commanding most, when thou seemest most to submit.

It must be owned indeed, that thou hast no brutal Mind to deal with: Bad as he is, it must be said, that thou hast a sensible and a generous Heart to work upon; one who takes no Glory in the blind Submission of a Slave; but, like a *British* Monarch, delights to reign in a free, rather than in an abject Mind. Yet is he jealous as a Tyrant of his Prerogative: But you have found the way to lay that watchful Dragon asleep, and so possess the golden Fruits of Content and Pleasure, the due Reward of your matchless Conduct.

Now, my dear *Pamela*, I think I have taken Notice of the most material Articles in your Letters, and have no more to say to you; but, Write on, and oblige us; and mind to send me the Copy of your Letter to Miss *Darnford*, of that you wrote to poor penitent *Jewkes*, and every Article I have written about, and all that comes into your Head, or that passes, and you'll oblige

Yours, &c. B. Davers.

LETTER XX.

My dear Lady, I Read with Pleasure your Commands, in your last kind and obliging Letter, and you may be sure of a ready Obedience in every one of them that is in my Power.

That which I can most easily do, I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the Answer I sent to Miss *Darnford*, and that to Mrs. *Jewkes*, the former of which (and a long one it is) is as follows :

Dear Miss, I Begin now to be afraid I shall not have the Pleasure and Benefit I promised myself, of passing a Fortnight or three Weeks at the Hall, in your sweet Conversation, and that of your worthy Family, as well as those others in your agreeable Neighbourhood, whom I must always remember with equal Honour and Delight.

'The Occasion will be principally, that we expect very soon a Visit from Lord and Lady *Davers*, who propose to tarry here a Fortnight at least; and after that, the advanc'd Season will carry us to *London*, where Mr. *B.* has taken a House for his Winter Residence, and in order to attend Parliament: A Service, he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer to his Constituents, or to his own Conscience; for tho', he says, he is but One, yet if any good Motion should be lost by *one*, every absent Member, who is independent, has it to reproach himself with the Consequences that may follow, on the Loss of that Good which might otherwise redound to the Commonwealth. And besides, he says, such Excuses as *he* could make, *every one* might plead, and then publick Affairs might as well be left to the Administration, and no Parliament be chosen.

'He observed further on this Subject, that every absent Member, in such Cases, indirectly abets the Minister, be he *who* he will, in all his Designs, be they *what* they will, and has even less Excuse to his Country, than the Man, who, for a transitory Benefit to his private Family, takes a Pension or Reward for his Vote; since the Difference is only, that the one passively ruins his Country by Neglect and Indolence, which can do nobody good, and the other more actively by Corruption, which, tho' ruinous in the End to the whole Publick, in which his own Private is included, yet serves to answer some present Turn or Benefit to himself or Family.

'See you, my dear Miss, from the humble Cottager, what a publick Person your favour'd Friend is grown! And behold how easy it is for a bold Mind to look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a Stake in the Country, takes upon herself, to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss *Darnford*, she had been born to it! But if, nevertheless, I am censur'd for troubling my Head with Politicks, let me answer, That I am at Liberty, I hope, to tell you Mr. *B.*'s Sentiments of these high Matters, and that is all I have done.

'Well, but, my dearest Miss, may I not presume to ask, Whether, if the Mountain cannot come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* will not come to the Mountain? Since Lady *Davers*'s Visit is so uncertain as to its Beginning and Duration, and so great a Favour, as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first Visit to *me*; — and since we must go and take Possession of our *London* Residence; why can't Sir *Simon* spare to us the dear Lady, whom he could use so hardly; and whose Attendance (tho' he is indeed intitled to all her Duty) he did not, just in that Instance, quite so much deserve?

"Well, but, after all, Sir *Simon*," 'would I say, if I had been in Presence at his peevish Hour, "you are a fine Gentleman, are you not? to shew your good Daughter, that because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon*! And did ever Papa, before you, put a *good Book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because* you were in Affliction, tho' so little affected by its Precepts) to such a *bad Use*? As Parents Examples are so prevalent, suppose Miss had taken this very Book, and flung it at her Sister; Miss *Nanny* at her Waiting-Maid; and so it had gone thro' the Family; would it not have been an Excuse for every one, to say, that the Father and Head of the Family had set the Example?

"But again, Sir *Simon*, Suppose you had hurt the sweet Dove-like Eyes of my dear Miss *Darnford* — Suppose you had bruis'd or broken the fine Skin of any Part of that fine Face, which gives, at first Sight, so bright a Promise of her still finer Mind, what, let me ask you, Sir, could you have said for yourself? How would the dear Miss's Appearance, with one sweet Eye, perhaps, muffled up, with a plaister'd Forehead, or a veiled Check, hiding herself from every body else but you, and her grieved Mamma, and pitying Sister, reproach'd you for so rash an Act? — nay, reproach'd you the more, by her unrepublishing Obligingness, and chearful Duty, than if (were she capable of it) she could have spoken in sharp Complaints, and expostulatory Wailings?—

"You almost wish, my dear Miss tells me, that I would undertake *you!* —This is very good of you, Sir *Simon*," 'might I (would his indulgent Patience suffer me to run on thus) have added— But I hope, (since you are so sensible, that you *want* to be undertaken, and since this peevish Rashness convinces me, that you *do*) that you will undertake *yourself*; that you will not, when your Indisposition makes the Attendance and Duty of my dear Lady and Misses necessary, make it *more* uncomfortable to them, by *adding* a Difficulty of being pleas'd, and an Impatience of Spirit, to the Concern their Duty and Affection make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a Book into your Hand again, if you cannot make a better Use of it, than you did then."

'Pray, my dear Miss, tell your Papa, that I beg the Favour of him, to present *me* this Book, and I will put a Mark upon it, and it shall never more either give or receive such Disgrace, I warrant it! Be it what it will, I will present him with as good a one.

'I will write in it, "Memorandum, This Book, reversing the Author's good Intention, had like to have done Mischief next to unpardonable!"— 'Or, "This Book, instead of subduing the Reader's Passions, (I take it for granted, you see, Miss, it was *Seneca's* Morals, or some such good Book) had like to have been the Cause of a violent and peevish Evil. —Henceforth, be thou condemned, unavailing Teacher, to stand by thyself, on a lone Shelf, in my Closet; a Shelf most out of mine or any other Person's Reach, for pretending to prescribe Rules for subduing the Passions in so inefficacious a Manner! And, consign'd to Dust and Cobwebs, not once presume (in hope to hide thy conscious Guilt) to squeeze thyself into Rank with better, or, at least, with more convincing Teachers!"

'But do you think, my dear Miss, Sir *Simon* would be angry, if Opportunity had offer'd, and I had been thus bold? If you think so, don't let him see I had such Thoughts in my Head. But after all, if he were to have been thus freely treated by me, and if he should have *blush'd* with *Anger* at my Freedom, 'tis but what he ought to bear from me; for, more than once has he made me *blush* for *Shame*, at much greater on his Part; nay, and that too, in Presence of his virtuous Daughters: So, that I have but half my Revenge upon him yet. —And will you bear Malice, will he say, Mrs. *B.*? — Yes, Sir *Simon*, I will; and nothing but your amending the Evil can make me forgive a Gentleman, that is *really* a Gentleman, who can so sadly forego his Character, and, before any Company, not scruple to expose a modest Virgin to the forward Leer, and loud Laugh, of younger Gentlemen, who durst not take such Liberties of Speech, as they would saucily chuckle at, from those taken by one of Sir *Simon's* authenticating, but better promising Time of Life.

'But Sir *Simon* will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady *Darnford* once begg'd I would give him a Hint or two on this Subject, which, she was pleased to say, would be better received from me than from any body: And if it be a little too severe, it is but a just Reprifal from one, whose Ears if he had not cruelly wounded, more than once, or twice, or three times, besides what he calls his *innocent* double Entendres,—she must have been believed by him, to be neither more nor less than an Hypocrite. — There's for you, Sir *Simon*, and so here ends all my Malice; for now I have spoken my Mind.

'Yet I hope, your dear Papa will not be so angry with me neither, as to deny me, for this my Freedom, the Request I make to *him*, to your honoured *Mamma*, and to your *dear Self*, for your beloved Company, for a Month or two, in *Bedfordshire*, and at *London*: And if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! It will be half done, the Moment you desire it. Sir *Simon* loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your honoured *Mamma* is always indulgent to your Requests: And Mr. *B.* as well in Kindness to me, as for the great Respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this Favour of you, and of Sir *Simon*, and my Lady.

'If it can be obtain'd, what Pleasure and Improvement may I not propose to myself, with so polite a Companion, when we are carried by Mr. *B.* to the Play, to the Opera, and other of the Town Diversions! We will work together, visit together, read together, sing together; and improve one another; you *me*, in every Word you shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my Questions, and Desire of Information, which will make you open all your Breast to me; and so, unlocking that dear Storehouse of virtuous Knowledge, improve your own Ideas the more for communicating them. O my dear Miss *Darnford!* how happy is it in your Power to make me!

'I am much affected with the Account you give me of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Reformation. I could have wished, had I not other and stronger Inducements, (in the Pleasure of so agreeable a Neighbourhood, and so sweet a Companion) that on her Account, I could have been down at the Hall, in hope to have confirm'd the poor Woman in her newly-assum'd Penitence. God give her Grace to persevere in it!— To be an humble Means of saving a Soul from Perdition! O my dear Miss *Darnford*, let me enjoy the Heart-ravishing Hope!— To pluck such a Brand

as this out of the Fire, and to assist to quench its flaming Susceptibility for Mischief, and make it useful to edifying Purposes! what a Pleasure does this afford one! How does it incourage one to proceed in the Way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I am raised to my present Condition, in order to be an humble Instrument in the Hand of Providence to communicate great Good to others, and so extend to many, those Benefits I have receiv'd, which were they to go no further than myself, what a vile, what an ingrateful Creature should I be!

'I see, my dearest Miss *Darnford*, how useful in every Condition of Life a virtuous and a serious Turn of Mind may be!

'How have I seen some Ladies in upper Life behave as if they thought good Actions, and a pious Turn of Thought, would be so unfashionable, as to make them the Subjects of Ridicule to the lighter-dispos'd World, and so they are shamed out of their Duty. But let me make it my Boast, that here is such a poor Girl as I, raised from the Cottage to the Palace, as I may say, persevering in the good Purposes which had been instilled into her, by worthy, tho' poor Parents, and the best of Ladies, her Mistress, and resolving to be obstinate in Goodness, having stood the Tests of Libertinism; has brought the World to expect good Actions from her, to respect her for doing them, and has even found her Example efficacious, thro' Divine Grace, to bring over to Penitence and Imitation a poor Creature, who used to ridicule her for nothing so much as her Innocence and Virtue, which, Word and Thing, were the constant Subjects of her Scorn, as well as the Cause of her Persecution.

'But let me not too much dwell upon the dear Thought, lest I fall into the Snare that, of all others, Persons meaning well, have Reason to dread; that of *Spiritual Pride*, the most dangerous of all Pride.

'In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on several agreeable Subjects, that I could touch upon with Pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of my Reception here, and of the Kindness of our genteel Neighbours; such, particularly; as the Arrival here of my dear Father and Mother, and the kind, the generous Entertainment they met with from my best Friend: His Condescension in not only permitting me to attend them to *Kent*, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in a most happy Manner, beyond their Wishes and my own; but yet so much in Character, as I may say, that every one must approve his judicious Benevolence: The Favours of my good Lady *Davers* to me, who, pleas'd with my Letters, has vouchsaf'd to become my Correspondent; and a thousand, thousand Things, that I want personally to communicate to my dear Miss *Darnford*.

'Be pleased to present my humble Respects to Lady *Darnford*, and to Miss *Nanny*; to good Madam *Jones*, and to your kind Friends at *Stamford*; to Mr. and Mrs. *Peters* likewise, and their Kinswoman: And beg of that good Gentleman from me, to incourage his new Proselyte all he can; and I doubt not, she will do Credit, poor Woman! to the Pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind Compliance with my Wishes, for your Company, I remain,

'Dearest Miss, Your faithful and obliged Friend and Servant, P. B.'

This, my good Lady *Davers*, is the long Letter I sent to Miss *Darnford*, who, at parting, engag'd me to keep up a Correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a Month or two with us, at the Hall, if we came down, and she could persuade Sir *Simon* and her Mamma to spare her to my Wishes. Your Ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the Honours you confer upon me; but I would not either add or diminish in the Communications I make to you.

The following is the Copy of what I wrote to Mrs. *Jewkes*.

'You give me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, very great Pleasure, to find that at length God Almighty has touch'd your Heart, and let you see, while Health and Strength lasted, the Error of your Ways. — Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy Afflictions, or till they have been confin'd to the Bed of Sickness, when, perhaps, they have made Vows and Resolutions, that have held them no longer than the Discipline lasted: But you give me much better Hopes of the Sincerity of your Conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some sore Evil has overtaken you: And it ought to be an Earnest to you of the Divine Favour, and should keep you from Despondency.

'As for me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did, since your Usage of me, as it prov'd, was but a necessary Means in the Hand of Providence, to exalt me to that State of Happiness, in which I have every Day more and more Cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of Gentlemen.

'As I have often pray'd for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my Prayers, and with high Delight look upon you as a reclaimed Soul given to my Supplications. May the Divine

Goodness inable you to persevere in the Course you have entered upon! And when you can taste the all-surpassing Pleasure that fills the worthy Breast, at the being placed in such a Station, where your Example may be of Advantage to the Souls of others, as well as to your own Soul; a Pleasure that every good Mind glories in, and none else can worthily taste; then may you be assured, that nothing but your Perseverance, and the consequential Improvement resulting from it, is wanted, to convince you, that you are in a right Way, and that the Woe, that is pronounced against the presumptuous Sinner, belongs not to you.

'But, dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, (for now *indeed* you are dear to me) let me caution you against two Things; the one, that you return not to your former Ways, and wilfully err after this Repentance; for, in this Case, the Divine Goodness will look upon itself as mocked by you, and will withdraw itself from you, and more fearful will your State then be, than if you had never repented: The other, that you don't despair of the Divine Mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your Favour, and has awakened you out of your deplorable Lethargy, without those sharp Medicines and Operations that others, and perhaps *not more faulty* Persons, have suffer'd. But go on cheerfully in the happy Path which you have begun to tread. Depend upon it, you are now in the right Way, and turn not either to the Right-hand or to the Left: For the Reward is before you, in Reputation and a good Fame in this Life, and everlasting Felicity beyond it.

'Your Letter is that of a sensible Woman, as I always thought you, and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will approve yourself to be; and I the rather hope it, because I shall be always desirous then of taking every Opportunity that offers to me of doing you real Service, as well with regard to your present as future Life; and pleased shall I be, to contribute to the one, and happy to advance the other: For I am, *good Mrs. Jewkes*, as I now hope I may call you,

Your loving Friend to serve you, P. B.

'Whatever good Books the worthy Mr. *Peters* will be so kind to recommend to you, and for those under your Direction, send for them either to *Lincoln*, or *Stamford*, or *Grantham*, as you can get them, and place them to my Account: And may they be the efficacious Means of confirming you and them in the worthy Way you are in! I have done as much for all here before; and I hope to no bad Effect: For I shall now tell them by Mrs. *Jervis*, if there be Occasion, that I hope they will not let me be outdone in *Bedfordshire* by Mrs. *Jewkes* in *Lincolnshire*; but that the Servants of both Houses may do Credit to the best of Masters. Adieu, *good Woman!* as once more I take Pleasure to style you.'

Thus, my good Lady, have I obey'd you, in transcribing these two Letters. I will now proceed to your Ladyship's twelve Articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your Ladyship, as I have Opportunity, in my future Letters, with such Accounts of my dear Lady's Favour and Goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and the noble Ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted, that your Ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest Parents: Indeed they are good People, and ever had Minds that set them above low and sordid Actions; and God and your good Brother has rewarded them most amply in this World, which is more than they ever expected, after a Series of Unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your Ladyship is pleased to say, that People in upper Life love to see how plain Nature operates in honest Minds, who have hardly any thing else for their Guide; and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your Ladyship's Attention, (for as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with Pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my Thankfulness for what I *am*) I would give you a Scene of Resignation, and contented Poverty, of which otherwise your Ladyship can hardly have a Notion. I *will* give it, because it will be a Scene of Nature, however low, which your Ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its Length.

It was upon Occasion of a great Loss and Disappointment which happened to my dear Parents (for tho' they were never high in Life, yet were they not always so low as my honoured Lady found them, when she took me): My poor Father came home; and as the Loss was of such a Nature, as that he could not keep it from my Mother, he took her Hand, I remember well, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, "Come, my Dear, let us take Comfort, that we did for the best. We left the Issue to Providence, as we ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must be content, tho' not favoured as we wished. All the Business is, our Lot is not cast for this Life. Let us resign ourselves to the Divine Will, and continue to do our Duty, and this short Life will soon be past. Our Troubles will be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I make no Doubt."

Then my dear Mother threw her kind Arms about his Neck, and said with Tears, "God's Will be done, my dear Love! —All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented; and had rather say, I have a poor honest Husband, than a guilty rich one. What signifies repining? Let the World go as it will, we shall have our Length and our Breadth at last. And Providence, I make no Doubt, will be a better Friend to our good Girl here, because she is good, than we could be, if this had not happened," — pointing to me, who, then about Eleven Years old, (for it was before my Lady took me) sat weeping in the Chimney Corner, over a few dying Embers of a Fire, at their moving Expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their Hands, and blessing them, said, "And this Length and Breadth, my dear Parents, will be, one Day, all the Rich and the Great can possess; and, it may be, their ungracious Heirs will trample upon their Ashes, and rejoice they are gone: While such a poor Girl as I, am honouring the Memories of mine, who in their good Names, and good Lessons, will have left me the best of Portions."

And then they both hugg'd their prating Girl to their fond Bosoms, by Turns; and all three were so filled with Comfort in one another, that after joining in a grateful Hymn, we went to Bed (what tho' supperless, perhaps?) with such Joy, that very few of the Rich and Great can have any Idea of it; I to my Loft, and they to their Rush-floor'd cleanly Bed-Room. And we have had sweet Sleep, and Dreams so pleasant, that we have reaped greater Pleasures, in repeating them to one another, at our next Leisure-Hour, than, possibly, we should have received, had we enjoy'd the Comforts we wanted.

And, truly, my Lady, I must needs say, that while the virtuous Poor can be bless'd with such sweet Injoymments as these, in contented Minds all Day, and in Dreams and Visions at Night, I don't know whether they have not more, even of *this* World's Pleasures, than the abounding Rich: And while the Hours of Night bear so near a Proportion to those of the Day, may not such be said, even at the worst, to pass at least half their Lives with more Comfort than many times the distemper'd Great can pretend to know?

For a further Instance, that honest Poverty is not such a deplorable State, let me ask, What Pleasure can those over-happy People taste, who never knew that of Hunger or Thirst? Like the Eastern Monarch I have read of, who marching at the Head of a vast Army, thro' a desert Place, where was no Water, nor any thing to quench his craving Thirst, at last one of his Soldiers bringing him in his nasty Helmet a little dirty Water, he greedily swallowed it, and cry'd out, That he never in all his Life had tasted so sweet a Draught! Having always before eaten before he was hungry, and drank before he was thirsty.

But when I talk or write of my dear worthy Parents, how I run on! —Excuse me, my good Lady; and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the Cat in the Fable, turn'd into a fine Lady; for, methinks, tho' I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how*, gratefully to enjoy my present Happiness, as well with regard to my Obligations to God, as to your dear Brother. But let me proceed to your Ladyship's third Particular.

3. And you cannot imagine, Madam, how much you have set my Heart at Rest when you tell me, that my dear Mr. *B.* gave me a just Narrative of hi Affair with Miss *Godfrey*: For, when your Ladyship desir'd to know, how he had recounted that Story, lest you should make a Misunderstanding between us unawares, I did not know what to think. I was afraid some Blood had been shed on the Occasion by the dear Gentleman: For Miss was ruin'd, and, as to her, nothing could have happened worse. And the Regard I have for his future Happiness, which costs me in my constant Supplications for him in private, many a Tear, gave me great Apprehensions, and not a little Uneasiness. But as your Ladyship tells me, that he gave me a just Account, I am very happy again.

What makes one, my dear Lady, in our most prosperous Condition, be always intermingling one's Fears and one's Anxieties of what *may be*; and by that Means rob one's self of the Prime of one's best worldly Injoymments? —Is this Apprehensiveness, does your Ladyship think, implanted in our Natures (for I know I am not vapourish, nor the only Person who is thus constituted) for wise and good Ends, that we may not think ourselves so happy here, as to make us forget, that there is a better and more perfectly happy State, which we ought to aspire after? I believe it is: And if so, what an useful Monitor do we carry about us, that shall make us consider and reflect, when in Prosperity; and in Adversity teach us to bear up to Hopes of a happier Lot! Thus is it prettily said by a Translator of one of *Horace's* Odes, *Be Life and Spirit when Fortune proves unkind, And summon up the Vigour of thy Mind; But when thou'rt driv'n by too officious Gales, Be wise, and gather in the swelling Sails.*

I now come to your Ladyship's fourth Particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your Approbation of my Conduct to the Child, as well as of my

Behaviour to the dear Gentleman on the unhappy Lady's Score. Your Ladyship's wise Intimations about having the Child with me, make due Impression upon me; and I see in them, with grateful Pleasure, your kind and unmerited Consideration for me. Yet I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange Passion for this dear Baby: I cannot but look upon her poor Mamma as my Sister in point of Trial: And shall not the prosperous Sister pity and love the poor dear Sister, that, in so slippery a Path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the Happiness to keep her Feet?

No doubt, Miss *Godfrey* loved Virtue, and preferred it to all Considerations: 'Tis plain she did even after her Fall—when, as I have observed in the Papers I sent your Ladyship, she could leave Country, Parents, Friends, and the Man of all others she loved best, and seek a new Fortune, run the Danger of the Seas, and perhaps the Hazards of meeting with worse Men, rather than trust to her own Strength, where it had once so unhappily failed her. —What a Love of Virtue for Virtue's Sake is this? I know not who could have acted up to this Part of her Character.

The rest of your Ladyship's Articles give me the greatest Pleasure and Satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the Favour of your dear Brother, and improve in that of his noble Sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope your Ladyship will take as an Instance that I would, the chearful Obedience which I pay to your Commands, in writing to so fine a Judge, such crude and indigested Stuff, as otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the Honour, which your Ladyship makes me hope for, of your Presence here: And yet I perplex myself with the Fear of appearing so unworthy in your Eyes, when near you, as to suffer in your Opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the Case on your *first* Visit, I shall be so much improved by the Benefits I shall reap from your Lessons and good Example, that whenever I shall be favoured with a *Second*, you shall have less Faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your Ladyship will wish me to be, and of Consequence more worthy than I am of the Honour of styling myself,

Your Ladyship's most humble and obedient Servant, P. B.

LETTER XXI.

From Miss Darnford. In Answer to Mrs. B.'s, p. 106. My dear Mrs. B.

You are highly obliging to me in expressing so warmly your Wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this World, out of our own Family, in whose Company I should be happier: But my Papa won't part with me, I think; tho' I had secur'd my Mamma in my Interest; and I know *Nancy* would be glad of my Absence, because the dear perversly Envious thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish Girl, she don't consider, that if her Envy be well-grounded, I should return with more than double Advantages to what I now have, improv'd by your charming Example and Conversation.

My Papa affects to be in a fearful Pet at your lecturing of him so justly; for my Mamma would shew it him; and he says he will positively demand Satisfaction of Mr. *B.* for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a Rank with him, unless Mr. *B.* will, on Occasion of the new Commission, take out his *Dedimus*: And then if he will bring you down to *Lincolnshire*, and join with him to commit you Prisoner for a Month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. *B.* to join in your kind Invitation: But — yet I am loth to say it to you — But the Character of your worthy Gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the Way with my Papa: For he will have it, that he is just such a Rake as is to be liked by a Lady; one that saves common Appearances, and that's all; and is too handsome, too witty, and too enterprizing, for any *honest Man*, that's Sir *Simon's* Phrase, *to trust his Daughter with.*

My Mamma pleaded his being marry'd. — Adsdines, Madam, said he, what of all that! What married Man, when a pretty Girl's in the Way, minds his Wife, except she has made him stand in Fear of her? and that's far from the Case here. Why I tell you, added his peevish Highness, if our *Polly* should happen to slip, (I thank him for his Supposition) he'd make his Lady nurse both *her* and the *Bastard*, (another of his polite Expressions) if he had a mind to it, and she durst not refuse him. And would you trust such a spritely Girl as *Polly*, in the House with such a Fellow as that?

These, it seems, were his Words and Reasonings: I thank him for his Opinion of his Daughter. It becomes not me to say, by what Rules my Papa judges of Mankind; Rules, however, that are not much to the Credit of his Sex: — But it made me put on very grave Airs when I came to Supper, (for after this Repulse, and the Reasons given for it, I pretended Indisposition, not to dine with my Papa, being half-vex'd, and half-afraid of his Raillery) and he said, Why, how now, *Polly!* What! in the Sullens, Girl? I said, I should have hoped, that I never gave my Papa Cause to suspect my Conduct, and that he would have had a better Opinion of the Force which the Example and Precepts of my good Mamma had upon me.

Not your *Papa's* Example then. — Very well, Saucebox: I understand you.

But, Sir, said I, I hope, if I may not go to *Bedfordshire*, you'll permit me to go to *London* when Mrs. *B.* goes.

No, said he, positively no!

Well, Sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would inable me to give a better Reason to good Mrs. *B.* why I am not permitted to accept of her kind Invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.

He stuck his Hands in his Sides, with his usual humourous Positiveness, Why then tell her, she is a very saucy Lady, for her, last Letter to you; and that her Lord and Master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute Will and Pleasure, that you ask me no more Questions about it.

I will very faithfully make this Report, Sir. Do so. — And so I have. — And your poor *Polly Darnford* is disappointed of one of the greatest Pleasures she could have had.

I can't help it. — And if you truly pity me, I can put you in a Way to make me easier under the Disappointment, than otherwise I can possibly be; and that is, to favour me with an Epistolary Conversation, since I am deny'd a Personal one; and this my Mamma joins to request of you; and particularly, to let us know how Lady *Davers's* first Visit passes; which Mrs. *Peters* and Mrs. *Jones*, who know my Lady so well, likewise long to hear: And this will make us the best Amends in your Power for the Loss of your good Neighbourhood, which we had all promis'd to ourselves.

This Denial of my Papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a Proposal made him of an humble Servant to one of his Daughters: He won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humourous Way, lest we should fall out about it.

I suppose, I tell him, the young Gentleman is to pick and chuse which of the two he likes best. But be he a Duke, 'tis all one to *Polly*, if he is not something above our common *Lincolnshire* Class of Foxhunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. *Peters* your Letter. They admire you beyond Expression; and Mr. *Peters* says, He does not know that ever he did any thing in all his Life, that ever gave him so much inward Reproach, as his denying you the Protection of his Family, which Mr. *Williams* sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. *B.* came down to you, with his Heart bent on Mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that that very Denial, as well as the other Hardships you met with, were necessary to bring about that Work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled Virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in your own Duty, as he had the Unhappiness to lose such an Opportunity to have done Honour to his Function, had he had the Fortitude to have done *his*; and he begg'd of me, some how or other, and at some time or other, to hint his Concern to you on this Head; and to hope, in his Name, that neither Religion nor his Cloth may suffer in your Opinion, for the Fault of one of its Professors, who never was wanting in his Duty so much before.

He had it often upon his Mind, he says, to write to you on this very Subject; but he had not the Courage; and besides, did not know how Mr. *B.* might take it, if he should see that Letter, as the Cale had such delicate Circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by Implication, have cast still greater Blame upon him.

Mr. *Peters* is certainly a very good Man, and my Favourite for that Reason; and I hope *you*, that could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent *Jewkes*, will overlook with Kindness a Fault in a good Man, that proceeded more from Pusillanimity and Constitution, than from Want of Principle: And once, talking of it to my Mamma and me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with Tears in his Eyes. She, good Lady, would have given you this Protection, at Mr. *William's* Desire; but wanted the Power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. *B.* how your Virtue has shamed every one into such a Sense of what they ought to have done, that Good, Bad and Indifferent are seeking to make Excuses for past Misbehaviour, and to promise future Amendment, like penitent Subjects returning to their Duty to their conquering Sovereign, after some unworthy Defection.

Happy, happy Lady! may you be ever so! May you always convert your Enemies, confirm the Lukewarm, and every Day multiply your Friends, prays,

Your most affectionate Polly Darnford.

P. S. How I rejoice in the Joy of your honest Parents! God bless'em! I am glad Lady *Davers* is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best Respects. Let me hear from you oftener, and omit not the minutest Thing: For every Line of yours carries Instruction with it.

LETTER XXII.

From Sir Darnford Mr. B.

Sir, Little did I think I should ever have Occasion to make a formal Complaint against a Person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let them be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make them not care how they affront every body else.

The Person is no other than the Wife of your Bosom, who has taken such Liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own Child against me, and make a dutiful Girl a Rebel.

If People will set up for Virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a Farthing for their Pretences to it.

Here I have been plagued with Gouts, Rheumatisms, and nameless Disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more Attendance than ordinary; and I had Reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent Father can least bear to be slighted, that is, where he most loves; and that by young Upstarts, who are growing up to the Enjoyment of those Pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting Rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and, Where's *Polly*? (for I honour the Slut with too much of my Notice) Where's *Polly*? was all my Cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And at last in burst the pert Slut, with an Air of Assurance, as if she thought all must be well the Moment she appeared, with, Do you want me, Papa?

Do I want you, Confidence! Yes, I do. Where have you been these two Hours, and never came near me, when you knew 'twas my Time to have my Foot rubbed, which gives me mortal Pain? For you must understand, Mr. *B.* that nobody's Hand's so soft as *Polly's*.

She gave me a saucy Answer, as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a Twinge, that I could scarce bear; for Pain is a plaguy thing to a Man of my lively Spirits. Why, with a P—x to it, cannot it go and rouse up some stupid lethargic Rascal, whose Blood is ready to stagnate? There it might do some Good; and not make an honest Man miserable, as it does me, who want none of its pungent Helps to Feeling.

She gave me, I say, a pert Answer, and turn'd upon her Heel; and not coming near me at my first Word, I flung a Book I had in my Hand at her Head.

This the saucy Slut (Girls now—a—days make nothing of exposing their indulgent Parents) has mentioned in a Letter to your Lady; and she has abused me upon it in *such* a Manner — Well, if you don't take some Course with her, I must with you, that's positive; and young as you are, and a Cripple as I am, I'll stump to an appointed Place, to procure to myself the Satisfaction of a Man of Honour.

Your Lady has written to *Polly* what *she* would have said to me on this Occasion. She has reflected upon me for not reading a Book of Mortification, when I was labouring under so great a Sense of it, and confin'd to my Elbow—Chair in one Room, whom lately half a Dozen Counties could hardly contain; She has put it into *Polly's* Head to fling this very Book at her Sister's Head, in Imitation of my Example, and hopes *Nancy* will fling it at somebody's else, till it goes all round the House: She reproaches me for making no better Use of a *good* Book, as she calls *Rabelais's Pantagruel*, which I innocently was reading to make me the more chearfully bear my Misfortune; and runs on a Pack of Stuff about my *Polly's* Eyes, and Skin, and I don't know what, on Purpose to fill the Girl with Notions that don't belong to her, in order to make her proud and saucy; and then to inspire her with Insolence to me, runs on with Suppositions of what Harm I might have done her, had the Book bruised her Face, or Eyes, and so forth: As if our Daughters Eyes were not our own Eyes, their brazen Faces our brazen Faces; at least till we can find somebody to take them, and all the rest of their Trumpery, off of our Hands.—Saucy Baggages! who have neither Souls nor Senses, but what they have borrowed from us; and whose very Bones, and the Skin that covers them, so much their Pride and their Ornament, are so many Parts of our own undervalued Skin and Bones; and ours only are more wrinkled, by taking Pains to make theirs smooth.

Nay, this fine Lady of yours, this Paragon of Meekness and Humility, in so many Words, bids me, or tells my own Daughter to bid me, which is worse, never to take a Book in my Hands again, if I won't make a better Use of it:—And yet, what better Use can an offended Father make of the best Books, than to correct a rebellious Child with them, and oblige a saucy Daughter to jump into her Duty all at once?

Then, pray, Sir, do you allow your Lady to beg Presents from Gentlemen? —This is a tender Point to touch upon: But you shall know all, I am resolv'd. —For here she sends to desire me to make her a Present of this very Book, and promises to send me another as good.

Come, come, Sir, these are no jesting Matters; for, is it not a sad thing to think, that Ladies, let them be young or old, well-marry'd or ill-marry'd, cannot live without Intrigue? And here, if I were not a very honest Man, and your Friend, and *resolv'd* to be a virtuous Man too, in spite of Temptation, one does not know what might be the Consequence of such a Correspondence as is here begun, or rather *desired* to be begun; for I have too much *Honour* to give into it, for your sake, and I hope you'll think yourself much oblig'd to me. —I know the Time that I have improv'd a more mysterious Hint than this, into all that I had a Mind to make of it. And it may be very happy for you, Neighbour, that I *must* and *will* be virtuous, let the Temptation be from whom it will: For the finest Lady in the World is nothing to me now — in this my Reformed State.

But this is not all: Mrs. *B.* goes on to reflect upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying Things before my Daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed to say; and then avows Malice and Revenge, and all that. Why, Sir, why, Neighbour, are these Things to be borne? —Do you allow your Lady to set up for a general Corrector of every body's Morals but your own? Do you allow her to condemn the only Instances of Wit that remain to this Generation, that dear polite *Double Entendre*; which keeps alive the Attention, and quickens the Apprehension of the best Companies in the World, and is the Salt, the Sauce, which gives a Poignancy to all our genteeler Entertainments?

Very fine, truly! that more than half the World shall be shut out of Society, shall be precluded their Share of Conversation among the Gay and Polite of both Sexes, were your Lady to have her Will! Let her first find People that can support a Conversation with Wit and good Sense like her own, and then something might be said: But, till then, I positively say, and will swear upon Occasion, that *Double Entendre* shall not be banished from our Tables; and where this won't raise a Blush, or create a Laugh, we will be at Liberty, if we please, for all Mrs. *B.* and her new-fangled Notions, to force the one and the other by still plainer Hints, and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, Sir, you find my Complaints are of a high Nature, regarding the Quiet of a Family, the Duty of a Child to a Parent, the Advances of a married Lady to a Gentleman who is resolv'd to be virtuous, and the Freedom of Conversation; in all which Points your Lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon Satisfaction from you, or such a Correction of the fair Transgressor, as is in your Power to inflict, and which may prevent worse Consequences, from

Your offended Friend and Servant, Simon Darnford.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. B. In Answer to the preceding.

Dear Sir Simon, You cannot but believe, that I was much surprised at your Letter, complaining of the Behaviour of my Wife. I could no more have expected such a Complaint from such a Gentleman, than I could, that *she* would have deserved it: And I am very sorry on *both* Accounts. I have talked to her in such a Manner, that, I dare say, she will never give you like Cause to appeal to me.

It happened, that the Criminal herself received your Letter from her Servant, and brought it to me in my Closet, and, making her Honours, (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, tho' she takes such saucy Freedoms with my Friends) away she tripp'd; and I, inquiring for her, when, with Surprize, as you may believe, I had read your Charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick Neighbour, of which indeed she had before appris'd me, because she took the Chariot; but I had forgot it in my Wrath.

'Twas well for her, that she was not in the Way; perhaps I should have taken more severe Methods with her in my first Emotions; and I long'd for her Return: And there is another *Well-for-her* too in her Case; for one would be loth to spoil a Son and Heir, you know, Sir *Simon*, before we see whether the little Varlet may deserve one's Consideration.

I mention these Things, that you may observe, it was not owing to any Regard for the Offender herself, that I did not punish her as much as injur'd Friendship requir'd at my Hands.

At last, in she came, with that sweet Composure in her Face which results from a Consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous Things; altho' in this Instance she has so egregiously err'd, that it behoves me (as well in Justice to my Friend, as Policy to myself; for who knows whither first Faults may lead, if not checked in time?) to nip such Boldness in the Bud. And indeed the Moment I beheld the Charmer of my Heart, (for I do love her too well, that's certain) all my Anger was disarm'd; and had the Offence regarded *myself*, I must have forgiven her, in spite of all my meditated Wrath. But it behov'd me in a *Friend's* Case not to be soon subdu'd by a too partial Fondness: I resumed therefore that Sternness and Displeasure which her Entrance had almost dissipated. I took her Hand: Her charming Eye (you know what an Eye she has, Sir *Simon*) quivered at my over-clouded Aspect, and her Lips, half-drawn to a Smile, trembled with Apprehension of a Countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her: Come along with me, *Pamela*, to my Closet. I want to talk with you.

Dear Sir! good Sir! what's the Matter? what have I done?

We entered. I sat down, still holding her unsteady Hand, and her Pulse fluttering under my Finger, like a dying Bird.

'Tis *well*, said I, 'tis *well*, your present Condition pleads for you; and I must not carry what I have to say too far, for Considerations less in your Favour, than for one unseen: But I have great Complaints against you.

Against me, Sir! —What have I done? Let me know, dear good Sir! looking round, with her half-affrighted Eyes, this way and that, on the Books, and Pictures, and on me, by Turns.

You shall know soon, said I, the Crime you have been guilty of.

Pray let me, Sir! —This Closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* Time Witness to the Flutter you put me in.

There hangs a Tale, Sir *Simon*, that I am not very fond of relating, since it gave Beginning to the Triumphs of this little Sorceress.

I still held one Hand, and she stood before me, as Criminals ought to do before their Judge; but said, I see, Sir, sure I do, or what will else become of me! less Severity in your Eyes than you affect to put on in your Countenance. Dear Sir, let me know my Fault! I will repent, acknowledge and amend: Let me *but* know it.

You must have great Presence of Mind, *Pamela*, reply'd I, such is the Nature of your Fault, if you can look me in the Face, when I tell it you.

Then let me, said the irresistible Charmer, hiding her Face in my Bosom, and putting her other Arm about my Neck; let me thus, my Mr. *B.* hide this guilty Face, while I hear my Fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, but by my Tears, and my Penitence.

I could hardly hold out. What insatiating Creatures are these Women, when they can think it thus worth their while to sooth and calm the Tumults of an angry Heart! When, instead of *scornful* Looks darted in Return for *angry* ones, Words of *Defiance* for Words of *Peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* Error by *another*, and returning *vehement Wrath* for *slight Indignation*, and all the hostile Provocations of the Marriage Warfare; they can thus hide their dear Faces in our Bosoms, and wish but to *know* their Faults, to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet Girl's Behaviour; nay, I believe I did, unawares to myself, and in Defiance of my resolv'd Displeasure, press her Fore-head with my Lips, as the rest of her Face was hid on my Breast: But, considering it was the Cause of my *Friend* that I was to assert, my *injured* Friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a Manner, by the fair Offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling Mischief, in a Pomp of Style theatrically tragick:

I will not, too inadvertent and undistinguishing *Pamela*, keep you long in Suspense, for the sake of a Circumstance, that, on this Occasion, ought to give you as much Joy, as it has, till now, given me—Since it becomes an Advocate in your Favour, when otherwise you might expect a very severe Treatment. Know then, that the Letter you gave me before you went out, is a Letter from a Friend, a Neighbour, a worthy Neighbour, complaining of your Behaviour to him; —no other than Sir *Simon Darnford*, (for I would not amuse her too much) a Gentleman I must always respect, and whom, as *my* Friend, I expected *you* should: Since by the Value a Wife expresses for one esteemed by her Husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself, or not, a Man ought always to judge of the Sincerity of her Regards to himself.

She raised her Head at once on this: Thank Heav'n! said she, it is no worse! —I was at my Wits End almost, in Apprehension: But I know how this must be. —Dear Sir, How could you frighten me so. —I know how all this is I—I can now look you in the Face, and hear all that Sir *Simon* can charge me with: For I am sure, I have not so affronted him, as to make him angry indeed. And truly, (ran she on, secure of Pardon, as she seem'd to think) I should respect Sir *Simon*, not only as your Friend, but on his own Account, if he was not so sad a Rake at a Time of Life—

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think, Sir *Simon*; for how could I bear to hear my worthy Friend so freely treated? —How now, *Pamela!* said I; and is it thus, by *repeating* your Fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my Friend so freely treated?

Indeed, said she, I do respect Sir *Simon* very much, as your *Friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful Failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty Conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the Occasion comes in so pat? —And, indeed, I was glad of an Opportunity, continued she, to give him a little Rub; I must needs own it: But if it displeases you, or has made him angry in Earnest, I am sorry for it, and will be less bold for the future.

Read then, said I, the heavy Charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your Answer to it. So I went from her, for a few Minutes.

But, would you believe it, Sir *Simon*? she seem'd, on my Return, very little concerned at your just Complaints. —What self-justifying Minds have the meekest of these Women! —Instead of finding her in repentant Tears, as one might have expected, she took your angry Letter for a jocular one, and I had great Difficulty to convince her of the Heinousness of *her* Fault, or the Reality of *your* Anger. Upon which, being determin'd to have Justice done to my Friend, and a due Sense of her own great Error impress'd upon her, I began thus:

Pamela, Pamela, take heed, that you do not suffer the Purity of your own Mind, in Breach of your Charity, to make you too rigorous a Censurer of other Peoples Actions: Don't be so puff'd up with your own Perfections, as to imagine, that, because other Persons allow themselves Liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir *Simon* is a Gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant Vein, and, I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great Rake and Libertine (you'll excuse me, Sir *Simon*, because I am taking your Part): But what then? You see it is all over with him now: You see, he says himself, that he *must*, and therefore he *will*, be virtuous: And is a Man for ever to hear of the Faults of his Youth, when he himself is so willing to forget them?

Ah! but, Sir, Sir, said the bold Slut, can you say he is *willing* to forget them? —Does he not repine here in this very Letter, that he *must* forsake them; and does he not plainly cherish the *Inclination*, when he owns—She hesitated—Owns what? —You know what I mean, Sir; and I need not speak it: And can there well be a more censurable Character? —Then, dear Sir, *before* his Maiden Daughters! *before* his virtuous Lady! *before* Any-body!— What a sad thing is this, at a Time of Life, which should afford a better Example!

But, dear Sir, continu'd the bold Prattler, (taking Advantage of a Silence that was more owing to Displeasure than Approbation) let me, for I would not be *ensorious*, (No, not she! In the very Act of Censoriousness to say this! let me) offer but one thing: Don't you think, Sir *Simon* himself would be loth to be thought a reform'd Gentleman? Don't you see the Delight he takes, when he speaks of his former Pranks, as if he was sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *injoys*, as one may say, the Relations of his own rakish Actions, when he tells a bad Story!— And have you not seen how often he has been forced to take his Handker—chief to wipe the Outside of his Mouth, tho' the Inside wanted it most, when he has wounded a Lady's Ears, and turn'd, as it were, his own faulty Heart inside out? —Indeed, Sir, I am afraid, so bad in this way is your worthy Neighbour, that he would account it a Disgrace to him to be thought reform'd: And how then can I abuse the Gentleman, by representing him in a Light in which he loves to be considered?

But, said I, were this the Case, (for I profess, Sir *Simon*, I was at a grievous Loss to defend you) for you to write all these free things against a Father to his Daughter, is that right, *Pamela*?

O Sir! the *good* Gentleman himself has taken care, that such a Character as I presum'd to draw to Miss of her Papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. *B.* whenever his arch Leers, and the humourous Attitude in which he puts himself on those Occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking Story, how his Lady and Daughters (us'd to him, as they are) have suffer'd in their Apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: How, particularly, dear Miss *Darnford* has look'd at me with Concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her Papa from the Censure, which his faulty Expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear Sir, is it not a sad thing for a young Lady, who loves and honours her Papa, to observe that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the Example he ought to *give*? And, pardon me, Sir, for smiling on so serious an Occasion, continu'd she; but is it not a fine Sight, do you think, to see a Gentleman, as we have more than once seen Sir *Simon*, when he has thought proper to read a Passage or so, in some bad Book, pulling off *his Spectacles*, to talk filthily? Methinks, I see him now, added the bold Slut, splitting his arch Face, with a broad Laugh, shewing a Mouth, with hardly a Tooth in it, while he is making obscene Remarks upon what he has read.—

And then the dear Saucyface laugh'd out, to bear *me* Company; for I could not, for the Soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the Figure she brought to my Mind, which I have seen my old Friend make, on two or three Occasions of this sort, with his dismounted Spectacles, his arch Mouth, and Gums of shining Jet, succeeding those of polish'd Ivory, of which he often boasts, as one Ornament of his youthful Days. —And I the rather in my Heart, Sir *Simon*, gave you up, because, when I was a sad Fellow, it was always a Maxim with me, to endeavour to touch a Lady's Heart without wounding her Ears. And, indeed, I found my Account sometimes in observing it.

But, resuming my Gravity, Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old Friend thus made the Subject of your Ridicule? —Suppose a Challenge should have ensu'd between us on your Account—What might have been the Issue of it? To see an old Gentleman, stumping, as he says, on Crutches, to sight a Duel in Defence of his wounded Honour! A pretty Sight this would have afforded, would it not? And what (had any one met him on the Way) could he have said he was going to do? Don't you consider, that a Man is answerable for the Faults of his Wife? And, if my Fondness for you would have made me deny doing Justice to my Friend, and, on the contrary, to resolve in your behalf to give him a Meeting, and he had flung his Crutch at my Head, as he did the Book at his Daughter's, what might have been the Consequence, think you?

Very bad, Sir, said she, to be sure; I see that, and am sorry for it: For had you carry'd off Sir *Simon's* Crutch as a Trophy, the poor Gentleman must have lain sighing and groaning, like a wounded Soldier in the Field of Battle, till another had been brought him, to have stump'd home with.

But, dear Sir *Simon*, I have brought this Matter to an Issue, that will, I hope, make all easy: And that is this — Miss *Polly*, and my *Pamela*, shall both be punish'd as they deserve, if it be not your own Fault. I am told, that the Sins of your Youth don't sit so heavily upon your Limbs, as they do in your Imagination; and I believe Change of Air, and the Gratification of your Revenge, a fine Help to such lively Spirits as yours! will set you up. You shall then take Coach, and bring your pretty Criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and it shall be in your Power to absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy Friend insulted in so heinous a manner by a couple of saucy Girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from Fault to Fault, till there will be no Living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your Lady and you will lend Miss *Darnford* to my *Pamela's* Wishes, whose Heart is set upon the Hope of her wintering with us in Town, you will lay an Obligation upon us both; which will be

acknowledged with great Gratitude, by, Dear Sir,
Your affectionate and humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

From Sir Simon Darnford, in Reply.

Hark ye me, 'Squire B.—A Word in your Ear!—— I like neither you, nor your Wife, to be plain with you, well enough to trust my *Polly* with you. What! you are to shew her, in your Lady's Case, all the Game of a Lying—in, I suppose; and, at least, set the Girl a longing to make one in the Dance, before I have found out the proper Man for her Partner!

But here's War declar'd against my poor Gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my Mouth before your Lady, as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these Ten Years avoided to put on my Cravat; and for what Reason, do you think? —Why, because I could not bear to see what Ruins a few Years have made in a Visage, that us'd to inspire Love and Terror as it pleas'd. —And here your —What—shall—I—call—her of a Wife, with all the Insolence of Youth and Beauty on her Side, follows me with a Glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good—humour'd old Fellow—if I *am* an old Fellow—or I should not bear the Insults contain'd in your Letter. Between you and your Lady, you make a wretched Figure of me, that's certain— And yet, 'tis *taking my Part*, with a P—x to you, Mr. B. I would have said; but on your Lady's Account —You see I have as much more Charity than her, as she has Purity than me; or I should not have put in that Saving Clause in her Behalf.

Dismounted Spectacles, arch Mouth, Gums of shining Jet, and such—like fine Descriptions, are these yours, or your Lady's? I'd be glad to know that, Mr. B.—

Well but, What a D—I must a Man do?— I'd be glad at any Rate to stand in your Lady's Graces, that I would: Nor would I be the last Rake and Libertine unreform'd by her Example, which I suppose will make Virtue the Fashion, if she goes on at the Rate she does. But here I have been us'd to cut a Joke, and toss the Squib about; and, as far as I know, it has help'd to keep me alive in the midst of Pains and Aches, and with two Women—grown Girls, and the rest of the Mortifications that will attend on *advanced Years*; for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *Old—age!*——

I love, I own it, to make a pretty Woman blush; it is double—damasking a fine Rose, as it were; and till I saw your— Do, let me call her some free Name or other! I always lov'd to be free with pretty Women! Till I saw your——Methinks I like her *Arcadian* Name, tho' I'm so old a Swain, as not to merit any thing but Rebuke at her Hands —— Well then, till I saw your —— *Pamela* —— I thought all Ladies, in their Hearts, lov'd a little Squib of that kind. For why should they not, when it adds so much Grace to their Features, and improves their native Charms? —And often have I toss'd the Joke about, as much, in my Intention, to oblige *them as myself*.— Yet no one can say, but that I always wrapt it up in clean Linen, as the Saying is — Only suiting myself to my Company, till I had made the dear Rogues *sensible*, and shew they could apprehend.

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortify'd with a Looking—glass held before me, and every Wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a Cable—rope. —And what, pray, is to succeed to this Reformation? —I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt. —And besides, if my Stomach and my Jest depart from me, farewell, Sir *Simon Darnford!*

But cannot I pass as one necessary Character, do you think; as a Foil (as by—the—bye some of your own Actions have been to your Lady's Virtue) to set off some more edifying Example, where Variety of Characters make up a Feast in Conversation?

I beseech you, Mr. B.'s *Pamela*, stick me into some Posy among your finer Flowers—And if you won't put me in your Bosom, let me stand in some gay Flower—pot in your Chimney Corner: I may serve for Shew, if not for Smell. Or, let me be the Bass in your Musick, or permit my humorous Humdrum to serve as a pardonable kind of Discord to set off your own Harmony. —I verily think, I cannot be so good as you'd have me to be: So pray let your poor *Anacreon* go off with what he loves. It will be very cruel, if you won't.

Well but, after all, I believe I might have trusted you with my Daughter, under your Lady's Eye, Rake as you have been yourself. And Fame says wrong, if you have not been for your Time, a bolder Sinner than ever I was, (with your Maxim of touching Ladies Hearts, without wounding their Ears, which made surer Work with them, that was all) tho' 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed; and if you are, the whole Country round you, East, West, North and South, owe great Obligations to your fair Reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young Fellow coming out

of *Norfolk*, with one Estate in one County, another in another, and Jointures and Settlements in his Hands, and more Wit in his Head, as well as more Money in his Pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our *Polly*; tho' I tell her I much question the former Quality, his Wit, if he is for marrying. —And would you have her be attending your Wife's Nursery, when she may possibly be put in a Way to have a Raree—shew of her *own*?

Here then is the Reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. *B.*'s Request. But if this Matter should go off; if he should not like *her*, or she *him*; or if I should not like *his* Terms, or he *mine*; —or, still another *Or*, if he should like *Nancy* better — why, then, perhaps, if *Polly* be a good Girl, I may trust to her Virtue, and to your Honour, and let her go for a Month or two (for the Devil's in you, if you'd attempt to abuse such a generous Confidence) —As to the Superiority of Beauty in your own Lady, I depend nothing on that, with you young Fellows, to whom Variety has generally greater Charms.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say further, that I can forgive your severe Lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excus'd in the Airs you assume, which looks like one Chimney—sweeper calling another sooty Rascal) I give a Proof of my Charity, which I hope with Mrs. *B.* will cover a Multitude of Faults; and the rather, since, tho' I cannot be a *Follower* of her Virtue in the strictest Sense, I can be an *Admirer* of it; and that is some little Merit: And indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than

Your humble Servant, Simon Darnford.

LETTER XXV.

My honoured and dear Parents, I Hope you will excuse my long Silence, which has been owing to several Causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with: And yet this last is but a poor Excuse neither to you, who think every trifling Subject agreeable from your Daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady *Davers*. This gives me no small Pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some Uneasiness at times, lest I should not, when view'd so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her Ladyship's Expectations. But this I resolve upon, I will not endeavour to move out of the Sphere of my own Capacity, in order to emulate her Ladyship. She has, and must have, Advantages, by Conversation, as well as Education, which it would be Arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful Obligingness to my Lady, as shall be consistent with the Condition to which I am raised; that so her Ladyship may not have Reason to reproach me of Pride in my Exaltation, nor her dear Brother to rebuke me for Meanness in condescending: And, as to my Family Management, I am the less afraid of Inspection, because by the natural Byass of my own Mind, I bless God, I am above dark Reserves, and have not one selsish or sordid View, that should make me wish to avoid the most scrutinizing Eye.

I have begun a Correspondence with Miss *Darnford*, a young Lady of uncommon Merit. But you know her Character from my former Writings. She is very solicitous to hear of every thing that concerns me, and particularly how Lady *Davers* and I agree together. I loved her from the Moment I saw her first; for she has the least Pride, and the most Benevolence and solid Thought, I ever knew in a young Lady, and knows not what it is to envy any one. I shall write to her often: And as I shall have so many Avocations besides to fill up my Time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from Miss, as I hope to do, the Return of my Letters to her, for your Perusal, and the Entertainment of your Leisure Hours. This will give you, from time to time, the Accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own Particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest Delights, that I have such dear, such worthy Parents, (as, I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The Papers I send herewith will afford you some Diversion; particularly, those relating to Sir *Simon Darnford*; and I must desire, that when you have perused them, (as well as what I shall send for the future) you will return them to me.

Mr. *Longman* gave me great Pleasure, on his last Return from you, in his Account of your Health, and the Satisfaction you take in your happy Lot; and I must recite to you a brief Conversation, on this Occasion, that, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After he had been adjusting some Affairs with his dear Principal, which took them up two Hours, my best Beloved sent for me. —My Dear, said he, taking my Hand, and seating me down by him, and making the good old Gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my Approach) Mr. *Longman* and I have settled in two Hours some Accounts, which would have taken up as many Months with some Persons. But never was an exacter or more methodical Accomptant than Mr. *Longman*: He gives me, (greatly to my Satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an Account of the *Kentish* Concern, and of the Pleasure your Father and Mother take in it. —Now, my Charmer, said he, I see your sweet Eyes begin to glisten:— O how this Subject raises your whole Soul to the Windows of it!— Never was so dutiful a Daughter, Mr. *Longman*, and never did Parents better deserve a Daughter's Duty!

I endeavour'd before Mr. *Longman* to rein in a Gratitude, that my throbbing Heart confessed thro' my Handkerchief, as I could perceive: But the good old Gentleman could not hinder his from shewing itself at his worthy Eyes, to see how much I was favour'd — *oppress'd*, I should say, with the dearest Gentleman's tender Goodness to me, and kind expressions. Excuse me, Sir, excuse me, Madam, said he, wiping his Cheeks: My Delight to see such Merit so justly rewarded, will not be contained, I think.— And so he got up, and walked to the Window.

Well, good Mr. *Longman*, said I, as he returned towards us, you give me the Pleasure to know, that my Father and Mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a Goodness and Bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in.

Well and happy, Madam! —Ay that they are indeed! And a worthier Couple never lived, I assure you. Most nobly do they go on, in the Farm. Your Honour's one of the happiest Gentlemen in the World. All the Good you do, returns upon you in a Trice. It may well be said, *You cast your Bread upon the Waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the *Kentish* Tenants, Madam, are hugely delighted with their good Steward: Every thing prospers under his Management: The Gentry love both him and my Dame; and the poor People adore them. Indeed they do a Pow'r of Good, in visiting their poor Neighbours, and giving them Cordials, and such-like; insomuch that Colicks, Agues, and twenty Distempers, nipp'd in the Bud, fly before them. So that I reckon the Doctors will soon be the only Enemies they have in the World: For, in a while, there will be no Occasion for one within ten Miles of their Habitation.

In this manner ran on Mr. *Longman*, to my inexpressible Delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew, 'Tis an honest Soul, said my dear Mr. *B*. I love him for his respectful Love to my Angel, and his Value for the worthy Pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* Wishes. May they long live, and be happy!

The dear Gentleman makes me spring to his Arms, whenever he touches this String: For he speaks always thus generously and kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves: And now—and—then adds, That your Prudence and mine do more Credit to his Choice, than might have been done him by an Alliance with the first Quality: Since every Mouth, he is pleased to say, is full of our Merits. How pleasing, how transporting rather, my dear Parents, must this Goodness be to your happy Daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind Things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do?

When the expected Visit from Lord and Lady *Davers* is over, the approaching Winter will carry us to *London*; and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may more frequently hear from one another, which, to be sure, will be a great Heightening to my Pleasures.

But I have such an Account given me of the Immoralities to which Persons are exposed there, along with the publick Diversions, that it takes off a little from the Satisfaction I should otherwise have in the Thought of going thither. For they say, Quarrels, and Duels, and Gallantries, as they are called, so often happen at *London*, that those Enormities are heard of without the least Wonder or Surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest Benefactor, and continue to me his Affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your Healths and Felicity confirm and crown the Delights of

Your ever dutiful Daughter, P. B.

LETTER XXVI.

My dearest Child, It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the Nature of the Kindnesses is which we confer on our poor Neighbours, and the labouring People, lest it should be surmised by any body, that we are lavishing away Wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured Husband or you will suspect any such Matter, or that the worthy Mr. *Longman* would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a Report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small Things, tho' the Good we hope from them is not small perhaps: And if a very distressful Case should happen among our poor Neighbours, that would require any thing considerable, and the Objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God shall direct you.

But this, indeed, we have done, and continue to do; We have furnished ourselves with simple Waters and Cordials of several Sorts; and when in a hot sultry Day, I see poor labouring Creatures ready to faint and drop down, if they are only fatigued, I order them a Mouthful of Bread or so, and a Cup of good Ale or Beer, and this makes them go about their Business with new Spirits; and when they bless me for it, I tell them they must bless the good 'Squire, from whose Bounty, next to God, it all proceeds. If any are ill, I give them a Cordial; and we have been the Means of setting up several poor Creatures who have labour'd under Colicky and Aguish Disorders, or have been taken with slight Stomach Ailments. And nothing is lost by it, my dear Child; for poor People have as grateful Souls as any body; and it would delight your dear Heart to see how many drooping Spirits we have raised, and how, in an Hour or two, some of them, after a little cordial Refreshment, from languishing under an Hedge, or behind a Hay—stack, have skipped about, as nimble as Deer, whistling and singing, and pursuing with Alacrity their several Employments; and instead of cursing and swearing, as is the Manner of some wicked Wretches, nothing but Blessings and Praises poured out of their glad Hearts upon his Honour and you; calling me their Father and Friend, and telling me, they will live and die for me, and my Wife; and that we shall never want an industrious Servant to do his Honour's Business, or to cultivate the Farm I am blessed in. And in like sort, we communicate to our sick or wanting Neighbours, even altho' they be not Tenants to the Estate.

Come, my dear Child, you are happy, very happy, to be sure you are; and, if it *can* be, may you be yet happier and happier! But still I verily think you cannot be more happy than your Father and Mother, except in this one thing, That all *our* Happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other Parents bless their Children with Plenty and Benefits, you have bless'd your Parents (or your honoured Husband rather for your sake) with all the good Things this World can afford.

The Papers you send us are the Joy of our Leisure Hours; and you are kind, beyond all Expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your Time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now—and—then you let us hear of your Health and Welfare. But it is not enough with such a good Daughter, that you have made our Lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us all that befalls you: And then you write so piously, and with such a Sense of God's Goodness to you, and intermix such good Reflections in your Writings, that, whether it be our partial Love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: And you make our Hearts and our Eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join Hand in Hand together, and I say to her, Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my Dear; and she in the same Breath, Blessed be God, and you, my Love — For such a Daughter, says the one — For such a Daughter, says the other — And she has your own sweet Temper, cry I — And she has your own honest Heart, cries she: And so we go on, blessing God, and blessing you, and blessing your Spouse, and blessing ourselves! — Is any Happiness like our Happiness, my dear Daughter!

Really and indeed, we are so inraptur'd with your Writings, that when our Spirits flag, thro' the Infirmary of Years, that have begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your Papers: Come, my Dear, cry I, what say you to a Banquet now? — She knows what I mean. With all my Heart, says she. — So I read, altho' it be on a *Sunday*, so good are your Letters; and, you must know, I have Copies of a many of them: And after a little while, we are as much alive and brisk, as if we had had no Flagging at all, and return to the Duties of the Day with double Delight.

Consider then, my dear Child, what Joy your Writings give us: And yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who

have so much to do of other Kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save Trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young Lady as Miss *Darnford*, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear Goodness to me, and the Notice she took of me at the Hall kindly pressing my rough Hands with her fine Hands, and looking in my Face with *so* much Kindness in her Eyes! — to be sure I never shall. —What good People, as well as bad, there are in high Stations!— Thank God there are; else our poor Child would have had a sad Time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once I heard you phrase it, into Company you could not *live with*.

Well, but how shall I end? And yet, what shall I say more? —Only, with my Prayers, that God will continue to you the Blessings and Comforts you are in Possession of! —And pray now, be not over—thoughtful about what may happen at *London*; for why should you let the Dread of future Evils lessen your present Joys? There is no absolute Perfection in this Life, that's ; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis Time enough to be troubled when Troubles come: — *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof*.

Rejoice then, my dear Child, as you have often said you would, in your present Blessings, and leave the Event of Things to the Supreme Disposer of all Events. And what have *you* to do, but rejoice? *You*, who cannot see a Sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their Beds Numbers to join in the Blessing! *You* who can bless your high—born Friends, and your low—born Parents, and obscure Relations! who can bless the Rich by your Example, and the Poor by your Bounty; and bless besides so good and so brave a Husband! —O my dear Child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do, but rejoice? —*For many Daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all*.

I will only add, that every thing the 'Squire order'd is just upon the Point of being finished. And when the good Time comes, that we shall be again favoured with his Presence and yours, what a still greater Joy will this afford to the already overflowing Hearts of

Your ever loving Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews!

LETTER XXVII.

My dear Miss Darnford, The Interest I take in every thing that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the Gentleman, whom some of his best Friends and Well—wishers have recommended to your Favour. I hope he will deserve your good Opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried Gentlemen in *England*.

Your Papa, in his humourous Manner, mentions his large Possessions and Riches: But, indeed, were he as rich as *Croesus*, he should not have my Consent, if he has no *greater* Merit; tho' that is what the Generality of Parents look out for first: And indeed an easy Fortune is so far from being disregardable, that, when attended with *equal* Merit, I think it ought to have a *Preference* given to it, supposing Affections disingaged. For 'tis certain, that a Gentleman or Lady may stand as good a Chance for Happiness in Marriage with a Person of Fortune, as with one who has not that Advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither Riches nor Descent to boast of, I must be of Opinion with those, who say, that they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit Riches to be the *principal* Inducement, to the Neglect of superior Merit, that is the Fault which many a one smarts for, whether the Choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a Title to their Obedience.

Here is a saucy Body, might some, who have not *Miss Darnford's* kind Consideration for her Friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her Opinion, in these high Cases, unasked. But I have one thing, my dear Miss, to say; and that is, that I think myself so intirely divested of Partiality to my own Case, that, as far as my Judgment shall permit, I will never have that in View, when I am presuming to hint my Opinion of general Rules. For, most surely, the Honours I have received, and the Debasement to which my best Friend has subjected himself, have, for their principal Excuse, that the Gentleman was intirely independent, had no Questions to ask, and had a Fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the Person he chose, happy, tho' she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a Character for good Sense, and Knowledge of the World, that nobody could impute to him any other Inducement, but that of a noble Resolution to reward a Virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, try'd, and could not subdue.

But why do I thus run on to *Miss Darnford*, whose partial Friendship attributes to me Merits I cannot claim? I will, therefore, quit this Subject, as a needless one to her, and proceed to what was principally in my View, when I began to write; and that is, to complain of your Papa, who has, let me say it, done his Endeavour to set at Variance a Gentleman and his Wife.

I will not enter into the Particulars, because the Appeal is to *Coesar*, and it would look like invading his Prerogative, to take it into my own Hands. But I can tell *Sir Simon*, that he is the only Gentleman, I hope, who, when a young Person of my Sex asked him to make her a Present of a Book, would put such a mischievous Turn as he has done upon it, to her Husband! —Indeed, from the *Beginning*, I had Reason to call him a Tell—tale—But, no more of that—Yet I must say, I had rather he should have flung this Book at *my* Head too, than to have made a so much worse Use of it. But I came off tolerably, no Thanks to *Sir Simon*, however! —And *but* tolerably neither: For, my dear *Mr. B.* kept me in Suspense a good while, and put me in great Flutters, before he let me into the Matter.

But I was very much concerned, my dear Miss, at first, till you gave a Reason I better liked afterwards, for *Sir Simon's* denying your Company to me, after I had obtain'd the Favour of your Mamma's Consent, and you were kindly inclin'd yourself to oblige me: And that was, that *Sir Simon* had a bad Opinion of the Honour of my dear *Mr. B.* For, as to that Part of his Doubt, which reflected Dishonour upon his dear Daughter, it was all but the Effect of his strange free Humour, on purpose to vex you.

That Gentleman must be the most abandon'd of Men, who would attempt any thing against the Virtue of a Lady intrusted to his Protection: And I am grieved, methinks, that the dear Gentleman, who is the better Part of myself, and has, to his own Debasement, acted so honourably by me, should be thought capable of so much Vileness. But forgive me, Miss; it is only *Sir Simon*, I dare say, who could think so hardly of him: And I am in great Hope, for the Honour of the *present* Age, (quite contrary to the Aspersion, that every Age grows worse and worse) that the *last*, if it produc'd People capable of such Attempts, was wickeder than this.

Bad as my dear *Mr. B.'s* Designs and Attempts were upon me, I can, now I am set above fearing them, and am

inabled to reflect upon them with less Terror and Apprehension, be earnest, for his own dear sake, to think him not, even *then*, the worst of Men, tho' bad enough in all Conscience: For have we not heard of those that have had no Remorse or Compunction at all, and have actually executed all their vile Purposes, when a poor Creature was in their Power? —Yet (indeed, after sore Trials, that's !) did not God turn his Heart? And altho' I was still helpless, and without any Friend in the World, and in the Hands of a poor vile Woman, who, to be sure, was worse than he, provoking him to ruin me, and so wholly in his Power, that I durst not disobey him, whether he bid me come to him, or be gone from him, as he was pleased, or displeas'd with me; yet, I say, for all this, did he not overcome his criminal Passion, and entertain an honourable one, tho' to his poor Servant Girl; and brave the World, and the World's Censures, and marry me?

And does not this shew, that the Seeds of Honour were kept alive in his Heart, tho' choaked or kept from sprouting forth, for a Time, by the Weeds of Sensuality, Pride, and youthful Impetuosity? And by cutting down the latter, have not the former taken Root, have they not shot out, and, in their turn, *kept down* at least, the depressed Weeds? And who now lives more virtuously than Mr. B.?

Let me tell you, my dear Miss, that I have not heard of many Instances of Gentlemen, who, having designed vilely, have stopt short, and acted so honourably; and who continue to act so nobly: And I have great Confidence, that he will, in time, be as pious, as he is now moral; for tho' he has a few bad Notions, which he talks of now—and—then, as Polygamy, and such—like, which indeed give me a little serious Thought sometimes, because a Man is too apt to practise what he has persuaded himself to believe is no Crime; yet, I hope, they are owing more to the Liveliness of his Wit, (a wild Quality, which does not always confine itself to proper Exercises) than to his Judgment. And if I can but see the first three or four Months Residence over in that wicked *London*, (which, they say, is so seducing a Place) without adding to my Apprehensions, how happy shall I be!

So much, slightly, have I thought proper to say in behalf of my dear Mr. B. For a good Wife cannot but hope for a sweeter and more elevated Companionship, (if her presumptuous Heart makes her look upward with Hope herself) than this transitory State can afford us. And what a sad Case is hers, who being as exemplary as human Frailty will permit her to be, looks forward upon the Partner of her adverse and of her prosperous Estate, the Husband of her Bosom, the Father of her Children, the Head of her Family, as a poor unhappy Soul, destin'd to a separate and a miserable Existence for ever! —O my dear Miss! —How can such a Thought be supportable! —But what high Consolation, what Transport rather, at times, must hers be, who shall be bless'd with the Hope of being an humble Instrument to reclaim such a dear, dear, thrice dear Partner! —And that, Heart in Heart, and Hand in Hand, they shall one Day issue forth from this incumbred State into a blessed Eternity, benefited by each other's Example — I will lay down my Pen, and enjoy the rich Thought for a few Moments!

Now, my dear Miss, let me, as a Subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind Mention of the worthy Mr. *Peters's* Sentiments in relation to that Part of his Conduct to me, which (oppress'd by the Terrors and Apprehensions to which I was subjected) once indeed I censured; and so much the readier, as I had ever so great an Honour for his Cloth, that I thought, to be a Clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. *Peters*, I had a high Opinion of his Worthiness; and as no one can be perfect in this Life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my Lot, to be a Cause of Stumbling to so worthy a Heart! To be sure, a Gentleman, who knows so well, and practises so well, his Duty, in every other Instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one Day* sensible, that it would not have misbecome his Function and Character to have afforded that Protection to oppressed Innocence, which was requested of him; and how would it have grieved his considerate Mind, had my Ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a Name—sake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater Instance, let not my Want of Charity exceed his Fault; but let me look upon it as an Infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable: I was a Stranger to him; a Servant Girl carry'd off by her Master, a young Gentleman of violent and lawless Passions; who, in this very Instance, shew'd how much in Earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile Purposes; and whose Heart altho' *God* might touch, it was not probable any lesser Influence could.

Then he was not sure, that tho' he might assist my Escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the Hands of so determin'd a Violator; and that Difficulty would not, with such an one, inance his Resolution to overcome all Obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the Person, who was moving him to this worthy Measure, might possibly be

seeking to gratify a View of his own; and that while he was endeavouring to save, to outward Appearance, a Virtue in Danger, he was, in reality, only helping (at the Hazard of exposing himself to the Vindictiveness of a violent Temper, and a rich Neighbour, who had Power as well as Will to resent) another to a Wife; for such was his Apprehension, groundless, intirely groundless as it was, tho' not improbable, as it might seem to him.

Then again, the sad Examples set by too many *European* Sovereigns, in whom the *Royal* and *Priestly Offices* are united (for are not Kings the *Lord's Anointed?*); and the little Scruple which many Persons, Right Reverend by their Functions and Characters, too generally make, to pay sordid Court and Visits (far from bearing their Testimony against such Practices) even to Concubines, who have Interest to promote them†, are no small Discouragements to a private Clergyman, to do his Duty, and to make himself Enemies among his powerful Neighbours, for the Cause of Virtue. And especially (forgive me, dear Sir *Simon Darnford*, if you should see this) when an eminent Magistrate, one of the principal Gentlemen of the County, of an independent Fortune, who had fine young Ladies to his Daughters, (who had nothing but their superior Conditions, not their Sex, to exempt them from like Attempts) a Justice of Peace, and of the *Quorum*; refused to be a Justice, tho' such a Breach of the *Peace* was made, and such a Violation of *Morals* plainly intended. This, I say, must add to the Discouragement of a Gentleman a little too diffident and timorous of himself: And who having no one to second him, had he afforded me his Protection, must have stood alone in the Gap, and made to himself, in an active Gentleman, an Enemy who had a thousand desirable Qualities to make one wish him for a Friend.

For all these Considerations, I think myself obliged to pity, rather than too rigorously to censure, the worthy Gentleman. And I must and will always respect him: And thank him a thousand times, my dear Miss, in my Name, for his Goodness, in condescending to acknowlege, by your dear Hand, his Infirmity, as such: For this gives an excellent Proof of the natural Worthiness of his Heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a Fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear Friend, I have so much Honour for the Clergy of all Degrees, that I never forget in my Prayers, one Article, That God will make them burning and shining Lights to the World; since so much depends on their Ministry and Examples, as well with respect to our publick as private Duties. Nor shall the Faults of a Few make Impression upon me to the Disadvantage of the Order. For I am afraid a very censorious Temper, in this respect, is too generally the Indication of an uncharitable, and perhaps a profligate Heart, levelling Characters, in order to cover some inward Pride or secret Enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear Miss, this tedious Scribble. I cannot for my Life write short Letters to those I love. And let me hope, that you will favour me with an Account of your new Affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your Conversations, as may give me some Notion of a polite Courtship. For, alas! my dear Miss, your poor Friend knows nothing of this. All her Courtship was sometimes a hasty Snatch of the Hand, a black and blue Gripe of the Arm, and, Whither now! —Come, to me, when I bid you! —And Saucy-face, and Creature, and such—like, on his Part—with Fear and Trembling on mine; and—I will, I will! —Good Sir, have Mercy! At other times, a Scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplift Hands, bent Knees, and tearful Eyes — For God's sake, pity your poor Servant!

This, my dear Miss, was the hard Treatment that attended my Courtship. —Pray, then, let me know, how Gentlemen court their Equals in Degree; how they look when they address you, with their Knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir *Simon* says, with the Words Slave, Servant, Admirer, continually at their Tongues Ends.

But after all, it will be found, I believe, that, be the Language and Behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike. —The *English*, the plain *English*, of the politest Address, is, I am now, dear Madam, your humble Servant: Pray be so good as to let me be your Master. Yes, and thank you too, says the Lady's Heart, tho' not her Lips, if she likes him. And so they go to Church together: And, in Conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious Courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinc'd, that with a Man of Sense, a Woman of tolerable Prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a Man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you as happy as I now am, not with standing all that's past, wishes and prays

Your obliged Friend and Servant, P. B.

N. B. Altho' Miss *Darnford* could not receive the above Letter so soon, as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair Correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the Order of Time, that the Reader may have the Letter and Answer at one View: And shall on other Occasions take the like Liberty.

LETTER XXVIII.

In Answer to the preceding.

My dear Mrs. B. You charm us all, with your Letters. *Mr. Peters* says he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful Acknowledgements for your favourable Opinion of him, and kind Allowances. If there be an Angel on Earth, he says you are one. My Papa, altho' he has seen your stinging Reflection upon his Refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to *Lincolnshire* again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good Earnest; for he thinks he was wrong to deny you his Protection.

We are pleas'd with your Apology for *Mr. B.* 'Tis so much the Part of a good Wife to extenuate her Husband's Faults, and make the best of his bad Qualities, in order to give the World a good Opinion of him; that, together with the affecting Instances of your Humility, in looking back with so much Greatness of Mind; to what you were, make us all join to admire you, and own, that nobody can deserve what you deserve.

Yet I am sorry, my dear Friend, to find, notwithstanding your Defence of *Mr. B.* that you have any Apprehensions about *London*. 'Tis pity any thing should give you Concern. As to *Mr. B.*'s staking in Favour of Polygamy, you cannot expect, that he can shake off all his bad Notions at once. And it must be a great Comfort to you, that his *Actions* do not correspond, and that his Liberties have been reduced to *Notions* only. In time, we hope that he will be every thing you wish him. If not, with such an Example before him, he will be the more culpable.

We all smiled at the Description of your own uncommon Courtship. And as they say, the Days of Courtship are the happiest Part of Life, if we had not known that your Days of Marriage are happier by far, than any other body's Courtship, we must needs have pity'd you. But as the one were Days of Trial and Temptation, the other are Days of Reward and Happiness: May the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no Occasion to think any body happier than *Mrs. B.*

I thank you heartily for your good Wishes as to the Man of Sense. *Mr. Murray* has been here, and continues his Visits. He is a lively Gentleman, well enough in his Person, has a tolerable Character, yet loves Company, and will take his Bottle freely; my Papa likes him ne'er the worse for that: He talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own Person very well: No great Pleasure this for a Lady to look forward to; yet he falls far short of that genteel Ease, and graceful Behaviour, which distinguish your *Mr. B.* from any body I know.

I wish *Mr. Murray* would apply to my Sister. She is an ill-natur'd Girl; but would make a good Wife, I hope; and I fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his Conversation; his Complaisance is not a pretty Complaisance: He is well vers'd in Country Sports; and my Papa loves him for that too, and says, He is a most accomplish'd Gentleman: Yes, cry I, as Gentlemen go—You *must* be saucy, says *Sir Simon*, and when a Partridge is put on your Plate, snuff up your Nose at it, when, were you kept a little hungry, you'd have leapt at a coarser Bird.

I know some Gentlemens Partridges, *Sir*, cry'd I, no better than rank Wigeons, and far short of a Stubble Goose. He call'd me one of his free Names.

But I have broken my Mind to my dear, my indulgent Mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the Pleasure she can; but would be loth the youngest Daughter should *go first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now—and—then, I did not care who marry'd, unless such an one offer'd, as I never expect.

I have great Hope, the Gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for *Nancy*; for I see he has not Delicacy enough to love with any great Distinction. He says, as my Mamma tells me by the bye, that I am the handsomest and best humour'd; and he has found out, as he thinks, that I have some Wit, and have Ease and Freedom (and he tacks Innocence to them) in my Address and Conversation. 'Tis well for me, *he* is of this Opinion; for if he thinks justly, which I much question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking Pains to ingage his good Word, having been under more Reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed, I can't help it; for the Gentleman is forward without Delicacy; and (pardon me, *Sir Simon*) my Papa has not one bit of it neither: But is for pushing Matters on, with his rough Raillery, that puts me out of Countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid Part of the Preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope *Nancy's* 3000*l.* Fortune more than I am likely to have will give her the wish'd for Preference with *Mr. Murray*; and then, as to a Brotherin-law, in Prospect, I can put off all Restraint, and return to my usual Freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of Notice from us: But from you, we expect an Account of *Lady Davers's* Visit, and of the Conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your Subject or Reflections, or both, that we long for every Post-Day, in hopes of the Pleasure of a Letter.— And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many Testimonies of the Honour I receive in this Correspondence: Which will be always esteemed, as it deserves, by, my dear *Mrs. B.*

Your obliged and faithful Polly Darnford.

Mrs. Peters, *Mrs. Jones*, my Papa, Mamma, and Sister, present their due Respects. *Mr. Peters* I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good Account of poor *Jewkes*; and is much pleased with her.

LETTER XXIX.

My dear Miss Darnford, At your Desire, and to oblige your honoured Mamma, and your good Neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the Arrival of Lady *Davers*, and will write what passes between us: I will not say worthy of Notice; for were I to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my Time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a Bit now and a Bit then, you must excuse, me if I dispense with some Forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it Journal-wise, as it were, and have no Regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my Freedom of Narration, to Inscription or Subscription; but send it as I have Opportunity: And if you please to favour me so far, as to lend it me, after you have read the Stuff, for the Perusal of my Father and Mother, to whom my Duty and Promise require me to give an Account of my Proceedings, it will save me Transcription, for which I shall have no Time; and then you will excuse Blots and Blurs, and I will trouble myself no further for Apologies on that score, but this one for all.

If you think it worth while, when they have read it, you shall have it again.

Wednesday Morning, Six o'Clock.

For my dear Friend permits me to rise an Hour sooner than my Wont, that I may have Time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employ'd, or in Reading; often saying, when I am at my Needle, (as his Sister once wrote) Your Maids can do this, *Pamela*; but they cannot write as you can. And yet, as he tells me, when I chuse to follow my Needle, as a Diversion from too intense Study, as he is pleased to call it, (but, alas! I know not what Study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes) I shall then do as I please. But you must understand I promised at setting out, what a good Wife I'd endeavour to make And every honest body should try to be as good as their Word, you know; and such Particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my Duty to perform, if I had *not* promised. —But what a Preamble is here? —Judge by it what Impertinences you may expect as I proceed.

Yesterday about Six in the Evening arrived here my Lord and Lady *Davers*, their Nephew, and the Countess of C. Mother of Lady *Betty*, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater Favour. It seems her Ladyship long'd, as she said, to see *me*; and this was her principal Inducement. The two Ladies, and their two Women, were in Lord *Davers's* Coach and Six, and my Lord and his Nephew rode on Horseback, attended with a Train of Servants.

We had expected them to Dinner; but they could not reach Time enough; for the Countess being a little incommoded with her Journey, the Coach travelled slowly. My Lady would not suffer her Lord, nor his Nephew, to come hither before her, tho' on Horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his Lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her Mother's Pamela*; that was her Word.

It rained when they came in; so the Coach drove directly to the Door, Mr. *B.* receiving them there: But I was in a little Sort of Flutter, which Mr. *B.* observing, made me sit down in the Parlour to compose myself. Where's *Pamela*? said my Lady, as soon as she alighted in the Passage.

I stepped out, lest she should take it amiss; and she took my Hand, and kissed me: Here, my Lady Countess, said she, presenting me to her — Here's the Girl; see if I said too much in Praise of her Person.

The Countess saluted me with a kind Pleasure in her Eye, and said, Indeed, Lady *Davers*, you have not. 'T would have been strange, (excuse me, Mrs. *B.* for I know your Story) if such a fine Flower had not been transplanted from the Field to the Garden.

I made no Return but by a low Court'sy to her Ladyship's Compliment. Then Lady *Davers*, taking my Hand again, presented me to her Lord: See here, my Lord, my Mother's *Pamela*! —And see here, my Lord, said her generous Brother, taking my other Hand most kindly, see here your Brother's *Pamela* too!

My Lord saluted me: I do, said he to his Lady; I do, said he to his Brother; and I see the first Person in her, that has exceeded my Expectation, when every Mouth had *prepared* me to expect a Wonder.

Mr. *H.* whom every one calls Lord *Jackey*, after his Aunt's Example when she is in good Humour with him, and who is a very *young* Gentleman, tho' about as old as my best Friend, came to me next, and said, Lovelier and lovelier, by my Life! —I never saw your Peer, Madam.

Will you excuse me, Miss, all this seeming Vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

Well but, said my Lady, taking my Hand, in her free Quality Way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at Distance, and turning me half-round, her Eye fixed to my Waist, Let me observe you a little, my sweet-fac'd Girl! —I hope I am right:—I hope you will do Credit to my Brother, as he has done you Credit. —Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. *B.*?

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, Miss; my Face, all over Scarlet, was hid in my Bosom, and I looked so silly!—

Ay, said my naughty Lady, you may well look down, my good Girl: For, to talk to thee in thy own grave Way, thou hast verify'd the Scripture, *What is done in Secret, shall be known on the Housetop.*

Dear my Lady! said I — for still she kept looking at me: And her dear Brother, seeing my Confusion, in Pity to me, press'd my blushing Face a Moment on his generous Breast; and said, Lady *Davers*, you should not be thus hard upon my dear Girl, the Moment you see her, and before so many Witnesses: But look up, my best Love, take

your Revenge of my Sister, and tell her, you wish her in the same Way.

It is so then, said my Lady: I'm glad of it with all my Heart. I will now love you still better: but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good Child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you. And so she gave me a Kiss of Congratulation, as she said.

Do you think, Miss, I did not look very silly? —My Lord, smiling, and gazing at me from Head to Foot, Lord *Jackey* grinning and laughing, like an Oaf, as I then, in my Spite, thought. Indeed the Countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely on Persons of Birth, — Lady *Davers*, you are as much too teizing, as Mrs. *B.* is too bashful. But you're a happy Man, Mr. *B.* that your Lady's Modesty and Bashfulness are the only Marks by which we can judge she is not of Quality. Lord *Jackey*, in the Language of some Character in a Play, cry'd out, *A palpable Hit*, by Jupiter, and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same Words.

We talked only upon common Topicks till Supper-time, and I was all Ear, as I thought it became me; for the Countess had by her first Compliment, and by an Aspect as noble as intelligent, obliged me to Silence, in Awe of a Superiority so visible; as had Lady *Davers's* free, though pleasant, Raillery, which she could not help carrying on now-and-then. Besides, Lady *Davers's* Letters had given me greater Reason to revere her Wit and Judgment, (high as my Respect for her before had carried my Notions of her Excellence) than I had formed to myself, when I reflected on her passionate Temper, and such Parts of the Conversation I had had with her Ladyship in your Neighbourhood; which (however to be admired) sell short of her Letters.

When we were to sit down at Table, I looked, suppose, a little diffidently; for I really then thought of my Lady's Anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at Table with her and Mr. *B.* saying, Take your Place, my Dear; you keep our Friends standing; I sat down in my usual Place. And my Lady said, None of your reproaching Eye, *Pamela*; I know what you hint at: And every Letter I have receiv'd from you, has help'd to make me censure myself for my *Lady-Airs*, as you call 'em, you Saucebox you: I told you, I'd *Lady-Airs* you when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good Time.

I'm sure, said I, I shall have nothing from your Ladyship, but what will be very agreeable: But indeed I never meant any thing particular by that, or any other Word that I wrote; nor could I think of any thing but what was highly respectful to your Ladyship.

Lord *Davers* was pleased to say, that it was impossible I should either write or speak any thing that could be taken amiss.

Lady *Davers*, after Supper, and the Servants were withdrawn, began a Discourse on Titles, and said, Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord *Davers*; for he has spoken to Lord *S.* who made him a Visit a few Days ago, to procure you a Baronet's Patent. Your Estate, and the Figure you make in the World, are so considerable, and your Family besides is so antient, that, methinks, you should wish for some Distinction of that Sort.

Yes, Brother, said my Lord, I did mention it to Lord *S.* and told him, withal, that it was without your Knowledge or Desire, that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it; but 'tis a thing your Sister has wish'd for a good while.

What Answer did my Lord *S.* make to it? said Mr. *B.*

He said, We, meaning the Ministers, I suppose, should be glad to oblige a Gentleman of Mr. *B.'s* Figure in the World; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect Courtiers will tender it to any Gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord *Davers*, we seldom grant Honours without a View, I tell you that, said he, smiling.

My Lord *S.* might mention this as a Jest, return'd Mr. *B.* but he spoke the Truth. But your Lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis, 'tis an hereditary Title: But the rich Citizens, who used to be satisfy'd with the Title of Knights, (till they made it so common, that it was brought into as great Contempt as the *French* Knights of St. *Michael*, and nobody else cared to accept of it) now are ambitious of this; and, I take it, it is hastening apace into like Disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel Honour, and what our Ancestors, who lived at its Institution, would never accept of. But were it a Peerage they would give me, which has some essential Privileges and Splendors attached to it, that would make it desirable to some Men, I would not enter into Conditions for it. Titles at best, added he, are but Shadows; and he that has the Substance should be above valuing them; for who that has the whole Bird, would pride himself upon a single Feather?

But, said my Lady, altho' I acknowledge, that the Institution is of late Date, yet as abroad, as well as at home, it

is regarded as a Title of Dignity, and it is supposed, that the best Families among the Gentry are of it, I should be glad you would accept of it. And as to Citizens being of it, they are not many; and some of them, or their immediate Descendants however, have bought themselves into the Peerage itself of the one Kingdom or the other.

As to what it is looked upon Abroad, said Mr. *B.* that is of no Weight at all; for when an *Englishman* travels, be he of what Degree he will, if he has an Equipage, and squanders his Money away, he is a Lord of course with Foreigners: And therefore Sir *Such-a-one* is rather a Diminution to him, as it fixes him down to a lower Title than his Vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the Possession of. Then, as to Citizens, in a Trading Nation like this, I am not displeas'd in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal Honours; and we have so many of our first Titled Families who have ally'd themselves to Trade, (whose Inducements were Money only) that it ceases to be either a Wonder as to the Fact, or a Disgrace to the Honour.

Well, Brother, said my Lady, I will tell you further, the Thing may be had for asking for: If you will but go to Court, and desire to kiss the King's Hand, that will be all the Trouble you'll have; and pray now oblige me in it.

If a Title would make me either a better or a wiser Man, reply'd Mr. *B.* I would imbrace it with Pleasure. Besides, I am not so intirely satisfied with some of the Measures now pursuing, as to owe any Obligation to the Ministers. Accepting of a small Title from them, is but like putting on their Badge, or listing under their Banners; like a certain Lord we all know, who accepted of one Degree more of Title to shew he was theirs, and would not have a higher, lest it should be thought a Satisfaction tantamount to half the Pension he demanded: And could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ingrateful Man for voting as I pleas'd, because they gave me the Title of a Baronet?

The Countess said, The World always thought Mr. *B.* was a Gentleman of moderate Principles, and not attached to any Party; and it was her Opinion, that it was far from being inconsistent with any Gentleman's Honour and Independency, to accept of a Title from a Prince he acknowledg'd as his Sovereign.

'Tis very , Madam, reply'd Mr. *B.* that I am attach'd to no Party, and never will; and I have a mean Opinion of many of the Heads of both: Nay, I will say further, that I wish at my Heart, the Gentlemen in the Administration would pursue such Measures, that I could give them every Vote; as I always will every one that I can; and I have no very high Opinion of those who, right or wrong, would distress or imbarass a Government. For this is certain, that our Governors cannot be always in the wrong; and he therefore who never gives them a Vote, must probably be as often out of the Way as they, and must, moreover, have some View he will not own. But in a Country like ours, where each of the Legislative Powers is in a Manner independent, and where they are designed as mutual Checks upon each other, I have, notwithstanding, so great an Opinion of the Necessity of an Opposition sometimes, that I am convinc'd it is that which must preserve our Constitution. I will therefore be a *Country Gentleman*, in the Sense of the Word, and will accept of no Favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the Opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a Round to any Man's Ladder of Preferment, or a Caballer for the sake of my own.

You say well, Brother, return'd Lady *Davers*; but you may undoubtedly keep your own Principles and Independency, and yet pay your Duty to the King, and accept of this Title; for your Family and Fortune will be a greater Ornament to the Title, than the Title to you.

Then, what Occasion have I for it, if that be the Case, Madam?

Why, I can't say but I should be glad you had it, for your Family's sake, as it is an hereditary Honour. Then it would mend the Style of your Spouse here; for the good Girl is at such a Loss for an Epithet when she writes, that I see the Constraint she lies under. It is, *My dear Gentleman, My best Friend, My Benefactor, My dear Mr. B.*; whereas Sir *William* would turn off her Periods more roundly, and no other softer Epithet would be wanting.

To me, reply'd he, who always desire to be distinguished as my *Pamela's* best Friend, and think it an Honour to be called *her dear Mr. B.* and *her dear Gentleman*, this Reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir *William* in the Kingdom than her Sir *William*; for I am very emulous of her Favour, I can tell you, and think it no small Distinction.

I blush'd at this too great Honour, before such Company, and was afraid my Lady would be a little piqu'd at it. But, after a Pause, she said, Well then, Brother, will you let *Pamela* decide upon this Point?

Rightly put, said the Countess. Pray let Mrs. *B.* chuse for you, Sir. My Lady has hit the Thing.

Very good, very good, by my Soul, says Lord *Jackey*, let my *young Aunt*, that was his Word, chuse for you, Sir.

Well then, *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman, give us *your* Opinion, as to this Point.

But, first, said Lady *Davers*, say you will be determin'd by it; or else she will be laid under a Difficulty.

Well then, reply'd he, be it so. I will be determined by your Opinion, my Dear: Give it me freely.

Lord *Jackey* rubb'd his Hands together, Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By *Jove*, this is just as I wish'd!

Well, now, *Pamela*, said my Lady, speak your Heart without Disguise: I charge you do.

Why then, Gentlemen and Ladies, said I, if I must be so bold as to speak on a Subject, upon which, on several Accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the Title; but perhaps my Reason is of too private a Nature, to weigh any thing; and if so, it would not become me to have any Choice at all.

They all called upon me for my Reason; and I said, looking down, a little abash'd, It is this: Here my dear Mr. *B.* has disparag'd himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low Body as I; and the World will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the Honour he has lost *another*; and then, perhaps, it will be attributed to my Pride and Ambition: Here, they will be apt to say, the proud Cottager will needs be a Lady, in Hopes to conceal her Descent; whereas, had I such a vain Thought, it would be but making it the more remember'd against both my dear Mr. *B.* and myself. And indeed, as to my own Part, added I, I take too much Pride in having been listed up into this Distinction, for the Causes to which I owe it, your Brother's *Bounty* and *Generosity*, than to be ashamed of what I *was*: Only now—and—then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censur'd. — But this would not be prevented by the Title; but rather would be aggravated by it. —So I am humbly of Opinion against the Title.

The dear Gentleman had hardly Patience to hear me out, but came to me, and folding his Arms about me, said, Just as I wish'd, have you answer'd, my beloved *Pamela*: I was never yet deceiv'd in you; no, not once.

My Lady Countess, my Lord *Davers*, my Lady *Davers*, said the dear Gentleman, do we want any Titles, think you, to make us happy, but what we can confer upon ourselves? And he press'd my Hand to his Lips, as he always honours me most in Company; and went to his Place, highly pleas'd; while his fine Manner drew Tears from my Eyes, and made his noble Sister's and the Countess's glisten too.

My Lady said, Well, for my Part, thou art a strange Girl! Where, as my Brother once said, gottest thou all this? Then, pleasantly humourous, as if she was angry, she changed her Tone, What signify thy *meek* Words, and *humble* Speeches, when by thy *Actions*, as well as *Sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all? —*Pamela*, said she, have less Merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more Patience with thee, than thy Monarch has just now shewn.

The Countess was pleased to say, You're a happy Couple indeed! and I must needs repeat to you, Mr. *B.* four Lines, that Sir *William Davenant* made upon a Lady, who could not possibly deserve them so much as yours does: *She ne'er saw Courts; but Courts could have outdone,*

With untaught Looks, and an unpractis'd Heart:
Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;
For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.

But, my dear Miss, how lucky one sometimes is, in having what one says well accepted! Ay, that is all in all. For the Reason for the Answer I gave was so obvious, that one in my Circumstances could not miss it. Yet what Compliments had I upon it! 'Tis a Sign they were prepared to think well of me; and that's my great Pleasure and Happiness.

Such sort of Entertainment as this you are to expect from your Correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a Mixture of Self-praise, Vanity and Impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your Hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear Father and Mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me, for no other Reason but that: And I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any body else, without expecting as much Partiality and Favour from others, as I have from my dear Parents. Mean time I conclude here my first Conversation-piece; and am, and will be,

Always Yours, &c. P. B.

LETTER XXX.

Thursday *Morning, Six o'Clock.*

Our Breakfast Conversation Yesterday, (at which only Mrs. *Worden*, my Lady's Woman, and my *Polly* attended) was so whimsically particular, (tho' I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling) that I cannot help acquainting my dear Miss *Darnford* with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady *Davers's* Conduct towards me.

You must know then, that I have the Honour to stand very high in the Graces of Lord *Davers*, who on every Occasion is pleased to call me his *good Sister*, his *dear Sister*, and sometimes his *charming Sister*, and he tells me, he will not be out of my Company for an Hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My Lady seems to relish this very well in the main, tho' she cannot quite so readily, yet, frame her Mouth to the Sound of the Word *Sister*, as my Lord does; of which this that follows is one Instance.

His Lordship had called me by that tender Name twice before, and saying, I will drink another Dish, I think, my *good Sister*; my Lady said, Your Lordship has got a Word by the End, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken Notice, that you have called *Pamela, Sister, Sister, Sister*, no less than Three times in a Quarter of an Hour.

My Lord looked a little serious: I shall one Day or other, said he, be allow'd to chuse my own Words and Phrases, I hope: Your Sister, Mr. *B.* added he, often questions whether I am at Age or not, tho' the House of Peers made no Scruple of admitting me among them some Years ago.

Mr. *B.* said, severely, but with a smiling Air, 'Tis well she has such a Gentleman as your Lordship for a Husband, whose affectionate Indulgence overlooks all her saucy Sallies. I am sure, when you took her out of our Family into your own, we all thought ourselves bound to pray for you.

I thought this a great Trial of my Lady's Patience: But it was from Mr. *B.* And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious Air, How now, Confidence! —None but my Brother could have said this, whose violent Spirit was always much more intolerable than mine: But I can tell you, Mr. *B.* I was always thought very good-humour'd, and obliging to every body, till your Impudence came from College, and from your Travels; and then, I own, your provoking Ways made me now-and-then a little out of the Way.

Well, well, Sister, we'll have no more of this Subject, only let us see, that my Lord *Davers* wants not his proper Authority with you, altho' you used to keep me in Awe formerly.

Keep you in Awe! —That nobody could ever do yet, Boy or Man.— But, my Lord, I beg your Pardon; for this Brother will make Mischief betwixt us, if he can. —I only took Notice of the Word *Sister* so often us'd, which looked more like Affection than Affection.

Perhaps, Lady *Davers*, said my Lord gravely, I have two Reasons for using the Word so frequently.

I'd be glad to hear them, said the dear taunting Lady; for I don't doubt they're mighty good ones. What are they, my Lord?

One is, Because I love, and am fond of my new Relation: The other, That you are so sparing of the Epithet, that I call her so for us both.

Your Lordship says well, rejoind'd my dear Mr. *B.* smiling; and Lady *Davers* can give two Reasons why she does *not*.

Well, said my Lady, now we are in for't, let us hear *your* two Reasons likewise: I doubt not they're wise ones too.

If they are *yours*, Lady *Davers*, they must be so: One is, That every Condescension of a proud Lady, to speak in her own Dialect, comes as hard and as difficult, as a Favour from the House of *Austria* to the petty Princes of *Germany*. The second, Because of your Sex, (excuse me, my Lady Countess) who having once made Scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over-hasty to alter their own Conduct, chusing rather to persist in an Error, than own it to be one.

This proceeded from the dear Gentleman's Impatience to see me in the least slighted by my Lady: And I said to Lord *Davers*, to soften Matters, Never, my Lord, were Brother and Sister so loving in Earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in Jest, as my good Lady and Mr. *B.* But your Lordship knows their Way.

My Lady frown'd at her Brother, but turn'd it off with an Air: I love the Mistress of this House, said she, very

well; and am quite reconcil'd to her: But methinks there is such a hissing Sound in the Word *Sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a *English* Word, and a Word I have not been used to, having never had a Sis—s—ter before, as you know. Speaking the first Syllable of the Word with an emphatical Hiss.

Mr. *B.* said, Observe you not, Lady *Davers*, that you used a Word (to avoid that) which had twice the Hissing in it that *Sister* had;—and that was, Mis—s—tress, with two other hissing Words to accompany it, of this—s—Hous—s—e: But what childish Follies does not Pride make one stoop to! Excuse, my Lady, (to the Countess) such poor low Conversation as we are dwindled into.

O! Sir, said her Ladyship, the Conversation is very agreeable; and I think, Lady *Davers*, you're fairly caught.

Well, said my Lady, then help me, good *Sister*, there's for you! to a little Sugar. Will that please you, Sir?

I am always pleas'd, reply'd her Brother, smiling, when Lady *Davers* acts up to her own Character, and the good Sense she is Mistress of.

Ay, ay, return'd she, my good Brother, like other wise Men, takes it for granted, that it is a Mark of good Sense to approve of whatever *he* does.— And so, for this one Time, I am a very sensible body with him.— And I'll leave off, while I have his good Word. Only one thing I must say to you, my Dear, turning to me, That tho' I call you *Pamela*, and *Pamela*, as I please, I do assure you, I love you as well as if I called you *Sister*, *Sister*, as Lord *Davers* does, at every Word.

Your Ladyship gives me great Pleasure, said I, in this kind Assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the Honour of being called by that tender Name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it; and I'll lose no Opportunity that shall be afforded me, to shew how sincerely I will endeavour to do so.

She was pleased to rise from her Seat: Give me a Kiss, my dear Girl; you deserve every thing: And permit me to say *Pamela* sometimes, as the Word occurs; for I am not used to speak in Print, and I will call you *Sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever *Sister* loved another.

These proud and passionate Folks, said my dear Mr. *B.* how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their Characters!

So then, said my Lady, I am to have no Merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my Brother.

Why, you saucy *Sister*, said he, excuse me, Lord *Davers*, what Merit *would* you have? Can People merit by doing their Duty? And is it so great a Praise that you think fit to own for a *Sister*, so deserving a Girl as this, whom I take Pride in calling my Wife?

Thou art what thou always wast, return'd my Lady; and were I in this my imputed Pride to want an Excuse, I know not the Creature living that ought so soon to make one for me as you.

I *do* excuse you, said he, for *that* very Reason, if you please: But it little becomes either your Pride, or mine, to do any thing that wants Excuse.

Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly! *Pamela*, Friend, *Sister*,—there's for you! thou art a happy Girl to have made such a Reformation in thy honest Man's way of *Thinking* as well as *Acting*. But now we are upon this Topick, and none but Friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, Brother. *Jackey*, if you are not for another Dish, I wish you'd withdraw. *Polly Barlow*, we don't want you. *Beck*, you may stay. Mr. *H.* obey'd; and *Polly* went out: For you must know, Miss, that my Lady *Davers* will have none of the Men—Fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at Tea. And I cannot say but I think her intirely in the right, for several Reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my Lady repeated, Now we are upon this Topick of Reclaiming and Reformation, tell me, thou bold Wretch; for you know I have seen all your Rogueries in *Pamela's* Papers; tell me, if ever Rake but thyself made such an Attempt as thou didst, on this dear good Girl, in Presence of a virtuous Woman, as Mrs. *Jervis* always was noted to be? As to the other vile Creature *Jewkes*, 'tis less Wonder, altho' in *that* thou hadst the Impudence of *him* who set thee to Work: But to make thy Attempt before Mrs. *Jervis*, and in spite of her Struggles and Reproaches, was the very Stretch of shameless Wickedness.

The dear Gentleman seemed a little disconcerted, and said, Surely, surely, Lady *Davers*, this is going too far! Look at *Pamela's* blushing Face, and down—cast Eye, and wonder at yourself for this Question as much as you do at me for the Actions you speak of.

The Countess said to me, My dear Mrs. *B.* I wonder not at this sweet Confusion on so affecting a Question; but, indeed, since it has come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. *B.* that we have all, and my Daughters too, wonder'd

at this, more than any Part of your Attempts; because, Sir, we thought you one of the most civiliz'd Gentlemen in *England*, and that you could not but wish to have saved Appearances a little.

Tho' this, said Mr. *B.* is to *you*, my *Pamela*, the Renewal of Grievs; yet hold up your dear Face.— You may—the Triumph was yours—the Shame and the Blushes ought to be mine. —And I will humour my saucy Sister in all she would have me say.

Nay, said Lady *Davers*, you know the Question; I cannot put it stronger.

That's very , reply'd he. —But what would you have me say? Do you expect I should give you a *Reason* for an Attempt that appears to you so very shocking?

Nay, Sir, said the Countess, don't say *Appears to Lady Davers*; for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one who hears of it.

I think my Brother is too hardly used, said Lord *Davers*: He has made all the Amends he could make; and *you*, my Sister, who were the Person offended, forgive him now, I hope; don't you?

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and made a Motion to withdraw: But Mr. *B.* said, Don't go, my Dear: Tho' I ought to be asham'd of an Action set before me in so full a Glare, in Presence of Lord *Davers* and the Countess; — yet I will not have you stir, because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me.

Indeed, Sir, I cannot, said I: Pray, my dear Ladies, pray, my good Lord, and dear Sir, don't thus *renew my Grievs*, as you were pleased justly to phrase it.

I have the Representation of that Scene in my Pocket, said my Lady; for I was resolved, as I told Lady *Betty*, to shame the wicked Wretch with it, the first Opportunity I had; and I'll read it to you; or, rather, you shall read it yourself, Boldface! if you can.

So she pulled those Leaves out of her Pocket, wrapp'd up carefully in a Paper. —Here, I believe, he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare *Pamela's* Confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was.

I think, said he, taking the Papers, I can say something that will abate the Heinousness of this heavy Charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent Bar of my Sister, answering her Interrogatories.

I send you, my dear Miss, a Transcript of the Charge, as follows: —To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked Gentleman.

Mr. *B.* read this to himself, and said, This is a dark Affair, as it is here stated; and I can't say, but *Pamela*, and Mrs. *Jervis* too, had a great deal of Reason to apprehend the worst: But surely Readers of it, who were less Parties in the supposed Attempt, and who were not determin'd at all Events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable Construction for me, than you, Lady *Davers*, have done, in the strong Light in which you have set this heinous Matter before us.

However, since my Lady Countess, and Lord *Davers*, seem to expect, that I shall particularly answer to this black Charge, I will, at a proper Time, if it will be agreeable, give you a brief History of my passion for this dear Girl, how it commenc'd, and increas'd, and my own Struggles with it: And this will introduce, with some little Advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed Attempt; and at the same time inable you the better to account for some Facts which you have read in my pretty Accuser's Papers.

This pleased every one, and they begg'd him to begin *then*: But he said, It was Time we should think of Dressing, the Morning being far advanc'd; and if no Company came in, he would give them, in the Afternoon, the Particulars they desired to hear.

The three Gentlemen rode out, and returned just Time enough to dress before Dinner; and my Lady and the Countess also took an Airing in the Chariot. Just as they returned, Compliments came from several of the neighbouring Ladies to our noble Guests, on their Arrival in these Parts; and, to as many as sent, Lady *Davers* desir'd their Companies for Tomorrow in the Afternoon, to drink Tea: But Mr. *B.* having fallen in with some of the Gentlemen likewise, he told me, we should have most of our visiting Neighbours at Dinner, and desired Mrs. *Jervis* might prepare accordingly for them.

After Dinner Mr. *H.* took a Ride out, attended with Mr. *Colbrand*, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frighten'd Lady *Davers's* Footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offer'd to stop his Lady; for, he says, he loves a Man of Courage; very probably knowing his own Defects that way; for my Lady now—and—then calls him a Chicken-hearted Fellow. And then Lord and Lady *Davers*, and the Countess, reviv'd the Subject of the Morning; and Mr. *B.* was pleased to begin in the Manner I shall mention by—and—by. For here I am oblig'd to break off.

Now, my dear Miss, I will proceed.

'I need not, said the dear Gentleman, observe to any body who knows what Love is, (or rather that violent Passion which we mad young Fellows are apt to miscall Love) what mean Things it puts us upon; how it unmans, and levels with the Dust, the proudest Spirit. In the Sequel of my Story you will observe several Instances of this Truth.

'I began very early to take Notice of this lovely Girl, even when she was hardly Thirteen Years old; for her Charms increased every Day, not only in my Eye, but in the Eyes of every one who beheld her. My Mother, as *you*, Lady *Davers*, know, took the greatest Delight in her, always calling her, her *Pamela*, her good Child: And her Waiting-maid, and her Cabinet of Rarities, were her Boasts, and equally shewn to every Visitor: For, besides the Beauty of her Figure, and the genteel Air of her Person, the dear Girl had a surprising Memory, a Solidity of Judgment above her Years, and a Docility so unequal'd, that she took all Parts of Learning, which her Lady, as fond of instructing her, as she of improving by Instruction, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had Masters to teach her to dance, to sing, and to play on the Spinnet, whom she every Day surpris'd by the Readiness wherewith she took every thing.

'I remember once, my Mother praising her Girl before me, and my Aunt *B.* (who is since dead) I could not but take Notice to her of her Fondness for her, and said, What do you design, Madam, to do *with*, or do *for*, this *Pamela* of yours? The Accomplishments you give her will do her more Hurt than Good: For they will set her so much above her Degree, that what you intend as a Kindness may prove her Ruin.

'My Aunt join'd with me, and spoke in a still stronger Manner against giving her such an Education. —And added, as I well remember, Surely, Sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my Nephew's discreet Pride, that you design her for something more than your own Waiting-maid.

'Ah! Sister, said the old Lady, there is no Fear of what you hint at: His Family Pride, and stately Temper, will secure my Son: He has too much of his Father in him. —And as for *Pamela*, you know not the Girl. She has always in her Thoughts, and in her Mouth too, her Father's mean Condition; and I shall do nothing for *them*, at least at present, tho' they are honest Folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the Girl humble.

'But what can I do with the little Baggage? continued my Mother: She conquers every thing so fast, and has such a Thirst after Knowledge, and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help letting go, as my Son, when a little Boy, used to do to his Kite, as fast as she pulls; and to what Height she'll soar I can't tell.

'I intended, proceeded the good Lady, at first, only to make her Mistress of some fine Needleworks, to qualify her, as she has a Delicacy in her Person that makes it a Pity she should ever be put to hard Work, for a genteel Place: But she masters that so fast, that now, as my Daughter is marry'd, and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful Hours: And were *you*, Sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent Prattle is to me, and her natural Simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my Son neither, wonder at the Pleasure I take in her. —Shall I call her in?

'I don't want, said I, to have the Girl called in: If you, Madam, are diverted with her, that's enough! —To be sure *Pamela* is a better Companion for a Lady than a Monkey or a Harlequin: But I fear you'll set her above herself, and make her vain and pert; and that at last, in order to support her Pride, she may fall into Temptations that may be fatal to herself, and others too.

'I'm glad to hear this from my *Son*, said the good Lady. But the Moment I see my Favour puffs her up, I shall take other Measures.

'Well, thought I to myself, I want only to conceal my Views from your penetrating Eye, my good Mother; and I shall one Day take as much Delight in your Girl, and her Accomplishments, as you now do: So, go on, and improve her as fast as you will. I'll only now—and—then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that all you bestow upon her, will qualify her the better for my Purpose. —Only, thought I, fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy Years, and I'll nip this Bud by the Time it begins to open, and place it in my Bosom for a Year or two at least; for so long, if the Girl behaves worthy of her Education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me. Excuse me, Ladies; excuse me, Lord *Davers*: If I am not ingenuous, I had better be silent.'

I will as little as possible, my dear Miss, interrupt this affecting Narration, by mentioning my own alternate Blushes, Confusions, and Exclamations, as the naughty Gentleman went on; nor the Censures and many Out-upon-you's of the attentive Ladies, and Fie Brothers of Lord *Davers*; nor yet with Apologies for the Praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very Sentences of the dear Relator And as to our intermingled Exclaimings and Observations, you may suppose what they were occasionally.

'So, continued Mr. *B*. I went on dropping Hints against her now—and—then; and whenever I met her, in the Passages about the House, or in the Garden, avoiding to look at her, or to speak to her, as she pass'd me, court'sying, and putting on a thousand bewitching Airs of Obligingness and Reverence; while I (who thought that the best way to demolish the Influence of such an Education would be to avoid alarming her Fears on one hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I came to strike the Blow) looked haughty and reserved, and passed by her with a stiff Nod, at most. Or, if I spoke, How does your Lady this Morning, Girl? —I hope she rested well last Night: Then, cover'd with Blushes, and court'sying at every Word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my Questions, she'd trip away in a kind of Hurry and Confusion, as soon as she had spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. *Jervis*, Dear Sirs, my young Master spoke to me, and called me by my Name, saying, How slept your Lady last Night, *Pamela!* Was not that very good, Mrs. *Jervis!* was it not? —Ay, thought I, I'm in the right way, I find: This will do in proper Time. Go on, my dear Mother, improving as fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in Three Hours what you'll be building up in as many Years, in spite of all the Lessons you can teach her.

"Tis enough for me, that I am establishing with you, Ladies, and with you, my Lord, a higher Reputation for my *Pamela* (I am but too sensible I can make none for myself) in the Relation I am now giving you. Every one but my Mother, who, however, had no high Opinion of her Son's Virtue, used to look upon me as a Rake; and I got the Name, not very much to my Credit, you'll say, as well Abroad as in *England*, of *the sober Rake*;— some would say *the genteel Rake*; nay, for that Matter, some pretty Hearts, that have smarted for their good Opinion, have called me *the handsome Rake*. —But whatever other Epithet I was distinguished by, it all concluded in *Rake* or *Libertine*; nor was I very much offended at the Character; for, thought I, if a Lady knows this, and will come into my Company, half the Ceremony between us is over; and if she *calls* me so, I shall have an excellent Excuse to punish her Freedom, by greater of my own.

'So I dress'd, grew more and more confident, and became as insolent withal, as if, tho' I had not Lady *Davers's* Wit and Virtue, I had all her Spiritt (excuse me, Lady *Davers*); and having a pretty bold Heart, which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a Danger or Difficulty, I had but too much my Way with every body; and many a menac'd Complaint have I *look'd down* with a haughty Air, and a Promptitude, like that of *Colbrand's* to your Footmen at the Hall, to clap my Hand to my Side: Which was of the greater Service to my bold Enterprizes, as two or three Gentlemen had found I knew how to be in Earnest.

'Ha! said my Lady, thou wast ever an impudent Fellow; and many a vile Roguery have I kept from my poor Mother! —Yet, to my Knowledge, she thought you no Saint.

'Ay, poor Lady, continued he, she used now—and—then to catechise me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I ought to be:—For, Son, she would cry, these late Hours, these all-night Works, and to come home so sober, cannot be right! —I am not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet I'm afraid of inquiring after your Ways) whether I should not have Reason to wish you were brought home in Wine, rather than to come home so sober, and so late, as you do.

'Once, I remember, in the Summer-time, I came home about Six in the Morning, and met the good Lady unexpectedly by the Garden Back-Door, of which I had a Key to let myself in at all Hours. I started, and would have avoided her, as soon as I saw her: But she called me to her; and then I approached her with an Air, What brings you, Madam, into the Garden at so early an Hour? said I, turning my Face from her; for I had a few Scratches on my Forehead, — with a Thorn, or so, — that I feared she would be more inquisitive about than I cared for.

'And what makes you, said she, so early here *Billy?* —What a rakish Figure dost thou make! —One time or other these Courses will yield you but little Comfort, on Reflection: Would to God thou wast but happily marry'd!

'So, Madam, said I, the old Wish! —I'm not so bad as you think me: —I hope I have not merited so great a Punishment.

'These Hints I give, not as Matter of Glory, but Shame: Yet I ought to tell you all the Truth, or nothing. Mean time, thought I, (for I used, as I mentioned in the Morning, to have some Compunction for my vile Practices, when cool Reflection, brought on by Satiety, had taken hold of me) I wish this sweet Girl were grown to Years of Susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked Course of Life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest Folks Peace, and indangering myself. And as I had by a certain very daring and wicked Attempt, in which however I did not succeed, set a Hornet's Nest about my Ears, which I began to apprehend would sting me to Death; having once escap'd an Ambush, by dint of mere good Luck; I thought it was better to remove the Seat of my Warfare into another Kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my Amours. So I went to *France* a second time, as you know, Sister; and passed a Twelvemonth there in the best of Company, and with some Improvement both to my Morals and Understanding, and had very few Sallies, considering my Love of Intrigue, and the ample Means I had to prosecute successfully all the Desires of my Heart.

'When I return'd, several Matches were propos'd to me, and my good Mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she call'd it, as to see me marry'd before she dy'd: But I could not indure the Thoughts of that State; for I never saw a Lady whose Temper and Education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead Family Reasons to me: Like most young Fellows, I was too much a Self-lover, to pay so great a Regard to Posterity; and, to say Truth, had very little Solicitud at that time, whether my Name were continued or not, in my own Descendants. However, upon my Return, I look'd upon my Mother's *Pamela* with no small Pleasure, and I found her so much improv'd, as well in Person as Behaviour, that I had the less Inducement either to renew my intriguing Life, or to think of a marry'd State.

'Yet, as my Mother had all her Eyes about her, as the Phrase is, I affected great Shyness, both before her, and to the Girl; for I doubted not, my very Looks would be watched by them both; and what the one discover'd, would not be a Secret to the other; and laying myself open to too early a Suspicion, I thought would but ice the Girl over, and make my Mother more watchful.

'So I used to come into my Mother's Apartments, and go out, without taking the least Notice of her, but putting on stiff Airs; and as she always withdrew when I came in, I never made any Pretence to keep her there.

'Once indeed, my Mother said, on my looking after her, when her Back was turn'd, My dear Son, I don't like your Eye following my Girl so intently. Only I know that sparkling Lustre natural to it, or I should have some Fear for my *Pamela*, as she grows older.—

'I look after her, said I! —My Eyes sparkle at such a Girl as that! No indeed! —She may be your Favourite, as a Waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy Court'sies, and aukward Airs about her. A little Rustick Affectation of Innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough.

'Nay, my Dear, reply'd my Mother, don't say that, of all things. She has no Affectation, I am sure.

'Yes, she has, in my Eye, Madam; and I'll tell you how it comes about: You have taught her to assume the Airs of a Gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a Room with a Grace; and yet bid her keep her low Birth and Family in View: And between the one Character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her Feet: So 'tis the same in every Gesture; her Arms she knows not whether to swim with, or hold before her; nor whether to hold her Head up, or down; and so does neither, but hangs it on one Side; a little aukward Piece of One-and-t'other, I think her. —And indeed, Madam, you'd do the Girl more Kindness to put her into your Dairy, than to keep her about your Person; for she'll be utterly spoil'd, I doubt, for any useful Purpose.

'Ah! Son! said she, I fear by your Description, you have minded her too much in one Sense, tho' not enough in another. 'Tis not my Intention to recommend her to your Notice, of all Men:— And I doubt not, if it please God I live, and she continues to be a good Girl; but she will make a Man of some middling, genteel Business very happy.

'*Pamela* came in just then, with an Air so natural, and yet so humble, and so much above herself, that I was forc'd to turn my Head from her, lest my Mother should watch my Eye again, and lest I should be inclin'd to do her that Justice, which my Heart, assented to, but which my Lips had just before deny'd her.

'All my Difficulty, in Apprehension, was, my good Mother: The Effect of whose Lessons to her Girl, I was not, however, so much afraid of, as her Vigilance. For, thought I, I see by the Delicacy of her Person, the Brilliancy of her Eye, and the sweet Apprehensiveness that plays about every Feature of her Face, that she must have Tinder enough in her Constitution, to catch a well-struck Spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a Blaze, in

a few Months more.

'Yet I wanted, as I pass'd, to catch her Attention too: I expected her to turn after me, and look so, as to shew a beginning Liking towards me; for, you must know, I had a great Opinion of my Person and Air, which had been fortunately distinguish'd by Ladies, whom, of course, my Vanity made me allow to be very good Judges of these outward Advantages.

'I'll give your Ladyship an Instance of this my Vanity, in a Catch I made *extempore*, to a Lady whom I had been urging to give me some Proofs of a Love, that, I had the Confidence to tell her, I was sure she had in her Heart for me: She was a lively Lady; and laughing, said, Whoever admir'd me, it must be for my Confidence, and nothing else: But urging her farther, Why, said she, brazen Man, (for she'd call Names, like Lady *Davers*) what would you have me say? I would love you, if I *could* — But — Here interrupting her, and putting on a free Air, I half said, and half sung, *'You'd love me, you say, if you cou'd!*

'Why, thou mak'st me a very odd Creature!

'I pr'ythee survey me again;

'What can'st thou object to my Feature?

'This shew'd my Vanity: And I answer'd for the Lady, 'Why nothing!—Very well!—Then I'm sure you'll admit, That the Choice I have made, is a Sign of my Wit!

'But, to my great Disappointment, *Pamela* never, by any favourable Glance, gave the least Encouragement to my Vanity. Well, thought I, this Girl has certainly nothing ethereal in her Mould: All unanimated Clay! —But the Dancing and Singing Airs my Mother is teaching her, will make her better qualify'd in time, and another Year will ripen her into my Arms, no doubt of it. Let me only go on in my present way, and make her *fear* me: That will inhanche in her Mind, every Favour I shall afterwards vouchsafe to shew her; and never question, old *humdrum* Virtue, thought I, but the Tempter *without*, and the Tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest Nicety that ever the Sex boasted.

'Yet, tho' I could not once attract her Eye towards me, she never fail'd to draw mine after her, whenever she went by me, or where—ever I saw her, except, as I said, in my Mother's Presence; and particularly, when she had pass'd me, and could not see me look at her, without turning her Head, as I expected so often from her in vain.

'You will wonder, Lord *Davers*, who, I suppose, was once in Love, or you'd never have marry'd such an hostile Spirit, as my Sister's there' —— Go on, Sauce—box, said she, I won't interrupt you.

'You will wonder, how I could behave so coolly as to escape all Discovery so long from a Lady so watchful as my Mother; and from the Apprehensiveness of the Girl; for, high or low, every Individual of the Sex is quick as Lightning to Imaginations of this Kind: And besides, well says the Poet; *Men without Love, have oft so cunning grown, That something like it, they have shown; But none who had it, e'er seem'd to have none. Love's of a strangely open, simple Kind, Can no Arts or Disguises find; But thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.*

'But, to say nothing of her tender Years, and that my Love was not of this bashful Sort, I was not absolutely determin'd, so great was my Pride, that I ought to think her worthy of being my *Mistress*, when I had not much Reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon Persons of higher Birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me upon my own Terms. My Pride therefore kept my Passion at Bay, as I may say: So far was I from imagining I should ever be brought to what has since happen'd! But to proceed:

'Hitherto my Mind was taken up with the Beauties of her Person only. My Eye had drawn my Heart after it, without giving myself any Trouble about that Sense and Judgment which my Mother was always praising in her *Pamela*, as exceeding her Years, and Opportunities: But an Occasion happen'd, slight in itself, but which took the Head into the Party, and made me think of her, young as she was, with a Distinction, that before I had not had for her. The Occasion was this:

'Being with my Mother in her Closet, who was talking to me on the old Subject, *Matrimony*, I saw *Pamela's* Common—place Book, as I may call it: In which, by her Lady's Direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good Books, such Passages as made most Impression upon her, as she read. A Method, I take it, my Dear, *turning to me*, that was of great Service to you, as it initiated you into Writing with that Freedom and Ease, which shine in your saucy Letters and Journals; and to which my present Fetters are not a little owing: Just as Pedlars catch Monkeys in the Baboon Kingdoms, provoking the attentive Fools, by their own Example, to put on Shoes and Stockens, till the Apes of Imitation, trying to do the like, intangle their Feet, and so cannot

escape upon the Boughs of the Tree of Liberty, on which before they were wont to hop and skip about, and play a thousand puggish Tricks.

'I observ'd the Girl wrote a pretty Hand, and very swift and free; and affixed her Points, or Stops, with so much Judgment, (her Years consider'd) that I began to have an high Opinion of her Understanding. Some Observations likewise upon several of the Passages were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surpris'd at them.

'My Mother watch'd my Eye, and was silent: I seem'd not to observe that she did; and after a while, laid down the Book, shutting it, with great Indifference, and talking of another Subject.

'Upon this, my Mother said, Don't you think *Pamela* writes a pretty Hand, Mr. B.?

'I did not mind it much, said I, with a careless Air. This is her Writing, is it? Taking the Book and opening it again, at a Place of Scripture. The Girl is mighty pious! said I.

'I wish you were so, Child.

'I wish so too, Madam, if it would please *you*.

'I wish so, for your *own* sake, Child.

'So do I, Madam; and down I laid the Book again, very carelessly.

'Look once more in it, said she, and see if you can't open it upon some Place, that may strike you.

'I open'd it at, *Train up a Child in the Way it should go*, &c. I fancy, said I, when I was at *Pamela's* Age, I was pretty near as good as she.

'Never, never, said my Mother: I am sure I took great Pains with you; but, alas! to very little Purpose. You had always a violent headstrong Will!

'Some Allowances for Boys and Girls, I hope, Madam: But you see I am as good for a Man as my Sister for a Woman.

'No indeed you are not, I do assure you.

'I am sorry for that, Madam: You give me a sad Opinion of myself.—

'Brazen Wretch! said my Lady: But go on:

'Turn to one of the Girl's Observations on some Text, said my Mother.

'I did; and was pleas'd with it more than I would own. The Girl's well enough, said I, for what she is; but let's see what she'll be a few Years hence. There will be the Trial.

'She'll be always good, I doubt not.

'So much the better for her. —But can't we talk of any other Subject than this foolish Girl? You complain how seldom I attend you, Madam; and indeed, when you are always talking of Matrimony, or of this low-born raw Girl, it must needs lessen the Pleasure of approaching you.

'But now, as I hinted to you, Ladies, and my Lord, I had a still higher Opinion of *Pamela*; and esteem'd her more worthy of my Attempts: For, thought I, the Girl has good Sense, and it will be some Pleasure to watch by what Gradations she may be made to rise into Love, and into a higher Life, than that to which she was born. And so I began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *Mistress*, which till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

'I took a little Tour soon after this, in Company of a few Friends, with whom I had contracted an Intimacy abroad, into *Scotland* and *Ireland*, they having a Curiosity to see those Countries; and we spent Six or Eight Months on this Expedition; and when I had landed them in *France*, I returned home, and found my good Mother in a very indifferent State of Health; but her *Pamela* arriv'd to a Height of Beauty and Perfection, that exceeded all my Expectations. I was so much taken with her Charms the first time I saw her, after my Return, which was in the Garden, with a Book in her Hand, just come out of a little Summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a Parley with her: But while I was resolving, she tript away, with her Court'sies and Reverences, and was out of my Sight before I could determine.

'I was resolv'd, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. *Jewkes* having been recommended to me a little before, by a Brother-Rake, as a Woman of try'd Fidelity, I ask'd her, If she would be faithful, if I should have Occasion to commit a pretty Girl to her Care?

'She hop'd, she said, it would be with the Lady's own Consent, and she should make no Scruple of obeying me.

'So I thought I would way-lay the Girl, and carry her first to a little Village in *Northamptonshire*, to an Acquaintance of Mrs. *Jewkes's*. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacify'd a little, I design'd that *Jewkes*

should attend her to *Lincolnshire*: For I knew, there was no coming at her here, under my Mother's Wing, by her own Consent; and that, to offer Terms to her, would be to blow up my Project all at once. Besides, I was sensible, that Mrs. *Jervis* would stand in the way of my Proceedings, as well as my Mother.

'The Method I had contriv'd, was quite easy, as I imagin'd, and such as could not have failed to answer my Purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not of making her well satisfy'd in her good Fortune very quickly; for, having a Notion of her affectionate Duty to her Parents, I was not displeas'd, that I could make the Terms very easy and happy to them all.

'What most stood in my way, was my Mother's Fondness for her: But, on the Supposition, that I had got her Favourite into my Hands, which appear'd to me, as I said, a Task very easy to be conquer'd, I had actually form'd a Letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a Love-Affair, and laying her Withdrawing herself so privately, to the implicit Obedience she ow'd to her Husband's Commands, to whom she was marry'd that Morning, and who, being a young Gentleman of a genteel Family, and dependent on his Friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound Secret; and begging, on that Account, her Lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. *Jervis*.

'And to prepare for this, and make her Escape the more probable, when Matters were ripe for my Plot, I came in one Night, and examin'd all the Servants, and Mrs. *Jervis*, the latter in my Mother's Hearing, about a genteel young Man, whom I pretended to find with a Pillion on the Horse he rode upon, waiting about the Back Door of the Garden, for some body to come to him; and who rode off, when I came up to the Door, as fast as he could.

'Nobody knew any thing of the Matter, and were much surpris'd at what I told them: But I begg'd *Pamela* might be watch'd, and that no one would say any thing to her about it.

'My Mother said, She had two Reasons not to speak of it to *Pamela*; one, to oblige me; the other and chief, because it would break the poor innocent Girl's Heart, to be suspected. Poor dear Child! said she, where can she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable Ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her: She receives no Letters, but now-and-then one from her Father and Mother, and them she shews me.

'Well, reply'd I, I hope she can have no Design; 'twould be strange if she had form'd any to leave so good a Mistress: But you can't be *sure* all the Letters she receives, are from her Father; and her shewing to you, Madam, those he writes, looks like a Cloak to others she may receive from another Hand. But it can be no Harm, said I, to have an Eye upon her. You don't know, Madam, what Tricks there are in the World.

'Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the Girl shall be under no Restraint, if she is resolv'd to leave me, well as I love her.

'Mrs. *Jervis* said, She would have an Eye upon *Pamela*, in Obedience to my Command; but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor Child's Peace, as to mention the Matter to her.

'This I suffer'd to blow off, and seem'd to my Mother to have so good an Opinion of her *Pamela*, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had had such a Surmise: Saying, that tho' the Fellow and the Pillion were an odd Circumstance, yet, I dar'd to say, there could be nothing in it; for I doubted not, the Girl's Duty and Gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

'This my Mother heard with Pleasure; altho' my Motive for it was but to lay her *Pamela* on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escap'd.

'She said, She was glad I was not an Enemy to the poor Child. *Pamela* has no Friend but me, continued the good Lady; and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more Harm than Good, (as you and your Aunt *B.* have often said) in the Accomplishments I have given her: And yet the poor Girl, I see that, added she, would not be afraid to turn her Hand to any thing, for the sake of an honest Livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be.

'I wonder not, *Pamela*, at your Tears on this Occasion. Your Lady was an excellent Woman, and deserv'd this Tribute to her Memory. All my Pleasure now is, that she knew not half my wicked Pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy Heart in the Prosecution of this Scheme; which would have given me a severe Sting; inasmuch as I might have apprehended, with too much Reason, that I had shorten'd her Days by the Knowledge of the one and the other.

'I had thus in Readiness every thing necessary for the Execution of my Project: But my Mother's ill State of Health gave me too much Concern, to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent Attendance on her in her Illness gave me an Opportunity of observing more and more of the Girl, and her affectionate Duty, and continual Tears, (finding her frequently on her Knees praying for her Mistress) I was mov'd to pity her: And

often did I, while those Scenes of my Mother's Illness and Decline were before me, resolve to conquer, if possible, my guilty Passion, as those Scenes taught me, while their Impressions held upon me, justly to call it; and I was much concerned I found it a more difficult Task than I imagin'd: For, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual enterprising Temper, and a Love of Intrigue; and that I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to subdue it.

'But I found I was greatly mistaken; for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did; and there was so much Gracefulness, Humility and Innocence in her whole Behaviour, and I saw so many melting Scenes between her Lady and her, that I found I could not master my Esteem for her.

'My Mother's Illness increasing beyond Hopes of Recovery, and having settled all her greater Affairs, she talked to me of her Servants: I asked her, What she would have done for *Pamela* and Mrs. *Jervis*?

'Make Mrs. *Jervis*, my dear Son, said she, as happy as you can: She is a Gentlewoman born, you know; let her always be treated as such: But, for your own sake, don't make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful Manager. Yet, if you marry, and your Lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a Competency for the rest of her Life, and let her live as she pleases.

'As for my *Pamela*, I hope you will be her Protector; I hope you will! —She is a good Girl: I love her next to you and your dear Sister. She is just arrived at a trying Time of Life. I don't know what to say for her. What I had design'd was, that if any Man of a genteel Calling should offer, I would have given her a little pretty Portion, had God spared my Life till then. But if she should be made independent, some idle Fellow perhaps might snap her up; for she is very pretty: Or, if she should carry what you give her to her poor Parents, as her Duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involv'd, that a little Matter would be nothing to them, and the poor Girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady *Davers* will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She will be likely to be the Bird for which some wicked Fowler will spread his Snares; or, it may be, every Lady will not chuse to have such a Waiting-maid. You are a young Gentleman, and, I am sorry to say it, not better than I wish you to be — Tho' I hope my *Pamela* would not be in Danger from her Master, who owes to all his Servants Protection, as much as a King does to his Subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her to stay with you, — for your own Reputation's sake, my dear Son; — for the World will censure as it lists. —Would to God! said she, the dear Girl had the Small Pox in a mortifying manner: She'd be lovely enough in the Genteelness of her Person, and the Beauty of her Mind; and more out of Danger of suffering from the transient Beauties of Countenance! Yet I think, added she, she might be safe and happy under Mrs. *Jervis's* Care; and if you marry, and your Lady parts with Mrs. *Jervis*, let'em go together, and live as they like. —I think that will be the best for both. —And you have a generous Spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *Quantum*. But, my dear Son, remember, that I am the less concerned, that I have not done for the poor Girl myself, because I depend upon you: The Manner how fitly to provide for her, has made me defer it till now, that I have so much more important Concerns on my Hands; Life and Strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to receive the last releasing Stroke.'

Here the dear Gentleman stopp'd, being under some Concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resum'd the Subject:

'You will too naturally think, my Lord, and you my good Ladies, that the Mind must be truly diabolical, that could break thro' the Regards due to the solemn Injunctions and Recommendations of a dying Parent. They did hold me a good while indeed; and, as fast as I had any Emotions of a contrary Nature rise in my Breast, I endeavoured for some time to suppress them, and to think and act as I ought: But the dear bewitching Girl every Day rose in her Charms upon me: And, finding she still continued the Use of her Pen and Ink, I could not help entertaining a Jealousy, that she was writing to somebody who stood well in her Opinion; and my Love for her, and my own Spirit of Intrigue, made it a Sweetheart of course. And I could not help watching her Motions; and seeing her once putting a Letter she had just folded up, into her Bosom, at my Entrance into my Mother's Dressing-room, I made no doubt of detecting her, and her Correspondent; and so I took the Letter from her Stays, she trembling and court'sying with a sweet Confusion; and highly pleased I was, to find it contained nothing but Innocence and Duty to the deceased Mistress, and the loving Parents, expressing her Joy, that in the midst of her Grief for losing the one, she was not obliged to return to be a Burden to the other: And I gave it her again, with Words of Incouragement, and went down much better satisfied, than I had been, with her Correspondents.

'But when I reflected on the innocent Simplicity of her Style, I was still more in Love with her, and form'd a

Stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other Letters, which I sent forward, after I had read them, all but three or four, which I kept back, when my Plot began to ripen for Execution; altho' the little Slut was most abominably free upon my Character to her Father and Mother.

'You will censure me, no doubt, that my Mother's Injunctions made not a more lasting Impression upon me. But really I struggled hard with myself to give them their due Force; and the dear Girl, as I said, every Day grew lovelier and more accomplish'd. Her Letters were but so many Links to the Chains she had bound me in; and tho' once I had resolv'd to part with her† to Lady *Davers*, and you, my Lady, had an Intention to take her, I could not for my Life give her up; and thinking at that time more honourably of the State of a Mistress than I have done since, I could not persuade myself, (since I intended to do as handsomely by her, as ever Man did to a Lady in that Circumstance) but that I should do better for her than my Mother had wished me to do, and so *more* than answer all her Injunctions, as to the providing for her: And I could not imagine I should have met with a Resistance from her, that I had seldom encountered from Persons much her Superiors as to Descent; and was amaz'd at it; for it confounded me in all the Notions I had of her Sex, which, like a Libertine, I supposed wanted nothing but *Importunity* and *Opportunity*, a bold Attempter, and a Mind not ungenerous.

'Sometimes I admired her for her Virtue; at other times, impetuous in my Temper, and unus'd to Controul, I could have beat her. She well, I remember, describes the Tumults of my Soul, when she repeats what once passed between us, in Words like these: " Take the little Witch from me, Mrs. *Jervis*. —I can neither bear nor forbear her. — But stay—you shan't go—Yet begone! —No, come back again." ;—'She thought I was mad, I remember she says in her Papers. Indeed I was little less.

'She says, "I took her Arm, and grip'd it black and blue, to bring her back again; and then sat down and look'd at her as silly as such a poor Girl as she!"

'Well did the dear Slut describe the Passion I struggled with; and no one can conceive how much my Pride made me despise myself at times, for the little Actions my Love for her put me upon, and yet to find that Love increasing every Day, as her Charms and her Resistance increased.

'I have caught myself in a raging Fit, sometimes, vowing I would have her; and at others, jealous, that, to secure herself from my Attempts, she would throw herself into the Arms of some Menial or Inferior, that otherwise she would not have thought of.

'Sometimes I soothed her, sometimes threatened her; but never was such Courage, when she apprehended her Virtue was in Danger, mix'd with so much Humility, when her Fears gave way to her Hopes of a juster Treatment.

'Then I would think it impossible, (so slight an Opinion had I of Woman's Virtue) that such a Girl as this, Cottage-born, who owed every thing to my Family, and had an absolute Dependence on my Pleasure; myself not despicable in Person or Mind, as I supposed; she unprejudic'd in any Man's Favour; at an Age susceptible of Impressions; and a Frame and Constitution not Ice nor Snow: Surely, thought I, all this Frost must be owing to the Want of Fire in my Attempts to thaw it: I used to dare more, and succeed better. Shall such a Girl as *this* awe me by her rigid Virtue? No, she shall not.

'Then I would resolve to be more in Earnest. Yet my Love was a Traitor to me: That was more faithful to *her* than to *we*; it had more Honour in it at Bottom, than I had designed it should have. Aw'd by her unaffected Innocence, and a Virtue I had never before encounter'd so uniform and immoveable, the Moment I *saw* her, I was half disarmed; and I courted her Consent to that, which tho' I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me to think of extorting by Violence. Yet Marriage was never in my Thoughts; I scorn'd so much as to promise it.

'What numberless mean Things did not this unmanly Passion subject me to? —I used to watch for her Letters, tho' mere Prattle-prattle and Chit-chat, receiv'd them with burning Impatience, and read them with Delight, tho' myself was accused in them, and stigmatiz'd as I deserv'd.

'I would listen meanly at her Chamber-door; try to overhear her little Conversations; in vain attempted to suborn Mrs. *Jervis* to my Purposes, inconsistently talking of Honour, when no one Step I took, or Action I attempted, shewed any thing like it; lost my Dignity among my Servants; made a Party in her Favour against me, of every body, but whom my Money corrupted, and that hardly sufficient to keep my Partisans steady to my Interest; so greatly did the Virtue of the Servants triumph over the Vice of the Master, when attracted by such an Example!

'I have been very tedious, Ladies, and my Lord *Davers*, in my Narration: But I am come within View of the Point for which I now am upon my Trial at your dread Tribunal (*bowing to us all*):

'After several Endeavours of a smooth and a rough Nature, in which my Devil constantly fail'd me, and her good Angel prevail'd, I had talk'd to Mrs. *Jervis* to induce the Girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given Warning, but which she rejoiced to take, to my great Disappointment) to desire to stay and suspecting Mrs. *Jervis* play'd me Booty, and rather confirm'd her in her Coyness, and her Desire of leaving me, I was mean enough to conceal myself in the Closet in Mrs. *Jervis's* Room, in order to hear their private Conversation: But really not designing to make any other Use of my Concealment, than to teize her a little, if she should say any thing I did not like; which would give me a Pretence to treat her with greater Freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be an Introduction to take off from her unprecedented Apprehensiveness another Time: And I had the less Scruple as to Mrs. *Jervis's* Presence, because she knew as bad of me as she could know, from *Pamela's* Apprehensions, as well as her own; and would find me, if I kept within any decent Bounds, better than either of them expected. But I had no Design of proceeding to Extremities, altho' I had little Hope of impressing her by Gentleness.

'So, like a benighted Traveller, who had strayed out of his Knowledge, and, despairing to find his Way, threw the Reins upon his Horse's Neck, to be guided at its uncertain Direction, I resolv'd to take my Chance for the Issue which the Adventure should produce.

'But the dear Prattler, not knowing I was there, as she undress'd herself, began such a bewitching Chit-chat with Mrs. *Jervis*, who, I found, but ill kept my Secret, that I never was at such a Loss in my Life what to resolve upon. One while I wish'd myself, unknown to them, out of the Closet into which my inconsiderate Passion had meanly led me; another time I was incens'd at the Freedom with which I heard myself treated: But then rightly considering, that I had no Business to hearken to their private Conversation, and that it was such as became *them*, while I ought to have been asham'd to give Occasion for it, I excus'd them both, and admir'd still more and more the dear Prattler.

'In this Suspense, the undesigned Rustling of my Night-gown, from changing my Posture as I stood, giving Alarm to the watchful *Pamela*, she in a Fright came towards the Closet to see who was there; so that I could be no longer conceal'd.

'What could I then do, but bolt out upon the apprehensive Charmer, and having so done, and she running to the Bed, screaming to Mrs. *Jervis*, would not any Man have follow'd her thither, detected as I was? But yet I said, If she forbore her Screaming, I would do her no Harm; but if not, she should take the Consequence.

'I found by their Exclamations, that this would pass with both for an Attempt of the worst Kind; but really I had no such Intentions as they feared. —When, indeed, I found myself detected; when the dear frighten'd Girl ran to the Bed; when Mrs. *Jervis* threw herself about her; when they would not cease their hideous Squallings; when I was charg'd by Mrs. *Jervis* with the worst Designs; it was enough to make me go farther than I designed; and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. *Jervis* to go up and quiet the Maids, who were rising, as I heard by the Noise they made over-head, upon the others Screamings, I believe, had *Pamela* kept out of her Fit, I should have been a little freer with her, than ever I had been: But as it was, I had no Thought but of making as honourable a Retreat as I could, and to save myself from being expos'd to my whole Family; and I was not guilty of any Freedoms, that her Modesty, unafrighted, could reproach itself with having suffered; and the dear Creature's fainting Fits gave *me* almost as great Apprehensions, as I could give *her*.

'Thus, Ladies, and my Lord, have I tediously, and little enough to my own Reputation, given you a Character of myself, and told you more against myself, than any *one* Person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the Credit of my *Pamela*, redounds in Part to my own; and so I have the less Regret to accuse myself, since it exalts her. But as to a form'd Intention to hide myself in the Closet, in order to attempt the Girl by Violence, and in the Presence of a good Woman, as Mrs. *Jervis* is, which you impute to me, indeed, bad as I was, I was not so vile, so abandon'd as that.

'Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate Votaries to innumerable Meannesses, and unlawful Passion to many more. I could not live without this dear Girl. I hated the Thoughts of Matrimony with any body, and to be brought to the Stake by my Mother's Waiting-maid, forbid it, Pride! thought I; forbid it, Example! forbid it, all my past Sneers, and constant Ridicule, both on the Estate, and on those who descended to Inequalities in it! and, lastly, forbid it, my Family Spirit, so visible in Lady *Davers*, as well as myself; to whose Insults, and those of all the World, I shall be obnoxious, if I make such a Step!

'All this tends to demonstrate the Strength of my Passion: I could not conquer my Love; so I conquer'd a Pride,

which every one thought unconquerable; and since I could not make an innocent Heart vicious, I had the Happiness to follow so good an Example; and, I thank God, a vicious Heart is become virtuous, as I hope, at least morally so; and I have the Pleasure of rejoicing in the Change, and hope I shall still more and more rejoice in it; for I really look back with Contempt upon my past Follies; and it is now a greater Wonder to me, how I could act as I did, than that I should detest those Actions, which made me a Curse, instead of a Benefit, to Society. Indeed I am not yet so pious as my *Pamela*: but that is to come; and it is one good Sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every Instance of her Piety and Virtue: And now I will conclude my tedious Narration with the Poet; *Our Passions gone, and Reason in her Throne, Amaz'd, we see the Mischiefs we have done: After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid, The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.'*

Thus ended my dear Mr. *B.* his affecting Relation; which in the Course of it gave me a thousand different Emotions; and made me often pray for him, (as I constantly do) that God will intirely convert a Heart so generous and worthy, as his is on most Occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to *London*, I shall have great Hopes, that nothing will affect his Morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing Account of himself. As near as I remember, (and my Memory is the best Faculty I have) it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful Similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery Style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, Miss, (if I have not done Injustice to his Spirit) that the Beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy Air of a Man too much alive to such Notions? For so the Ladies observed in his Narration. —Is it very like the Style of a Penitent? —But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good Lady I had? Blessings, a thousand Blessings, on her beloved Memory! Were I to live to see my Childrens Children, they should be all taught to lisp her Praises, before they could speak. My Gratitude should always be renew'd in *their* Mouths; and God, and my dear Father and Mother, my Lady, and my Master that was, my best Friend that is, but principally, as most due, the First, who inspired all the rest, should have their Morning, their Noon-tide, and their Evening Praises, as long as I lived!—

I will only observe further, as to this my Third Conversation piece, That my Lord *Davers* offer'd to extenuate some Parts of his dear Brother-in-law's Conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. *B.* was pleased to observe, that my Lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his Allowances for the Sallies of an ungovernable Youth. Upon which my Lady said, a little tartly, Yes, and for a very good Reason, I doubt not: For who cares to condemn himself?

Nay, said my Lord, pleasantly, don't put us upon a Foot neither: For what Sallies I made, before I knew your Ladyship, were but like those of a Fox, who now—and—then runs away with a straggling Pullet, when nobody sees him: Whereas those of my Brother were like the Invasions of a Lion, breaking into every Man's Fold, and driving the Shepherds, as well as the Sheep, before him. —Ay, said my Lady, but I can look around me, and have Reason perhaps to think the invading Lion has come off, little as he deserv'd it, better than the creeping Fox, who, with all his Cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering Theft.

O Miss, these Gentlemen are strange Creatures! — What can they think of themselves? for they say, there is not one virtuous Man in five! —But I hope for our Sex's sake, as well as for the World's sake, all is not that evil Fame reports; for, you know, every Man—trespasser must find or make a Woman—trespasser! —And if so, what a World is this! — And how must the Innocent suffer from the Guilty! — Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the Cause of another's Suffering?

I long to hear of you. And must shorten my future Accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the Bargain, tho' I cannot my dear Father and Mother. I am, my dear Miss,

Always Yours, P.B.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miss Darnford, to Mr. B.

My dear Mrs. B. Every Post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: And let me tell you, I will gladly receive your Letters upon your own Terms Only when your worthy Parents have perused them, see that I have every Line of them again.

Your Account of the Arrival of your noble Guests, and their Behaviour to you, and yours to them; your Conversation, and wise Determination, on the offer'd Title of Baronet; the just Applauses conferred on you by all, particularly the good Countess; your Breakfast Conversation, and the Narrative of your saucy abominable *Master*, tho' amiable *Husband*; all delight us beyond Expression.

Do, go on, dear excellent Lady, with your charming Journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the State of Matters with us, I have desired my Papa to allow me to decline Mr. *Murray's* Addresses. The good Man lov'd me most violently, nay, he could not live without me; Life was no Life, unless I favour'd him: But yet, after a few more of these Flights, he is trying to sit down satisfy'd without my Papa's foolish perverse Girl, as Sir *Simon* calls me, and to transpose his Affections to a worthier Object, my Sister *Nancy*; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* apply'd to her, she screw'd up her Mouth to my Mamma, and, Truly, she'd have none of *Polly's* Leavings; no, not she! —But no sooner did he declare himself in Form, than the *gaudy Wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well-dress'd Gentleman*; —the *chattering Magpye*, (for he talks and laughs much) *quite conversible*, —and has something *agreeable* to say on *every Subject*. Once, He would make a good Master of the Buck-hounds; but now, Really, the *more* one is in his Company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his Part,—Indeed, he happened to see Miss *Polly* first; and, Truly, he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young Lady: Yet there was always something of Majesty! (what a stately Name is that for Ill-Nature!) in Miss *Nanny*; something so awful, that while Miss *Polly* engaged the Affections at first Sight, Miss *Nanny* struck a Man with Reverence; insomuch that the one night be loved as a Woman, but the other revered as something more: A Goddess, no doubt!

I do but think, that when he comes to be listed up to her Celestial Sphere, as her Fellow Constellation, what a Figure will *Nancy* and her *Ursa Major* make together, and how will they glitter and shine to the Wonder of all Beholders!

Then she must make a brighter Appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too; for why? She has 3000 *Satellites*, or little Stars, in her Train more than poor *Polly* can pretend to. Won't there be fine Twinkling and Sparkling, think you, when the Greater and Lesser Bear-stars are joined together?

But excuse me, dear Mrs. *B.* this saucy Girl has vex'd me just now, by her ill-natur'd Tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my Spite, tho' she knows nothing of the Matter.

So, fancy, my dear Friend, you see *Polly Darnford* abandon'd by her own Fault; her Papa angry at her; her Mamma pitying her, and calling her silly Girl; Mr. *Murray*, who is a rough Lover, growling over his Mistress, as a Dog over a Bone he fears to lose; Miss *Nancy*, putting on her prudish Plesantry, and snarling out a kind Word, and breaking thro' her sullen Gloom, for a Smile now and—then in Return; and I laughing at both in my Sleeve, and thinking, that in a while I shall get Leave to attend you in Town, and that will be better than twenty humble Servants of Mr. *Murray's* Cast: Or, if I can't, that I shall have the Pleasure of your Correspondence here, and injoy, unenvied, the Favour of my dear Papa and Mamma, which this ill temper'd Girl is always begrudging me.

Forgive all this Nonsense. I was willing to write something, tho' worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I would be to oblige you, had I Capacity or Subject as you have. But nobody can love you better, or admire you more; of this you may be assured, (however unequal in all other respects) than

Your Polly Darnford.

I send you up some of your Papers for the good Couple in *Kent*. Pray my Respects to them; and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your Conveyance.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 3

Our *Stamford* Friends desire their kindest Respects: They mention you with Delight in every Letter.

LETTER XXXII.

The JOURNAL continued. Thursday, Friday Evening.

My dearest Miss Darnford, I am retired from a very busy Day, having had no less than Fourteen of our Neighbours, Gentlemen and Ladies, to Dinner with us: The Occasion principally to welcome our noble Guests into these Parts; *Mr. B.* having, as I mentioned in a former, turn'd the intended Visit into an Entertainment, after his usual generous Manner.

Mr. B. and *Lord Davers* are gone Part of the Way with them home; and *Mr. H.* or *Lord Jackey*, as we call the Gentleman, who will always be young, mounted, with his Favourite *Colbrand*, as an Escorte to the Countess and *Lady Davers*, who are gone to take an Airing in the Chariot. They offer'd to take the Coach, if I would have gone; but being fatigu'd, I desir'd to be excus'd. So I retir'd to my Closet, and *Miss Darnford*, who is seldom out of my Thoughts, coming into my Mind, I had a new Recruit of Spirits, which inabled me to resume my Pen, and thus I proceed with my Journal:

Our Company was, the Earl and Countess of *D.* who are so fashionable a marry'd Couple, that the Earl made it his Boast, and his Countess bore it like one accustomed to such Treatment, that he had not been in his Lady's Company an Hour abroad before for seven Years. You know his Lordship's Character: Every body does; and there is not a worse, as Report says, in the Peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single Gentleman, not a little sinical and ceremonious, and a mighty Beau, tho' of the tawdry Sort, and affecting foreign Airs, as if he was afraid it would not be judg'd by any other Mark, that he had travelled.

Mr. Arthur, and his Lady, a moderately happy Couple, who seem always when together to behave as if they were upon a Compromise; that is, that each would take it in Turn to say free Things of the other—tho' some of their Freedoms are of so cutting a Nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the Company at their own Expence. The Lady, being of a noble Family, takes great Pains to let every one know, that she values herself not a little upon that Advantage: But otherwise has many good Qualities.

Mr. Brooks, and his Lady, a Gentleman who is a free Joker on serious Subjects, but a good-natur'd Man, and says sprightly things with no ill Grace; but his Lady is a little reserved, and of a haughty Turn, tho' To-day she happened to be freer than usual, as was observed at Table by

Lady Towers, who is a Maiden Lady of Family, noted for her Wit and Repartee, and who says many good Things, with so little Doubt, and really so good a Grace, that one cannot help being pleas'd with her. This Lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the Grove, as he is called, to distinguish him from a rich Citizen of that Name, who is settled in these Parts, but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the Gentry in their Visits or Parties of Pleasure. *Mr. Martin* is a shrewd Gentleman, but has been a little too much of the Libertine Cast, and has lived freely as to Women; and for that Reason has not been received by *Mrs. Towers*, who hates free Actions, tho' she'll use free Words, modestly free, as she calls them, that is to say, the Double Entendre, in which *Sir Simon Darnford*, a Gentleman you are not unacquainted with, takes great Delight; tho', by the way, what that worthy Gentleman calls innocent, *Lady Towers* would blush at.

Mr. Dormer, a Gentleman of a very courteous Demeanour, a Widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased Lady, and of all the Sex for her sake.

Mr. Chapman, and his Lady, a well-behav'd Couple, who are not ashamed to be very tender and observing to one another, but without that censureable Fondness which sits so ill upon some married Folks in Company.

Then there was the *Dean*, our good Minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his *Daughter*, who came to supply her Mamma's Place, who was indispos'd; a well-behav'd prudent young Lady. And here were our Fourteen Guests.

The Countess of *C.* *Lady Davers*, *Lord Davers*, *Mr. H.* my dear *Mr. B.* and your humble Servant, made up the rest of the Company. So we had a capacious and brilliant Circle, you may imagine; and all the Avenues to the House were crouded with their Equipages.

The Subjects of Discourse at Dinner were various, as you may well suppose, and the Circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable Topicks. A good deal of sprightly Wit, however, flew about, between the

Earl of *D.* Mrs. *Towers* and Mr. *Martin*, in which that Lord suffered as he deserved; for he was by no means a Match for the Lady, especially as the Presence of the Dean was a Restraint, as was very visible, upon him, and Mr. *Brooks* too: So much Awe will the Character of a good Clergyman always impress upon even forward Spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable Regard to it himself.

Besides, the good Gentleman has a genteel and inoffensive Vein of Raillery himself, and so was too hard for them at their own Weapons.

But after Dinner was over, and the Servants were withdrawn, Mr. *Martin* began to single me out, as he loves to do, for a Subject of Encomium, and made some high Compliments to my dear Mr. *B.* on his Choice; and wished (as he often does) he could find just such another Person for himself.

Lady *Towers* told him, That it was a Thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every Rake who loved to destroy Virtue, should expect to be rewarded with it: And if his *Brother B.* had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady *Davers* said, It was a very just Observation; and she thought 'twas pity there was not a Law, that every Man who made a Harlot of an honest Woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

That would be too severe, Mr. *B.* said; it would be Punishment enough, if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under Promise of Marriage.

Then you'd have a Man be obliged, reply'd Lady *Davers*, to stand to his Promise, I suppose, Mr. *B.*

Yes, Madam.

But, said she, the Proof would be difficult perhaps; and the most unguilty Heart of our Sex, might be least able to make it out. But what say you, my Lord *D.* continued Lady *Davers*, will you, and my Lord *Davers*, join to bring in a Bill into the House of Peers, for the Purposes I mentioned? I fancy my Brother would give it all the Assistance he could in the Lower House.

Your Ladyship, said Mr. *Martin*, is highly unreasonable, I think, to propose that: It would be enough, surely, that a Man should be obliged, as Mr. *B.* says, to marry the Woman he himself seduced.

The Earl said, That he thought neither the one nor the other should be imposed upon any Man; for that when Womens Virtue was their Glory, and they were brought up with that Notion, and to avoid the Snares of Men, he thought, if they yielded, they ought to pay the Forfeit, and take the Disgrace of it to themselves.

May I ask your Lordship, said I, How it comes to pass, that a Woman's Virtue is her Glory, and that a Man's shall not be his? —Or, in other Words, Why you think Virtue in a Man is not as requisite as in a Woman?

Custom, Madam, reply'd the Earl, has made it very different; and those Things which are scandalous in a Lady, are not so in a Gentleman.

Will your Lordship argue, that it should be so, because it is so? Does not the Gentleman call himself the Head of his Family? Is it not incumbent upon him then to set a good Example? And will he plead it as a Fashion, that he may do by the dearest Relatives of another Man's Family, what, if any one should attempt to do by his, he would mortally resent?

Very well observed, Madam, said the Dean: There is not a Free-liver in the World, I believe, that can answer that Argument.

Mr. *B.* said the Earl, pray speak to your Lady: She is too close upon *us*. And where Sentiments have been so well supported by a Conduct so uniform and exemplary, I chuse not to enter the Lists with such an Antagonist.

Well, well, said Mr. *B.* since your Lordship will speak in the Plural Number *U S*, let me say, We must not pretend to hold an Argument on this Subject. —But, however, I think, my Lord, you should not call upon a Man to defend it, who, bad as he has been, never committed a Fault of this Nature, that he was not sorry for, tho' the Sorrow generally lasted too little a while.

Mr. *B.* (said Lady *Towers*) has some Merit with me for that Answer: And he has still a greater on another Account; and that is, that he has seen his Error so early, and has left his Vices before they have left him.

She looked, as every one did, on the Earl, who appeared a little disconcerted, as one conscious, that he deserved the Reflection. And the Dean said, Lady *Towers* observes very well: For, altho' I presume not to make personal Applications, yet I must say, That the Gentleman who sees his Error in the Prime of Life, before he is overtaken by some awakening Misfortune, may be called one of the happiest of those who have erred.

Ay, Mr. Dean, said Lady *Towers*, I can tell you one thing, that such another Buttress as you know who, taken away from Libertinism, and such another Example as a certain Lady every Day gives, would go near in a few

Years to ruin the Devil's Kingdom in *Bedfordshire*.

The Gentlemen looked round upon one another upon this home Push: And the Lady would not let them recover it. See, said she, how the Gentlemen look upon one another, as who should say, each to his Companion, I'm not so bad as you!

Ay, said Lady *Davers*, I see, my Lord *Davers*, and the Earl of *D.* and Mr. *Martin*, look most concerned.

Faith, Ladies, said Mr. *Martin*, this is too severely personal: A Man who contends with a Lady has a fine Time of it; for we are under Restraint, while you say any thing you please. But let me tell you, there's not a Man of us all, 'tis my Opinion, that could have attempted what a certain Renegado has attempted, tho' he is so readily acquitted.

Not so hasty, my good Friend, said Mr. *B.* You don't consider well what you say, nor of whom: For did *I* take upon myself to censure *you*? But tho' I may challenge you to say the worst you can, because I always dealt upon my own Stock, while other People I could name enter'd into a Society and clubbed for Mischiefs; yet I see you deal with a Brother Rake, when he reforms, as Highwaymen with one of their Gang, who would fain withdraw and be honest, but is kept among them by Fear of an Impeachment.

But is not this, Ladies, said Mrs. *Arthur*, a sad thing, that so many fine Gentlemen as think themselves concern'd in this Charge, should have no way to clear themselves but by Recrimination?

Egad, said Sir *Thomas Atkyns*, I know not what you're about, Gentlemen! You make but sorry Figures, by my Faith!— I have heard of many *queer* Pranks among my *Bedfordshire* Neighbours; but I bless my Stars, I was in *France* and *Italy* all the Time.

Said Mr. *Martin*, Mrs. *Arthur* spoke the Words *fine Gentlemen*, and Sir. *Thomas* thought himself obliged to enter upon his own Defence.

Ay, said the Earl; and the best of it is, Sir *Thomas* pleads not his *Virtue* neither, that he did not join his *Bedfordshire* Neighbours, but his *Absence*.

Gad take me, returned he, putting a Pinch of Snuff to his Nose with an Air, you're plaguy sharp, Gentlemen: I believe in my Conscience you're in a Confederacy, as Mr. *B.* says, and would swear an honest Man into the Plot, that would not care for such Company. What say you, Mr. *H.*? which Side are you of?

The Gallows, reply'd he, in his usual blunt Way, are of the Ladies Side; and I was always of the Side of the Gallows.

That shews, return'd Lady *Towers*, that Mr. *H.* is more afraid of the *Punishment*, than of *deserving* it.

'Tis well, said Mr. *B.* that any Consideration deters a Gentleman at Mr. *H.*'s Time of Life. What may be *Fear* now, may improve to *Virtue* by—and-by.

Ay, said Lady *Davers*, *Jackey* is one of his Uncle's *Foxes*. He'd be glad to snap up a stragging Pullet, if he was not well look'd after, perhaps.

Pray, my Dear, said Lord *Davers*, forbear: You ought not to introduce two different Conversations in different Companies.

I think, truly, said Mr. *B.* you should take the Dean's Hint, my good Friends; else you'll be less *polite* than *personal*.

Well, but, Gentlemen, said Lady *Arthur*, since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* Gentlemen, what's to be done with the marry'd Man who ruins an innocent body? What Punishment, Mrs. *Towers*, shall we find out for such? and what Reparation to the Injured? This, it seems, was said with a particular View to the Earl, on a late scandalous Occasion: But I knew it not till afterwards.

As to the Punishment of the Gentleman, reply'd Mrs. *Towers*, where the Law has not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his Conscience. It will then one Day be heavy enough. But as to the Reparation to the Woman, so far as it can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy Person *may* or *may not* know, that her Seducer is a marry'd Man: If she knows he is, I think *she* neither deserves Redress nor Pity, tho' it alleviates not *his* Guilt. But if the Case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself that he was marry'd, and he promised to make her his Wife, to be sure, tho' *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest Punishment that can be inflicted. What say you, Mrs. *B.*?

If I must speak my Mind, reply'd I, I think, that since Custom, as the Earl said just now, exacts so little Regard to Virtue from Men, and so much from Women, and since the Designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avow'd and known, the poor Creature, who suffers herself to be seduced either by a *single* or *marry'd*

Man, *with* Promises, or *without*, has nothing to do, but to sequester herself from the World, and dedicate the Remainder of her Days to Penitence and Obscurity. As to the Gentleman, added I, he must be left, I doubt, to his Conscience, as you say, Mrs. *Towers*, which will, sooner than he wishes, find him out.

Every young Lady has not your angelick Perfection, Madam, said Mr. *Dormer*. And there are Cases in which the Fair Sex deserve Compassion, ours Execration. Love may insensibly steal upon a soft Heart: When once admitted, the Oaths, Vows, and Protestations of the favour'd Object, who perhaps, on all Occasions, declaims against the Deceivers of his Sex, confirm her good Opinion of him, till, having lull'd asleep her Vigilance, in an unguarded Hour he takes Advantage of her unsuspecting Innocence. Is not such a poor Creature to be pity'd! And what Punishment does not such a Seducer deserve?

You have put, Sir, said I, a moving Case, and in a generous Manner. What, indeed, does not such a Deceiver deserve?

And the more, said Mrs. *Chapman*, as the most innocent Heart is generally the most credulous.

Very, said my Countess; for such an one as would do no Harm *to* others, seldom suspects any *from* others! And her Lot is very unequally cast; admir'd for that very Innocence, which tempts some brutal Ravager to ruin it.

Yet, What is that Virtue, said the Dean, which cannot stand the Test?

But, said Mrs. *Towers*, very satirically, Whither, Ladies, are we got? We are upon the Subject of Virtue and Honour. Let us talk of something, in which the *Gentlemen* can join with us. This is such an one, you see, that none but the Dean and Mr. *Dormer* can discourse upon.

Let us then, said Mr. *Martin*, to be even with *one* Lady at least, find a Subject that will be *new* to her. And that is Charity.

Does what I said concern Mr. *Martin* more than any other Gentleman, retorted Mrs. *Towers*, that he is disposed to take Offence at it?

I think, said Mr. *B.* pardon me, Mrs. *Towers*, a Lady should never make a Motion to wave such Subjects as those of Virtue and Honour; and less still in Company, where there is so much Occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them.

Nay, said she, I desire not to wave the Subject, I'll assure you. And if you think, Sir, it may do good, we will continue it, for the sakes of all *you*, Gentlemen, (looking round her archly) who are of Opinion, you may be benefited by it.

We are going into Personals again, Gentlemen and Ladies, said the Earl.

And that won't bear, my Lord, you seem to think? retorted Lady *Davers*.

A Toast to the King and Royal Family brought on Publick Affairs, and Politicks; and the Ladies withdrawing to Coffee and Tea, I have no more to say as to this Conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any Purpose; for such large Companies, you know, Miss, don't always produce the most agreeable and edifying Subjects. But this I was the willing to recite, because I thought the Characters of some of our Neighbours would be thereby made more familiar to you, if ever I should have the Happiness to see you in these Parts.

I will only add, that Miss *L.* the Dean's Daughter, is a very modest and agreeable young Lady, and a perfect Mistress of Musick; in which the Dean takes great Delight also, and is a fine Judge of it. The Gentlemen coming in, to partake of our Coffee and Conversation, as they said, obtain'd of Miss to play several Tunes on the Spinnet; and would have me do so too. But really, Miss *L.* so very much surpass'd me, that had I regarded my Reputation for playing above the Desire I had (as I said, and truly said) to oblige the good Company, I ought not to have pretended to touch a Key after such a Mistress of it. Miss has no Voice, which is great Pity; and at her Request, and the Dean's, and the Company, I sung to her Play, twice or thrice; as did Mrs. *Towers*, whose Voice exceeds her Ear. But here, Miss, will I end my Fourth Conversation-Piece.

Saturday Morning.

The Countess being a little indispos'd, Lady *Davers* and I took an Airing this Morning in the Chariot, and had a great deal of Discourse together. Her Ladyship was pleased to express great Favour and Tenderness for me; gave me a great deal of good Advice as to the Care she would have me take of myself, and told me, that her Hopes, as well as her Brother's, all centred in my Welfare; and that the Way I was in, made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approv'd of the domestick Management; and to say, that she never saw such Regularity and Method in any Family in her Life, where was the like Number of Servants: Every one, she said, knew their Duty, and did it without Speaking to, in such Silence, and with so much apparent Chearfulness and Delight, without the least Hurry or Confusion, that it was her Surprize and Admiration. But kindly would have it, that I took too much upon me: Yet, said she, I don't see, but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tir'd or fatigu'd; and are always dress'd and easy, so that no Company find you unprepar'd, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to Breakfast or Dinner.

I told her Ladyship, I owed all this, and most of the Conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear Brother, who at the Beginning of my Happiness, gave me several Cautions and Instructions for my Behaviour; which had always been the Rule of my Conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be: To say nothing, added I, which would be very unjust, of the Help I receive from worthy Mrs. *Jervis*, who is an excellent Manager.

Good Creature, sweet Pamela, and charming Girl, were her common Words, and she was pleased to attribute to me such a graceful and unaffected Ease, and would have it, that I have a natural Dignity in my Person and Behaviour, which command Love and Reverence at the same time; insomuch that, my dear Miss, I am in Danger of being as proud as any thing. For you must believe, that her Ladyship's Approbation gives me great Pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come off near so well in her Opinion.

As the Chariot passed along, she took great Notice of the Respects paid me by People of different Ranks, and of the Blessings bestowed upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said, She should fare well, and be rich in good Wishes for being in my Company.

The good People, who know us, *will* do so, Madam, said I; but I had rather have their silent Prayers, than their audible ones; and I have caused some of them to be told so; but they say, they cannot help it: And one honest Man said, That everybody's Hearts sprang to their Lips as soon as I appeared, and they could not keep their Words in.

What I apprehend, Madam, continued I, is, that you will be more uneasy To-morrow, when at Church you'll see a good many People in the same way. Indeed, added I, my Story, and your dear Brother's Tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many Strangers are brought thither to see us. 'Tis the only thing, said I, (and so it is, Miss) that makes me desirous to go to *London*; for by the Time we return, the Novelty, I hope, will cease.

Then I mention'd some Verses of Mr. *Cowley*, which had been laid under the Cushions in our Seat at Church, two *Sundays* ago, by some unknown Hand; and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, Miss, and give you the Particulars of our Conversation on that Occasion. The Verses are these: *Thou robb'st my Days of Bus'ness and Delights, Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights. Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do? What! rob me of Heav'n too! Thou ev'n my Pray'rs dost steal from me, And I with wild Idolatry, Begin to God, and end them all to thee. No, to what Purpose should I speak? No, wretched Heart, swell till you break: She cannot love me, if she would; And, to say Truth, 'twere pity that she should. No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear, As silent as they will be there: Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give, So handsomely the Thing contrive, That she may guiltless of it live: So perish, that her killing thee May a Chance-medley, and no Murder be!*

I had them in my Pocket, and read them to my Lady; who ask'd me, If her Brother had seen them? I told her, It was he that found them under the Cushion I used to sit upon; but did not shew them to me, till I came home; and that I was so vexed at them, that I could not go to Church in the Afternoon.

What should you be vex'd at, my Dear? said she: How could you help it? —My Brother was not disturb'd at them, was he?

No, indeed, said I: He chid *me* for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine Compliment upon it; that he did not wonder, that every body who saw me, lov'd me. —But I said, This was all wicked Wit was good for, to

inspire such Boldness in bad Hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set Pen to Paper to affront any one.

But pray, Madam, added I, don't own I have told you of them, lest there should be a Possibility for a Shadow of a Thought, that I was prompted by some vile, secret Vanity in being admir'd, to tell your Ladyship of them: When, I am sure, they have vex'd me more than enough. For is it not a sad Thing, that the Church should be profan'd by such Actions, and such Thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it?

Then, Madam, to have any wicked Man *dare* to think of one with impure Notions! It gives me the less Opinion of myself, that I should be so much as *thought of* as the Object of any wicked Body's Wishes. I have called myself to Account upon it, whether any Levity in my Looks, my Dress, my Appearance, could imbolden such an affrontive Insolence. And I have thought upon this Occasion better of *Julius Coesar's* Delicacy, than I did, when I read of it; who, upon an Attempt made on his Wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least Encouragement, said, to those who pleaded for her against the Divorce he was resolved upon, *That the Wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.*

Indeed, Madam, continued I, it would extremely shock me, but to know, that any wicked Heart had conceived a Design upon me; Upon *me*, give me Leave to repeat, whose only Glory and Merit is, that I have had the Grace to withstand the greatest of Trials and Temptations, from a Gentleman more worthy to be beloved both for Person and Mind, than any Man in *England*.

Your Observation, my Dear, is truly delicate, and such as becomes your Mind and Character. And I really think, if any Lady in the World is secure from vile Attempts, it must be you; not only from your Story so well known, and the Love you bear to your Man, and his Merit to you, but from the Prudence, and natural *Dignity*, I will say, of your Behaviour, which, tho' all graceful Ease and Chearfulness, is what would strike dead the Hope of any presumptuous Libertine, the Moment he sees you.

How can I enough, return'd I, and kissed her Hand, acknowlege your Ladyship's polite Goodness in this Compliment! But, my Lady, you see by the very Instance I have mention'd, that a Liberty *is* taken, which I cannot think of without Pain.

'Tis such a Liberty, reply'd my Lady, as shews more Despair than Hope, and is a Confirmation of my Sentiments on the Prudence and Dignity which not only I, but every body attributes to you.

Kind, kind, Lady *Davers!* said I, again pressing her Hand with my Lips. But I will turn my Quarrel, since I know not, and hope I never shall, the vile Transcriber, upon the Author of the Verses, I think; for had they not been written, I should not have been thus insulted, perhaps.

But, reply'd my Lady, *Cowley* is my favourite Poet. He has a beautiful Imagination, a vast deal of brilliant Wit, and a Chastity too in his Works, that hardly any of the Tribe can boast.

I once liked him better too, said I, than I have done since this; for he was one of the Poets that my Lady would permit me to read sometimes; and his Pieces in Praise of the Country Life, and those charming Lines against Ambition, used to delight me much: *If e'er Ambition should my Fancy cheat With any Wish so mean, as to be great, Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove The humble Blessings of the Life I love!*

I have taken Notice of these Lines often, said my Lady, and been pleas'd with them. But I think you have no Reason to be out of Conceit with *Cowley*, for the ill Use made of his Verses. He but too naturally describes the Influence of Love; which frequently interferes with our better Duties. And there is something very natural, and easy, and witty, in the first Lines: —And shews that the Poet *laments* the too ingaging Impressions which Love made upon his Mind, even on the most solemn Occasions—*What! rob me of Heav'n too!* —A bad Heart, *Pamela*, could not have so lamented, or so written!

Ah! but, Madam, said I, I have seen, in your dear Brother's Collection of Manuscripts, a Poem in which this very Point, nice as it is, is touched with much greater Propriety.

Can you repeat it, my Dear?

The Lines I *mean*, I can. Your Ladyship must know, It was upon a Quarrel between a beloved Couple, where the Gentleman had been wild, and the Lady's ill-natur'd Uncle, who wanted to break the Match, (tho' it was designed by her deceased Parents) had fomented it, so that she would not look upon her Lover, nor see him, nor receive a Letter of Excuse from him, tho' they were betroth'd, and she lov'd him dearly. This oblig'd him to throw himself in her Way at Church, and thus he writes: *But, O! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair Robs thee of my Devoir, disturbs my Pray'r, Confounds my best Resolves, and makes me prove, That she's too much a Rival in thy Love!*

These now, Madam, continued I, are the Lines I admire: *But better Thoughts my happier Hopes suggest, When once this stormy Doubt's expell'd my Breast; When once this agitated Flame shall turn To steadier Heat, and more intensely burn, My dear Maria then, thought I, will join, And we, one Heart, one Soul, shall all be thine!*

Ay, *Pamela*, these are very pretty Lines. You must procure me a Sight of the Whole. They must needs let me into an entertaining History of a Love Quarrel. —Mean time, you must not think ill of my Favourite *Cowley*; for I say, with a Gentleman, whose Judgment, and good Heart, have hardly any Equal, That tho' *Cowley* was going out of Fashion with some, yet he should always suspect the Head or the Heart of him or her, who could not taste, and delight in, his Beauties.

The Words, *She cannot love me, if she would, And, to say Truth, 'twere pity that she should;*

Shew the Goodness of the Poet's Heart; and even, that the Transcriber, be he who he will, had not the *worst*, that he could single out *these*; when, if he would be shining with borrow'd Rays, he might have chosen a much worse Poet to follow.

Oh! Madam, reply'd I, say not one Word in behalf of the wicked Transcriber. For a Wretch to entertain the Shadow of a Wish for a marry'd Person, is a Degree of Impurity that ought not to be excus'd: But to commit such Thoughts to Writing, to put that Writing under the Seat of the marry'd Person at Church, when her Heart should be engag'd *wholly* in her first Duties; where too it might be more likely to be seen by the Pew-keepers than her, and so spread over the whole Parish, to the Propagation of bad Ideas, whenever I appeared; and, moreover, might come to the Hands of one's Husband, who from his own free Life formerly, and high Passions, as far as the Transcriber knew, might be uneasy at, and angry with, the innocent Occasion of the Insult—Besides the Apprehension it must give one, that the Man who could take this vile Step, might proceed to greater Lengths, which my busy Fears could improve to Duelling and Murder—Then the Concern it must fill me with, to the diverting of my Mind from my first Regards, when *any one* looked at me wistfully, that *he* might be the Transcriber, which must always give me Confusion of Thought: —Dearest Madam, can one forbear being vex'd, when all these Imaginations dart in upon a Mind apprehensive as mine? Indeed this Action has given me great Uneasiness at times ever since, and I cannot help it.

I am pleas'd with your Delicacy, my Dear, as I said before. —You can never err, while thus watchful over your Conduct; — and I own, you have the more Reason for it, as you have marry'd a mere *Julius Coesar*, an open-ey'd Rake, that was her Word, who would, on the least Surmizes, tho' ever so causeless on your Part, have all his Passions up in Arms, in Apprehension of Liberties that might be offer'd like those he has not scrupled to take.

Oh! but, Madam, said I, your dear Brother has given me great Satisfaction in one Point; for you must think, I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a Concern for his future Happiness, as well as his present; and that is, he has assured me, that in all the Liberties he has taken, he never attempted a marry'd Lady, but always abhorred the Thought of so great an Evil.

'Tis pity, said her Ladyship, that a Man who could conquer his Passions *so far*, could not subdue them intirely. This shews it was in his own Power to do so; and increases his Crime: And what a Wretch is he, who scrupling, under Pretence of Conscience or Honour, to attempt Ladies *within* the Pale, boggles not to ruin a poor Creature *without*; although he knows, he thereby, most probably, for ever, deprives her of that Protection, by preventing her Marriage, which, even among such Rakes as himself, is deemed inviolable, and so casts the poor Creature headlong into the Jaws of Perdition?

Ah! Madam, reply'd I, this was the very Inference I made upon the Occasion.

And what could he say?

He said, my Inference was just; but call'd me *pretty Preacher*; — and once having caution'd me not to be over-serious with him, so as to cast a Gloom, as he said, over our innocent Injoyments, I never dare to urge Matters further, when he calls me by that Name.

Well, said my Lady, thou'rt an admirable Girl! God's Goodness was great to our Family, when it gave thee to it.

No Wonder, continu'd her Ladyship, as my Brother says, every body that sees you, and has heard your Character, loves you: And this is some Excuse for the inconsiderate Folly even of this unknown Transcriber.

Ah! Madam, said I; but is it not a sad thing, that People, if they must take upon them to like one's Behaviour in general, should have the *worst*, instead of the *best* Thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that Reason? and so to destroy the Cause of that Pleasure

which they pretend to take in seeing a body set a good Example? For what, my dear Lady, could a Wretch mean, even by the Words your Ladyship thinks most innocent, *She cannot love me, if she would; And, to say Truth,* —(as if this Truth were extorted rather by his *Fears* than his *Wishes*) — *'twere pity that she should.*

But why then, if this be the Case, and that he would bear his *Sorrows*, as the Poet calls them, to the Grave, should he not keep them to *himself*? make that very *Mind* their Grave, which gave them their *Birth*? If the bold Creature, whoever he be, had not thought this might be a Hint that might some—how be improved, and a vile Foundation for some viler Superstructure, would he have transcribed them, and caused them to be placed where they were found? — Then, in my humble Opinion, the Thought that is contained in these Lines, *Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give, So handsomely the Thing contrive, That she may guiltless of it live: So perish, that her killing thee May a Chance—medley, and no Murder be;*

Is rather a *Conceit*, or *Prettiness*, that won't bear Examination, than that Wit in which this fine Poet excels:—For, if she cannot love him *if she would*, and if it were *pity* that she *should* love him; this implies she was a Lady under previous Obligation, whether Marriage or Betrothment is the same thing to him: Then, need the Thing to be so *handsomely contrived*, need any Pains be taken, (if her Repulse *had killed*, as Poetical Licence makes him say, this Invader of another's Right) to bring it in *Chance—medley*;—since no Jury could have brought it in *Murder*, except that Sort of Murder which is called *Felo de se* (you know, my Lady, what a Scholar your Brother has made me): So that I presume to think, the Poet himself is not so blameless in this as he has taken care to be in most of his Pieces. And permit me to make one Observation, my good Lady, That if the chastest Writers, (supposing *Cowley* meant ever so well) may have their Works and their Thoughts turn'd to be Panders and Promoters of the Wickedness of coarse Minds, whose grosser Ideas could not be cloathed in a Dress fit to appear in decent Company, without *their* Assistance, how careful ought a good Author to be, whose Works are so likely to live to the End of Time, how he propagates the worst of Mischiefs, to such a Duration, when he himself is dead and gone, and incapable of antidoting the Poison he has spread?

Her Ladyship was pleased to kiss me, as we sat. My charming *Pamela*, my *more than Sister*, — did she say! — Yes she did say so! and made my Eyes overflow with Joy to hear the sweet Epithet! — How your Conversation charms me! — I charge you, when you get to Town, let me have your Remarks on the Diversions you will be carried to by my Brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and *you* know how acceptable every thing will be *to me* that comes from you, I promise great Pleasure as well to myself as to my worthy Friends, particularly Lady *Betty*, in your unrestrained free Correspondence.

Indeed, *Pamela*, I must bring you acquainted with Lady *Betty*: She is one of the Worthies of our Sex, and has a fine Understanding. — I'm sure you'll like her. — But (for the World say it not to my Brother, nor let Lady *Betty* know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted—) I had carry'd the Matter so far by my officious Zeal to have my Brother marry'd to so fine a Lady, not doubting his joyful Approbation, that it was no small Disappointment to *her*, I can tell you, when he marry'd you: And this is the best Excuse I can make for my furious Behaviour to you at the Hall. For tho' I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad. — Indeed my Disappointment had given me so much Indignation both against you, and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you *did* feel the Weight of my Hand: — But what was that? — 'Twas well I did not *kill you dead* — these were her Ladyship's Words—For how could I think the wild Libertine capable of being engag'd by such noble Motives, or Thee what thou art? — So this will account to thee a little for my Violence then.

Your Ladyship, said I, all these Things consider'd, had but too much Reason to be angry at your dear Brother's Proceedings, so well as you always lov'd him, so high a Concern as you always had to promote his Honour and Interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady *Betty*.

I tell thee, *Pamela*, said she, that the old Story of *Eleanor* and *Rosamond* run in my Head all the Way of my Journey, and I almost wished for a Potion to force down thy Throat: And when I came, and found thy lewd Paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wast marry'd to him, tho' I expected thou wouldst endeavour to persuade me to believe it) apprehending, that his Intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my Hopes as to Lady *Betty* and him; Now, thought I, all happens as I wish! — Now will I confront this brazen Girl! — Now will I try her Innocence, as I please, by offering to take her with me out of his Hands; if she refuses, take that Refusal for a Demonstration of her Guilt; and then, thought I, I will make the Creature provoke me, in the Presence of my Nephew and my Woman (and I hoped to have got that Woman *Jewkes* to testify for me too); and I cannot tell

what I might have done, if thou hadst not got out of the Window as thou didst, especially after thou hadst told me, thou wast as much marry'd as I was, and hadst shewn me his tender Letter to thee, which had a quite different Effect upon me than thou hadst hoped for. But if I had committed any Act of Violence, what Remorse should I have had, when I came to reflect, and had known what an Excellence I had injured! Thank God, thou didst escape me! thank God thou didst! And then her Ladyship folded her Arms about me, and kissed me.

This was a sad Story, you'll say, my dear Miss: And I wonder what her Ladyship's Passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have *killed me dead* indeed! surely she would not! —Let it not, however, Miss, nor you, my dear Father and Mother, — when you see it, — go out of your own Hands, nor be read, for my Lady's sake, to any body else — No, Miss, not to your own dear Mamma. —It made me tremble a little, even at this Distance, to think what a sad thing Passion is, when Way is given to its ungovernable Tumults, and how it deforms and debases the noblest Minds!

We returned from this agreeable Airing but just Time enough to dress before Dinner, and then I attended my Lady, and we went together into the Countess's Apartment, where I received abundance of Compliments from both. As this brief Conversation will give you some Notion of that Management and Oeconomy for which they heaped upon me their kind Praises, I will recite to you what passed in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; and the less, because what I underwent formerly from my Lady's Indignation, half intitles me to be proud of her present Kindness and Favour.

Lady *Davers* said, Your Ladyship must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your Company; but here, this sweet Girl has entertained me in such a manner, that I could have staid out with her all Day; and several times did I bid the Coachman prolong his Circuit.

My good Lady *Davers*, Madam, said I, has given me inexpressible Pleasure, and has been all Condescension and Favour, and made me as proud as proud can be.

You, my dear Mrs. *B.* said she, may have given great Pleasure to Lady *Davers*; for it cannot be otherwise. —But I have no great Notion of her Ladyship's Condescension, as you call it, (pardon me, Madam, said she to her, smiling) when she cannot raise her Style above the Word *Girl*, coming off from a Tour you have made so delightful to her.

I protest to you, my Lady *C.* reply'd her Ladyship, with great Goodness, that Epithet which once indeed I bestow'd thro' Pride, as you'll call it, I now give for a very different Reason. I begin to doubt, whether to call her Sister is not more Honour to myself than to her; and to this Hour am not quite convinc'd. When I am, I will call her so with Pleasure.

I was quite overcome with this fine Compliment, but could not answer a Word: And the Countess said, I could have spared you longer, had not the Time of Day compell'd your Return. For I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, altho' but with the Talk of my Woman and yours: For here they have been giving me such an Account of Mrs. *B.*'s Oeconomy, and Family Management, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a Lady too. We shall have strange Reformations to make, Lady *Davers*, when we go home, in our Families, were we to follow so good an Example.

Why, my dear Mrs. *B.* continued her Ladyship, you outdo all your Neighbours. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you: —For were I to try to imitate you, it would still be *but* Imitation, and you'd have the Honour of it.

Yet you hear, and you see by Yesterday's Conversation, said Lady *Davers*, how much her best Neighbours of both Sexes admire her: They all yield to her the Palm, unenvying.

Then, my good Ladies, said I, it is a Sign I have most excellent Neighbours, full of Generosity, and willing to encourage a young Person in doing right things: So it makes, considering what I was, more for their Honour than my own. For what Censures should not such an one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my Time like Ladies of Condition, were I not to imploy myself as I do? I, who have so little other Merit, and who brought no Fortune at all?

Come, come, *Pamela*, none of your self-denying Ordinances — that was Lady *Davers*'s Word — You must know something of your own Excellence: — If you do not, I'll tell it you, because there is no Fear you will be proud or vain upon it. I don't see then, that there is the Lady in your Neighbourhood, of any Neighbourhood, that behaves with a more proper Decorum, or better keeps up the Port of a Lady, than you do. How you manage it I can't tell; but you do as much by a Look, and a pleasant one too, that's the Rarity! as I do by high Words, and passionate Exclamations: I have often nothing but Blunder upon Blunder, as if the Wretches were in a

Confederacy to try my Patience.

Perhaps, Madam, said I, the Awe they have of your Ladyship, because of your high Qualities, makes them commit Blunders; for I myself have always been more afraid of appearing before your Ladyship, when you have visited your honoured Mother, than of any body else, and have been the more sensibly aukward thro' that very awful Respect.

Psha, psha! *Pamela*, that is not it: 'Tis all in yourself. I us'd to think my Mamma, and my Brother too, had as aukward Servants as I ever saw anywhere —except Mrs. *Jervis*. —Well enough for a Batchelor, indeed! —But, here! —thou hast not parted with one Servant — Hast thou?

No, my Lady.

How! said the Countess; what Excellence is here! All of them, pardon me, Mrs. *B.* your Fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your Eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so chearful!

Don't you think me, Miss, insufferably vain? But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'T was their Goodness to me, and shew'd how much they can excel in generous Politeness. So I will proceed.

Why this, continued the Countess, must be *born* Dignity,— *born* Discretion.; —Education cannot give it: —If it could, why should not *we* have it?

The Ladies said many more kind things of me then; and after Dinner they mentioned all over again, with Additions, before my best Friend, who was kindly delighted with the Encomiums given me by two Ladies of such distinguishing Judgment in all other Cases. They told him, how much they admired my Family Management: Then would have it, that my Genius was universal, for the Employments and Accomplishments of my Sex, whether they consider'd it, they were pleased to say, as imploy'd in Penmanship, in Needle-work, in paying or receiving Visits, in Musick, and I can't tell how many other Qualifications, which their Goodness made them attribute to me, over and above the Family Management; saying, that I had an Understanding that comprehended every thing, and an Eye that penetrated into the very Bottom of Matters in a Moment, and was never at a Loss for the *Should be*, the *Why* or *Wherefore*, and the *How*; these were their comprehensive Words—I did every thing with so much Celerity, clearing all as I went, and leaving nothing, that was their Observation, to recur or come over again, that could be dispatched at once: By which means, they said, every Hand was clear to undertake a new Work, as well as my own Head to direct it; and there was no Hurry nor Confusion; but every coming Hour was fresh and ready, and unincumber'd, (so they said) for its new Employment; and to this they attributed that Ease and Pleasure with which every thing was performed, and that I could *do*, and *cause* to be done, so much Business without Hurry either to myself or Servants.

These kind things, they would have it, they observed in part themselves, and in part from the Observations of their Women, who looked, they said, so narrowly into every Part of the Management, as if they were Spies upon it; but were such faithful ones, that it was like a good Cause brought to a strict Scrutiny, the brighter and fairer for it.

Thus, my dear Miss, did their Ladyships praise me for what I *ought* to be; and I will endeavour to improve more and more by their kind Admonitions, which come clothed in the agreeable and flattering Shape of Praise, the noblest Incitement to the doing of one's Duty.

Judge you how pleasing this was to my best Beloved, who found, in their kind Approbation, such a Justification of his own Conduct, that could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady *Davers* was one of the kind Praisers.

Lord *Davers* was so highly delighted, that he rose once, begging his Brother's Excuse, to salute me, and remained standing over my Chair, with a Pleasure in his Looks that cannot be expressed, now-and-then lifting up his Hands, and his good-natur'd Eye glistening with Joy, which a Pier-glass gave me the Opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a bashful Glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. *H.* seem'd to be touch'd very sensibly; and recollecting his Behaviour to me at the Hall, he once cry'd out, What a sad Whelp was *I*, to behave as I once did, to so much Excellence! —Not, Mr. *B.* that I was any thing uncivil neither; —but in unworthy Sneers, and Nonsense. — You know me well enough. —P—x on me for a Jackanapes! —You call'd me, *Tinsel'd Toy*, tho', Madam; don't you remember that? and said, *Twenty or thirty Years hence, when I was at Age, you'd give me an Answer.* —Egad! I shall never forget your Looks, nor your Words neither! —They were d—n'd severe Speeches, were they not, Sir?

O you see, Mr. *H.* said my dear Gentleman, *Pamela* is not quite perfect. —We must not provoke her; for she'll call us both so, perhaps; for I wear a lac'd Waistcoat, sometimes, as well as you.

Nay, Faith, I can't be angry, said he. I deserv'd it richly, that I did, had it been worse.

Thy silly Tongue, said my Lady, runs on without Fear or Wit. What's past is past.

Why, i'faith, Madam, I was plaguily wrong; and I said nothing of any body but *myself*:— And have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my Nonsense.

My Nephew, said my Lord, must bring in Hanging, or the Gallows, in every Speech he makes, or it will not be he.

Mr. *B.* smiling, said, with Severity enough in his Meaning, as I could see by the Turn of his Countenance, —Mr. *H.* knows, that his Birth and Family intitle him more to the Block, than the Rope, or he would not make so free with the latter.

Good! very good, by *Jupiter!* said Mr. *H.* laughing. The Countess smil'd. Lady *Davers* shook her Head at her Brother, and said to her Nephew, Thou'rt a good—natur'd foolish Fellow, that thou art.

For what, Madam? Why the Word, *foolish*, Aunt? What have I said now?

Nothing to any Purpose, indeed! said she; when thou dost, I'll write it down.

Then, Madam, said he, have your Pen and Ink always about you, when I'm present. —The Devil's in't if you won't put that down, to begin with!

This made every one laugh. What a happy thing it is, thought I, that Good—nature generally accompanies this Character; else, my dear Miss, how would some People be supportable?

But here I'll break off. 'Tis Time, you'll say. —But you know whom I write to, as well as to you; and they'll be pleas'd with all my silly Scribble. —So excuse one Part for that, and another for Friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable to you.

Now the Trifler again resumes her Pen. I am in some Pain, Miss, for To—morrow, because of the Rules we observe of late in our Family on *Sundays*, and of going thro' a Croud to Church; which will afford new Scenes to our noble Visitors, either for Censure or otherwise: But I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my Duty, than for the Want of it; and so will break nothing into our usual Way.

I hope I shall not be thought ridiculous, or as one who aims at Works of Supererogation, for what I think is very short of my Duty. —Some Order, surely, becomes the Heads of Families; and besides, it would be discrediting one's own Practice, if one did not appear at one Time what one does at another. For that which is a Reason for discontinuing a Practice, for some Company, would seem to be a Reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a Family visiting and visited as ours.

And I remember well a Hint given me by my dearest Friend once on another Subject, That it is in every one's Power to prescribe Rules to himself, after a while; and Persons see what is one's Way, and that we are not to be put out of it.

But my only Doubt is, that to Ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the *necessary* Strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much Perfection: For however one's Duty is one's Duty, and ought not to be dispensed with; yet when a Person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a Task before them, and so many great Points to get over, all to be no more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage than to allure; and one must proceed, as I have read Soldiers do in a difficult Siege, Inch by Inch, and be more studious to intrench and fortify themselves as they go on gaining upon the Enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an Attack of the Place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged with great Loss to abandon an hopeful Enterprize.

And permit me to add, that, young as I am, I have often observed, that over—great Strictnesses all at once injoin'd, and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning Reformation, but for stronger Christians only; and therefore generally do more Harm than Good, in such a Circumstance.

What a miserable Creature am I, said a neighbouring Widow Gentlewoman, (whom I visited in her Illness, at her own Desire, tho' a Stranger to me but by Name) if all the Good *you* do, and the strict Life *you* live, is no more than absolutely necessary to Salvation!

I saw the poor Gentlewoman, thro' Illness and low Spirits, was ready to despond, and, to comfort her, I said, Dear Madam, don't be cast down: God Almighty gives us all a Light to walk by in these our dark Paths; and 'tis my humble Opinion, He will judge us according to the *unforced* and *unbyassed* Use we make of that Light. I think it my Duty to do several. Things, which, perhaps, the Circumstances of others will not permit them to do, or

which they, on serious and disinterested Reflection, may not think absolutely necessary to be done: In each Case our Judgments are a Law to each; and I ought no more to excuse myself from doing such Parts as I think my Duty, than you to condemn yourself for not doing what does not appear to you so strictly necessary: And besides, Madam, you may do as much Good one way, as I another, and so both may be equally useful in the general System of Providence.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear Miss? — Excuse me; for this is *Saturday* Night; and as it was a very good Method which the ingenious Authors of the *Spectators* took, generally to treat their more serious Subjects on this Day; so I think one should, when one can, consider it as the preparative Eve to a still better.

SUNDAY.

Now, my dear Miss, by what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you briefly with the Method my dear Mr. *B.* not only permits, but encourages me to take in the Family he leaves to my Care, as to the *Sunday* Duty.

The worthy Dean, at my Request, and by my Beloved's Permission, recommended to me, as a sort of Family Chaplain, for *Sundays*, a young Gentleman of great Sobriety, and Piety, and sound Principles, who having but lately taken Orders, has at present no other Provision. And this Gentleman comes, and reads Prayers to us about Seven in the Morning, in the lesser Hall, as we call it, a retired Apartment, next the little Garden; for we have no Chapel with us here, as in your Neighbourhood: And this generally, with some suitable Exhortation, or Meditation out of some good Book, which the young Gentleman is so kind to let me chuse now—and—then, when I please, takes up little more than half an Hour.

We have a great Number of Servants of both Sexes; and myself, my good Mrs. *Jervis*, and my *Polly Barlow*, are generally in a little Closet, which, when we open the Door, is but just a Separation, and that's all, from the Hall.

Mr. *Adams* (for that is our young Clergyman's Name) has a Desk, at which sometimes Mr. *Jonathan* makes up his running Accounts to Mr. *Longman*; who is very scrupulous of admitting any body to the Use of his Office, because of the Writings in his Custody, and the Order he values himself upon having every thing in.

About Seven in the Evening the young Gentleman comes again, and I generally, let me have what Company I will, find time to retire for about another Half—hour, and my dear Mr. *B.* connives at, and excuses my Absence, if inquir'd after, tho', for so short a time, I am seldom miss'd.

To the young Gentleman I shall present, every Quarter, Five Guineas; and Mr. *B.* presses him to accept of a Place at his Table, at his Pleasure: But, as we have generally a good deal of Company, his Modesty makes him decline it, and sit down, when he pleases, with Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis*, who have a separate Table.

Mr. *Longman* is so kind as to join with us very often in our *Sunday* Office, and Mr. *Colbrand* seldom misses; and they tell Mrs. *Jervis*, that they cannot express the Pleasure they have to meet me there; and the Edification they receive, as they are so kind to say, from my Example; and the chearful Temper I am always in, which does 'em good to look upon me: And they will have it, that I do Credit to Religion. But if they do but think so, it must have been of Service to me in the Order I have now established, as I hope; and that thro' less Difficulties than I expected to meet with, especially from the Cookmaid; but she says, she comes with double Delight to have the Opportunity to see her beloved Lady, as she calls me, it seems, at every Word.

My best Beloved dispenses as much as he can with the Servants, for the Evening Part, if he has Company, or will be attended only by *John* or *Abraham*, perhaps, by Turns; and sometimes looks upon his Watch, and says, 'Tis near Seven; and if he says so, they take it for a Hint they may be dispens'd with for half an Hour; and this Countenance which the dear Gentleman gives me, has not contributed a little to make the Matter easy and delightful to me and to every one.

I am sure, my dear Miss, were only Policy to be considered, this Method must be laudable; for since I have begun it, there is not a more diligent, a more sober, nor more courteous Set of Servants in any Family in a great Way: We have no Broils, no hard Words, no Revilings, no Commandings, nor Complaining; and Mrs. *Jervis's* Government is made so easy, as she says, that she need not speak twice; and all the Language of the Servants is, Pray, *John*, or Pray, *Jane*, do so or so; and they say, Their dear Master's Service is a Heaven upon Earth.

When I part from them, on the breaking up of our Assembly, they generally make a little Row on each Side to the Hall—door, and when I have made my Compliments, and paid my Thanks to Mr. *Adams*, one whispers, as I go out, God bless you, Madam! And so says another, and another, and indeed every one; and bow and court'sy with such Pleasure in their honest Countenances, as greatly delights me: And I say; (if it so happens) So, my good Friends! —I am glad to see you — Not one absent! —or but one—(as it falls out) —This is very obliging, I cry: And thus I shew them, that I take Notice, if any body be not there. And back again I go to pay my Duty to my Earthly Benefactor; and he is pleased to say sometimes, that I come to him with such a Radiance, playing about my Eyes, and shining over my whole Face, as gives him double Pleasure to behold me; and often he tells

me afterwards, that, but for appearing too fond before Company, he could meet me, as I enter, with Embraces as pure as my own Heart.

I hope, in time, I shall prevail upon the dear Gentleman to give me his Company. —But, thank God, I am inabled to go thus far already! —I will leave the rest to his Providence: For I have a Point very delicate to touch upon in this Particular; and I must take care, not to lose the Ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my Comfort, that next to being uniform *himself*, is that Permission and Encouragement he gives *me* to be so, and the Pleasure he takes in seeing me so delighted. —And besides, the dear Gentleman always gives me his Company to Church. O how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the Divine Office, which yet he has not done, tho' I have urg'd him as much as I durst! One thing after another, he says; we shall be better and better, I hope: But nobody is good all at once. But, my dear Miss, as I consider this as the Seal of all the rest, and he himself has an awful Notion of it, I shall hardly think my dear Mr. *B.*'s Morals fully secur'd till then.

Mrs. *Jervis* ask'd me on *Saturday* Evening, If I would be concerned to see a larger Congregation in the lesser Hall next Morning, than usual? I said, No, by no means. She said, Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, (the two Ladies Women) and Mr. *Sydney*, my Lord *Davers's* Gentleman, and Mr. *H.*'s Servant, and the Coachmen and Footmen, belonging to our noble Visitors, who are, she says, all great Admirers of our Family Management, and good Order, having been told our Method, begg'd to join in it. I knew I should be a little dash'd at so large a Company; but the Men being pretty orderly, for Lords Servants, and Mrs. *Jervis* assuring me, that they were very earnest in their Request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual Time, (attended by my *Polly*) I went down, I found Mr. *Adams* there, (to whom I made my first Compliments) and every one of our own People, waiting for me, Mr. *Colbrand* excepted, (whom Mr. *H.* had kept up late the Night before) together with Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*, and Mr. *Sydney*, with the Servants of our Guests, who, as also worthy Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, paid me their Respects; and I said, This is early rising, Mrs. *Lesley* and Mrs. *Worden*; you are very kind to countenance us with your Companies in this our Family Order. —Mr. *Sidney*, I am glad to see you. How do you, Mr. *Longman*? And looked round with Complacency on the Servants of our noble Visitors. And then I led Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley* to my little Retiring-place, and Mrs. *Jervis* and my *Polly* followed, and throwing the Door open, Mr. *Adams* began some select Prayers; and as the young Gentleman reads with great Emphasis and Propriety, and as if his Heart was in what he read, all the good Folks were exceedingly attentive.

After Prayers, Mr. *Adams* read a Meditation, from a Collection made for private Use, which I shall more particularly mention by—and-by; and ending with the usual Benediction, I thank'd the worthy Gentleman, and reproach'd him, in Mr. *B.*'s Name, for his Modesty, in declining our Table; and, thanking Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, receiv'd their kind Wishes, and hasten'd, blushing, thro' their Praises, to my Chamber, where, being alone, I pursued the Subject for an Hour, till Breakfast was ready, when I attended the Ladies, and my best Beloved, who had told them of the Verses plac'd under my Cushion at Church.

We set out, my Lord and Lady *Davers*, and myself, and Mr. *H.* in our Coach; and Mr. *B.* and the Countess, in the Chariot, both Ladies, and the Gentlemen, splendidly dress'd; but I avoided a Glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two Peeresses. —Mr. *B.* said, Why are you not full dress'd, my Dear? —I said, I hop'd he would not be displeas'd: If he was, I would do as he commanded. He answer'd, As you like best, my Love. You are a charming Creature in every Dress.

The Chariot first drawing up to the Church-Door, Mr. *B.* led the Countess into the Church. My Lord *Davers* did me that Honour; and Mr. *H.* handed his Aunt, thro' a Croud of Gazers, many of whom, as usual, were Strangers. The Neighbouring Gentlemen and their Ladies paid us their silent Respects; but the Thoughts of the wicked Verses, or rather, as Lady *Davers* will have me say, wicked Action of the Transcriber of them, made me keep behind in the Pew: But, my Lady, with great Goodness, sat down by me, and whisperingly talked a good deal, between whiles, to me, with great Tenderness and Freedom in her Aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I know she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleas'd with me.

Among other things she said softly, Who would wish to be a King or Queen, *Pamela*, if it is so easy for Virtue and Beauty (so she was pleas'd to say) to attract so many sincere Admirers, without any of their Grandeur? —Look round, my dear Girl, and see what a solemn Respect, and mingled Delight, appears in every Countenance.

And pressing my Hand, Thou art a charming Creature; such a noble Modesty, and yet such a becoming Dignity

in thy whole Appearance! No wonder that every one's Eyes are upon thee, and that thou bringest so many booted Gentlemen as well as Neighbours, to croud the Church, to behold thee!

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my Hand, (and my dear Gentleman and the Countess heard her; for she raised her Voice to a more audible Whisper) I am proud to be in thy Company; and in this solemn Place, I take thy Hand, and acknowlege, with Pride, my *Sister*. I looked down; for here at Church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gaz'd at so? —And softly said, Oh! my good Lady! how much you honour me, the Place, and these surrounding Eyes, can only hinder me from acknowleging as I ought.

My best Friend, with Pleasure in his Eyes, said, pressing his Hand upon both ours, as my Lady had mine in hers, you are two beloved Creatures: Both excellent in your way. God bless you both. And you, too, my dear Brother, said my Lady. The Countess whisper'd, You should spare a-body a little! You give one, Ladies, and Mr. *B.* too much Pleasure all at once. Such Company, and such Behaviour, adds still more Charms to Devotion; and were I to be here a Twelvemonth, I would never miss once accompanying You to this good Place.

Mr. *H.* thought he must say something, and addressing himself to his noble Uncle, who could not keep his good-natur'd Eye off me, I'll be *hang'd*, my Lord, if I know how to behave myself! —Why this outdoes the Chapel! —I'm glad I put on my new Suit! And then he look'd upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, his Part of the general Admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss, and my dearest Father and Mother, that I am now at the Height of my Happiness in this Life, thus favour'd by Lady *Davers*!

The Dean preached an excellent Sermon; but I need not to have said that. Only to have mention'd, that *he* preached, was saying enough.

My Lord led me out, when Divine Service was over, (and being a little tender in his Feet, from a Gouty Notice, walked very slowly) Mr. *B.* led the Countess, and Mr. *H.* his Aunt. Lady *Towers*, and Mrs. *Brooks* join'd us in the Porch; and made us their Compliments; as did Mr. *Martin*. Will you favour us with your Company home, my old Acquaintance, said Mr. *B.* to that Gentleman? I can't, having a Gentleman my Relation to dine with me; but if it will be agreeable in the Evening, I will bring him with me to taste of your *Burgundy*; for we have not any such in the County: I shall be glad to see you and any Friend of yours, reply'd Mr. *B.*

Mr. *Martin* whisper'd, It is more, however, to admire your Lady, I can tell you that, than your Wine. —Get into your Coaches, Ladies, said he, with his usual Freedom; our Maiden and Widow Ladies have a fine Time of it, where-ever you come: By my Faith, they must every one of them quit this Neighbourhood, if you were to stay in it; but all the Hopes they have, are, that while you're in *London*, they'll have the Game in their own Hands.

Sister, said Lady *Davers*, most kindly to me, in Presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gather'd near us, Mr. *Martin* is the same Gentleman he us'd to be, I see.

Mr. *Martin*, Madam, said I, smiling, has but one Fault: He is too apt to praise whom he favours, at the Expence of his absent Friends!

I am always proud of your Reproofs, Mrs. *B.* reply'd he.

Ay, said Lady *Towers*, that I believe. And therefore I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to Task, Mrs. *B.*

Lady *Towers*, Lady *Arthur*, Mrs. *Brooks*, and Mr. *Martin*, all claim'd Visits from us, and Mr. *B.* making Excuses, that he must husband his Time, because of being oblig'd to go to Town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady *Towers* the next Morning, dine with Mr. *Arthur*, and sup with Mrs. *Brooks*; and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable Neighbourhood any-where, his Proposal, after some Difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting Neighbours were all to have Notice accordingly, at each of the Places.

I saw Sir *Thomas Atkyns* coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with Compliments, I said, Your Servant, Ladies, and Gentlemen; and, giving my Hand to Lord *Davers*, stept into the Chariot, instead of the Coach; for People that would avoid Bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my Mistake, I would have come out; but my Lord said, Indeed you shan't: And I'll step in, because I'll have you all to myself.

Lady *Davers* smil'd, Now, said she, (while the Coach drew up) is my Lord *Davers* pleas'd; but I see, Sister, you were tir'd with Part of your Company in the Coach.

'Tis well contriv'd, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* as long as you have not depriv'd me of this Honour; taking the Countess's Hand, and leading her into the Coach.

Will you excuse all this Impertinence, my dear Miss? —I know my dear Father and Mother will be pleas'd

with it; and you will have the Goodness to bear with me on that Account; for their kind Hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady *Davers* and myself.

When Mr. *Martin* came in the Evening, with his Friend, (who is Sir *William G.* a polite young Gentleman of *Lincolnshire*) he told us a deal of the Praises lavish'd away upon me by several genteel Strangers; one saying, to his Friend, he had travelled twenty Miles to see me.

My Lady *Davers* was praised too for her Goodness to me, and the Gracefulness of her Person; the Countess for the noble Serenity of her Aspect, and that charming Ease and Freedom which distinguish her Birth and Quality: My dear Mr. *B.* he said, was greatly admired too; but he would not make *him* proud; for he had Superiorities enough already, that was his Word, over his Gentlemen Neighbours: But I can tell you, said he, that for most of your Praises you are obliged to your Lady, for having rewarded her Excellence as you have done: For one Gentleman, added he, said, He knew no one but you could deserve her; and he believed you did, from that Tenderness in your Behaviour to her, and from that Grandeur of Air, and Majesty of Person, that seem'd to shew you form'd for her Protector as well as Rewarder. —Get you gone to *London*, both of you, said he. I did not intend to tell you, Mr. *B.* what was said of you. —And indeed I see no such extraordinary Excellence; do you, Sir, to his Friend, in that Gentleman? —Sir *William* said, Mr. *B.* was all that was polite and noble, and it was no Wonder that every body pronounced us both the charmingest Couple they had ever seen.

The Women of the two Ladies had acquainted their Ladyships with the Order I observed for the Day, and the devout Behaviour of the Servants, &c And about Seven I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going thro' the great Hall, to be joined by both.

I shall come at all your Secrets, *Pamela*, said my Lady, and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.

My good Ladies, said I, forgive me leaving you. I will attend you in half an Hour.

No, my Dear, said Lady *Davers*, the Countess and I have resolved to attend *you* for that Halfhour, and we will return to Company together.

Is it not descending too much, my Ladies, as to the Company?

If it is for us, it is for you, said the Countess; so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your Proceedings.

Nay, my dear Ladies! said I; and sat down on the first Chair.

Nay, my dear *Pamela!* returned my Lady, shew us the Way.

If I must, I must — But I was much abashed.

Every one, but *Abraham*, who attended the Gentlemen, and all their Ladyships Servants, and their two Women, and Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis*, were there; which pleas'd me, however, because it shew'd me, that even the Strangers, by this their second voluntary Attendance, had no ill Opinion of the Service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see my Ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. *Adams*. —I was in hopes, Sir, said I, we should have been favour'd with your Company at our Table.

Your Ladyship, said he, will excuse me: I did not think myself Company for such noble Guests as were there.

A Gentleman and a Scholar is Company, said the Countess, for the first Quality.

Well, Sir, said I, you see the Nobleness of these Ladies. They come now to be obliged to you, for your good Offices; and you'll have no better way of letting them return their Obligation, than to sup, tho' you would not dine, with them.

My Lady tapp'd me on the Neck — Genteelly said! This was like my Sister, her own Self. Mr. *Longman*, said she, how do you? —We are come to be Witnesses of my Sister's Goodness, and the Family Decorum.

We have a blessed Lady, Madam, said he: And your Ladyships Presence augments our Joys.

Let us follow you, *Pamela*, said she: We must learn of you what we are to do.

I led to the little Closet, with as much Presence of Mind as I could, and my two Ladies followed me; and Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, stood just without, the Door being half shut, for their Ladies sakes.

I should have said, we were not at Church in the Afternoon. —And when I do not go, we have the Evening Service read to us, as it is at Church; which Mr. *Adams* performed now with his usual Distinctness and Fervour; and the Ladies seem'd not at all uneasy, altho' we had a Meditation besides.

When all was concluded, I said, Now, my dearest Ladies, excuse me for the sake of the Delight I take in seeing

all my good Folks about me in this decent and obliging manner. —Indeed I have no Ostentation in it, if I know my own Heart — Indeed I have not!

The Countess and my Lady *Davers*, delighted to see such good Behaviour in every one, sat a Moment or two looking upon one another in Silence; and then my Lady *Davers* caught me in her Arms: Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of Husbands, what a Blessing art thou to this Family!

And to every Family, said the Countess, who have the Happiness to know, and the Grace to follow, her Example! and saluted me too. But where, said my Lady, collectedst thou all this good Sense, and fine Spirit, in thy Devotions?

The Bible, my dear Ladies, said I, is the Foundation of all: But this, and their Common Prayer Book, and the Duty of Man, our good Folks have every one of them, and are so good as to employ themselves in them at all Leisure Opportunities on other Days. For which Reason, that I may diversify their Devotions, I have, with the Assistance of Mr. *Adams*, and by Advice of the Dean, made Extracts from several good Pieces, which we read on these Days. Mr. *Adams*, said my Lady *Davers*, will you oblige me with a Copy of my Sister's Book, at your Leisure: He readily ingag'd to do this; and the Countess desir'd another Copy, which he also promised.

Lady *Davers* then turning herself to Mrs. *Jervis*, How do you, good Woman? said she. —Why you are now made ample Amends for the Love you bore to this dear Creature formerly!

You have an Angel, and not a Woman, for your Lady, my good Mrs. *Jervis*, said the Countess.

Mrs. *Jervis*, folding her uplifted Hands together, O my Lady! you know not our Happiness; no, not one Half of it. We were before bless'd with Plenty, and a bountiful Indulgence, by our good Master; but our Plenty brought on Wantonness and Pride: But now, we have Peace as well as Plenty; and Peace of Mind, my dear Lady, in doing all in our respective Powers, to shew us thankful Creatures to God, and to the best of Masters and Mistresses.

Good Soul! said I, and was forc'd to put my Handkerchief to my Eye: Your Heart is always overflowing thus with Gratitude, and Praises, for what you so well merit from us.

Mr. *Longman*, said my Lady, assuming a sprightly Air, altho' her Eye twinkled, to keep within its Lids the precious Water, that sprang from a noble and well-affected Heart, I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young Lady. —Well might you love her, honest Man! well might you! —I did not know there was so excellent a Creature in any Rank.

Madam, said the other worthy Heart, unable to speak but in broken Sentences, — You don't know — indeed you don't, what a — what a — hap — happy — Family we are! —Truly, we are like unto *Alexander's* Soldiers, every one fit to be a General; so well do we all know our Duties, and *practise* them too, let me say. —Nay, and please your Ladyship, we all of us long, till Morning comes, thus to attend my Lady; and after that is past, we long for Evening, for the same Purpose: For she is *so* good to us, — You cannot think how good she is! But permit your honoured Father's old Servant to say one Word more, that tho' we are always pleased and joyful on these Occasions; yet we are in Transports to see our Master's noble Sister thus favouring us, with your Ladyship too, (to the Countess) and approving our young Lady's Conduct and Piety.

Blessing on you all! said my Lady.— Let us go, my Lady, — let us go, Sister;—for I can stay no longer!

As I slid by, following their Ladyships, How do you, Mr. *Colbrand*? said I, softly:— I fear'd you was not well in the Morning. —He bow'd, Par-don me, Ma-dame—I vas leetell indispose, dat ish !

Now, my dear Miss, will you forgive me all this Self-praise, as it may seem. —Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear Parents, as so many Instances of my Lady *Davers's* Reconciliation and Goodness to me, and as it will shew what a noble Heart that good Lady has at Bottom, when her Pride of Quality and her Passion have subsided, and her native good Sense and Excellence take place, I flatter myself, I may be the rather excused; and especially as I hope to have my dear Miss *Darnford's* Company and Countenance one Day, in this my delightful *Sunday* Employment.

I should have added, for I think a good Clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my Request to Mr. *Adams*, to oblige us with his Company at Supper; but he so very earnestly begg'd to be excused, and with so much Concern of Countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it; tho' I was sorry for it, because I am sure, as of any thing, that Modesty is always a Sign of Merit.

We return'd to the Gentlemen as soon as Supper was ready, and as chearful and easy, as Lady *Davers* observ'd, as if we had not been present at so solemn a Service; And this, said she, after the Gentlemen were gone, makes Religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher Opinion of those who make it

a regular and constant Part of their Employment, than ever I had. But I have seen, added her Ladyship, very humorously, such wry Faces, and such gloomy Countenances, among some of your pious Folks, in and after a solemn Office, that quite dishearten'd me; for I thought, after such an Exercise, that it would be a Sin to go to Bed with a Smile upon one's Face, or without sighing and groaning at such a Rate, as must rob one of all the Comforts of Life.

Then, said she, I was once, I remember, when a Girl, at the House of a very devout Man, for a Week, with his Grand-daughter, my School-fellow; and there were such Preachments against Vanities, and for Self-denials, that were we to have followed the good Man's Precepts, (tho' indeed not his Practice, for well did he love his Belly) half God Almighty's Creatures and Works would have been useless, and Industry would have been banish'd the Earth.

There, added her Ladyship, (for she was in a pleasant Vein) have I heard the good Man confess himself guilty of such Sins, that, if , (and by his hiding his Face with his broad-brim'd Hat, it look'd a little bad against him) he ought to have been hang'd on a Gallows fifty. Foot high.

I said, that this Over-gloominess was not Religion, I was persuaded, but Constitution and Mistake; and I was sorry always when I met with it; for tho' it might betoken a pious Mind, it certainly shew'd a narrow one, and I fear'd did more Harm than Good.

These Reflections, as I said, fell from my Lady, after the Gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her dear Brother, the Entertainment, as she was pleas'd to call it, I had given her: On which she made high Encomiums, as did the Countess, and they praised also the natural Dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to descend to the Company of Servants, and augment their Respect and Veneration for one at the same time. And, *Pamela*, said my Lady, you are certainly very right, to pay so much Regard to the young Clergyman; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater Efficacy with the Auditors, facilitates the Work you have in View to bring about, and in your own Absence (for your Monarch may not always dispense with you perhaps) strengthens his Influences, and encourages the young Gentleman besides.

MONDAY.

I am to thank you, my dear Miss, for your kind Letter, approving of my Scribble When you come to my *Saturday's* and *Sunday's* Accounts, I shall try your Patience. But no more of that; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concern'd, especially as they will be more indulgently receiv'd somewhere else, than they may merit; so that my Labour will not be wholly lost.

I congratulate you with all my Heart, on your dismissing Mr. *Murray*; for, besides that some of his Qualities are not to be approv'd by a Lady of your Taste and Judgment, I will never give my Consent, that any Gentleman shall have the Honour of calling my Miss *Darnford* his, who can so easily resign his Pretensions to her, and address her Sister.

You are extremely diverting, my dear Miss, with your Greater and Lesser Bear-Stars, and I could not help shewing it to Mr. *B*. And what do you think the free Gentleman said upon it? I am half afraid to tell you: But do, now you are so happily disengag'd, get Leave to come, and let us two contrive to be even with him for it. You are the only Lady in the World, that I would join with against him.

He said, That your Characters of Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nanny*, which he called severe (but I won't call them so, without your Leave) look'd a little like pretty Spite, and as if you were sorry the Gentleman took you at your Word. —That was what he said — Pray let us punish him for it. Yet, he called you charming Lady, and said a great deal in your Praise, and join'd with me, that Mr. *Murray* could not possibly deserve you, who was so easy—to part with you.

But, *Pamela*, said he, I know the Sex well enough. Miss *Polly* may not love Mr. *Murray*; yet to see her Sister address'd and complimented, and prefer'd to herself, by one whom she thought so late in her own Power to choose or to refuse, is a mortifying Thing. And young Ladies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two Lovers are playing Pugs Tricks with one another.

Then, said he, all the Preparations to Matrimony, the Cloaths to be bought, the Visits to be paid and received, the Compliments of Friends, the busy Novelty of the Thing, and the Day to be fixed, and all the little foolish Humours and Nonsense attending a concluded Courtship, when *one Sister* is to engross all the Attention and Regard, the new Equipages, and so forth; these are all Subjects of Mortification to the *other*, though she had no great Value for the Man perhaps.

Well, but Sir, said I, a Lady of Miss *Darnford's* good Sense and good Taste, is not to be affected by these Parades, and has well consider'd the Matter, no doubt; and I dare say, rejoices rather than repines at missing the Gentleman.

Thus, my dear Miss, had we a Dispute about you. But I hope you will leave the happy Pair, for they are so, if they think themselves so, together, and Sir *Simon* to rejoice in his accomplish'd Son—in-Law elect, and give us your Company to *London*. For who would stay to be vex'd by that ill-natur'd Miss *Nanny*, as you own you was, at your last writing?

But I will proceed with my Journal, and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a Conversation, the Result of which has done me great Honour, and given me inexpressible Delight: Of which in its Place.

We pursued Mr. *B's* Proposal, returning several Visits in one Day; for we have so polite and agreeable a Neighbourhood, that all seem to concur in a Desire to make every thing easy to one another: And, as I mentioned before, hearing Mr. *B's* Intention to set out for *London*, as soon as our noble Guests should leave us, they dispensed with Formalities, being none of them studious to take things amiss, and having a general good Opinion of one another's Intentions not to disoblige.

We came not home till Ten in the Evening, and then found a Letter directed from Sir *Jacob Swynford*, Uncle by the Half-Blood to Mr. *B*. acquainting him, That hearing his Niece, Lady *Davers* was with him, he would be here in a Day or two, being then upon his Journey, to pay a Visit to his Nephew and Niece at the same time.

This Gentleman is very particularly odd and humoursome, and, his eldest Son being next Heir to the maternal Estate, if Mr. *B*. should have no Children, has been exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me; and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial Love between Mr. *B's* Father and him, nor between the Uncle and Nephew and

Niece; for his Positiveness, Roughness, and Self-interestedness too, though very rich, has made him but little agreeable to the generous Tempers of his Nephew and Niece; yet, when they meet, which is not above once in four or five Years, they are always very civil and obliging to him.

Lady *Davers* wonder'd what could bring him hither now; for he lives in *Herefordshire*, and seldom stirs ten Miles from home. Mr. *B.* said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our Nuptials. No, rather, said my Lady, to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own Cubs. Thank God, we are, said my dearest Friend. Whenever I was strongest set against Matrimony, the only Reason I had to weigh against my Dislike to the State was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a Part of my Estate to that Family.

My Dear, said he to me, don't be uneasy; but you'll see a Relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine: But no doubt you have heard his Character.

Ah, *Pamela*, said Lady *Davers*, we are a Family that value ourselves upon our Ancestry; but upon my Word, Sir *Jacob* and all his Line, have nothing else to boast of. And I have been often ashamed of my Relation to them.

No Family, I believe, my Lady, has every Body excellent in it, reply'd I: But I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir *Jacob*.

He won't dare to affront you, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* although he'll say to you, and me, and my Sister too, blunt and rough things. But he'll not stay above a Day or two, and we shall not see him again for some Years to come; so we'll bear with him. I am now coming to the Conversation I hinted at.

TUESDAY.

On *Tuesday*, Mr. *Williams* came to pay his Respects to his kind Patron. I had been to pay a Visit to the Widow Gentlewoman I mentioned before, and on my Return, went directly to my Closet, so knew not of his being there till I came down to Dinner; for Mr. *B.* and he, were near two Hours together in Discourse in the Library.

When I came down, Mr. *B.* presented him to me. My Friend Mr. *Williams*, my Dear, said he.

Mr. *Williams*, how do you do, said I? I am glad to see you.

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had long'd for an Opportunity to pay his Respects to his worthy Patron and me before: But had been prevented twice when he was upon the Point of setting out.

Mr. *B.* said, I have prevail'd upon my old Acquaintance to take up his Residence with us, while he stays in these Parts. Do you, my Dear, see that every thing is made agreeable to him.

To be sure, Sir, I will.

Mr. *Adams* being in the House, Mr. *B.* sent to desire he would dine with us; if it were but in respect to a Gentleman of the same Cloth, who gave us his Company. And with great Modesty he came. But neither of the Gentlemen knew how to speak at first, before Lady *Davers*, who is so majestick a Lady, and has so majestick a Character too, that every one has an Awe upon them in her Presence.

Mr. *B.* when Dinner was over, and the Servants were withdrawn, said, My Dear, Mr. *Williams's* Business in Part, was to ask my Advice as to a Living that is offer'd him, by the Earl of —, who is greatly taken with his Preaching and Conversation.

And to quit yours, I presume, Sir, said Lord *Davers*?

No, the Earl's is not quite so good as mine, and his Lordship would procure him a Dispensation to hold both. What would you advise, my Dear?

It becomes not me, Sir, said I, to meddle with such Matters as these.

Yes, my Dear, it does, when I ask your Opinion.

I beg Pardon, Sir, said I. —My Opinion then is, That Mr. *Williams* will not care to do any thing that *requires* a Dispensation, and which would be unlawful without it.

Your Ladyship, said Mr. *Williams*, speaks exceedingly well.

I am glad, Mr. *Williams*, said I, that you approve of my Sentiments. You see they were required of me by one who has a Right to command me in every thing; otherwise this Matter is above my Sphere; and I have so much good Will to Mr. *Williams*, that I wish him every thing that will contribute to make him happy.

Well, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* but what would you advise in this Case? The Earl proposes, that Mr. *Williams's* present Living be supply'd by a Curate; to whom, no doubt, Mr. *Williams* will be very genteel; and, as we are seldom or never there, his Lordship thinks we shall not be displeas'd with it, and insists upon it, that he will propose it to me; as he has done.

Lord *Davers* said, I think this may do very well, Brother. But, what pray, Mr. *Williams*, do you propose to allow to your Curate? Excuse me, Sir; but I think the Clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surpriz'd that some of the Laity treat them as they do.

Indeed, said Mr. *H.* that's well observed; for I have heard it said twenty and twenty times, If you would know how to value a Clergyman, and what he deserves for spending his whole Life in the Duties of his Function, you need but form your Opinion upon the Treatment they give to one another; and 40 or 50*l.* a Year, would be thought too much, even for him who does all the Labour.

Who says my Nephew speaks not well, says my Lord?

Oh, said my Lady, No Wonder! This is *Jackey* Peculiar. He has always something to say against the Clergy. For he never lov'd them, because his Tutors were Clergymen; and since, said her Ladyship (very severely) he never got any Good from them, why should they expect any from him?

Always hard upon my poor Nephew, said Lord *Davers*.

Thank you, Aunt, said Mr. *H.*

Mr. *Williams* said, Mr. *H's* Observation was but too ; that nothing gave greater Cause of Scandal than the Usage some even of the dignified Clergy gave their Brethren: That he had always lamented it, as one of the

greatest Causes of the Contempt with which the Clergy are too generally treated.

He was proceeding; but Lady *Davers* said, I am not at all surpriz'd at their Treatment of one another; for if a Gentleman of Education and Learning can so far forget what belongs to his Function, as to accept of Two Livings, when One would afford him a handsome Maintenance, it is no wonder that such a one would make the most of it; for does he not as good as declare, that he takes it for that very Purpose?

I must not let this Argument proceed, said Mr. *B.* without clearing my worthy Friend. He is under no Difficulty about holding the Two. He proposes *not* to do it; and, like a good Man, as I always thought him, is of Opinion he *ought not* to do it. But here is his Difficulty, and all his Difficulty; He is very desirous to oblige his good Friend the Earl, who is very pressing to have him near him; but apprehending that I may take it amiss, if he relinquishes my Living, he came to ask my Advice; and after we had talked a good deal of the Matter, I told him we would refer it to *Pamela*, who was a kind of Casuist in such Matters of Equity and good Order as fell within the Compass of her Observation and Capacity: And so, my Dear, said he, give us your free Opinion; for this is a Subject you have spoken your Mind to me upon once before.

I am very glad, Sir, replied I, that Mr. *Williams's* own Resolution was so conformable to what I wish'd it to be, and indeed expected from his Character; and I can more freely speak my Mind upon the Occasion, though I am but a poor Casuist neither.

You remember, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* what you observed to me in favour of the Clergy and their Maintenance, when we fell occasionally upon that Subject a while ago. I found you had considered the Point, and thought you spoke well upon the Subject. Let us hear your Opinion now upon it.

Indeed, reply'd I, I say now, as I then took the Liberty to say, that I have so general a Good-will for the Function, that if my Wishes could have Effect, there is not one of it, but should have a handsome Competency; at least such a one as to set him above Contempt. And this, I am persuaded would be a great Furtherance to the Good we expect from them, in teaching the lower Rank of People (as well as the higher) their Duties, and making them good Servants, and useful Members of the Commonwealth.

But, my Dear, you took Notice of some things, that would, if you can recollect them, be very *apropòs* to the Subject we are now upon.

I remember, Sir, said I, we were talking of Impropropriations. I took the Liberty to express myself a little earnestly against Impropropriations; and I remember you stopped my Mouth at once upon that Head.

As how, Sister, said Lady *Davers*? —Ay, as how, Mrs. *B.* said the Countess?

Why, Madam, Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, that when the Clergy would come into a Regulation for the more equal and useful Disposition of the Revenues that at present were in the Church, he would be the first that would bring in a Bill for restoring to it all that it had lost by Impropropriations and other Secularizations, and leave it upon the Publick to make Satisfaction to such of the Laity as would be Sufferers by the Restoration.

That was not, my Dear, what I meant, returned Mr. *B.* You was particularly against Dispensations; which is the Point before us now.

I remember, Sir, I did say, that as there are so many Gentlemen of the Function, who have no Provision at all, I could not wish any one of it should hold Two Livings; especially, if they cannot perform the Duties of both, and where One would afford a tolerable Competence. Much less (I remember I took the Liberty to add) could I think it excusable, that a Gentleman should rate the Labours of his Brother, who does *every* thing, so low, as is too frequently the Case, and pay himself so well, for doing *nothing* at all.

This is what I mean, returned Mr. *B.* and I thought you observed very well, my Dear. For my own Part, I have always been of Opinion, that the Clergy who do thus, make the best Excuse that can be made for Impropropriators and Lay-Patrons. For here is a Gentleman the Son of a Layman (I speak to general Cases) is sent to the University, and takes Orders. He has Interest perhaps to get two or more Livings, and hires a Person, who is as deserving as himself, but destitute of Friends, at a low Rate, to do the Duties of one of them. We will suppose in his Favour, that he has several Children to provide for out of these, and makes that his Pretence for oppressing the Person he employs to do his own Duty. Some of these Children are Males, some Females, and not one in five of the former is brought up to the Church; and all that he saves for them, and gives them, out of what he squeezes from his unhappy Brother, is it not secularizing, as it were, at least as far as he can do it, the Revenues appropriated to the Church? And can *he*, whatever others may, blame an Impropropriator for applying that Portion of the Produce of Church-Lands to *his* Lay-Family, which the other intends for the Lay-Family he is endeavouring

to build up? Some one or two of which Impropiator's Sons may possibly too, in order to possess the Living in their Father's Gift, be brought up to the Church? What is the Difference, I would fain know?

If the Clergy were always to have done thus, continued Mr. *B.* should we not have wanted many Endowments and charitable Foundations, which we now have? And I am verry sorry to have Reason to say, that we owe such Sort of Works more to the Piety of the Clergy of past Times than the present; for now, let us cast our Eye upon the Practices of some of our Prelates; for who is it that looks not up first for Examples to that venerable Order? And we shall find that too many among them, seem more intent upon making a Family, as it is called, and thereby secularizing, as I observed, as much as they can, the Revenues of the Church, than to live up either to the ancient Hospitality, or with a View to those Acts of Munificence, which were the Reason for endowing the Church with such ample Revenues, as it once had, and still has, were it not so unequally distributed, and in so few Hands.

But, dear Sir, said I, what a sad Hardship do the inferior Clergy labour under all this Time? — To be oppressed and kept down by their Brethren and the Laity too? This is hard indeed—'Tis pity, methinks, this, at least, could not be remedied.

It will hardly ever be done, my Dear. The Evil lies deep; 'tis in human Nature, and when that can be mended, it will be better; but I see not how it can be expected, while those who have most Influence to procure the Redress, are most interested to prevent it: And the Views of others, aspiring to the same Power and Interest, make too many wish to have things left as they are; although they have no present Benefit by it. And those would join in a Cry of the Church's Danger, were the Legislature to offer at a Redress.

'Tis pity, Sir, said I, the Convocation are not permitted to sit. They would, perhaps, undertake this Province, and several others for the Benefit of the whole Body of the Clergy; and I should think such Regulations would come best from them.

So it is, my Dear, would they employ themselves and their Deliberations in such good Works. But 'tis a sad Thing to consider, that there is little Good to be expected from Bodies of Men in general; for altho' an Individual cares not to pull down upon himself the Odium of a bad or unpopular Action, yet when there are many to share it among them, I see not that they stand upon it. But far be it from me to say this with a View to Convocations *as* Convocations. I speak what is but too generally the Case in all Bodies of Men whatever, whether Clergy or Laity. And let us look into the greater or lesser Corporations and Societies throughout the Kingdom, and you'll find, if you excuse a poor Witicism, that Bodies are really *Bodies*, and act too often as if they had no *Souls* among them.

I hope, Sir, said the Countess, that when you judge thus hardly of Bodies, you include the two supreme Bodies.

Thou shalt not, said Mr. *B.* —I know these Reverend Gentlemen (looking at Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams*) will tell me, *speak Evil of the Rulers of thy People*. —But I wish I could always defend, what I am loth at any time to censure. But were you to read, or attend to the Debates in both Houses, which sometimes happen in Cases almost self-evident, you would find it impossible not to regret, that you are now and then under a Necessity to join with the Minority; as well in your House, Lord *Davers*, as in ours.

I wish Brother, reply'd his Lordship, I could differ from you with Reason: But this always *was*, and, I fear, always *will be so*, more or less in every Session.

But, to return to our first Subject, said Mr. *B.* You know, my Dear, how much Pleasure I take to hear your Opinion in Cases of natural Equity: And you must tell us freely, what you would advise your Friend Mr. *Williams* to do.

And must I, Sir, speak my Mind before so many better Judges?

Yes, *Sister*, said her Ladyship, (a Name she is now pleased to give me freely before Strangers, after her dear Brother's Example, who is kindest, tho' always kind, at such Times) you *must*; if I may be allow'd to say *must*.

Why then, said I, I beg leave to ask Mr. *Williams* one Question; that is, Whether his present Parishioners do not respect and esteem him, in that particular Manner, which I think every Body must, who knows his Worth?

I am very happy, Madam, in the Good-Will of all my Parishioners, and have great Acknowledgements to make for their Civilities to me.

I don't doubt, said I, but it will be the same where-ever you go; for, bad as the World is, a prudent and good Clergyman will never fail of Respect. But, Sir, if you think your Ministry among them is attended with good Effects; if they esteem your Person with a Preference, and listen to your Doctrines with Attention; methinks, for *their Sakes*, 'tis pity to leave them, were the Living of *less Value*, as it is of *more* than the other. For how many People are there who can benefit by one Gentleman's Preaching, rather than another's; altho', possibly, the one's

Abilities may be no way inferior to the other's? There is a great deal in a *Delivery*, as it is called, in a Way, a Manner, a Deportment, to engage People's Attention and Esteem; and as you are already in Possession of their Esteem, you are sure to do much of the Good you aim and wish to do. For where the Flock loves the Shepherd, all his Work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the Tongue of an Angel, and let him live the Life of a Saint, he will be heard with Indifference, and, oftentimes, as his Subject may be, with Disgust.

I paused here, but every one being silent, As to the Earl's Friendship, Sir, continued I, you are best Judge what Force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mention'd wou'd be the only Difficulty with me, were I in Mr. *William's* Case. To be sure it will be an high Obligation upon his Lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better Living to oblige him. And he will be bound in Honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking, that a prudent Regard to worldly Interest misbecomes the Character of a good Clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the World, for their own Sakes, as well as for the Sakes of their Hearers, since Independency gives a Man Respect, besides the Power of doing Good, which will inhanche that Respect, strengthen his Influences, and, of consequence, give greater Efficacy to his Doctrines.

The Countess mentioned hereupon, the Saying of Dr. *Fisher* Bishop of *Rochester*, who was beheaded in the Reign of *Henry VIII.* because he would not own the King's Supremacy: This Prelate being offer'd a richer Bishoprick, he would not accept of it, saying, "He looked upon his Bishoprick as his Wife, and he should not think it excusable to part with his Wife because she was poor." This brought so many Reflections upon the frequent Translations, and the Earnestness with which richer Bishopricks were sought after, that I was very sorry to hear, or think there was Occasion for them. And I did take the Liberty to say, that, as Mr. *B.* had observ'd, the Fault was in human Nature; and tho' it was an inexcusable one, perhaps we that censur'd them, might find it hard, in their Circumstances, to resist the Temptation.

Mr. *B.* said, He wish'd, for the Sake of the Clergy in general, that there was a Law against Translations; and that all the Bishopricks in *England*, were made equal in Revenue: For, do we not see, said he, that the Prelates, almost to a Man, vote with Power? And, by this means, contribute not a little to make themselves and the whole Body of a Clergy, so numerous, and so deserving too, as that of the Church of England, a By-word to Freethinkers of all Denominations, who are ever ready to take Occasion to malign them and their venerable Order.

Would you not, asked Lord *Davers*, have the two Primacies distinguished in Revenue?

No, said Mr. *B.* the Distinction of Dignity and Precedence would be enough, if not too much; for where there is but one Pope, the whole College of Cardinals, Seventy in Number, are always looking up to, and gaping after the Chair: And I would have no Temptations laid in the Way of good Men to forfeit their Characters, and weaken their Influences, which are of so much Consequence for Example-sake, to the Publick Weal.

I think, said Lord *Davers*, there was some Reason for the Celibacy of the Clergy in the *Roman* Church at first; altho' the Inconveniencies arising from it, are too many, and too obvious, to wish the Restraint so general. For the Provision for Families and Children, furnishes so natural and so laudable a Pretence to a Clergyman to lay up all he can for them, that their Characters suffer not a little on that Account.

If we look round us, said Mr. *B.* and see how many good and worthy Families are sprung from the Clergy; and look abroad, and see what are too often the Effects of Celibacy in the *Roman* Church, and the Scandal, worse than what we complain of, ever thrown upon them, even by Bigots of their own Communion, we shall have sufficient Reason to condemn the Celibacy which that Church enjoins. Besides, a bad Mind, an oppressive or covetous Nature, will be the same, whether marry'd or single: For have we not seen to what a scandalous Height Nepotism has been carried in that Church? And has not a Pope of a private and narrow Spirit, done as much for his Nephews and Nieces (and perhaps nearer Relations under those Names) as he could have done for his Sons and Daughters? So still *here* too, we must resolve all into that common Sewer of Iniquity, Human Nature; and conclude, That a truly good Man will not do a bad Thing upon any the nearest and most affecting Considerations; and that a bad Man will never want a Pretence to display his evil Qualities, nor Flatterers neither (if he has Power) to defend him, for the worst he can do.

I well remember the Argument, when I was at *Rome*, used to the Pope, on such an Occasion. His Holiness declar'd against Nepotism, saying, That he would never look upon the Revenues of the Church, as the Patrimony of his private Family; and forbad his numerous Relations, who, on his Promotion, swarm'd about him, with Faces as hungry, as if they were so many *North Britons*, travelling Southward for Preferment—(that was Mr. *B's* Word, spoken pleasantly) to think of him in any other Light, than that of the common Father of all his People; and as

having no other Relation but Merit.

This was setting out well, you'll say; but what was the Event? —Why, two thirds of his Relations rushed into Orders directly; and it was not long, before Parasites were found, to represent to the Holy Father, that it was a Sin, to deprive the Church of so many excellent Props and Buttresses; and that for the Good of the Publick, he ought to prefer them to the first Dignities; so, that the good Man, overcome with their Reasons, and loth to continue in so great a Sin, grac'd the Cardinalate with one, the Episcopate with half a Dozen; and the richest Abbacies with a Score or two; and the Emperor having occasion to make Interest with his Holiness, found Merit enough in some of the Lay-Relations, to create them Princes and Counts of the Holy *Roman* Empire.

But, Sir, said I, (for I am always sorry to hear things said to the Discredit of the Clergy, because I think it is of publick Concern that we venerate the Function, tho' not the Failings of Particulars); have I not been a silent Witness, that you have made the same Observations on a Minister of State, who, tho' he shall be perhaps the first to blame this Disposition in a Clergyman, will be equally ready to practise it himself, to Relations and Children, full as worthless, to the Exclusion of the Worthy? —So that, Sir, this is all Human Nature still; and should we not be tender in our Censures of the one, when we are so ready to acquit the other?

There's this Difference, Mrs. *B.* said the Countess: From the one we expect a better Example; from the other, no Example fit to be followed. And this is one Reason that makes a First Minister generally so hated a Thing, because he resolves all Considerations into Self, and is beloved by no Body, but those, to whom he gives the Overflowings of such Benefits as he has not Relations enough to heap them upon.

Well, Mr. *Adams*, said I, if I may be allow'd to be so serious, does not this shew the Excellency of the Prayer we are taught by the supreme Teacher, and that Part of it, *Lead us not into Temptation?* —For it seems too natural a Consequence, that no sooner are we tempted, but we *deliver up our selves to Evil*. —Right, Sister, said Lord *Davers*; and this ends in Mr. *B.*'s *human Nature* again.

What remains then, said Lady *Davers*, but that we take the World as we find it? Give Praise to the Good, Dispraise to the Bad; and every one try to mend *one*?

Yet I wish, said Mr. *B.* so over-tender are many good Clergymen of the Failings they would not be guilty of, in their Brethren, that we should avoid displeasing them, if they were to know the Freedom of this Conversation, tho' we are all so well-disposed to reverence their Function.

I hope otherwise, said Mr. *Williams*; for it is but giving *due* Praise and Dispraise, as my Lady says; and were evil Actions to go uncensur'd, good ones would lose their Reward, and Vice by being put upon a Foot with Virtue in this Life, would meet with too much Countenance.

But give me leave, said Lady *Davers*, to interpose a little in the Matter we have departed from, that of the Curate and Dispensation; and when I have deliver'd my Sentiments, I insist upon it, that Mrs. *B.* will as freely give us hers, as if I had been silent.

Dispensations are usual Things. Mr. *Williams* may pay a young Gentleman handsomely; and the Censure we have pass'd, is only upon such as do not. To a young Man at first setting out, a good Curacy will be very acceptable. If he has Merit, it will put him in a Way of shewing it, and he may raise himself by it. If he has not, he will not deserve more. And Mr. *Williams* may marry, perhaps, and have a Family to provide for. His Opportunities may not always be the same: The Earl may die, and he should be excused to make the best Use of his Interest and Favour, for the very Reason Mrs. *B.* gave, that, as he is a good Man, it will strengthen his Influences: And, come, Brother, you know I am always for prescribing! Here is a worthy young Gentleman in our Eye, that won't take it amiss to begin with a Curacy: And you shall give *your* Dispensation, previous to the legal one, on Condition, that Mr. *Williams* will permit you to present his Curate; and thus all will be solv'd.

Both the Gentlemen bow'd — and Mr. *Williams* was going to speak: But Mr. *B.* said, Take my Sister at her Word, *Pamela*, and if you have any thing to say to this Scheme, speak it freely, as if her Ladyship had been silent; for, I perceive, by your downcast Eye, and Silence, you could say something, if you would.

Ay, pray do, said my Lady. I love to hear you speak. You always make me think of something I had not consider'd before.

I am very loth to say any thing on so nice a Subject: Indeed it would not become me. There is so much Generosity and Benevolence in my good Lady's Scheme, that I ought not.

Ought not! said my dearest Friend, interrupting me, None of your *ought not's*; I know you are always forming in your Mind Notions of Right and Wrong, in the common Cases of Life. Let us therefore have your Opinion in

this Matter more fully than you have hitherto given it, and deliver it too without Hesitation, and with that Ease and Freedom, that are born with you; for I can tell you, that when, thro' the Corruptions of Human Nature, we lose the Distinction of Right and Wrong, I know not where we can better apply ourselves, than to such as you, to recover them.

I bow'd, and said, If you will have it so, Sir, it must be so; and I will then bespeak all your kind Allowances, casting my Eye around me, to each, and tell you all I think upon this Matter; and when I have done, submit my poor Sentiments, as becomes me, to your superior Judgments.

Thus then I would say — Pardon me, my Lady, for taking your Ladyship's Words for my Theme, as I remember them; and hardly any thing falls from your Ladyship that I do not remember — *That Dispensations are usual Things*. — I am sure, I am going to display my Ignorance, because, knowing nothing of their Original or Design, I must presume them to be very ancient in this Kingdom, and introduced only when there were fewer Clergymen than Benefices. Was there ever such a Time?

They smil'd — Nay, now, you would command me, Sir, to speak, when I needed to do nothing else to expose my self. There was a Time, as I have read, that there were so few Scholars, that the Benefit of Clergy was allow'd to some sort of Criminals who could do no more than read, because the Commonwealth could so ill spare learned Men. — And might not there be a Time then, when Dispensations were allowed to worthy Men, because it was difficult to find enow of such as deserv'd that Character, to fill the Church Preferments?

Tell us, *Pamela*, said Mr. *B.* whether you do not intend this as a Satire upon the Practice, or is it really your pretty Ignorance, that has made you pronounce one of the severest Censures upon it, that could be thought of?

I smiled, and said, Indeed, Sir, I think only some such Reason, or a worse, must be the Original of Dispensations; for is it right that one Gentleman shall have two or three Livings, the Duties of no more than one of which he can personally attend, while so many are destitute of Bread, almost, and exposed to Contempt, the too frequent Companion of Poverty? And what though Custom may have sanctified it, to be sure that is all that can; and a good Man will not do all he may do, without incurring a Penalty, because there is in every thing a Right and a Wrong; and because, be the Custom what it will, a Man should regulate his Actions by his Conscience and the Golden Rule.

My good Lady says, Mr. *Williams* may pay a Gentleman handsomely: I don't doubt but Mr. *Williams* would; and this, I am sorry to say it, would be doing what is not so often done as one would wish. But may I be permitted to ask, For *what* would he pay the Gentleman handsomely? — Why for doing that Duty for him, which in Conscience and Honour he ought to do himself, and which, when he takes Institution and Induction, he engages solemnly to do? And pray, excuse me, my Dear Every-body — that was my foolish Word, which made them smile — To what End is all this? — Only, that the Gentleman who does all the Labour in the Vineyard, shall live upon 30, 40, or 50*l.* *per Annum*, more or less, while the Gentleman who has *best* nothing but *best* Interest, (another of my foolish Phrases) shall receive twice, and perhaps three times the Sum for doing nothing at all. Can any Dispensation, my dear Friends, make this a just or equitable thing? Indeed if the Living be so poor, as too many of them are, that a Man cannot comfortably and creditably subsist without putting Two poor ones together to make One tolerable one, that is another Thing. But pray now, my good Mr. *Williams* excuse me, if Mr. *Adams* can live on a Curacy of 40 or 50*l.* a Year, cannot another Gentleman live, unless his Rectory or Vicarage bring him 2 or 300? Mr. *Adams* may marry as well as Mr. *Williams*; and both, I believe, will find God's Providence a better Reliance, than the richest Benefice in *England*.

A good Curacy, no doubt, continued I, may be a comfortable thing at setting out to a young Gentleman: But if here be a Rectory or Vicarage, of 200*l.* a Year for Example, (for if it be of no more Value than a good Curacy, he must be content) is not that 200*l.* a Year the Reward for doing such and such Labour? And if this be the stated Hire for this Labour, to speak in the Scripture Phrase, *is not the Labourer worthy of his Hire?* Or is he that does *not* labour to go away with the greatest Part of it?

If the Gentleman, my Lady is pleased to say, has Merit, this Curacy may put him in the way of shewing it. But does the Manifestation of Merit, and the Reward of it always go together?—

My Lady is so good as to observe: — But may I, Madam, be excused?—

Proceed, proceed, Child! — I shall only have a Care of what I say before you for the future, that's all.

And I too, said Mr. *H.* — which made them smile.

Nay, now, my Lady.—

Proceed, I tell you —I only wonder, as my Brother has said, on another Occasion, where thou gottest all these equitable Notions.

My Lady is so good as to observe, proceeded I, (for they were pleased to be attentive) that Mr. *Williams* should make use of his Opportunities. I know her Ladyship speaks this rather in generous Indulgence to the usual Practice, than what always ought to be the chief Consideration; for if the Earl should die, may not some other Friend arise to a Gentleman of Mr. *Williams's* Merit?

As to strengthening of a good Man's Influence, which is a Point always to be wish'd, I would not say so much as—I have done, if I had not heard Mr. *Longman* say, and I am sure I heard it with great Pleasure, that the Benefice Mr. *Williams* so worthily enjoys, is a clear 250*l.* a Year.

But after all, does Happiness to a Gentleman, a Scholar, a Philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser Income? —Does it not rather rest in a happy Competency, or Mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. *B.* had 5000*l.* a Year added to his present large Income, would that increase his Happiness! That it would add to his Cares, is no Question; but could that Addition give him one single Comfort which he has not already? And if the dear Gentleman had 2 or 3000 less, might he be less happy on that Account? No, surely, for it would render a greater Prudence on my humble Part necessary, and a nearer Inspection and greater Frugality on his own; and he must be contented (if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every Year) so long as he lived within his Income — And who will say, that the Obligation to greater Prudence, and Oeconomy, is a Misfortune?

The Competency, therefore, the Golden Mean, is the Thing; and I have often considered the Matter, and endeavoured to square my Actions by that Consideration. For a Person (I have this Notion, dear Sir, from that Manuscript Poem you was pleased to shew me, of not preferring People above their native Condition, and which has been an excellent Lesson to me: For a Person, I was going to say) who being not born to an Estate, is not satisfied with a Competency, will know no Limits to his Desires. Such a one that an Acquisition of 100 or 200 *l.* a Year will not satisfy, will not sit down contented with any Sum. Although he may propose to himself at a Distance, that such and such an Acquisition will be the Height of his Ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther — and know no Bounds, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his Life and his Views end together.

Now let me humbly beg Pardon of you all, Ladies and Gentlemen, said I, turning my Eye to each; but most of you, my good Lady, whose Observations I have made so free with. If *you* can forgive me, it will be an Instance of your Goodness, that I may hope for, but hardly can expect. Will you, my dear Lady, said I, and laid my Hand upon her Ladyship's, in a supplicatory Manner; for she sat next me?

I think *not*, said her Ladyship. I think I *ought* not. —Should I, Brother? Can I, my Lord? — Ought I, my Lady Countess? —Brother, Brother, if you have been in any Degree contributing to the Excellency of this — what shall I call her? How cunningly do you act, to make her imbibe your Notions, and then utter them with such Advantage, that you have the secret Pride to find your own Sentiments praised from her Mouth? But I will forgive you both, be it as it will; for I am sure, outdone as I am, in Thought, Word, and Deed, and by so young a Gypsey — that was her Word; it is by one that would outdo every body else, as well as me; only I would except your Ladyship — None of your Exceptions, Lady *Davers*, reply'd the Countess — I know not, in so young a Lady, whether I should most envy or admire her Excellence.

Well, but since I have the Pleasure, said I, to find myself forgiven, may I be indulged a few Moments Prattle more? only just to observe, that the State of the Case I have given, is but one Side of the Question; that which a good Clergyman, in my humble Opinion, would chuse to act. But when we come to the other Side, what it would be kind we of the Laity should think and act by them, that is another thing. For when we think of the Hardships the Clergy lie under, more than almost any other Body of Men, we shall see they are intitled to better Usage than they often meet with.

Here, in the first Place, a Youth is sent to the University, after a painful Course to qualify him for it. He endangers his Health, and impairs his Constitution by hard Study, and a sedentary Life; and after he has passed such a Number of Years, he is admitted into Orders, perhaps gets a small Fellowship, turns Tutor, a painful Employment, and his Education having been designed for all his Portion, and that expended in it, he at last, by Interest or Favour, gets a Curacy or little Living of 40, 50, or 60*l.* a Year; if less, so much the worse; and is obliged to maintain himself in a genteel Appearance out of that, and be subject not seldom to the Jest of Buffoons and Rakes at a great Man's Table, where the *Parson* is too often the Butt to receive the supposed witty

Shafts of such as can allow themselves to say any thing. If he marries, which possibly too he is kept from, contrary to his Wishes, of all Men he is the least to follow his own Liking; since Prudence too often obliges him to take the Person his Inclination would not.

If Children follow, what melancholy Views has he of providing for them, did not his strong Reliance on Providence exercise his Faith against worldly Appearance?

Then has he too often to contend for his Dues, the Produce of his poor Income, with churlish and ignorant Spirits, whom his Function would make him wish to smooth and instruct; who, though they farm and pay to the Landlord for no more than nine Tenths of the Lands they occupy, hardly think it a Sin to cheat the Parson of his Tythe; who, however, has the same Right to it by the Laws of the Land, as the Gentleman has to the Estate, or the Tenant to the Produce of his Farm.

This obliges the poor Gentleman to live in a State of War among a People with whom both his Duty and Inclination would make him desirous to cultivate a good Understanding. And what Benefits can result from his Ministry in such a Situation; when the People to be instructed look upon him as an Invader of their Substance, at the very Time that they are robbing him of what is legally his?

In the next Place, I presume to think, that the Clergy are too much looked upon by some as a detached Body, as I may say, from the rest of the People, and as Persons acting upon a separate Interest quite opposite to that of the Laity: When, possibly, that very Churl, who refuses them their Right, or would cheat them of it, has a View to bring up one of his Family to the Church, and hopes to get him provided for out of its Revenues. And are not the Clergy, moreover, the Fathers, the Sons, the Uncles, the Brothers of the Laity, who shall set themselves against their Maintenance? And must their Education debar them of those Comforts, which it better qualifies them to enjoy, and which it incapacitates them any other way to procure?

What Opportunity have not the Laity in general, of all Degrees and Ranks, to make their Lives easy and happy, to what the Clergy have? Here is a middling Family, with three or four Sons: Suppose the Father's Circumstances will allow him to bring up one to the *Law*: What Opportunities has *he*, unenvied, to make a Fortune? Another is brought up to *Trade*: If he has but tolerable Success in the World, in what Ease and Affluence does he support himself, and provide for his Family? The *Physick Line*, what Fortunes are not raised in that? And no body envies any of these. But the Son, whose Inclination shall lead him perhaps *best* to deserve, and *most* to require, an easy and comfortable Subsistence, and who ought wholly to appropriate himself to the Duties of his Function, is grudging, envied, and treated as if he were not a Son of the same Family, and had not a natural Right and Stake in the same Commonwealth.

There are, 'tis, Preferments, and some great ones, and Honours too, in the Church; but how few, compared to the Numbers of the Clergy, or to those Livings which are so poor as can hardly set a Man above Penury and Contempt? —And how are those few ingross'd by the Descendants or Dependants of the Rich and Powerful? —And, what by Commendams, Dispensations, and such-like Contrivances, how does one Man of Interest and Address swallow up the Provision which was designed for several, as deserving, perhaps, at least, as himself? —For, my good Lady, (you have forgiven me, and must not be displeas'd) a Gentleman's Friends *may die off*, and he must, you know, *make the best Use of his Opportunities*.

O you dear Sauce-box, as my Brother calls you! —How dare you, by that arch pretty Look, triumph over me thus? —Let me, Brother, give her a Slap for this! —I'm sure she deserves it.

I think she is a little insolent indeed, Lady *Davers*. —But to the Case in Hand. There is so much Truth in what *Pamela* says, of the Hardships to which the Clergy, the inferior Clergy particularly, are subjected, that I wonder any Gentleman who can chuse for himself, and has no probable Prospects, should enter into Orders, under such Discouragements.

I humbly conceive, Sir, said I, that there can be but one *good* Inducement, and that is what the Apostle hints at in the Words — *If in this Life only we have Hope, we are of all Men most miserable*.

Well, said Mr. B. so much as this is their Motive, so much are they intitled to that better Hope; and may that better Hope never deceive them!

But I have the Pleasure to acquaint this Company, that I had a mind only to hear what *Pamela*, who, as I hinted, talked to me learnedly on this very Subject a few Days ago, would say, when she came Face to Face, to her two worthy Friends, Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams* (and so I desired Mr. *Williams* would let her run on, if I could set her into the Subject) — else my old Acquaintance was resolv'd not to hold both Livings, since *either*, he

was so good as to say, would afford him as handsome a Provision, as he wished for; his only Difficulty being about obliging the Earl, or whether he should not disoblige me, if he complied with that Nobleman's Request.

Indeed, Madam, said Mr. *Williams*, this is the very Case; and after what I have heard from your Ladyship, (so he call'd me) I would not, for the World, have been of another Mind, nor have put it upon any other Foot than I did.

You are a good Gentleman, said I; and I have such an Opinion of your Worthiness, and the Credit you do your Character, that I would sooner suspect my own Judgment, and so I ought, than yours. But pray, Sir, what, may I ask? have you determin'd to do?

Why, Madam, reply'd he, I am stagger'd in that too, by the Observation your Ladyship made, that where a Man has the Love of his Parishioners, he ought not to think of leaving them.

Else, Sir. I find, you had rather inclined to oblige the Earl, though the Living be of *less* Value! This is very noble, Sir; it is more than generous.

My Dear, said Mr. B. I'll tell you (for Mr. *Williams's* Modesty will not let him speak it before all the Company) what *is* his Motive, and a worthy one you'll say it is. Excuse me, Mr. *Williams* — (for the reverend Gentleman blush'd).

The Earl has of late Years — we all know his Character — given himself up to Carousing, and he will suffer no Man to go from his Table sober. Mr. *Williams* has taken the Liberty to expostulate, as became his Function, with his Lordship on this Subject, and upon some other Irregularities, in so agreeable a manner, that the Earl has taken a great Liking to him, and promises, that he will suffer his Reasonings to have an Effect upon him, and that he shall reform his whole Houshold, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his Table by his own Example.

The Countess is a very good Lady, and privately presses Mr. *Williams* to oblige the Earl: And this is our worthy Friend's main Inducement; with the Hope, which I should not forget to mention, that he has, of preserving untainted the Morals of the two young Gentlemen, the Earl's Sons, who, he fears, will be carried away by the Force of such an Example: And he thinks, as the Earl's Living has fallen, mine, probably, will be better supplied than the Earl's, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise the Earl, as he apprehends, will find out for his, some Gentleman, if such an one can be found, as will rather further, than obstruct his own Irregularities; as was the unhappy Case of the last Incumbent.

Well, said Lady *Davers*, and so said the Countess, we shall always have the highest Respect for Mr. *Williams*, for a Conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, Brother, will you, and will you, Mr. *Williams*, put this whole Affair, in all its Parts, into Mrs. *B.*'s Hands, since you have such Testimonies, *both* of you, of her Rectitude of Thinking and Acting?

With all my Heart, Madam, replied Mr. *Williams*; and I shall be proud of such a Direction.

What say *you*, Brother? You are to suppose the Living in your own Hands again; will you leave the whole Matter to my *Sister* here?

Come, my Dear, says Mr. *B.* let us hear how you'd wish it to be order'd. I know you have not need of one Moment's Consideration, when once you are Mistress of a Point.

Nay, said Lady *Davers*, that is not the Thing. I repeat my Demand: Shall it be as Mrs. *B.* lays it out, or not?

This is a weighty Matter, my good Sister; and bad as I have been, I think Patrons are accountable, in a great measure, for the Characters of the Persons they present; and I do assure you, that had I twenty Livings in my Gift, I should think I ought not to prefer my Brother to any one of them, if his Morals and Character were not likely to do Honour to the Church, as well as to my Presentation. And I expected to hear from *Pamela*, when she was enumerating the Hardships of the Clergy, of that scandalous Practice of some Patrons, who rob the regularly-bred Clergymen, by pushing into Orders some Kinsman, or Friend, or Friend's Kinsman or Friend, when a Living falls in, let his Character or Qualifications be ever so faulty and defective. I could name you several such Instances, that ought to make the Ordainers, as well as the Ordained, *blush*; as (were I to borrow one of *Pamela's* serious Inferences, I would say) it will one Day make them both *tremble*, when they come to give an Account of the Trusts committed to them.

Well, says my Lady, I have a noble Brother, that's . What Pity you ever were wicked at all! But, come, and laid her Hand upon mine, this same good Girl will be a Blessing to you: Nay, why say I, *will* be? she *is*; and the greatest that mortal Man can receive. —But still I must have you put this Matter into Mrs. *B.*'s Hands.

Conditionally I will —— Provided I cannot give satisfactory Reasons, why I *ought not* to conform to her Opinion; for this, as I said, is a Point of Conscience with me; and made it so, when I presented Mr. *Williams* to the Living; and have not been deceived in that Presentation.

To be sure, said I, that is very reasonable, Sir; and on that Condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my Mind, because I shall be sure of being in no Danger to commit an irreparable Error.

I know well, Lady *Davers*, added Mr. *B.* the Power your Sex have over ours, and their subtle Tricks; and so will never be drawn in, in my weakest Moments, to make a blindfold Promise. There have been several Instances, both in sacred and profane Story, of Mischiefs done by such Surprizes: So you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear Slut's Power over me, and have been taught by the inviolable Regard she pays to her own Word, to value mine. —And now, *Pamela*, speak all that's in your Heart to say.

Well, Sir, said I, with your *requisite* Condition in my Eye, I will. But let me see, that I state the Matter right. And preparative to it, pray, Mr. *Williams*, tho' you have not been long in Possession of this Living, yet may—be you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in, clear?

Madam, said he, by the best Calculation I can make, (I thank you for it, good Sir) it may, one Year with another, be reckoned at 300 l. *per Annum*: It is the best Living within twenty Miles of it, having been improved within these two last Years.

If it was 500 l. and would make you happier,— (for *that*, Sir, is the thing) I should wish it you, said I, and think it short of your Merits. But pray, Sir, what is the Earl's Living valued at?

At about 220 l. Madam.

Well then, reply'd I, very pertly, I believe now I have it.

Mr. *Williams*, for Motives most excellently worthy of his Function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. *B.* his Living of 300 l. *per Annum*, and to accept of the Earl's Living of 220 l. *per Annum*. Dear Sir, I am going to be very bold; but under *your* Condition nevertheless:—Let the Gentleman to whom you shall present the Living of *F.* allow 80 l. *per Annum* out of it to Mr. *Williams*, till the Earl's Favour shall make up the Difference to him, and no longer. —And—but I dare not name the Gentleman: —For how, dear Sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my Chaplain?

Admirable! most admirable! said Lord and Lady *Davers*, in the same Words. The Countess praised the Decision too; and Mr. *H.* with his Let me be hang'd, and his 'Fore Gads,—and such Exclamations natural to him, made *his* Plaudits.

Mr. *Williams* said, He could wish with all his Heart it might be so; and Mr. *Adams* was so abash'd and surpris'd, he could not hold up his Head;—but Joy danced in his silent Countenance for all that.

Mr. *B.* having hesitated a few Minutes, Lady *Davers* called out for his Objection, or Consent, according to Condition; and he said, I cannot so soon determine as that prompt Slut did. I'll withdraw one Minute.

He did so, as I found afterwards, to advise, like the considerate and genteel Spirit he possesses, with Mr. *Williams*, whom he beckon'd out, and to examine whether he was in Earnest willing to give it up, or had any body he was very desirous should succeed him; telling him, that, if he had, he thought himself oblig'd, in Return for his worthy Behaviour to him, to pay a particular Regard to his Recommendation. And so, being answer'd as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious Aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: And I said, before they came in, What *shall* I do, if I have incurred Mr. *B.*'s Anger by my Over-forwardness! —Did he not look displeas'd? Dear my Ladies, if he be so, plead for me, and I will withdraw, when he comes in; for I cannot stand his Anger: I have not been used to it.

Never fear, you charming *Pamela*, said my Lady, he can't be angry at any thing you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have been Witness to of Mr. *Adams*'s Behaviour and Modesty, that such a thing could be done for him.

Mr. *Adams* bow'd, and said, Oh my good Ladies! 'tis too, too considerable a thing:—I cannot expect it—I do not—It would be Presumption if I did.

Just then re-enter'd Mr. *B.* and Mr. *Williams*, the first with a stately Air, the other with a more Peace-portending Smile on his Countenance.

But Mr. *B.* sitting down, Well, *Pamela*, said he, very gravely, I see, that Power is a dangerous thing in any Hand. —Sir, Sir! said I. —My dear Lady, whispering to Lady *Davers*, I will withdraw, as I said I would! —And I

was getting away as fast as I could: But he arose, and coming up to me, took my Hand, Why is my Charmer so soon frighten'd? said he, most kindly; and still more kindly, with a noble Air, pressed it to his Lips. —I must not carry my Jest too far upon a Mind so apprehensive, as I otherwise might be inclined to do. And leading me to Mr. *Adams* and Mr. *Williams*, he said, taking Mr. *Williams's* Hand with his Left, as he held mine in his Right, Your worthy Brother Clergyman, Mr. *Adams*, gives me Leave to confirm the Decision of my dear Spouse, and you are to thank her for the Living of F. upon the Condition she proposed; and may you give but as much Satisfaction there, as you have done in this Family, and as Mr. *Williams* has given to his Flock; and they will then, after a while, be pleas'd as much with your Ministry, as they have hitherto been with his.

Mr. *Adams* trembled with Joy, and begg'd Leave to withdraw. —I cannot,—I cannot, said he,—bear—bear—this Excess of Goodness. And he retir'd, with an Air of Gratitude and Transport in his Countenance, which Words cannot equally express.

This affected me a good deal, as it did all the Company; but I was still more affected, when Mr. *B.* said, Here, my Dear, thank good Mr. *Williams* for inabling you to give such a shining Proof of your Excellence: And remember, that whenever I put any Power into your Hands for the future, you keep this happy Instance in Mind, and in every thing that offers, I shall then have no Will nor Choice but yours.

Could I avoid, my dear Miss, being thus nobly, more than generously—what shall I do for a Word to express my Sense of his Graciousness to me?— Could I avoid, I say, doing a weak thing, without regarding the Presence I was in? I fell on my Knees to him, and kissed his dear Hand, How shall I—how shall I, said I,—oppressed with your hourly Goodness, —find Words? —But, Oh forgive me! Meanings croud so thick upon me, that my Words, patting my Bosom with my other Hand, stick here, just here—and I cannot—

And indeed I could say no more; and he, in the Delicacy of his Apprehensiveness for me, clasped his kind Arms about me, and withdrew with me into the next Parlour, and placed himself by me on the Settee, putting my Face on his generous Breast, and said, Take care, take care, my best Beloved! that the Joy which overflows your dear Heart, for having done a beneficent and a noble Action, to a deserving Gentleman, does not affect you too much. You have no Body just now, my dear Life! added he; your Spirit has absorb'd it all: But you *must* descend, or what will become of me? And take care you don't do it too precipitately, for a Circumstance so delicate, and so delightful to me!

My Lady *Davers* followed us, Where is my Angel Sister? where is my noble Brother? said she: Rest her dear Head on my Bosom; for I have a Share in her next to yourself; and return to a Company where you'll not find a dry Eye, nor an opening Lip, but looking upon one another in speechless Rapture at the exalted Scene you have exhibited between you.

My dear Mr. *B.* delighted with every Occasion that makes for my Honour, and to endear me to his beloved Sister, said, Take care then of my Jewel, and let her dear Face adorn the Bosom of a Lady I love next to herself. And rising, went into the great Parlour.

I would have stood up; but, quite abashed at my recollected Behaviour before so many Witnesses, and confounded with the Goodness of such a Brother and such a Sister, my Feet were unwilling to support me. And my dear Lady *Davers* (O Miss, what a happy *Pamela* is your Friend! what a happy Daughter, my dear Father and Mother!)—clasped me in her Arms, and to her Bosom, and kissed me five or six times, running over with Expressions of Favour and Goodness, in a Style and Words I cannot repeat: For she is Mistress of a flowery Rhetorick, and has such a charming Gift of Utterance; that could I but half equal her, when she thus loftily soars, I should deserve the Compliments she made me.

Coffee being ready, Lady *Davers* led me to the great withdrawing Room, and we were join'd by all the Company, and Mr. *Adams* too; and my Lord *Davers* was pleased to make me several fine Compliments, and so did Mr. *H.* after his Manner. But the Countess exceeded *herself* in Goodness.

Mr. *Williams* seemed so pleased, and so elated with the deserved Acceptation his worthy Conduct had met with, that it shew'd he was far from repenting at the generous Turn the Matter had taken in favour of Mr. *Adams*: On the contrary, he congratulated him upon it, telling him, he would introduce him, when his generous Patron thought proper, to his new Parishioners, and would read Prayers for him at his first Preaching. And I think, Mr. *Adams*, said he, since this happy Affair has been brought about from the Conversation upon Dispensations, you and I, both by our Examples and our Arguments, must, on all Occasions, discredit that Practice; since, as my Lady has observed, God's Providence is a better Reliance than the richest Benefice in *England*, and since, as her

Ladyship has also observed, we ought not to look beyond a happy Competency, as if in *this Life only we had Hope*.

My Lady, said Mr. *Adams*, has given me many Lessons, relating to different Parts of my Duty, both as a Christian and a Clergyman, that will not only furnish me with Rules for my future Conduct, but with Subjects for the best Sermons I shall ever be able to compose.

Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, It is a Rule with me, not to leave till To-morrow what can be done Today: And when, my Dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. *Adams's* good Offices in your Family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to Town with us?

I had not proposed any thing, Sir, as to that; for I had not asked your kind Direction: But the good Dean will supply us, I doubt not; and when we set out for *London*, Mr. *Adams* will be at full Liberty, with his worthy Friend Mr. *Williams*, to pursue the happy Scheme, which your Goodness has permitted to take Effect.

Mr. *Adams*, my Dear, who came last from the University, can perhaps recommend such another young Gentleman as himself, for your Domestick Duties.

I looked, it seems, a little grave, and Mr. *B.* said, What have you to offer, *Pamela*? What have I said amiss? Amiss! dear Sir!—

Ay, and dear Madam, too! I see by your bashful Seriousness, in place of that smiling Approbation which you always shew when I utter any thing you *intirely* approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your Acquiescence, than Choice So, as I have often told you, none of your Reserves! And never *besitate* to me your Consent in any thing, while you are sure, I will conform to your Wishes, or pursue my own Liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* Reasons.

Why then, dear Sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better Judgment, was, Whether, as the Gentleman who is so kind as to direct our Family Duties, in some measure acts in the Province of the worthy Dean, it were not right, that our own Parish Minister, whether here or at *London*, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the Gentleman?

Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, Sauce-box? Lady *Davers*, I'm intirely on your Side. I think she deserves a Slap now for us both.

I'll forgive her, said my Lady, since I find her Sentiments and Actions as much a Reproach to others as to me.

Mr. *Williams*, did you ever think, said Mr. *B.* it would have come to this? Did you ever know such a saucy Girl in your Life?— Already to give herself these reproaching Airs?

No, never, if your Honour is pleased to call the most excellent Lady in the World by such a Name, nor any body else!

Pamela, I charge you, said the dear Gentleman, if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the Wrong, that one may not always be taking Lessons from such an Assurance; but, in our Turns, have something to teach *you*.

Then, dear Sir, said I, must I not be a strange Creature? For how, when you, and my good Ladies, are continually giving me such charming Examples, can I do a wrong thing?

Mr. *H.* said, Let him *be hang'd*, if he would not marry, as soon as ever he could get any body to have him.

Foolish Fellow! said Lady *Davers*, doist think that thou'lt meet with such a Wife as that, when thou marryest?

Why not, Madam? —For if I am not so good as Mr. *B.* now is, I have not been so bad neither as he was formerly; Excuse me, Sir: And so I may stand a Chance.

A Chance! said my Lady — that's like thee. — Didst ever hear of such an one as she?

I never, said he, and fell a Laughing, *saw* such an one, I own. And take *that*, my good Lady, for calling me *Foolish Fellow*.

There's not the Reproach in thy Answer that thou intendest, except to thy own grinning Insolence, said her Ladyship, (severe enough, but smiling) that makes thee think *that* a Reflection, that is none in this Case.

Egad, Madam, you're always hard upon me! I can say nothing to please you. While every body else gives and receives Compliments, I can come in for nothing but *Foolish Fellow* with your Ladyship.

Nephew, said my Lord, laughing, I think you come in for a large Part, and a facetious one too: For when you're present, and Conversation takes a serious Turn, you make an excellent Character to set us all a laughing.

He got up, and bow'd very low: I thank your Lordship. — You might as well have called me a Jack-pudden in plain Words; — but then I would have looked upon you all as so many Mountebanks! — There I have you! said he, and fell a laughing.

The Countess, shuddering, said, Dear, dear Mr. H. be silent, I beseech you, whenever we are serious. For you tear one from the Feast of Souls to the Froth of Bodies. ——Was not that a fine Rebuke, Miss? Is not this a charming Lady?

I hope, Miss, you will forgive me for being so tedious on the foregoing Subject, and its most agreeable Conclusion. It is an important one, because several Persons, as Conferrers or Receivers, have found their Pleasure and Account in it; and it would be well, if Conversation were often attended with like happy Consequences. I have one Merit to plead in behalf even of my Prolixity, that in the delightful Conferences I have the Pleasure of holding with our noble Guests, and Mr. *B.* altho' several, which I omit, may be more worthy of Recital than those I give, yet am I careful not to write twice upon one Topick, so that you have as much Variety from me, as the Nature of the Facts and Cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different Subject, as a Proof of! what I have advanc'd, to touch in my next. Till when, I am.

Your most affectionate and faithful P. B.

LETTER XXXI.

My dear Miss, I Now proceed with my Journal, which I brought down to *Tuesday* Evening; and of course I begin with

WEDNESDAY.

Towards the Evening came Sir. *Jacob Swynford*, on Horseback, attended by two Servants in Liveries. I was abroad; for I had got Leave for a whole Afternoon, attended by my *Polly*, which Time I passed in visiting no less than four several poor sick Families, whose Hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the Particulars; and besides, I have a brief List of Cases, which, when you'll favour me with your Company, I may shew you; for I have obliged myself, tho' not desired, to keep an Account of what I do with no less than 200*l.* a Year, that my dear Mr. *B.* allows me to expend in Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

Lady *Davers* told me afterwards, that Sir *Jacob* carried it mighty stiff and formal, when he alighted. He strutted about the Court-yard in his Boots, with his Whip in his Hand; and tho' her Ladyship went to the great Door, in order to welcome him, he turn'd short, and, whistling, followed the Groom into the Stable, as if he had been at an Inn, only, instead of taking off his Hat, pulling its broad Brim over his Eyes, for a Compliment. In she went in a Pet, as she says, saying to the Countess, A surly Brute he always was! My Uncle! He's more of an Hostler than a Gentleman: I'm resolv'd I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the Wretch loves Respect from others, tho' he never practises common Civility himself.

The Countess said, She was glad he was come; for she lov'd to divert herself with such odd Characters now—and—then.

And now let me give you a short Description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a Gentleman he is.

He is about Sixty-five Years of Age, a coarse, strong, big-bon'd Gentleman, with large irregular Features; he has a haughty supercilious Look, a swaggering Gait, and a Person not at all bespeaking one's Favour in behalf of his Mind; and his Mind, as you shall hear by—and-by, not clearing up those Prepossessions in his Disfavour, with which his Person and Features at first impress one. His Voice is big and surly; his Eyes little and fiery; his Mouth large, with what Teeth he has left, ground down, as it seem'd, even with his many-colour'd Gums, as if by constant Use. But with all these Imperfections, he has an Air that sets him somewhat above the mere Vulgar, and such as makes one think, that half his Disadvantages are rather owing to his own haughty Humour, than to Nature: For he seems to be a perfect Tyrant at first Sight, a Man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to; and has the Advantage of a shrewd penetrating Look, which yet, methinks, seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his Horses well serv'd, and put on an old-fashion'd Gold-button'd Coat, which by its Freshness shew'd he had been very chary of it, a better Wig, but in stiff Buckle, and a long Sword, stuck stiffly, as if thro' his Coat Lappets; in he came, and with an imperious Air entering the Parlour, What, nobody come to meet me! said he; and saluting her Ladyship, How do you do, Niece? and look'd about haughtily, she says, as if he expected to see me.

My Lady, presenting the Countess, said, The Countess of C. Sir *Jacob!* —O, cry Mercy! said he —Your most obedient humble Servant, Madam; I hope his Lordship is well.

At your Service, Sir *Jacob.*

I wish he was, said he, bluntly; he should not have voted as he did last Sessions, I can tell you that.

Why, Sir *Jacob*, said she, *Servants* don't always, in this free Kingdom, do as their *Masters* would have'em.

Mine do, I can tell you that, Madam.

Right or Wrong, Sir *Jacob?*

It can't be wrong, if I command them.

Why, truly, Sir *Jacob*, there's many a private Gentleman carries it higher to a Servant, than he cares his *Prince* should to him: But I thought, till now, 'twas the King only could do no wrong.

But, Madam, I always take care to be right.

A good Reason—because, I dare say, you never think you *can* be in the wrong.

Your Ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a Journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear, Madam. But where's my Nephew, Lady *Davers?* And where's your Lord? I was told you were all here, and young H. too, upon a very extraordinary Occasion; so I was willing to see how Causes went among you, and what you were about. It will be long enough before you come to see me.

My Brother, and Lord *Davers*, and Mr. *H.* are all rid out together.

Well, Niece, strutting, with his Hands behind him, and his Head held up—Ha! —He has made a fine Kettlé on't,—han't he! —'Sblood, (that was his profligate Word) that ever such a Rake should be so caught! —They tell me, she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome. —But I wish his Father were but living. —Yet what could he have done? He was always unmanageable: But I wish he'd been my Son;—by my Faith I do! —What! I hope, Niece, he locks up his Baby, while you're here! You don't keep her Company, do you?

Yes, Sir *Jacob*, reply'd my Lady, I do; and you'll not scruple to do so too, when you see her.

Why, thou countenancest him in his Folly, Child; I'd a better Opinion of thy Spirit! Thou married to a Lord, and thy Brother to a—Canst tell me what, *Barbara*? If thou canst, pr'ythee do.

To an Angel; and so you'll say, when you see her.

What, dost think I shall look thro' *his* foolish Eyes? —What a Disgrace to a Family ancienter than the Conquest! —*O Tempora! O Mores!* What will this World come to!

The Countess was diverted with this odd Gentleman, but run on in my Praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in, and Lady *Davers* seconded her. But all, it seems, sighify'd nothing. He would tell us both his Mind, let the young Whelp, that was his Word, take it as he would. And pray, said he, can't I see this fine Body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a Question or two; and by her Answers I shall know what to think of her in a Twinkling.

She is gone to take a little Airing, Sir *Jacob*, and won't be back till Supper-time.

Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit down at Table, is she? If she does, I won't; that's positive. —But now you talk of Supper, what have you? — I must have a boil'd Chicken, and shall eat it all myself. —Who's House-keeper now? I suppose all's turn'd upside down.

No, there is not one new Servant, except a Girl that waits upon her own Person: All the old Servants are continued.

That's much! these Creatures generally take as great State upon 'em as a born Lady: And they're in the right. If they can make the Man stoop to the great Point, they'll hold his Nose to the Grindstone, never fear; and all the little ones come about in course.

Well, Sir *Jacob*, when you see her, you'll alter your Mind.

Never, never; that's positive.

Ay, Sir *Jacob*, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she was my own Sister.

O hideous, hideous! —Tell it not in *Gath*; for thou'lt make the Daughters of *Philistia* triumph! All the Fools that he has made where-ever he has travelled, will clap their Hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this Rate. —But let me speak to Mrs. *Jervis*, if she be here: I'll order my own Supper.

So he went out, saying, He knew the House, tho' in a better Mistress's Days.

The Countess said, If Mr. *B.* kept his Temper, as she hoped he would, there would be good Diversion with the old Gentleman.

O yes, said my Lady, my Brother will, I dare say. He despises this surly Brute too much to be angry at him, let him say what he will.

He went, and talked a great deal against me, to Mrs. *Jervis*. You may guess, Miss, that she launched out in my Praises; and he was offended at her, and said, Woman! Woman! forbear these ill-tim'd Praises: Her Birth's a Disgrace to our Family. What! my Sister's Waiting-maid, taken upon Charity! I cannot bear it.

I mention all these things, as the Ladies afterwards told them to me, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine Time I was likely to have of it.

When Mr. *B.* and my Lord *Davers*, and Mr. *H.* came home, which they did about half an Hour after Six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the Parlour; and Mr. *B.* smiled at Lord *Davers*, and entering,—Sir *Jacob*, said he, Welcome to *Bedfordshire*! And thrice Welcome to this House! I rejoice to see you.

My Lady says, Never was so odd a Figure, as the old Baronet made, when thus accosted. He stood up indeed; but as Mr. *B.* offer'd to take his Hand, he put 'em both behind him—Not that you know of, Sir! —And then looking up at his Face, and down at his Feet, three or four times successively—Are you my Brother's Son? That very individual Son, that your good Father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome Person, Courage, noble Mind, was not to be matched in any three Counties in *England*?

The very same, dear Sir, that my honoured Father's Partiality used to think he never praised enough.

And what is all of it come to at last!— He paid well, did he not, to teach you to Know the World!— Ad's Life, Nephew! hadst thou been a born Fool, or a raw Greenhead, or a doating Greyhead—

What then, Sir *Jacob*?

What then?— Why, then, thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!

Come, come, Sir *Jacob*, you know not my Inducements. You know not what an Angel I have in Person and Mind. Your Eyes shall by—and—by be blest with the Sight of her: Your Ears with hearing her speak:— And then you'll call all you have said, Profanation.

What is it I hear! What is it I hear!— You talk in the Language of Romance; and from the Housekeeper to the Head of the House, you're all starkstaring mad. By my Soul, Nephew, I wish, for thy own Credit, thou wert.— But what signifies Wishing! —I hope you'll not bring your Syren into my Company.

Yes, I will, Sir, because I love to give you Pleasure. And say not a Word more, for your own sake, till you see her—You'll have the less to unsay, Sir *Jacob*; and the less to repent of.

The Devil!— I'm in an enchanted Castle, that's certain. What a Plague has this little Witch done to you all! —And how did she bring it about?

The Ladies and Lord *Davers* laugh'd, it seems, and Mr. *B.* begging him to sit down, and answer him some Family Questions, he said, (for it seems he is very captious at times) What, a Devil! am I to be laugh'd at! Lord *Davers*, I hope *you're* not bewitch'd too, are you?

Indeed; Sir, *Jacob*, I am. My Sister *B.* is my Doating—piece.

Whew! whistled he, with a wild Stare: And how is it with *you*, Youngster?

With me, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *H.* I'd give all I'm worth in the World, and ever shall be worth, for such another Wife.

He ran to the Window, and throwing up the Sash, looking into the Court—yard, said, Hollo—So—ho— Groom — *Jack—Jonas—* Get me my Horse! — I'll keep no such Company! —I'll be gone! Why, *Jonas!* calling again.

You're not in Earnest, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *B.*

I am, by my Soul! —I'll away to the Village this Night! Why, you're all upon the High—Game! — I'll—But who comes here? —For just at that Instant, the Chariot brought me into the Court—yard— Who's this? Who is she?

One of my Daughters, started up the Countess, my youngest Daughter *Jenny!* —She's the Pride of my Family, Sir *Jacob!*

By my Soul, said he, I was running; for I thought it was the grand Inchantress.

Out stept Lady *Davers* to me: Dear *Pamela*, said she, humour all that's said to you. Here's Sir *Jacob* come. You're the Countess of C——'s youngest Daughter *Jenny*— That's your Cue.

Ah! but Madam, said I, Lady *Jenny* is not marry'd —looking (before I thought) on a Circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, tho' I carry it off as well as I can.

She laugh'd at my Exception: Come, Lady *Jenny*, said she, (for I just then enter'd the great Door) I hope you've had a fine Airing?

A very pretty one, Madam, said I, as I enter'd the Parlour. This is a pleasant Country, Lady *Davers*. — (*Wink when I'm wrong, whisper'd I—*) Where's Mrs. *B.*? —Then, as seeing a strange Gentleman, I started half back, into a more reserv'd Air; and made him a low Court'sy.

Sir *Jacob* look'd as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. *B.*— But the dear Gentleman put him quite out of Doubt, by taking my Hand: Well, Lady *Jenny*, did you meet my Fugitive in your Tour?

No, Mr. *B.* said I. Did she go my Way? I told you I would keep the great Road.

Lady *Jenny C*———, said Mr. *B.* presenting me to his Uncle. A charming Creature! added the dear Gentleman: Have you never a Son worthy of such an Alliance?

Ay, marry, Nephew, this is a Lady indeed! Why, the Plague, whisper'd he, could you not have pitch'd your Tent here?— Miss, by your Leave: And saluting me, turn'd to the Countess: By my Soul, Madam, you've a charming Daughter! Had my rash Nephew seen this lovely Creature, and you'd have condescended, he'd never have stoop'd to the Cottage, as he has done.

You're right, Sir *Jacob*, return'd Mr. *B.*; but I always ran too fast for my Fortune: Yet, these Ladies of Family never bring out their Jewels into Batchelors Company; and when, too late, we see what we've miss'd, we are vex'd

at our Precipitation.

Well said, however, Boy. By my Soul, I wish thee Repentance, tho' 'tis out of thy Power to amend. Be that one of thy Curses, when thou seest this Lady; as I make no doubt it is.

Again taking my Hand, and surveying me from Head to Foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty Practice with him to a Stranger—Lady, (and a modest one too, you'll say, Miss)— Why, truly, you're a charming Creature, Miss—— Lady *Jenny*, I would say— By your Leave, once more! Upon my Soul, my Lady Countess, she is a Charmer—But—But—staring at me, Are you marry'd, Madam?

I look'd a little silly; and my new Mamma came up to me, and took my Hand: Why, *Jenny*, you are dress'd oddly to Day!— What a Hoop you wear! It makes you look I can't tell how!

Upon my Soul, Madam, I thought so; what signifies Lying? —But 'tis only the Hoop, I see. — Really and truly, Lady *Jenny*, your Hoop is enough to make half an hundred of our Sex despair, for fear you should be marry'd. I thought it was something! Few Ladies escape my Notice. I always kept a good Look—out; for I have two Daughters of my own: But 'tis the Hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender every where but *here*; putting his Hand upon my Hip, which quite dash'd me; and I retir'd behind my Lady Countess's Chair.

Fie, Sir *Jacob*! said Mr. *B.*; before us young Gentlemen, to take such Liberties with a Maiden Lady! —You give a bad Example.

Hang him that sets you a bad Example, Nephew. But I see you're right; I see Lady *Jenny's* a Maiden Lady, or she would not have been so shamefac'd. I'll swear for her, on Occasion. Ha, ha, ha—I'm sure, repeated he, she's a Maiden—For our Sex give the married Ladies a freer Air in a Trice.

How, Sir *Jacob*! said Lady *Davers*.

O fie, said the Countess! —Can't you praise the Maiden Ladies, but at the Expence of the marry'd ones? What do you see of Freedom in me?

Or in me? said Lady *Davers*.

Nay, for that Matter, you are very well, Ladies, I must needs say. —But will you pretend to blush with that Virgin Rose? —Will ye? Od's my Life, Miss, —Lady *Jenny*, I would say, taking my Hand, come from behind your Mamma's Chair, and you two Ladies stand up now together. —There, so you do— Why now, Blush for Blush, and Lady *Jenny* shall be three to one, and a deeper Crimson by half. Look you there, look you there else! An hundred Guineas to one against the Field. —Then stamping with one Foot, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes— O Christ! Lady *Jenny* has it all to nothing—By my Soul, she has—Ha, ha, ha—You may well sit down both of you; but you're a Blush too late, I can tell ye that. —Well hast thou done, Lady *Jenny*.

I was hastening away, and he said, But let's see you again, Miss; for now I will stay, if they bring nobody else. —And away I went, for I never was more out of Countenance. ——— What a strange Creature, thought I, is this?

Supper being near ready, he continued calling out for Lady *Jenny*; for, he said, the Sight of her did him good. But he was resolv'd he would not sit down at Table with *somebody else*.

The Countess said, She would fetch her Daughter; and stepping out, return'd, saying, Mrs. *B.* understands, that Sir *Jacob* is here, and that he does not chuse to see her; so she begs to be excus'd; and my *Jenny* and she desire to sup together.

The very worst Tidings I have heard this Twelvemonth. Why, Nephew, let your Girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady *Jenny* back with us.—

I know, said the Countess, (who was desirous to see how far he would carry it) *Jenny* won't leave Mrs. *B.* so if you see *one*, you must see *t'other*.

Nay, then, if it must be so, I must sit down contented. —But yet, I should be glad to see Lady *Jenny*, that I should. But I will not sit down at Table with Mr. *B.*'s Girl—that's positive.

Well, well, let 'em sup together, and there's an End of it, said Mr. *B.* —I see my Uncle has as good a Judgment as any body of fine Ladies (*That I have, Nephew*): — But he can't forego his Humour, in Compliment to the finest Lady in *England*.

Consider, Nephew, consider—'Tis not thy doing a foolish Thing, and calling a Girl Wife, shall cram a Niece down my Throat, that's positive. The Moment thy Girl comes down to take place of these Ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.

Well then, shall I go up, and oblige *Pamela* to sup by herself, and persuade Lady *Jenny* to come down to us?

With all my Soul, Nephew—A good Motion. — But, *Pamela* —did you say? —A queer sort of Name! I've

heard of it somewhere! —Is it a Christian or a Pagan Name? —Linsey—wolsy—half one, half t'other— like thy Girl—Ha, ha, ha.

Let me be *hang'd*, whisper'd Mr. *H.* to his Aunt, if Sir *Jacob* has not a Power of Wit; tho' he's so whimsical with it. I like him much.

But hark ye, Nephew, said Sir *Jacob*, as Mr. *B.* was going out of the Parlour—one Word with you. Don't fob upon us your Girl with the Pagan Name for Lady *Jenny*. I have set a Mark upon her, and should know her from a Thousand, altho' she had chang'd her Hoop.— Then he laugh'd again, and said, He hoped Lady *Jenny* would come—And come without any body with her—But I smell a Plot, said he—By my Soul I won't stay, if they both come together. I won't be put upon—But here comes one or both—Where's my Whip? —I'll go.

Indeed Mr. *B.* I had rather have staid with Mrs. *B.* —said I, as I enter'd—as he had bid me.

'Tis she, 'tis she—You've no body behind you?— No, she han't. —Why now, Nephew, you're right. I was afraid you'd have put a Trick upon me. — You'd *rather*, repeated he, have stay'd with Mrs. *B.*! —Yes, I warrant. —But you shall be plac'd in better Company, my dear Child.

Sister, said Mr. *B.* will you be pleased to take that Chair; for *Pamela* does not chuse to give my Uncle Disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.

My Lady took the upper End of the Table, and I sat next below my new Mamma: So, *Jenny*, said she, How have you left Mrs. *B.*?

A little concern'd, said I—But she was the easier, as Mr. *B.* himself desir'd I'd come down.

My Lord *Davers* sat next me, and Sir *Jacob* said, Shall I beg a Favour of you, my Lord; to let me sit next to Lady *Jenny*?

Mr. *B.* said, Won't it be better to sit over—against her, Uncle?

Ay, that's right. I'faith, Nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will. —He accordingly removed his Seat, and I was very glad of it; for tho' I was sure to be star'd at sufficiently by him, yet I was afraid, if he sat next me, he would not keep his Hands off my Hoop.

He run on a deal in my Praises, after his manner, but so rough at times, that he gave me Pain.

After Supper, the Gentlemen sat down to their Bottle, and the Ladies and I withdrew, and about Twelve they broke up, Sir *Jacob* talking of nothing but Lady *Jenny*, and wishing Mr. *B.* had marry'd so happily as with such a charming Creature; One, he said, that carried Tokens of her high Birth in her Face, and whose every Feature, and Look, shew'd her nobly descended.

They let him go to Bed with his Mistake: But the Countess said next Morning, She thought she never saw a greater Instance of stupid Pride, and Churlishness, and she should be sick of the Advantage of Birth or Ancestry, if this was the natural Fruit of it. For a Man, said her Ladyship, to come to his Nephew's House, and to suffer the Mistress of it (as he thinks) to be closetted up, and not permitted to appear, in order to humour his absurd and brutal Insolence, and to behave as he has done; is such a Ridicule upon the Pride of Descent, that I shall think of it as long as I live. O Mrs. *B.* said she, what Advantages have you over every one that sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!

I expect to be called to Breakfast every Minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this Matter will end. I wish when it is revealed, he is not in a Fury, and think himself imposed on. I fear it won't end so well as I wish; for every body seems to be grave and angry at Sir *Jacob*.

THURSDAY.

I Now proceed with my Tale. At Breakfast-time, when every one was sat, and a Chair left for me, Sir *Jacob* began to call out for Lady *Jenny*. But, said he, I'll have none of your Girl, Nephew, altho' the Chair at the Tea-Table is left for somebody. No, said Mr. *B.* we'll get Lady *Jenny* to supply Mrs. *B.*'s Place, as you don't care to see her.

With all my Heart, reply'd he.

But, Uncle, said Mr. *B.* Have you really no Desire, no Curiosity to see the Girl I have marry'd?

No, none at all, by my Soul.

Just then I came in, and paying my Compliments to the Company, and to Sir *Jacob*, Shall I, said I, supply Mrs. *B.*'s Place, in her Absence? And down I sat.

After Breakfast, and the Servants were withdrawn, Lady *Jenny*, said Lady *Davers*, you are a young Lady who have all the Advantages of Birth and Descent, and some of the best Blood in the Kingdom runs in your Veins; and here Sir *Jacob Swynford* is your great Admirer: Cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double Grace, convince him, that he does an unkind thing, at my Brother's House, to keep the Person my Brother has thought worthy of making the Mistress of it, out of Company? And let us know your Opinion, Whether my Brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable Distaste?

Why how now, Lady *Davers*! This from you! I did not expect it!

My Uncle, said Mr. *B.* is the only Person in the Kingdom that I would have humoured thus: And I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in so high a Point, he would have acted a more generous Part than he has yet done. But, Lady *Jenny*, what say you to my Sister's Questions?

If I must speak my Mind, reply'd I, I should take the Liberty to be very serious with Sir *Jacob*, and to say, That when a thing is done, and cannot be help'd, he should take care how he sows the Seeds of Indifference and Animosity between Man and Wife: And how he makes a Gentleman dissatisfy'd with his Choice, and perhaps unhappy as long as he lives.

Nay, Miss, said he, if all are against me, and you, whose good Opinion I value more than all, you may e'en let the Girl come, and sit down, if you will. — If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be help'd, as you say, be ready to think better of the Matter. For 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appear'd before all the good Company, to have her kept out of the way on my Account.

Really, Sir *Jacob*, said the Countess, I have blush'd for you more than once on this Occasion. But the Mistress of this House is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: And in hopes you will return me back some of the Blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my Daughter *Jenny*, whom you have been so justly admiring, the Mistress of the House, and the Lady with the Pagan Name!

Sir *Jacob* sat aghast, looking at one, and at another, and at me, each in Turn, and then cast his Eyes on the Floor. — At last, up he got, and swore a sad Oath, And am I thus trick'd and bamboozled, that was his Word; am I? — There's no bearing this House, nor her Presence now, that's certain; and I'll be gone.

Mr. *B.* looking at me, and nodding his Head towards Sir *Jacob*, as he was in a Flutter to be gone, I arose from my Chair, and went to him, and took his Hand. I hope, Sir *Jacob*, you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see that there is no other Difference but that of Descent, between the supposed Lady *Jenny*, whom you so kindly praised, and the Girl your dear Nephew has so much exalted.

Let me go, said he, I'm most confoundedly bit. — I cannot look you in the Face! — By my Soul I cannot! — For 'tis impossible you should forgive me.

Indeed it is not, Sir; you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear Nephew can; for to him was the Wrong, if any, and I'm sure he can overlook it. — And for his sake, to the Uncle of so honoured a Gentleman, to the Brother of my late good Lady, I can, with a bent Knee, *thus*, ask your Blessing, and desire your Excuse for joining to keep you in this Suspense.

Bless you! — O Christ! said he, and stamp'd — Who can chuse but bless you? And he kneeled down, and wrapp'd his Arms about me. — But, curse me, that was his strange Word, if ever I was so touched before!

My dear Mr. *B.* for fear my Spirits should be too much affected, (for the rough Baronet, in his Transport, had

bent me down lower than I kneeled) came to me, and held me by my Arm; but let Sir *Jacob* raise me, only saying, How does my Angel? Now she has made this Conquest, she has completed all her Triumphs.

Angel did you call her! —By my Soul, I'm confounded with her Goodness, and her sweet Carriage! —Rise, and let me see if I can stand, myself! —And, believe me, I am sorry I have acted so much like a Bear as I have done; and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself. — And the Tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough Cheeks, which moved me a good deal; for to see a Man with so rough and so hard a Countenance weep, was a touching Sight.

Mr. *H.* putting his Handkerchief to his Eyes, his Aunt said, What's the Matter, *Jackey*? —The Matter! answer'd he; I don't know how the D—l 'tis— But here's strange Doings, as ever I knew—For here, Day after Day, one's ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for Joy or Sorrow! —What a Plague's the Matter with me, I wonder! —And out he went, the two Ladies, whose charming Eyes, too, glisten'd with Pleasure, smiling at the Effect the Scene had upon Mr. *H.* and at what he said.

Well, Madam, said Sir *Jacob*, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up—You will forgive me; and from my Heart I wish you Joy. By my Soul I do—and saluted me—I could not have believed there had been such a Person breathing. I don't wonder at my Nephew's loving you! — And you call her Sister, Lady *Davers*, don't you? — If you do, I'll own her for my Niece.

Don't I! —Yes, I do, said her Ladyship, coming to me, and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* Comfort, tho' to *my own* Shame, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her Excellence, and have repented of it ever since.

I bow'd to her Ladyship—and kissing her Hand— My dearest Lady, said I, you have made me rich Amends since. I am sure I may say, *That it was good for me that I was afflicted!*

Why, Nephew, she has the Fear of God, I perceive, before her Eyes too! I'm sure I've heard those Words. They are somewhere in the Scripture, I believe! —Why, who knows, but she may be a means to save your Soul? —Hay, you know!

Ay, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *B.* she'll be a means to save an hundred Souls, and might go a great way to save yours, if you were to live with her but one Month.

Well, but, Nephew, I hope *you* forgive me, too; for, now I think of it, I never knew you take any Matter so patiently in my Life.

I knew, said the dear Gentleman, that every Extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my Charmer's Triumph, and increasing your own Contrition; and as I was not *indeed* depriv'd of her Company, I could bear with every thing you said or did—Yet, don't you remember, that I caution'd you, that the less you said against her, the less you'd have to unsay, and the less to repent of?

I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to Account for all I said against her, in her own Hearing; and when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my Soul, I believe 'twill make me more than half mad.

At Dinner (when we had Mr. *Williams's* Company) the Baronet told me, he admir'd me now, as much as he did when he thought me Lady *Jenny*; but complain'd of the Trick put upon him by us all, and seem'd now—and—then a little serious upon it.

He took great Notice of the Dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the Honours of the Table. And every now—and—then, he lifted up his Eyes, God take me! Very clever, by my Soul!— Why, Madam, you seem to me to be born to these Things! —I will be help'd by nobody but you—And you'll have a Task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping Stomach, and were there fifty Dishes, I always taste of every one. And indeed *John* was in a manner wholly employ'd in going to and fro between the Baronet and me, for half an Hour together.

He went from us afterwards to Mrs. *Jervis*, and made her answer him abundance of Questions about me, and how all these Matters had come about, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank Coffee, said, I have been *confabbing*, that was his Word, with Mrs. *Jervis*, about you, Niece. By my Soul, I never heard the like! She tells me, you can play on the Spinet, and sing too: Will you let a body have a Tune or so? My *Mab* can play pretty well, and so can *Dolly*:—I'm a Judge of Musick, and would fain hear you. I said, If he was a Judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be ask'd twice, when we had taken our Coffee.

Accordingly, he repeating his Request, I gave him a Tune, and sung to it; Od's my Life, said he, you do it purely! —But I see where it is—My Girls have got *my* Fingers! And then he held both Hands out, and a fine Pair of Paws shew'd he! —Plague on't, they touch two Keys at once; but those slender and nimble Fingers, how they

sweep along! My Eye can't follow 'em—Whew—whistled he—They are here and there, and every—where at once! —Why, Nephew, I believe you've put another Trick upon me. My Niece is certainly of Quality! And Report has not done her Justice. —One more Tune, one more Song—By my Faith, your Voice goes sweetly to your Fingers. 'Slife—I'll thresh my Jades—that was his polite Phrase, when I come home. —Lady *Davers*, you know not the Money they have cost me to qualify them; and here is a mere Baby to them, outdoes 'em by a Bar's Length, without any Expence at all bestow'd upon her. Go over that again—Confound me for a Puppy! I lost it, by my Prating. —Ay, there you have it! —That's it, by my Soul, it is! Oh! that I could but dance as well as thou sing'st! I'd give you a Saraband, as old as I am.

After Supper, we fell into a Conversation, of which I must give you some Account, because it was upon a Topick that Mr. *B.* has been blam'd for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his Friends, even after they have, in Kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, The Example that he has set to young Gentlemen of Family and Fortune to marry beneath them.

It was begun by Sir *Jacob*, who said, I am in Love with my new Niece, that I am: But still one thing sticks with me in this Affair; and that is, What will become of Degree or distinction, if this Practice of Gentlemen marrying their Mothers Waiting—maids, (Excuse me, Madam) should come into Vogue? Already, young Ladies and young Gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away in this manner, and to disgrace their Family. We have too many Instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

That, said Lady *Davers*, is the only Thing! — I must needs say, Sir *Jacob* has hit upon the Point, that would make one wish this Example had not been set by a Gentleman of such an antient Family; till one comes to be acquainted with this dear Creature; and then every body thinks it ought not to be otherwise than it is.

Ay, *Pamela*, said Mr. *B.* what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this Charge? This is a Point that has been often objected to me: Try for one of your pretty Arguments in my Behalf.

Indeed, Sir, reply'd I, looking down, it becomes not me to say any thing to this.

But indeed it does, if you can: And I beg you'll help me to some Excuse, if you have any at Hand.

Won't you, Sir, dispense with me, on this Occasion? Indeed, I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *Word* to this Subject. —For it is my absolute Opinion, that Degrees in general should be kept up; altho' I must always deem the present Case an happy Exception to the Rule.

Mr. *B.* looking as if he still expected I should say something, Won't you, Sir, dispense with me, repeated I? Indeed I should not speak to this Point, if I may be my own Judge.

I always intend, my Dear, you shall judge for yourself; and you know, I seldom urge you farther, when you use those Words. But if you have any thing upon your Mind to say, let's have it: For your Arguments are always new and unborrow'd.

I would then, if I *must*, Sir, ask, If there be not a Nation, or if there has not been a Law in some Nation, That whenever a young Gentleman, be *his* Degree what it would, has seduced a poor Creature, be *her* Degree what it would, obliges the Gentleman to marry that unhappy Person?

I think there is such a Law in some Country, I can't tell where, said Sir *Jacob*.

And do you think, Sir, whether it be so, or not that it is equitable it should be so?

Yes, by my Troth—Tho', I must needs own, if it were so in *England*, many Men, that I know, would not have had the Wives they now have.

You speak to your Knowledge, I doubt not, Sir *Jacob*? said Mr. *B.*

Why, indeed—Why, truly—I don't know but I do.

All then, said I, that I would infer is, Whether another Law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the Gentleman who is repuls'd, from a Principle of Virtue and Honour, should not be censur'd for marrying a Person he could *not* seduce? And whether it is not more for both their Honours, if he does; inasmuch as it is nobler to reward a Virtue, than to repair a Shame, were that Shame to be repair'd by Matrimony; which I take the Liberty to doubt. But I beg Pardon; you commanded me, Sir—Else this Subject should not have found a Speaker to it, in me.

This is admirably said—By my Soul, it is, said Sir *Jacob*.

But yet this comes not up to the Objection, said Mr. *B.* The setting an Example to Waiting maids to aspire, and to young Gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the Subject myself; and the rather, because, as I go along, I will give Sir *Jacob* a faint Sketch of the Merit and Character of my *Pamela*, of which he cannot be so well

inform'd, as he has been of the Disgrace, which he imagin'd I had brought upon myself by marrying her.

In order to this, give me Leave to say, That I think it necessary, that as well those Persons who are afraid the Example should be taken, as those who are inclin'd to follow it, should take *all* the material Parts of it into their Consideration: Otherwise, I think the Precedent may be justly cleared; and the Fears of the one be judged groundless, and the Plea of the other but a Pretence, in order to cover a Folly, into which they would have fallen, whether they had this Example or not.

for Instance: In order to lay Claim to the Excuses which my Conduct, if I may suppose it of Force enough to do either Good or Hurt, will furnish, it is necessary,

That the Object of their Wish should be a Girl of exquisite Beauty, (and that not only in their own blinded and partial Judgments, but in the Opinion of *every one* who sees her, Friend or Foe) in order to justify the Force that the *first* Attractions have upon him.

That she be descended of honest and conscientious, tho' poor and obscure Parents; who having preserved their Integrity, thro' great Trials and Afflictions, have, by their Examples, as well as Precepts, laid deep in the Girl's Mind the Foundations of Piety and Virtue.

It is necessary, that to the Charms of Person, this Waiting-maid should have an humble, teachable Mind, fine natural Parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive Wit, a Temper so excellent, and a Judgment so solid, as should promise for her, (by the Love and Esteem these Qualities should attract to herself from her Fellow-servants, superior and inferior) that she would become an higher Station, and be respected in it.

It is necessary, that after so good a Foundation laid by her Parents, she should have all the Advantages of Female Education conferred upon her: The Example of an excellent Lady, improving and building upon so worthy a Foundation. A Capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: An Attention, Assiduity and Diligence almost peculiar to herself, at her Time of Life; insomuch as, at Fifteen or Sixteen Years of Age, to be able to vie with any young Lady of Rank, as well in the natural Genteelness of her Person, as in her Acquirements: And that in nothing but her *Humility* she should manifest any Difference between herself and the High-born.

It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a Mind above Temptation; that she should resist the *Offers* and *Menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly Happiness seemed to depend; the Son of a Lady to whom she owed the greatest Obligations; a Person whom she did not *hate*, but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful Heart would have been *glad* to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her Virtue, by all the Inducements that could be thought of, to *attract* a young unexperienced Virgin, at one time, or to *frighten* her, at another, into his Purposes; who offer'd her high, very high Terms, her Circumstances consider'd, as well for herself, as for Parents she loved better than herself, whose Circumstances at the same Time were low and distressful.

That she should shew, on requisite Occasions, that she preferred her Virtue to her Life: That if ever she should be cast wholly into the Power of one, who, she had too much Reason to think, would stick at nothing to gain his Ends, she should bear Persecution from his Agents, withstand repeated Offers from himself, tho' trying to influence her by Revenge, when he could not move her other Passions, (Revenge, the darling Passion of the Sex, so seldom failing to answer a Tempter's Purpose, be he Man or Devil, that was his Expression) in pretending to put her Persecutor in her Power. —And when she saw no visible Way to escape, having been disappointed in an hundred pretty Machinations she had form'd, young and unassisted as she was, and threaten'd, that if she yielded not to the high and alluring Terms he offered, he would execute all his Purposes, and she should not have one Advantage that he then tender'd to her; — yet to be able to answer in such Words as these, which will always dwell upon my Memory: — "I reject your Proposals with all my Soul." — "May God desert me, whenever I make worldly Grandeur my chiefest Good!" — "I know I am in your Power; I dread your Will to ruin me is as great as your Power." — "Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make no Freewill Offering of my Virtue. All that I *can* do, poor as it is, I *will* do, to shew you, that my Will bore no Part in my Violation." —And when future Marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, "The Moment I yield to your Proposals, there is an End of all Merit, if now I have any. — And I should be so far from *expecting* such an Honour, that I will pronounce, I should be most *unworthy* of it."

If, I say, my dear Friends, such a Girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* Eye, and not partially so only in a young Gentleman's *own*; and after that, (what good Persons would infinitely prefer to Beauty) thus piously principled, thus genteelly educated and accomplished, thus brilliantly witty, thus prudent,

modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus try'd, by the Man she hated not, pursued, (not intriguingly pursuing) be thus inflexibly virtuous, and Proof against Temptation; Let her reform her Libertine, and let him marry her: And were he of princely Extraction, I dare answer for it, that no *two* Princes in *one* Age, take the World through, would be in Danger. For, altho' I am sensible it is not to my Credit, I will say, that I never met with a Repulse, nor a Conduct, like this; and yet I never sunk very low, for the Subjects of my Attempts, either at Home or Abroad.

These are obvious Inferences, added the dear Gentleman, and not Refinements upon my *Pamela's* Story; and if the Gentleman were capable of Thought and Comparison, would rather make such an Example, as is apprehended, *more*, than *less*, difficult than *before*.

But if indeed, added he, the young Fellow be such a Booby, that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the Case with *all its Circumstances* together, I think his good Papa or Mamma should get him a Wife to their own Liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest Girl in *England*, who is honest, would rather have Reason to bless herself for escaping such a Husband, than to glory in the Catch she would have of him. For such a young Fellow as that, would hardly do Honour to his Family in any *one* Instance.

Indeed, said the Countess, it would be pity, after all, that such an one should marry any Lady of Prudence and Birth; for, 'tis enough in Conscience, that he is a Disgrace to *one* worthy Family; it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy.

Why, really, Nephew, said Sir *Jacob*, I think you have said a great deal to the Purpose. There is not so much Danger from the Example, as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* Minds. I did not consider this Matter thoroughly, I must needs say.

All the Business is, said Lady *Davers* — You'll excuse me, Sister — There will be more People will hear, that Mr. *B.* has marry'd his Mother's Waiting-maid, than will know his Inducements.

Not many, I believe, Sister — For when 'tis known, I have some Character in the World, and am not quite an Idiot, (And my Faults, in having not been one of the most virtuous of Men, will stand me in some Stead in *this* Case, tho' hardly in *any other*) they will naturally inquire into my Inducements.

But see you not, when we go Abroad, to Church, or elsewhere, what Numbers of People her Character draws to admire the dear Creature? Does not this shew, that her Virtue has made her more conspicuous, than my Fortune had made me? For I pass'd up and down quietly enough before, (handsome as my Equipage always was) and attracted not any body's Notice: And indeed I had as lieve these Honours were not so publicly paid *her*; for even, were I *fond* of Shew and Parade, what are they, but a Reproach to me? — And can I have any Excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my Persecutions of her, done but common Justice to her Merit?

This answers your Objection, Lady *Davers*, and shews, that *my* Inducements and *her* Story must be equally known. And, upon my Conscience, I think, (every thing I have said considered, and every thing that might still farther be urged, and the Conduct of that dear Creature in the Station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped, or could flatter myself with, from the most promising Appearances) that she does me more Honour than I have done her; and if I am capable of putting myself in a third Person's Place, I think I should be of the same Opinion, were I to determine upon such another Pair, exactly circumstanc'd as we are.

You may believe, Miss, how much this generous Defence of the Step he had taken, attributing every thing to me, and depreciating his worthy Self, affected me. I play'd with a Cork now, with my Rings another time, turning them round my Fingers, looked down, and on one Side, and every Way I looked, but on the Company; for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful Eye now—and—then upon the dear Gentleman; and when it would overflow, catch in my Handkerchief the escaped Fugitives, that would start unhidden beyond their proper Limits, tho' I often endeavoured, by a twinkling Motion, to disperse the gathering Water, before it had formed itself into Drops too big to be restrained.

All the Company praised the dear generous Speaker, and he was pleased to say farther, Altho', my good Friends, I can truly say, that with all the Pride of Family, and the Insolence of Fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my *Pamela* my Mistress, (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her perhaps to call herself by my Name) I have never once repented of what I have done: On the contrary, I have always rejoiced in it, and it has been, from the first Day of our Marriage, my Pride and my Boast, (and shall be, let others say what they will) that I can call such an Excellence, and such a Purity, which I so little deserve, mine; and I look down with Contempt upon the Rashness of all such

as reflect upon me; for they can have no Notion of my Happiness, or her Merit.

O dear Sir! said I, how do you over-rate my poor Merit! —Some Persons are happy in a Life of *Comforts*, but mine's a Life of *Joy!* —One rapturous Instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.

Whew!—whistled Sir *Jacob*. —Whereabouts am I? —I hope, by and-by, you'll come down to our Pitch, that one may put in a Word or two with you.

May you be long thus blest, and thus happy together! said Lady *Davers*. I know not which to admire most, the dear Girl, that never was bad, or the dear Gentleman, that, having been bad, is now so good!

Said my Lord *Davers*, There is hardly any bearing these moving Scenes, so quick, as my Sister says, following one another!

The Countess was pleased to say, That till now she had been at a Loss to form any Notion of the Happiness of the first Pair before the Fall: But now, by so fine an Instance as this, she comprehended it in all its Force. — God continue you to one another, added her Ladyship, for a Credit to the State, and to Human Nature.

Mr. *H*. having his Elbows on the Table, folded his Hands, shaking them, and looking down upon the Table, Egad, this is uncommon Life, that it is! —Your two Souls, I can see that, are like well-tun'd Instruments: But they are too high-set for me a vast deal.

The best thing, said Lady *Davers*, always severe upon her poor Nephew, thou ever saidst. The Musick must be equal to that of *Orpheus*, which can make such a Savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another Word To-night.

Why, indeed, Aunt, return'd he, laughing, I believe it *was* pretty well said for your foolish Fellow: Tho' it was by Chance, I must confess: I did not think of it.

That I believe, reply'd my Lady;— if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.

Sir *Jacob* and Mr. *B*. afterwards fell into a Family Discourse; and Sir *Jacob* gave us an Account of two or three Courtships *by* his three Sons, and *to* his two Daughters, and his Reasons for disallowing them: And I could observe, he is an absolute Tyrant in his Family, tho' they are all Men and Women grown, and he seem'd to please himself how much they stood in Awe of him.

One odd Piece of Conversation I must tell you, Miss, because of the Inference that followed it.

Sir *Jacob* asked Mr. *B*. If he did not remember *John Wilkins*, his Steward? He was an honest Fellow, said he, as ever liv'd. —But he's dead. Alas for him, poor *Jack!* —He physicked himself out of his Life. —He would be always taking Slops: Had I done so, I should have gone to the Dogs long ago. —But whom do you think, Nephew, I've got in his Place? —Nay, you can't know him neither. Why, 'tis *Jerry Sherwood*, a Boy I took upon Charity, and taught to write and read, or paid for't, and that's the same thing — Hay, you know! —And now *Jerry's* a Gentleman's Fellow, and is much respected by all our Hunters; for he's a keen Sportsman, I'll assure you. I brought him up to that myself, and many a Jirk has the Dog had from me, before I could make any thing of him. Many and many a good time have I whacked the Rascal's Jacket; and he owes all he is, and will be, to me: And I now suffer him to sit down at Table with me, when I have no Guests.

But is not this a bad Example, said Mr. *B*. to promote so low a Servant to the Command of the Family, under you? What do *Gentlemen* say to this?

Gentlemen say to it! —Why, what Gentlemen have any thing to do with my Family Management? — Surely, I may do as I will in my own House, and in my own Family; or else it would be very hard.

, Sir *Jacob*; but People will be meddling, where they have least Business. But are not all the Gentlemen uneasy, for fear their *lowest Servants*, from the Example set by so leading a Man as you, a Chairman of the Sessions, a Colonel of Militia, a Deputy Lieutenant, and a Justice of Quorum, should want to be made their *Stewards?*

Why, I can't say that any body has taken it into their Heads to question me upon this Subject. I should think 'em plaguy impertinent, if they had, and bid them mind their own Business.

But you'll allow, Sir *Jacob*, that every one who knows you have rais'd your Foot-boy to be your Steward, will not know your *Inducements*; altho', I doubt not, they are very good ones.

Lady *Davers* shook her Head at her Brother, saying, Very well, Sir; very well!

Sir *Jacob* cry'd out, O ho, Nephew! are you thereabouts with your Bears? Why, I can't say, but you're *in* with me now. —Let's see, what have I said? —Ay, by my Soul, you have nabbed me cleverly. Faith and Troth, you have convinc'd me by an Example of my own, that I was impertinent to trouble my Head about the Management

of your Family. —Tho' near Kindred makes some Excuse for me too. —And, besides, a *Steward* and a *Wife* are two Things.

So I'd have 'em be, Sir *Jacob*: But a good Wife is but a Steward to her Husband, in many Cases; and mine is the best that ever Gentleman had.

Pretty expensive ones, Nephew, for all that, as the World runs. —Most Gentlemen find, I believe, these Sort of Stewards run 'em out more than they save: But that's not your Case, I dare say. —I'faith, tho', you have nicked me cleverly, that you have.

But, my witty Brother, said my Lady, I believe you'd better, for all your Fling at me, as to *Inducements*, stick to your first Defence, as to the Example sake; for, who stands upon Birth or Degree in the Office of a Steward?

It will answer several Purposes, Sister, and come nearer the Point in what you object, than you are aware of, were we to dispute upon it. But I have gain'd my End in the Observation: Sir *Jacob* takes the Force of the Comparison, and is convinced, I dare say, there is some Justice in it.

Ay, ay, a great deal, said Sir *Jacob*; for a Wife is, or ought to be, her Husband's Steward. I'm sure, when mine was living, I made her so, and had no other; for she made Memorandums, and I digested them into Book; and yet she brought me a noble Fortune too, as you all know.

Here I conclude my tedious Narrations. —Be so good as to skim them over lightly, that you may not think the worse of me; and then return them to me, (with some of your charming Penmanship) that I may send them on to *Kent*. To be sure I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the Sake of my dear Parents; And there is so much Self-praise, as it may seem, from a Person repeating the fine Things said of herself, that I am half of Opinion I should send them to *Kent* only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much Trouble and Impertinence.

Do, dear Miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long Journals, but common Letters only, of How do you? and Who and who's together, and of Respects to one, and to another, and so forth—Letters that one might dispatch, as Sir *Jacob* says, in a *Twinkling*, and perhaps be more to the Purpose, than the tedious Scrawl, which kisses your Hands, from,

Dear Miss, Yours most sincerely, P.B.

Do, dear good Sir *Simon*, let Miss *Polly* add to our Delights, by her charming Company. Mr. *Murray*, and the new Affair, will divert *you*, in her Absence. —So pray, as my good Lady *Darnford* has consented, and Miss is willing, and her Sister can spare her, don't be so cross as to deny me.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Miss Darnford, to Mrs. B.

My dear Mrs. B.

I must recapitulate the Pleasure you have given us in your charming Accounts of your Conversations with your *London* Guests, and the Verses put so boldly, and wickedly under your Seat; and your just Observations on the Lines, and the Occasion. But we all humbly request you'll be pleased to give us the Copy of the Manuscript Verses, from which you transcribe the pretty Lines, beginning— *But, Oh! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair.*

I am quite shock'd, when I think of Lady *Davers's* passionate Intentions, at her first coming down to you to the Hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the Matter, in Compliance with your Desire. We are delighted with your Account of Family Management, and your *Sunday's* Service. —What an excellent Lady are you! And how happy, and how good you make every one who knows you, is seen by the Ladies joining in your Evening Service, as well as their Servants.

We go on here swimmingly with our Courtship. Never was there a fonder Couple than Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nancy*. The moody Girl is quite alive, easy and pleas'd, except now—and—then with me. — We had a sad Falling—out t'other Day. Thus it was:

She had the Assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and so free before—hand, that they would leave nothing for Improvement afterwards; to tell me, She had for some time perceived, that my Envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. *Murray*, who had the good Manners to retire, seeing a Storm rising between us.

Poor, foolish Girl! cry'd I, when he was gone, provok'd to great Contempt by her Expression before him, Thou wilt make me despise thee, in spite of my Heart. —But pr'ythee, manage thy Matters with common Decency, at least.

Good lack! *Common Decency!* I say, *Common Decency!* When my Sister *Polly* is able to shew me what it is, I shall hope to be better for her Example.

No, thou'lt never be better for any body's Example! Thy Ill—nature and Perverseness will keep thee from that, as it has always hitherto done.

My Ill—temper you have often told me is *natural* to me; so it must become me: But upon such a sweet—temper'd young Lady as Miss *Polly*, it sits but ill!

I must have had no bad Temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done, all my Life.

But why can't you bear with it a little longer, Sister? —Does any thing provoke you *now*, with a sly Leer, and affected Drawl, that did not *formerly*?

Provoke me! —What should provoke me? —I gave thee but a Hint of thy fond Folly, which makes thee behave so before Company, that every one smiles at thee; and I'd be glad to save thee from Contempt for thy *new* good Humour, as I used to try to do, for thy *old* bad Nature.

Is that it? —What a kind Sister have I! —But perhaps I see it vexes you; and *ill—natured* Folks love to teize, you know. —But, dear *Polly*, don't let the Affection Mr. *Murray* expresses for me, put such a good—temper'd Body out of Humour, pray don't! — Who knows, (continued the Provoker, who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill—natur'd, that being her Talent) but the Gentleman may think himself happy, that he has found a way with so much Ease to dispense with the Difficulty that Eldership laid him under? —But as he did you the Favour to let the Repulse come from you, don't be angry, Sister, that he took you at the *first* Word.

Indeed, indeed, said I with a contemptuous Smile, thou'rt right, *Nancy*, to take the Gentleman at *his* first Word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy Monkey Airs with him, with all my Heart: Who knows but it may engage him more? For should he leave thee, I might be too much provok'd at thy Ingratitude to *turn over* another Gentleman to thee —And, let me tell you, without such an Introduction, thy Temper would keep any body from thee, that knows it.

Poor Miss *Polly!* —Come, be as easy as you can! —Who knows but we may find out some Cousin or Friend of Mr. *Murray's* between us, that we may *persuade* to address you? Don't make us your Enemies: We'll try to

make you easy, if we can— 'Tis a little hard, that you should be so cruelly taken at your Word, that it is.

Dost think, said I, poor, stupid, ill-judging *Nancy*, that I can have the same Regret for parting with a Man I could not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain Hopes met with the Repulse they deserved from Mr. *B.*

Mr. *B.* come up again! I have not heard of Mr. *B.* a great while!

No, but it was necessary, reply'd I, that one Nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. *Murray* been *turn'd over* to thee.

Turn'd over! you us'd that Word once before, Sister: Such great Wits as you, methinks, should not use the same Word so often.

How dost *thou* know what Wits *should*, or should *not* do? Thou hast no Talent but Ill-nature, and 'tis enough for thee, that one View takes up thy whole Thought. Pursue that—But I would only caution thee, that thou dost not *satiate* where thou wouldst *oblige*, that's all: Or if thy Man can be so gross, as to like thy Fondness, that thou leavest something for *Hereafter*.

I'll call him in again, Sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. *Bell*, for the Maid came in just then, tell Mr. *Murray* I desire him to walk in.

I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once! — I find out now what was the Cause of thy constant Perverseness: For had the unavailing Lessons, my Mamma was always inculcating upon thee, come from a *Man* thou couldst have had Hopes of, they had succeeded better.

In came Sir *Simon*, with his Crutch—Stick—But can you bear this Nonsense, Mrs. *B.*? —What! sparring, jangling again, you Sluts! —O what fiery Eyes on one side! and contemptuous Looks on t'other!

Why, Papa, my Sister *Polly* has *turn'd over* Mr. *Murray* to me, and she wants him back again, and he won't come—That's all the Matter!

You know your Daughter *Nancy*, Papa—She could never *bear* Reproof, and yet would always *deserve* it! —I was only gently remarking for her Instruction, on her Fondness before Company, and she is as she *used to be!* —The poor Girl has not indeed been used to be courted, and so knows not how to behave herself.

So, *Polly*, because you have been able to run over a long List of humble Servants, you must insult your Sister, must you? —But are you really concern'd, *Polly*? —Hay!

Sir, this or any thing, is very well from you. — But these Imputations of Envy, before Mr. *Murray*, must make the Man very considerable with himself. Poor *Nancy* don't consider that. —But indeed how should she? How should *she* be able to reflect, who knows not what Reflection is, except of the spiteful Sort? But, Papa, should the poor Thing add to *his* Vanity, which wants no Addition, at the Expence of *her own*?

I saw her affected, and was resolv'd to pursue my Advantage.

Pr'ythee, *Nancy*, continu'd I, canst thou not have a *little* Patience, Child? —My Papa will set the Day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don't let thy Man toil to keep Pace with thy Fondness; for I have pity'd him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the Tenters to keep thee in Countenance.

This set the ill-natur'd Girl into Tears and Fretfulness; all her old Temper came upon her, as I design'd it should; for she had kept me at Bay longer than usual; and I left her under the Dominion of it; and because I would not come into a fresh Dispute, got my Mamma's Leave, and the Chariot, and went and begg'd a Dinner at Lady *Jones's*; and then came home as cool and as easy, as I us'd to be, and found *Nancy* as sullen and silent as was her Custom, before Mr. *Murray* tendered himself to her ready Acceptance. But I went to my Spinnet, and suffer'd her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No, and Yes ever since; And I wish I was with you for a Month, and all their Nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. *B.*

Your faithful and affectionate Polly Darnford.

The two following, anticipating the Order of Time, for the Reasons mentioned *p.* 161. we insert here.

LETTER XXXV.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

My dear Mrs. B. Pray give my Service to your Mr. *B.* and tell him, he is very unpolite, in his Reflections upon me, in relation to Mr. *Murray*, when he supposes I regret the Loss of him. You are much more favourable and just too, I will say, to your *Polly Darnford*. These Gentlemen, the very best of them, are such Indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy Selves, and confident Sex, as if a Lady cannot from *her Heart* despise them. But if she turns them off, as they deserve, and happens to continue her Dislike, what should be interpreted in her Favour, as a just and *regular* Piece of Conduct, is turn'd against her, and it must proceed from Spite.

Mr. *B.* may think he knows a good deal of the Sex. But perhaps, were I as malicious as he is reflecting, (and yet, if I have any Malice, he has raised it) I could say, That his Acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he had the Happiness to know you: And he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do Justice to those who are proud to emulate your Virtues.

But I can't bear, *it seems*, to see my Sister address'd and complimented, and preferr'd by one whom I had thought in my own Power! But he *may* be mistaken: With all his Sagacity, he *has been* often. Nor is it so mortifying a thing to me, as he imagines, to sit and see two such Anticks playing their Pugs Tricks, as he calls them, with one another.

But you hardly ever saw *such* Pug's Tricks play'd as they play, at so early a Time of Courtship. The Girl hangs upon his Arm, and receives his empty Head on her Shoulder, already, with a Freedom that would be censurable in a Bride, before Folks. A stiff, sullen, proud, scornful Girl, as she used to be, she now puts on Airs that are not natural either to her Features or her Character; and judge then how it must disgust one; especially when one sees her Man so proud and vain upon it, that, like a Man, he treats her with the less Ceremony for her Condescensions, putting on Airs of Consequence, while her Easiness of Behaviour makes him secure of Acceptance, and a kind Reception, let him be as negligent or as forward as he pleases.

I say, Mrs. *B.* there can be no living with these Men upon such Beginnings.— They ought to know their Distance, or be taught it; and not to think it in their Power to confer that as a Favour, which they should think it an Honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, *it seems*, the Preparatives to Matrimony, the fine Cloaths, the Compliments, the busy Novelty, as he calls it, the new Equipages, and so forth. That's his Mistake again, tell him: For one, who can look forwarder than the Nine Days of Wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a Glare. And were I fond of Compliments, it would not perhaps be the way to be pleased, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single State are a Lady's Due, whether courted or not; and she receives them, or ought always to receive them, as such: But in Courtship they are pour'd out upon one, like a hasty Shower, that one knows will soon be over! —A mighty comfortable Consideration this, to a Lady who *loves to be complimented!* —Instead of the refreshing *April*—like Showers, which beautify the Sunshine, she shall stand a Deluge of Complaisance, be wet to the Skin with it; and then— What then! — Why be in a *Libyan* Desart ever after—; experience a constant parching Drought, and all her fine Attributes will be swallow'd up in the Quicksands of Matrimony.

It may be otherwise with you; and it *must* be otherwise; because there is such an infinite Variety in your Excellence. Every rising Sun adorns you with some new Rays, and sets not, without leaving you brighter than he himself can hold it. —But does Mr. *B.* think it must be so in *every* Matrimony?

'Tis, he improves every Hour, as I see in your kind Papers, in his fine Speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. *B.* if he did not: Your Merit *extorts* it from him: And what an ingrateful, as well as absurd Churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian Lustre, that dazles the Eyes of every one else?

But, let me observe, moreover, that you had so few of these fine Speeches *before-hand*, that you have all the Reason in the World to expect them *now*: And this lessens his Merit a good deal, as the most he can say, is but common Justice, on *full Proof*; for, can the like Generosity be attributed to him, as might to a Gentleman who praises *on Trust*?

You promise, if I will come to you, you will join with me against Mr. *B.* on this Subject. 'Tis very kindly

offer'd: but when Mr. *B.* is in the Question, I expect very little Assistance from you, be the Argument what it will.

But 'tis not *my* Fault, I don't come. I am quite tir'd with the perverse Folly of this *Nancy* of ours. She every Day behaves *more* like a Fool to Mr. *Murray*, and *less* like a Sister to me, and takes Delight to teize and vex me, by all the little ways in her Power. And then Surliness and Ill-temper are so natural to her, that I, who can but throw out a spiteful Word, by way of Flourish, as I may say, and 'tis over, and I am sorry for it as soon as spoken, am no Match for her—For she *perseveres* so intolerably, and comes back to the Attack, tho' never so often repuls'd, rising like *Antæus*, with fresh Vigour for every Fall, or like the *Lernaean Hydra*, which had a new Head sprouting up, as fast as any one of the Seven was lopt off, that there is no bearing her. Wedlock, in fine, must be her *Hercules*, and will furnish me, I doubt, with a Revenge I wish not for.

But let me thank you for your delightful Narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your *Saturday's* Conversation with Lady *Davers*, and your *Sunday* Employments, charm us all: So regular, and so easy to be perform'd! —That's the delightful thing. —What every body may do! —And yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the Practice, especially among People in genteel Life!

Your Conversation and Decision in relation to the two Parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. *B.* let me tell you, judges right, and acts a charming Part, to throw such a fine Game into your Hands. And so excellently do you play it, that never surely was so happy a Couple!

He has a prodigious Merit *with* me, I can tell him, tho' he thinks not so well *of* me as I would have him. To *see*, to *praise*, and to *reward* a Virtue, is *next* to having it *one's self*: And, in time, he will make as good a *Man* (these fine Appearances encourage one to hope so) as he is a *Husband*.

Your Notions of Dispensations, and double Livings, are admirably just. Mr. *Williams* is more my Favourite than ever! —And the amply-rewarded Mr. *Adams*, how did that Scene affect us!

Again, and again, I say, (for what can I say else, or more — since I can't find Words to speak all I think?) you're a charming Lady! —Yet, methinks, poor Mr. *H.* makes but a sorry Figure among you.

We are delighted with Lady *Davers*; but still more, if possible, with the Countess: She is a fine Lady, as you have drawn her; but your Characters, tho' Truth and Nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that ever I read.

We are full of Impatience to hear of the Arrival of Sir *Jacob Swynford*. We know his Character pretty well: But when he has sat for it to your Pencil, it must be an Original indeed.

I will have another Trial with my Papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my Forces for that Purpose: I have got my Mamma on my Side again; who is concern'd to see her Girl vexed and insulted by her younger Sister; and who yet minds no more what *she* says to her, than what *I* say; and Sir *Simon* loves at his Heart to make Mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: And truly, I am afraid, the Delight of this kind, which he takes, will make him deny his *Polly* what she so ardently wishes for.

I had a good Mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three Days, to give it the better Appearance; but then my Mamma, who loves not Deceit, would blame me, if she knew my Stratagem; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. —I know, Fasting, when one has a Stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortify'd Air.

What would not one do, in short, to procure to one's self the inexpressible Pleasure that I should have in your Company and Conversation? But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next Best*. I am
Your most obliged and obedient Polly Darnford.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same.

My dearest Mrs. B. I Am all over Joy and Rapture. My good Papa has given me Leave to tell you, that he will put his *Polly* under your Protection, when you go to *London*. If you have but a Tenth Part of the Pleasure I have on this Occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that *Mr. B.* signs some Acknowledgement, which I am to carry along with *me*, that I am intrusted to his Honour and yours, and to be returned to him *Heart-whole*, and *Dutiful*, and with a Reputation as unsully'd as he receives me.

But do, dearest *Mrs. B.* continue your Journals till then; for I have promis'd to take them up where you leave off, to divert our Friends in these Parts. There will be Presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your Consent to send: For I was taught early not to tell Tales out of School; and a School, the best I ever went to, will be your charming Conversation.

We have been greatly diverted with the Trick put upon that Barbarian Sir *Jacob*. His Obstinacy, Repentance, and Amendment, follow'd so irresistibly in one Half-hour, from the happy Thought of the excellent Lady Countess, that I think no Plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky Mine in a Siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answer'd all the Besieger's Ends at once.

Mr. B.'s Defence of his own Conduct towards you, is quite noble; and he judges with his usual Generosity and good Sense, when, by adding to your Honour, he knows he inhances his own. *Mr. Pitt's* fine Diamond met with a world of Admirers; but all turn'd upon this Reflection, What a happy Man is *Mr. Pitt*, who can call such a Jewel his own! —How greatly do you excel this Diamond; and how much does *Mr. B.* outdo *Mr. Pitt!* — Who has contributed to give so rich a Jewel a Polish so admirable; and then has set it in so noble a Light, as makes its Beauty conspicuous to every Eye!

You bid me skim over your Writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear *Mrs. B.* nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find Words to praise, so much as I think you deserve: So I will only say, that your good Parents, for whose Pleasure you write as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more Delight than I do—Even my Sister *Nancy*, judge of their Effect by this! will at any time leave *Murray*, and forget to frown or be ill-natur'd, while she can hear read what you write———And, angry as she makes me sometimes, I cannot deny her this Pleasure because possibly, among the innumerable improving Reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your Conversation and Behaviour did Sir *Jacob*.

But your Application in P. S. to my Papa pleased him, and confirmed his Resolution to let me go—He snatched the Sheet that contained this; That's to me! said he: —I must read this myself; He did—and said—I'faith, she's a sweet one! — *Do. dear good Sir Simon*, repeated he aloud, *let Miss Polly add to our Delights!* —So she shall then; —If that will do it! —And yet this same *Mrs. B.* has so many Delights already, that I should think she might be contented. —But, Dame *Darnford*, I think I'll let her go. These Sisters then, you'll see, how they'll love at a Distance, tho' always quarrelling when together. He read on— *The new Affair will divert you — Lady Darnford has consented — Miss is willing; and her Sister can spare her — Very prettily put, faith— And don't you be so cross— Very sweet! — to deny me!*

Why, dear *Mrs. B.* I won't be so cross, then; indeed I won't! —And so, *Polly*, let 'em send Word when *they* set out for *London*, and *you* shall join 'em there, with all my Heart: But I'll have a Letter every Post, remember that, Girl.

Any thing, any thing, dear Papa, said I; so I can but go! He called for a Kiss, for his Compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

Nancy looked envious, altho' *Mr. Murray* came in just then—She look'd almost like a great Glutton, whom I remember, one Sir *Jonathan Smith*, who killed himself by eating: He us'd, while he was heaping up his Plate from one Dish, to watch the others, and follow the Knife of every Body else, with such a greedy Eye, as if he could swear a Robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he. This is a gross Simile; but all greedy and envious Folks look alike about the Eyes; and, thinking of *Nancy* on this Occasion, (who envied a Happiness she knew I preferred to that she has in Prospect). I could not but call to mind Sir *Jonathan* at the same time.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 3

Well, let's know when you set out, and you shan't have been a Week in *London*, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my Tongue, as now by my Pen, how much I am

Your obliged Admirer and Friend, Polly Darnford.

P. S. Remember the Verses I wrote about, if proper —You hint too at some other Verses§ Don't let us lose any thing.

LETTER XXXVII.

My dear Miss, I now proceed with my Journal, which I had brought down to *Thursday* Night.

FRIDAY.

The two Ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my Proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent Round*, as they, after we return'd, would call it, which I generally take once a Week, among my poor and sick Neighbours; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my Lady Countess proposing Mrs. *Worden* to fill up the fourth Place in the Coach.

We talked all the Way of Charity, and the Excellency of that Duty; and my Lady *Davers* took Notice of the Text, that it would hide a *Multitude of Faults*. And if, as she was pleased to say, there was to be any Truth in the Popish Doctrine of Supererogation, what abundance of *such* Merits would arise from the Life and Actions of our dear Friend here! kindly looking at me.

I said, That when we had the Pleasure to reflect, that we served a Master, who exacted no hard Terms from us, but in every Case almost that could be thought of, only required of us to do Justice, and shew Mercy, to one another, and gave us Reason to think he would judge us by those Rules, it must be a mighty Inducement to Acts of Charity and Benevolence. But indeed, added I, were there not that Inducement, the Pleasure that attends such Acts, is an high Reward; and I am sure the Ladies I have the Honour to speak to, must have found it in an hundred Instances.

The Countess said, She had once a much better Opinion of herself, than she found she had Reason for, within these *few Days* past: And indeed Mrs. *B* said she, when I get home, I shall make a good many People the better for your Example. And so said Lady *Davers*; which gave me no small inward Pleasure; and I acknowleg'd, in suitable Terms, the Honour they both did me.

The Coach set us down by the Side of a large Common, about five Miles distant from our House; and we alighted, and walked a little Way, chusing not to have the Coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little Notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean Cots with great Condescension and Goodness; one belonging to a poor Widow, and five Children, who had been all down in Agues and Fevers; the other, to a Man and his Wife, Bed-rid with Age and Infirmities, and two honest Daughters, one a Widow with two Children, the other married to an Husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable Cordials, and good Physick, were pretty well, to what they had been.

The two Ladies were well pleased with my Demeanour to the good Folks: To whom I said, that as I should go soon to *London*, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them, that I should leave Orders with Mrs. *Jervis* concerning them, to whom they must make known their Wants; and that Mr. *Barrow* would take care of 'em, I was sure; and do all that was in the Power of Physick for the Restoration of their Healths.

Now you must know, Miss, that I am not so good as the old Ladies of former Days, who used to distil Cordial Waters, and prepare Medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I was so inclined, my dear Mr. *B*. would not have been pleased with it, because, in the Approbation he has kindly given to my present Method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I don't carry my Charity to Extremes, and make his House a Dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the Opportunity of doing any Good at all in these respects; and besides, as the vulgar Saying is, One must creep before one goes! But this is my Method:

I am upon an Agreement with this Mr. *Barrow*, who is deemed a very skilful and honest Apothecary, and one Mr. *Simmonds*, a Surgeon of like Character, to attend all such Cases and Persons as I shall recommend; Mr. *Barrow* to administer Physick and Cordials, as he shall judge proper, and even, in necessary Cases, to call in a Physician. And now—and—then calling one's self, or sending a Servant to ask Questions, all is kept right.

Besides, one can take this Method without the Ostentation, as some would deem it, which would attend the other; and having one's dear Friend's Gate always crouded with unhappy Objects, and some that deserve no Countenance, perhaps, and would possibly be the most clamorous: And then one does not subject the Poor neither to the Insolence of Servants, who sometimes, in a Body's Absence, might, were they some Servants, shew, that they were far from being influenced by the same Motives as their Principals: Besides the Advantage the Poor have from the Skill and Experience which Education, and constant Practice, give to the Gentlemen I employ; and with whom I agree but by the Quarter, because if there were a just Foundation of Complaint, for Negligence, or

Hardness of Heart, I would not be sty'd down from changing; for, in such Cases, in a Crisis, the poor People depending on the Assistance of those Gentlemen, might look no farther, and so my good Intentions might not only be frustrated, but do Harm.

My Lady *Davers* observed a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each Cot, in Leathern outside Cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the Children; and was pleased to say, It was right: And her Ladyship asked one of the Children, a pretty Girl, Who learnt her her Catechism? And she court'sy'd, and look'd at me; for I *do ask* the Children Questions, when I come, to know how they improve: 'Tis as I thought, said my Lady; my Sister provides for both Parts. God bless you, my Dear! said she, and tapp'd my Neck.

My Ladies left Tokens of their Bounty behind them to both Families, and all the good Folks blessed and pray'd for us at Parting: And as we went out, my Lady *Davers*, with a serious Air, was pleased to say to me, Take care of your Health, my dear Sister, and God give you, when it comes, a happy Hour; for how many real Mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the Fruits of your Piety!

God's Will must be done, my Lady, said I. The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my Power to do a little Good, will raise up new Friends to the honest Hearts that rely upon Him.

This I said, because some of the good People heard my Lady, and seem'd troubled, and began to redouble their Prayers for my Safety and Preservation.

We walked thence to our Coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two Farmers Families, about a Mile distant from each other. One had the Mother of the Family, with two Sons, just recovering, the former from a Fever, the latter from Tertian Agues; and I asked when they saw Mr. *Barrow*? They told me, with great Commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So having congratulated their hopeful Way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to Business, I said, I should desire Mr. *Barrow* to watch over them, for fear of Relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so, under the Notion of my Foy, I dropt a Couple of Guineas in the good Woman's Hand: For I had had an Hint given me by Mrs. *Jervis*, that their Illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other Farm, where the Case was a marry'd Daughter, who had had a very dangerous Lying-in, and a wicked Husband, who had abus'd her, and run away from her: But she was mending apace, by good comfortable Things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her old Father had been a little unkind to her, before I took Notice of her; for she marry'd against his Consent; and indeed the World went hard with the poor Man, and he could not do much; and, besides, he had a younger Daughter, who had lost all her Limbs, and was forc'd to be ty'd in a Wicker Chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great Pull-back, as the good old Woman called it. And having been a Year in Arrear to a cruel Landlord, who finding a good Stock upon the Ground, wanted to distress the poor Family, and turn them out of all, I advanced the Money upon the Stock; and the poor Man has already paid me half of it, (for I must keep within Compass too, Miss) which was 50*l.* at first, and is in a fair Way to pay me the other Half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. *Barrow*, and he gave me an Account of the Success of two other Cases I had recommended to him; and told me, that *John Smith*, a poor Man, who, in thatching a Barn, had tumbled down, and broken his Leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of Recovery.

This poor Creature had like to have perished by the Cruelty of the Parish Officers, who would have pass'd him away to *Essex*, where his Settlement was, tho' in a burning Fever, occasioned by his Misfortune. But hearing of the Case, I directed Mr. *Simmonds* to attend him, and provide for him, at my Expence, and gave my Word, if he dy'd, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way, and told Mr. *Barrow*, I hoped to see him and Mr. *Simmonds* together at Mr. *B.*'s, before I set out for *London*, that we might advise about the Cases under their Direction, and that I might acquit myself of some of my Obligations to them.

You are a good Man, Mr. *Barrow*, added I: God will bless you for your Care and Kindness to these poor destitute Creatures. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your Humanity to them.

O my good Lady, said he, who can forbear following such an Example as you set? Mr. *Simmonds* can testify, as well as I, (for now-and-then a Case requires us to visit together) that we can hardly hear any Complaints from our poor Patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the Praises and Blessings they bestow upon you.

It is good Mr. *B.* that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them, they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. *Simmonds*: We all join together, you know, for their Good.

The Countess and Lady *Davers* asked the poor lying—in Woman many Questions, and left with her, and for her poor Sister, a miserable Object indeed! —(God be praised, that I am not such an one!) Marks of their Bounty in Gold, but I saw not how much; and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up their Hands, could not say a Word, till they were in the Coach: And so we were carry'd home, after we had just look'd in upon a Country School, where I pay for the Learning of Eight Children.

And here, Miss, (—I hope I recite not this with Pride, tho' I do with Pleasure) is a cursory Account of my *Benevolent Weekly Round*, as my Ladies will call it.

I know you will not be displeas'd with it; but it will highly delight my worthy Parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet Good in their Neighbourhood: For, indeed, Miss, a little Matter, *prudently* bestowed, and to Objects of Compassion, (whose Cases are soon at a Crisis, as are those of most labouring People) will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for 'em, according to the Exigencies of their respective Cases. —For such poor People, who live generally low, want very seldom any thing but reviving Cordials at first, and good wholesome Kitchen Physick afterwards; and then the Wheels of Nature being unclogg'd, new—oil'd, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with Pleasantness and Ease, for a good while together, by virtue of that Exercise which their Labour gives them; while the Rich and Voluptuous are forced to undergo great Fatigues to keep theirs clean and in Order.

Thus is it well remarked in a Manuscript Poem, in my dear Mr. *B.*'s Possession, written in Answer to a Friend, who recommended a poor Man of Genius to the Favour of the Author, in order to induce the benevolent Gentleman to lift him into a higher Life than that to which he was born: *Wou'dst thou, by Change of Life, I should intail Gouts, Fevers, Surfeits, ev'ry tort' ring Ail, That our rich Blood infects, on this poor Swain? And turn his fancy'd Woes to real Pain? If he want Food or Raiment, these will I, Fit for his Station, chearfully supply. But is his slavish Life much more fatiguing Than our bad Hours, hard Huntings, lewd Intriguing? For needful Exercise, don't all who've Wealth, At times, but to preserve themselves in Health. Our Bodies less prepar'd, our Nerves less strong. Do more than any of the lab'ring Throng?*

I mention'd before, that this Poem had given me some proper Hints, in relation to the Good one should dispense, in which one ought to consult a Person's usual way of Life, and not to be so lavish to some one Object or two, as should limit one's Power to relieve others, and, at the same time, by lifting the poor Folks into a State they had not been used to, make them possibly more unhappy than ever. I will transcribe a few more Lines from this Piece, for your Entertainment: —*But yet, my Friend, I cannot join with thee, To think so hard of native Poverty. 'Tis not to live at Ease, makes Happiness, Eat and drink well, lie soft. 'Tis nothing less Than sweet Content, whatever be the State, Can make us truly happy, wise or great. If this he want not, whate'er else he be, He's happier far, I judge, than You or Me: And if he want it, much I fear, my Friend, He'll find no State will his Condition mend, For human Minds, still on aspiring bent, Not check'd at first, are seldom e'er content.*

And again! *The Man who in one Way was always bred Till thrice Twelve Winters have pass'd o'er his Head. Is, or should be, contented with his Fate, Nor covet to ally to change his State. For Discontent once cherish'd in his Breast, Desire of Change will never let him rest, Unfix'd, unsettled, he, all Comfort past, Knows his first Wish; but ne'er will know his last.*

I must go on a little further. It seems that the recommending Friend had praised the poor Man for a Genius above the Sphere he was placed in. To this the judicious Benefactor replies, stating the Plea in the first Line: *But he has Parts and Wit above his Sphere; The neighb'ring Throng will then his Wit revere, If by sound Judgment temper'd. And who knows How useful he may be, but to compose Small Strifes, that even homely Cots invade From rugged Minds by partial Passions sway'd? Shall nought but Thistles in one Climate grow? And, intermingling, no sweet Roses blow? Remote from Towns, among the rural Swains, He'll be the Priest and Justice of the Plains: And nothing sure, on Earth, yields more Delight, Than diff'ring Minds in social Bands t'unite.*

I believe you'll excuse me, if I transcribe more: *We the Discomforts know of what we are, But little think what States superior share: How aukwardly our Parts we should sustain In a new Scene. And, Oh! what mighty Pain (For this is not the least) t' a gen'rous Mind, With Obligations press'd, or to Dependence join'd! On sit they light from me, as e'er they will, 'Tis Obligation and Dependence still To thoughtful Minds— And grant he might*

be happy while I live, How may he fare with those who me survive? My Fortune may, perhaps, to those descend, Who knew not Joseph, nor lov'd Joseph's Friend; Who, like too many Heirs, reverse whate'er Was wont t' engage their Predecessors Care. In such a Case, what Cause he'd have to mourn, Forc'd to the Life he now beholds with Scorn (By long Disuse, made still more grievous) to return? Shall the slow Cart—horse with the Courser run? Wou'd ev'ry twinkling Star become a Sun? Yet in their Order, this adorns the Sky, And that helps on the gen'ral Harmony.

Then follow some Lines, that I often think of with Pleasure, and which used to please my dear Lady; who made me write them down in my Common—place Book. You, my honoured Father and Mother, have seen them : But as you, my dear Miss, have not, I will transcribe them: *For thou want'st not to know, wise Providence Does various Parts, for various Minds dispense; The meanest Slaves, or those who hedge and ditch, Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich. The Rich, in due Return, impart their Store; Which comfortably seeds the lab'ring Poor. Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain, He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain; Labours to the same End, joins in one View; And both alike the Will divine pursue: And, at the last, are levèll'd, King and Slave, Without Distinction, in the silent Grave.*

But now you'll be curious to know, since this Gentleman declin'd raising the poor Man, what Good he really thought proper to do for him. This then will satisfy you: *"But he has Children." —Well, this is a Plea That strongly recommends his Case to me. I'll take a Boy or two; and if I find The Youngsters honest, faithful, well inclin'd: If able to sustain those Parts, which we Call vainly better, I'll their Patron be. First, To the menial Service I'll inure 'em, And, as they merit, better will procure 'em. In short, the Swain, for what he is, I'll prize Consistent with's Degree, augment his Joys: And tell him this from me; That wou'd he know Happiness, unmix'd with certain Woe, Here will he rest his Hopes; nor farther wish to go.*

I don't remember ever to have read any thing of this Subject placed in these natural, easy, and, I therefore think uncommon Lights, and believe you'll allow them to be right Lights: For there are certainly no Cases in the World that require more Judgment and Distinction, than charitable ones. And except a casual Distress among those who make a Trade of Begging, such Persons (especially if I see them often, and so much in the same Place, as if they were as tenacious of their Stand, as others of their Freehold) move not my Compassion or Notice. They cannot be lower in Spirit, nor (being frequently brought up to it) do they often wish to be higher in Calling, or to change their idle State for a laborious one: But the poor industrious Souls, reduced by Sickness, or Misfortune, or even Mistake not wilful or persisted in, who sigh in Secret, and cannot make known what they suffer; such unhappy Objects are worthy of one's *Pains* to find out, and relieve.

SATURDAY Morning.

It is hardly right to trouble either of you, my honoured Correspondents, with an Affair, that has vex'd me a good deal, and indeed *should* affect me more than any other Mistress of a Family, for Reasons which will be obvious to you, when I tell you the Case. And this (it is so present with me) I cannot forbear.

A pretty genteel young Body, my *Polly Barlow*, as I call her, having been well recommended, and indeed behaved with great Prudence till this time, is the Occasion. And this it is:

My dear Mr. *B.* and the Two Ladies agreed with me to take a little Airing in the Coach, and to fall in upon Mr. *Martin*, who had a Present made him for his Menagerie, in which he takes great Delight, of a rare and uncommon Creature, a Native of the *East Indies*. But just as Sir *Jacob* was on Horseback to accompany them, and the Ladies were ready to go, I was taken with a sudden Disorder and Faintishness, so that Lady *Davers*, who is very tender of me, and watches every Turn of my Countenance, would not let me go with them, tho' my Disorder was going off, and my dear Mr. *B.* was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting with Mr. *Williams* as they went to the Coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant Place. So I retir'd to my Closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. *H.* to go with them, as Company to Sir *Jacob*; but he (as I believe, by what followed, on purpose) could not be found, when they set out: So they supposed he was upon some Ramble with Mr. *Colbrand*, his great Favourite.

I was writing to *you*, being pretty well recover'd, when I heard *Polly*, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my Apartment; and down she sat, and sung a little Catch, and cry'd Hem! twice; and presently I heard two Voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of Rustling and Struggling, and *Polly's* Voice crying, Fie! —How can you do so! —Pray, Sir!

This alarm'd me much, because we have such orderly Folks about us; and I looked thro' the Keyhole, and, to my Surprize and Concern, saw Mr. *H.* —foolish Gentleman! —taking Liberties with *Polly*, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish Girl! her to suffer.

I did not know what to do: But having Reason to think, that this was not their first Interview and Freedom — and the Girl sometimes encouragingly laughing, as at other times, inconsistently, struggling and complaining, in an Accent that was too tender for the Occasion, I forced a faint Cough: This frighted them both: Mr. *H.* swore, and said, Who can that be? —Your Lady's gone with them, i'n't she?

I believe so! I hope so! said the silly Girl — Yet that was like her Voice! —Me'm, are you in your Closet, Me'm? said she, coming up to the Door, Mr. *H.* standing, like a poor Thief, half behind the Window—curtains, till he knew if it was I.

I open'd the Door, away sneak'd Mr. *H.* and she leap'd with Surprize, not hoping to find me there, tho' she asked the Question.

I thought — Indeed — Me'm — I thought you were gone out.

It is plain you did, *Polly!* —Go and shut the Chamber—door, and come to me again.

She did, but trembled, and was so full of Confusion, that I pity'd the poor Creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her, or what to say. —For my Compassion got the Upper—hand of my Resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling, and looking on the Ground, with a Countenance I cannot describe, I now—and—then cast my Eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my Handkerchief to it.

At last I said, How long have these Freedoms past, *Polly*, between you and Mr. *H.*?

She said never a Word.

I am loth to be censorious, *Polly*: But 'tis too plain, that Mr. *H.* would not have followed you into my Chamber, if he had not met you at other Places before.

Still the poor Girl said never a Word.

Little did I expect, *Polly*, that you would have shewn so much Imprudence. You have had Instances of the vile Arts of Men against poor Maidens: Have you any Notion, that Mr. *H.* intends to do honourably by you?

Me'm — Me'm — I believe — I hope — I dare say, Mr. *H.* would not do otherwise.

So much the worse, that you believe so, if you have not very good Reason for your Belief. —Does he pretend he will marry you, *Polly*?

She was silent.

Tell me, *Polly*, if he does?

He says, he will do honourably by me.

But you know there is but one Word necessary to explain that other precious Word *Honour*, in this Case. It is *Matrimony*. That Word's as soon spoken as any other, and if he *means* it, he will not be shy to *speak* it.

She was silent.

Tell me, *Polly*, (for I am really greatly concern'd for you) what you think yourself: Do you *hope* he will marry you?

She was silent.

Do, good *Polly*, I hope I may call you *good* yet! — answer me.

Pray, Madam! and she wept, and turn'd from me, to the Wainscot — Pray, Madam, excuse me.

But, indeed, *Polly*, I *cannot* excuse you. You are under my Protection. I was once in as dangerous a Situation as you can be. And I did not escape it, Child, by the Language and Conduct I heard from you.

Language and Conduct, Me'm!

Yes, *Polly*, Language and Conduct. For you have heard my Story, no doubt: All the World has. And do you think, if I had sat me down in my Lady's Bedchamber, and sung a Song, and hem'd twice, and Mr. *B.* had come to me, upon that Signal, (for such I doubt it was) and I had kept my Place, and suffer'd myself to be tumbled, and only, in a soft Voice, and with an encouraging Laugh, cry'd, How can you do so? that I should have been what I am?

Me'm, I dare say, my Lord (so all the Servants call him, and his Aunt often, when she puts *Jackey* to it) means me no Hurt.

No Hurt, *Polly!* What, and make you cry *Fie!* —Or do you intend to trust your Honour to his Mercy, rather than to your own Discretion?

I hope not, Me'm!

I hope not too, *Polly!* —But you know he was free enough with you, to make you say *Fie!* —And what might have been the Case, who knows? had I not coughed on Purpose; unwilling for your sake, *Polly*, to find Matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable?

Reputable, Me'm!

Yes, *Polly*, Reputable: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your Good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed all the time you cry'd out, *Fie!* and *How can you do so?* but had no other Care then to see if any body heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty Gentleman, as soon as I open'd my Door — Do these Things look well, *Polly?* Do you think they do? —And if you hope to emulate my good Fortune, do you think *this* is the Way?

I wish, Me'm, I had never seen Mr. *H.* For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your Favour!

It will still, *Polly*, (and I took her Hand, with a kind Look) be in your own Power to keep it; and I will not mention this Matter, if you make me your Friend, and tell me all that has pass'd.

Again she wept, and was silent.

This made me more uneasy. Don't think, *Polly*, said I, that I would envy any other Person's Preferment; when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. *H.* has talked to you of Marriage, tell me.

No, Me'm, I can't say, he has *yet*.

Yet, Polly! Then he *never* will. For when Men *do* talk of it, they don't always *mean* it: But whenever they *mean* it, how can they confirm a doubting Maiden, without *mentioning* it? But, alas, alas for you, poor *Polly!* —The Freedoms you have permitted to him, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and which would have been greater possibly, had I not surpris'd you with my Cough, shew too well, that he *need* not make any Promises to you.

Indeed, Me'm — Indeed, said she, sobbing, I might be too little upon my Guard; but I would not have done any Ill for the World.

I hope you would not, *Polly*; but if you suffer these Freedoms, you can't tell *what* you'd have permitted —Tell me, do you love Mr. *H.*?

He is a very good-humour'd Gentleman, Madam, and is not proud.

No, 'tis not his Business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you — Humble you indeed! Beneath the lowest Person of the Sex, that is honest.

I hope—

You *hope*, interrupted I — You *hope* too much; and I *fear* a *great deal* for you, because you fear *so little* for yourself — But tell me, How often have you been in private together?

In private, Me'm! — I don't know what your Ladyship calls *private*!

Why that is *private*, *Polly*, when, as just now, you neither hoped nor intended any body should see you.

She was silent; and I see, Miss, by this poor Girl, that Lovers are to their Secret, tho' perhaps, their Ruin depends upon it. But it behov'd *me*, on more Accounts than it would any body else, as I hinted before, to examine this Matter narrowly; because, if Mr. *H.* should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. *B.*'s Example— And if my *Polly* should be ruin'd, it would be a sad thing; and People would have said, Ay, she could take Care enough of herself; but none at all of her Servant: *Her* Waiting-maid had a much more remiss Mistress, than *Pamela* found, or the Matter would not have been thus.

Well, *Polly*, I see, continued I, that you will not speak out to me. You may have *several* Reasons for it, possibly, tho' not *one* good one. But as soon as Lady *Davers* comes in, who has a great Concern in this Matter, as well as Lord *Davers*, and are answerable to Lord *H.* in a Matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her Ladyship's Consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you Questions about it — For then I must take her Ladyship's Directions, and part with you to be sure.

The poor Girl, frighted at this, (for every body fears Lady *Davers*) wrung her Hands, and begg'd, for God's Sake, I would not acquaint Lady *Davers* with it.

But how can I help it? said I — Must I not connive at your Proceedings, if I do not? You are no Fool, *Polly*, in other Cases. Tell me, How is it possible for me, in my Situation, to avoid it?

I will tell you Ladyship the whole Truth; indeed I will — if you will not tell Lady *Davers*. I am ready to sink at the Thoughts of Lady *Davers*' knowing any thing of this.

This looked sadly. I pity'd her, but yet was angry in my Mind; for I saw too plainly, that her Conduct could not bear a Scrutiny, not even in *her own* Opinion, poor Creature!

I said, Make me acquainted with the Whole.

Will your Ladyship promise—

I'll promise nothing, *Polly*— When I have heard all you think fit to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much Tenderness as I can for you — and that's all you ought to expect me to promise.

Why then, Madam — But how can I speak it? —I can speak sooner to any body, but Lady *Davers* and you, Madam — For her Ladyship's Passion, and your Ladyship's Virtue — How shall I? —And then she threw herself at my Feet, and hid her Face with her Apron.

I was in Agonies for her almost; I wept over her; I raised her up, and said, Tell me all — You cannot tell me worse than I apprehend, nor, I hope, so bad! O *Polly*, tell me soon — For you give me great Pain—

And my Back, with Grief and Compassion for the poor Girl, was ready to open, as it seem'd to me— In my former Distresses, I have been overcome by Fainting next to Death, and was depriv'd of Sense for some Moments— But else I should have imagin'd, I must have had some such affecting Sensations, as the unhappy Girl's Case gave me.

Then, Madam, I own, said she, I have been too faulty.

As how! — As what! — In what Way! — How faulty? —asked I, as quick as Thought: You are not ruin'd, are you! —Tell me, *Polly*?

No, Madam, but—

But, what? —Say, but what?

I had consented—

To what?

To his Proposals, Madam.

What Proposals?

Why, Madam, I was to *live* with Mr. *H.*

I understand you too well—But is it too late to break so wretched a Bargain? —Have you already made a Sacrifice of your Honour?

No, Madam; but I have given it under my Hand.

Under your *Hand*! —Ah! *Polly*, if you have not given it under your *Heart* too, it were well. But what

Foolishness is this! What Consideration has he made you?

He has given it under his Hand, that he will always love me, and when his Lordship's Father dies, he will own me.

What Foolishness is this, said I, on both sides! —But are you willing to be released from this vile Bargain?

Indeed I am, Madam, and I told him so Yesterday. But, he says, he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don't stand to it.

You are ruin'd if you do! —And I wish— But tell me, *Polly*, Are you not ruin'd as it is?

Indeed I am not, Madam.

I doubt then, said I, you were upon the Brink of it, had not this providential Indisposition kept me at home—You met, I suppose, to conclude your shocking Bargain. —O poor unhappy Girl! —But let me see what he has given under his Hand?

He has 'em both, Madam, to be drawn up fair, and in a strong Hand, that shall be like a Record.

Could I have thought, Miss, that a Girl of Nineteen could be so ignorant and foolish in a Point so important, when in every thing else she has shewn no Instances like this imprudent Folly?

Has he given you Money?

Yes, Madam, he gave me—he gave me—a Note. Here it is. He says any body will give me Money for it.

And this was a Bank Note of 50*l.* which she pulled out of her Bosom.

I instantly thought of those Lines of *Cowley*, which my dear Lady several times made me read to her; tho' these supposed an infinitely more excuseable Case—*Marriage for Money. Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid!*

Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd! Thyself for Money! O let no Man know The Price of Beauty fall'n so low!

What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread, When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The Result was, He was to settle 100*l.* a Year upon her and *hers*, poor, poor Girl! —And he was to *own her*, as she calls it (but as Wife or Mistress, she stipulated not) when his Father dy'd, and he came into the Title and Estate.

I told her, It was impossible for me to conceal the Matter from Lady *Davers*, if she would not, by her Promises to be govern'd intirely by me, and to abandon all Thoughts of Mr. *H.* give me room to conclude, that the wicked Bargain was at an End.

And to keep the poor Soul in some Spirits, and to enable her to look up, and to be more easy under my Direction, I blamed *him* more than I did *her*: Tho', considering what Virtue requires of a Woman, and Custom has made shameless in a Man, I think the poor Girl inexcuseable, and shall not be easy while she is about me. For she is more to blame, because, of the two, she has more Wit than the Man.

But what can I do, Miss, if I put her away? 'Twill be to throw her directly into his Hands. He won't stay long; and she *may* see her Folly. But here her Eyes were open; She knew what she had to trust to—And by their wicked Beginning, and her encouraging Repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruin'd that very Day.

I knew the Rage Lady *Davers* would be in with both. So this was another Embarass. And yet, should my good Intentions be frustrated, and they should conclude their vile Bargain, and it appear'd that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been blam'd more than any Mistress of a Family, being circumstanc'd as I am.

Upon the Whole, As to the Girl, I resolv'd to comfort her as well as I could, till I had gain'd her Confidence, that my Advice might have the more Weight with her, and by Degrees be the more likely to reclaim her: For, poor Soul! there would be an End of her Reputation, the most precious of all Jewels, the Moment the Matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

And as to the Man, I thought it best to take Courage (and you that know me, will say, I must have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. *H.* on this Subject.

And the poor Body consenting I should, and, with great Protestations, declaring her Sorrow and Repentance, begging me to get her Note of Hand again, on which she laid a foolish Stress, and desiring me to give him back his Note of 50*l.* I went down to find him.

He shunn'd me, as a Thief would a Constable at the Head of a Hue and Cry. As I entered one Place or Room, he went into another, looking with conscious Guilt, but yet confidently humming a Tune. At last I fixed him speaking to *Rachel*, bidding her tell *Polly*, he wanted to send a Message by her to her Lady. By which I doubted not, he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His Back was toward me; and I said, Mr. *H.* here I am myself, to take your Commands.

He gave a Caper half a Yard high—Madam, I wanted—I wanted to speak to—I would have spoken with—
You wanted to send *Polly* to me, perhaps, Mr. H. to ask if I would take a little Walk with you in the Garden?
Very, Madam! —Very indeed! —You have guess'd the Matter—I thought it was pity, this fine Day, as every
body was taking an Airing—

Well then, Sir, please to lead the Way, and I'll attend you.

Yet I fancy, Madam, the Wind is a little too high for you—Won't you catch Cold?

No, never fear, Mr. *H.* I am not afraid of a little Air.

I will attend you presently, Madam: You'll be in the great Gravel Walk, or on the Terrace—I'll wait upon you
in an Instant.

I had the Courage to take hold of his Arm, as if I had like to have slipt; For, thought I, thou shalt not see the
Girl, worthy Friend, till I have talk'd to thee a little, if thou dost then—Excuse me, Mr. *H.* — I hope I have not
hurt my Foot! —I must lean upon you.

Will you be pleas'd, Madam, to have a Chair? I fear you have sprain'd your Foot—Shall I help you to a Chair?

No, no, Sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you.

So he had no Excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the Garden. But never did any thing look so silly!
—So like a *foolish Fellow*, as his Aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen Ways at once, hem'd,
cough'd, wriggled about, turn'd his Head behind him every now—and—then, and started half a dozen silly Subjects,
in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appear'd, I believe, under some Concern how to begin with him; for he would have it, I was not very well,
and begg'd he might step in one Minute, to desire Mrs. *Jervis* to attend me.

So I resolv'd to begin with him, lest I should lose the Opportunity, seeing my Eel so very slippery. And
placing myself at the Seat at the upper End of the Gravel Walk, I asked him to sit down. He declined it, and would
wait upon me presently, he said, and seem'd going. So I began—It is easy for me, Mr. *H.* to penetrate the Reason
why you are so willing to leave me: But 'tis for your *own* Sake, that I desire you to hear me, that no Mischief may
ensue among Friends and Relations, on an Occasion to which you are no Stranger.

Lord, Madam, What can you mean? —Surely, Madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent Liberty, or so!

Mr. *H.* reply'd I, I want not any Evidence of your inhospitable Designs upon a poor unwary young Creature,
whom your Birth and Quality have found it too easy a Task to influence.

Inhospitable Designs, Madam! —A harsh Word, by Gad! —You very nice Ladies cannot admit of the least
Freedom in the World! —Why, Madam, I have kiss'd a Lady's Woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never
was call'd to an Account for it, as a Breach of Hospitality.

'Tis not for me, Mr. *H.* said I, to proceed to *very nice* Particulars with a Gentleman who can act as you have
done, by a poor Girl, that could not have had the Assurance to look up to a Man of your Quality, had you not
levell'd all Distinction between you, in order to level the weak Creature to the common Dirt of the Highway. I
must tell you, that the poor Girl heartily repents of her Folly; and, to shew you, that it signifies nothing to deny it,
she begs you will give her back the Note of her Hand you have extorted from her Foolishness; and I hope you'll
be so much of a Gentleman, as not to keep in your Power such a Testimony of the Weakness of any of the Sex.

Has she told you that, Madam? —Why may—be— indeed—I can't but say—Truly it mayn't look so well to
you, Madam: But young Folks will have Frolicks—It was nothing but a Frolick—Let me *be hang'd*, if it was!

Be pleas'd then, Sir, to give up her Note to me to return to her—Reputation should not be frolick'd with, Sir;
especially that of a poor Girl, who has nothing else to depend upon.

I'll give it to her myself, and laugh at her into the Bargain, if you please, Madam. Why, 'tis comical enough, if
the little Pug thought I was in Earnest. I must have a Laugh or two at her, Madam, when I give it her up.

Mr. *H.* said I, since 'tis but a Frolick, you won't take it amiss, that when we are set down to Supper, we call
Polly in, and demand a Sight of her Note, and that will make every one merry, as well as you.

Cot—so, Madam, that mayn't be so well neither! —For, perhaps, they will be apt to think it is in Earnest; when,
as I hope to live, 'tis but a Jest: Nothing in the World else, upon Honour!

I put on then a still more serious Air—As you *hope to live*, say you, Mr. *H.*! —and *upon your Honour!* —How
fear you not an instant Punishment for this Appeal! and what is the *Honour* you swear by? —Take that, and
answer me, Sir; Do Gentlemen give away, Bank Notes for *Frolicks*, and for *mere Jests!* and *nothing in the World*
else! —I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a Gentleman, that would not

forfeit his Veracity; and that in so solemn an Instance as this!

He looked like a Man Thunder-struck. His Face was distorted, and his Head seemed to turn about upon his Neck, like a Weathercock in a Hurricane, to all Points of the Compass. His Hands clenched as in a Passion, and yet Shame and Confusion struggling in every Limb and Feature.

At last he said, I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed (for the Wretch thought of nobody but himself) to my Uncle and Aunt, I am undone, and shall never be able to look 'em in the Face. 'Tis, I had a Design upon her; and since she has betray'd me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.

Ungenerous, contemptible Wretch, thought I! — But our Sex that can thus give up their Virtue, ought to expect no better: For he that sticks not at *one* bad Action, will not scruple *another* to vindicate himself: And so, Devil-like, become the Tempter, and the Accuser too!

But if you will be so good, said he, as to take no Notice of this, to my Uncle, and especially to my Aunt and Mr. *B.* I swear to you, I never will think of her as long as I live.

And you'll bind this Promise, will you, Sir? by *your Honour*, and as you *hope to live!*

Dear, good Madam, forgive me, I beseech you; Don't be so severe upon me. By all that's—

Don't swear, Mr. *H.* But as an Earnest that I may believe you, give me back the Girl's foolish Note, that, tho' 'tis of no Signification, she may not have *that* to witness to her Folly.

He took out his Pocket-Book: There it is, Madam! —And I beg you'll forgive this Attempt. I see, I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality, as you say. But to make it known, will only expose me, and it can do no Good; and Mr. *B.* will resent it, may-be; and my Aunt will never let me hear the last of it, nor my Uncle neither—And I shall be sent to travel again— And (added the poor Creature) I was once in a Storm, and the crossing the Sea again, would be Death to me.

What a Wretch art thou, thought I! —What could such an one as thou find to say to a poor Creature, that, if put in the Scale against Virtue and Honour, should make the latter kick the Beam? —Poor, poor *Polly Barlow!* thou art sunk indeed! Too low for Excuse, and almost beneath Pity!

I told him, if I could observe, that nothing pass'd between them, that should lay me under a Necessity of revealing the Matter, I should not be forward to expose him, nor the Maiden either. But that he must, in his own Judgment, excuse me, if I made every body acquainted with it, if I were to see the Correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: For, added, in that Case, I should owe it to myself, to Mr. *B.* to Lord and Lady *Davers*, and to you, and the unhappy Body too, to do so.

He would needs drop down on one Knee to promise this; and, with a thousand Acknowledgements, left me, to find Mr. *Colbrand*, in order to ride to meet the Coach on its Return.

I went in, and gave the foolish Note to the silly Girl, which she receiv'd eagerly, and immediately burnt; and I told her, I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in Company, while Mr. *H.* staid; but consigned her intirely to the Care of Mrs. *Jervis*, to whom only, I said, I would hint the Matter as tenderly as I could: And for this, I added, I had more Reasons than one; First, To give her the Benefit of a good Gentlewoman's Advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing: Next, To keep her out of Mr. *H.*'s Way: And lastly, That I might have an Opportunity, from Mrs. *Jervis*'s Opinion, to judge of the Sincerity of her Repentance: For, *Polly*, said I, you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our Family is, and so good as I thought all the People about me were, that I could not suspect, that she, the Duties of whose Place made her nearest to my Person, was the farthest from what I wished.

I have set this Matter so strongly before her, and Mrs. *Jervis* has so well seconded me, that I hope the best; for the Grief the poor Creature carries in her Looks, and expresses in her Words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself with Tears, saying often to Mrs. *Jervis*, She is not worthy to stand in the Presence of a Mistress, whose Example she has made so bad an Use of, and whose Lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this Matter however; but I take great Comfort in reflecting, that my sudden Indisposition look'd like a providential Thing, which may save one poor Soul, and be a seasonable Warning to her, as long as she lives.

Mean time I must observe, that at Supper last Night, Mr. *H.* look'd abject, and mean, and like a poor Thief, as I thought; and (conscious of his disappointed Folly, tho' I seldom glanc'd my Eye upon him) had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady *Davers* laughing, said, I think in my Heart, my Nephew looks more foolish every time I

see him, than the last.

He stole a Look at me, and blush'd; and my Lord said, *Jackey* has some Grace! —He blushes! —Hold up thy Head, Nephew! —Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?

Sir *Jacob* said, A Blush becomes a young Gentleman! —I never saw one before tho', in Mr. *H.* — What's the Matter, Sir?

Only, said Lady *Davers*, his Skin or his Conscience is mended, that's all.

Thank you, Madam, was all he said, bowing to his Aunt, and affecting a careless, yet confused Air, as if he whisper'd a Whistle.

Oh Wretch! thought I, see what it is to have a condemning Conscience; while every *innocent* Person looks round, unconscious, smiling, and erect! —But yet it was not the Shame of a bad Action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him this Confusion of Face.

What a sad Thing it is for a Person to be guilty of such Actions, as shall put it into the Power of another, even by a Look, to mortify him! And if poor Souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a Discovery as this, by a Fellow Creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a Conscience standing in the Place of a thousand Witnesses? —The Words *Weeping* and *Wailing*, *Howling* and *Gnashing of Teeth*, exceedingly well express, what nothing but the Divine Book can equally express; which in another Place, points them out as calling upon the *Mountains to fall upon them*, and the *Hills to cover them!* —How serious this Subject makes one!

SATURDAY Evening.

I am just retired from a kind of fatiguing Service; for who should come hither to dine with Mr. *B.* but that sad Rake Sir *Charles Hargrave*, and Mr. *Walgrave*, Mr. *Sedley*, and Mr. *Floyd*, three as bad as himself; inseparable Companions, whose whole Delight, and that a vowedly, is Drinking, and Hunting, and Lewdness; but otherwise, Gentlemen of Wit, and large Estates? Three of them broke in upon us, at the Hall, on the happiest Day of my Life, to our great Regret; and they had been long threatening to make this Visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. *B.*

They whipt out two Bottles of *Champaign* instantly, for a *Whet*, as they called it, and went to view the Stud, and the Kennel, and then took a Walk in the Garden till Dinner was ready; my Lord *Davers*, Mr. *H.* and Sir *Jacob*, as well as Mr. *B.* (for they are all acquainted) accompanying them.

Sir *Charles*, it seems, as Lord *Davers* told me afterwards, said, He long'd to see Mrs. *B.* She was the Talk where-ever he went, and he had conceiv'd an high Opinion of her before-hand.

Lord *Davers* said, I defy you, Gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take Mind and Person together.

Mr. *Floyd* said, He never saw any Woman yet, that came up to what he expected, where Fame had been lavish in her Praise.

But how, Brother Baronet, said Sir *Charles* to Sir *Jacob*, came you to be reconcil'd to her? — I heard that you would never own her.

Oons, Man, said Sir *Jacob*, I was taken in — I was, by my Soul! — They contrived to clap her upon me, as Lady *Jenny C.* and pretended they'd keep t'other out of my Sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get off as well as I could.

That was a Bite indeed, said Mr. *Walgrave*; and so you fell a praising Lady *Jenny*, I warrant, to the Skies!

Ye—as, — by my Soul, (drawling out the affirmative Monosyllable) I was used most scurvily; 'faith I was. — I bear 'em a Grudge for't still, I can tell 'em that; — for I have hardly been able to hold up my Head like a Man ever since — but am forc'd to sneak about, and go and come, and do as they bid me. By my Troth, I never was so manageable in my Life.

Your *Herefordshire* Neighbours, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *Sedley*, with an Oath, will rejoice to hear this; for the whole County there cannot manage you.

I'm quite cow'd now, by my Soul, as you will see by—and-by: Nay, for that Matter, if you can set Mrs. *B.* a talking, there's ne'er a Puppy of you all will care to open your Lips, except to say as she says.

Never fear, old Boy, said Sir *Charles*, we'll bear our Parts in Conversation. I never saw the Woman yet, that could give me either Awe or Love for six Minutes together. What think you, Mr. *B.*? Have you any Notion, that your Lady will have so much Power over us?

I think, Sir *Charles*, I have one of the finest Women in *England*; but I neither expect nor desire you Rakes should see her with my Eyes.

You know, if I have a Mind to love her, and make Court to her too, Mr. *B.* I will: And I am half in Love with her already, altho' I have not seen her.

They came in when Dinner was near ready, and the Four Gentlemen took each a large Bumper of Old Hock for another Whet.

The Countess, Lady *Davers*, and I, came down together. The Gentlemen knew our two noble Guests, and were known to them in Person, as well as by Character. Mr. *B.* in his usual kind and encouraging Manner, took my Hand, and presented the Four Gentlemen to me, each by his Name. Sir *Charles* said, pretty bluntly, That he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same Roof with me; for he had been told since, that *that* was our happy Day.

I said, Mr. *B.*'s Friends were always welcome to me.

'Tis well, Madam, said Mr. *Sedley*, we did not know how it was. We should have quarter'd ourselves upon Mr. *B.* for a Week together, and kept him up Day and Night.

I thought this Speech deserved no Answer, especially as they were Gentlemen who wanted no Countenance, and address'd myself to Lord *Davers*, who is always kindly making Court to me: I hope, my good Lord, said I,

you find yourself quite recover'd of your Head-ach? —— (of which he complained at Breakfast).

I thank you, my dear Sister, pretty well.

I was telling Sir *Charles*, and the other Gentlemen, Niece, said Sir *Jacob*, how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady *Jenny*.

It was a very lucky Cheat for me, Sir *Jacob*; for it gave you a Prepossession in my Favour, under so advantageous a Character, that I could never have expected otherwise.

I wish, said the Countess, my Daughter, for whom Sir *Jacob* took you, had Mrs. B.'s Qualities to boast of.

How am I obliged to your Ladyship's Goodness, return'd I, when you treat me with even greater Indulgence than you use to so beloved a Daughter!

Nay, now you talk of treating, said Sir *Charles*, when, Ladies, will you treat our Sex with the Politeness which you shew to one another?

When your Sex deserve it, Sir *Charles*, said Lady *Davers*.

Who is to be Judge of that? said Mr. *Walgrave*.

Not the Gentlemen, I hope, reply'd my Lady.

Well then, Mrs. B. said Sir *Charles*, we bespeak your good Opinion of *us*; for you have *ours*.

I am obliged to you, Gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring *mine*, lest it should be thought I am influenc'd by your kind, and perhaps too hasty Opinions of me.

Sir *Charles* swore they had *seen* enough of me the Moment I entered the Parlour, and *heard* enough the Moment I opened my Lips, to answer for *their* Opinions of me.

I said, I made no doubt, when *they* had as good a Subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the Pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable Friends of Mr. B.'s, they would maintain the Title they claim'd to every one's good Opinion.

This, said Sir *Jacob*, is binding you over, Gentlemen, to your good Behaviour. — You must know, my Niece never shoots flying, as *you* do.

The Gentlemen laugh'd: Is it shooting flying, Sir *Jacob*, return'd Sir *Charles*, to praise that Lady?

Adsbud, I did not think of that.

O Sir *Jacob*, said the Countess, you need not be at a Fault; — for a good Sportsman always hits his Mark, flying or not: And the Gentlemen had so fair an one, that they could not well miss it.

You are fairly help'd over the Stile, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *Floyd*.

And indeed I wanted it; tho' I limp'd like a Puppy, before I was lame. One can't think of every thing, as one us'd to do at your Time of Life, Gentlemen.

This flippant Stuff was all that pass'd, which I *can* recite; for the rest, at Table, and after Dinner, was too polite by half for me: Such as, The Quantity of Wine each Man could *carry off*, that was the Phrase; Dogs, Horses, Hunting, Racing, Cockfighting, and all accompanied with Swearing, and Cursing, and that in good Humour, and out of Wantonness (the least excusable and most profligate Sort of Swearing and Cursing of all); loud Laughing, with a little touching now-and-then on the Borders of Sir *Simon's* beloved Subject, to try if they could make a Lady shew she *understood* their Hints by her *Blushes*; a certain Indication, that those who seek a Blush in others, are past it themselves, and, by their turning it into Ridicule when they find it in their Friends, that they would not for the World have it imputed to them; talking three or four at once, and as loud as if they were in the Field pursuing their Game, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance from one another.

These were the Subjects, and this the Entertainment, that held my Ladies and me for one Hour after a tedious Dinner; when we retir'd, and glad we were to do so: And so well did the Gentlemen like the Wine, that we had the Felicity to drink Tea and Coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B. (upon our inviting the Gentlemen to partake with us) sliding in for a few Minutes, to tell us, they would stick by what they had, and taking a Dish of Coffee with us.

I should not omit one Observation; That Sir *Jacob*, when they were gone, said, They were *pure Company*: And Mr. H. That he never was so delighted in his *born Days*. —— While the two Ladies put up their Prayers, that they might never have such another Entertainment. And being encouraged by their Declaration, I presumed to join in the same Petition.

Yet, it seems, these are Men of Wit! I believe they must be so — because I could neither like nor understand them. — Yet, if their Conversation had much Wit in it, I should think my Ladies would have found it out.

However, this they did find out, and agree in, that these Gentlemen were of the modern Cast of Libertines and

Foxhunters, and, indifferently as they liked them, could not be easily out-done by any of the same Stamp in *England*.

God defend my dear Miss *Darnford*, and every worthy single Lady, from such an Husband, as a Gentleman of this Character would make!

I wonder really, how Mr. *B.* who chuses not this sort of Conversation, and always (whatever Faults he had besides) was a *sober* Gentleman, can sit for Hours so easy and chearful in it; and yet he never says much, when they are in their high Delight.

When all's done, Miss, there are very unpleasant Things, which Persons in *genteel* Life are forced to put up with, as well as those in *lower*; and were the one to be balanced against the other, the Difference, as to Happiness, would not perhaps be so great, as People in the latter imagine, —— if it did not turn in their Favour. Well says the above quoted Manuscript, *We the Discomforts know of what we are, But little think what States superior share.* —

The Gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry to ride ten Miles by Owl-light; for they would not accept of Beds here. They had two *French* Horns with them, and gave us a Blast, or Flourish or two, at going off. Each had a Servant besides: But the Way they were in, would have given me more Concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. *B.* and less used to it. And indeed it is a Happiness, that such Gentlemen take no more Care, than they generally do, to interest any body, intimately, in their Healths and Preservation; for these are all single Men. Nor is the Publick, any more than the Private, under any Necessity to be much concern'd about them; for let such Persons go when they will, if they continue single, their next Heir cannot well be a worse Commonwealth's-man; and there is a great Chance he may be a better.

You know I end my *Saturdays* seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss,

Your faithful and affectionate P. B.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. In Answer to Letters XXXV. and XXXVI.

My dear Miss Darnford, I Skip over the little Transactions of several Days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me *Sir Simon* has been so kind as to comply with my Wishes. Both your charming Letters came to my Hand together, and I thank you an hundred times for them; and I thank your dear Mamma, and *Sir Simon* too, for the Pleasure they have given me in this obliging Permission. How happy shall we be together! But how long will you be permitted to stay, tho'? —All the Winter, I hope: —And then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for *Lincolnshire*, and so pass most of the Summer too in each other's Company. What a sweet Thought is this! —Let me indulge it a little while.

Mr. B. read your Letters, and says, You are a charming young Lady, and surpass yourself in every Letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the Pleasure I took in this Favour of *Sir Simon's*, than he imagin'd. As how, my Dear? said he. A plain Case, Sir, reply'd I: For endeavouring to improve myself by *Miss Darnford's* Conversation and Behaviour, I shall every Day be more worthy of your Favour. He kindly would have it, that nobody, no, not *Miss Darnford* herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, Miss, he should think so— tho' I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear *Miss Darnford*: And yet, when I look abroad now—and—then, I could be a proud Slut, if I would, and not yield the Palm to many others. —But don't let every body know how vain I am. Yet they may too, if they take in, at the same time, that I have some Excuse, when I have won so happily the Favour of two such Judges, as *Mr. B.* and *Miss Darnford*, and had the good Fortune, too, to rejoice in that of *Lady Davers*, and the Countess of *C.*

Well, my dear Miss,

SUNDAY

Is past and gone, as happily as the last; the two Ladies, and, at *their* earnest Request, Sir *Jacob*, bearing us Company, in the Evening Part. My *Polly* was there, Morning and Evening, with her Heart broken almost, poor Girl! —I put her in a Corner of my Closet, because her Concern should not be minded. Mrs. *Jervis* gives me great Hopes of her:—And she seems to abhor the Thought of Mr. *H.* —But as there proves to be so little of real Love in her Heart, tho' even, if there had, she would have been without Excuse—is she not the wickeder by half for that, Miss? To consent, and take *Earnest*, as I may say, to live with a Man, who did not pretend to marry her! —How inexcusable this! —What a Frailty! —Yet so modest in Appearance, so honestly descended, and an Example so much better—forgive me to say—before her— Dear, dear! how could it be!

Sir *Jacob* was much pleased with our Family Order, and said, 'Twas no Wonder I *kept* so good myself, that was his Word, and made others so; and he was of Opinion, that the four Rakes (for he run on, how much they admir'd me) would be converted, if they saw how well I passed my Time, and how chearful and easy every one, as well as myself, was under it. He said, when he came home, he thought he must take such a Method himself in *his* Family; for, he believed, it would make not only better Masters and Mistresses, but better Children, and better Servants too. But, poor Gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself*, before he can begin such a Practice with Efficacy in his *Family*.

MONDAY.

In the Afternoon, Sir *Jacob* took his Leave of us, highly satisfy'd with us both, and *particularly*— so he said—with me; and promised that my *two Cousins*, as he call'd his Daughters—and his Sister, an old Maiden Lady, if they went to Town this Winter, should visit me, and be improved by me— that was his Word. Mr. *B.* accompany'd him some Miles on his Journey, attended by Mr. *Colbrand* and *Abraham*; and the two Ladies, and Lord *Davers*, and I, took an Airing in the Coach.

Mr. *B.* was so kind, as to tell me, when he came home, with a Whisper, that Miss *Goodwin* presented her Duty to me. —I have got a Multitude of fine Things for the dear little Creature, and Mr. *B.* promises to give me a Dairy-house Breakfast, when our Guests are gone.

I inclose the History of this little Charmer , by my Beloved's Consent, since you are to do us the Honour, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our Family—But keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am Guaranty, that you will; and have put it in a separate Paper, that you may burn it as soon as you have read it. —For I shall want your Advice, may-be, on this Subject, having a great Desire to get this Child into my Possession; and yet Lady *Davers* has given me an† Hint, that dwells a little with me. When I have the Pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determin'd, and proceed, as far as I have Power, by you. You, my good Father and Mother, know the Story by my former Papers.

TUESDAY.

You must know, I pass over the Days thus swiftly, not that I could not fill them up with Writing, as ample as I have done the former: But having a Mind to give you a general Idea of our Way of Life and Conversation, and having gone thro' a whole Week and more, you may judge pretty well, how it is, one Day with another. Now—and—then neighbourly Visits received and paid. Needlework sometimes. Musick now—and—then. Cards sometimes, tho' I don't love them—One more benevolent Round—Improving Conversations with my dear Mr. *B.* and my two good Ladies—A Lesson, when alone, either in *French*, or *Latin*; which my Master always learns me on his Knee— There's Encouragement! A new Pauper Case or two—A Visit from the good Dean—Mr. *Williams's* Departure, in order to put the new—projected Alteration in Force, which is to deprive me of my Chaplain —By the way the Dean is highly pleased with this Affair, and the Motives for it, Mr. *Adams* being a Favourite of his, and a distant Relation of his Lady—Mr. *H.'s* and *Polly's* mutual Endeavour to avoid one another— My Lessons to the poor Girl, and Cautions, as if she was my Sister— These, my dear Miss, and my honoured Father and Mother, are the pleasant Employments of our Time; so far as we Females are concern'd—for the Gentlemen hunt, ride out, and divert themselves in their way, and bring us home the News and Occurrences they meet with abroad, and now—and—then a straggling Gentleman they pick up in their Diversions. —And so I shall not inlarge upon these Articles, after the tedious Specimens I have given already. Yet the Particulars of one Conversation, possibly, I may give you another Time, when I have least to do, because Three young Ladies, Relations of Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*, were brought to visit me, for the Benefit of my Instructions; for that was the kind Compliment of those Ladies to me.

WEDNESDAY.

Could you ever have thought, Miss, that Husbands have a Dispensing Power over their Wives, which Kings are not allowed over the Laws? I have this Day had a smart Debate with Mr. *B.* and I fear it will not be the only one upon this Subject. Can you believe, that if a Wife thinks a Thing her Duty to do, and her Husband does not approve of her doing it, he can dispense with her performing it, and no Sin shall lie at her Door? Mr. *B.* maintains this Point. I have great Doubts about it; particularly one; that if a Matter be my Duty, and he dispenses with my Performance of it, whether, even altho' that were to clear *me* of the Sin, it will not fall upon *himself*? And to be sure, Miss, a good Wife would be as much concern'd at this, as if it was to remain upon *her*. Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do? —Did you ever hear of such a Notion before, Miss? Of such a Prerogative in a Husband? Would you care to subscribe to it? This is one of Mr. *B.*'s Particularities. He has several of them, the Effects, as I take it, of his former too free Life. Polygamy, as I have mentioned heretofore, is another. That is a bad one indeed. Yet he is not so determin'd on this, as he seems to be on the other, in a certain Case, that is too *nice* for me, at present, to explain to you; and so I might as well have taken no Notice of it, as yet—Only the Argument was so present to my Mind: Held within this Hour, and I write a Journal, you know, of what passes. But I will, some time hence, submit it, at least to *your* Judgments, my Father and Mother. You are well read in the Scriptures, and have gone thro' the Occasion often; and both Mr. *B.* and I found our Arguments on Scripture, tho' we are so different in our Opinions. He says, my Ladies are of his Opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But perhaps, I mayn't live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.

THURSDAY.

My Lady urging me to procure her the Verses you also desire about the Love Quarrel, I this Day prevailed upon Mr. *B.* to favour me with a Sight of them; and he was so kind as to give us the following History of the Parties and the Quarrel.

A fine Gentleman, his Friend, blest with an ample Fortune, and extraordinary Qualities, but not free from Faults as great as his Perfections, principally with regard to Ladies, was approved of by the Parents of a Lady beautiful as a *May* Morning, tender and meek as a Lamb; —and prudent and witty; but so diffident, that she had hardly a Will of her own; which subjected her to Inconveniencies.

The Gentleman made a Campaign, as a Voluntier, having a Fondness for the Military Life, and no Inclination to marry; but being slightly wounded, and coming over to be cured, and the Match being proposed, their Fortunes very great on both Sides, he so well approved the Proposal, and the Lady fell so much in Love with him, that it was in a manner concluded upon.

The Lady's Uncle Sir *G. K.* a Man of a very waspish, positive, and sordid Temper, to whose large Estate, as well as her Father's, the young Lady was Heiress, opposes the Match; it is put off to please him. The Gentleman makes another Campaign. Her Father dies mean time, leaving Sir *G.* her Guardian; but with express Desire to see her marry'd to that Gentleman, and no other. Sir *G.* endeavours to bring about another Match for the Lady, with a Man of Quality, notwithstanding his Brother's Desire; but the Lady, who had fixed her Affections on the Gentleman, rejects the Proposal: And her Lover coming over at the End of the Campaign, the Lady consents to perform her Father's Will; a Will so conformable to her own Inclinations; but would not fix the Day, till he had made up with her Uncle, and got his Consent; which the old spiteful Knight was resolved not to give, and, for a great while, the Gentleman not to ask, despising the Knight, and having a Spirit above suppling himself to an unworthy Mind for sordid Interest sake.

At last, however, she prevails: Her Lover, with no good Will, resolves to court Sir *George*, who, to have a Pretence to break the Matter off, treats him with great Indignity, setting his Servants to insult him. This the young Gentleman resenting, the Knight following him with Outrage to the Top of a Pair of Stairs, he twirled him from Top to Bottom almost; and sprain'd the Knight's Foot in the Fall, and went away with Indignation.

This being reported to the Lady, who lived not at that Time with Sir *George*, but at her paternal Seat, and being greatly aggravated to her, she flies to her Uncle, resolves to break with her Lover, and takes up her Residence with Sir *George* for a while; the old Knight keeping up her Resentment, and prevailing on her to refuse Access to the Man to whom she was betrothed, believing, poor Lady! that her Affections were more in her own Power than she afterwards found them, to her Sorrow. For she carry'd the Point so far, renouncing him, thro' fresh Aggravations invented against him, tho', indeed, he had formerly given himself too great Liberties, that he went abroad again, giving her quite for lost, and enter'd into other Engagements, which made them both unhappy to the End of their Lives.

This is the Introduction, as briefly as I can give it; now come the Verses, in a Letter from the Lover, when abroad, to his Friend, who knew the whole Transaction. Fain would'st thou, O my Friend, thou say'st, in Verse, Have me my last short Interview rehearse With *my MARIA*. Once I thought her so! But can a Mind surcharg'd with so much Woe, Harmoniously, in easy Numbers flow? But yet, to shew your Pow'r, and my Esteem, Hard tho' it be, your Choice shall fix my Theme. By various Means, in vain, I'd oft essay'd To see and pacify the angry Maid: With idle Tales still the malicious Knight Keeps up her Wrath, and hides her from my Sight. The more I beg, the humbler I appear, The haughtier still's the too resenting Fair. Proud of her Pow'r, she makes me meanly sue, Nor doubts to bring me to her Uncle's View. Thus barr'd Access, I by a common Friend My Innocence endeavour to defend. Our Friend reports her Temper fix'd. I find A way by Letter to express my Mind. The haughty Maid still with such Anger burns, The Seal unbroke, the suppliant Scroll returns. What can I do? I hate myself to find Such vile unwonted Meanness in my Mind. For well thou know'st, till so much Excellence Engag'd my Soul, I scorn'd dull Wedlock's Fence. And, but I thought, the Charmer met my Flame, Had never wish'd to propagate my Name.

Is not this very insolent, Miss? Did he not deserve *some* Punishment? But it seems, he had a most noble Mind,

great and good Qualities, tho' intermingled with bad ones; as it is observable, that those who have great Beauties of Mind, have often great Defects; and that Persons of Parts seldom commit *small* Faults. You'll find, however, that one Reason (tho' he puts it not ungenerously) for his Pride of Spirit, to the Lady, is, he thinks, she loves him; and that to be sure she did, or else a Lady of her Virtue would not have been betrothed to him with her own Consent. Thus he proceeds; making her, however, more oblig'd to his Generosity, than Affection, as one would think. Now fearful, that if I my former View, The savage military Life, pursue, The charming Maid, (my Innocence too late Appearing) should lament her new-born Hate, And her soft Mind, with Love's Extreme annoy'd, Unable to support her present Pride, Returning Love should feel, and she should grieve To find me gone, and lost beyond Retrieve: Charge to herself the Ills that might attend The vagrant Life of so sincere a Friend; Lest this should be the Case, I write once more, And, humbly, her returning Love implore: Protest my Innocence; beg to be heard, And claim, but as I make it clear, Regard: Then fix a Time for th' angry Fair to prove The happy Impulse of rekindled Love: And vow, if after that, she hold her Hate, To quit my Suit, and seek a kinder Fate.

This, I resolve, myself, if Speech deny'd, Humbly to offer at her Chariot-side, Next Morn, if she, as usual, shall repair To the delightful Downs, to take the Air. Accordingly, I mount my Steed next Morn, About the Time she us'd the Meads t'adorn. The Fair-one comes!—Submissive I approach. But Oh! her watchful Dragon's in the Coach. "Good Morrow, Polly!" —*John*, more gently drive— "How can you thus my honest Nature grieve? Too well you know your Pow'r! But, lovely'st Maid, Sure, you've not learnt your Tyrant Sex's Trade! O let me not your Scorn the rather meet, Because you see me prostrate at your Feet! You know my Temper: Long I cannot bear Hard Usage, ev'n from You. Once taught Despair, I'm lost for ever!" — *Be you ever lost! Who finds you next, will find you to their Cost*, Her Uncle interrupts. Mean time, I spy, I think, Compassion in her down-cast Eye; But yet the charming Maid makes no Reply. Her throbbing Breasts, thought I, her Mind confess: She sighs; but would her struggling Sighs suppress. This way, and that, she looks with wild Amaze, And down her Cheeks a Pearl escaped strays. But soon, alas! this hopeful Dawn's o'ercast: The beamy Sunshine was too gay to last. *Where are you, Niece?* Her sordid Uncle cries: *Can be, who'd murder me, delight your Eyes?* I saw her Temper hard'ning, as I thought, And her full Mind with various Passions fraught; Still more and more insulted by the Knight, I fear'd to act some Rashness in her Sight: So, fresh Offence t'avoid, I in her Lap, With Air submissive, the fond Letter drop.

This the Lady, as you'll hear, throws out of the Coach. To be sure, as Things had proceeded between them, in a Case of Betrothment, and she had acknowleg'd her Love to him, it was enough to provoke such a high Spirit. —And see how her Conduct surprises him: But can it be believ'd! —*I saw't!* —These Eyes, Beheld the Fair, with Rage unwonted, rise, *Self-mov'd!* The Act *her own!* —Mine the Reproach! Whirl it, with wild Disdain, from out the Coach! My Servant takes it up. —Judge my Surprize! — Indeed I hardly could believe my Eyes. How art thou chang'd, O charming Maid! Canst thou So soon forget, what thou so late didst vow? Can idle Tales so much reverse my Fate? And so much Love so soon be turn'd to Hate? But yet, I think, Extremes can never last, The Maid's all Softness. —When this Storm is past, Her Error seen, Love will again return, And then she'll with more gen'rous Ardor burn. This Rub surmounted, sweet 'twill be to tell The diff'rent Passions that our Bosoms swell! Sweet will it be to hear the Charmer own Her faulty Wrath, and in my Bosom moan The Pangs she gave me; promise future Guard Against my Foes, and all those Pangs reward! Once more I'll try. But how, or when, or where, Can I have wish'd Access? The House of Pray'r, When next she visits; all serene her Mind; Hopeful (for who not Mercy wants?) to find The gracious God of Mercy, Peace, and Love, Propitious to her earnest Wishes prove: When she has offer'd up her Pray'rs to Heav'n, And hopes, as she forgives, to be forgiv'n. Here I'll present my self, and once more try, If my Fate's fix'd, and if I cannot spy Some Rays relenting in her soften'd Eye. But if her usual Piety, the Place, The Holy Service, alter not the Case, Well may I then conclude no Hope is left, And that her Heart of Love to me's bereft: Well may I then my former Schemes pursue, And bid for ever Love and Her Adieu. When the next happy Sabbath, set apart To mend the Mind, and purify the Heart, Oft-wish'd, arrives, impatient I repair With decent Equipage to th' House of Pray'r. As up the Ayle, with Mind disturb'd, I walk, I find our Diff'rence made the Gentry's Talk. See there! —for so they said — the handsome 'Squire! See! see! his lovely Mistress all on Fire! See! whisper they, she cannot stand his Sight! O born to plague each other, and delight! I take my Seat. Sh' averts her Face. Thought I, This sweet Emotion, sure, should give me Joy: She can't indifferent be; much less can hate The Man who can this soft Distress create. Well, I forgive thee, Charmer; and I know Too much of Love, to make thee stoop too low. I see thou lov'st me still. All, all, I fear, Is that vile Demon Uncle at

thy Ear.

He then gives a pretty Description of the Country Lads and Lasses at Church; and ends it with a Reflection, that shews, had the Lady been less diffident of herself, more diffident of those who hated her Lover, and had placed a greater Confidence in the Man she lov'd, they might have been very happy together, for he could not surely have a bad Heart, who could write thus. It seems, he was Patron of the Church: Thus he says, I then look round, and pleas'd, behold the Swains And guileless Nymphs, whom no vile Action stains;

I made *Polly* read this Piece to me, to see I transcribed it right; and when she came to this last Line, she was cover'd, poor Girl! with Blushes. — Read that again, *Polly*.

And guileless Nymphs, (read she, blushing and weeping) *whom no— whom no — vile — vile— Action — stains!* With wholesome Cheeks, and neat from Top to Toe, Trip to their Benches, a delightful Row. And tho', as Patron, I've an upper Seat, I join in Pray'r with them, and God intreat, That at the last Account, in the Great Day, When all Distinction's set aside, I may Be found as worthy (and be bless'd) as they.

Then follow the Lines I gave you in a former Letter; which will bear repeating. But Oh! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair Robs thee of my Devoir, disturbs my Pray'r, Confounds my best Resolves, and makes me prove, That she's too much a Rival in thy Love! But better Thoughts my happier Hopes suggest, When once this stormy Doubt's expell'd my Breast; When once this agitated Flame shall turn To steadier Heat, and more intensely burn, My dear *Maria* then, thought I, will join, And we, one Heart, one Soul, shall all be thine. The Service ended, oft, in vain, I watch A side-long Look, or stollen Glance to catch: I'm glad, thought I, thyself thou *dar'st* not trust, Nor glance this Way, for fear thou shouldst be just To both our Passions. But this open War Take care, my Fair, thou carry'st not too far. Once could I think thy Sex in thee too strong, Fair as thou art, I could not bear it long. I see I must go first. The stubborn Maid Moves not her trembling Feet, nor turns her Head. Mean-soul'd Sir *George!* I see thee as thou art: Thy rage-swoln Face displays thy ranc'rous Heart, Trembling with Malice, and a thousand Fears, Thou'rt safe beneath the Refuge of thy Years. The Charmer mine thou know'st; and must my Fate In doubtful Balance hang for thy Estate? And can the lovely Maid so sordid be To bow herself, and hope to supple me To Views so mean?—Empire itself can't have Attractions strong enough my Mind t'enslave. If this must be the Case, my Fair, Adieu! I wo'not stoop thus low,—not ev'n for You! I quit my Seat, and, ere I'm well aware, Bow to the Pew, that holds th' averted Fair; Walk slowly down. My Tenants in a Row, With grateful Blessings, hail me as I go: For, well thou know'st, by no Rack-rents opprest, They're honest to their Landlord and their Priest.

The Meaning of this Mr. *B.* explain'd, That it was the Gentleman's Custom, whenever he granted or renewed a Lease, which he always did without exacting a Fine of the Descendants of the old Tenants to the Estate, to remind the Tenant, that he lett him but Nine Parts of his Farm, that he might think himself concern'd in Conscience to pay the Tenth where due. A Method Mr. *B.* always takes on the like Occasions. As thro' the Porch, to trifle Time, I pass, Call by their Name each neighb'ring Lad and Lass, Ask honest *Roger*, how my Godson thrives; If ready for his second Coat? —The Wives I see not, of their Health inquire. —I know What keeps 'em hence! —Ha, *William*, i'n't it so? Increasing Blessings! —Ah! your Honour's right! When was she brought to Bed? —At Ten last Night. What has God sent her? —Oh! a thumping Boy! Welcome the little Stranger! —Give her Joy From me. Tell her, I'll not forget her; And ev'ry Day be sure you love her better!

It seems, Miss, that if he stood not himself, or procur'd not Gossips for the Christening of the Children of his poorer Tenants, he always sent them a large rich Cake, and good Store of Sugar, Sack, and October, on the Occasion. What pity such good Qualities had any Intermixtures! Now comes the haughty Maid, (led by the Knight) So late my Joy, my Rapture and Delight. Her sullen Aspect, well I see, reveals She cherishes: Resentment, thro' false Tales, And balances my Love in Passion's partial Scales. The tim'rous Knight, conscious of his Deserts, Quits the fair Prize, and to the Chariot starts. Her half-unwilling Hand I seize, to lead Her to her Chariot; and thus, whisp'ring, plead: "O hear me, *Polly!* —Shall the partial Knight, Thy half-soul'd Uncle, banish me thy Sight? Conscious of native Honour, faithful, , My Soul's high-set, and cannot meanly sue. 'Tis not my Happiness I wish alone, In seeking thee; but, Heav'n's my Judge, thy own. Our Fortunes, Fam'lies, thy dear Parents Will, All give thee mine: And, pardon, if I've Skill, Thy own kind Wishes: Yea, thy plighted Vows Confirm the Choice: Thou canst no other 'spouse. Faults black enough, I own, my Life have curst: But Oh! long since, dear Maid, thou'st known the worst. Against myself I've always own'd the Truth, And thou'st forgiv'n the

Lapses of my Youth." With Scorn she turns her lovely Face—"No more Urge thy vain Suit: But quit my Chariot—Door; If e'er I wish'd thee well, know, now, my Hate Exceeds my former Love—I'm fix'd as Fate!"

"One Visit more permit. If I not prove I'm greatly wrong'd, for e'er renounce my Love. I'd clear the Matter up:—Indeed I'm loth To take such Measures as may hurt us both. When, past Recall, thou find'st my Innocence, Thou'lt wish thou'dst heard me in my own Defence." "Go where thou wilt; so I ne'er see thee more: Nor hear thy Name once mention'd in my Door, I shall be happy." "Happy may'st thou be, Whatever Fate betides unhappy me! In Twelve diurnal Suns, if I not hear Thou'st chang'd thy Mind, I surely disappear. The Wand'rer then takes place, and thou in vain Shalt wish th' unhappy Fugitive again." With fix'd Disdain she to her Chariot flings, Draws up the Glass, and leaves me, with a thousand Stings. Adieu, dear Maid!—May ne'er returning Love Give thee this Action rash to disapprove! Unhappy wilt thou be; nor blame me for't, If thou th' Heroine still canst not support. I'll stay the promis'd Time. But faintly burns That Love which not in Twelve Days Space returns. Forgive, my Friend, this tedious Scrawl. 'Tis hard To quit the Subjects of our first Regard. Once Love takes place, no other Subject shares Our Thoughts: For Love absorbs all other Cares. I turn about; assume a sprightly Air, Salute the Gentry round, to hide my Care; Haste to my Chariot, with the Rev'rend Priest; With chearful Visage, but with Heart oppress. The Gentry censure, as they pass along, Th' unusual Scene; nor less the rural Throng. Some sad Offence, they cry, must sure be meant, That so much Sweetness could so much resent. Some say, 'T was this; some, That: Some lay't to Spite; But most agree to blame the ranc'rous Knight. But each young Lady does her Triumph show That Lady *L.* has brought his Pride so low. "Our Sex is well reveng'd," the Fair-ones cry: "Look to't, how ye offend." Their Lovers by, The threat'ning Fan, and the arch Look revere, And my unwonted Tameness justly jeer. Now, my best Friend, I'm got to Foreign Shores, I charge thee tell me not, the Fair deplores Her Rashness past: that Love once more returns In her soft Breast: But that her Wrath still burns; Still hardens her dear Heart: Believes m' Offence, And banishes my Love for ever thence! For, Oh! should she relent, one Torment know, Now 'tis too late, 'twould fill my Mind with Woe. Preserve her, bounteous Heav'n! conserve her free From ev'ry Thought of Love, and ev'ry Thought of me, Till you shall raise for her some finish'd Youth, Worthy, if Man can be, her Charms, her Truth, Her Piety. And may the Fair-one see Those many happy Years, she hoped once with me!

I expect, Miss, you will thank me for this Piece, which is in no other Hand, and was not so much as transcribed before by any body. But Mr. *B.* was so obligingly kind to us both, as to say, He would deny nothing to me, that he thought would enable me to give Miss *Darnford* Pleasure.

FRIDAY.

Mr. *H.* and my Lord and Lady *Davers*, and the excellent Countess of C—, having left us this Day, a good deal to my Regret, and, as it seemed to their own, the former put the following Letter into my Hands, with an Air of Respect, and even Reverence.

'Dear good Madam, I Cannot content myself with common Thanks, on leaving yours and Mr. *B.*'s hospitable House, because of *that there* Affair, which I need not mention; and truly am *ashamed* to mention, as I *have been* to look you in the Face, ever since it happen'd. I don't know *how it came about*; but I thought but at first of *Joking* a little *or so*; and seeing *Polly* heard me with more Attentiveness than I expected, I was encouraged to proceed; and *so*, now I recollect, it *came about*.

'But she is innocent for me; and I don't know how *that* came about neither; for we were out one Moon-light Night together, in the Garden, walking about, and afterwards took a *Nap* of two Hours, I believe, in the Summer-house in the little Garden, being over-powered with Sleep; for I would make her lay her Head upon my Breast, till, before we were aware, we fell asleep together. But before that, we had agreed on what you discover'd.

'This is the whole Truth, and all the Intimacies we ever had, *to speak of*. But I believe we should have been better acquainted, had you not, luckily *for me!* prevented it, by being at home, when we thought you abroad. For I was to come to her when she hemm'd *two or three times*; for having made a Contract, you know, Madam, it was natural enough to take the first Occasion to put it in Force.

'She could not keep her own Secret, and may have told you more, perhaps, than is : So what I write is to *clear myself*; and to tell you, how sorry I am, in such a good House as yours, and where there is so much Godliness, that I should ever be *drawn away* to have a Thought to dishonour it. But I will take care of being overfamiliar for the future with *Underlings*; for see, how a Man may be *taken in!* —If she had resented it at first, when I began to kiss her, *or so*, (for, you know, we young Fellows, will take Liberties sometimes where they don't become us, to our own Disparagements chiefly, *that's*) I should have had an *Awe* upon me; or if she had *told you*; or but *said* she would; I should have *flown*, as soon as had any Thoughts further about *the matter*. —But what had one of our Sex to do, *you know*, Madam, when they find *little* Resistance, and that she would *stand quietly*, and *tell no Tales*, and make no *great Struggle*, and not keep out of *one's Way* neither, but to *dilly-dally on*, till one brought it to more than one at first intended?

'Poor *Polly!* I pity her too. Don't think the worse of her, dear Madam, so as to turn her away, because it may be her Ruin. I don't desire to see her. *I* might have been *drawn in* to do strange foolish things, and been ruin'd at the long Run; for who knows where this thing might have ended? My *Uncle* would have never seen me. My *Father* too (his Lordship you know, Madam, is a very *cross Man*, and never lov'd *me much*) might have cut off the Intail. My *Aunt* would have despis'd me, and scorn'd me. I should have been her foolish Fellow in *Earnest*, not in *Jest*, as now. *You* would have resented it, and Mr. *B.* who knows? might have called me to Account, (for he is bloody *passionate*, I saw that at the Hall, and has fought two or three Duels, as I have heard) for abusing the *Freedom of his House*, and breaking the Laws of Hospitality, as you told me; and so, it is not unlikely, I might have dy'd *like a Dog in a Ditch*; and there would have been an End of a noble Family, that have been Peers of the Realm Time out of Mind. What a sad thing would this have been! A *publick* as well as *private* Loss: For you know, Madam, what my Lady Countess said, and nobody says better things, or knows more of the Matter, than her Ladyship, That every Peer of the Realm is a Jewel in the Crown. A fine Saying! God grant I may keep it in Mind, when my *Time comes*, and my Father shall *happen to die!*

'Well, but, good Madam, can you forgive me? You see how happy I am in my Disappointment. But I must take another Sheet of Paper. —I did not think to write so much;—for I don't love it: But on this Occasion, know not how to leave off. —I hope you can read my Letter: I know I write a *clumsy* Hand, and *spell most lamentably*; for I never had a Talent for these things. I was readier by half to admire the *Orchard-robbing Picture* in *Lily's* Grammar, than any other Part of the Book. Excuse my Nonsense, Madam: But many a time have I help'd to fill a *Satchel*; and always supposed that Picture was put there on purpose to tell Boys what Diversions are *allowed* them, and are *proper* for them. Several of my School-fellows took it for granted, as well as I, and we could never reconcile it to our Reason, why we should be punished for *practising* a Lesson *taught* us by our Grammars.

'But, hey, whither am I running! I never writ to you before, and never may again, unless you, or Mr. *B.* command it, for your Service. So pray excuse me, Madam.

I know I need give no Advice to *Polly*, to take care of *first* Encouragements. Poor Girl! she might have suffer'd sadly, as well as I. —For if my Father, and my Uncle and Aunt, had requir'd me to turn her off, you know it would have been undutiful to have refus'd them, notwithstanding our Bargain. And Want of Duty to them would have been to have added Fault to Fault: As you once observed, I remember, that one Fault never comes alone, but draws after it generally five or six, to hide or vindicate it, and *they* every one perhaps as many more *each*.

I shall neyer forget several of your wise Sayings. I have been vex'd, may I be *hang'd* if I have not, many a time, that I could not make such Observations as you make; who am so much *older* too, and a *Man* besides, and a *Peer's Son*, and a *Peer's Nephew*! But my Talents lie *another way*; and by that time my Father dies, I hope to improve myself, in order to *cut* such a Figure, as may make me be no Disgrace to my *Name* or *Country*; for I shall have one Benefit over many young Lords; that I shall be more fond of making *Observations* than *Speeches*, and so shall improve of course, you know.

'Well, but what is all this to the Purpose? —I will keep close to my Text; and that is, to thank you, dear Madam, for all the Favours I have received in your House; to thank you for disappointing me, and for convincing me, in *so kind*, yet so *shaming* a manner, how wrong I was in the Matter of *that Polly*; and for not exposing my Folly to any body but *myself* (for I should have been ready to *hang* myself, if you had); and to beg your Pardon for it, and to assure you, that I will never offer the like as long as I breathe. I am, Madam, with the greatest Respect,

Your most obliged, most faithful, and most obedient humble Servant, J. H.

'Pray excuse Blots and Blurs.'

Well, Miss *Darnford*, what shall we say to this fine Letter? —You'll allow it to be an Original, I hope. Yet, may—be not. For how does one know, but it may be as well written and as sensible a Letter as this Class of People generally write? —But what then shall we be able to say for such poor Creatures of our Sex as are *taken in*, as Mr. *H.* calls it, by such pretty Fellows as this; who if they may happen to write better, hardly think better, or design to act better, and are not so soon brought to Repentance, and Promises of Amendment?

Mr. *H.* dresses well, is not a contemptible Figure of a Man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his Aunt is not present;—and *cuts*, to use his own Word, a considerable Figure in a Country Town— But see—Yet I will not say what I might—He is Lord *Davers's* Nephew; and if he makes his *Observations*, and *forbears* his *Speeches*, I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he sees somebody of more Sense laugh, and never *approve* or *condemn* but in *Leading-strings*, he may, possibly, pass in a Croud of Gentlemen. —But poor, poor *Polly Barlow*! What *can* I say for *Polly Barlow*?

I have a Time in View, when, possibly, my Papers may fall under the Inspection of a dear Gentleman, to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my Actions and Correspondencies; so I will either write an Account of the Matter, and seal it up, separately, for Mr. *B.* or, at a proper Opportunity, will break it to him, and let him know (under Secrecy, if I can engage him to promise it) the Steps I took in it; for fear something should arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render any thing dark or questionable in it. A Method I believe very proper to be taken by every marry'd Lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good Example for it: For I have often thought of a little seal'd-up Parcel of Papers, my Lady made me burn in her Presence about a Month before she dy'd. — They are, *Pamela*, said she, such as I have no Reason to be concern'd about, let who will see them, could they know the Springs and Causes of them: But, for Want of a Clue, my Son might be at a Loss what to think of several of those Letters, were he to find them, in looking over my other Papers, when I am no more.

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our Parting with our noble Guests. My Lady repeated her Commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the Correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to say) to her Satisfaction.

I could not help shewing her Ladyship, who was always inquiring after my Writing Employment, most of what pass'd between you and me, Miss; and she admires you much, and wish'd Mr. *H.* had more Wit, that was her Word: She should in that Case, she said, be very glad, to set on Foot a Treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you, and I only mention it *en passant*. —There's a *French Woman* for you!

The Countess was full of her kind Wishes for my Happiness; and my Lady *Davers* told me, That if I could give them timely Notice, she would be present on a *certain* Occasion.

But, my dear Miss, what could I say? —I know nothing of the Matter! —Only, that I am a sad Coward, and have a thousand Anxieties, which I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honourable Estate of Matrimony, what must those poor Souls have, who have been seduced, and have all Manner of Reason to apprehend, that the Crime shall be followed by a Punishment so *natural* to it? A Punishment *in kind*, as I may say; which if it only ends in Forfeiture of Life, following the Forfeiture of Fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond Expectation; for how shall they lay Claim to the Hope that is given to Persons in their Circumstance, that *they shall be saved in Child-bearing*, since the Condition is, *if they continue in Faith and Charity, and Holiness with Sobriety*?

Now, my honoured Mother, and my dear Miss, since I am upon this affecting Subject, does not this Text seem to give a comfortable Hope to a virtuous Woman who shall die in this Circumstance, that she shall be happy in the Divine Mercies? For the Apostle, in the Context, says, That he *suffers not a Woman to teach, nor to usurp Authority over the Man, but to be in Silence*—And what is the Reason he gives? Why, a Reason that is a natural Consequence of the Curse on the first Disobedience, that she shall be in Subjection to her Husband. —For, says he, *Adam was not deceived; but the Woman, being deceived, was in the Transgression*. As much as to say, "Had it not been for the Woman, *Adam* had kept his Integrity, and therefore her Punishment shall be, as it is said, *I will greatly multiply thy Sorrow in thy Conception: In Sorrow shalt thou bring forth Children,—and thy Husband shall rule over thee*. But nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the Sharpness of thy Sorrow, thy Death shall be deemed to be such an Alleviation of thy Part of the intailed Transgression, that thou shalt *be saved*, if thou hast continued in Faith, and Charity, and Holiness with Sobriety."

This, my honoured Parents, and my dear Friend, is *my* Paraphrase; and I reap no small Comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear Miss, perhaps, frighten you from entering into a State, in which our poor Sex suffer so much, from the Bridal Morning, let it rise as gayly as it will upon a thoughtful Mind, to that affecting Circumstance, (throughout its whole Progression) for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy Husband can make them any Part of Amends. —And when one *is* so bless'd, one has so many Fears added to one's Sorrows; and so much Apprehension, thro' human Frailty, of being separated from so beloved a Partner, that a body had need of all one's Fortitude to support one's self. But may—be I am the weakest and most apprehensive of my Sex—May—be I am! —And when one sees how common the Case is, and yet how few die in it; how uneasy many Ladies are *not* to be in this Circumstance, (my good Lady *Davers* particularly, at times) and *Rachel* and *Hannah* in Holy Writ; and then how a childless Estate might lessen one in the Esteem of one's Husband, one ought to bring these Considerations in Balance, and to banish needless Fears. And so I will, if I can.

But a Word or two more, as to the parting with our honoured Guests. I was a little indispos'd, and my Ladies would excuse me, against my Will, from attending them in the Coach some Miles, which their dear Brother did. Both Ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice and thrice apiece, folding their kind Arms about me, and wishing my Safety and Health, and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, tho' I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord *Davers* was pleased to say, with a Goodness of Temper that is his Peculiar, My dearest, dear Sister,—May God preserve you! —and multiply your Comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, tho' I have so much more need of it! —I *must* leave you—But I leave a Lady that I love and honour next to Lady *Davers*, and ever shall.

Mr. *H.* looked conscientiously silly. —I can say nothing, Madam—but (saluting me) that I shall never forget your Goodness to me. —Adding, in his frothy Way, Now can I say, I have saluted an Angel, if ever there was an Angel on Earth.

I had before, in Mrs. *Jervis's* Parlour, taken Leave of Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*, my Lady's Women: They each, stole, as it were, at the same time, a Hand of mine, and kissed it, begging Pardon, as they said, for the Freedom. But I answer'd, taking each by her Hand, and kissing her, I shall always think of you with Pleasure, my good Friends, for you have encouraged me constantly by your Presence in my private Duties. And may God bless you, and the worthy Families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!

They turned away with Tears, and Mrs. *Worden* would have said something to me, but could not. — Only both taking Mrs. *Jervis* by her Hand, Happy, happy, Mrs. *Jervis!* said they, almost in a Breath. — And happy, happy I, too, repeated I, in my Mrs. *Jervis*, and in such kind and worthy Well-wishers as Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*. Wear this, Mrs. *Worden*; wear this, Mrs. *Lesley*, for my sake; — And I gave each of them a Ring, with a Crystal and Brilliants set about it, which my dearest Mr. *B.* had bought a Week before for this very Purpose; for he has a great Opinion of both the good Folks, and often praised their Prudence, and their quiet and respectful Behaviour to every body, so different from the Impertinence, that was his Word, of most Ladies Women, who are Favourites.

Mrs. *Jervis* said, I have enjoyed many happy Hours in your Conversation, Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*: I shall miss you very much.

I must endeavour, said I, taking her Hand, to make it up to you, my good Friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many Opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know. — So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy Guests.

Mrs. *Jervis's* honest Heart, before touched by the Parting, shew'd itself at her Eyes—Wonder not, my good Friends, said I, to the two Gentle-women, wiping with my Handkerchief her venerable Cheeks, that I always endeavour thus to dry up all my good Mrs. *Jervis's* Tears; and then I kissed her, thinking of you, my dear Mother; and I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself, because I was going up to our noble Guests, who, had they inquired into the Occasion, would perhaps have thought it derogatory (tho' I should not) to my present Station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in Conversation between Mr. *B.* and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable Characters of our noble Guests, and of their Behaviour and Kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some Hints which formerly dropt from Mr. *B.* to find my good Lord *Davers* so polite and so sensible a Nobleman.

He is a very good-natur'd Man, reply'd Mr. *B.* I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful Words of him. But it was the Effect of Passion, at the Time, and with a View to two or three Points of his Conduct in publick Life; for which I took the Liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory Excuses. One of these, I remember particularly, was in a Conference between a Committee of each House of Parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a Gentleman so nearly ally'd to me by Marriage; for all he could talk of, was the Dignity of their House, when the Reason of the Thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my Lot to answer what he said; which I did with some Asperity, which occasioned a Coolness between us for some Time.

But no Man makes a better Figure in private Life than Lord *Davers*; especially now, that my Sister's good Sense has got the better of her Passions, and she can behave with tolerable Decency towards him. For, formerly, *Pamela*, it was not so; the Violence of her Spirit making him appear in a Light too little advantageous either to his Quality or Merit. But now his Lordship improves upon me every time I see him.

You know not, my Dear, continued Mr. *B.* what a Disgrace a haughty and passionate Woman brings upon her Husband, and upon herself too, in the Eye of her own Sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those Ladies, who would be as glad of Dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the Man *most*, who suffers it.

And let me tell you, my *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman, with an Air that shew'd he was satisfy'd with his own Conduct in this Particular, that you cannot imagine how much a Lady owes to her Husband, as well with regard to *her own* Peace of Mind, as to *both* their Reputations, (however it may go against the Grain with her sometimes) if he be a Man, who has Discretion to keep her incroaching Passions under a genteel and reasonable Controul!

How do you like this Doctrine, Miss? —I'll warrant you believe, that I could do no less, than drop Mr. *B.* one of my best Court'sies, in Acknowledgement of my Obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me *my* Peace of Mind, and *my* Reputation, as well as *his own*, in this Case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the Matter, I can't tell but what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my Sex, when he has pointed out to me Instances in the Behaviour of certain Ladies, who, like Children, the more they have been humour'd, the more humoursome they have grown; which must have occasion'd as great Uneasiness to themselves, as to their Husbands. Will you excuse me, Miss? —This is between ourselves; for I did not own as much to Mr. *B.* —For one should not give up

one's Sex you know, if one can help it; for the Men will be as apt to impose, as the Ladies to inroach, I doubt.

Well but here, my honoured Father and Mother, and my dear Miss *Darnford*, at last, I end my Journal-wise Letters, as I may call them; our noble Guests being gone, and our Time and Employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in the past Days, of which I have given an Account.

If any thing new or uncommon, or more particularly affecting to me than usual, occurs, I shall not fail to trouble you with it, as I have Opportunity. But I have now my Correspondence with Lady *Davers* to resume; and how shall I do about that? —Oh! I can easily tell; It is but trespassing a little on your indulgent Allowance for me, my ever-dear Parents—And you, my dear Miss, will find it a Relief, instead of an Occasion for Regret, to be eased of a great many Impertinencies, which I write to you in my Heart's Confidence, and in the Familiarity of Friendship—Besides, I shall have the Happiness of changing our Paper-Correspondence into personal Conversation with you, when at *London* —And what a sweet Change for me will that be! —I will end with the joyful Thought; and with the Assurance, that I am,

My dearest Father and Mother, and best-beloved Miss, Your dutiful and affectionate P. B.

LETTER XXXIX.

My dear Miss Darnford, I hear that Mrs. *Jewkes* is in no good State of Health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her Life, that she may be a Credit (if it please God) to the Penitence she has so lately assumed. — For if she die, it will look discouraging to some thoughtless Minds, who penetrate not the Methods. Providence takes with its poor Creatures, that as soon as she had changed her Manner of Living, and was in a reformed State, she was taken away: Tho' 'tis certain, that a Person is fittest to die, when worthiest to live. And what a Mercy will it be to her, if she should *not* live long, that she saw her Errors, and repented before 'twas too late?

Do, my dear *good Miss*; vouchsafe to the poor Soul the Honour of a Visit: She may be low-spirited — She may be too much sunk with the Recollection of past Things—Comfort, with that Sweetness which is so natural to Miss *Darnford*, her drooping Heart, and let her know, that I have a Concern for her, and give it her in Charge to take care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her Health or Peace of Mind.

You'll pardon me, my dear Miss, that I put you upon such an Office; an Office indeed unsuitable from a Lady in your Station, to one in hers; but not to your Piety and Charity, where a Duty so eminent as that of visiting the Sick, and chearing the doubting Mind, is in the Question.

I know your Condescension will give her great Comfort, and if she should be hastening to her Account, what a Pleasure will it give such a Lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted Mind, when it was tottering on the Verge of Life!

But I hope she will get the better of her Indisposition, and live many Years a thankful Monument of God's Mercies, and to do more Good by her Example in the latter Part of her Life, than she may possibly have done Evil in the former.

I know she will want no spiritual Help from good Mr. *Peters*; but then the kind Notice of so generally esteem'd a young Lady, will raise her more than can be imagined; for there is a Tenderness, a Sympathy, in the good Persons of our Sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in Office, saying to one those Things, which, tho' edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the Fortitude of their Minds, than the Tenderness of their Natures) mingles from Sex to Sex with one's very Spirits, thins the animal Mass, and runs thro' one's Heart, in the same lify Current (I can't cloathe my Thought suitably to express what I *would* express) giving Assurance as well as Pleasure in the most arduous Cases, and brightening our misty Prospects, till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the Hills of Comfort, and dispelling the heavy Fogs of Doubt and Diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the Company of my dear Miss *Darnford*. O when shall I see you? When shall I? —To speak to *Circumstance*, it is *all I long for*; and, pardon my Freedom of Expression, as well as Thought, when I let you know in this Instance, how *early* I experience the *ardent Longings* of one in the Way I am in.

But I ought not to set my Heart upon any thing that is not in my own Power, and which may be subject to Accidents, and the Controul of others. But, let whatever Interventions happen, so I have your *Will* to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind Intention, altho' your *Power* should not prove answerable.

And now, my dearest honoured Mother, let me tell you, that I build no small Consolation in the Hope, that I shall; on a certain Occasion, have your Presence, and be strengthened by your Advice and Comfortings. For this was a Proposal of the best and most considerate of Gentlemen, who is every Day, if he but sees the least Thoughtfulness upon my Brow, studying to say or to do something to dispel it. But I believe it is the grateful Sense I have of his Goodness to me, that makes me thus over-anxious: For the Apprehensions of a Separation from such an excellent Husband, from Hopes so chearing, Prospects so delightful, must at times affect one, let one's Affiance and Desires be ever so strong where they ought to be preferably placed. —Then one *would* live to do a little more Good, if one *might*!

I am a sad weak, apprehensive Body; to be sure I am! How much better fitted for the Contingencies of Life, are the gay, frolick Minds, that think not of any thing before it comes upon them, than such thoughtful Futurity-Pokers as me!

But why should I trouble you, my honoured and dear Friends, with my idle Fears and Follies—just as if

nobody was ever in my Circumstance before? —Yet weak and apprehensive Spirits will be gloomily-affected sometimes; and how can one help it? —And if I may not hope for the indulgent Soothings of the best of Parents, and of my Miss *Darnford*, in whose Bosom besides can one disburden one's Heart, when oppressed by too great a Weight of Thought?

You *will* come, and be in the House with me, my dear Mother, for some Time, when my best Friend sends to you: —Won't you? —And you will *spare* my dear Mother, my best of Fathers: Won't you? —Yes, yes, I am sure ye will—And I am sure my Miss *Darnford* will be with me, if she can; and these are my Comforts. But how I run on! —For I am so much a Novice, that—

But I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured Father and Mother, your ever-dutiful Daughter; and, my dear Miss *Darnford*,

Your affectionate and obliged P.B. The End of Vol. III.