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OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS



SAMUEL RICHARDSON

*Pamela;
or, Virtue Rewarded*



Edited with Explanatory Notes by
THOMAS KEYMER and ALICE WAKELY

With an Introduction by
THOMAS KEYMER

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

P A M E L A:

O R,

V I R T U E Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

F A M I L I A R L E T T E R S

F R O M A

Beautiful Young D A M S E L,
To her P A R E N T S.

Now first Published

In order to cultivate the Principles of
V I R T U E and R E L I G I O N in the Minds of
the Y O U T H of B O T H S E X E S.

A Narrative which has its Foundation in TRUTH
and NATURE; and at the same time that it agree-
ably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting*
INCIDENTS, is intirely divested of all those Images,
which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement
only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.

In T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-
Yard*; and J. OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*.

M D C C X L I.

PREFACE

BY THE
EDITOR.

IF to Divert and Entertain, and at the same time to Instruct, and Improve the Minds of the YOUTH of both Sexes:

IF to inculcate Religion and Morality in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally delightful and profitable to the younger Class of Readers, as well as worthy of the Attention of Persons of maturer Years and Understandings:

IF to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, the Filial, and the Social Duties, and that from low to high Life:*

IF to paint VICE in its proper Colours, to make it deservedly Odious; and to set VIRTUE in its own amiable Light, to make it truly Lovely:

IF to draw Characters justly, and to support them equally:

IF to raise a Distress from natural Causes, and to excite Compassion from proper Motives:

IF to teach the Man of Fortune how to use it; the Man of Passion how to subdue it; and the Man of Intrigue, how, gracefully, and with Honour to himself, to reclaim:

IF to give practical Examples, worthy to be followed in the most critical and affecting Cases, by the modest Virgin, the chaste Bride, and the obliging Wife:

IF to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so lively a manner, as shall engage the Passions of every sensible Reader, and strongly interest them in the edifying Story:*

AND all without raising a single Idea throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in those tender Instances where the exactest Purity would be most apprehensive:

IF these, (embellished with a great Variety of entertaining Incidents) be laudable or worthy Recommendations of any Work, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation in Truth and Nature, ventures to assert, that all these desirable Ends are obtained in these

Sheets: And as he is therefore confident of the favourable Reception which he boldly bespeaks for this little Work; he thinks any further Preface or Apology for it, unnecessary: And the rather for two Reasons, 1st. Because he can Appeal from his own Passions, (which have been uncommonly moved in perusing these engaging Scenes) to the Passions of Every one who shall read them with the least Attention: And, in the next place, because an Editor may reasonably be supposed to judge with an Impartiality which is rarely to be met with in an Author towards his own Works.

The Editor.

*To the Editor of the Piece intitl'd, PAMELA;
or, VIRTUE Rewarded.*

Dear SIR,

I HAVE had inexpressible Pleasure in the Perusal of your PAMELA. It intirely answers the Character you give of it in your Preface; nor have you said one Word too much in Commendation of a Piece that has Advantages and Excellencies peculiar to itself. For, besides the beautiful Simplicity of the Style, and a happy Propriety and Clearness of Expression (the Letters being written under the immediate Impression of every Circumstance which occasioned them, and that to those who had a Right to know the fair Writer's most secret Thoughts) the several Passions of the Mind must, of course, be more affectingly described, and Nature may be traced in her undisguised Inclinations with much more Propriety and Exactness, than can possibly be found in a Detail of Actions long past, which are never recollected with the same Affections, Hopes, and Dreads, with which they were felt when they occurred.

This little Book will infallibly be looked upon as the hitherto much-wanted Standard or Pattern for this Kind of Writing. For it abounds with lively Images and Pictures; with Incidents natural, surprising, and perfectly adapted to the Story; with Circumstances interesting to Persons in common Life, as well as to those in exalted Stations. The greatest Regard is every where paid in it to Decency, and to every Duty of Life: There is a constant Fitness of the Style to the Persons and Characters described; Pleasure and Instruction here always go hand in hand: Vice and Virtue are set in constant Opposition, and Religion every-where inculcated in its native Beauty and chearful Amiableness; not dressed up in stiff, melancholy, or gloomy Forms, on one hand, nor yet, on the other, debased below its due Dignity and noble Requisites, in Compliment to a too fashionable but depraved Taste. And this I will boldly say, that if its numerous Beauties are added to its excellent Tendency, it will be found worthy a Place, not only in all Families (especially such as have in them young Persons of either Sex) but in the Collections of the most curious and polite Readers. For, as it borrows none of its

Excellencies from the romantic Flights of unnatural Fancy, its being founded in Truth and Nature, and built upon Experience, will be a lasting Recommendation to the Discerning and Judicious; while the agreeable Variety of Occurrences and Characters, in which it abounds, will not fail to engage the Attention of the gay and more sprightly Readers.

The moral Reflections and Uses to be drawn from the several Parts of this admirable History, are so happily deduced from a Croud of different Events and Characters, in the Conclusion of the Work, that I shall say the less on that Head. But I think, the Hints you have given me, should also prefatorily be given to the Publick; *viz.* That it will appear from several Things mentioned in the Letters, that the Story must have happened within these Thirty Years past: That you have been obliged to vary some of the Names of Persons, Places, &c. and to disguise a few of the Circumstances, in order to avoid giving Offence to some Persons, who would not chuse to be pointed out too plainly in it; * tho' they would be glad it may do the Good so laudably intended by the Publication. And as you have in Confidence submitted to my Opinion some of those Variations, I am much pleased that you have so managed the Matter, as to make no Alteration in the Facts; and, at the same time, have avoided the digressive Prolixity too frequently used on such Occasions.

Little Book, charming PAMELA! face the World, and never doubt of finding Friends and Admirers, not only in thine own Country, but far from Home; where thou mayst give an Example of Purity to the Writers of a neighbouring Nation; which now shall have an Opportunity to receive *English* Bullion in Exchange for its own Dross,* which has so long passed current among us in Pieces abounding with all the Levities of its volatile Inhabitants. The reigning Depravity of the Times has yet left Virtue many Votaries. Of their Protection you need not despair. May every head-strong Libertine whose Hands you reach, be reclaimed; and every tempted Virgin who reads you, imitate the Virtue, and meet the Reward of the high-meriting, tho' low-descended, PAMELA. I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient,
and Faithful Servant,
J. B. D. F.*

To my worthy Friend, the Editor of PAMELA, &c.

SIR,

I RETURN the Manuscript of *Pamela* by the Bearer, which I have read with a great deal of Pleasure. It is written with that Spirit of Truth and agreeable Simplicity, which, tho' much wanted, is seldom found in those Pieces which are calculated for the Entertainment and Instruction of the Publick. It carries Conviction in every Part of it; and the Incidents are so natural and interesting, that I have gone hand-in-hand, and sympathiz'd with the pretty Heroine in all her Sufferings, and been extremely anxious for her Safety, under the Apprehensions of the bad Consequences which I expected, every Page, would ensue from the laudable Resistance she made. I have interested myself in all her Schemes of Escape; been alternately pleas'd and angry with her in her Restraint; *pleas'd* with the little Machinations and Contrivances she set on foot for her Release, and *angry* for suffering her Fears to defeat them; always lamenting, with a most sensible Concern, the Miscarriages of her Hopes and Projects. In short, the whole is so affecting, that there is no reading it without uncommon Concern and Emotion. Thus far only as to the *Entertainment* it gives.

As to *Instruction* and *Morality*, the Piece is full of both. It shews Virtue in the strongest Light, and renders the Practice of it amiable and lovely. The beautiful Sufferer keeps it ever in her View, without the least Ostentation, or Pride; she has it so strongly implanted in her, that thro' the whole Course of her Sufferings, she does not so much as hesitate once, whether she shall sacrifice it to Liberty and Ambition, or not; but, as if there were no other way to free and save herself, carries on a determin'd Purpose to persevere in her Innocence, and wade with it throughout all Difficulties and Temptations, or perish under them. It is an astonishing Matter, and well worth our most serious Consideration, that a young beautiful Girl, in the low Scene of Life and Circumstance in which Fortune placed her, without the Advantage of a Friend capable to relieve and protect her, or any other Education than what occur'd to her from her own Observation and little Reading, in the Course of her Attendance on her excellent Mistress and Benefactress, could, after having a Taste of

Ease and Plenty in a higher Sphere of Life than what she was born and first brought up in, resolve to return to her primitive Poverty, rather than give up her Innocence. I say, it is surprizing, that a young Person, so circumstanced, could, in Contempt of proffer'd Grandeur on the one side, and in Defiance of Penury on the other, so happily and prudently conduct herself thro' such a Series of Perplexities and Troubles, and withstand the alluring Baits, and almost irresistible Offers of a fine Gentleman, so universally admired and esteemed, for the Agreeableness of his Person and good Qualities, among all his Acquaintance; defeat all his Measures with so much Address, and oblige him, at last, to give over his vain Pursuit, and sacrifice his Pride and Ambition to Virtue, and become the Protector of that Innocence which he so long and so indefatigably labour'd to supplant: And all this without ever having entertain'd the least previous Design or Thought for that Purpose: No Art used to inflame him, no Coquetry practised to tempt or intice him, and no Prudery or Affectation to tamper with his Passions; but, on the contrary, artless and unpractised in the Wiles of the World, all her Endeavours, and even all her Wishes, tended only to render herself as un-amiable as she could in his Eyes: Tho' at the same time she is so far from having any Aversion to his Person, that she seems rather prepossess'd in his Favour, and admires his Excellencies, whilst she condemns his Passion for her. A glorious Instance of Self-denial! Thus her very Repulses became Attractions: The more she resisted, the more she charm'd; and the very Means she used to guard her Virtue, the more indanger'd it, by inflaming his Passions: Till, at last, by Perseverance, and a brave and resolute Defence, the Besieged not only obtain'd a glorious Victory over the Besieger, but took him Prisoner too.

I am charmed with the beautiful Reflections she makes in the Course of her Distresses; her Soliloquies and little Reasonings with herself, are exceeding pretty and entertaining: She pours out all her Soul in them before her Parents without Disguise; so that one may judge of, nay, almost see, the inmost Recesses of her Mind. A pure clear Fountain of Truth and Innocence, a Magazine of Virtue and unblemish'd Thoughts!

I can't conceive why you should hesitate a Moment as to the Publication of this very natural and uncommon Piece. I could wish to see it out in its own native Simplicity, which will affect and please

the Reader beyond all the Strokes of Oratory in the World; for those will but spoil it: and, should you permit such a murdering Hand to be laid upon it, to gloss and tinge it over with superfluous and needless Decorations, which, like too much Drapery in Sculpture and Statuary, will but incumber it; it may disguise the Facts, marr the Reflections, and unnaturalize the Incidents, so as to be lost in a Multiplicity of fine idle Words and Phrases, and reduce our Sterling Substance into an empty Shadow, or rather *frenchify* our *English* Solidity into Froth and Whip-syllabub. No; let us have *Pamela* as *Pamela* wrote it; in her own Words, without Amputation, or Addition. Produce her to us in her neat Country Apparel, such as she appear'd in, on her intended Departure to her Parents; for such best becomes her Innocence and beautiful Simplicity. Such a Dress will best edify and entertain. The flowing Robes of Oratory may indeed amuse and amaze, but will never strike the Mind with solid Attention.

In short, Sir, a Piece of this Kind is much wanted in the World, which is but too much, as well as too early debauched by pernicious *Novels*. I know nothing Entertaining of that Kind that one might venture to recommend to the Perusal (much less the Imitation) of the Youth of either Sex: All that I have hitherto read, tends only to corrupt their Principles, mislead their Judgments, and initiate them into Gallantry and loose Pleasures.

Publish then, this good, this edifying and instructive little Piece for their Sakes. The Honour of *Pamela's* Sex demands *Pamela* at your Hands, to shew the World an Heroine, almost beyond Example, in an unusual Scene of Life, whom no Temptations, or Sufferings, could subdue. It is a fine, and glorious Original, for the Fair to copy out and imitate. Our own Sex, too, require it of you, to free us, in some measure, from the Imputation of being incapable of the Impressions of Virtue and Honour; and to shew the Ladies, that we are not inflexible while they are so.

In short, the Cause of Virtue, calls for the Publication of such a Piece as this. Oblige then, Sir, the concurrent Voices of both Sexes, and give us *Pamela* for the Benefit of Mankind: And as I believe its Excellencies cannot be long unknown to the World, and that there will not be a Family without it; so I make no Doubt but every Family that has it, will be much improv'd and better'd by it. 'Twill form the tender Minds of *Youth* for the Reception and Practice of Virtue and Honour; confirm and establish those of *maturer Years* on good and

steady Principles; reclaim the Vicious, and mend the Age in general; insomuch that as I doubt not *Pamela* will become the bright Example and Imitation of all the fashionable young Ladies of *Great Britain*; so the truly generous Benefactor and Rewarder of her exemplary Virtue, will be no less admired and imitated among the *Beau Monde* of our own Sex. I am,

*Your affectionate Friend, &c.**

PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.*

In a Series of FAMILIAR LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Have great Trouble, and some Comfort, to acquaint you with. The Trouble is, that my good Lady died of the Illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for her Loss; for she was a dear good Lady, and kind to all us her Servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her Goodness to wait upon her Person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor Mother, who have so much to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my Lady's Goodness had put me to write and cast Accompts, and made me a little expert at my Needle, and other Qualifications above my Degree, it would have been no easy Matter to find a Place that your poor *Pamela* was fit for: But God, whose Graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd at a Pinch, put it into my good Lady's Heart, on her Death-bed, just an Hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young Master all her Servants, one by one; and when it came to my Turn to be recommended, for I was sobbing and crying at her Pillow, she could only say, My dear Son!—and so broke off a little, and then recovering—Remember my poor *Pamela*!—And these were some of her last Words! O how my Eyes run!—Don't wonder to see the Paper so blotted!

Well, but God's Will must be done!—and so comes the Comfort, that I shall not be oblig'd to return back to be a Clog upon my dear Parents! For my Master said, I will take care of you all, my Lasses; and for you, *Pamela*, (and took me by the Hand; yes, he took me by the Hand before them all) for my dear Mother's sake, I will be a Friend to you, and you shall take care of my Linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear Father and Mother, for God to bless him:

For he has given Mourning and a Year's Wages to all my Lady's Servants; and I having no Wages as yet, but what my Lady said she would do for me as I deserv'd, order'd the House-keeper to give me Mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own Hand Four golden Guineas, besides lesser Money, which were in my old Lady's Pocket when she dy'd; and said, If I was a good Girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a Friend to me, for his Mother's sake. And so I send you these four Guineas for your Comfort; for God will not let me want: And so you may pay some old Debt with Part; and keep the other Part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my Duty, and it shall be my Care to love and cherish you both; for you have lov'd me and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself: And so you have for us all, or what must have become of us! I send it by *John* our Footman, who goes your way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal it up in one of the little Pill-boxes which my Lady had, wrapt close in Paper, that it mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear Father and Mother, I must give you both Grief and Pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your *Pamela*; who will ever be,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

I have been scared out of my Senses; for just now, as I was folding this Letter, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, in comes my young Master! Good Sirs! how was I frightned! I went to hide the Letter in my Bosom, and he seeing me frightened, said, smiling, Who have you been writing to, *Pamela*?—I said, in my Fright, Pray your Honour forgive me!—Only to my Father and Mother. He said, Well then, Let me see how you are come on in your Writing! O how I was sham'd!—He, in my Fright, took it, without saying more, and read it quite thro', and then gave it me again;—and I said, Pray your Honour forgive me;—yet I know not for what. For he was always dutiful to his Parents; and why should he be angry, that I was so to mine! And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the Hand, and said, You are a good Girl, *Pamela*, to be kind to your aged Father and Mother. I am not angry with you. Be faithful, and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said, Why, *Pamela*, you write a very pretty Hand, and spell tolerably

too. I see my good Mother's Care in your Learning has not been thrown away upon you. My Mother used to say, you lov'd reading; you may look into any of her Books to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but curchee and cry, and was all in Confusion, at his Goodness. Indeed he is the best of Gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long Letter. So will only say more, I shall ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II.

In Answer to the preceding.

Dear PAMELA,

YOUR Letter was indeed a great Trouble and some Comfort to me, and your poor Mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good Lady's Death, who took such care of you, and gave you Learning, and for Three Years past has always been giving you Cloaths and Linen, and every thing that a Gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief Trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel Girl you are, and some say, you are very pretty; and indeed, Six Months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so too, if you was not our Child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone!—Indeed, my dear Child, we begin to be in great Fear for you; for what signifies all the Riches in the World with a bad Conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, 'tis true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; tho' once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the Water and Clay of the Ditches I am forc'd to dig, than to live better at the Price of our dear Child's Ruin.

I hope the good 'Squire has no Design; but when he has given you so much Money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and Oh! that fatal Word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as *you should do*, almost kills us with Fears.

I have spoken to good old Widow *Mumford* about it, who, you

know, has formerly lived in good Families, and she puts us in some Comfort; for she says, it is not unusual, when a Lady dies, to give what she has about her to her Waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her Illness. But then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? Why should he take such a poor Girl as you by the Hand, as your Letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your Letter to us; and commend your Writing and Spelling? And, why should he give you Leave to read his Mother's Books!—Indeed, indeed, my dearest Child, our Hearts ake for you; and then you seem so full of Joy at his Goodness, so taken with his kind Expressions, which truly are very great Favours, if he means well, that we fear—Yes, my dear Child, we fear—you should be *too* grateful,—and reward him with that Jewel, your Virtue, which no Riches, nor Favour, nor any thing in this Life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long Letter; but will say one Thing more; and that is, That in the Midst of our Poverty and Misfortunes, we have trusted in God's Goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our Lot is hard here; but the Loss of our dear Child's Virtue, would be a Grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey Hairs to the Grave at once.

If you love *us* then, if you value *God's* Blessing, and *your own* future Happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your Guard; and, if you find the least Attempt made upon your Virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all cover'd with Rags, and even follow you to the Church-yard, than have it said, a Child of ours preferr'd worldly Conveniencies to her Virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful Present; but 'till we are out of our Pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the Price of our poor Daughter's Shame: So have laid it up in a Rag among the Thatch, over the Window, for a while, lest we should be robb'd. With our Blessings and our hearty Prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN and ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

LETTER III.

Dear Father,

I Must needs say, that your Letter has fill'd me with much Trouble. For it has made my Heart, which was overflowing with Gratitude for my young Master's Goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet, I hope I never shall find him to act unworthy of his Character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young Creature as me? But that which gives me most Trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the Honesty of your Child. No, my dear Father and Mother, be assur'd, that, by God's Grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assur'd, and set your Hearts at rest; for altho' I have liv'd above myself for some Time past, yet I can be content with Rags and Poverty, and Bread and Water, and will embrace them rather than forfeit my good Name, let who will be the Tempter. And of this rest satisfy'd, and think better of

Your dutiful Daughter till Death.

My Master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no Cause to fear any thing. Mrs. *Jervis* the House-keeper too is very civil to me, and I have the Love of every body. Sure they can't *all* have Designs against me because they are civil. I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and hope nobody would do me more hurt, than I am sure I would do them. Our *John* so often goes your way, that I will always get him to call that you may hear from me, either by Writing, for it brings my Hand in, or by Word of Mouth.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mother,

FOR the last Letter was to my Father, in Answer to his Letter; and so I will now write to you; tho' I have nothing to say but what will make me look more like a vain Hussy, than any thing else: Yet I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret Pleasure one has to hear one's self prais'd. You must know then, that my Lady

Davers, who, you know, is my Master's Sister, has been a whole Month at our House, and has taken great Notice of me, and given me good Advice to keep myself to myself; she told me I was a very pretty Wench, and that every body gave me a very good Character, and lov'd me; and bid me take care to keep the Fellows at a Distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valu'd for it, even by themselves. But what pleas'd me much, was, that at Table, as Mrs. *Jervis* was telling me, my Master and her Ladyship were talking of me, and she told him, she thought me the prettiest Wench she ever saw in her Life; and that I was too pretty to live in a Batchelor's House; and that no Lady he might marry, would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improv'd, and had a good Share of Prudence, and Sense above my Years; and it would be Pity, that what was my Merit, should be my Misfortune.—No, says my good Lady, *Pamela* shall come and live with me, I think. He said, With all his Heart, he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my Lord about it. She ask'd how old I was; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, I was Fifteen last *February*. O! says she, if the Wench (for so she calls all us Maiden Servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her Person as Mind.

Now, my dear Father and Mother, tho' this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoic'd as well as I, to see my Master so willing to part with me?—This shews that he has nothing bad in his Heart. But *John* is just going away, and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

Your honest, as well as dutiful Daughter.

Pray make use of the Money; you may now do it safely.

LETTER V.

My dear Father and Mother,

JOHN being going your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his Heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so good, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the Purpose. It is a thousand Pities, he says, that such honest Hearts should not have better Luck in the World. But this is more Pride to

me, that I am come of such honest Parents, than if I had been born a Lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady *Davers*. And I am very easy at present here. For Mrs. *Jervis* uses me as if I were her own Daughter, and is a very good Woman, and makes my Master's Interest her own. She is always giving me good Counsel, and I love her, next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good Rule and Order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes Delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read, is good Books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our Men, *Harry*, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he call'd me his pretty *Pamela*, and took hold of me, as if he would have kiss'd me; for which you may be sure I was very angry; and she took him to Task, and was as angry at him as could be, and told me she was very well pleas'd to see my Prudence and Modesty, and that I kept all the Fellows at a Distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civil to every body; but yet, methinks I can't bear to be look'd upon by these Men-servants; for they seem as if they would look one thro'; and, as I almost always breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. *Jervis*, so good she is to me, so I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. *Jervis*'s sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in Awe of her, knowing her to be a Gentlewoman born, tho' she has had Misfortunes. I am going on again with a long Letter; for I love Writing, and shall tire you. But when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any Danger now: And indeed can but wonder at myself, (tho' your Caution to me was your watchful Love) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: For I am sure my Master would not demean himself so, as to think upon such a poor Girl as I, for my Harm. For such a Thing would ruin his Credit as well as mine, you know: For, to be sure, he may expect one of the best Ladies in the Land. So no more at present; but that I am

Your ever dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VI.

Dear Father and Mother,

MY Master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a Suit of my old Lady's Cloaths, and half a Dozen of her Shifts, and Six fine Handkerchiefs, and Three of her Cambrick Aprons, and Four Holland ones: The Cloaths are fine Silks, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no Affront to him to make Money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of Fears, I warrant now, of some Design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. *Jervis* when he gave them me; and he gave her a Mort of good Things at the same Time, and bid her wear them in Remembrance of her good Friend, my Lady, his Mother. And when he gave me these fine Things, he said, These, *Pamela*, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your Mourning is laid by, and wear 'em for your good Mistress's sake. Mrs. *Jervis* gives you a very good Word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your Friend.

I was so surpris'd at his Goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curcheed to him, and to Mrs. *Jervis* for her good Word; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his Favour, and her Kindness: And nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my Knowledge.

O how amiable a Thing is doing good!—It is all I envy great Folks for!

I always thought my young Master a fine Gentleman, as every body says he is: But he gave these good Things to us both with such a Graciousness, as I thought he look'd like an Angel.

Mrs. *Jervis* says, he ask'd her, If I kept the Men at a Distance; for he said, I was very pretty, and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my Ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good Word, and took Occasion to launch out in my Praise, she says. But I hope she said no more than I shall try to deserve, tho' I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her next to you and my dear Mother. So I rest,

Your ever dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VII.

Dear Father,

SINCE my last, my Master gave me more fine Things. He call'd me up to my old Lady's Closet, and pulling out her Drawers, he gave me Two Suits of fine *Flanders* lac'd Headcloths, Three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me; for my old Lady had a very little Foot; and several Ribbands and Topknots of all Colours, and Four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockens, and Three Pair of fine Silk ones; and Two Pair of rich Stays, and a Pair of rich Silver Buckles in one Pair of the Shoes. I was quite astonish'd, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly asham'd to take the Stockens; for Mrs. *Jervis* was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very awkwardly; for he smil'd at my Awkwardness; and said, Don't blush, *Pamela*: Dost think I don't know pretty Maids wear Shoes and Stockens?

I was so confounded at these Words, you might have beat me down with a Feather. For, you must think, there was no Answer to be made to this: So, like a Fool, I was ready to cry; and went away curcheeing and blushing, I am sure, up to the Ears; for, tho' there was no Harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. *Jervis*, who said, God put it into his Heart to be good to me; and I must double my Diligence. It look'd to her, she said, as if he would fit me in Dress for a Waiting-maid's Place on his Sister Lady *Davers*'s own Person.

But still your kind fatherly Cautions came into my Head, and made all these Gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet I hope there is no Reason; for what Good could it do him to harm such a simple Maiden as me? Besides, to be sure, no Lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my Head; for my Good, I know very well. But, may be, without these Uneasinesses to mingle with these Benefits, I might be too much puff'd up: So I will conclude, All that happens is for our Good; and so God bless you, my dear Father and Mother; and I know you will pray to God to bless me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VIII.

Dear PAMELA,

I Cannot but renew my Cautions to you on your Master's Kindness to you, and his free Expression to you about the Stockens. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my Child's everlasting Happiness in this World and the next; it is enough to make one fearful of the worst. Arm yourself, my dear Child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your Life sooner than your Virtue. What tho' the Doubts I fill'd you with, lessen the Pleasure you would have had in your Master's Kindness, yet what signify the Delights that arise from a few paltry fine Cloaths, in Comparison with a good Conscience?

These are indeed very great Favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say he look'd so amiable, and like an Angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an Impression upon you! For, tho' God has bless'd you with Sense and Prudence above your Years, yet, I tremble to think what a sad Hazard a poor Maiden of no more than Fifteen Years of Age stands against the Temptations of this World, and a designing young Gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much Power to oblige, and has a kind of Authority to command as your Master.

I charge you, my dear Child, on both our Blessings, poor as we are, to be on your Guard; there can be no Harm in that: and since Mrs. *Jervis* is so good a Gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your Mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her Counsel in every thing. So with our Blessings and assured Prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain

Your loving Father and Mother.

Besure don't let People's telling you you are pretty, puff you up: for you did not make yourself, and so can have no Praise due to you for it. It is Virtue and Goodness only, that make the true Beauty. Remember that, *Pamela*.

LETTER IX.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Am sorry to write you word, that the Hopes I had of going to wait on Lady *Davers* are quite over. My Lady would have had me; but my Master, as I hear by the bye, would not consent to it. He said, Her Nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his Mother lov'd me, and committed me to his Care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. *Jervis* would be a Mother to me. Mrs. *Jervis* tells me, the Lady shook her Head, and said, *Ah! Brother!* and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your Cautions, my Heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your Caution, or my own Uneasiness, to Mrs. *Jervis*; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain, and conceited, to have any Fears about the matter, from the great Distance between so great a Man, and so poor a Girl. But yet Mrs. *Jervis* seem'd to build something upon Lady *Davers*' shaking her Head, and saying, *Ah! Brother*, and no more! God, I hope, will give me his Grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no Occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you shall continue to me your good Advice, and pray for

Your sad-hearted PAMELA.

LETTER X.

Dear Mother,

YOU and my good Father may wonder that you have not had a Letter from me in so many Weeks; but a sad, sad Scene has been the Occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your Cautions were well-grounded. O my dear Mother! I am miserable, truly miserable!—But yet, don't be frighted, I am honest!—God, of his Goodness, keep me so!

O this Angel of a Master! this fine Gentleman! this gracious Benefactor to your poor *Pamela*! who was to take care of me at the Prayer of his good dying Mother; who was so careful of me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord *Davers*'s Nephew; that he would not let me go to

Lady *Davers's*: This very Gentleman (yes, I must call him Gentleman, tho' he has fallen from the Merit of that Title) has degraded himself to offer Freedoms to his poor Servant! He has now shew'd himself in his true Colours, and to me, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but have writ from time to time how he, by sly mean Degrees, exposed his wicked Views: But somebody stole my Letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear he that was mean enough to do bad things, in one respect, did not stick at this; but be it as it will, all the Use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* Part; I not of *mine*. For he will see I was resolv'd to be honest, and glory'd in the Honesty of my poor Parents. I will tell you all, the next Opportunity; for I am watch'd, and such-like, very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. *Jervis*, This Girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employ'd. And yet I work all Hours with my Needle, upon his Linen, and the fine Linen of the Family; and am besides about flowering him a Waistcoat.—But, Oh! my Heart's broke almost; for what am I likely to have for my Reward, but Shame and Disgrace, or else ill Words, and hard Treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long Letter.

Your most afflicted Daughter.

I must *he* and *him* him now; for he has lost his Dignity with me!

LETTER XI.

Dear Mother,

WELL, I can't find my Letter, and so I'll tell you all, as briefly as I can. All went well enough in the main for some time after my last Letter but one. At last, I saw some Reason to suspect; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shew'd not well; and at last he came to me, as I was in the Summer-house in the little Garden, at work with my Needle, and Mrs. *Jervis* was just gone from me; and I would have gone out; but he said, No, don't go, *Pamela*; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me so, whenever I come near you, as if you was afraid of me.

I was all confounded; and said at last; It does not become your

poor Servant to stay in your Presence, Sir, without your Business requir'd it; and I hope I shall always know my Place.

Well, says he, my Business does require it sometimes, and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I stood all confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the Hand; for now no Soul was near us.

My Sister *Davers*, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a Loss for Words as I) would have had you live with her; but she would not do for you what I am resolv'd to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my Girl, said he, with some Eagerness, hadst thou not rather stay with me than go to my Sister *Davers*? He look'd so, as fill'd me with Affrightment; I don't know how; wildly I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your Honour will forgive your poor Servant; but as you have no Lady for me to wait upon, and my good Lady has been now dead this Twelve-month, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady *Davers*, *because*—

I was proceeding; and he said a little hastily—*Because* you're a little Fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a Gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own Light; and so saying, he put his Arm about me, and kiss'd me!

Now you will say, all his Wickedness appear'd plainly. I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumb'd with Terror, that I sunk down, not in a Fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his Arms, quite void of Strength, and he kissed me two or three times, as if he would have eaten me.—At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the Summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the Door.

I would have given my Life for a Farthing. And he said, I'll do you no Harm, *Pamela*; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay! You won't, Hussy, said he! Do you know who you speak to! I lost all Fear, and all Respect, and said, Yes, I do, Sir, too well!—Well may I forget that I am your Servant, when you forget what belongs to a Master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly. What a foolish Hussy you are, said he, have I done you any Harm?—Yes, Sir, said I, the greatest Harm in the World: You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me, and have lessen'd the Distance that Fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor Servant.

Yet, Sir, said I, I will be so bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor; And if you was a Prince, I would not be otherwise.

He was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish Slut! Cease your blubbing! I own I have demean'd myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this Matter secret, you'll give me the better Opinion of your Prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some Gold in my Hand, to make you Amends for the Fright I put you to. Go, take a Walk in the Garden, and don't go in till your blubbing is over: And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the Money, indeed, Sir, said I; poor as I am! I won't take it: for to say Truth, I thought it look'd like taking Earnest; and so I put it upon the Bench; and as he seem'd vex'd and confus'd at what he had done, I took the Opportunity to open the Door, and went out of the Summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, *Pamela*; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

O how poor and mean must these Actions be, and how little must they make the best of Gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the Power of their Inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a Turn or two in the Garden, but in Sight of the House for fear of the worst, and breathed upon my Hand to dry my Eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear Father and Mother; and don't be angry I have not yet run away from this House, so late my Comfort and Delight, but now my Anguish and Terror. I am forc'd to break off, hastily,

Your dutiful and honest Daughter.

LETTER XII.

Dear Mother,

WELL, I will now proceed with my sad Story. And so after I had dry'd my Eyes, I went in, and begun to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the House, and go to the next Town, and wait an Opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a Loss to resolve whether to take away the Things he had

given me or no, and how to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the Cloaths on my Back; but then I had two Miles and a half, and a By-way, to go to the Town; and being pretty well dress'd, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forc'd to run away; and to carry a bad Name back with me to my dear poor Parents, would be a sad thing indeed!—O how I wish'd for my grey Russet again, and my poor honest Dress, with which you fitted me out, and hard enough too you had to do it, God knows, for going to this Place, when I was but twelve Years old, in my good Lady's Days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. *Jervis*, and taking her Advice, and only feared his Command, to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his Actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. *Jervis* depended upon him, thro' Misfortunes that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his Displeasure upon her for my sake.

In this Quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I pass'd the Time in my Chamber till Evening; when desiring to be excused going to Supper, Mrs. *Jervis* came up to me; and said, Why must I sup without you, *Pamela*? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the Matter.

I begg'd I might be permitted to lie with her on Nights; for I was afraid of Spirits, and they would not hurt such a good Person as she. That was a silly Excuse, she said; for why was you not afraid of Spirits before? Indeed I did not think of that. But you shall be my Bedfellow with all my Heart, said she, let your Reason be what it will; only come down to Supper. I begg'd to be excus'd; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken Notice of by my Fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. *Jervis*, when we are a-bed.

She was so good to indulge me, and went down to Supper; but made more haste to come up to-bed; and told the Servants, that I should lie with her, because she said she could not rest well, and she would get me to read her to sleep, because she knew I lov'd reading, as she said.

When we were alone, I told her every bit and crumb of the Matter; for I thought, tho' he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a Secret of such a Nature,

I thought would be to deprive myself of the good Advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep worse Secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear Mother?

Mrs. *Jervis* could not help mingling Tears with my Tears; for I cry'd all the Time I told her the Story; and begg'd her to advise me what to do; and I shew'd her my dear Father's two Letters, and she praised the Honesty and Inditing of them; and said pleasing things to me of you both. But she begg'd I would not think of leaving my Service; for, says she, in all Likelihood, you behav'd so virtuously, that he will be asham'd of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: Tho', my dear *Pamela*, said she, I fear more for your Prettiness than for any thing else; because the best Man in the Land might love you; so she was pleased to say. She said she wished it was in her Power to live independent; that then she would take a little private House, and I should live with her like her Daughter.

And so, as you order'd me to take her Advice, I resolved to tarry to see how things went, without he was to turn me away; altho', in your first Letter, you order'd me to come away the Moment I had any Reason to be apprehensive. So, dear Father and Mother, it is not Disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a Blessing, or the good Fruits of your Prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next Day I was very sad, and began to write my long Letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mention'd) to Mrs. *Jervis*, That Girl is always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do, or to that purpose. And when I had finish'd my Letter, I put it under the Toilet, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, where nobody comes but myself and Mrs. *Jervis*, besides my Master; but when I came up again to seal it up, to my great Concern it was gone; and Mrs. *Jervis* knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my Master's having been near the Place in the time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. *Jervis*, as well as I, thinks he has it some how or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has order'd Mrs. *Jervis* to bid me not spend so much time in writing; which is a poor Matter for such a Gentleman as he to take notice of, as I am not idle otherways, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good Look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. *Jervis*; tho' after

all, the Fears I live in on one side, and his Frowning and Displeasure at what I do on the other, makes me more miserable than enough.

O that I had never left my Rags nor my Poverty, to be thus expos'd to Temptations on one hand, or Disgusts on the other! How happy was I a-while ago! How miserable now!—Pity and pray for

Your afflicted PAMELA.

LETTER XIII.

My dearest Child,

OUR Hearts bleed for your Distress and the Temptations you are tried with. You have our hourly Prayers; and we would have you flee this evil Great House and Man, if you find he renews his Attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. *Jervis* to advise with. We can find no Fault in your Conduct hitherto: But it makes our Hearts ake for fear of the worst. O my Child! Temptations are sore things; but yet without them, we know not our selves, nor what we are able to do.

Your Temptations are very great; for you have Riches, Youth, and a fine Gentleman, as the World reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your Honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past Conduct, and your virtuous Education, and that you have been bred to be more asham'd of Dishonesty than Poverty, we trust in God that he will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't see but your Life must be a Burden to you, through the great Apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own Strength; and that you are but very young; and the Devil may put it into his Head to use some Stratagem, of which great Men are full, to decoy you; I think you had best come home to share our Poverty with Safety, than to live with so much Discontent in a Plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best. While you have Mrs. *Jervis* for an Adviser, and Bedfellow, (and, O my dear Child, that was prudently done of you) we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to God's blessed Protection, remain

*Your truly loving,
but careful, Father and Mother.*

LETTER XIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

MRS. *Jervis* and I have liv'd very comfortably together for this Fortnight past; for my Master was all that time at his *Lincolnshire* Estate, and at his Sister's the Lady *Davers*. But he came home Yesterday. He had some Talk with Mrs. *Jervis* soon after he came home; and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, I know *Pamela* has your good Word; but do you think her of any Use in the Family? She told me, she was surpris'd at the Question; but said, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious young Creatures that ever she knew. Why that Word *virtuous*, said he, I pray you? Was there any Reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has any body taken it into their Heads to try her?—I wonder, Sir, says she, you ask me such a Question! Who dare offer any thing to her in such an orderly and well-govern'd House as yours, and under a Master of so good a Character for Virtue and Honour? Your Servant, Mrs. *Jervis*, says he, for your good Opinion; but pray, if any body did, do you think *Pamela* would let you know it? Why, Sir, said she; she is a poor innocent young Thing, and I believe has so much Confidence in me, that she would take my Advice as soon as she would her Mother's. *Innocent!* again; and *virtuous*, I warrant! Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, you abound with your Epithets; but 'tis my Opinion, she is an artful young Baggage; and had I a young handsome Butler or Steward, she'd soon make her Market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a Husband. Alack-a-day, Sir, said she, 'tis early Days with *Pamela*, and she does not yet think of a Husband, I dare say: And your Steward and Butler are both Men in Years, and think nothing of the Matter. No, said he, if they were younger, they'd have more Wit than to think of such a Girl. I'll tell you my Mind of her, Mrs. *Jervis*, I don't think this same Favourite of yours so very artless a Girl, as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your Honour about her, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I dare say, if the Men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, are there any Men that will not let her alone that you know of? No, indeed, Sir, said she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently, that they all esteem her, and shew her as great Respect as if she was a Gentlewoman born.

Ay, says he, that's her Art, that I was speaking of: But let me tell you, the Girl has Vanity and Conceit, and Pride too, or I am mistaken; and I could give you perhaps an Instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see further than such a poor silly Woman as me; but I never saw any thing but Innocence in her.—And *Virtue* too, I'll warrant ye, said he. But suppose I could give you an Instance, where she has talk'd a little too freely of the Kindnesses that have been shew'd her from a *certain Quarter*; and has had the Vanity to impute a few kind Words utter'd in mere Compassion to her Youth and Circumstances, into a Design upon her, and even dar'd to make free with Names that she ought never to mention but with Reverence and Gratitude; what would you say to that?—Say, Sir! said she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope *Pamela* incapable of such Ingratitude.

Well, no more of this silly Girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her Friend, not to give herself too much Licence upon the Favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the Affairs of my Family purely for an Exercise to her Pen and her Invention. I tell you, she is a subtle artful Gypsey, and time will shew it you.

Was ever the like heard, my dear Father and Mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a Repulse, and mistrusts that I have told Mrs. *Jervis*, and has my long Letter too that I intended for you; and so is vex'd to the Heart. But, however, I can't help it. So I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in *his* Sense; and as light as he makes of the Words *Virtue* and *Innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry Construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may be, my *Crime* would have been my *Virtue* with him; naughty Gentleman as he is!—I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am, and shall always be,

Your honest Daughter.

LETTER XV.

Dear Mother,

I Broke off abruptly my last Letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I thrust the Letter into my Bosom, and took up my Work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the Artful, as he called it, that I look'd as confused, as if I had been doing some great Harm.

Sit still, *Pamela*, said he, and mind your Work, for all me.—You don't tell me I am welcome home after my Journey to *Lincolnshire*. It would be hard, Sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your Honour's own House.

I would have gone; but he said, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a Word or two to say to you. Good Sirs, how my Heart went pit-a-pat! When I was a *little kind*, said he, to you in the Summer-house, and you carry'd yourself so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I not tell you, you should take no Notice of what pass'd, to any Creature? And yet you have made a common Talk of the Matter, not considering either my Reputation or your own.—I made a common Talk of it, Sir, said I! I have nobody to talk to, hardly!

He interrupted me, and said, *Hardly!* you little Equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly*? Let me ask you, Have you not told Mrs. *Jervis* for one? Pray your Honour, said I, all in Agitation, let me go down; for 'tis not for me to hold an Argument with your Honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my Hand, what do you talk of an *Argument*? Is it holding an Argument with me, to answer a plain Question? Answer me what I asked. O good, Sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myself again, and be sawcy.

Answer me then, I bid you, says he, Have you told Mrs. *Jervis*? It will be sawcy in you, if you don't answer me directly to what I ask. Sir, said I, and fain would have pulled my Hand away, may be I should be for answering you by another Question, and that would not become me. What is it, says he, you would say? Speak out!

Then, Sir, said I, why should your Honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. *Jervis*, or any body else, what passed, if you intended no harm?

Well said, pretty *Innocent* and *Artless!* as Mrs. *Jervis* calls you, said he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my Question? Why then, Sir, said I, I will not tell a Lye for the World: I did tell Mrs. *Jervis*; for my Heart was almost broke; but I open'd not my Mouth to any other. Very well, Boldface, said he, and Equivocator, again! You did not open your Mouth to any other; but did you not *write* to some other? Why now, and please your Honour, said I, (for I was quite courageous just then) you could not have asked me this Question, if you had

not taken from me my Letter to my Father and Mother, in which, I own, I had broke my Mind freely to them, and asked their Advice, and poured forth my Griefs!

And so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, *in* my House, and *out* of my House, to the whole World, by such a Sawcebox as you? No, good Sir, said I, and I hope your Honour won't be angry with me; it is not me that expose you if I say nothing but the Truth. So, taunting again! Assurance as you are, said he! I will not be thus talk'd to.

Pray, Sir, said I, who can a poor Girl take Advice of, if it must not be of her Father and Mother, and such a good Woman as Mrs. *Jervis*, who for her Sex-sake, should give it me when asked? Insolence! said he, and stamp'd with his Foot, Am I to be question'd thus by such a one as you? I fell down on my Knees, and said, For God's sake, your Honour, pity a poor distressed Creature, that knows nothing of her Duty, but how to cherish her Virtue and good Name! I have nothing else to trust to; and tho' poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value Honesty above my Life. Here's ado with your Honesty, said he, foolish Girl! Is it not one Part of Honesty, to be dutiful and grateful to your Master, do you think? Indeed, Sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ingrateful to your Honour, or disobedient, or deserve the Names of Boldface and Insolent, which you call me, but when your Commands are contrary to that first Duty, which shall ever be the Principle of my Life!

He seem'd to be moved, and rose up, and walked into the great Chamber two or three Turns, leaving me on my Knees; and I threw my Apron over my Face, and laid my Head on a Chair, and cry'd as if my Heart would break, having no Power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with Mischief in his Heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, *Pamela*, rise; you are your own Enemy. Your perverse Folly will be your Ruin! I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the Freedoms you have taken with my Name to my House-keeper, as also to your Father and Mother; and you may as well have *real* Cause to take these Freedoms with me, as to make my Name suffer for imaginary ones: And saying so, he offer'd to take me on his Knee, with some Force. O how I was terrify'd! I said, like as I had read in a Book a Night or two before, Angels, and Saints, and all the Host of Heaven, defend me!* And may I never survive one Moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my Innocence. Pretty Fool! said he, how will you forfeit your Innocence, if

you are oblig'd to yield to a Force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, you'll have the Merit, and I the Blame; and it will be a good Subject for Letters to your Father and Mother, and a Tale into the Bargain for Mrs. *Jervis*.

He by Force kissed my Neck and Lips; and said, Who ever blamed *Lucretia*,* but the *Ravisher* only? and I am content to take all the Blame upon me; as I have already borne too great a Share for what I have deserv'd. May I, said I, *Lucretia* like, justify myself with my Death, if I am used barbarously? O my good Girl! said he, tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty Story in Romance, I warrant ye!

He then put his Hand in my Bosom, and the Indignation gave me double Strength, and I got loose from him, by a sudden Spring, and ran out of the Room; and the next Chamber being open, I made shift to get into it, and threw-to the Door, and the Key being on the Inside, it locked; but he follow'd me so close, he got hold of my Gown, and tore a Piece off, which hung without the Door.

I just remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing further of the Matter till afterwards; for I fell into a Fit with my Fright and Terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the Key-hole, spy'd me lying all along upon the Floor, stretch'd out at my Length; and then he call'd Mrs. *Jervis* to me, who, by his Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the Matter, if she was wise.

Poor Mrs. *Jervis* thought it was worse, and cry'd over me like as if she was my Mother; and I was two Hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my Feet, he coming in, I went away again with the Terror; and so he withdrew again: But he staid in the next Room to let nobody come near us, that his foul Proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. *Jervis* gave me her Smelling-bottle, and had cut my Laces, and sat me in a great Chair, and he call'd her to him: How is the Girl, said he? I never saw such a Fool in my Life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. *Jervis* could not speak for crying. So, he said, she has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the Summer-house, tho' I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now; and I desire you to keep this Matter to yourself, and let me not be nam'd in it.

O Sir, said she, for your Honour's sake, and for Christ's sake—But he would not hear her, and said—For your own sake, I tell you, Mrs.

Jervis, say not a Word more. I have done her no harm. And I won't have her stay in my House; prating, perverse Fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into Fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me To-morrow after Dinner, in my Mother's Closet, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

And so he went out in a Pet, and order'd his Chariot and Four to be got ready, and went away a Visiting somewhere.

Mrs. *Jervis* then came to me, and I told her all that had happen'd, and said I was resolv'd not to stay in the House; and she saying, He seem'd to threaten as much; I said, Thank God; then I shall be easy: So she told me all he had said to her, as I have said above.

Mrs. *Jervis* is very loth I should go; and yet, poor Woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruin'd for the World. She says, To be sure he means no good; but may be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all Attempts: And that I shall know what to do better after To-morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad Judge, I doubt!

O how I dread this To-morrow's Appearance! But be assured, my dear Parents, of the Honesty of your poor Child! As I am sure I am of your Prayers for

Your dutiful Daughter.

Oh! this frightful To-morrow! how I dread it!

LETTER XVI.

My dear Parents,

I Know you longed to hear from me soon. I send as soon as I could.

Well, you may believe how uneasily I passed the Time till his appointed Hour came. Every Minute, as it grew nearer, my Terrors increased; and sometimes I had great Courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint when it came to the Time my Master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and do what I could, my Eyes were swell'd with crying.

At last he went up to the Closet, which was my good Lady's Dressing-room; a Room I once lov'd, but then as much hated.

Don't your Heart ache for me?—I am sure mine flutter'd about like a Bird in a Cage new caught. O *Pamela*, said I to my self, why art

thou so foolish and fearful! Thou hast done no harm! what, if thou fearest an unjust Judge,* when thou art innocent, wouldst thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have Courage, *Pamela*, thou knowest the worst! And how easy a Choice Poverty and Honesty is, rather than Plenty and Wickedness?

So I cheer'd myself; but yet my poor Heart sunk, and my Spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my Account. I dreaded it, and yet I wished it to come.

Well, at last he rung the Bell; O thought I, that it was my Passing-bell! Mrs. *Jervis* went up, with a full Heart enough, poor good Woman! He said, Where's *Pamela*? let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me; I was ready to come with my Feet, but my Heart was with my dear Father and Mother, wishing to share your Poverty and Happiness. But I went.

O how can wicked Men look so stiddy and untouch'd, with such black Hearts, while poor Innocents look like Malefactors before them!

He looked so stern, that my Heart failed me, and I wish'd myself any-where but there, tho' I had before been summoning up all my Courage. Good God of Heaven, said I to myself, give me Courage to stand before this naughty Master! O soften him! or harden me!

Come in, Fool, said he, angrily, as soon as he saw me (and snatch'd my Hand with a Pull); you may well be asham'd to see me, after your Noise and Nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see *you*! thought I: Very pretty indeed!—But I said nothing.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, here you are both together. Do you sit down; but let her stand if she will: Ay, thought I, if I *can*; for my Knees beat one against another. Did you not think, when you saw the Girl in the way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest Occasion that could possibly be given any Woman? And that I had actually ruin'd her, as she calls it? Tell me, could you think any thing less? Indeed, says she, I fear'd so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to occasion all this Folly, by which my Reputation might have suffer'd in your Opinion, and in that of all the Family?—Tell me, what has she told you?

She was a little too much frightened, as she owned afterwards, at his Sternness, and said, Indeed she told me you only pulled her on your Knee, and kissed her.

Then I plucked up my Spirit a little. *Only*! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, and

was not that enough to shew me what I had to fear! When a Master of his Honour's Degree demeans himself to be so free as that to such a poor Servant as me, what is the next to be expected?—But your Honour went further, so you did; and threaten'd what you would do, and talk'd of *Lucretia*, and her hard Fate.—Your Honour knows you went too far for a Master to a Servant, or even to his Equal; and I cannot bear it! So I fell a crying most sadly.

Mrs. *Jervis* began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor Maiden, that had such a Value for her Reputation. He said, I speak it to her Face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my Favours, or the Notice I took of her; but I abhor the Thought of forcing her to any thing. I know myself better, said he, and what belongs to me: And to be sure I have enough demean'd myself to take so much Notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitch'd, I think, by her, to be freer than became me; tho' I had no Intention to carry the Jest farther.

What poor Stuff was all this, my dear Mother, from a Man of his Sense! But see how a bad Cause and bad Actions confound the greatest Wits!—It gave me a little more Courage then; for Innocence, I find, in a weak Mind, has many Advantages over Guilt, with all its Riches and Wisdom!

So I said, Your Honour may call this Jest or Sport, or what you please; but indeed, Sir, it is not a Jest that becomes the Distance between a Master and a Servant! Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he? Do you hear the Pertness of the Creature? I had a good deal of this Sort before in the Summer-house, and Yesterday too, which made me rougher to her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Says Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela*, don't be pert to his Honour! You should know your Distance; you see his Honour was only in jest!—O dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, don't you blame me too! It is very difficult to keep one's Distance to the greatest of Men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest Servants!

See again, said he; could you believe this of the young Baggage, if you had not heard it. O good your Honour, said the well-meaning Gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor Girl; she is but a Girl; and her Virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn my Life for her, she will never be pert to your Honour, if you'll be so good as to molest her no more, nor frighten her again. Said she, You see how, by her Fit, she was in Terror; she could not help it; and tho' your Honour

intended her no harm; yet the Apprehension was almost Death to her: And I had much ado to bring her to herself again. O the little Hypocrite, said he! she has all the Arts of her Sex; they are born with her; and I told you a-while ago, you did not know her. But, said he, this was not the Reason principally of my calling you before me both together: I find I am likely to suffer in my Reputation by the Perverseness and Folly of this Girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written Letters; for I find she is a mighty Letter-writer! to her Father and Mother, and others, as far as I know; in which she makes herself an Angel of Light, and me, her kind Master and Benefactor, a Devil incarnate!—(O how People will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by the right Names!—) And all this I won't bear; and so I am resolv'd she shall return to the Distresses and Poverty she was taken from; and let her take care how she uses my Name with Freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brighten'd up at once upon these welcome Words: And I threw myself upon my Knees at his Feet, with a most sincere, glad Heart; and I said, God Almighty bless your Honour for your Resolution: Now I shall be happy; and permit me, on my bended Knees, to thank your Honour for all the Benefits and Favours you have heaped upon me: For the Opportunities I have had of Improvement and Learning; through my good Lady's Means, and yours. I will now forget all your Honour has done to me: And I promise you, that I will never take your Name in my Lips, but with Reverence and Gratitude: And so God Almighty bless your Honour, for ever and ever, *Amen!*—And so I got up, and went away with another-guise sort of Heart than I came into his Presence with. And so I fell to writing this Letter. And thank God all is over.

And now my dearest Father and Mother, expect to see soon your poor Daughter, with an humble and dutiful Mind, return'd to you: And don't fear but I know how to be happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the Loft, as I used to do; and pray let the little Bed be got ready; and I have a little Money, which will buy me a Suit of Cloaths, fitter for my Condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. *Mumford* to help me to some Needle-work; and fear not that I shall be a Burden to you, if my Health continues; and I know God will bless me, if not for my own sake, for both your sakes, who have, in all your Trials and Misfortunes, preserved so much Integrity, as makes every

body speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. *Jervis* give me a Character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for Dishonesty.

And so God bless you both, and may you be blest for me, and I blest for you: And I will always bless my Master and Mrs. *Jervis*. And so good Night; for it is late, and I shall be soon called to-bed.

I hope Mrs. *Jervis* is not angry with me, because she has not called me to Supper with her; tho' I could eat nothing if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to Night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy Loft once more.

So, good Night again, my dear Father and Mother, says

Your honest poor Daughter.

May-hap I mayn't come this Week, because I must get up the Linen, and leave every thing belonging to my Place in Order. So send me a Line if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by *John*, who'll call for it as he returns. But say nothing of my coming away to him, as yet. For it will be said I blab every thing.

LETTER XVII.

My dearest Daughter,

WELCOME, welcome, ten times welcome, shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the Staff of our Old-age, and our Comfort too.* And tho' we cannot do for you as we would, yet we doubt not we shall live comfortably together, and what with my diligent Labour, and your poor Mother's Spinning, and your Needle-work, I make no doubt we shall live better and better. Only your poor Mother's Eyes begin to fail her; tho' I bless God, I am as strong, and able, and willing to labour as ever; and Oh my dear Child, your Virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed Things are Trials and Temptations to us, when they be overcome!

But I am thinking about those same four Guineas: I think you should give them back again to your Master; and yet I have broke them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow it if I can, Part upon my Wages, and Part of Mrs. *Mumford*, and send it to you, that you may return it, against *John* comes next, if he comes again, before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest *John* will be glad to bear you Company Part of the Way, if your Master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your Mother will go one five Miles, and I will go ten on the Way, or till I meet you, as far as one Holiday will go: For that I can get Leave for; and we shall receive you with more Pleasure than we had at your Birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our Lives.

And so God bless you, till the happy Time comes; say both your Mother and I; which is all at present, from

Your truly loving Parents.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Thank you a thousand times for your Goodness to me, express'd in your last Letter. I now long to get my Business done, and come to my New-Old Lot, again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my Master has turn'd me off; and as I shall come to you an honest Daughter, what Pleasure it is to what I should have, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one! Well, my writing Time will soon be over, and so I will make Use of it now, and tell you all that has happen'd since my last Letter.

I wonder'd Mrs. *Jervis* did not call me to sup with her, and fear'd she was angry; and when I had finish'd my Letter, I long'd for her coming to Bed. At last she came up, but seem'd shy and reserv'd; and I said, O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I am glad to see you: you are not angry with me, I hope. She said she was sorry Things went so far; and that she had a great deal of Talk with my Master after I was gone. She said, he seem'd mov'd at what I said, and at my falling on my Knees to him, and my Prayer for him, at my going away. He said, I was a strange Girl; he knew not what to make of me: And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her, but she behav'd so oddly, that I had not Power to stop her. She ask'd if she should call me again. He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too, that she shall go now I have given her Warning. But where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age. She said, he had order'd her not to tell me all: but she believ'd he never would offer any thing to me again, and I might stay,

she fancy'd, if I would beg it as a Favour; tho' she was not sure neither.

I stay! dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, why 'tis the best News that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my Poverty and Distress, as he said I should; for, tho' I am sure of the Poverty, I shall not have Half the Distress I have had for some Months past, I'll assure you.

Mrs. *Jervis*, dear good Soul, wept over me, and said, Well, well, *Pamela*, I did not think I had shew'd so little Love to you, as that you should express so much Joy to leave me. I am sure I never had a Child half so dear to me as you!

I cry'd to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been; and said, What would you have me to do, dear Mrs. *Jervis*? I love you next to my own Father and Mother, and you are the chief Concern I have to leave this Place; but I am sure it is certain Ruin if I stay. After such Offers, and such Threatenings, and his comparing himself to a wicked Ravisher, in the very Time of his last Offer; and making a Jest of me, that we should make a pretty Story in Romances; can I stay, and be safe? Has he not demean'd himself twice? and it behoves me to beware of the third Time, for fear he should lay his Snares surer; for may-hap he did not expect a poor Servant would resist her Master so much. And must it not be look'd upon as a sort of War-rant for such Actions, if I stay after this? for I think, when one of our Sex finds she is attempted, it is an Encouragement to a Person to proceed, if one puts one's self in the Way of it, when one can help it; and it shews one can forgive what in short ought not to be forgiven. Which is no small Countenance to foul Actions, I'll assure you.

She hugg'd me to her, and said, *I'll assure you!* Pretty-face, where gottest thou all thy Knowledge, and thy good Notions, at these Years? Thou art a Miracle for thy Age, and I shall always love thee! But, do you resolve to leave us, *Pamela*?

Yes, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; for as Matters stand, how can I do otherwise?—But I'll do all the Duties of my Place first, if I may. And I hope you'll give me a Character as to my Honesty, as it may not look as if I was turn'd away for any Harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a Character as never Girl at thy Years deserv'd. And I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third best Friend, where-ever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

And so we went to Bed, and I never wak'd 'till 'twas Time to rise; which I did, as blyth as a Bird, and went about my Business with great Pleasure.

But I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he past by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards Evening he met me in the Passage, going into the Garden, and said such a Word to me as I never heard in my Life from him, to Man, Woman or Child; for he first said, This Creature's always in my way, I think! I said, standing up as close as I could, and the Entry was wide enough for a Coach too, I hope I shan't be long in your Honour's Way. D—n you! said he, (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience with you.

I profess I trembled to hear him say so; but I saw he was vex'd, and as I am going away, I minded it the less. But I see, my dear Parents, that when a Person will do wicked Things, it is no Wonder he will speak wicked Words. And so I rest

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XIX.

Dear Father and Mother,

OUR *John* having no Opportunity to go your Way, I write again, and send both Letters at once. I can't say yet when I can get away, nor how I shall come; because Mrs. *Jervis* shew'd my Master the Waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, It looks well enough, I think the Creature had best stay till she has finish'd it.

There is some private Talk carry'd on betwixt him and Mrs. *Jervis*, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base if I did. But to be sure she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful Commands; and other, I dare say, she won't keep; she is too good, and loves me too well; but she must stay when I am gone, and so must get no Ill-will.

She has been at me again to ask to stay, and humble myself, as she says. But what have I done, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I? If I have been a Sawce-box, and a Bold-face, and Pert, and a Creature, as he calls me, have I not had Reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot myself, if he had not forgot to act as my Master? Tell me, from your own Heart, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if you think I could stay

and be safe? What would you think, or how would you act in my Case?

My dear *Pamela*, said she, and kiss'd me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as you do. But I know nobody else that would. My Master is a fine Gentleman; he has a great deal of Wit and Sense, and is admir'd, as I know, by half a dozen Ladies, who would think themselves happy in his Addresses. He has a noble Estate; and yet I believe he loves my good Maiden, tho' his Servant, better than all the Ladies in the Land; and he has try'd to overcome it, because he knows you are so much his Inferior; and 'tis my Opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud Heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay, and so he speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by Accident.

Well, but, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor Girl as I, as may be he may, for I have read of Things almost as strange, from great Men to poor Damsels; What can it be for?—He may condescend, may-hap, to think I may be good enough for his Harlot; and those Things don't disgrace Men, that ruin poor Women, as the World goes. And so, if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and 'till his Mind changed; for even wicked Men, I have read, soon grow weary of Wickedness of one Sort, and love Variety. Well then, poor *Pamela* must be turn'd off, and look'd upon as a vile abandon'd Creature, and every body would despise her; ay, and justly too, Mrs. *Jervis*; for she that can't keep her Virtue, ought to live in Disgrace.

But, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me tell you, that I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that God will give me his Grace, so as to hate and withstand his Temptations, were he not only my Master, but my King, for the Sin's sake; and this my poor dear Parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked Creature indeed, if, for the sake of Riches or Favour, I should forfeit my good Name: yea, and worse than any other young body of my Sex; because I can so contentedly return to my Poverty again, and think it less Disgrace to be oblig'd to wear Rags, and live upon Rye-bread and Water, as I use to do, than to be a Harlot to the greatest Man in the World.

Good Mrs. *Jervis* lifted up her Hands, and had her Eyes full of Tears: God bless you, my dear Love, said she; you are my Admiration and Delight!—How shall I do to part with you?

Well, good Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you now:—You and he have had some Talk, and you mayn't be suffer'd to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done! ay, and *asham'd* of it too! for I am sure he ought, considering his high Degree, and my low Degree, and how I have nothing in the World to trust to but my Honesty! Do you think in your own Conscience now, pray answer me truly; that he would never offer any thing to me again; and that I could be safe?

Alas! my dear Child, said she, don't put thy home Questions to me, with that pretty becoming Earnestness in thy Look. I know this, that he is vex'd at what he has done; he was vex'd the *first* Time, more vex'd the *second* Time.

Yes, said I, and so he will be vex'd I suppose the *third*, and the *fourth* Time too, 'till he has quite ruin'd your poor Maiden, and who will have Cause to be vex'd then?

Nay, *Pamela*, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessary to your Ruin for the World. I only can say, that he has yet done you no Hurt; and 'tis no Wonder that he should love you, you are so pretty; tho' so much beneath him: But I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any Force.

You say, said I, that he was sorry for his *first* Offer in the Summer-house; well, and how long did his Sorrow last?—Only 'till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became sorry *again*. And if he has design'd to love me, and you say can't help it, why he can't help it neither, if he should have an Opportunity, a *third* time to distress me. And I have read, that many a Man has been *asham'd* at a Repulse, that never would, had they succeeded. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, if he *really* intends to offer no Force, What does that mean?—While you say he can't help liking me, for Love it cannot be!—Does not it imply, that he hopes to ruin me by my own Consent? I *think*, said I, (and I hope God would give me Grace to *do* so) that I should not give way to his Temptations on any Account; but it would be very presumptuous in me to rely upon my own Strength, against a Gentleman of his Qualifications and Estate, and who is my Master; and thinks himself intitled to call me Bold-face, and what not; only for standing on my necessary Defence? And that where the Good of my Soul and Body, and my Duty to God, and my Parents, are all concerned. How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, can I *ask* or *wish* to stay?

Well, well, says she; as he seems very desirous you should not stay,

I hope it is from a good Motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace himself as well as you. No, no, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; I have thought of that too, for I would be glad to think of him with that Duty that becomes me; but then he would have let me gone to Lady *Davers*, and not have hinder'd my Preferment. And he would not have said, I should return to my *Poverty* and *Distress*, when I had been, by his Mother's Goodness, lifted out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and *punish* me, as he thought, for not complying with his Wickedness: And this shews me enough what I have to expect from his future Goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear, dear Price!

She was silent, and I said, Well there's no more to be said; I must go, that's certain; All my Concern will be how to part with you: And indeed, next to you, with every body; for all my Fellow-servants have lov'd me, and you and they will cost me a Sigh and a Tear too now—and-then, I am sure; and so I fell a-crying. I could not help it. For it is a pleasant Thing to one to be in a House among a great many Fellow-servants, and be belov'd by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr *Longman* our Steward is: Vastly courteous indeed on all Occasions, and he said, once to Mrs. *Jervis*, he wish'd he was a young Man for my sake, I should be his Wife, and he would settle all he had upon me on Marriage; and, you must know, he is reckon'd worth a Power of Money.

I take no Pride in this; but bless God, and your good Example, my dear Parents, that I have been enabled to have every body's good Word. Not but that our Cook one Day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this *Pamela* of ours goes as fine as a Lady. See what it is to have a fine Face!—I wonder what the Girl will come to at last!

She was hot with her Work; and I sneak'd away; for I seldom went down in the Kitchen; and I heard the Butler say, Why, *Jane*, nobody has your good Word! What has Mrs. *Pamela* done to you? I am sure she offends no body. And what, said the peevish Wench, have I said to her, *Foolatum*; but that she was pretty? They quarrel'd afterwards, I heard; but I was sorry for it, and troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly Prattle, from

Your dutiful Daughter.

O! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work; and I am up early and late to get it finish'd; for I long to come to you.

LETTER XX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Did not send my last Letters so soon as I would, because *John* (whether my Master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady *Davers's*, instead of *Isaac*, who used to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust *Isaac*; tho' he is very civil to me too. So I was forced to stay till *John* return'd.

As I may not have Opportunity to send again soon, and yet as I know you keep my Letters, and read them over and over (so *John* told me) when you have done Work, so much does your Kindness make you love all that comes from your poor Daughter; and as it may be some little Pleasure to me, may-hap, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me what I have gone thro', and how great God's Goodness has been to me (which, I hope, will rather strengthen my good Resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad Conduct, have Reason to condemn myself from my own Hand, as it were): For all these Reasons, I say, I will write as I have Time, and as Matters happen, and send the Scribble to you as I have Opportunity; and if I don't every time, in Form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe that it is not for want of Duty. So I will begin where I left off about the Talk between Mrs. *Jervis* and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. *Jervis*, I put a Project, as I may call it, in Practice. I thought with myself some Days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor Father and Mother, and have nothing on my Back, that will be fit for my Condition; for how should your poor Daughter look with a Silk Night-gown, Silken Petticoats, Cambrick Head-cloaths, fine Holland Linen, lac'd Shoes, that were my Lady's, and fine Stockens! And how in a little while must they have look'd, like old Cast-offs indeed, and I look'd so for wearing them! And People would have said, (for poor Folks are envious, as well as rich) See there Goody *Andrews's* Daughter, turn'd home from her fine Place! What a tawdry Figure she makes! And how well that Garb becomes

her poor Parents Circumstances!—And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they come to be in Tatters, and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could get homespun Cloths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I could get them?—May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a new Linsey-woolsey Petticoat, and so on. So, thinks I, I had better get myself at once 'quipt in the Dress that would become my Condition; and tho' it might look but poor to what I was us'd to wear of late Days, yet it would serve me, when I came to you, for a good Holiday and Sunday Suit, and what by God's Blessing on my Industry, I might, may-be, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer *Nichols's* Wife and Daughters, a good sad-colour'd Stuff, of their own Spinning, enough to make me a Gown and two Petticoats; and I made Robings and Facings of a pretty Bit of printed Calicoe, I had by me.

I had a pretty good Camlet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flannel Under-coats, not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones; but what would keep me warm, if any Neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now-and-then, as sometimes I us'd to do formerly; for I am resolv'd to do all your good Neighbours what Kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much belov'd about you, as I am here.

I got some pretty good *Scots* Cloth, and made me at Mornings and Nights, when nobody saw me, two Shifts, and I have enough left for two Shirts, and two Shifts, for you, my dear Father and Mother. When I come home, I'll make 'em for you, and desire your Acceptance as my first Present.

Then I bought of a Pedlar, two pretty enough round-ear'd Caps, a little Straw Hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Calicoe; and two Pair of ordinary blue Worsted Hose, that make a smartish Appearance, with white Clocks, I'll assure you; and two Yards of black Ribbon for my Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Neck-lace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in two Hours, for two Days together: For, you must know, tho' I lay with Mrs. *Jervis*, I kept my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody went thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have sav'd so much Money; but my dear good Lady was always giving me something.

I believ'd myself the more oblig'd to do this, because as I was

turn'd away for what my good Master thought Want of Duty; and, as he expected other Returns for his Presents, than I intended, I bless God, to make him; so I thought it was but just to leave his Presents behind me when I went away: for, you know, if I would not earn his Wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself, now I think of it, about the Four Guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some Silver, as I told you, as a Perquisite, being what my Lady had about her when she dy'd; and, as I hope for no other Wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserv'd them in the fourteen Months, since my Lady's Death: For she, good Soul! overpaid me before in Learning and other Kindnesses.—O had she liv'd, none of these Things might have happen'd!—But God be prais'd, 'tis no worse. Every thing turns about for the best, that's my Confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable Dress, and I long to appear in my new Cloaths, more than ever I did in any new Cloaths in my Life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at Ease in my Mind.—But mum—I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Was forc'd to break off; for I fear'd my Master was coming; but it prov'd to be only Mrs. *Jervis*. She came to me, and said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, *Pamela*. And I, said I, dread nothing so much as Company; for my Heart was up at my Mouth now, for fear my Master was coming. But I always rejoice to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

Said she, I have had a world of Talk with my Master about you. I am sorry for it, said I; that I am made of so much Consequence as to be talk'd of by him. O, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more Consequence to him, than you think for—

Or *wish* for, said I; for the Fruits of being of Consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or any body else.

Said she, thou art as witty as any Lady in the Land. I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor Ladies, with such great Opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more than I.—But let that pass.

I suppose, said I, that I am of so much Consequence, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think, he can't make a Fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a Rebuke to the Pride of his high Condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

There is something in that, may-be, says she; but indeed, *Pamela*, he is very angry at you *too*; and calls you twenty perverse Things; wonders at his own Folly, to have shewn you so much Favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclin'd to, he says, for his Mother's sake, and would have persisted to shew you for your own, if you was not your own Enemy.

Nay, now, I shan't love you, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, tho' you know the Hazards I run.—No, said she, he says you shall go; for he thinks it won't be for his Reputation to keep you: But he wish'd (don't speak of it for the World, *Pamela*) that he knew a Lady of Birth, just such another as yourself, in Person and Mind, and he would marry her To-morrow.

I colour'd up to the Ears at this Word; but said, Yet if I was the Lady of Birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For she that can bear an Insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be any Gentleman's Wife; any more than he would be a Gentleman that would offer it.

Nay, now, *Pamela*, said she, thou carriest thy Notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, very seriously, for I could not help it, I am more full of Fears than ever. I have only to beg of you as one of the best Friends I have in the World, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my Master likes me, when I know what End he aims at, is Abomination to my Ears; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor Father's and Mother's.

She was a little angry at me, 'till I assur'd her, that I had not the least Uneasiness on her Account, but thought myself safe under her Protection and Friendship. And so we dropt the Discourse for that Time.

I hope to have finish'd this ugly Waistcoat in two Days; after which, I have only some Linen to get up, and do something to, and shall then let you know how I shall contrive as to my Passage; for the heavy Rains will make it sad travelling on Foot: But may-be I may get a Place to —, which is ten Miles of the Way, in Farmer *Nichols's*

close Cart; for I can't sit a Horse well at all. And may-be nobody will be suffer'd to see me on upon the Way. But I hope to let you know more,

From, &c.

LETTER XXII.

My dear Father and Mother,

ALL my Fellow-servants have now some Notion, that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. *Jervis* tells them, that my Father and Mother growing in Years, cannot live without me; and so I go to them to help to comfort their old Age; but they seem not to believe it.

What they found it out by, was, the Butler heard him say to me, as I pass'd by him, in the Entry leading to the Hall, Who's that? *Pamela*, Sir, said I. *Pamela!* said he, How long are you to stay here!—Only, please your Honour, said I, till I have done the Waistcoat; and it is almost done.—You might, says he, (very roughly indeed) have finish'd that long enough ago, I should have thought! Indeed, and please your Honour said I, I have work'd early and late upon it; there is a great deal of Work in it! Work in it! said he; yes, you mind your Pen more than your Needle; I don't want such idle Sluts to stay in my House.

He seem'd startled, when he saw the Butler. As he enter'd the Hall, where Mr. *Jonathan* stood, What do *you* here, said he?—The Butler was as much confounded as I; for I never having been tax'd so roughly, could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. *Jervis*, and told my Complaint. This Love, said she, is the D—!! in how many strange Shapes does it make People shew themselves! And in some the farthest from their Hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering, Pray, Mrs. *Jervis*, are we to lose Mrs. *Pamela*? as they always call me—What has she done? And then she tells them as above, about going home to you.

She said afterwards to me, Well, *Pamela*, you have made our Master from the sweetest-temper'd Gentleman in the World, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your Power to make him as sweet-temper'd as ever; tho' I hope in God you'll never do it on his Terms!

This was very good in Mrs. *Jervis*; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his Designs as I; and as she knew his Mind more than I, it convinc'd me, that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My Master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. *Jervis* about Houshold Matters, having some Company to dine with him To-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying, at his Roughness in the Entry, I turn'd away my Face.

You may well, said he, turn away your cursed Face; I wish I had never seen it!—Mrs. *Jervis*, how long is she to be about this Waistcoat?

Sir, said I, if your Honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and tho' it will be now finish'd in a few Hours, I will do so still; and remove this hateful poor *Pamela* out of your House and Sight for ever.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, not speaking to me, I believe this little Slut has the Power of Witchcraft, if ever there was a Witch;* for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even you, who should know better what the World is, think her an Angel of Light.

I offer'd to go away; for I believ'd he wanted me to ask to stay in my Place, for all this his great Wrath; and he said, Stay here, stay here, when I bid you; and snatch'd my Hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my Fingers, he grasp'd me so hard.

He seem'd to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly; and said, Begone! And away I tripp'd, as fast as I could; and he and Mrs. *Jervis* had a deal of Talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he express'd himself vex'd to have spoke in Mr. *Jonathan*'s Hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. *Jonathan* our Butler, is a very grave good sort of old Man, with his Hair as white as Silver! and an honest worthy Man he is. I was hurrying out, with a Flea in my Ear, as the Saying is, and going down Stairs into the Parlour, met him. He took hold of my Hand, in a gentler manner tho', than my Master, with both his; and he said, Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*! what is it I heard just now!—I am sorry at my Heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe any body in Fault than you. Thank you, Mr. *Jonathan*, said I; but as you value your Place, don't be seen speaking to such a one as me. I cry'd too; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an Instance how much I am in Mr. Longman's Esteem also.

I had lost my Pen some how; and my Paper being wrote out, I stepp'd to Mr. Longman's our Steward's Office, to beg him to give me a Pen or two, and a Sheet or two of Paper. He said, Aye, that I will, my sweet Maiden! And gave me three Pens, some Wafers, a Stick of Wax, and twelve Sheets of Paper; and coming from his Desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a Word or two with you, my sweet little Mistress (for so these two good old Gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly): I hear bad News; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not true. Yes, it is, Sir, said I; but I was in Hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What a D—I, said he, ails our Master of late! I never saw such an Alteration in any Man in my Life! He is pleas'd with nobody, as I see; and by what Mr. Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could you have done to him, tro'? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good Woman, or I should have fear'd she had been your Enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. Jervis is a just good Woman, and next to my Father and Mother, the best Friend I have in the World.—Well then, says he, it must be worse. Shall I guess? You are too pretty, my sweet Mistress, and, may-be, too virtuous. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. Longman, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my Master; he is cross and angry with me indeed, that's true; but I may have given Occasion for it, may-be; and because I am oblig'd to go to my Father and Mother, rather than stay here, may-hap, he may think me ungrateful. But you know, Sir, said I, that a Father and Mother's Comfort is the dearest thing to a good Child that can be. Sweet Excellence! said he, this becomes you; but I know the World and Mankind too well; tho' I must hear, and see, and say nothing! But God bless my little Sweeting, said he, where-ever you go! And away went I, with a Curchee and Thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear Father and Mother, to be so beloved.—How much better, by good Fame and Integrity, is it to get every one's good Word but *one*, than by pleasing *that one*, to make *every one else* one's Enemy, and be an execrable Creature besides! I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

My dear Father and Mother,

WE had a great many neighbouring Gentlemen, and their Ladies, this Day at Dinner; and my Master made a fine Entertainment for them. And Isaac, and Mr. Jonathan, and Benjamin waited at Table. And Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis, that the Ladies will by-and-by come to see the House, and have the Curiosity to see me; for it seems, they said to my Master, when the Jokes flew about, Well Mr. B—, we understand that you have a Servant-maid, who is the greatest Beauty in the Country; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

The Wench is well enough, said he; but no such Beauty as you talk of, I'll assure ye. She was my Mother's Waiting-maid, and she on her Death-bed engag'd me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is pretty that is young.

Aye, aye, says one of the Ladies, that is true; but if your Mother had not recommended her so strongly, there is so much Merit in Beauty, that I make no doubt such a fine Gentleman would have wanted no such strong Inducement to be kind.

They all laugh'd at my Master: And he, it seems, laugh'd for Company; but said, I don't know how it is; but I see with different Eyes from other People; for I have heard much more Talk of her Prettiness, than I think she deserves: She is well enough, as I said; but I think her greatest Excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her Fellow-servants love her; my House-keeper in particular doats upon her, and you know, Ladies, she is a Woman of Discernment; and, as for Mr. Longman, and Jonathan, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan? Troth, Sir, said he, an't please your Honour, I never knew her Peer, and all your Honour's Family are of the same Mind. Do you hear now? said my Master—Well, said the Ladies, we will make a Visit to Mrs. Jervis by-and-by, and hope to see this Paragon.

Well, I believe, they are coming, and I will tell you more by-and-by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their Game without me!

Well, these fine Ladies have been here, and gone back again. I would have been absent if I could, and did step into the Closet, so they saw me not when they came in.

There were four of them, Lady *Arthur* at the great white House on the Hill, Lady *Brooks*, Lady *Towers*, and the other, it seems, a Countess, of some hard Name, I forget what.

So, Mrs. *Jervis*, says one of the Ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your Health. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyships, said Mrs. *Jervis*: Will your Ladyships please to sit down? But, said the Countess, we are not only come to ask after Mrs. *Jervis*'s Health neither; but we are come to see a Rarity besides. Aye, says Lady *Arthur*, I have not seen your *Pamela* these two Years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that Time.

Then I wish'd I had not been in the Closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: but I have often found, that bashful Bodies owe themselves a Spight, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid Confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela* is very pretty indeed; she's but in the Closet there:—*Pamela*, pray step hither. I came out, all cover'd with Blushes; and they smil'd at one another.

The Countess took me by the Hand: Why, indeed, she was pleas'd to say, Report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be asham'd, Child (and star'd full in my Face); I wish I had just such a Face to be asham'd of! O how like a Fool I look'd!—

Lady *Arthur* said, Aye, my good *Pamela*, I say as her Ladyship says: Don't be so confus'd; tho' indeed it becomes you too. I think your good Lady departed made a sweet Choice of such a pretty Attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she liv'd till now.

Ah! Madam, said Lady *Brooks*, do you think, that so dutiful a Son as our Neighbour, who always admir'd what his Mother lov'd, does not pride himself, for all what he said at Table, in such a pretty Maiden?

She look'd with such a malicious sneering Countenance, I cannot abide her.

Lady *Towers* said, with a free Air; for it seems she is call'd a Wit; Well, Mrs. *Pamela*, I can't say, I like you so well as these Ladies do; for I should never care, if you were my Servant, to see you and your

Master in the same House together. Then they all set up a great Laugh.

I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are Ladies—and Ladies may say any thing.

Says Lady *Towers*, Can the pretty Image speak, Mrs. *Jervis*? I vow she has speaking Eyes! O you little Rogue, says she, and tapt me on the Cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your Ladyship, said I, it should be either!—I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the Sense I have of my Unworthiness, renders me unfit for such a Presence.

I then went away, with one of my best Curchees; and Lady *Towers* said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow!—And Lady *Brooks* said, See that Shape! I never saw such a Face and Shape in my Life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!

And so, belike, their Clacks run for half an Hour in my Praises, and glad was I, when I got out of the Hearing of them.

But it seems they went down with such a Story to my Master, and so full of me, that he had a hard Life to stand it; but as it was very little to my Reputation, I am sure I could take no Pride in it; and I fear'd it would make no better for me. This gives me another Cause for leaving this House.

This is *Thursday* Morning, and next *Thursday* I hope to set out; for I have finish'd my Task, and my Master is horrid cross: And I am vex'd, his Crossness affects me so. If ever he had any Kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that Love borders so much upon Hate? But this wicked Love is not like the true virtuous Love, to be sure: That and Hatred must be as far off, as Light and Darkness. And how must this Hate have been increased, if he had met with a base Compliance, after his wicked Will had been gratify'd?

Well, one may see by a little, what a great deal means: For if Innocence cannot attract common Civility, what must Guilt expect, when Novelty had ceas'd to have its Charms, and Changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked *Amnon*, when he had ruin'd poor *Tamar*, hated her more than ever he lov'd her, and would have turn'd her out of Door!*

How happy am I, to be turn'd out of Door, with that sweet Companion my Innocence!—O may that be always my Companion! And

while I presume not upon my own Strength, and am willing to avoid the Tempter, I hope the Divine Grace will assist me.

Forgive me, that I repeat in my Letter Part of my hourly Prayer. I owe every thing, next to God's Goodness, to your Piety and good Examples, my dear Parents; my dear *poor* Parents, I will say, because your *Poverty* is my *Pride*, as your Integrity shall be my Imitation.

As soon as I have din'd, I will put on my new Cloaths. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. *Jervis* with them; for she shan't see me till I am full-dress'd.—*John* is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written.—I find he is going early in the Morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

Your most dutiful Daughter.

Don't lose your Time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard, if some how or other, I can't get a Passage to you. But may-be my Master won't refuse to let *John* bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know *John* as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may-be, Mrs. *Jervis* can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Shall write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but Sillinesses to write; for I know you divert yourselves at Nights with what I write, because it is mine. *John* tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the Occasion of my coming away; for if they should guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me: Besides, I really am concern'd that my poor Master should cast such a Thought upon such a Creature as me; for besides the Disgrace, it has quite turn'd his Temper; and I begin to think he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it, and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my Concern than my Pride, to see such a Gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the Regard he used to have in the Eyes of all his

Servants on my Account.—But I am to tell you of my new Dress to Day.

And so, when I had din'd, up Stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little Room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new Garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary Cap; but with a green Knot however, and my homespun Gown and Petticoat, and plain-leather Shoes; but yet they are what they call *Spanish* Leather, and my ordinary Hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; tho' I shall think good Yarn may do very well for every Day, when I come home. A plain Muslin Tucker I put on, and my black Silk Necklace, instead of the *French* Necklace my Lady gave me, and put the Ear-rings out of my Ears; and when I was quite 'quip'd, I took my Straw Hat in my Hand, with its two blue Strings, and look'd about me in the Glass, as proud as any thing.—To say Truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my Life.

O the Pleasure of descending with Ease, Innocence and Resignation!—Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble Mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking Disappointment, let Fortune's Wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. *Jervis*, to see how she lik'd me.

I met, as I was upon the Stairs, our *Rachel*, who is the House-maid, and she made me a low Curchee, and I found did not know me. So I smil'd, and went to the House-keeper's Parlour. And there sat good Mrs. *Jervis* at Work, making a Shift: And, would you believe it? she did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her Spectacles; and said, Do you want me, forsooth? I could not help laughing, and said, Hey-day! Mrs. *Jervis*, what! don't you know me?—She stood all in Amaze, and look'd at me from Top to Toe; Why you surprise me, said she; what! *Pamela*! Thus metamorphos'd! How came this about? As it happen'd, in stopt my Master, and my Back being to him, he thought it was a Stranger speaking to Mrs. *Jervis*, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask if his Honour had any Commands with her?—She turn'd me about and about, and I shew'd her all my Dress, to my Under-petticoat; and she said, sitting down, Why I am all in Amaze! I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no Cloaths suitable to my Condition when I return'd to my Father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my Fellow-servants might see, I knew how to suit myself to the State I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad Preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in Earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear *Pamela*, how can I part with you!

My Master rung in the back Parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. *Jervis* went to attend him. It seems he said to her, I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to *Lincolnshire*, and may-be to my Sister *Davers's*, and be absent some Weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat Damsel was that with you? She says, she smil'd, and ask'd if his Honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer *Nichols*, or Farmer *Brady*, have neither of them such a tight prim Lass for a Daughter; have they?—Tho' I did not see her Face neither, said he. If your Honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your Presence; for I think, says she, she out-does our *Pamela*.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards (for it brought a great deal of Trouble upon me, as well as Crossness, as you shall hear). That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an Excuse for it, let her come in.

At that she stept to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my Master; but, said she, for Goodness sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you. Good Sirs! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him*. I tell you, said she, you shall come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; tho' I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my Straw-hat in my Hand.

I dropt a low Curchee, but said never a Word. I dare say, he knew me as soon as he saw my Face; but was as cunning as *Lucifer*. He came up to me, and took me by the Hand, and said, Whose pretty Maiden are you?—I dare say you are *Pamela's* Sister, you are so like her. So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, Child, you far surpass your Sister *Pamela*!

I was all Confusion, and would have spoken; but he took me about the Neck; Why, said he, you are very pretty, Child; I would not be so free with your *Sister*, you may believe; but I must kiss you.

O Sir, said I, I am *Pamela*, indeed I am: Indeed I am *Pamela*, *her own self*!

He kissed me for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier Girl by half than *Pamela*; and sure I may be innocently free with you, tho' I would not do her so much Favour.

This was a sad Bite upon me indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. *Jervis* look'd like a Fool as much as I, for her Officiousness.—At last I got away, and ran out of the Parlour, most sadly vex'd, as you may well think.

He talk'd a good deal to Mrs. *Jervis*, and at last order'd me to come in to him. Come in, said he, you little Villain! for so he call'd me; good Sirs! what a Name was there! Who is it you put your Tricks upon? I was resolved never to honour your Unworthiness, said he, with so much Notice again; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an Hypocrite as you are—

I was out of Patience, then; Hold, good Sir, said I; don't impute Disguise and Hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no Disguise.—What a-plague, said he, for that was his Word, do you mean then by this Dress?—Why, and please your Honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the World. I have been in Disguise indeed ever since my good Lady, your Mother, took me from my poor Parents. I came to her Ladyship so poor and mean, that these Cloaths I have on, are a princely Suit, to those I had then. And her Goodness heap'd upon me rich Cloaths, and other Bounties: And as I am now returning to my poor Parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being whooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my Degree, and be a good Holiday Suit too, when I get home.

He then took me in his Arms, and presently push'd me from him. Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, take the little Witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her! (Strange Words these!)*—But stay, you shan't go!—Yet begone!—No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my Share; for he knew not what he would have. But I was going however, and he stept after me, and took hold of my Arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my Arm black and blue; for the Marks are upon it still. Sir, Sir, said I, pray have Mercy; I will, I will come in!

He sat down, and look'd at me, and look'd as silly as such a poor Girl as I, I thought afterwards.—At last, he said, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, as I was telling you, you may suffer her to stay a little longer, till I see if my Sister *Davers* will have her; if, mean time, she humble herself,

and ask this as a Favour, and is sorry for her Pertness, and the Liberty she has taken with my Character, out of the House and in the House. Your Honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I never found her inclinable to think herself in Fault. Pride and Perverseness, said he, with a Vengeance! Yet this is your Doating-piece!—Well, for once I'll submit myself, to tell you, Hussy, said he to me, you may stay a Fortnight longer, till I see my Sister *Davers*: Do you hear what I say to you, Statue! can you neither speak, nor be thankful?—Your Honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a Favour, that I may go to my Father and Mother.—Why, Fool, says he, won't you like to go to wait on my Sister *Davers*? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that Honour; but you was pleased to say, I might be in Danger from her Ladyship's Nephew, or he from me?—D—d Impertinence! said he; do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless Assurance!—

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. *Jervis* said, Fie, *Pamela*, fie!—And I said, My Lot is very hard indeed! I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty of Indiscretions, which have cost me my Place, and my Master's Favour, and so have been turn'd away. And when the Time is come, that I should return to my poor Parents, I am not suffer'd to go quietly. Good your Honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I had robb'd you!—Robb'd me! said he, why so you have, Hussy; you *have* robb'd me. Who! I! Sir, said I, have I robb'd you? Why then you are a Justice of Peace,* and may send me to Gaol, if you please, and bring me to a Tryal for my Life! If you can prove that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die!

Now I was quite ignorant of his Meaning; tho' I did not like it when it was afterwards explain'd, neither; and, well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor *Pamela* is thought a Thief! Then I thought, in an Instant, how I should shew my Face to my honest poor Parents, if I was but suspected.

But, Sir, said I, let me ask you but one Question, and pray don't let me be call'd Names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully; Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your House-keeper, as the other Maids have been? And if *Jane*, or *Rachel*, or *Hannah*, were to offend, would your Honour stoop to take Notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take Notice of me?

Pray, Sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turn'd away, and there's an End of it? For indeed I am not of Consequence enough for my Master to concern himself and be angry about such a Creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, cry'd he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this sawcy Slut? Why, Sauce-box, says he, did not my good Mother desire me to take care of you? and have you not been always distinguish'd by me, above a common Servant? and does your Ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I said something mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd Excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why then, said I, if your Honour must know, I said, That my good Lady did not desire your Care to extend to the Summer-house and her Dressing-room.

Well, this was a little sawcy, you'll say!—And he flew into such a Passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, It was happy I got out of his way.

Why, what makes him provoke one so, then?—I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate. For I begin to be fearful now.

Just now Mr. *Jonathan* sent me these Lines—(Lord bless me! what shall I do?)

'Dear Mrs. *Pamela*, Take care of yourself; for *Rachel* heard my Master say to Mrs. *Jervis*, who, she believes, was pleading for you, Say no more, Mrs. *Jervis*; for by G— I will have her! Burn this instantly.'

O pray for your poor Daughter! I am called to go to-bed by Mrs. *Jervis*, for it is past Eleven; and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, tho' she did not mean any Harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange Fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full-pert.

O my dear Father and Mother, Power and Riches never want Advocates! But, poor Gentlewoman! she cannot live without him. And he has been very good to her.

So, Good-night. May-be I shall send this in the Morning; but may-be not; so won't conclude; tho' yet I must say, I am

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXV.

My dear Parents,

O Let me take up my Complaint, and say, Never was poor Creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as your *Pamela*! O my dear Father and Mother, my Heart's just broke! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone; for to whom but you can I vent my Griefs, and keep my poor Heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked Man!—I have no Patience left me!—But yet, don't be frighted—for,—I hope—I hope, I am honest!—But if my Head and my Heart will let me, you shall hear all.—Is there no Constable nor Headborough, tho', to take me out of his House? for I am sure I can safely swear the Peace against him:* But, alas! he is greater than any Constable, and is a Justice himself; such a Justice, deliver me from!—But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me!—For he knows the Innocence of my Heart!—

John went your way in the Morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Rachel*, and one I hate to see: And indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happen'd since last Night, that good Mr. *Jonathan*'s Letter, and my Master's Harshness put me into such a Fluster. But I will no more *preambulate*.

I went to Mrs. *Jervis*'s Chamber; and Oh! my dear Father and Mother, my wicked Master had hid himself, base Gentleman as he is! in her Closet, where she has a few Books, and Chest of Drawers, and such-like. I little suspected it; tho' I used, till this sad Night, always to look into that Closet, and another in the Room, and under the Bed, ever since the Summer-house Trick, but never found any thing; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolv'd to be angry with Mrs. *Jervis* for what had happen'd in the Day, and so thought of nothing else.

I sat myself down on one side of the Bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the wicked Closet, that held the worst Heart in the World. So, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't speak to me, *Pamela*! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, so I am, a little; 'tis a Folly to deny it. You see what I have suffer'd by your forcing me in to my Master! And a Gentlewoman of your Years and Experience must needs know, that it

was not fit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my Master.

But, said she, who would have thought it would have turn'd out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, *Lucifer* always is ready to promote his own Work and Workmen. You see, presently, what Use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me: And when he took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I, to cry, Fie, fie, *Pamela*! cut me to the Heart: For that encourag'd him.

Do you think, my Dear, said she, that I would encourage him?—I never said so to you before; but since you force it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost Endeavours to divert him from his wicked Purposes; and he has promised fair; but, to say all in a Word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his Power to help it.

I luckily said nothing of the Note from Mr. *Jonathan*; for I began to suspect all the World almost: But I said, to try Mrs. *Jervis*, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady *Davers* now.

Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear *Pamela*, said she, and I trust to your Discretion to conceal what I say: My Master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay.—

Yes, said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the Pride of my Heart; but the Pride of my Honesty: For what must have been the Case? Here my Master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, tho' he pretends to be sorry for it: Well, he has given me Warning to leave my Place, and uses me very harshly; may-hap, to frighten me to his Purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the House, and value him, if he would act as my Master). Well then, as I know his Designs, and that he owns he cannot help it; must I not have asked to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by Force; so I, a poor weak Girl, was to be left to my own Strength, God knows! And was not this to allow him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked Devices?—How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, could I ask or wish to stay?

You say well, my dear Child, says she; and you have a Justness of

Thought above your Years; and for all these Confederations, and for what I have heard this Day, after you run away, (and I am glad you went as you did) I cannot persuade you to stay; and I shall be glad, which is what I never thought I could have said, that you was well at your Father's; for if Lady *Davers* will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. *Jervis*! said I; God will bless you for your good Counsel to a poor Maiden that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, said I, when I was gone? Why, says she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it, said I! I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my Honesty been in the Case, I would not by any means have been so sawcy. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, consider, it was the Truth; if he does not love to hear of the Summer-house and the Dressing-room, why should he not be asham'd to continue in the same Mind. But, said she, when you had mutter'd this to yourself, you might have told him any thing else. Well, said I, I cannot tell a wilful Lye, and so there's an End of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's Danger in staying!—Lord bless me, I wish I was well out of the House; tho' it was at the Bottom of a wet Ditch, on the wildest Common in *England*!

Why, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and upon my Word, *Pamela*, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without Flattery, you are a charming Girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in my Life, than in that same new Dress of yours. And then it was such a Surprize upon us all!—I believe truly, you owe some of your Danger to the lovely Appearance you made. Then, said I, I wish the Cloaths in the Fire. I expected no Effect from them; but if any, a quite contrary one.

Hush! said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, did you not hear something stir in the Closet? No, silly Girl, said she! your Fears are always awake!—But indeed, says I, I think I heard something rustle!—May-be, says she, the Cat may be got there: But I hear nothing.

I was hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good Girl, make haste to-bed. See if the Door be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look in the Closet; but hearing no more Noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the Bedside, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. *Jervis* being by this time undrest, stept into Bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know what was the Matter; but my Heart sadly misgave me; but Mr. *Jonathan*'s Note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. *Jervis* had said. I pulled off my Stays, and my Stockens, and my Gown, all to an Under-petticoat; and then hearing a rustling again in the Closet, I said, God protect us! but before I say my Prayers, I must look into this Closet. And so was going to it slip shod, when, O dreadful! out rush'd my Master, in a rich silk and silver Morning Gown.

I scream'd, and run to the Bed; and Mrs. *Jervis* scream'd too; and he said, I'll do you no harm, if you forbear this Noise; but otherwise take what follows.

Instantly he came to the Bed; for I had crept into it, to Mrs. *Jervis*, with my Coat on, and my Shoes; and taking me in his Arms, said, Mrs. *Jervis*, rise, and just step up Stairs, to keep the Maids from coming down at this Noise; I'll do no harm to this Rebel.

O, for God's sake! for Pity's sake! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the House. No, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not stir, my dear Lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you, Sir, said she, and kindly threw herself upon my Coat, clasping me round the Waist, you shall not hurt this Innocent, said she; for I will lose my Life in her Defence. Are there not, said she, enough wicked ones in the World, for your base Purpose, but you must attempt such a Lamb as this!

He was desperate angry, and threaten'd to throw her out of the Window; and to turn her out of the House the next Morning. You need not, Sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor *Pamela* till To-morrow, and we will both go together.—Says he, let me but expostulate a Word or two with you, *Pamela*. Pray, *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, don't hear a Word, except he leaves the Bed, and goes to the other End of the Room. Aye, out of the Room! said I; expostulate To-morrow, if you must expostulate!

I found his Hand in my Bosom, and when my Fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sighed, and scream'd, and fainted away. And still he had his Arms about my Neck; and Mrs. *Jervis* was about my Feet, and upon my Coat. And all in a cold, clammy Sweat was I. *Pamela, Pamela!* said Mrs. *Jervis*, as she tells me since, O—h, and gave another Shriek, my poor *Pamela* is dead for certain!—And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the Matter, one Fit following another, till about three Hours after, as it prov'd to

be, I found myself in Bed, and Mrs. *Jervis* sitting up on one side, with her Wrapper about her, and *Rachel* on the other; and no Master, for the wicked Wretch was gone. But I was so overjoy'd, that I hardly could believe myself; and I said, which were my first Words, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mrs. *Rachel*, can I be sure it is you? God be prais'd! God be prais'd!—Where have I been? Hush, my Dear, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you have been in Fit after Fit. I never saw any body so frightful in my Life!

By this I judg'd Mrs. *Rachel* knew nothing of the Matter; and it seems my wicked Master had, upon Mrs. *Jervis*'s second Noise on my going away, slept out, and, as if he had come from his own Chamber, disturbed by the Screaming, went up to the Maids Room, (who hearing the Noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir) and bid them go down and see what was the Matter with Mrs. *Jervis* and me. And he charged Mrs. *Jervis*, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the Matter. So the Maids came down; for the Men lie in the Out-houses; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except *Rachel*, who staid to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. *Jervis* Company. I believe they all guess the Matter to be bad enough; tho' they dare not say any thing.

When I think of my Danger, and the Freedoms he actually took, tho' I believe Mrs. *Jervis* saved me from worse, and she says she did, (tho' what can I think, who was in a Fit, and knew nothing of the Matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. *Jervis*; but I am fully satisfied she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; and she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the Room, to still the Maids, as he bid her. He'd certainly have shut her out, and then, Mercy on me! what would have become of your poor *Pamela*!

I must leave off a little, for my Eyes and my Head are sadly bad.—O this was a dreadful Trial! This was the worst of all! God send me safe from this dreadful wicked Man! Pray for

Your distressed Daughter.

LETTER XXVI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Did not rise till Ten o'Clock, and I had all the Concerns and Wishes of the Family, and Multitudes of Enquiries about me. My wicked Master went out early to hunt; but left word, he would be in to breakfast. And so he was.

He came up to our Chamber about Eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry: for he was our *Master*, and so put on sharp Anger at first.

I had great Emotions at his entering the Room, and threw my Apron over my Head, and fell a crying, as if my Heart would break.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, since I know you, and you me so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, said she, I will take the Liberty to say what I think is best for us. I have so much Grief, that you should attempt to do any Injury to this poor Girl, and especially in my Chamber, that I should think myself accessary to the Mischief, if I was not to take Notice of it. Tho' my Ruin therefore may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor *Pamela* and I go together. With all my Heart, said he, and the sooner the better. She fell a crying. I find, says he, this Girl has made a Party of the whole House in her Favour against me. Her Innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: And I never could have thought that the Son of my dear good Lady departed, could have so forfeited his Honour, as to endeavour to destroy what he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, I will not bear it. As for *Pamela*, she has a lucky Knack at falling into Fits, when she pleases. But the cursed Yellings of you both made me not my self. I intended no Harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your Squallings; and I did no Harm neither, but to myself; for I rais'd a Hornet's Nest about my Ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to Death my Reputation. Sir, said Mrs. *Jervis*, then I beg Mr. *Longman* may take my Accounts, and I will go away, as soon as I can. As for *Pamela*, she is at Liberty, I hope, to go away next *Thursday*, as she intends.

I sat still, for I could not speak nor look up, and his Presence discompos'd me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy Occasion of Mrs. *Jervis*'s losing her Place, and hope that may be made up.

Well, said he, let Mr. *Longman* make up your Accounts, as soon as you will; and Mrs. *Jewkes* (his House-keeper in *Lincolnshire*) shall come hither in your Place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than you have been. Said she, I have never disoblig'd you till now, and let me tell you, Sir, if you knew what belong'd to your own Reputation or Honour—No more, no more, said he, of these antiquated Topics. I have been no bad Friend to you; and I shall always esteem you, tho' you have not been so faithful to my Secrets, as I could have wish'd, and have laid me open to this Girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had Occasion. Well, Sir, said she, after what pass'd Yesterday, and last Night, I think I went rather too far in favour of your Injunctions than otherwise; and I should have deserv'd every body's Censure for the basest of Creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless Attempts. Still, Mrs. *Jervis*, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary Faults! for what Harm have I done the Girl?—I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in respect to my Mother, I am willing to part friendly with you. Tho' you ought both of you to reflect on the Freedom of your Conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do; but that I am conscious I had no Business to demean myself so as to be in your Closet, where I might expect to hear a multitude of Impertinence between you.

Well, Sir, said she, you have no Objection, I hope, to *Pamela's* going away on *Thursday* next? You are mighty solicitous, said he, about *Pamela*: But, no, not I, let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty Girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more Trouble than she can have had from me; but I have overcome it all; and will never concern myself about her.

I have a Proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this Morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only that a discreet Use may be made of what is past; and there's an End of every thing with me, as to *Pamela*, I'll assure you.

I clasp'd my Hands together thro' my Apron, over-joy'd at this, tho' I was so soon to go away: For, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his Prosperity with all my Heart, for my good old Lady's sake.

Well, *Pamela*, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your Hands at? I said not a Word. Says he, If you like what I have said, give me your Hand upon it. I held my Hand thro' my Apron; for I could not speak to him, and he took hold

of it, and press'd it, tho' less hard than he did my Arm the Day before. What does the little Fool cover her Face for, said he? Pull your Apron away; and let me see how you look, after your Freedom of Speech of me last Night! No wonder you're asham'd to see me. You know you were very free with my Character.

I could not stand this barbarous Insult, as I took it to be, considering his Behaviour to me; and I then spoke, and said, O the Difference between the Minds of thy Creatures, good God! How shall some be cast down in their Innocence, while others shall triumph in their Guilt!

And so saying, I went up Stairs to my Chamber, and wrote all this; for tho' he vex'd me, at his Taunting, yet I was pleas'd to hear he was likely to be marry'd, and that his wicked Intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. And, I hope I have pass'd the worst; or else it is very hard: And yet I shan't think my self at Ease quite, till I am with you. For methinks, after all, his Repentance and Amendment are mighty suddenly resolv'd upon. But God's Grace is not confin'd to Space; and Remorse may, and I hope has, smote him to the Heart at once, for his Injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

Having Opportunity, I send now what I know will grieve you to the Heart. But I hope I shall bring my next Scribble myself; and so conclude, tho' half broken-hearted,

Your ever dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXVII.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Am glad I desir'd you not to meet me, and *John* says you won't; for he says, he told you, he is sure I shall get a Passage well enough, either behind some one of my Fellow-servants on Horseback, or by Farmer *Nichols's* Means: But as for the Chariot he talk'd to you of, I can't expect that Favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer *Brady*, they say, has a Chaise with one Horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it rather than fail; tho' Money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to say so here, tho' I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Jonathan*, or Mr. *Longman*; but