

undergo more Trials, which I had hop'd would have been more happily ended: But Providence did not see fit.

She would make me rise about Twelve; but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the Bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as they said, delirious some Part of the Afternoon. But having a tolerable Night on *Thursday*, I was a good deal better on *Friday*, and on *Saturday* got up, and eat a little Spoon-meat, and my Feverishness seem'd to be gone, and I was so pick'd up by Evening, that I begg'd her Indulgence in my Closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barr'd the Day before, and I assuring her that all my Contrivances, as she call'd them, were at an End. But first she made me tell her the whole Story of my Enterprize; which I did, very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my Safety and Escape: And she seem'd full of Wonder at my Resolution and Venturesomeness; but told me frankly, that I should have found a hard Matter to get quite off; for, that she was provided with a Warrant from my Master, (who is a Justice of Peace in this County, as well as the other) to get me apprehended, if I *had* got away, on Suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O how deep-laid are the Mischiefs designed to fall on my devoted Head!—Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy all this Contrivance!—This too well shews me the Truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other House, that my Master swore he would *have* me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being his, in his own wicked Sense of the Adjuration!

I must add, that now this Woman sees me pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridg'd me of Paper all but one Sheet, which I am to shew her written or unwritten on Demand, and has reduc'd me to one Pen; yet my hidden Stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. *Williams*, and any thing that she thinks will vex me.

SUNDAY Afternoon.

MRS. *Jewkes* has thought fit to give me an Airing, for three or four Hours this Afternoon, and I am much better; and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserv'd. But Health is a Blessing hardly to be coveted in my Circumstances, since that fits me for the

Calamity I am in continual Apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly State might possibly move Compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed Master; tho' I am sure I have done him no Harm!

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drown'd in crossing a Stream, a few Days ago, in pursuing his Game. What is the Matter, with all his ill Usage of me, that I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other People! I am sure he has done enough to make me hate him; but yet when I heard his Danger, which was very great, I could not in my Heart forbear rejoicing for his Safety; tho' his Death would have ended my Afflictions. Ungenerous Master! if you knew this, you surely would not be so much my Persecutor! But for my late good Lady's sake, I must wish him well; and O what an Angel would he be in my Eyes yet, if he would cease his Attempts, and reform.

Well, I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, that *John Arnold* is turn'd away, being detected in writing to Mr. *Williams*; and that Mr. *Longman*, and Mr. *Jonathan* the Butler, have incurr'd his Displeasure, for offering to speak in my Behalf. Mrs. *Jervis* too is in Danger; for all these three, belike, went together to beg in my Favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. *Jewkes* has, with the News about my Master, receiv'd a Letter; but she says the Contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

Just now the horrid Creature tells me, as a Secret, that she has reason to think he has found out a Way to satisfy my Scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful *Colbrand*, and buying me of him on the Wedding-day, for a Sum of Money!—Was ever the like heard?—She says that it will be my Duty to obey my Husband; and that Mr. *Williams* will be forc'd, as a Punishment, to marry us; and that when my Master has paid for me, and I am surrender'd up, the *Smiss* is to go home again, with the Money, to his former Wife and Children, for she says, it is the Custom of those People to have a Wife in every Nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! but abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some Plot now hatching!—With what strange Perplexities is my poor Mind agitated! Perchance, some Sham-marriage may be design'd, on purpose to ruin me: But can a

Husband sell his Wife, against her own Consent?—And will such a Bargain stand good in Law?*

*MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, the 32d, 33d,
and 34th Days of my Imprisonment.*

NOTHING offers these Days but Squabblings between Mrs. *Jewkes* and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vexed her yesterday, because she talked nastily, and told her she talk'd more like a vile *London* Prostitute, than a Gentleman's Housekeeper; and she cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! she curses and storms at me like a Trooper, and can hardly keep her Hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly to make me say such harsh Words: Indeed it cannot be repeated; and she is a Disgrace to her Sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my Notions of Honesty; and tells me, impudent Creature that she is! what a fine Bedfellow I shall make for my Master, and such-like, with such whimsical Notions about me!—Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible!—Quite filthily! O what vile Hands am I put into!

THURSDAY.

I Have now all the Reason that can be, to apprehend my Master will be here soon; for the Servants are all busy in setting the House to rights; and a Stable and Coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been us'd some time. I ask Mrs. *Jewkes*; but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a Question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked Airs to me, purposely to make me wish for what I dread most of all Things, my Master's coming down. *He* talk of Love!—If he had any the least Notion of Regard for me, to be sure he would not give this naughty Body such Power over me:—And if he does come, where is his Promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But it seems *His Honour owes me nothing!* So he tells me in his Letter; and why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, *he hates me perfectly*; and it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the Mercy of this Woman; and, what is worse, to my woful Apprehensions.

FRIDAY, the 36th Day of my Imprisonment.

I Took the Liberty yesterday Afternoon, finding the Gates open, to walk out before the House; and before I was aware, had got to the Bottom of the long Row of Elms; and there I sat myself down upon the Steps of a sort of broad Stile, which leads into the Road, that goes towards the Town. And as I sat musing about what always busies my Mind, I saw a whole Body of Folks, running towards me from the House, Men and Women, as in a Fright. At first I wonder'd what was the Matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarm'd, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible *Colbrand*, running with his long Legs, well nigh two Yards at a Stride; then there was one of the Grooms, poor Mr. *Williams's* Robber; then I spy'd *Nan*, half out of Breath; and the Cook-maid after her; and lastly, came waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. *Jewkes*, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. *Colbrand* said, O how have you frighted us all!—And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still, to let them see I had no View to get away; for, besides the Improbability of succeeding, my last sad Attempt had cur'd me of enterprizing again. And when Mrs. *Jewkes* came within hearing, I found her terribly incens'd, and raving about my Contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concerned? Here I have sat a few Minutes, and had not the least Thought of getting away, or going further; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous Creature struck at me with her horrid Fist, and, I believe, would have felled me, had not *Colbrand* interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least Inclination to stir. But this would not serve: She order'd the two Maids to take me each by an Arm, and lead me back into the House, and up Stairs; and there have I been locked up ever since, without Shoes. In vain have I pleaded that I had no Design, as, indeed I had not the least; and, last Night I was forced to lie between her and *Nan*; and I find she is resolved to make a Handle of this against me, and in her own Behalf.—Indeed, what with her Usage, and my own Apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my Life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my Shoes, and has laid her imperious Commands upon me, to dress myself in a Suit of

Cloaths out of the Portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'Clock; for, she says, she is to have a Visit from Lady *Darnford's* two Daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the Key of the Portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a Shew of, nor see the Ladies. She left me, saying, It should be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

Five o'Clock is come,

AND no young Ladies!—So that, I fancy—But, hold, I hear their Coach, I believe. I'll step to the Window.—I won't go down to them, I am resolv'd.—

Good Sirs! good Sirs! What will become of me! Here is my Master come in his fine Chariot!—Indeed he is!—What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself!—Oh! what shall I do!—Pray for me! But Oh! you'll not see this!—Now, good Heaven preserve me! if it be thy blessed Will!

Seven o'Clock.

THO' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I have not. To be sure something is resolved against me, and he stays to hear all her Stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to forbear!—Yet I cannot hold my Pen!—How crooked and trembling the Lines!—I must leave off, till I can get quieter Fingers!—Why should the Guiltless tremble so, when the Guilty can possess their Minds in Peace!

SATURDAY Morning.

NOW let me give you an Account of what passed last Night; for I had no Power to write, nor yet Opportunity, till now.

This naughty Woman held my Master till half an Hour after seven; and he came hither about five in the Afternoon. And then I heard his Voice on the Stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his Supper; for he said, I shall chuse a boil'd Chicken, with Butter and Parsley.—And up he came!

He put on a stern and majestick Air; and he can look very ma-

jestick when he pleases. Well, perverse *Pamela*, ungrateful Runaway, said he, for my first Salutation!—You do well, don't you, to give me all this Trouble and Vexation? I could not speak; but throwing myself on the Floor, hid my Face, and was ready to die with Grief and Apprehension.—He said, Well may you hide your Face! well may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one, as you are!—I sobb'd, and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the Door, and called Mrs. *Jewkes*.—There, said he, take up that fallen Angel!—Once I thought her as innocent as one!—But I have now no Patience with her. The little Hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my Weakness in her Favour, and that I'll raise her from the Floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, said he, cruel Gentleman as he was! let such Fellows as *Williams* be taken in by her artful Wiles; I know her now, and see that she is for any Fool's Turn, that will be caught by her.

I sighed, as if my Heart would break!—And Mrs. *Jewkes* lifted me up upon my Knees; for I trembled so, I could not stand. Come, said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, learn to know your best Friend; confess your unworthy Behaviour, and beg his Honour's Forgiveness of all your Faults. I was ready to faint; and he said, She is Mistress of Arts, I'll assure you; and will mimick a Fit, ten to one, in a Minute.

I was struck to the Heart at this; but could not speak presently; only lifted up my Eyes to Heaven!—And at last made shift to say—God forgive you, Sir!—He seem'd in a great Passion, and walked up and down the Room, casting sometimes an Eye to me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but check'd himself.—And at last he said, When she has acted this her first Part over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall soon know what she has to trust to.

And so he went out of the Room: And I was quite sick at Heart!—Surely, said I, I am the wickedest Creature that ever breath'd! Well, said the Impertinent, not so wicked as that neither; but I am glad you begin to see your Faults. Nothing like being humble!—Come, I'll stand your Friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future: Come, come, added the Wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow Morning, if you are not a Fool.—Begone, hideous Woman! said I; and let not my Afflictions be added to by thy inexorable Cruelty, and unwomanly Wickedness!

She gave me a Push, and went away in a violent Passion. And it

seems, she made a Story of this; and said, I had such a Spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid me down on the Floor, and had no Power to stir, till the Clock struck Nine; and then the wicked Woman came up again. You must come down Stairs, said she, to my Master; that is, if you please, Spirit!—Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send Monsieur *Colbrand* to carry you down.

I got up, as well as I could, and trembled all the way down Stairs. And she went before me into the Parlour; and a new Servant, that he had waiting on him instead of *John*, withdrew as soon as I came in.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at Table with me, when I had not Company; but when I find you cannot forget your Original, but must prefer my Menials to me, I call you down to wait on me, while I sup, that I may have a little Talk with you, and throw away as little Time as possible upon you.

Sir, said I, you do me Honour to wait upon you—And I never shall, I hope, forget my Original. But I was forced to stand behind his Chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a Glass of that *Burgundy*. I went to do it; but my Hand shook so, that I could not hold the Plate with the Glass in it, and spilt some of the Wine. So Mrs. *Jewkes* pour'd it for me, and I carry'd it as well as I could; and made a low Curchee. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my Sight!

Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you tell me, she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as will keep Life and Soul together.—And is always crying, you say, too? said he. Yes, Sir, said she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young Wenches will feed upon their Tears; and their Obstinacy will serve them for Meat and Drink. I think I never saw her look better, tho', in my Life!—But I suppose she lives upon Love. This sweet Mr. *Williams*, and her little villainous Plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure. For Mischief, Love, and Contradiction, are the natural Aliments of a Woman.

Poor I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my Heart was too full to speak.

And so you say, said he, that she had another Project, but Yesterday, to get away? She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the Appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful Pucker about

it. And I am glad your Honour is come, with all my Heart; and I hope, whatever be your Honour's Intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an Eel, I'll assure you!

Sir, said I, and clasped his Knees with my Arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on my Knees, Have Mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked Woman's Usage of me.—

He cruelly interrupted me, and said, I am satisfy'd she has done her Duty: It signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. *Jewkes*. That you are here, little Hypocrite as you are, pleading your Cause before me, is owing to her Care of you; else you had been with the Parson.—Wicked Girl! said he, to tempt a Man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a Time when I was on the Point of making him happy for his Life!

I arose, but said, with a deep Sigh, I have done, Sir, I have done! I have a strange Tribunal to plead before. The poor Sheep, in the Fable, had such an one; when it was try'd before the Vultur, on the Accusation of the Wolf!*

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you are the Wolf, I the Vultur, and this the poor innocent Lamb, on her Trial before us.—Oh! you don't know how well this Innocent is read in Reflection. She has Wit at Will, when she has a mind to display her own romantick Innocence, at the Price of other People's Characters.

Well, said the aggravating Creature, this is nothing to what she has called me; I have been a *Jezebel*, a *London* Prostitute, and what not?—But I am contented with her ill Names, now I see it is her Fashion, and she can call your Honour a Vultur.

Said I, I had no Thought of comparing my Master—And was going to say on: But he said, Don't prate, Girl!—No, said she, it don't become you, I'll assure you.

Well, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my Peace: But there is a righteous Judge, who knows the Secrets of all Hearts!* and to him I appeal.

See there! said he: Now this meek, good Creature is praying for Fire from Heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the Spirit of Christian Meekness, I'll assure you!—Come, Sawcy-face, give me another Glass of Wine!

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, I suppose I shall have some of your Tears in my Wine!

When he had supp'd, he stood up, and said, O how happy for you it is, that you can, at Will, thus make your speaking Eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their Brilliancy! you have been told, I suppose, that you are most beautiful in your Tears!—Did you ever, said he to her, (who all this while was standing in one Corner of the Parlour) see a more charming Creature than this? Is it to be wonder'd at, that I demean myself thus to take Notice of her!—See, said he, and took the Glass with one Hand, and turn'd me round with the other, What a Shape! what a Neck! what a Hand! and what a Bloom in that lovely Face!—But who can describe the Tricks and Artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful Heart! 'Tis no Wonder the poor Parson was infatuated with her!—I blame him less than her; for who could expect such Artifice in so young a Sorceress!

I went to the further Part of the Room, and held my Face against the Wainscot; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobb'd, as if my Heart would break. He said, I am surpriz'd, Mrs. *Jewkes*, at the Mistake of the Letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private Correspondencies, and reveal every Secret that comes to my Knowledge, and then corrupt People to carry my Letters, against their Duty, and all good Conscience.

Come hither, Hussy, said he; you and I have a dreadful Reckoning to make.—Why don't you come, when I bid you?—Fie upon it! Mrs. *Pamela*, said she, what! not stir, when his Honour commands you to come to him!—Who knows but his Goodness will forgive you?

He came to me, (for I had no Power to stir) and put his Arms about my Neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if it were not for the Thought of this cursed Parson, I believe in my Heart, so great is my Weakness, that I could yet forgive this intriguing little Slut, and take her to my Bosom.

O, said the Sycophant, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving, indeed!—But come, added the profligate Wretch, I hope you will be so good, as to take her to your Bosom; and that, by to-morrow Morning, you'll bring her to a better Sense of her Duty!

Could any thing, in Womanhood, be so vile! I had no Patience: But yet Grief and Indignation choaked up the Passage of my Words; and I could only stammer out a passionate Exclamation to Heaven, to protect my Innocence. But the Word was the Subject of their Ridicule. Was ever poor Creature worse beset!

He said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither—She has given me great Disturbance; has brought great Discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my Servants at the other House; has despised my honourable Views and Intentions to her, and sought to run away with this ingrateful Parson—And surely I ought not to forgive her all this!—Yet, with all this wretched Grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his Hand in my Bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would die before I would be used thus.—Consider, *Pamela*, said he, in a threatening Tone, consider where you are! and don't play the Fool: If you do, a more dreadful Fate awaits you than you expect. But, take her up Stairs, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I'll send a few Lines to her to consider of; and let me have your Answer, *Pamela*, in the Morning. Till then you have to resolve upon: And after that, your Doom is fix'd.—So I went up Stairs, and gave myself up to Grief and Expectation of what he would send: But yet I was glad of this Night's Reprieve!

He sent me, however, nothing at all. And about Twelve o'Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Nan* came up, as the Night before, to be my Bedfellows; and I would go to-bed with two of my Petticoats on; which they mutter'd at sadly; and Mrs. *Jewkes* railed at me particularly: Indeed I would have sat up all Night, for Fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little Rest that Night, apprehending this Woman would let my Master in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me; but I answer'd her as little as I could.

He has Sir *Simon Tell-tale*, alias *Darnford*, to dine with him to-day, whose Family sent to welcome him into the Country; and it seems, the old Knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as *Samson* was,* to make Sport for him—Here I am, and must bear it all!

Twelve o'Clock Saturday Noon.

JUST now he has sent me up, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, the following Proposals. So here are the honourable Intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear Parents, to make me a vile kept Mistress: Which God, I hope, will always enable me to detest the Thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have

most lov'd, could I have honestly promoted it, your Welfare and Happiness. I have answer'd them, as you'll, I'm sure, approve; and I am prepared for the worst: For tho' I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and tho' my poor Strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of Crime in my Intention, and in the Sight of God; and to him leave the avenging of all my Wrongs, in his own good Time and Manner. I shall write to you my Answer against his Articles; and hope the best, tho' I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruin'd and undone, and may not be able to look you in the Face; yet pity and inspirit the poor *Pamela*, to make her little Remnant of Life easy; for long I shall not survive my Disgrace. And you may be assured it shall not be my Fault, if it be my Misfortune.

'To MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS.

This is my ANSWER.

'The following ARTICLES are proposed to your serious Consideration; and let me have an Answer, in Writing, to them; that I may take my Resolutions accordingly. Only remember, that I will not be trifled with; and what you give for Answer, will absolutely decide your Fate, without Expostulation or further Trouble.

'I. IF you can convince me, that the hated Parson has had no Encouragement from you in his Addresses; and that you have no Inclination for him, in Preference to me; then I will offer the following Proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.

Forgive, good Sir, the Spirit your poor Servant is about to shew in her Answer to your ARTICLES. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an Occasion as the present, would shew a Degree of Guilt, that, I hope, my Soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, nor act like a Person doubtful of her own Mind; for it wants not one Moment's Consideration with me; and I therefore return the ANSWER following, let what will be the Consequence.

I. AS to the first Article, Sir, it may behove me, that I may not deserve, in your Opinion, the opprobrious Terms of *forward* and *artful*, and the like, to declare solemnly, that Mr. *Williams* never had the least Encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal Motive was the apprehended Duty of his Function, quite contrary to his apparent Interest, to assist a Person he thought in Distress. You may, Sir, the rather believe me, when I declare, that I know not the Man

breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the Gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting Dishonour.

'II. I will directly make you a Present of 500 *Guineas*, for your own Use, which you may dispose of to any Purpose you please: And will give it absolutely into the Hands of any Person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no Favour in Return, till you are satisfy'd in the Possession of it.

II. As to your second Proposal, let the Consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my Soul. Money, Sir, is not my chief Good: May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is; and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my Title to that blessed Hope which will stand me in stead, at a Time when Millions of Gold will not purchase one happy Moment of Reflection on a past mis-spent Life!

'III. I will likewise directly make over to you a Purchase I lately made in *Kent*, which brings in 250 *l. per Annum*, clear of all Deductions. This shall be made over to you in full Property for your Life, and for the Lives of any Children, to Perpetuity, that you may happen to have: And your Father shall be immediately put into Possession of it, in Trust for these Purposes. And the Management of it will yield a comfortable Subsistence to him and your Mother, for Life; and I will make up any Deficiencies, if such should happen, to that clear Sum, and allow him 50 *l. per Annum* besides, for his Life, and that of your Mother, for his Care and Management of this your Estate.

III. Your third Proposal, Sir, I reject, for the same Reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest Parents would enter into their Part of it, and be concerned for the Management of an Estate, which would be owing to the Prostitution of their poor Daughter. Forgive, Sir, my Warmth on this Occasion; but you know not the poor Man, and the poor Woman, my ever dear Father and Mother, if you think that they would not much rather chuse to starve in a Ditch, or rot in a noisome Dunghil, than accept of the Fortune of a Monarch, upon such wicked Terms. I dare not say all that my full Mind suggests to me on this grievous Occasion.—But indeed, Sir, you know them not; nor shall the Terrors of Death, in its most frightful Forms, I hope, thro' God's assisting Grace, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest Parents.

'IV. I will, moreover, extend my Favour to any other of your Relations, that you may think worthy of it, or that are valued by you.

'V. I will, besides, order Patterns to be sent you for chusing four complete Suits of rich Cloaths, that you may appear with Reputation, as if you was my Wife. And I will give you the two Diamond Rings, and two Pair of Ear-rings, and Diamond Necklace, that were bought by my Mother, to present to Miss *Tomlins*, if the Match had been brought to Effect, that was proposed between her and me: And I will confer upon you still other Gratuities, as I shall find myself obliged, by your good Behaviour and Affection.

'VI. Now, *Pamela*, will you see by this, what a Value I set upon the Free-will of a Person already in my Power; and who, if these Proposals are not accepted, shall find that I have not taken all these Pains, and risked my Reputation, as I have done, without resolving to gratify my Passion for you, at all Adventures, and if you refuse, without making any Terms at all.

IV. Your fourth Proposal, I take upon me, Sir, to answer as the third. If I have any Friends that want the Favour of the Great, may they ever want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy Terms!

V. Fine Cloaths, Sir, become not me; nor have I any Ambition to wear them. I have greater Pride in my Poverty and Meanness, than I should have in Dress and Finery. Believe me, Sir, I think such things less become the humble-born *Pamela*, than the Rags your good Mother raised me from. Your Rings, Sir, your Necklace, and your Ear-rings, will better befit Ladies of Degree, than me: And to lose the best Jewel, my Virtue, would be poorly recompensed by those you propose to give me.* What should I think, when I looked upon my Finger, or saw, in the Glass, those Diamonds on my Neck, and in my Ears, but that they were the Price of my Honesty; and that I wore those Jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly?*

VI. I know, Sir, by woful Experience, that I am in your Power: I know all the Resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and perhaps stand me in little stead: I dread your Will to ruin me is as great as your Power: Yet, Sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no Free-will Offering of my Virtue. All that I can do, poor as it is, I will do, to convince you, that your Offers shall have no Part in my Choice;

and if I cannot escape the Violence of Man, I hope, by God's Grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my Power to avoid my Disgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only Refuge and Protector, with this Consolation, That my Will bore no Part in my Violation.

'VII. You shall be Mistress of my Person and Fortune, as much as if the foolish Ceremony had passed. All my Servants shall be yours; and you shall chuse any two Persons to attend yourself, either Male or Female, without any Controul of mine; and if your Conduct be such, that I have Reason to be satisfied with it, I know not (but will not engage for this) that I may, after a Twelye-month's Cohabitation, marry you; for if my Love increases for you, as it has done for many Months past, it will be impossible for me to deny you any thing.

'And now, *Pamela*, consider well, it is in your Power to oblige me on such Terms, as will make yourself, and all your Friends, happy: But this will be over this very Day, irrevocably over; and you shall find all you would be thought to fear, without the least Benefit arising from it to yourself.—And I beg you'll well weigh the Matter, and comply with my Proposals; and I will instantly set about securing to you the full Effect of them: And let me, if you value yourself, experience a grateful Return on

VII. I have not once dared to look so high, as to such a Proposal as your seventh Article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little, abortive Artifices to escape from the Confinement you have put me in; altho' you promised to be honourable to me. Your Honour, well I knew, would not let you stoop to so mean and so unworthy a Slave, as the poor *Pamela*: All I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native Meanness unviolated. What have I done, Sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, tho' I would not have marry'd your Chaplain, yet would I have run away with your meanest Servant, if I had thought I could have got safe to my beloved Poverty. I heard you once say, Sir, That a certain great Commander, who could live upon Lentils,* might well refuse the Bribes of the greatest Monarch; and, I hope, as I can contentedly live at the meanest Rate, and think not myself above the lowest Condition, that I am also above making an Exchange of my Honesty for all the Riches of the *Indies*. When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy Apparel, and outside

this Occasion; and I'll forgive all that's past.'

Finery; then, (which, I hope, will never be) may I rest my principal Good in such vain Trinkets, and despise for them the more solid Ornaments of a good Fame, and a Chastity inviolate!

Give me Leave to say, Sir, in Answer to what you hint, That you

may, in a Twelvemonth's Time, marry me, on the Continuance of my good Behaviour; that this weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said. For, in the first Place, there is an End of all Merit, and all good Behaviour, on my Side, if I have now any, the Moment I consent to your Proposals. And I should be so far from expecting such an Honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most unworthy of it. What, Sir, would the World say, were you to marry your Harlot?—That a Gentleman of your Rank in Life, should stoop, not only to the base-born *Pamela*, but to a base-born Prostitute?—Little, Sir, as I know of the World, I am not to be caught by a Bait so poorly cover'd as this!

Yet, after all, dreadful is the Thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy Creature, am too fully in your Power! But permit me, Sir, to pray, as I now write, on my bended Knees, That before you resolve upon my Ruin, you will weigh well the Matter. Hitherto, Sir, tho' you have taken large Strides to this crying Sin, yet are you on this Side the Commission of it—When once it is done, nothing can recal it! And where will be your Triumph?—What Glory will the Spoils of such a weak Enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my Poverty with Honesty, is all my Prayer; and I will bless you, and pray for you every Moment of my Life! Think, O think! before it is yet too late! what Stings, what Remorse will attend your dying Hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruin'd, perhaps Soul and Body, a wretched Creature, whose only Pride was her Virtue! And how pleas'd you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous Moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul Crime, and to plead in your own Behalf, that you suffer'd the earnest Supplications of an unhappy Wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so!—May God Almighty, whose Mercy so lately sav'd you from the Peril of perishing in deep Waters, (on which, I hope, you will give me Cause to congratulate you!) touch your Heart in my Favour, and save you from this Sin, and me from this Ruin!—And to Him do I commit my Cause; and to Him will I give the Glory, and Night and Day pray for you, if I may be permitted to escape this great Evil!—From

*Your poor, oppressed,
broken-spirited Servant.*

I took a Copy of this for your Perusal, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again, my dear Parents (for I hope my Conduct shall be approved of by you); and at Night, when Sir *Simon* was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you considered my Proposals? Yes, Sir, said I, I have: And there is my Answer. But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your Bashfulness, said he, or your Obstinacy, that makes you not chuse I should read it before you?

I offer'd to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, *Pamela*, whether you comply with my Proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me; for he took my Hand. Said he, Did you well consider before you answer'd?—I did, Sir, said I. If it be not what you think will please me, said he, dear Girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute Answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly, where I can command.* I fear, said he, it is not what I like, by your Manner. And, let me tell you, That I cannot bear Denial. If the Terms I have offer'd are not sufficient, I will augment them to two Thirds of my Estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful Oath, I cannot live without you: And since the thing is gone so far, *I will not!*—And so he clasped me in his Arms, in such a manner as 'quite frightened me; and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him, and run up Stairs, and went to the Closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an Hour's time, he called Mrs. *Jemkes* down to him; and I heard him very high in Passion: And all about poor me! And I heard her say, It was his own Fault; there would be an End of all my Complaining and Perverseness, if he was once resolved; and other most impudent Aggravations. I am resolved not to go to-bed this Night, if I can help it—Lie still, lie still, my poor fluttering Heart!—what will become of me!

Almost Twelve o'Clock SATURDAY Night.

HE sent Mrs. *Jemkes*, about Ten o'Clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll shew you, said she. I went down three or four Steps, and saw her making to his Chamber, the Door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go there!—Don't be foolish, said she; but

come; no Harm will be done to you!—Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go there. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak to her myself!—Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my Closet, expecting to be fetch'd by Force.

But she came up soon after, and bid me make haste to-bed: Said I, I will not go to-bed this Night, that's certain!—Then, said she, you shall be made to come to-bed; and *Nan* and I will undress you. I knew neither Prayers nor Tears would move this wicked Woman: So, I said, I am sure you will let my Master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty Piece of Undone, she said! But he was too exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me—Ay, said she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you for your Comfort; And I hope your *Husband* will have your Obedience, tho' nobody else can. No Husband in the World, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing.—She said, That would be soon try'd; and *Nan* coming in, What, said I, am I to have two Bedfellows again, these warm Nights? Yes, said she, Slippery-ones, you are, till you can have one good one instead of us. Said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't talk nastily to me. I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may-be; for next to bad Actions, are bad Words, for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the Heart.—Come to-bed, Purity! said she. You are a Nonsuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to-bed; and it will do you no harm to let me sit all Night in the great Chair. *Nan*, said she, undress my young Lady. If she won't let you, I'll help you: And if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my Master to do it for us; tho', said she, I think it an Office worthier of Monsieur *Colbrand*!—You are very wicked, said I. I know it, said she: I am a *Jezebel*, and a *London* Prostitute, you know. You did great Feats, said I, to tell my Master all this poor Stuff! But you did not tell him how you beat me: No, Lambkin, said she, (a Word I had not heard a good while) that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it, if the Vultur had not taken the Wolf's Part, and bid the poor innocent Lamb be silent!—Ay, said I, no matter for your Pleeers, Mrs. *Jewkes*; tho' I can have neither Justice nor Mercy here, and cannot be heard in my Defence, yet a Time will come, may-be, when I shall be heard, and when your own Guilt will strike you dumb—Ay, Spirit! said she; and the Vultur too! Must we both be dumb? Why that, Lambkin,

will be pretty!—Then, said the wicked one, you'll have all the Talk to yourself!—Then how will the Tongue of the pretty Lambkin bleat out Innocence, and Virtue, and Honesty, till the whole Trial be at an End!—You're a wicked Woman, that's certain, said I; and if you thought any thing of another World, could not talk thus. But no Wonder!—It shews what Hands I am got into!—Ay, so it does, said she; but I beg you'll undress, and come to-bed, or I believe your Innocence won't keep you from still worse Hands. I will come to bed, said I, if you will let me have the Keys in my own Hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, said she, and then, hey! for another Contrivance, another Escape!—No, no, said I, all my Contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the Keys, and I will come to-bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge Arms, as if I was a Feather; said she, I do this to shew you, what a poor Resistance you can make against me, if I pleased to exert myself; and so, Lambkin, don't say to your Wolf, I *won't* come to-bed!—And set me down, and tapped me on the Neck: Ah! said she, thou art a pretty Creature, it's true; but so obstinate! so full of Spirit! If thy Strength was but answerable to that, thou wouldst run away with us all, and this great House too on thy Back! but undress, undress, I tell you.

Well, said I, I see my Misfortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: But I will love you, if you will humour me with the Keys of the Chamber-doors.—Are you sure you will love me, said she?—Now speak your Conscience!—Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given Reason to doubt it!—But I will love you as well as I can!—I would not tell a wilful Lye: And if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard Usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own!—But *Nan*, pray pull off my young Lady's Shoes and Stockens.—No, pray don't, said I; I will come to-bed presently, since I must.

And so I went to the Closet, and scribbled a little about this idle Chit-chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to-bed; but with two of my Coats on, as the former Night; and she let me hold the two Keys; for there are two Locks, there being a double Door; and so I got a little Sleep that Night, having had none for two or three Nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but *Nan* offer'd to talk a little

once or twice; and she snubbed her, and said, I charge you, Wench, don't open your Lips before me! And if you are asked any Questions by Mrs. *Pamela*, don't answer her one Word, while I am here!—But she is a lordly Woman to the Maid-servants, and that has always been her Character. O how unlike good Mrs. *Jervis* in every thing!

SUNDAY Morning.

A Thought came into my Head; I meant no Harm; but it was a little bold. For seeing my Master dressing to go to Church, and his Chariot getting ready, I went to my Closet, and I writ,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired for a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who labours under a Temptation to exert his great Power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless Maiden.

And also,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired, by a poor distressed Creature, for the Preservation of her Virtue and Innocence.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came up; Always writing, said she! and would see it. And strait, all that ever I could say, carry'd it down to my Master.—He look'd upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her Prayers are answer'd. She is very bold. But as she has rejected all my Favours, her Reckoning for all is not far off. I look'd after him, out of the Window, and he was charmingly dress'd: To be sure, he is a handsome fine Gentleman!—What pity his Heart is not as good as his Appearance! Why can't I hate him?—But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his Vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My Master sends Word, that he shall not come home to Dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir *Simon Darnford*. I am much concerned for poor Mr. *Williams*. Mrs. *Jewkes* says, he is confined still, and takes on much. All his Trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My Master, it seems, will have his

Money from him. This is very hard; for it is three fifty Pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a Salary for three Years that he has been with him. But there was no Agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my Master's Favour. To be sure, it was the more generous of him to run these Risques for the sake of oppressed Innocence; and I hope he will meet with his Reward in due Time. Alas! for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my Oppressor's Jealousy more. And I have not Interest to save myself!

SUNDAY Evening.

MRS. *Jewkes* has received a Line from my Master. I wonder what it is; but his Chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of Plots and Tricks, I know not what to do!—Every thing I suspect; for now my Disgrace is avow'd, what can I think!—To be sure the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my Soul in Prayer to God, for his blessed Protection. But if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful Survivor!—Only let me not shorten my own Time sinfully!—

This Woman left upon the Table, in the Chamber, this Letter of my Master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcrib'd it. You'll see how tremblingly by the Lines. I wish poor Mr. *Williams*'s Release at any Rate; but this Letter makes my Heart ake. Yet I have another Day's Reprieve, thank God!

'Mrs. JEWKES,

'I Have been so press'd on *Williams*'s Affair, that I shall set out this Afternoon, in Sir *Simon*'s Chariot, and with Parson *Peters*, who is his Intercessor, for *Stamford*; and shall not be back till to-morrow Evening, if then. As to your Ward, I am thoroughly incensed against her. She has withstood her Time; and now, would she sign and seal to my Articles, it is too late. I shall discover something, perhaps, by him, and will, on my Return, let her know, that all her insnaring Loveliness shall not save her from the Fate that awaits her. But let her know nothing of this, lest it put her fruitful Mind upon Plots and Artifices. Be-sure trust her not without another with you at Night, lest she venture the

Window in her foolish Rashness: For I shall require her at your Hands.

‘Yours, &c.’

I had but just finished taking a Copy of this, and laid the Letter where I had it, and unbolted the Door, when she came up in a great Fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my Closet, and that lying as she left it, she did not mistrust. O, said she, I was afraid you had seen my Master’s Letter here, which I carelessly left on the Table. I wish, said I, I had known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offer’d to read my Letters. Indeed, said I, I should, at this Time, if it had been in my way—Do, let me see it—Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. *Williams* well off; I understand my Master is gone to make up Matters with him; which is very good. To be sure, added she, he is a very good Gentleman, and very forgiving!—Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the Matter, how can he make up Matters with him? Is not Mr. *Williams* at *Stamford*? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson *Peters* pleads for him, and he is gone with him to *Stamford*, and will not be back to Night: So, we have nothing to do, but to eat our Suppers betimes, and go to-bed. Ay, that’s pure, said I; and I shall have good Rest, this Night, I hope. So, said she, you might every Night, but for your own idle Fears. You are afraid of your Friends, when none are near you. Ay, that’s true, said I; for I have not one near me.

So have I one more good honest Night before me! What the next may be, I know not; and so I’ll try to take in a good deal of Sleep, while I can be easy. And so here I say Good-night, my dear Parents; for I have no more to write about this Night: And tho’ his Letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn’t suspect I have seen it.

TUESDAY Night.

FOR the future, I will always mistrust most when Appearances look fairest. O your poor Daughter, what has she not suffer’d since what I wrote of *Sunday* Night!—My worst Trial, and my fearfullest Danger! O how I shudder to write you an Account of this wicked Interval of Time! For, my dear Parents, will you not be too much frighten’d and affected with my Distress, when I tell you, that his Journey to

Stamford was all abominable Pretence? for he came home privately, and had well nigh effected all his vile Purposes, and the Ruin of your poor Daughter; and that by such a Plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And Oh! you’ll hear what a vile and unwomanly Part that wicked Wretch, Mrs. *Jewkes*, acted in it!

I left off with letting you know how much I was pleased, that I had one Night’s Reprieve added to my Honesty. But I had less Occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by what I have said already. Take then the dreadful Story as well as I can relate it.

The Maid *Nan* is a little apt to drink, if she can get at Liquor; and Mrs. *Jewkes* happen’d, or design’d, as is too probable, to leave a Bottle of Cherry-brandy in her way, and the Wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came in to lay the Cloth, Mrs. *Jewkes* perceived it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many Faults of her own, to suffer any of the like Sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bid her get out of her Sight, when we had supp’d, and go to-bed, to sleep off her Liquor, before we came to-bed. And so the poor Maid went muttering up Stairs.

About two Hours after, which was near Eleven o’Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went up to go to-bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming Night I should have. We lock’d both Doors, and saw poor *Nan*, as I thought, (for Oh! it was my abominable Master, as you shall hear by-and-by) sitting fast asleep, in an Elbow-chair, in a dark Corner of the Room, with her Apron thrown over her Head and Neck. And Mrs. *Jewkes* said, There is that Beast of a Wench fast asleep, instead of being a-bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine Dose. I’ll wake her, said I. No, don’t, said she, let her sleep on; we shall lie better without her. Ay, said I, so we shall, if she don’t get Cold.

Said she, I hope you have no Writing to Night. No, reply’d I, I will go to-bed with you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said she, I wonder what you can find to write about so much; and am sure you have better Conveniences of that kind, and more Paper, than I am aware of; and I had intended to romage you, if my Master had not come down; for I ’spy’d a broken Tea-cup with Ink, which gave me a Suspicion; but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own Fault.

All this time we were undressing ourselves. And I fetch’d a deep Sigh! What do you sigh so for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answer’d I, what a sad Life I live, and how hard is my Lot. I am sure

the Thief that has robb'd, is much better off than I, 'bating the Guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a Mercy, to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel Apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling Vein, I began to give a little History of myself, as I did once before to Mrs. *Jervis*, in this manner.

Here, said I, were my poor honest Parents; they took care to instil good Principles into my Mind, till I was almost twelve Years of Age; and taught me to prefer Goodness and Poverty to the highest Condition of Life; and they confirm'd their Lessons by their own Practice; for they were, of late Years, remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a Proverb; for, *as honest as Goodman ANDREWS*, was a Bye-word.

Well then, said I, comes my late dear good Lady, and takes a Fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good Girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the Spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy Hours; and also learnt me all manner of fine Needle-work; but still this was her Lesson, *My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the Men at a Distance*: Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, tho' I say it, they all loved me, and respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I was a Gentlewoman.

But then, what comes next?—Why, it pleased God to take my good Lady; and then comes my Master. And what says he?—Why, in Effect, it is, *Be not virtuous*, Pamela.

So here have I lived above sixteen Years in Virtue and Reputation, and, all at once, when I come to know what is Good and what is Evil, I must renounce all the Good, all the whole sixteen Years Innocence, which, next to God's Grace, I owed chiefly to my Parents and my Lady's good Lessons and Examples, and chuse the Evil; and so, in a Moment's Time, become the vilest of Creatures! And all this, for what I pray? Why truly, for a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, a Necklace, and a Diamond Ring for my Finger; which would not become me: For a few paltry fine Cloaths; which when I wore, it would make but my former Poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me; especially when they knew the base Terms I wore them upon. But indeed, I was to have a great Parcel of Guineas beside; I forget how many; for had there been ten times more, they would have been not so much to me, as the honest Six Guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

Well, forsooth, but then I was to have I know not how many

Pounds a Year for my Life; and my poor Father (there was the Jest of it) was to be the Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his Daughter: And then (there was the Jest again) my kind, forgiving, virtuous Master, would pardon me all my Misdeeds!

Yes, thank him for nothing, truly. And what, pray, are all these violent Misdeeds?—Why, they are for daring to adhere to the good Lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former: For not being contented when I was run away with, in order to ruin me; but contriving, if my poor Wits had been able, to get out of my Danger, and preserve myself honest.

Then was he once jealous of poor *John*, tho' he knew *John* was his own Creature, and helped to deceive me.

Then was he outrageous against poor Parson *Williams*; and him has this good, merciful Master thrown into Gaol; and for what? Why truly, for that, being a Divine, and a good Man, he had the Fear of God before his Eyes, and was willing to forego all his Expectations of Interest, and assist an oppressed poor Creature.

But, to be sure, I must be forward, bold, sawcy, and what not? to dare to run away from certain Ruin, and to try to escape from an unjust Confinement; and I must be married to the Parson, nothing so sure!

He would have had but a poor Catch of me, had I consented; but he and you too know I did not want to marry any body. I only wanted to go to my poor Parents, and to have my own Liberty, and not to be confined to such an unlawful Restraint; and which would not be inflicted upon me, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young Body, and have no Friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, here is my History in brief. And I am a very unhappy young Creature, to be sure!—And why am I so?—Why, because my Master sees something in my Person that takes his present Fancy; and because I would not be undone.—Why therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be undone!—And this is all the Reason that can be given!

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any Interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the two Closets, ever since an Affair of the Closet at the other House, tho' he is so far off. And I had a good mind to wake this poor Maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her; and she'll get no Harm there;

but if she wakes, she may come to-bed well enough, as long as there is a Candle in the Chimney.

So I looked into the Closets, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my Prayers; and this with my under Cloaths in my Hand, all undrest, and passed by the poor sleeping Wench, as I thought, in my Return. But Oh! little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked Master in a Gown and Petticoat of hers, and her Apron over his Face and Shoulders. What Meannesses will not *Lucifer* make his Votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable Ends!

Mrs. *Jemkes*, by this time, was got to-bed, on the further Side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the Maid, when she should awake, I got into bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the Keys? tho' said I, I am not so much afraid to-night. Here, said the wicked Woman, put your Arm under mine, and you shall find them about my Wrist, as they used to be. So I did; and the abominable Designer held my Hand with her Right-hand, as my Right-arm was under her Left.

In less than a Quarter of an Hour, I said, There's poor *Nan* awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to sleep, said she, and not mind her: She'll come to-bed, when she's quite awake. Poor Soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the Head-ach finely to-morrow for it. Be silent, said she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a Humour in my Life. Don't chide me, said I; I will say but one thing more: Do you think *Nan* could hear me talk of my Master's Offers? No, no, said she; she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my Master to his common Servants; and I knew *you* was no Stranger to his *fine* Articles. Said she, I think they were fine Articles, and you was bewitch'd you did not close in with them: But let us go to sleep. So I was silent; and the pretended *Nan* (O wicked, base, villainous Designer! what a Plot, what an unexpected Plot was this!) seem'd to be awaking; and Mrs. *Jemkes*, abhorred Creature! said, Come, *Nan*!—what are you awake at last? Pr'ythee come to-bed; for Mrs. *Pamela* is in a talking Fit, and won't go to sleep one while.

At that the pretended She came to the Bed-side; and sitting down in a Chair, where the Curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor Mrs. *Ann*, I warrant your Head aches most sadly! How do you do?—She answer'd not one Word. Said the superlatively wicked Woman, You know I have order'd her not to answer you.

And this Plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these Orders, the Night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. *Jemkes*, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. *Ann*? And still no Answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it, the pretended She came into Bed; but quiver'd like an Aspin-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much.—But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs.

What Words shall I find, my dear Mother, (for my Father should not see this shocking Part) to describe the rest, and my Confusion, when the guilty Wretch took my Left-arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procuress held my Right; and then he clasp'd me round my Waist!

Said I, Is the Wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been *Nan*. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Clap of Thunder. Now, *Pamela*, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd.—I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said I; wicked, abominable Woman! O God! my God! this *Time*, this *one* Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike me dead this Moment; and then I scream'd again and again.

Says he, One Word with you, *Pamela*; one Word hear me but; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is this nothing, said I, to be in Bed here? To hold my Hands between you? I will hear, if you will instantly leave the Bed, and take this villainous Woman from me!

Said she, (O Disgrace of Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst.

Silence, said he to her; I must say one Word to you, *Pamela*; it is this: You see, now you are in my Power!—You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offer'd any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my Proposals, I will not lose this Opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O Sir, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do.—Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my

Proposals!—And then, (for this was all detestable Grimace) he put his Hand in my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright, Terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold Sweats that I was in, thought me dying—And I remember no more than that, when, with great Difficulty, they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the Bed, with her Cloaths on; and he on the other with his, and in his Gown and Slippers.

Your poor *Pamela* cannot answer for the Liberties taken with her in her deplorable State of Death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my Bed, without any Regard to what Appearance I made, and nothing about my Neck; and he soothing me, with an Aspect of Pity and Concern, I put my Hand to his Mouth, and said, O tell me, yet tell me not, what I have suffer'd in this Distress! And I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the Point of Distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter Imprecation, vow'd, that he had not offer'd the least Indecency; that he was frighten'd at the terrible manner I was taken with the Fit: That he would desist from his Attempt; and begg'd but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own Bed. O then, said I, take from me this most wicked Woman, this vile Mrs. *Jewkes*, as an Earnest that I may believe you!

And will you, Sir, said the wicked Wretch, for a Fit or two, give up such an Opportunity as this?—I thought you had known the Sex better.—She is now, you see, quite well again!

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these Words, and at his clasping his Arms about me again. And when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the Maid *Nan*, holding a Smelling-bottle to my Nose, and no Mrs. *Jewkes*.

He said, taking my Hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear *Pamela*, that I will leave you the Moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's *Nan* knows, and will tell you my Concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offer'd any Indecency to you. And since I found Mrs. *Jewkes* so offensive to you, I have sent her to the Maid's Bed, and the Maid shall lie with you to-night. And but promise me that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But said I, will not *Nan* also hold my Hand! And will *she* not let you come in again to me?—He said, By Heaven! I will not come in again to-night. *Nan*, undress yourself, go to-bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear

Creature: And now, *Pamela*, said he, give me but your Hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your Repose. I held out my trembling Hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, Sir, as you *have been* just in my Distress; and as you *will be* just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a Countenance of Remorse, as I hoped; and she shut the Doors, and, at my Request, brought the Keys to-bed.

This, O my dear Parents! was a most dreadful Trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recall all the horrid Circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of Indecency; but have Reason to bless God, who, by disabling me in my Faculties, enabled me to preserve my Innocence; and when all my Strength would have signified nothing, magnify'd himself in my Weakness!

I was so weak all Day on *Monday*, that I lay a-bed. My Master shew'd great Tenderness for me; and, I hope, he is really sorry, and that this will be his last Attempt; but he does not say so neither.

He came in the Morning, as soon as he heard the Door open: And I begun to be fearful. He stopt short of the Bed, and said, Rather than give you Apprehensions, I will come no further. I said, Your Honour, Sir, and your Mercy, is all I have to beg. He sat himself on the side of the Bed, and asked kindly how I did?—Begg'd me to be compos'd; said I still look'd a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good Sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. *Jewkes*; I doubt I cannot bear her Sight. She shan't, said he, come near you all this Day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, Sir, said I, I will try. He pressed my Hand very tenderly, and went out. What a Change does this shew!—O may it be lasting! But, alas! he seems only to have alter'd his Method of Proceeding, but retains, I doubt, his wicked Purpose!

On *Tuesday* about ten o'Clock, when my Master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the Parlour. When I came, he said, Come nearer to me, *Pamela*. I did so, and he took my Hand, and said, You begin to look well again. I am glad of it. You little Slut, how did you frighten me on *Sunday* Night!—Sir, said I, pray name not that Night; and my Eyes overflow'd at the Remembrance, and I turn'd my Head aside.

Said he, Place some little Confidence in me: I know what those charming Eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: For

I do assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold Sweat bedew your pretty Face, and you fainted away, I quitted the Bed, and Mrs. *Jewkes* did so too. And I put on my Gown, and she fetch'd her Smelling-bottle, and did all we could to restore you; and my Passion for you was all swallow'd up in the Concern I had for your Recovery; for I thought I never saw a Fit so strong and violent in my Life; and fear'd we should not bring you to Life again; for what I saw you in once before was nothing to it. This, said he, might be my Folly, and my Unacquaintedness with what your Sex can shew when they are in Earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your Mind may be intirely comforted.—All I offer'd to you, (and that, I am sure, was innocent) was before you fainted away.

Sir, said I, that was very bad. And it was too plain you had the worst Designs. When, said he, I tell you the Truth in one Instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare beyond this lovely Bosom, your Sex; but that I did intend what you call the worst, is most certain: And tho' I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my Weakness and my Folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your Sex, and cannot live without you. But, if I am Master of myself, and my own Resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again. Sir, said I, you may easily keep your Resolution, if you will send me out of your way, to my poor Parents, that is all I beg.

'Tis a Folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assur'd you would not attempt it, you should have better Usage, and your Confinement should be made easier to you. But to what End, Sir, am I to stay, said I? You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good Resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I *could* get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own Strength, or would tempt my Ruin? And as if I was not in earnest to wish myself safe and out of Danger?—And then, how long am I to stay? And to what Purpose? And in what Light must I appear to the World? Would not that censure me, altho' I might be innocent? And you will allow, Sir, that if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good Name, or fair Reputation, one must not despise the World's Censure, if one can avoid it.

Well, said he, I sent not for you on this Account, just now. But for two Reasons. The first is, that you promise me, that for a Fortnight

to come you will not offer to go away without my express Consent; and this I expect for your own sake, that I may give you a little more Liberty. And the second is, That you will see and forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*; she takes on much, and thinks, that, as all her Fault was her Obedience to me, it would be very hard to sacrifice her, as she calls it, to your Resentment.

As to the first, Sir, said I, it is a hard Injunction, for the Reasons I have mention'd. And as to the second, considering her vile unwomanly Wickedness, and her Endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning Goodness seem'd to have some Compassion on me, it is still harder. But to shew my Obedience to your Commands, (for you know, my dear Parents, I might as well make a Merit of my Compliance, when my Refusal would stand me in no stead) I will consent to both; and to every thing else, that you shall be pleas'd to injoin, which I can do with Innocence.

That's my good Girl, said he, and kiss'd me. This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent Advantage of my Favour for you, and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the Bell, and said, Call down Mrs. *Jewkes*. She came down, and he took my Hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am oblig'd to you for all your Diligence and Fidelity to me; but *Pamela*, I must own, is not; because the Service I employ'd you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wish'd she would have thought it; and you was not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first Word, she has *once* oblig'd me, by consenting to be Friends with you; and, if she gives me no great Cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable Service again.—Now, therefore, be you once more Bed-fellows and Board-fellows, as I may say, for some Days longer; and see that *Pamela* sends no Letters nor Messages out of the House, nor keeps a Correspondence unknown to me, especially with that *Williams*; and, as for the rest, shew the dear Girl all the Respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh Restraints. But your watchful Care is not, however, to cease: And remember that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good Turn, if it lay in her Power.

I took Courage then to drop a Word or two for poor Mr. *Williams*; but he was angry with me for it, and said, he could not endure to hear his Name in my Mouth; so I was forc'd to have done for that time.

All this time my Papers that I had bury'd under the Rose-bush, lay there still; and I begg'd for Leave to send a Letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my Design; and yet I would have sent you such a Letter as he might see, if I had been sure my Danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another Method, and what I am more afraid of, because, may-be, he may watch an Opportunity, and join Force with it, on Occasion, when I am least prepar'd: For now, he seems to abound with Kindness, and talks of Love, without Reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the Liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it; but for a Master to do it at all to a Servant, has Meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest Body.

WEDNESDAY Morning.

I Find I am watched and suspected still very close; and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this Fortnight. I don't like this Fortnight, and it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My Master just now sent for me down to take a Walk with him in the Garden. But I like him not at all, nor his Ways. For he would have all the way his Arm about my Waist, and said abundance of fond Things to me, enough to make me proud, if his Design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little Alcove, on the further Part of the Garden; and really made me afraid of myself. For he began to be very teasing, and made me sit on his Knee, and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid!—And what made me the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and did not think I heard him, and which, tho' always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my Writing.

She, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his Wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful Trial; and I only heard what he answer'd.

Said he, I will try once more; but I have begun wrong. For I see Terror does but add to her Frost; but, she is a charming Girl, and may be thaw'd by Kindness; and I should have melted her by Love, instead of freezing her by Fear.

Is he not a wicked sad Man for this?—To be sure, I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has deliver'd me from the Paw of the Lion and the Bear; that is, his and Mrs. *Jewkes's* Violences; will also deliver me from this *Philistine*, myself, and my own Infirmities, that I may not defy the Commands of the Living God!*

But, as I was saying, this Expression coming into my Thoughts, I was of Opinion, I could not be too much on my Guard, at all times; more especially when he took such Liberties: For he professed Honour all the Time with his Mouth, while his Actions did not correspond. I begg'd and pray'd he would let me go: And had I not appear'd quite regardless of all he said, and resolv'd not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded: For I was forc'd to fall down upon my Knees.

At last he walk'd out with me, still bragging of his Honour, and his Love. Yes, yes, Sir, said I, your Honour is to destroy mine; and your Love is to ruin me, I see it too plainly. But, indeed, I will not walk with you, Sir, said I, any more. Do you know, said he, who you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had Reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, Sir, I know it too well, and that I have no Creature to befriend me: And, as to who you are, Sir, let me ask you, what you would have me answer?

Why tell me, said he, what Answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why then, Sir, said I, you cannot be my late good Lady's Son; for she lov'd me, and taught me Virtue. You cannot then be my Master; for no Master demeans himself so to his poor Servant.

He put his Arm round me, and his other Hand on my Neck; which made me more angry and bold, and he said, What then am I? Why, said I, (struggling from him, and in a great Passion) to be sure you are *Lucifer* himself in the Shape of my Master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great Liberties, said he, in Anger, and I desire that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no Decency towards me, I'll have none to you.