

СЭМЮЭЛ РИЧАРДСОН

PAMELA,
VOLUME II

Сэмюэл Ричардсон

Pamela, Volume II

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Samuel Richardson

Pamela, Volume II

AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL PREFACE TO VOLUME II

The First part of PAMELA met with a success greatly exceeding the most sanguine expectations: and the Editor hopes, that the Letters which compose this Part will be found equally written to NATURE, avoiding all romantic nights, improbable surprises, and irrational machinery; and the passions are touched, where requisite; and rules, equally *new* and *practicable*, inculcated throughout the whole, for the *general conduct of life*; and, therefore, he flatters himself, that they may expect the good fortune, which *few continuations* have met with, to be judged not unworthy the *First Part*; nor disproportioned to the more exalted condition in which PAMELA was destined to shine as an affectionate *wife*, a faithful *friend*, a polite and kind *neighbour*, an indulgent *mother*, and a beneficent *mistress*; after having in the former Part supported the character of a dutiful *child*, a spotless *virgin*, and a modest and amiable *bride*.

The reader will easily see, that in so great a choice of materials, as must arise from a multitude of important subjects, in a married life, to such geniuses and friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B. the Editor's greatest difficulty was how to bring them within the compass which he was determined not to exceed. And it having been left to his own choice, in what manner to digest and publish the letters, and where to close the work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other avocations, to have carried the piece no farther than the First Part.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an explanation of the reasons whereby he was provoked into a necessity of altering his intention. But he is willing to decline saying any thing upon so well-known a subject.

The Editor has been much pressed with importunities and conjectures, in relation to the person and family of the gentleman, who are the principal persons in the work; all he thinks himself at liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has already been hinted, that the story has its foundation in truth; and that there was a necessity, for obvious reasons, to vary and disguise some facts and circumstances, as also the names of persons, places, &c.

LETTER I

My dear father and mother,

We arrived here last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm, and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own unworthiness: for, at the same time, that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his condition, as to cause any one to censure it as the effect of a too partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light he can shine in to the most obliging and sensible heart?) still proposes to fit up the large parlour, and three apartments in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when I pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days; and he has actually given orders to that effect; and that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his own; for, he says, the plain simple elegance, which he will have observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure; and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bow-windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed: only he will have larger panes of glass, and more convenient casements to let in the sweet air and light, and make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers. For he has mentioned, three or four times, how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening we stood at the window, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which delighted us for above two hours, and the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, "How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind!—Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me: one such hour as I now enjoy is an ample reward for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life!"

The parlour will indeed be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new-floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders, and you will soon have workmen to put them in execution. The parlour-doors are to have brass-hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch-case: "For who knows," said he, "my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And besides, I shall no doubt entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions for a day or two."

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty's goodness and his! O spare, blessed Father of Mercies, the precious life of this excellent man; increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness;—and then—But what shall I say?—Only that I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed and happy, in my own mind, I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, as he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same, in one room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chamber, nor the little room he intends for my use, when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: "Which, my dear," says he, "shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed, once in a year or two,

to see when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: or, perhaps, they will be apt to think me ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with. Nor are you, my dear, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me: for who will offer to reproach me with marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them: and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were! And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see, I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasure of their humble but decent life?—Ay," continued he, "and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear," added he, "I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer."

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect deprecated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it if he would. O that it was in my power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but will—and that is wholly his: and what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without reserve; since the dear object of it requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and that of my dear, my ever dear parents.

Your dutiful and happy daughter.

LETTER II

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I need not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse; you both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. Yet, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you*, much less to the *'squire*, with the freedom he so often invited us to take: for I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents, yet, viewing you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and—I don't know what to call it—that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet, we should not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it. But your merit and prudence are so much above all we could ever have any notion of: and to have gentry come only to behold and admire you, not so much for your gentleness, and amiableness, or for your behaviour, and affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying, you deserve to be what you are, make us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed! I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less we should have been, had we only in some far distant land heard of our dear child's happiness and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for! thus kindly to be owned, and called Father and Mother by such a brave gentleman! and so placed as to have nothing to do but to bless God, him, and you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is a providence too mighty to be borne by us, with equalness of temper: we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days; when all our fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would have made us wish not to be so;—but to be entitled to a happier lot: for this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: for it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was: to be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William; for so unhappy were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. B.'s lady, say *command*, though, as to my dear daughter, I will only say *desire*: and, indeed, I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: you spoke it in better words, but this was the sense. But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon, as God has given you. Yet let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our head, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty upon plenty, see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us: and are bid to call them our own. Then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue!—O my dear daughter, who can bear these things!—Excuse me! I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart: and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So, my dear child, I now again take up my pen: but reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in one sort affected. But do you think I will call all these things my own?—Do you think I would live rent-free? Can the honoured *'squire* believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I could help

being touched by such an one as he sets me? If this goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving? Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch, neither. He will shew the world that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper, as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'squire, to pay to his steward, what any other person would pay for his noble stock, and improving farm: and I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health. I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman! Sure no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward than he: it was as we were walking over the grounds together, and observing in what good order every thing was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own, for the improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. "Ay, Mr. Longman," said I, "comfortably indeed: but do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?"

—"I can tell you," said he, "the 'squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews. Why, man, he has no occasion for it: he's worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land. Ad's-heartlikens, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: he's as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way."—"Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman," said I, "I was thinking to make *you* my friend!"—"Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that, nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. What I can do for you, I will, and here's my hand upon it."

"Well, then," said I, "it is this: let me account to you at the rent Farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it till you can't choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not, by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides."—"Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews," said he, "that I would do such a thing? Would not his honour think if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another? Go to, honest heart, I love thee dearly; but can Mr. B. do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come" (and he jeered me so, I knew not what to say), "I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?"—"No," said I, "it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child—to whom, under God, all this is owing. But some how or other it shall be so."

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

Our eldest grandson Thomas desires to come and live with us: the boy is honest, and, I hear, industrious. And cousin Borroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder, that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot; and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: but, yet, I think, one should not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And you have so followed than yours.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be in this life). Conclude us, *your ever-loving father and mother*,

JOHN and ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us; indeed it would. But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

LETTER III

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I have shewed your letter to my beloved. Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: and I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy without pain or anxiety all the benefits of your happy lot.

"Dear good souls!" said he, "now every thing they say and write manifests the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: and tell them, that I am so far from having them believe what I have done for them were only from my affection for their daughter, that let 'em find out another couple as worthy as they are, and I will do as much for them. I would not place them," he continued, "in the *same* county, because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their patrimony; and if any thing arise that is more than they themselves can wish for, in their way of life, let them look among their own relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation they are pleased with: and do you, my dear, still farther enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others."

I could only fly to his generous bosom (for this is a subject which most affects me), and, with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touched his dear face, bless God, and bless him, with my whole heart; for speak I could not! But, almost chok'd with my joy, sobb'd to him my grateful acknowledgments. He clasped me in his arms, and said, "How, my dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your parents! If it be thus to be bless'd for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joys is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves, whenever they please!—Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for: which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them."—"Tis too much!—too much," said I, in broken accents: "how am I oppressed with the pleasure you give me!—O, Sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it!" And, indeed, my heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, my beloved parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine!—If it proceeds thus from degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the charming hope, that the dear second author of our blessings, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! and if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think, that his advances in piety are owing not a little to them, and to the example God shall give us grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the pride to think, we have repaid his goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Forgive me, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above the natural simplicity, more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it! For when the mind is elevated, ought not the sense we have of our happiness to make our expressions soar equally? Can the affections be so highly raised as mine are on these occasions, and the thoughts creep grovelling like one's ordinary self? No, indeed!—Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude; a gift which makes you and me to *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves. Thus will our gratitude be the inspirer of joy to our common benefactor; and his joy will heighten our gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as cause and effect to each other's happiness, to bless the dear man who blesses us. And will it be right then to say, you are uneasy under such (at least as to your wills) returned and discharged obligations? God Almighty

requires only a thankful heart for all the mercies he heaps upon the children of men; my dear Mr. B., who in these particulars imitates Divinity, desires no more. You *have* this thankful heart; and that to such a high degree of gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, when your worthy minds would be too much affected with your gratitude, so as to lay under the restraints you mention, to the dear gentleman, and for his sake, to your dependent daughter; let me humbly advise you, with more particular, more abstracted aspirations, than at other times, to raise your thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the opportunity; and pray for him and for me; for *him*, that all his future actions may be of a piece with this noble disposition of mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blest for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a rewarder, in the hands of Providence, of this its dear excellent agent; and then we shall look forward, all of us, with pleasure, *indeed*, to that state, where there is no distinction of degree, and where the humble cottager shall be upon a par with the proudest monarch.

O my dear parents, how can you, as in your *postscript*, say, "May we not be *favoured* now-and-then with a letter?" Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela—I am no lady to you. I have more pleasure to be called your comfort, and thought to act worthy of the sentiments with which your example and instructions have inspired me, than in any other thing in this life; my determined duty to our common benefactor, the best of gentlemen and husbands, excepted. God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous; and, O see, my excellent parents, how we are crowned with blessings upon blessings, till we are the talk of all that know us.

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

I *will* write, *depend* upon it, on every occasion—and you augment my joys to think it is in my power to add to your comforts. Nor can you conceive my pleasure in hoping that this your new happy lot may, by relieving you from corroding care, and the too wearying effects of hard labour, add, in these your advanced years, to both your days. For, so happy am I, I can have no grief, no pain, in looking forward, but from reflecting, that one day we must be separated.

But it is fit that we so comport ourselves as not to embitter our present happiness with prospects too gloomy—but bring our minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along—and at last, when all is to be wound up—lie down, and say, "*Not mine, but Thy will be done.*"

I have written much; yet have still more to say relating to other parts of your kind acceptable letter; and so will soon write again: for I must think every opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if it will make you easier, *your dutiful*

PAMELA.

LETTER IV

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,

I now write again, as I told you I should in my last; but I am half afraid to look at the copy of it; for your worthy hearts, so visible in your letter and my beloved's kind deportment upon shewing it to him, raised me into a frame of mind, bordering on ecstasy: yet I wrote my heart. But you must not, my dear father, write to your Pamela so affectingly. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain, and you were forced to lay down your pen, and retire: how then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not *increased* that love by fresh and stronger instances of your worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself! But I will not again touch upon this subject.

You must know then, that my dearest spouse commands me, with his kind respects, to tell you, he has thought of a method to make your *worthy hearts* easy; those were his words: "And this is," said he, "by putting that whole estate, with the new purchase, under your father's care, as I at first intended: he shall receive and pay, and order every thing as he pleases: and Longman, who grows in years, shall be eased of that burden. Your father writes a very legible hand, and shall take what assistants he pleases; and do you, Pamela, see that this new task be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to you, my dear. And there will be several pleasures arise to me upon it: first, that it will be a relief to honest Longman, who has business enough on his hands. Next, it will make the good couple easy, to have an opportunity of enjoying that as their due, which now their too grateful hearts give them so many causeless scruples about. Thirdly, it will employ your father's time, more suitably to *your* liking and mine, because with more ease to himself; for you see his industrious will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth place, the management of this estate will gain him more respect and reverence among the tenants and his neighbours: and yet be all in his own way. For," added he, "you'll see, that it is always one point in view with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsic merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other light than that in which they have been accustomed to appear."

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, and brought you by honest Mr. Longman, who will be with you in a few days to put the last hand to the new purchase, and to give you possession of your new commission, if you accept it, as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. B.'s third reason; and knowing that this trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longman himself was in it—and better it cannot be. Mr. Longman is very fond of this relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper powers, the method, &c. And he says, in his usual phrase, that he'll make it as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept it, my dear Mr. B. will leave every thing to you, as to rent, where not already fixed, and, likewise, as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper; and he says, that, with his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord; and that I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour: "So that the old gentleman," said he, "need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh methods of proceeding, where things will do without; and he can always befriend an honest man; by which means the province will be entirely such a one as suits with his inclination. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises," continued he, "or where a little knowledge in law-matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that: and your father will see that he will not have in those points a coadjutor too hard-hearted for his wish; for it was a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that although I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things, than oppressive ones; and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting lawsuits."

I dare say, my dear father, this will be acceptable to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B. was pleased to mention: and what a charming contrivance is here! God for ever bless his

considerate heart for it! To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself: as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to all around you! What can one say to all things? But what signifies exulting on one's gratitude for *one* benefit;—every hour the dear man heaps new ones upon us, and we can hardly thank him for one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless degrees, confound one, and throw back our words upon our hearts before they are well formed, and oblige us to sit down under all with profound silence and admiration.

As to the desire of cousin Thomas, and Roger, to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear benefactor's opinion was. He was pleased to say, "I have no choice in this case, my dear. Your father is his own master: he may employ whom he pleases; and, if they shew respect to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observes, relationship should rather have the preference; and as he can remedy inconveniences, if he finds any, by all means to let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice with him."

But I have thought of this matter a good deal, since I had the favour of your letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely; yet entirely submitting all to your liking.

First, then, I think it better to have *any body* than relations; and for these reasons:

One is apt to expect more regard from them, and they more indulgence than strangers can hope for.

That where there is such a difference in the expectations of both, uneasiness cannot but arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no end of impositions: if you dismiss them, it will occasion ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you them ungrateful: and as your prosperous lot may raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them* rather than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think that we are crowding upon a generous gentleman a numerous family of indigent people; and it will be said, "The girl is filling every place with her relations, and *beleaguering*," as you significantly express it, "a worthy gentleman;" should one's kindred behave ever so worthily. So, in the next place, one would not, for *their* sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* reproach, and *equal* benefit, any where else; for I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B.'s expense, if their industry will not do it; although I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend, that our honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me. You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the parents of his Pamela, but as if you were his own; and if you had any body as your servants there, who called you cousin, or grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, though they might think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I shall always think *myself*) with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him* and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise (believe me, I hope you will, my dear father and mother), I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to every body but my best of parents, I must, if ever so reluctant to it, appear in a light that may not give discredit to his choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will be able, without the least injury to our common benefactor, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my she-cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades, according to their talents; and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood.

But, above all things, one would discourage such a proud and ambitious spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead of merit; and this the rather, for, undoubtedly, there are many more happy persons in low than in high life, take number for number all the world over. I am sure, although four or five years of different life had passed with me, I had so much pride and pleasure in the thought of working for my living with you, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my confinement the more grievous, and, if possible, aggravated the apprehensions attending it.

But I beg of you, not to think these my reasons proceed from the bad motives of a heart tainted with pride on its high condition. Indeed there can be no reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner—the greatest families on earth have some among them who are unhappy and low in life; and shall such a one reproach me with having twenty low relations, because they have, peradventure, not above five?

Let us then, my dear parents, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judge of us all: and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule—Every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my relation, whether so or not; and the more he wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well as to my esteem; while those who deserve it not, must expect only compassion from me, and my prayers were they my brothers or sisters. 'Tis true had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus; but if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, I should think it advisable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered service of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing and having them about you, will add comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever-dear parents, *your dutiful and happy daughter*.

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

LETTER V

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

How shall I do to answer, as they deserve, your two last letters? Sure no happy couple ever had such a child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at words like yours: and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so!—Happy shall I be, if I can! But I see the generous drift of his proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the nature of my employment, and, in my mind too, over-loaded as I may say, with benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, shall with still greater pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall want ability; but I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my power to do good to those who shall deserve it; and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing let me desire, that I make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my accounts to you: for so well known is your love to us, that though you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest child, get me off this difficulty, and I can have no other; for already I am in hopes I have hit upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants, at least not to worst them, and which, I hope, will please every body; but I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse.—If I could act so for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds!—We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by your reasons for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of—forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints, of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier* as well as *better* men and women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred pounds a year, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: but yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher:—for I hate a dirty thing; and, in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it.

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you now-and-then: it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we expect we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us inconvenience you neither. Pray don't; you'll have enough upon your hands without—to be sure you will.

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

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weathered the first dangers, and but for your fine clothes and jewels, we should not see any difference between our dear Pamela and the much respected Mrs. B. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember, in your former writings, a saying of your 'squire's, speaking of you, that it was for persons not used to praise, and who did not deserve it, to be proud of it.

Every day brings us instances of the good name his honour and you, my dear child, have left behind you in this country. Here comes one, and then another, and a third, and a fourth;

"Goodman Andrews," cries one, and, "Goody Andrews," cries another—(and some call us Mr. and Mrs., but we like the other full as well) "when heard you from his honour? How does his lady do?—What a charming couple are they!—How lovingly do they live!—What an example do they give to all about them!" Then one cries, "God bless them both," and another cries, "Amen;" and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, "But when do you expect them down again?—Such-a-one longs to see 'em—and will ride a day's journey, to have but a sight of 'em at church." And then they say, "How this gentleman praises them, and that lady admires them."—O what a happiness is this! How do your poor mother and I stand fixed to the earth to hear both your praises, our tears trickling down our cheeks, and our hearts heaving as if they would burst with joy, till we are forced to take leave in half words, and hand-in-hand go in together to bless God, and bless you both. O my daughter, what a happy couple have God and you made us!

Your poor mother is very anxious about her dear child. I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, though the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and all the increase of felicity that his honour's generous heart can wish for.—That is all we will say at present; only, that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child, *your loving father and mother*,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

LETTER VI

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I intended to have been with you before this: but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey has had an intermitting fever: but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a delightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charmed with you. Lady Betty, and her noble mamma, has been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a dear generous lady, and has shed with us many a tear over them; and my lord has not been unmoved, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature, and an ornament to your sex. We wanted to have had you among us a hundred times, as we read, that we might have loved, and kissed, and thanked you.

But after all, my brother, generous and noble as he seemed, when your trials were over, was a strange wicked young fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the trap he had laid for your virtue.

I can assure you, my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improved in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid although they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account, that they will be disappointed when they see and converse with you. But one thing more you must do, and then we will love you still more; and that is, send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at least; and farther, if you have written farther; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, though we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an account of an angry letter I wrote to my brother, to persuade him to give you your liberty, and a sum of money; not doubting but his designs would end in your ruin, and, I own, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your merit and excellence, nor could I, but for your letters so lately sent me, have had any notion of either. I don't question, but if you have recited my passionate behaviour to you, when at the hall, I shall make a ridiculous figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still farther give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says now and then, "What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers! O these intriguing gentlemen!—What rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposal! The *dear* Pamela would have run in his head, and had I been the first lady in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for, you see, his designs upon her began early."

She says, you had a good heart to go back again to him, when the violent wretch had driven you from him on such a slight occasion: but yet, she thinks the reasons you give in your relation, and your love for him (which then you began to discover was your case), as well as the event, shewed you did right.

But we'll tell you all our judgments, when we have read the rest of your accounts. So pray send them as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself *sister* till then) *your affectionate*, &c.

B. DAVERS.

LETTER VII

My good dear Lady,

You have done me great honour in the letter your ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor papers in the least diverted you, and such honourable and worthy persons as your ladyship mentions. I could wish I might be favoured with such remarks on my conduct, so nakedly set forth (without any imagination that they would ever appear in such an assembly), as may be of use to me in my future life, and thus make me more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest lady, favour me so far. I am prepared to receive blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect praise so much from my *actions* as from my *intentions*; for indeed, these were always just and honourable: but why, even for these do I talk of praise, since, being prompted by impulses I could not resist, it can be no merit in me to have been governed by them?

As to the papers following those in your hands, when I say, that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know, I dare say, your ladyship will not insist upon them: yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my dangers and trials were happily at an end: so that they only contain the conversations that passed between your ladyship's generous brother and me; his kind assurances of honourable love to me; my acknowledgments of unworthiness to him; Mrs. Jewkes's respectful change of behaviour towards me; Mr. B.'s reconciliation to Mr. Williams; his introducing me to the good families in the neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable intentions. A visit from my honest father, who (not knowing what to conclude from my letter to him before I returned to your honoured brother, desiring my papers from him) came in great anxiety of heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a stratagem, ending in my ruin. His joyful surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the hopes given me, answered by the private celebration of our nuptials—an honour so much above all that my utmost ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your ladyship's arrival, and anger, not knowing I was actually married, but supposing me a vile wicked creature; in which case I should have deserved the worst of usage. Mr. B.'s angry lessons to me, for daring to interfere; though I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful manner, between your ladyship and himself. The most acceptable goodness and favour of your ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense. My return to this sweet mansion in a manner so different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four years, in paying my duty to the best of mistresses, your ladyship's excellent mother, to whose goodness, in taking me from my poor honest parents, and giving me what education I have, I owe, under God, my happiness. The joy of good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and all the servants, on this occasion. Mr. B.'s acquainting me with Miss Godfrey's affair, and presenting to me the pretty Miss Goodwin, at the dairy-house. Our appearance at church; the favour of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who, knowing your ladyship had not disdained to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more readily into a neighbourly intimacy with me, and still so much the more readily, as the continued kindness of my dear benefactor, and his condescending deportment to me before them (as if I had been worthy of the honour done me), did credit to his own generous act.

These, my lady, down to my good parents setting out to this place, in order to be settled, by my honoured benefactor's bounty, in the Kentish farm, are the most material contents of my remaining papers: and though they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has with you; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judged of by your ladyship than described by me; and as you are acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice but my dear parents: I am sure your ladyship will dispense with your commands; and I make it my humble request that you will.

For, Madam, you must needs think, that *when* my doubts were dispelled; *when* confident all my trials were over; *when* I had a prospect of being so abundantly rewarded for what I suffered: *when* every hour rose upon me with new delight, and fraught with fresh instances of generous kindness from such a dear gentleman, my master, my benefactor, the son of my honoured lady: your ladyship must needs think, I say, that I must be *too* much affected, my heart *too* much opened; and especially as it then (relieved from its past anxieties and fears, which had kept down and damped the latent flame) first discovered impressions of which before I hardly thought it susceptible.—So that it is scarce possible, that my *joy* and my *prudence*, if I were to be tried by such judges of delicacy and decorum as Lord and Lady Davers, the honoured countess, and Lady Betty, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wished: although the continued sense of my unworthiness, and the disgrace the dear gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous goodness to me, always went hand in hand with my *joy* and my *prudence*; and what these considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier and more equal to myself, than otherwise it was possible such a young creature as I could have been.

Wherefore my good lady, I hope I stand excused, and shall not bring upon myself the censure of being disobedient to your commands.

Besides, Madam, since you inform me that my good Lord Davers will attend you hither, I should never dare to look his lordship in the face, if all the emotions of my heart, on such affecting occasions, stood confessed to his lordship; and if I am ashamed they should to your ladyship, to the countess, and Lady Betty, whose goodness must induce you all three to think favourably, in such circumstances, of one who is of your own sex, how would it concern me, for the same to appear before such gentlemen as my lord and his nephew?—Indeed I could not look up to either of them in the sense of this.—And give me leave to hope, that some of the scenes, in the letters your ladyship had, were not read to gentlemen; your ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand trials of all. For though I was the innocent subject of wicked attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion for what I could not help; yet, for your dear brother's sake, as well as for the decency of the matter, one would not, when having the honour to appear before my lord and his nephew, he looked upon, methinks, with that levity of eye and thought, which, perhaps, hard-hearted gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very scenes, which would move pity and concern in a good lady's breast, for a poor creature so attempted.

So, my dear lady, be pleased to tell me, if the gentlemen *have* heard all—I hope not—and also to point out to me such parts of my conduct as deserve blame: indeed, I will try to make a good use of your censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it; for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished family, and the right the best of gentlemen has given me to style myself *your ladyship's most humble, and most obliged servant*,

P.B.

LETTER VIII

From Lady Davers, in reply.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You have given us all a great disappointment in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first;—I must own I was:—for I cannot bear denial, when my heart is set upon any thing. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, she thought you very excusable: since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanced as you were, well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else; and relations of our side, the least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks, not otherwise agreeable. I regard her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great baulk to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you'll find, that if I am obliged to give up one point, I always insist on another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last case, I know how to take my measures, and resent.

Now this is what I insist upon; that you correspond with me the same as you did with your parents, and acquaint me with every passage that is of concern to you; beginning with your account how both of you spent your time when in Kent; for you must know we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story; for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is power to add to the natural obligation, all the comforts and conveniences of life? We people in upper life love to hear how gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon honest minds, who have little more than plain artless nature for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your means, in this our solitary situation, if obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and the earl threaten me, and the countess, and Lady Betty, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you can give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, related in your own artless and natural observations, will be as diverting to us, as if at them ourselves. For a young creature of your good understanding, to whom all these things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better taste of them, their beauties and defects, than we might have before; for we people of quality go to those places, dressed out and adorned in such a manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many parts of the public entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it; but some of us behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than improve ourselves by attending to the story of the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether, for I can get into thy grave way, and moralize a little now and then: and if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be), then I am sure we shall have truth and nature from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter; and yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your answer, which you may give to both together; and am, *yours*, &c.
B. DAVERS.

LETTER IX

DEAR PAMELA,

I am very glad thy honest man has let thee into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But pr'ythee, Pamela, tell us how he did it, and thy thoughts upon it, for that is a critical case, and as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: for I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct. For he loves the child, and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He dearly loved her mother; and notwithstanding her fault, she well deserved it: for she was a sensible, ay, and a modest lady, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue—Don't let this concern you—You'll have the greater happiness, and merit too, if you can hold him; and, 'tis my opinion, if any body can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to entrap him. So that the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave into the plot upon him: and he thought himself—vile wretch as he was for all that!—at liberty to set up plot against plot, and the poor lady's honour was the sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him—I hope you received the child kindly—I hope you had presence of mind to do this—For it is a nice part to act; and all his observations were up, I dare say, on the occasion—Do let me hear how it was. And write without restraint; for although I am not your mother, yet am I *his* eldest sister, you know, and as such—Come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* sister, and so entitled to expect a compliance with my request: for is there not a duty, in degree, to elder sisters from younger?

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your credit: but nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct, and if we see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole. So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you. Not that I will promise to answer every letter: no, you must not expect that. Your part will be a kind of narrative, purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight, or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one: but such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our opinion of your proceedings, and relations of things. And as you wish to be found fault with, you shall freely have it (though not in a splenetic or ill-natured way), as often as you give occasion. Now, Pamela, I have two views in this. One is to see how a man of my brother's spirit, who has not denied himself any genteel liberties (for it must be owned he never was a common town rake, and had always a dignity in his roguery), will behave himself to you, and in wedlock, which used to be freely sneered at by him; the next, that I may love you more and more as by your letters, I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by conversation; so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one objection to this; and that is, that your family affairs will require your attention, and not give the time you used to have for this employment. But consider, child, the station you are raised to does not require you to be quite a domestic animal. You are lifted up to the rank of a lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an example, as will draw upon you the ill-will and censure of other ladies. For will any of our sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such works as either must be a reproach to herself, or to them?—You'll have nothing to do but to give orders. You will consider yourself as the task-mistress, and the common herd of female servants as so many negroes directing themselves by your nod; or yourself as the master-wheel, in some beautiful pieces of mechanism, whose dignified grave motions is to

set a-going all the under-wheels, with a velocity suitable to their respective parts. Let your servants, under your direction, do all that relates to household management; they cannot write to entertain and instruct as you can: so what will you have to do?—I'll answer my own question: In the first place, endeavour to please your sovereign lord and master; and let me tell you, any other woman in England, be her quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, to receive and pay visits, in order, for his credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, you will have time upon your hands (as your monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a brazen face as he has been) to write to me in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your style, nothing can be easier for you than to do this.

Thus, and with reading, may your time be filled up with reputations to yourself, and delight to others, till a fourth employment puts itself upon you: and that is (shall I tell you boys, [Transcriber's note: text missing in original] to perpetuate a family, for many hundred years esteemed worthy and eminent, which, being now reduced, in the direct line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else let me tell you (nor will I baulk it), my brother, by descending to the wholesome cot—excuse me, Pamela—will want one apology for his conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more—but to let you know what is expected from you, and encourage you in the prospect already opening to you both, and to me, who have the welfare of the family I sprung from so much at heart, although I know this will be attended with some anxieties to a mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your solicitude, lest the gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your letters—But this I will particularly speak to in a third letter, having filled my paper on all sides: and am, till then, *yours*, &c.

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

LETTER X

From the same.

And so, Pamela, you are solicitous to know, if the gentlemen have seen every part of your papers? I can't say but they have: nor, except in regard to the reputation of your saucy man, do I see why the part you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is a very nice and delicate lady, had no objection to any part, though read before men: only now and then crying out, "O the vile man!—See, Lord Davers, what wretches you men are!" And, commiserating you, "Ah! the poor Pamela!" And expressing her impatience to hear how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now-and-then, "O, Lady Davers, what a vile brother you have!—I hate him perfectly. The poor girl cannot be made amends for all this, though he has married her. Who, that knows these things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his advantages of person, mind, and fortune?" and his wicked attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every tittle of your danger, how near you were to ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any measures to effect his vile purposes, even daring to attempt you in the presence of a *good* woman, which was a wickedness that every *wicked* man could not be guilty of; I say, except one had known these things, one could not have judged of the merit of your resistance, and how shocking those attempts were to your virtue, for that life itself was endangered by them: nor, let me tell you, could I, in particular, have so well justified him for marrying you (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty temper of mind), if there had been room to think he could have had you upon easier terms.

It was necessary, child, on twenty accounts, that we, your and his well-wishers and his relations, should know that he had tried every stratagem to subdue you to his purpose, before he married you: and how would it have answered to his intrepid character, and pride of heart, had we not been particularly led into the nature of those attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserved the good fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful treatment he can possibly shew you?

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for his sake; for it must be a very unvirtuous mind that can form any other ideas from what you relate than those of terror and pity for you. Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him. You paint no scenes but such as make his wickedness odious: and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections, but what should be to your honour, and in abhorrence of such actions. I am so convinced of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand declarations and protestations. I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived (for he has been a man of pleasure), they gave me, by their behaviour on these tender occasions, reason to think they had more virtue than not to be very apprehensive for your safety; and my lord often exclaimed, that he could not have thought his brother such a libertine, neither.

Besides, child, were not these things written in confidence had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been room for any one, who saw what you wrote, to imagine they had been still worse? And how could the terror be supposed to have had such effects upon you, as to endanger your life, without imagining you had undergone the worst a vile man *could* offer, unless you had told us what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a bound, as it were, to one's fears of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your purity, though you could not help it?

Moreover, Pamela, it was but doing justice to the libertine himself to tell your mother the whole truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but he could stop short of the execution of his wicked purposes, which he apprehended, if pursued, would destroy the life, that, of all lives, he

would choose to preserve; and you owed also thus much to your parents' peace of mind, that, after all their distracting fears for you, they might see they had reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now he has made you his wife, that it must be satisfaction to the wicked man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, nor took more liberties than he *did*.

For my own part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your fits, by any descriptions short of those you give; and had you been less particular in the circumstances, I should have judged he had been still *worse*, and your person, though not your mind, less pure, than his pride would expect from the woman he should marry; for this is the case of all rakes, that though they indulge in all manner of libertinism themselves, there is no class of men who exact greater delicacy from the persons they marry, though they care not how bad they make the wives, the sisters, and daughters of others.

I will only add (and send all my three letters together), that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sight, after her most impudent assistance in his lewd attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her place, and rewarded her; for her vileness could hardly be equalled by the worst actions of the most abandoned procuress.

I know the difficulties you labour under, in his arbitrary will, and intercession for her: but Lady Betty rightly observes, that he knew what a vile woman she was, when he put you into her power, and no doubt employed her, being sure she would answer all his purposes: and that therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her, and having her put upon a foot, in the present on your nuptials, with honest Jervis.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had *one* struggle for her dismissal, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtues, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you shew him all I write: but I have written this last part in the cover, as well for want of room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Though if you think it will serve any good end, I am not against shewing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my mind, though I were to smart for it; and that nobody can or has the heart to make me do, but my bold brother. So, Pamela, for this time, *Adieu*.

LETTER XI

MY GOOD LADY,

I am honoured with your ladyship's three letters, the contents of which are highly obliging to me: and I should be inexcusable if I did not comply with your injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your ladyship's condescension in accepting of my poor scribble, and promising such a rich and valuable return; of which you have already given such ample and delightful instances. I will not plead my defects, to excuse my obedience. I only fear that the awe which will be always upon me, when I write to your ladyship, will lay me under so great a restraint, that I shall fall short even of the merit my papers have already made for me, through your kind indulgence.—Yet, sheltering myself under your goodness, I will cheerfully comply with every thing your ladyship expects from me, that it is in my power to do.

You will give me leave, Madam, to put into some little method, the particulars of what you desire of me, that I may speak to them all: for, since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my papers (which indeed would not bear in many places), I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your ladyship would have the particulars of the happy fortnight we passed in Kent, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Secondly, an account of the manner in which your dear brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your ladyship, and Lady Betty, expect me to say something upon your welcome remarks on my conduct towards Mrs. Jewkes.

The other particulars your ladyship mentions, will naturally fall under one or other of these three heads—But expect not, my lady, though I begin in method thus, that I shall keep up to it. If you will not allow for me, and keep in view the poor Pamela Andrews in all I write, but have Mrs. B. in your eye, what will become of me?—But I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence that will accompany me, in every part of the agreeable task. To begin with the first article:

Your dear brother and my honest parents (I know your ladyship will expect from me, that on all occasions I should speak of them with the duty that becomes a good child) with myself, set out on the Monday morning for Kent, passing through St. Albans to London, at both which places we stopped a night; for our dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys: and on Wednesday evening we arrived at the sweet place allotted for the good couple. We were attended only by Abraham and John, on horseback: for Mr. Colbrand, having sprained his foot, was in the travelling-coach, with the cook, the housemaid, and Polly Barlow, a genteel new servant, whom Mrs. Brooks recommended to wait on me.

Mr. Longman had been there a fortnight, employed in settling the terms of an additional purchase of this pretty well-wooded and well-watered estate: and his account of his proceedings was very satisfactory to his honoured principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a formed resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance; for he had informed them when he expected us; but knowing how desirous Mr. B. was of being retired, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new purchase actually entered upon, they would have his presence among them often; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large, and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; owing to the worthy Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well-

stocked, the barns and outhouses in excellent repair; and my poor parents have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the goodness we experience from your bountiful brother.

But, indeed, Madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better disposed and more generous man in the world than himself, for I verily think he has not been so careful to conceal his *bad* actions as his *good* ones. His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God for the most excellent purposes, as I have often freely told him. Pardon me, my dear lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which few knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge. But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Every body knows the generous goodness of your *own* heart: every one wanting relief tasted the bounty of your excellent *mother* my late honoured lady: so that 'tis a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you. Madam.

This cannot, I hope, be construed as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less obliged. I know nothing so godlike in human nature as this disposition to do good to our fellow-creatures: for is it not following immediately the example of that generous Providence which every minute is conferring blessings upon us all, and by giving power to the rich, makes them but the dispensers of its benefits to those that want them? Yet, as there are but too many objects of compassion, and as the most beneficent cannot, like Omnipotence, do good to all, how much are they obliged who are distinguished from others!—And this being kept in mind, will always contribute to make the benefited receive, as thankfully as they *ought*, the favours of the obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood, in all I mean; but my grateful heart is so over-filled when on this subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. Yet, perhaps, the copies of the letters I here inclose (that marked [I.] written by me to my parents, on our return to Kent; that marked [II.] from my dear father in answer to it; and that marked [III.] mine in reply to his) will (at the same time that they may convince your ladyship that I will conceal nothing from you in the course of this correspondence, which may in the least amuse and divert you, or better explain our grateful sentiments), in a great measure, answer what your ladyship expects from me, as to the happy fortnight we passed in Kent.

I will now conclude, choosing to suspend the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your attention; whether you will not dispense with your own commands when you see I am so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me: or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other way, be less tedious, less serious—in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, *Madam, your obliged and faithful servant.*

P.B.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it; and is pleased to say, he will content himself to see such parts of it, and *only* such parts, as I shall shew him, or read to him.—Is not this very good, Madam?—O, my lady, you don't know how happy I am!

LETTER XII

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

My dear Pamela,

You very much oblige me by your cheerful compliance with my request: I leave it entirely to you to write as you shall be in the humour, when you take up your pen; and then I shall have you write with less restraint: for, you must know, that what we admire in *you*, are truth and nature, not studied or elaborate epistles. We can hear at church, or read in our closets, fifty good things that we expect not from you: but we cannot receive from any body else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, prudence, integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does.

But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire, and, but for that, cannot praise you too much. In my conscience, if thou canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*; and that was more than I once thought any woman on this side the seventieth year of his age would ever be able to say. The letters to and from your parents, we are charmed with, and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an instance of your confidence in me, as it is of your judgment and prudence; for you cannot but think, that we, his relations, are a little watchful over your conduct, and have our eyes upon you, to observe what use you are likely to make of your power over your man, with respect to your own relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence, and you take the right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your parents: for their honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguishing character, and they will not forget themselves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an *encroacher*, as the good old man calls it, my brother would be the first to see it, and would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to despise you, and to repent of his choice: for the least shadow of an imposition, or low cunning, or mere selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you are a charming girl; and Lady Betty says so too; and moreover adds, that if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his fortune and birth. And in my heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the sequel of your letter to your father? For, you promise, my dear charming scribbler, in that you sent me, to write again to his letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter part of it, about your relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But let it be what it will, send it to me exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have reason to praise or reprove you. For surely, Pamela, you must leave one room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more prudence, by nature, as it were, than the best of us get in a course of the genteelst educations and with fifty advantages, at least, in conversation, that *you* could not have, by reason of my mother's retired life, while you were with her, and your close attendance on her person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great improvement to you; it is your own writings. This itch of scribbling has been a charming help. For here, having a natural fund of good sense, and prudence above your years, you have, with the observations these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself: so that you have struck *fire* when you pleased, wanting nothing but a few dry leaves, like the first pair in old Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides a good memory, every thing you heard and read became your own; and not only so, but was improved by passing through more salubrious ducts and vehicles; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common free-stock,

whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine, with its crimson blush.

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

As to my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your correspondence may revive the poetical ideas that used to fire my mind, before I entered into the drowsy married life; for my good Lord Davers's turn happens not to be to books; and so by degrees my imagination was in a manner quenched, and I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavoured to form my taste by that of the man I chose.—But, after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud of my correspondence; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this; but you will observe, that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without restraint: for already you have made us a family of writers and readers; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamoured of your letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, Jackey, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an enquiring face, and vows he'll set pen to paper, and turn letter-writer himself; and intends (if my brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say; for you have unlocked all our bosoms. And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style. And if you will but give me hope, that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate sister; but till then, it shall only barely be *your correspondent*,

B. DAVERS. You'll proceed with the account of your Kentish affair, I doubt not.

LETTER XIII

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

What kind, what generous things are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent! And what reason have I to value myself on such an advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a correspondence with so noble and so admired a lady! To be praised by such a genius, and my honoured benefactor's worthy sister, whose favour, next to his, it was always my chief ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with vanity a steadier and a more equal mind than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured lady, what a fine pen her beloved daughter was mistress of, when she pleased to take it up. But I never could have presumed, but from your ladyship's own motion, to hope to be in any manner the subject of it, much less to be called your correspondent.

Indeed, Madam, I *am* very proud of this honour, and consider it as such a heightening to my pleasures, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your ladyship without reserve.

But, first, permit me to disclaim any merit, from my own poor writings, to that improvement which your goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast, of that sort, is owing principally, if it deserves commendation, to my late excellent lady.

It is hard to be imagined what pains her ladyship took with her poor servant. Besides making me keep a book of her charities dispensed by me, I always set down, in my way, the cases of the distressed, their griefs from misfortunes, and their joys of her bountiful relief; and so I entered early into the various turns that affected worthy hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the help of her fine observations, when I read what I wrote. For many a time has her generous heart overflowed with pleasure at my remarks, and with praises; and I was her good girl, her dear Pamela, her hopeful maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my hand with transport, and draw me to her, and vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying, what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear lady! you cannot think what an encouragement this condescending behaviour and goodness was to me. Madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her feet, and embrace her knees; and, my eyes streaming with tears of joy, would often cry, "O continue to me, my dearest lady, the blessing of your favour, and kind instructions, and it is all your happy Pamela can wish for."

But I will proceed to obey your ladyship, and write with as much freedom as I possibly *can*: for you must not expect, that I can entirely divest myself of that awe which will necessarily lay me under a greater restraint, than if writing to my parents, whose partiality for their daughter made me, in a manner, secure of their good opinions.

To shorten the work before me, in the account I am to give of the sweet fortnight that we passed in Kent, I enclose not only the copy of the letter your ladyship requested, but my father's answer to it.

The letters I sent before, and those I now send, will afford several particulars; such as a brief description of the house and farm, and your honoured brother's intentions of retiring thither now-and-then; of the happiness and gratitude of my dear parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve the comfort his goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest; and, particularly, the behaviour of my dear benefactor to me, and my parents. He seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd, three of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who, with their ladies, came to visit us, and whose visits we *all* returned; for your dear brother would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employed hands to cut a vista through a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which, fronting an old-fashioned balcony, in the middle of the house, he ordered it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand. This and a few other alterations, mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear gentleman was every hour pressing me, while there, to take one diversion or other, frequently upbraiding me, that I seemed not to *choose* any thing, urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to choose for me: saying, he was half afraid that my constant compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a restraint: and he would have me have a will of my own, since it was impossible, that it could be such as he should not take a delight in conforming to it.

I will not trouble your ladyship with any further particulars relating to this happy fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded days, to the very last; and your ladyship will judge better than I can describe, of the parting between my dear parents, and their honoured benefactor and me.

We set out, attended with the good wishes of crowds of persons of all degrees; for your dear brother left behind him noble instances of his bounty; it being the *first* time, as he bid Mr. Longman say, that he had been down among them since that estate had been in his hands.

But permit me to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy period, to thank God in private, for the blessed terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which formerly were tendered to me; for your ladyship will remember, that the Kentish estate was to be part of the purchase of my infamy.

We returned through London, by the like easy journeys, but tarried not to see any thing of that vast metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved brother only stopping at his banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he proposes to take for his winter residence. He chooses it to be about the new buildings called Hanover Square; and he left Mr. Longman there to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear lady, I have answered your first commands, by the help of the letters which passed between my dear parents and me; and conclude this with the assurance that I am, with high respect, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,*

P.B.

LETTER XIV

MY DEAREST LADY,

I now set myself to obey your ladyship's second command, which is, to give an account in what manner your dear brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Godfrey, with my behaviour upon it; and this I cannot do better, than by transcribing scribing the relation I gave at that time, in letters to my dear parents, which your ladyship has not seen, in these very words.

[See Vol. I, p. 431, beginning "My dear Mr. B.," down to p. 441.]

Thus far, my dear lady, the relation I gave to my parents, at the time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy affair.

It is a great pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the hints you kindly gave me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, Madam, I could not help it, for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy lady; and though I could not but rejoice, that I had had the grace to escape the dangerous attempts of the dear intriguer, yet never did the story of any unfortunate lady make such an impression upon me as hers did: she loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her soft passion for him: and so, by degrees, put herself into his power; and too seldom, alas I have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do!

Then 'tis another misfortune of people in love; they always think highly of the beloved object, and lowly of themselves, such a dismal mortifier is love!

I say not this, Madam, to excuse the poor lady's fall; nothing can do that; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself. But, methinks, I love this dear lady so well for the sake of her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime, if I could; and the rather, as in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss Goodwin; and I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, though personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to the dear gentleman whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I was her own mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty baby is so justly beloved by Mr. B.

But I will here conclude this letter, with assuring your ladyship, and

I am *your obliged and humble servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XV

MY GOOD LADY,

I now come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes: which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says, that I ought not to have borne her in my sight, after the impudent assistance she gave to his lewd attempts; much less to have left her in her place, and rewarded her. Alas! my dear lady, what could I do? a poor prisoner as I was made, for weeks together, in breach of all the laws of civil society; without a soul who durst be my friend; and every day expecting to be ruined and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determined spirits in the world!—and when it pleased God to turn his heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honourable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions with such a gentleman, who had me in his power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoyed, after all my dangers past (which were so great, that I could not go to rest, nor rise, but with such apprehensions, that I wished for death rather than life), to think of refusing any terms that I could yield to, and keep my honour.

And though such noble ladies, as your ladyship and Lady Betty, who are born to independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a foot with the highest-descended gentleman in the land, might have exerted a spirit, and would have a right to choose your own servants, and to distribute rewards and punishments to the deserving and undeserving, at your own good pleasure; yet what had I, a poor girl, who owed even my title to common notice, to the bounty of my late good lady, and had only a kind of imputed sightliness of person, though enough to make me the subject of vile attempts; who, from a situation of terror and apprehension, was lifted up to an hope, beyond my highest ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad woman, as an instance, that I could forgive his own hard usage of me; who had experienced so often the violence and impetuosity of his temper, which even his beloved mother never ventured to oppose till it began to subside, and then, indeed, he was all goodness and acknowledgment; of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance.

What, I say, had I to do, to take upon me lady-airs, and to resent? But, my dear ladies (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both), I should be inexcusable, if I did not tell you all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in regard to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also. If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your ladyships; and, as I pretend not to perfection, am ready to take the blame I deserve in your ladyships' judgments: but indeed, were it to be again, I verily think, I could not help forgiving her.—And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean court to my master's passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my eyes open: which I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When full power was given me over this poor creature (seemingly at least, though it might possibly have been resumed, and I might have been re-committed to hers, had I given him reason to think I made an arrogant use of it), you cannot imagine what a triumph I had in my mind over the mortified guilt, which (from the highest degree of insolence and imperiousness, that before had hardened her masculine features) appeared in her countenance, when she found the tables likely to be soon turned upon her.

This change of behaviour, which at first discovered itself in a sullen awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent respect, shewed me, what an influence power had over her: and that when she could treat her late prisoner, when taken into favour, so obsequiously, it was the less wonder the bad woman could think it her duty to obey commands so unjust, when her obedience to them was required from her master.

To be sure, if a look could have killed her, after some of her bad treatment, she had been slain over and over, as I may say: but to me, who was always taught to distinguish between the person and

the action, I could not hold my resentment against the poor passive machine of mischief one day together, though her actions were so odious to me.

I should indeed except that time of my grand trial when she appeared so much a wretch to me, that I saw her not (even after two days that she was kept from me) without great flutter and emotion of heart: and I had represented to your brother before, how hard a condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly wickedness.

But, my dear ladies, when I considered the latter in *one* particular light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by her (as a consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not so horridly offended. Else how would it have been forgiveness? especially as she was ashamed of her crime, and there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus then I thought on the occasion: "Poor wretched agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the resentment even of such a poor girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity* is surely beneath my *anger*."

Such were then my thoughts, my proud thoughts, so far was I from being guilty of *intentional* meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B.'s interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject *self*-mortified, and *master*-mortified, Mrs. Jewkes.

And do you think, ladies, when you revolve in your thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I had been *designed* for; when you revolve the amazing turn in my favour, and the prospects before me (so much above my hopes, that I left them entirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty persecutor become my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without awe, except in those animating cases, where his guilty attempts, and the concern I had to preserve my innocence, gave a courage more than natural to my otherwise dastardly heart: when this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose, could stoop to acknowledge the vileness of that purpose; could say, at one time, that my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in greater stead than I was aware of: could tell her, before me, that she must for the future shew me all the respect due to one he must love; at another, acknowledged before her, that he had been stark naught, and that I was very forgiving; again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her, as to guilt, "We are both in generous hands: and, indeed, if Pamela did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my instructions:" another time to the same, "We have been both sinners, and must be both included in one act of grace:"—when I was thus lifted up to the state of a sovereign forgiver, and my lordly master became a petitioner for himself, and the guilty creature, whom he put under my feet; what a triumph was here for the poor Pamela? and could I have been guilty of so mean a pride, as to trample upon the poor abject creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortified, and wholly in my power?

Then, my dear ladies, while I was enjoying the soul-charming fruits of that innocence which the Divine Grace had enabled me to preserve, in spite of so many plots and contrivances on my master's side, and such wicked instigations and assistances on hers, and all my prospects were improving upon me beyond my wishes; when all was unclouded sunshine, and I possessed my mind in peace, and had only to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my unworthiness; when I saw my persecutor become my protector, my active enemy no longer my enemy, but creeping with slow, doubtful feet, and speaking to me with awful hesitating doubt of my acceptance; a stamp of an insolent foot now turned into curtseying half-bent knees; threatening hands into supplicating folds; and the eye unpitying to innocence, running over with the sense of her own guilt; a faltering accent on her late menacing tongue, and uplifted handkerchief, "I see she will be my lady: and then I know how it will go with me!"—Was not this, my ladies, a triumph of triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted,

Pamela!—could I do less than pardon her? And having declared that I did so, was I not to shew the sincerity of my declaration?

Would it not have shewn my master, that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the only request her humble condition had given her the opportunity of granting, at that time, with innocence? Would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better born? and that she wanted but the power, to shew the like unrelenting temper, by which she had so grievously suffered? And might not this have given him room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept mistress, than an humble and obliged wife!

"I see" (might he not have said?), "the girl has strong passions and resentments; and she that has, will be sometimes *governed* by them. I will improve upon the hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable temper: I will gratify her revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her pride, till I make it administer to her fall; for a wife I cannot think of in the low-born cottager, especially when she has lurking in her all the pride and arrogance" (you know, my ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our sex) "of the better descended. And by a little perseverance, and watching her unguarded hours, and applying temptations to her passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my advantage of them."

Might not this have been the language, and this the resolution, of such a dear wicked intriguer?—For, my lady, you can hardly conceive the struggles he apparently had to bring down his high spirit to so humble a level. And though, I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* case, ineffectual, through Divine Grace, yet how do I know what lurking vileness might have appeared by degrees in this frail heart, to encourage his designs, and to augment my trials and my dangers? And perhaps downright violence might have been used, if he could not, on one hand, have subdued his passions, nor, on the other, have overcome his pride—a pride, that every one, reflecting upon the disparity of birth and condition between us, would have dignified with the name of *decency*; a pride that was become such an essential part of the dear gentleman's character, in this instance of a wife, that although he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small motive of his choosing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more humility, more submission, than he thought would be paid him by a lady equally born and educated; and of this I will send you an instance, in a transcription from that part of my journal you have not seen, of his lessons to me, on my incurring his displeasure by interposing between yourself and him in your misunderstanding at the Hall: for, Madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your ladyship's attention, out of those papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in a lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such judges.

Thus (could your ladyship have thought it?) have I ventured upon a strange paradox, that even this strongest instance of his debasing himself, is not the weakest of his pride: and he ventured once at Sir Simon Darnford's to say, in your hearing, as you may remember, that, in his conscience, he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable husband to any body but Pamela: and why? For the reasons you will see in the inclosed papers, which give an account of the noblest and earliest curtain-lecture that ever girl had: one of which is, that he expects to be *borne* with (*complied* with, he meant) even when in the wrong: another, that a wife should never so much as expostulate with him, though he was in the wrong, till, by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him, for his *own* sake, than for *contradiction's* sake; and then, another time, perhaps he might take better resolutions.

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your ladyship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justified, or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes.

But your dear brother has just sent me word, that supper waits for me: and the post being ready to go off, I defer till the next opportunity which I have to say as to these good effects: and am, in the mean time, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant*,

P.B.

LETTER XVI

MY DEAR LADY,

I will now acquaint you with the good effects my behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her, as a farther justification of my conduct towards the poor woman.

That she began to be affected as I wished, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the conversations I had with her after my happiness was completed; but in her general demeanour also to the servants, to the neighbours, and in her devout behaviour at church: and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I dare say your ladyship will be pleased with the perusal of the whole letter, although a part of it would answer my present design; and in confidence, that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which she so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR THAT WAS,

"I must depend upon your known goodness to excuse me for not writing before now, in answer to your letter of compliment to us, for the civilities and favours, as you call them, which you received from us in Lincolnshire, where we were infinitely more obliged to you than you to us.

"The truth is, my papa has been much disordered with a kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians, learnedly speaking, give the name of *arthritici vaga*, or the flying gout; and when he ails ever so little (it signifies nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them), he is so peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my mamma, and her two girls (one of which is as waspish as her papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself) have much ado to make his worship keep the peace; and I being his favourite, when he is indisposed, having most patience, if I may give myself a good word, he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, which is not often, and to tell him stories, and sing to him when he is merry; and so I have been employed as a principal person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him cheerful, and happy when I could do it at any rate. For once, in a pet, he flung a book at my head, because I had not attended him for two hours, and he could not bear to be slighted by little bastards, that was his word, that were fathered upon him for his vexation! O these men! Fathers or husbands, much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent: so that, between one and t'other, a poor girl has nothing for it, but a few weeks' courtship, and perhaps a first month's bridalry, if that: and then she is as much a slave to her husband, as she was a vassal to her father—I mean if the father be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the spouse a Mr. B.

"But I will be a little more grave; for a graver occasion calls for it, yet such as will give you real pleasure. It is the very great change that your example has had upon your housekeeper.

"You desired her to keep up as much regularity as she could among the servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it, so that she has every one's good word. She speaks of her lady not only with respect, but reverence; and calls it a blessed day for all the family, and particularly for herself, that you came into Lincolnshire. She reads prayers, or makes one of the servants read them, every Sunday night; and never misses being at church, morning and afternoon; and is preparing herself, by Mr. Peters's advice and direction, for receiving the sacrament; which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the seal of her reformation.

"Mr. Peters gives us this account of her, and says she is full of contrition for her past mis-spent life, and is often asking him, if such and such sins can be forgiven? and among them, names her vile behaviour to her angel lady, as she calls you.

"It seems she has written a letter to you, which passed Mr. Peters's revision, before she had the courage to send it; and prides herself that you have favoured her with an answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a cover of black silk next her heart; for any thing from your hand,

she is sure, will contribute to make her keep her good purposes: and for that reason she places it there; and when she has had any bad thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, she recollects her lady's letter, which recovers her to a calm, and puts her again into a better frame.

"As she has written to you 'tis possible I might have spared you the trouble of reading this account of her; but yet you will not be displeased, that so free a liver and speaker should have some testimonial besides her own assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her reformation.

"What a happy lady are you, that persuasion dwells upon your tongue, and reformation follows your example!"

Your ladyship will forgive me what may appear like vanity in this communication. Miss Darnford is a charming young lady. I always admired her; but her letters are the sweetest, kindest!—Yet I am too much the subject of her encomiums, and so will say no more; but add here a copy of the poor woman's letter to me; and your ladyship will see what an ample correspondence you have opened to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

"HONOURED MADAM,

"I have been long labouring under two difficulties; the desire I had to write to you, and the fear of being thought presumptuous if I did. But I will depend on your goodness, so often tried; and put pen to paper, in that very closet, and on that desk, which once were so much used by yourself, when I was acting a part that now cuts me to the heart to think of. But you forgave me. Madam, and shewed me you had too much goodness to revoke your forgiveness; and could I have silenced the reproaches of my heart, I should have had no cause to think I had offended.

"But, Oh I Madam, how has your goodness to me, which once filled me with so much gladness, now, on reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times, miserable.—To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so much sweetness, and so much forgiveness. Every place that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with sadness, and makes me often smite my breast, and sit down with tears and groans, bemoaning my vile actions, and my hard heart!—How many places are there in this melancholy fine house, that call one thing or other to my remembrance, that give me remorse! But the pond, and the woodhouse, whence I dragged you so mercilously, after I had driven you to despair almost, what thoughts do they bring to my remembrance! Then my wicked instigations.—What an odious wretch was I!

"Had his honour been as abandoned as myself, what virtue had been destroyed between *his* orders and *my* too rigorous execution of them; nay, stretching them to shew my wicked zeal, to serve a master, whom, though I honoured, I should not (as you more than once hinted to me, but with no effect at all, so resolutely wicked was my heart) have so well obeyed in his unlawful commands!

"His honour has made you amends, has done justice to your merits, and so atoned for *his* fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my power ever to make reparation.—All that is left me, is, to let your ladyship see, that your pious example has made such an impression upon me, that I am miserable now in the reflection upon my past guilt.

"*You* have forgiven me, and *GOD* will, I hope; for the creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; that is all my hope!—Yet, sometimes, I dread that I am forgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be punished the more hereafter!—What then will become of the unhappy wretch, that has thus lived in a state of sin, and so qualified herself by a course of wickedness, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst of purposes!

"Pray your ladyship, let not my honoured master see this letter. He will think I have the boldness to reflect upon him: when, God knows my heart, I only write to condemn myself, and my *unwomanly* actions, as you were pleased often most justly to call them.

"But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not considering whom I am writing to, and whose precious time I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for is, to beg your ladyship's prayers for me. For, oh! Madam, I fear I shall else be ever miserable! We every week hear of the good you do, and the charity you extend to the bodies of the miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good Madam,

to the unhappy Jewkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me if you think I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon; for there is a woe denounced against the presumptuous sinner.

"Your ladyship assured me, at your departure, on the confession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my promise of amendment, that you would take it for proof of my being in earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up a regularity among the servants here; if I would subdue them with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that the best security they could give of doing their duty to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be hid. This, I remember, your ladyship told me, was the best test of fidelity and duty, that any servants could shew; since it was impossible, without religion, but that worldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main tie; and so the worst actions might succeed, if servants thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacrificing their duty.

"So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I have begun the example to good effect: and as no one in the family was so wicked as I, it was therefore less difficult to reform them; and you will have the pleasure to know, that you have now servants here, whom you need not be ashamed to call yours.

"Tis true, I found it a little difficult at first to keep them within sight of their duty, after your ladyship departed: but when they saw I was in earnest, and used them courteously, as you advised, and as your usage of me convinced me was the rightest usage; when they were told I had your commands to acquaint you how they conformed to your injunctions; the task became easy: and I hope we shall all be still more and more worthy of the favour of so good a lady and so bountiful a master.

"I dare not presume upon the honour of a line to your unworthy servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I could have it. But I shall ever pray for your ladyship's and his honour's felicity, as becomes *your undeserving servant*,

"K. JEWKES."

I have already, with these transcribed letters of Miss Darnford and Mrs. Jewkes, written a great deal: but nevertheless, as there yet remains one passage in your ladyship's letter, relating to Mrs. Jewkes, that seems to require an answer, I will take notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your patience.

That passage is this; Lady Betty rightly observes, says your ladyship, that he knew what a vile woman she [Mrs. Jewkes] was, when he put you into her power; and no doubt, employed her, because he was sure she would answer all his purposes: and therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had one struggle for her dismissal, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtue, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if in earnest to become virtuous himself.

But, alas! Madam, he was not so well pleased with my virtue for virtue's sake, as Lady Betty thinks he was.—He would have been glad, even then, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *pretend* to any disposition to virtue. No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong passion for me, which had been heightened by my *resisting* it. His pride, and his advantages both of person and fortune, would not let him brook control; and when he could not have me upon his own terms, God turned his evil purposes to good ones; and he resolved to submit to mine, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without.

But Lady Betty thinks, I was to blame to put Mrs. Jewkes upon a foot, in the present I made on my nuptials, with Mrs. Jervis. But I rather put Mrs. Jervis on a foot with Mrs. Jewkes; for the dear gentleman had *named* the sum for me to give Mrs. Jewkes, and I would not give Mrs. Jervis *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that occasion, without making such a difference between two persons equal in station, on a solemnity too where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a partiality, as might have induced their master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my forgiveness, as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger reason still was behind; that I could, much more agreeably, both to Mrs. Jervis and myself, shew my love and gratitude to the dear good woman: and this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your ladyship; at the tribunal of whose judgment I am willing all my actions, respecting your dear brother, shall be tried. And I hope you will not have reason to think me a too profuse or lavish creature; yet, if you have, pray, my dear lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this head the subject of a letter by itself: and am, mean time, *your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant,*

P.B.

LETTER XVII

MY DEAR LADY,

It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the subject where I left off in my last, for your ladyship to know that your generous brother has made me his almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty pounds quarterly, for purposes of which he requires no account, though I have one always ready to produce.

Now, Madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being easy in her circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old debts for two extravagant children, who are both dead, and maintaining in schooling and clothes three of their children, which always keeps her bare, I said to her one day, as she and I sat together, at our needles (for we are always running over old stories, when alone) —"My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to ask you after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably, easy in them?"

"You are very good, Madam," said she, "to concern yourself about my poor matters, so much as your thoughts are employed, and every moment of your time is taken up, from the hour you rise, to the time of your rest. But I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am easier and easier every day."

"But tell me, my dear Mrs. Jervis," said I, "how your matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll treat me with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but death shall divide our friendship."

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes, and taking off her spectacles,

"I cannot bear," she said, "so much goodness!—Oh! my lady!"

"Oh! my Pamela, say," replied I. "How often must I chide you for calling me any thing but your Pamela, when we are alone together?"

"My heart," said she, "will burst with your goodness! I cannot bear it!"

"But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you that. A pretty thing, truly! Here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family, than I can pretend to have! And shall I return, in the day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence!—Indeed, I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter; for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and good counsel I received every day from you."

Then moving my chair nearer, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheek, "Come, my dear second mother," said I, "call me your daughter, your Pamela: I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name; and as I have but too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy as our dear master has made my *first*."

She hung her head, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words; provoking only her speech, by saying, "You used to have three grand-children to provide for in clothes and schooling. They are all living, I hope?"

"Yes, Madam, they are living: and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once!) made me very easy and very happy!"

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

"Why, my dear lady, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy sons; five to a second; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands; and with the other five I paid

off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance; and all are satisfied and easy, and declare they will never do harsh things by me, if they are paid no more."

"But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, the whole you owe in the world; and you and I will contrive, with justice to our best friend, to do all we can to make you quite easy; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove, and so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all. I know your debts (dear, just, good woman, as you are!) like David's sins, are ever before you: so come," putting my hand in her pocket, "let me be a friendly pick-pocket; let me take out your memorandum-book, and we will see how all matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy heart is too much affected" (pulling out her book, which she always had about her); "I will go to my closet, and return presently."

So I left her, to recover her spirits, and retired with the good woman's book to my closet.

Your dear brother stepping into the parlour just after I had gone out, "Where's your lady, Mrs. Jervis?" said he. And being told, came up to me:—"What ails the good woman below, my dear?" said he: "I hope you and she have had no words?"

"No, indeed, Sir," answered I. "If we had, I am sure it would have been my fault: but I have picked her pocket of her memorandum-book, in order to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common benefactor, make her as easy as you. Sir, have made my other dear parents."

"A blessing," said he, "upon my charmer's benevolent heart!—I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear.—Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis."

I clasped my bold arms about him, the starting tear testifying my gratitude.—"Dearest Sir," said I, "you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis; and if any one but you had a right to ask, what ails your Pamela? as you do, what ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much oppressed by your goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own joy."

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging creature. "But," said he, "I came to tell you, that after dinner we'll take a turn, if you please, to Lady Arthur's: she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend you myself, only to drink tea with her; for I have told her we are to have friends to sup with us."

"I will attend you, Sir," replied I, "most willingly; although I doubt I am to be made a shew of."

"Something like it," said he, "for she has promised them this favour."

"I need not dress otherwise than I am?"

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

So he left me to my *good works* (those were his kind words) and I ran over Mrs. Jervis's accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her matters in one leaf, and a thankful acknowledgment to God, for her master's last bounty, which had enabled her to give satisfaction to others, and to do herself great pleasure, written underneath.

The balance of all was thirty-five pounds eleven shillings and odd pence; and I went to my *escritoir*, and took out forty pounds, and down I hasted to my good Mrs. Jervis, and I said to her, "Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book; but are thirty-five or thirty-six pounds all you owe, or are bound for in the world?"

"It is, Madam," said she, "and enough too. It is a great sum; but 'tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service."

"Nor shall it ever be in any body's *power*," said I, "to trouble you:

I'll tell you how we'll order it."

So I sat down, and made her sit by me. "Here, my dear Mrs. Jervis, is forty pounds. It is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you would have given me at my going away from this house to my father's, as I thought. I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear: indeed I won't make you so uneasy as that comes to. But take this, and pay the thirty-five

pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the children's schooling. And thus you shall repay it; I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgement of the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add five pounds per annum to it from the time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid. So, my dear Mrs. Jervis, you won't have any obligation to me, you know, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, not to be spoken of: and I will have leave for it, for fear I should die."

Had your ladyship seen the dear good woman's behaviour, on this occasion, you would never have forgotten it. She could not speak; tears ran down her cheeks in plentiful currents: her modest hand put gently from her my offering hand, her bosom heav'd, and she sobb'd with the painful tumult that seemed to struggle within her, and which, for some few moments, made her incapable of speaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my arm round her neck, wiping her eyes, and kissing her cheek, she cried, "My excellent lady! 'tis too much! I cannot bear all this."—She then threw herself at my feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted hands—"May God Almighty," said she—I kneeled by her, and clasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together—"May God Almighty," said I, drowning her voice with my louder voice, "bless us both together, for many happy years! And bless and reward the dear gentleman, who has thus enabled me to make *the widow's heart to sing for joy!*"

And thus, my lady, did I force upon the good woman's acceptance the forty pounds.

Permit me, Madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next: till when I have the honour to be *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,*

P.B.

LETTER XVIII

MY DEAR LADY,

I now resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner, with my dear benefactor, to Lady Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, having the two natural effects of the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests, as well as my dear Mr. B.'s, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, to guard myself against: and your good brother was pleased to entertain me in the chariot, going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and the furniture he should direct for it; so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper, retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual bedtime: he enquired kindly after my employment, which was trying to read in the French *Telemachus*: for, my lady, I'm learning French, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my master?—Why, the best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: how inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a master, who teaches me on his knee, and rewards me with a kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which he tells me is a great difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into English two or three places that were beyond my reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in French, what I had done for Mrs. Jervis.

I said, "Permit me, Sir (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue), in English, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others."

"I dare answer for your prudence, my dear," he was pleased to say: "but this is your favourite: let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favourites?"

I then said, "Permit my bold eye, Sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me then; for if you do, how shall I look at you again; how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeased? for you will not chide me in words, so partial have you the goodness to be to all I do."

He put his arm round me, and looked down now and then, as I desired! for O! Madam, he is all condescension and goodness to his unworthy, yet grateful Pamela! I told him all I have written to you about the forty pounds.—"And now, dear Sir," said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, "you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please: it shall be all kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution."

He raised my head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, "Thus then I chide, I beat, my angel!—And yet I have one fault to find with you, and let Mrs. Jervis, if not in bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve before her."—My Polly being in hearing, attending to know if I wanted her assistance to undress, I bade her call Mrs. Jervis. And though I thought from his kind looks, and kind words, as well as tender behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my fault was, for which I was to be exposed.

The good woman came; and as she entered with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his chair further from me, and, with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said, "Step in, Mrs. Jervis: your lady" (for so, Madam, he will always call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) "has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face."

She looked surprised—now on me, now on her dear master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive. "I am sorry—I am very sorry for it, Sir," said she, curtsying low:—"but should be more sorry, if *I* were the unhappy occasion."

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

This gave us both confusion, but especially the good woman; for still I hoped much from his kind behaviour to me just before—and she said, "Indeed, Sir, I could never deserve—"

He interrupted her—"My charge against you, Pamela," said he, "is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain: you ought not to have found out the method of repayment.

"The dear creature," said he, to Mrs. Jervis, "seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me, in addition to your salary, the lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your service than the gentleman. Had it been for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head. But I will tell you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of just distinction on many accounts: and your salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me only add, that when my Pamela first begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue, which is now peculiar to herself and makes her the delight of all who converse with her."

He was thus pleased to say: thus, with the most graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind *truly* peculiar to himself, was he pleased to *act*: and what could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him?—Why, indeed, nothing at all!—We could only look upon one another, with our eyes and our hearts full of a gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which expressed itself at last in a manner he was pleased to call more elegant than words—with uplifted folded hands, and tears of joy.

O my dear lady! how many opportunities have the beneficent *rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *fellow-creatures*, happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my duty before; what a sense of obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of men!

But here let me put an end to this tedious subject; the principal part of which can have no excuse, if it may not serve as a proof of my cheerful compliance with your ladyship's commands, that I recite *every* thing of concern to me, and with the same freedom as I used to do to my dear parents.

I have done it, and at the same time offered what I had to plead in behalf of my conduct to the two housekeepers, which you expected from me; and I shall therefore close this my humble defence, if I may so call it, with the assurance that I am, *my dearest lady, your obliged and faithful servant,*

P.B.

LETTER XIX

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in answer to the six last Letters.

"Where she had it, I can't tell I but I think I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age;" are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela in the early part of your papers. In truth, thou art a surprising creature; and every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for.—"Do you think, Lady Betty," said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis, "I will not soon set out to hit this charming girl a box of the ear or two?"—"For what, Lady Davers?" said she.

"For what!" replied I.—"Why, don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold slut hits me! I'll LADY-AIRS her! I will. I'll teach her to reproach me, and so many of her betters, with her cottage excellencies, and improvements, that shame our education."

Why, you dear charming Pamela, did you only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you: for there may be a knack, and a volubility, as to *words*, that a natural talent may supply; but to be thus out-done in *thought* and in *deed*, who can bear it? And in so young an insulter too!

Well, Pamela, look to it, when I see you: you shall feel the weight of my hand, or—the pressure of my lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly; for here, instead of my stooping, as I thought I would be, to call *you* sister, I shall be forced to think, in a little while, that you ought not to own *me as yours*, till I am nearer your standard.

But to come to business, I will summarily take notice of the following particulars in all your obliging letters, in order to convince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my observations on the subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the advantages you received from the favour of my dear mother; and as you know many things of her by your attendance upon her the last three or four years of her life, I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured lady, and of her behaviour and kindness to you, and with a retrospect to your own early beginnings, the dawns of this your bright day of excellence: and this not only I, but the countess, and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over your papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your Kentish account; though we wished you had been more particular in some parts of it; for we are greatly taken with your descriptions: and your conversation pieces: yet I own, your honest father's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*.

3. I am highly delighted with your account of my brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey, and your conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet story as he brought it in, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just in his account of it. We are in love with your charitable reflections in favour of the poor lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them, and a better mother too than she had, and a faithfuller lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper in your declared love of Miss Goodwill. I see, child, you know your man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having her with you; you'd better see her now and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you. But this I leave to your own discretion.

5. You have satisfactorily answered our objections to your behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not considered your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming girl, and all your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious for the future how we censure you.

In short, I say with the countess, "This good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend the innocent heart; and I'll warrant," said her ladyship, "nobody will become her station so well, as one who is capable of so worthy a pride as this."

But what a curtain-lecture hadst thou, Pamela! A noble one, dost thou call it?—Why, what a wretch hast thou got, to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly will, even when in the wrong, till thou hast obeyed it, and of consequence, joined in the evil he imposes!

Much good may such a husband do you, says Lady Betty!—Every body will *admire* you, but no one will have reason to *envy* you upon those principles.

6. I am pleased with your promise of sending what you think I shall like to see, out of those papers you choose not to shew me collectively: this is very obliging. You're a good girl; and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your paradox, Pamela, that his marrying you was an instance of his pride.—The thought, though, is pretty enough, and ingenious; but whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your observation on the *forget* and *forgive* we are much pleased with.

9. You are very good in sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. She is a charming young lady. I always had a great opinion of her merit; her letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every letter that passes between you, and pray send in your next a copy of your answer to her letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad, with all my heart, to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation: Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter, don't think me unreasonable: 'tis all for your sake.

Pray—have you shewn Jewkes's letter to your good friend?—Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? For, she says, it cuts him to the quick. And I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: but, as you say, he's above loving virtue for *virtue's sake*.

11. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so handsome a regard to my brother's interest, her behaviour upon it, and your relation of the whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reproving, and improving, your prudent generosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, "Hang him, he has some excellent qualities too.—It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad." But you, Pamela, have the glory of all.

12. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his scholar. We are pleased with your pretty account of his method of instructing and rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not thus learn any language quickly, with such encouragements, from the man you love, were your genius less apt than it is. But we wished you had enlarged on that subject: for such fondness of men to their wives, who have been any time married, is so rare, and so unexpected from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a side upon that subject at least.

What a bewitching girl art thou! What an exemplar to wives now, as well as thou wast before to maidens! Thou canst tame lions, I dare say, if thoud'st try.—Reclaim a rake in the meridian of his libertinism, and make such an one as my brother, not only marry thee, but love thee better at several months' end, than he did the first day, if possible!

Now, my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you; but write on, and oblige us; and mind to send me the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige *yours*, &c,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XX

MY DEAR LADY,

I read with pleasure your commands, in your last kind and obliging letter: and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them, that is in my power.

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

"DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

"I begin now to be afraid I shall not have the pleasure and benefit I promised myself of passing a fortnight or three weeks at the Hall, in your sweet conversation, and that of your worthy family, as well as those others in your agreeable neighbourhood, whom I must always remember with equal honour and delight.

"The occasion will be principally, that we expect, very soon, Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the advanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B. has taken a house for his winter residence, and in order to attend parliament: a service he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer to his constituents, or to his own conscience; for though he is but one, yet if any good motion should be lost by one, every absent member, who is independent, has to reproach himself with the consequence of the loss of that good which might otherwise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he says, such excuses as he could make, *every one* might plead; and then public affairs might as well be left to the administration, and no parliament be chosen.

"See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble cottager, what a public person your favourite friend is grown! How easy is it for a bold mind to look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it!

"Well; but may I not ask, whether, if the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers's visit is so uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a favour as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first visit to *me*:—and since we must go and take possession of our London residence, why can't Sir Simon spare to us the dear lady whom he could use hardly, and whose attendance (though he is indeed entitled to all her duty) he did not, just in that instance, quite so much deserve?

"'Well, but after all, Sir Simon,' would I say, if I had been in presence at his peevish hour, 'you are a fine gentleman, are you not? to take such a method to shew your good daughter, that because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon*! And did ever papa before you put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because* you were in affliction, though so little affected by its precepts) to such a *bad use*? As parents' examples are so prevalent, suppose your daughter had taken it, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nancy at her waiting-maid; and so it had gone through the family; would it not have been an excuse for every one to say, that the father, and head of the family had set the example?

"'You almost wish, my dear Miss tells me, that I would undertake *you*!—This is very good of you. Sir Simon,' I might (would his patience have suffered me to run on thus) have added; 'but I hope, since you are so sensible that you *want* to be undertaken, (and since this peevish rashness convinces me that you *do*) that you will undertake *yourself*; that you will not, when your indisposition requires the attendance and duty of your dear lady and daughter, make it more uncomfortable to them, by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased, and an impatience of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a book into your hand again, if you cannot make a better use of it, than you did then.'

"But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begged I would give him a hint or two on this subject, which, she was pleased to say,

would be better received from me than from any body: and if it be a little too severe, it is but a just reprisal made by one whose ears, he knows, he has cruelly wounded more than once, twice, or thrice, besides, by what he calls his *innocent* double entendres, and who, if she had not resented it, when an opportunity offered, must have been believed, by him, to be neither more nor less than a hypocrite. There's for you, Sir Simon: and so here ends all my malice; for now I have spoken my mind.

"Yet I hope your dear papa will not be so angry as to deny me, for this my freedom, the request I make to *him*, to your *mamma*, and to your *dear self*, for your beloved company, for a month or two in Bedfordshire, and at London: and if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! It will be half done the moment you desire it. Sir Simon loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your honoured mamma is always indulgent to your requests: and Mr. B. as well in kindness to me, as for the great respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this favour of you, and of Sir Simon and my lady.

"If it can be obtained, what pleasure and improvement may I not propose to myself, with so polite a companion, when we are carried by Mr. B. to the play, the opera, and other of the town diversions! We will work, visit, read, and sing together, and improve one another; you *me*, in every word you shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my questions, and desire of information, which will make you open all your breast to me: and so unlocking that dear storehouse of virtuous knowledge, improve your own notions the more for communicating them. O my dear Miss Damford I how happy is it in your power to make me!

"I am much affected with your account of Mrs. Jewkes's reformation, I could have wished, had I not *other* and *stronger* inducements (in the pleasure of so agreeable a neighbourhood, and so sweet a companion), I could have been down at the Hall, in hopes to have confirmed the poor woman in her newly assumed penitence. God give her grace to persevere in it!—To be an humble means of saving a soul from perdition! O my dear Miss Darnford, let me enjoy that heart-ravishing hope!—To pluck such a brand as this out of the fire, and to assist to quench its flaming susceptibility for mischief, and make it useful to edifying purposes, what a pleasure does this afford one! How does it encourage one to proceed in the way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I am raised to my present condition, in order to be an humble instrument in the hand of Providence to communicate great good to others, and so extend to many those benefits I have received, which, were they to go no further than myself, what a vile, what an ungrateful creature should I be!

"I see, my dearest Miss Darnford, how useful in every condition of life a virtuous and a serious turn of mind may be!

"In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on several agreeable subjects, which I could touch upon with pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of my reception here, and of the kindness of our genteel neighbours): such, particularly, as the arrival here of my dear parents, and the kind, generous entertainment they met with from my best friend; his condescension in not only permitting me to attend them to Kent, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in a most happy manner, beyond their wishes and my own; but yet so much in character, as I may say, that every one must approve his judicious benevolence; the favours of my good Lady Davers to me, who, pleased with my letters, has vouchsafed to become my correspondent; and a thousand things, which I want personally to communicate to my dear Miss Darnford.

"Be pleased to present my humble respects to Lady Darnford, and to Miss Nancy; to good Madam Jones, and to your kind friends at Stamford; also to Mr. and Mrs. Peters, and their kinswoman: and beg of that good gentleman from me to encourage his new proselyte all he can; and I doubt not, she will do credit, poor woman! to the pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind compliance with my wishes for your company, I remain, *dearest Miss Darnford, your faithful and obliged friend and servant,*

"P.B."

This, my good lady, is the long letter I sent to Miss Darnford, who, at parting, engaged me to keep up a correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a month or two at the Hall, if we came down, and if she could persuade Sir Simon and her mamma to spare her to my wishes. Your ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the honours you confer upon me: but I would not either add or diminish in the communications I make to you.

The following is the copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes:

"You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find, that, at length, God Almighty has touched your heart, and let you see, while health and strength lasted, the error of your ways. Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy afflictions, or been confined to the bed of sickness, when, perhaps, they have made vows and resolutions, that have held them no longer than the discipline lasted; but you give me much better hopes of the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some sore evil has overtaken you: and it ought to be an earnest to you of the Divine favour, and should keep you from despondency.

"As to me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did; since your usage of me, as it proved, was but a necessary means in the hand of Providence, to exalt me to that state of happiness, in which I have every day more and more cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of gentlemen.

"As I have often prayed for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my prayers, and with high delight look upon you as a reclaimed soul given to my supplication. May the Divine goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have begun! And when you can taste the all-surpassing pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in a station where your example may be of advantage to the souls of others, as well as to your own—a pleasure that every good mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; then may you be assured, that nothing but your perseverance, and the consequential improvement resulting from it, is wanted to convince you, that you are in a right way, and that the woe that is pronounced against the presumptuous sinner, belongs not to you.

"Let me, therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes (for now *indeed* you are dear to me), caution you against two things; the one, that you return not to your former ways, and wilfully err after this repentance; for the Divine goodness will then look upon itself as mocked by you, and will withdraw itself from you; and more dreadful will your state then be, than if you had never repented: the other, that you don't despair of the Divine mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your favour, and has awakened you out of your deplorable lethargy, without those sharp medicines and operations, which others, and perhaps *not more faulty* persons, have suffered. But go on cheerfully in the same happy path. Depend upon it, you are now in the right way, and turn not either to the right hand or to the left; for the reward is before you, in reputation and a good fame in this life, and everlasting felicity beyond it.

"Your letter is that of a sensible woman, as I always thought you; and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will prove yourself to be: and I the rather hope it, as I shall be always desirous, then of taking every opportunity that offers of doing you real service, as well with regard to your present as future life: for I am, *good* Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may call you, *your loving friend to serve you*,

P.B.

"Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be so kind as to recommend to you, and to those under your direction, send for them either to Lincoln, Stamford, or Grantham, and place them to my account: and may they be the effectual means of confirming you and them in the good way you are in! I have done as much for all here: and, I hope, to no bad effect: for I shall now tell them, by Mrs. Jervis, if there be occasion, that I hope they will not let me be out-done in Bedfordshire, by Mrs. Jewkes in Lincolnshire; but that the servants of both houses may do credit to the best of masters. Adieu, *good* woman; as once more I take pleasure to style you."

* * * * *

Thus, my good lady, have I obeyed you, in transcribing these two letters. I will now proceed to your ladyship's twelve articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your ladyship, as I have opportunity, in my future letters, with such accounts of my dear lady's favour and goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and to the noble ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted, that your ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest parents: they are good people, and ever had minds that set them above low and sordid actions: and God and your good brother has rewarded them most amply in this world, which is more than they ever expected, after a series of unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your ladyship is pleased to say, that people in upper life love to see how plain nature operates in honest minds, who have hardly any thing else for their guide: and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your ladyship's attention (for, as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my thankfulness for what I *am*), I would give you a scene of resignation, and contented poverty, of which otherwise you can hardly have a notion. I *will* give it, because it will be a scene of nature, however low, which your ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its length.

It was upon occasion of a great loss and disappointment which happened to my dear parents; for though they were never high in life, yet they were not always so low as my honoured lady found them, when she took me. My poor father came home; and as the loss was of such a nature, as that he could not keep it from my mother, he took her hand, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, "Come, my dear, let us take comfort, that we did for the best. We left the issue to Providence, as we ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must be content, though not favoured as we wished. —All the business is, our lot is not cast for this life. Let us resign ourselves to the Divine will, and continue to do our duty, and this short life will soon be past. Our troubles will be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I make no doubt."

Then my dear mother threw her arms about his neck, and said, with tears, "God's will be done, my dear love! All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented, and had rather say, I have a poor honest husband, than a guilty rich one. What signifies repining: let the world go as it will, we shall have our length and our breadth at last. And Providence, I doubt not, will be a better friend to our good girl here, because she is good, than we could be, if this had not happened," pointing to me, who, then about eleven years old (for it was before my lady took me), sat weeping in the chimney corner, over a few dying embers of a fire, at their moving expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their hands, and blessing them, said, "And this length and breadth, my dear parents, will be, one day, all that the rich and the great can possess; and, it may be, their ungracious heirs will trample upon their ashes, and rejoice they are gone: while such a poor girl as I, am honouring the memories of mine, who, in their good names, and good lessons, will have left me the best of portions."

And then they both hugged me to their fond bosoms, by turns; and all three were filled with comfort in one another.

For a farther proof that *honest poverty* is not such a deplorable thing as some people imagine, let me ask, what pleasure can those over-happy persons know, who, from the luxury of their tastes, and their affluent circumstances, always eat before they are hungry, and drink before they are thirsty? This may be illustrated by the instance of a certain eastern monarch, who, as I have read, marching at the head of a vast army, through a wide extended desert, which afforded neither river nor spring, for the first time, found himself (in common with his soldiers) overtaken by a craving thirst, which made him pant after a cup of water. And when, after diligent search, one of his soldiers found a

little dirty puddle, and carried him some of the filthy water in his nasty helmet, the monarch greedily swallowing it, cried out, that in all his life he never tasted so sweet a draught!

But when I talk or write of my worthy parents, how I run on!—Excuse me, my good lady, and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the cat in the fable, turned into a fine lady; for though I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how* gratefully to enjoy my present happiness, as well with regard to my obligations to God, as to your dear brother. But let me proceed to your ladyship's third particular.

3. And you cannot imagine. Madam, how much you have set my heart at rest, when you say, that my dear Mr. B. gave me a just narrative of this affair with Miss Godfrey: for when your ladyship desired to know how he had recounted that story, lest you should make a misunderstanding between us unawares, I knew not what to think. I was afraid some blood had been shed on the occasion by him: for the lady was ruined, and as to her, nothing could have happened worse. The regard I have for Mr. B.'s future happiness, which, in my constant supplication for him in private, costs me many a tear, gave me great apprehensions, and not a little uneasiness. But as your ladyship tells me that he gave me a just account, I am happy again.

I now come to your ladyship's fourth particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your approbation of my conduct to the child, as well as of my behaviour towards the dear gentleman, on the unhappy lady's score. Your ladyship's wise intimations about having the child with me, make due impressions upon me; and I see in them, with grateful pleasure, your unmerited regard for me. Yet, I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange passion for this dear baby; I cannot but look upon her poor mamma as my sister in point of trial; and shall not the prosperous sister pity and love the poor dear sister that, in so slippery a path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the happiness to keep her feet?

The rest of your ladyship's articles give me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the favour of your dear brother, and improve in that of his noble sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope you will take as an instance of it, my cheerful obedience to your commands, in writing to so fine a judge, such crude and indigested stuff, as, otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the honour of your presence here; and yet I perplex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your eye when near you, as to suffer in your opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the case on your first visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I shall reap from your lessons and good example, that whenever I shall be favoured with a *second* you shall have fewer faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and, of consequence, more worthy than I am of the honour of stiling myself *your ladyship's most humble and obedient servant*, P.B.

LETTER XXI

From Miss Darnford, in answer to Mrs. B.'s, p. 60.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

You are highly obliging in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this world, out of our own family, in whose company I should be happier; but my papa won't part with me, I think; though I have secured my mamma in my interest; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence, because the dear, perversely envious, thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish girl, she don't consider, that if her envy be well grounded, I should return with more than double advantages to what I now have, improved by your charming conversation.

My papa affects to be in a fearful pet, at your lecturing of him so justly; for my mamma would show him the letter; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B. for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B. will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his Dedimus: and then if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B. to join in your kind invitation: but—yet I am loth to say it to you—the character of your worthy gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the way with my papa.

My mamma pleaded his being married. "Ads-dines, Madam," said he, "what of all that!"

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

"No," said he, "positively no!"

"Well, Sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would enable me to give a better reason to good Mrs. B. why I am not permitted to accept of the kind invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign."

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humourous positiveness. "Why, then tell her she is a very saucy lady, for her last letter to you, and her lord and master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute will and pleasure that you ask me no more questions about it."

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

I can't help it—if you truly pity me you can make me easier under the disappointment, than otherwise possible, by favouring me with an epistolary conversation, since I am denied a personal one; and my mamma joins in the request; particularly let us know how Lady Davers's first visit passes; which Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, who know my lady so well, likewise long to hear. And this will make us the best amends in your power for the loss of your good neighbourhood, which we had all promised to ourselves.

This denial of my papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a proposal made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters: he won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humourous way, lest we should fall out about it.

"I suppose," I tell him, "the young gentleman is to pick and choose which of the two he likes best." But be he a duke, 'tis all one to Polly, if he is not something above our common Lincolnshire class of fox-hunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression; and Mr. Peters says, he does not know, that ever he did any thing in his life, that gave him so much inward reproach, as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. B. came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that very denial, as well as the other hardships you have met with, were necessary to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in *your* own duty, since he had the unhappiness to lose such an opportunity to have done honour to his function, had he had the fortitude to have done *his*; and he has begged of me to hint his concern to you on this head; and to express his hopes, that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the fault of one of its professors, who never was wanting in his duty so much before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject; but he had not the courage; and besides, did not know *how* Mr. B. might take it, if he should see that letter, as the case had such delicate circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by implication, have cast still greater blame upon him.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favourite for that reason; and I hope *you*, who could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity and constitution, than from want of principle: for once, talking of it to my mamma, before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in his eyes. She, good lady, would have given you this protection at Mr. Williams's desire; but wanted the power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B., how your virtue has shamed every one into such a sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent, are seeking to make excuses for past misbehaviour, and to promise future amendment, like penitent subjects returning to their duty to their conquering sovereign, after some unworthy defection.

Happy, happy lady! May you ever be so! May you always convert your enemies, invigorate the lukewarm, and every day multiply your friends, wishes *your most affectionate*,

POLLY DARNFORD.

P.S. How I rejoice in the joy of your honest parents! God bless 'em! I am glad Lady Davers is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best respects. Write oftener, and omit not the minutest thing: for every line of yours carries instruction with it.

LETTER XXII

From Sir Simon Darnford to Mr. B.

SIR,

Little did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts every body else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken such liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own child against me, and make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is, where he most loves; and that by young upstarts, who are growing up to the enjoyment of those pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and "Where's Polly?" (for I honour the slut with too much of my notice), "Where's Polly?" was all my cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And, at last, in burst the pert baggage, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all must be well the moment she appeared, with "Do you want me, papa?"

"Do I want you, Confidence? Yes, I do. Where have you been these two hours, that you never came near me, when you knew 'twas my time to have my foot rubbed, which gives me mortal pain?" For you must understand, Mr. B., that nobody's hand's so soft as Polly's.

She gave me a saucy answer, as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a twinge, that I could scarce bear; for pain is a plaguy thing to a man of my lively spirits.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turning upon her heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung a book which I had in my hand, at her head. And, this fine lady of your's, this paragon of meekness and humility, in so many words, bids me, or, which is worse, tells my own daughter to bid me, never to take a book into my hands again, if I won't make a better use of it:—and yet, what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them, and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once?

Mrs. B. reflects upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying things before my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed of? then avows malice and revenge. Why neighbour, are these things to be borne?—Do you allow your lady to set up for a general corrector of every body's morals but your own?—Do you allow her to condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this generation; that dear polite *double entendre*, which keeps alive the attention, and quickens the apprehension, of the best companies in the world, and is the salt, the sauce, which gives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments!

Very fine, truly! that more than half the world shall be shut out of society, shall be precluded their share of conversation amongst the gay and polite of both sexes, were your lady to have her will! Let her first find people who can support a conversation with wit and good sense like her own, and then something may be said: but till then, I positively say, and will swear upon occasion, that double entendre shall not be banished from our tables; and where this won't raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will, if we please, for all Mrs. B. and her new-fangled notions, force the one and the other by still plainer hints; and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, Sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, and the freedom and politeness of conversation; in all which your lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor,

as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from *your offended friend and servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII

From Mr. B. in Answer to the preceding one.

DEAR SIR SIMON,

You cannot but believe that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behaviour of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from such a gentleman, than I could, that she would have deserved it: and I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner, that, I dare say, she will never give you like cause to appeal to me.

It happened, that the criminal herself received it from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet; and, making her honours (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, though she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends) away she tript; and I, inquiring for her, when, with surprise, as you may believe, I had read your charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick neighbour; of which indeed I knew before because she took the chariot; but I had forgot it in my wrath.

At last, in she came, with that sweet composure in her face which results from a consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous things. I resumed, therefore, that sternness and displeasure which her entrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand; her charming eye (you know what an eye she has, Sir Simon) quivered at my overclouded aspect; and her lips, half drawn to a smile, trembling with apprehension of a countenance so changed from what she left it.

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

"What have I done? Let me know, good Sir!" looking round, with her half-affrighted eyes, this way and that, on the books, and pictures, and on me, by turns.

"You shall know soon," said I, "the *crime* you have been guilty of."—"Crime, Sir! Pray let me—This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time witness to the flutter you put me in."

There hangs a tale, Sir Simon, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of this little sorceress. I still held one hand, and she stood before me, as criminals ought to do before their judge, but said, "I see, Sir, sure I do,—or what will else become of me!—less severity in your eyes, than you affect to put on in your countenance. Dear Sir, let me but know my fault: I will repent, acknowledge, and amend."

"You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your fault, if you can look me in the face, when I tell it you."

"Then let me," said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck, "let me thus, my dear Mr. B., hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, by my tears, and my penitence."

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they thus soothe and calm the tumults of an angry heart! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement wrath* for *slight indignation*, and all the hostile provocations of the marriage warfare; they can thus hide their dear faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults, to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet girl's behaviour; nay, I believe, I did, and in defiance to my resolved displeasure, press her forehead with my lips, as the rest of her face was hid on my breast; but, considering it was the cause of my *friend*, I was to assert, my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a manner by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief, in a pomp of style theatrically tragic:

"I will not, too inadvertent, and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance, that, on this occasion, ought to give you as much joy, as it has, till now, given me—since it becomes an advocate in your favour, when otherwise you might expect very severe treatment. Know then, that the letter you gave me before you went out, is a letter from a friend, a neighbour, a

worthy neighbour, complaining of your behaviour to him;—no other than Sir Simon Darnford" (for I would not amuse her too much), "a gentleman I must always respect, and whom, as my friend, I expected *you* should: since, by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself, or not, a man ought always to judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself."

She raised her head at once on this:—"Thank Heaven," said she, "it is no worse!—I was at my wit's end almost, in apprehension: but I know how this must be. Dear Sir, how could you frighten me so?—I know how all this is!—I can now look you in the face, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with! For I am sure, I have not so affronted him as to make him angry indeed. And truly" (ran she on, secure of pardon as she seemed to think), "I should respect Sir Simon not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he was not so sad a rake at a time of life—"

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

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

"Read then," said I, "the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it." So I went from her, for a few minutes. But, would you believe it, Sir Simon? she seemed, on my return, very little concerned at your just complaints. What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women!—Instead of finding her in repentant tears, as one would expect, she took your angry letter for a jocular one; and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of *her* fault, or the reality of your resentment. Upon which, being determined to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impressed upon her, I began thus:

"Pamela, take heed that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind, in breach of your charity, to make you too rigorous a censurer of other people's actions: don't be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine, that, because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant vein, and, I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great rake and libertine:" (You'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part), "but what then? You see it is all over with him now. He says, that he *must*, and therefore he *will* be virtuous: and is a man for ever to hear the faults of his youth, when so willing to forget them?"

"Ah! but, Sir, Sir," said the bold slut, "can you say he is *willing* to forget them?—Does he not repine in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them; and does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—" She hesitated—"Owns what?"—"You know what I mean. Sir, and I need not speak it: and can there well be a more censurable character?—Then before his maiden daughters! his virtuous lady! *before* any body!—What a sad thing is this, at a time of life, which should afford a better example!"

"But, dear Sir," continued the bold prattler, (taking advantage of a silence more owing to displeasure than approbation) "let me, for I would not be too *censorious*" (No, not she! in the very act of censoriousness to say this!), "let me offer but one thing: don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loth to be thought a reformed gentleman? Don't you see his delight, when speaking of his former pranks, as if sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a bad story!"

"But," said I, "were this the case" (for I profess, Sir Simon, I was at a grievous loss to defend you), "for you to write all these free things against a father to his daughter, is that right, Pamela?"

"O, Sir! the good gentleman himself has taken care, that such a character as I presumed to draw to Miss of her papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. B., whenever his arch leers, and his humourous attitude on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters (used to him as they are), have suffered in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: how, particularly, dear Miss Darnford has looked at me with concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her papa from the censure, which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear Sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady, who loves and honours her papa, to observe, that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the example he ought to *give*? And pardon me, Sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it not a fine sight to see a gentleman, as we have often seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read a passage in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles*, to talk filthily upon it? Methinks I see him now," added the bold slut, "splitting his arch face with a broad laugh, shewing a mouth, with hardly a tooth in it, and making obscene remarks upon what he has read."

And then the dear saucy-face laughed out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend more than once make, with his dismounted spectacles, arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polished ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days.—And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because, when I was a sad fellow, it was always my maxim to endeavour to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears. And, indeed, I found my account sometimes in observing it. But, resuming my gravity—"Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old friend thus made the object of your ridicule?—Suppose a challenge should have ensued between us on your account—what might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honour!"—"Very bad, Sir, to be sure: I see that, and am sorry for it: for had you carried off Sir Simon's crutch, as a trophy, he must have lain sighing and groaning like a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had been brought him, to have stumped home with."

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an issue, that will, I hope, make all easy;—Miss Polly, and my Pamela, shall both be punished as they deserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told, that the sins of your youth don't sit so heavily upon your limbs, as in your imagination; and I believe change of air, and the gratification of your revenge, a fine help to such lively spirits as yours, will set you up. You shall then take coach, and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and you can absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner, by a couple of saucy girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set upon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will lay an obligation upon us both; which will be acknowledged with great gratitude by, dear Sir, *your affectionate and humble servant*.

LETTER XXIV

From Sir Simon Darnford in reply.

Hark ye, Mr. B.—A word in your ear:—to be plain: I like neither you nor your wife well enough to trust my Polly with you.

But here's war declared against my poor gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my mouth before your lady as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years avoided to put on my cravat; and for what reason, do you think?—Why, because I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage, that used to inspire love and terror as it pleased. And here your—what-shall-I-call-her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good-humoured old fellow—if I am an old fellow—or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter. Between you and your lady, you make a wretched figure of me, that's certain.—And yet 'tis *taking my part*.

But what must I do?—I'd be glad at any rate to stand in your lady's graces, that I would; nor would I be the last rake libertine unreformed by her example, which I suppose will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But here I have been used to cut a joke and toss the squib about; and, as far as I know, it has helped to keep me alive in the midst of pains and aches, and with two women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications that will attend on *advanced years*; for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *old age*!

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortified with a looking glass held before me, and every wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow—And what, pray, is to succeed to this reformation?—I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt.—And besides, if my stomach and my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darnford!

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you think: as a foil (as, by-the-bye, some of your own actions have been to your lady's virtue) to set off some more edifying example, where variety of characters make up a feast in conversation?

Well, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself; and fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time a bolder sinner than ever I was, with your maxim of touching ladies' hearts, without wounding their ears, which made surer work with them, that was all; though 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed; and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north, and south, owe great obligations to your fair reclamer. But here is a fine prim young fellow, coming out of Norfolk, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hand, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly; though I tell her I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying.

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. B.'s request. But if this matter should go off; if he should not like *her*, or she *him*; or if I should not like *his* terms, or he *mine*;—or still another *or*, if he should like Nancy better why, then perhaps, if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honour, and let her go for a month or two.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say, further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excused in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another a sooty rascal) I gave a proof of my charity, which I hope with Mrs. B. will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, though I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the strictest sense, I can be an *admirer* of it; and that is some little merit: and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than *your humble servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXV

MY HONOURED AND DEAR PARENTS,

I hope you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with: and yet this last is but a poor excuse to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times; lest I should not, when viewed so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But I resolve not to endeavour to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She must have advantages, by conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful obligingness to my lady, as shall be consistent with the condition to which I am raised; so that she may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her dear brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending: and, as to my family arrangement, I am the less afraid of inspection, because, by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above dark reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, to make me wish to avoid the most scrutinising eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a young lady of uncommon merit. But yet you know her character from my former writings. She is very solicitous to hear of all that concerns me, and particularly how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first; for she has the least pride, and the most benevolence and solid thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and does not envy any one. I shall write to her often: and as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from this lady the return of my letters to her, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights, that I have such worthy parents (as I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me and to correspond with me.

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

Mr. Longman greatly pleased me, on his last return, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation on this occasion, which, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After having adjusted some affairs with his dear principal, which took up two hours, my best beloved sent for me. "My dear," said he, seating me by him, and making the good old gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my approach) "Mr. Longman and I have settled, in two hours, some accounts, which would have taken up as many months with some persons: for never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant. He gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it.—Now, my charmer," said he, "I see your eyes begin to glisten: O how this subject raises your whole soul to the windows of it!—Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman; and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty."

I endeavoured before Mr. Longman to rein in a gratitude, that my throbbing heart confessed through my handkerchief, as I perceived: but the good old gentleman could not hinder his from shewing itself at his worthy eyes, to see how much I was favoured—*oppressed*, I should say—with the tenderest goodness to me, and kind expressions.—"Excuse me," said he, wiping his cheeks: "my

delight to see such merit so justly rewarded will not be contained, I think." And so he arose and walked to the window.

"Well, good Mr. Longman," said I, as he returned towards us, "you give me the pleasure to know that my father and mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in."

"Well and happy, Madam;—ay, that they are, indeed! A worthier couple never lived. Most nobly do they go on in the farm. Your honour is one of the happiest gentlemen in the world. All the good you do, returns upon you in a trice. It may well be said *you cast your bread upon the waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, Madam, are hugely delighted with their good steward: every thing prospers under his management: the gentry love both him and my dame; and the poor people adore them."

Thus ran Mr. Longman on, to my inexpressible delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew—"Tis an honest soul," said my dear Mr. B. "I love him for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and be happy!"

The dear man makes me spring to his arms, whenever he touches this string: for he speaks always thus kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves; and now and then adds, that he is as much satisfied with your prudence, as he is with mine; that parents and daughter do credit to one another: and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth, make him take as great pleasure in you, as if you were his own relations. How delighting, how transporting rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do?

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London; and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may oftener hear from one another, which will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I hear such an account of the immoralities which persons may observe there, along with the public diversions, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For, they say, quarrels, and duels, and gallantries, as they are called, so often happen in London, that those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of *your ever dutiful daughter*, P.B.

LETTER XXVI

MY DEAREST CHILD,

It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is, which we confer on our poor neighbours, and the labouring people, lest it should be surmised, by any body, that we are lavishing away wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured husband or you will suspect so, or that the worthy Mr. Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small things, though the good we hope from them is not small perhaps: and if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbours, requiring any thing considerable, and the objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God should direct you.

My dear child, you are very happy, and if it *can* be, may you be happier still! Yet I verily think you cannot be more happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, that all our happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have blessed your parents (or your honoured husband rather for your sake) with all the good things this world can afford.

Your papers are the joy of our leisure hours; and you are kind beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now and then you let us hear of your health and welfare. But it is not enough with such a good daughter, that you have made our lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us, all that befalls you: and then you write so piously, and with such a sense of God's goodness to you, and intermix such good reflections in your writings, that whether it be our partial love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: and you make our hearts and eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join hand in hand, and say to each other, in the same breath—"Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my love,"—"For such a daughter," says the one—"For such a daughter," says the other—"And she has your own sweet temper," cry I.—"And she has your own honest heart," cries she: and so we go on, blessing God, and you, and blessing your spouse, and ourselves!—Is any happiness like ours, my dear daughter?

We are really so enraptured with your writings, that when our spirits flag, through the infirmity of years, which hath begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your papers:—"Come, my dear," cry I, "what say you to a banquet now?"—She knows what I mean. "With all my heart," says she. So I read although it be on a Sunday, so good are your letters; and you must know, I have copies of many, and after a little while we are as much alive and brisk, as if we had no nagging at all, and return to the duties of the day with double delight.

Consider then, my dear child, what joy your writings give us: and yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who have so much to do of other kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young lady as Miss Darnford, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear goodness, and notice of me at the Hall, kindly pressing my rough hands with her fine hands, and looking in my face with *so* much kindness in her eyes!—What good people, as well as bad, there are in high stations!—Thank God there are; else our poor child would have had a sad time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once I heard you phrase it, into company you could not *live with*.

Well, but what shall I say more? and yet how shall I end?—Only, with my prayers, that God will continue to you the blessing and comforts you are in possession of!—And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about London; for why should you let the dread of future evils lessen your present joys?—There is no absolute perfection in this life, that's true; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be troubled when troubles come—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Rejoice, then, as you have often said you would, in your present blessings, and leave the event of things to the Supreme Disposer of all events. And what have *you* to do but to rejoice? *You*, who cannot see a sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their beds numbers to join in the blessing! *You* who can bless your high-born friends, and your low-born parents, and obscure relations! the rich by your example, and the poor by your bounty; and bless besides so good and so brave a husband;—O my dear child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do but rejoice?—*For many daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all.*

I will only add, that every thing the 'squire ordered is just upon the point of being finished. And when the good time comes, that we shall be again favoured with his presence and yours, what a still greater joy will this afford to the already overflowing hearts of *your ever loving father and mother,*

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

LETTER XXVII

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,

The interest I take in everything that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the gentleman, whom some of your best friends and well-wishers have recommended to your favour. I hope he will deserve your good opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried gentlemen in England.

Your papa, in his humourous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches; but were he as rich as Croesus, he should not have my consent, if he has no greater merit; though that is what the generality of parents look out for first; and indeed an easy fortune is so far from being to be disregarded, that, when attended with equal merit, I think it ought to have a *preference* given to it, supposing affections disengaged. For 'tis certain, that a man or woman may stand as good a chance for happiness in marriage with a person of fortune, as with one who has not that advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither riches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with those who say, that they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit riches to be the *principal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that is the fault which many a one smarts for, whether the choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy body, might some who have not Miss Darnford's kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked.—But I have this to say; that I think myself so entirely divested of partiality to my own case, that, as far as my judgment shall permit, I will never have that in view, when I am presuming to hint my opinion of general rules. For, most surely, the honours I have received, and the debasement to which my best friend had subjected himself, have, for their principal excuse, that the gentleman was entirely independent, had no questions to ask, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the person he chose, happy, though she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a character for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that nobody could impute to him any other inducement, but that of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, tried, and could not subdue.

My dear Miss, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters's sentiments to that part of his conduct to me, which (oppressed by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once I censured; and the readier, as I had so great an honour for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good, and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness, and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my lot, to be the cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart. To be sure, a gentleman, one who knows, and practises so well, his duty, in every other instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible, that it would not have mis-become his function and character to have afforded that protection to oppressed innocence, which was requested of him: and how would it have grieved his considerate mind, had my ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a namesake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater instance, let not my want of charity exceed *his* fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable; I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carried off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions, who, in this very instance, shewed how much in earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile purposes; and whose heart, although *God* might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could. Then he was not sure, that, though he might assist my escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the hands of so determined a violator: and that difficulty would not, with such an one, enhance his resolution to overcome all obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the person, who was moving him to this worthy measure, possibly sought to gratify a view of his own, and that while endeavouring to save, to outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was, in reality, only helping another to a wife, at the hazard of exposing himself to the vindictiveness of a violent temper, and a rich neighbour, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension, entirely groundless as it was, though not improbable, as it might seem to him.

For all these considerations, I must pity, rather than too rigorously censure, the worthy gentleman, and I will always respect him. And thank him a thousand times, my dear, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such; for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have so much honour for the clergy of all degrees, that I never forget in my prayers one article, that God will make them shining lights to the world; since so much depends on their ministry and examples, as well with respect to our public as private duties. Nor shall the faults of a few make impression upon me to the disadvantage of the order; for I am afraid a very censorious temper, in this respect, is too generally the indication of an uncharitable and perhaps a profligate heart, levelling characters, in order to cover some inward pride, or secret enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear, this tedious scribble; I cannot for my life write short letters to those I love. And let me hope that you will favour me with an account of your new affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your conversations, as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. For, alas! your poor friend knows nothing of this. All her courtship was sometimes a hasty snatch of the hand, a black and blue gripe of the arm, and—"Whither now?"—"Come to me when I bid you!" And Saucy-face, and Creature, and such like, on his part—with fear and trembling on mine; and—"I will, I will!"—Good Sir, have mercy!" At other times a scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplift hands, bent knees, and tearful eyes—"For God's sake, pity your poor servant."

This, my dear Miss Darnford, was the hard treatment that attended my courtship—pray, then, let me know, how gentlemen court their equals in degree; how they look when they address you, with their knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir Simon says, with the words Slave, Servant, Admirer, continually at their tongue's end.

But after all, it will be found, I believe, that be the language and behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike—The English, the plain English, of the politest address, is,—*"I am now, dear Madam, your humble servant: pray be so good as to let me be your master,"—"Yes, and thank you too,"* says the lady's heart, though not her lips, if she likes him. And so they go to church together; and, in conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinced, that with a man of sense, a woman of tolerable prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you happy as I now am, notwithstanding all that's past, wishes and prays *your obliged friend and servant,*

P.B.

[N.B.—Although Miss Darnford could not receive the above letter so soon, as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the order of time, that the reader may have the letter and answer at one view, and shall on other occasions take the like liberty.]

LETTER XXVIII

In answer to the preceding

MY DEAR MRS. B.,

You charm us all with your letters. Mr. Peters says, he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful acknowledgment for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says, you are one. My papa, although he has seen your stinging reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to Lincolnshire again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest: for he thinks it was wrong in him to deny you his protection.

We all smiled at the description of your own uncommon courtship. And, as they say the days of courtship are the happiest part of life, if we had not known that your days of marriage are happier by far than any other body's courtship, we must needs have pitied. But as the one were days of trial and temptation, the others are days of reward and happiness: may the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no occasion to think any body happier than Mrs. B.!

I thank you heartily for your good wishes as to the man of sense. Mr. Murray has been here, and continues his visits. He is a lively gentleman, well enough in his person, has a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take his bottle freely; my papa likes him ne'er the worse for that: he talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own person very well—no great pleasure this for a lady to look forward to; yet he falls far short of that genteel ease and graceful behaviour, which distinguish your Mr. B. from any body I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an ill-natured girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his conversation: his complaisance is not pretty; he is, however, well versed in country sports; and my papa loves him for that too, and says—"He is a most accomplished gentleman."—"Yes Sir," cry I, "as gentlemen go."—"You *must* be saucy," says Sir Simon, "because the man offers himself to your acceptance. A few years hence, perhaps, if you remain single, you'll alter your note, Polly, and be willing to jump at a much less worthy tender."

I could not help answering that, although I paid due honour to all my papa was pleased to say, I could not but hope he would be mistaken in this. But I have broken my mind to my dear mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the pleasure she can; but would be loth the youngest daughter should go *first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now and then, I did not care who married, unless such an one offered as I never expect.

I have great hopes the gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for Nancy; for I see he has not delicacy enough to love with any great distinction. He says, as my mamma tells me by the bye, that I am the handsomest, and best humoured, and he has found out as he thinks, that I have some wit, and have ease and freedom (and he tacks innocence to them) in my address and conversation. 'Tis well for me, *he* is of this opinion: for if he thinks justly, which I must question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking pains to engage his good word, having been under more reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed, I can't help it: for the gentleman is forward without delicacy; and (pardon me, Sir Simon) my papa has not one bit of it neither; but is for pushing matters on, with his rough raillery, that puts me out of countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid part of the preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope Nancy's three thousand pound fortune more than I am likely to have, will give her the wished-for preference with Mr. Murray; and then, as to a brother-in-law, in prospect, I can put off all restraint, and return to my usual freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of notice from us: but from you, we expect an account of Lady Davers's visit, and of the conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your subject or reflections, or both, that we long for every post-day, in hopes of the pleasure of a letter. And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many testimonies of the honour I receive in this correspondence: which will be always esteemed as it deserves, by, my dear Mrs. B., *your obliged and faithful*

POLLY DARNFORD.

Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jones, my papa, mamma, and sister, present their respects. Mr. Peters I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good account of poor Jewkes; and is much pleased with her.

LETTER XXIX

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

At your desire, and to oblige your honoured mamma, and your good neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the arrival of Lady Davers, and will occasionally write what passes among us, I will not say worthy of notice; for were I only to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a bit now, and a bit then, you must excuse me, if I dispense with some forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it journal-wise, as it were, and have no regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my freedom of narration, to inscription or subscription; but send it as I have opportunity, and if you please to favour me so far, as to lend it me, after you have read the stuff, for the perusal of my father and mother, to whom my duty, and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings, it will save me transcription, for which I shall have no time; and then you will excuse blots and blurs, and I will trouble myself no farther for apologies on that score, but this once for all.

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

For my dear friend permits me to rise an hour sooner than usual, that I may have time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employed, or in reading; often saying, when I am at my needle, (as his sister once wrote) "Your maids can do this, Pamela: but they cannot write as you can." And yet, as he says, when I choose to follow my needle, as a diversion from too intense study, (but, alas! I know not what study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes) I shall then do as I please. But I promised at setting out, what a good wife I'd endeavour to make: and every honest body should try to be as good as her word, you know, and such particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my duty to perform, if I had *not* promised. But what a preamble is here? Judge by it what impertinences you may expect as I proceed.

Yesterday evening arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and the Countess of C., mother of Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater favour. It seems her ladyship longed, as she said, to see *me*; and this was her principal inducement. The two ladies, and their two women, were in Lord Davers's coach and six, and my lord and his nephew rode on horseback, attended with a train of servants.

We had expected them to dinner; but they could not reach time enough; for the countess being a little incommoded with her journey, the coach travelled slowly. My lady would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, to come hither before her, though on horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her mother's Pamela*; that was her word.

It rained when they came in; so the coach drove directly to the door, and Mr. B. received them there; but I was in a little sort of flutter, which Mr. B. observing, made me sit down in the parlour to compose myself. "Where's Pamela?" said my lady, as soon as she alighted.

I stepped out, lest she should take it amiss: and she took my hand, and kissed me: "Here, my lady countess," said she, presenting me to her, "here's the girl; see if I said too much in praise of her person."

The countess saluted me with a visible pleasure in her eye, and said, "Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. 'Twould have been strange (excuse me, Mrs. B., for I know your story), if such a fine flower had not been transplanted from the field to the garden."

I made no return, but by a low curtsy, to her ladyship's compliment. Then Lady Davers taking my hand again, presented me to her lord: "See here, my lord, my mother's Pamela."—"And see here,

my lord," said her generous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, "see here your brother's Pamela too!"

My lord saluted me: "I do," said he to his lady, and to his brother; "and I see the first person in her, that has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder."

Mr. H., whom every one calls Lord Jackey, after his aunt's example, when she is in good humour with him, and who is a very *young* gentleman, though about as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, "Lovelier and lovelier, by my life!—I never saw your peer, Madam."

Will you excuse me, my dear, all this seeming vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

"Well, but," said my lady, taking my hand, in her free quality way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at a distance, and turning me half round, her eye fixed to my waist, "let me observe you a little, my sweet-faced girl;—I hope I am right: I hope you will do credit to my brother, as he has done you credit. Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B.?"

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, Miss: my face, all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked so *silly*!—

"Ay," said my naughty lady, "you may well look down, my good girl: for works of this nature will not be long hidden.—And, oh! my lady," (to the countess) "see how like a pretty *thief* she looks!"

"Dear my lady!" said I: for she still kept looking at me: and her good brother, seeing my confusion, in pity to me, pressed my blushing face a moment to his generous breast, and said, "Lady Davers, you should not be thus hard upon my dear girl, the moment you see her, and before so many witnesses:—but look up, my best love, take your revenge of my sister, and tell her, you wish her in the same way."

"It is so then?" said my lady. "I'm glad of it with all my heart. I will now love you better and better: but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you." And so she gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she said.

Do you think I did not look very silly? My lord, smiling, and gazing at me from head to foot; Lord Jackey grinning and laughing, like an oaf, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed the countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely in persons of birth, "Lady Davers, you are as much too teasing, as Mrs. B. is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B., that your lady's bashfulness is the principal mark by which we can judge she is not of quality." Lord Jackey, in the language of some character in a play, cried out, "*A palpable hit, by Jupiter!*" and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper-time, and I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be; for the countess had, by her first compliment, and by an aspect as noble as intelligent, overawed me, as I may say, into a respectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though pleasant raillery (which she could not help carrying on now-and-then) contributed. Besides, Lady Davers's letters had given me still greater reason to revere her wit and judgment than I had before, when I reflected on her passionate temper, and such parts of the conversation I had had with her ladyship in your neighbourhood; which (however to be admired) fell short of her letters.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, a little diffidently: for I really then thought of my lady's anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at table with her; and Mr. B. saying, "Take your place, my dear; you keep our friends standing;" I sat down in my usual seat. And my lady said, "None of your reproaching eye, Pamela; I know what you hint at by it; and every letter I have received from you has made me censure myself for my *lady-airs*, as you call 'em, you sauce-box you: I told you, I'd *lady-airs* you when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good time."

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

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

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were withdrawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, "Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers; for he has spoken to Lord S. who made him a visit a few days ago, to procure you a baronet's patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family besides is so ancient, that, methinks, you should wish for some distinction of that sort."

"Yes, brother," said my lord, "I did mention it to Lord S. and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it; but 'tis a thing your sister has wished for a good while."

"What answer did my Lord S. make to it?" said Mr. B.

"He said, 'We,' meaning the ministers, I suppose, 'should be glad to oblige a man of Mr. B.'s figure in the world; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord Davers, we seldom grant honours without a view: I tell you that,' added he, smiling."

"My Lord S. might mention this as a jest," returned Mr. B., "but he spoke the truth. But your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis true, 'tis an hereditary title; but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of Knight, (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt almost as that of the French knights of St. Michael,¹ and nobody cares to accept of it) now are ambitious of this; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel honour, and what the ancestors of our family, who lived at its institution, would never accept of. But were it a peerage, which has some essential privileges and splendours annexed to it, to make it desirable to some men, I would not enter into conditions for it. Titles at best," added he, "are but shadows; and he that has the substance should be above valuing them; for who that has the whole bird, would pride himself upon a single feather?"

"But," said my lady, "although I acknowledge that the institution is of late date, yet, as abroad, as well as at home, it is regarded as a title of dignity, and the best families among the gentry are supposed to be distinguished by it, I should wish you to accept of it. And as to citizens who have it, they are not many; and some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants, have bought themselves into the peerage itself of the one kingdom or the other."

"As to what it is looked upon abroad," said Mr. B., "this is of no weight at all; for when an Englishman travels, be he of what degree he will, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, he is a lord of course with foreigners: and therefore Sir Such-a-one is rather a diminution to him, as it gives him a lower title than his vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the possession of. Then, as to citizens, in a trading nation like this, I am not displeased in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal honours; and we have so many of our first titled families, who have allied themselves to trade, (whose inducements were money only) that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or a disgrace as to the honour."

"Well, brother," said my lady, "I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for; if you will but go to court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you'll have: and pray now oblige me in it."

"If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man," replied Mr. B., "I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title to shew he was theirs, and would not have an higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount

¹ This order was become so scandalously common in France, that, to order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it, which effectually abolished it.

to half the pension he demanded: and could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a baronet?"

The countess said, the world always thought Mr. B. to be a man of steady principles, and not attached to any party; but, in her opinion, it was far from being inconsistent with any gentleman's honour and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledged as his sovereign.

"Tis very true. Madam, that I am attached to no party, nor ever will. I will be a *country gentleman*, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own."

"You say well, brother," returned Lady Davers; "but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king, and accept of this title; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title, than the title to you."

"Then what occasion have I for it, if that be the case, Madam?"

"Why, I can't say, but I should be glad you had it, for your family's sake, as it is an hereditary honour. Then it would mend the style of your spouse here; for the good girl is at such a loss for an epithet when she writes, that I see the constraint she lies under. It is, '*My dear gentleman, my best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B.*' whereas Sir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and no other softer epithets would be wanting."

"To me," replied he, "who always desire to be distinguished as my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honour to be called *her dear Mr. B. and her dear man*, this reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William in the kingdom than *her* Sir William: for I am very emulous of her favour, I can tell you, and think it no small distinction."

I blushed at this too great honour, before such company, and was afraid my lady would be a little picqued at it. But after a pause, she said, "Well, then, brother, will you let Pamela decide upon this point?"

"Rightly put," said the countess. "Pray let Mrs. B. choose for you, Sir. My lady has hit the thing."

"Very good, by my soul," says Lord Jackey; "let my *young aunt*," that was his word, "choose for you, Sir."

"Well, then, Pamela," said Mr. B., "give us your opinion, as to this point."

"But, first," said Lady Davers, "say you will be determined by it; or else she will be laid under a difficulty."

"Well, then," replied he, "be it so—I will be determined by your opinion, my dear; give it me freely."

Lord Jackey rubbed his hands together, "Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I wished!"

"Well, now, Pamela," said my lady, "speak your true heart without disguise: I charge you do."

"Why then, gentlemen and ladies," said I, "if I must be so bold as to speak on a subject, upon which on several accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the title; but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature to weigh any thing: and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all."

They all called upon me for my reason; and I said, looking down a little abashed, "It is this: Here my dear Mr. B. has disparaged himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low creature as I; and the world will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the honour he has lost *another!* and then perhaps, it will be attributed to my pride and ambition: 'Here, they will perhaps say, 'the proud cottager will needs be a lady in hopes to conceal her descent;' whereas, had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remembered against both Mr. B. and myself. And indeed, as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been lifted up into this distinction for the causes to which I owe it, your brother's *bounty* and *generosity*, than to be ashamed of what I *was*: only now-

and-then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censured. But this would not be prevented, but rather be promoted by the title. So I am humbly of opinion against the title."

Mr. B. had hardly patience to hear me out, but came to me and folding his arms about me, said, "Just as I wished, have you answered, my beloved Pamela; I was never yet deceived in you; no, not once."

"Madam," said he to the countess, "Lord Davers, Lady Davers, do we want any titles, think you, to make us happy but what we can confer upon ourselves?" And he pressed my hand to his lips, as he always honours me most in company and went to his place highly pleased; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made his noble sister's and the countess's glisten too.

"Well, for my part," said Lady Davers, "thou art a strange girl: where, as my brother once said, gottest thou all this?" Then pleasantly humorous, as if she was angry, she changed her tone, "What signify thy *meek* words and *humble* speeches when by thy *actions*, as well as *sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all? Pamela," said she, "have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more patience with thee, than thy monarch has just now shewn."

The countess was pleased to say, "You're a happy couple indeed!"

Such sort of entertainment as this you are to expect from your correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a mixture of self-praise, vanity, and impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear father and mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me, for no other reason but that: and I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any body else, without expecting as much partiality and favour from others, as I have from my dear parents. Mean time I conclude here my first conversation-piece; and am, and will be, *always yours*, &c. P.B.

LETTER XXX

THURSDAY MORNING, SIX O'CLOCK.

Our breakfast conversation yesterday (at which only Mrs. Worden, my lady's woman, and my Polly attended) was so whimsically particular, (though I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling) that I must acquaint my dear Miss Darnford with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady Davers's conduct towards me.

You must know, then, I have the honour to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers, who on every occasion is pleased to call me his *good Sister*, his *dear Sister*, and sometimes his *charming Sister*, and he says, he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My lady seems to relish this very well in the main, though she cannot quite so readily, yet, frame her mouth to the sound of the word *Sister*, as my lord does; of which this that follows is one instance.

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before, and saying, "I will drink another dish, I think, my *good Sister*." My lady said, "Your lordship has got a word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken notice, that you have called Pamela *Sister*, *Sister*, *Sister*, no less than three times in a quarter of an hour."

My lord looked a little serious: "I shall one day," said he, "be allowed to choose my own words and phrases, I hope—Your sister, Mr. B.," added he, "often questions whether I am at age or not, though the House of Peers made no scruple of admitting me among them some years ago."

Mr. B. said severely, but with a smiling air, "'Tis well she has such a gentleman as your lordship for a husband, whose affectionate indulgence to her makes you overlook all her saucy sallies! I am sure, when you took her out of our family into your own, we all thought ourselves, I in particular, bound to pray for you."

I thought this a great trial of my lady's patience: but it was from Mr. B. And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious air, "How now, Confidence!—None but my brother could have said this, whose violent spirit was always much more intolerable than mine: but I can tell you, Mr. B., I was always thought very good-humoured and obliging to every body, till your impudence came from college, and from your travels; and then, I own, your provoking ways made me now-and-then a little out of the way."

"Well, well, sister, we'll have no more of this subject; only let us see that my Lord Davers wants not his proper authority with you, although you used to keep *me* in awe formerly."

"Keep *you* in awe!—That nobody could ever do yet, boy or man. But, my lord, I beg your pardon; for this brother will make mischief betwixt us if he can—I only took notice of the word *Sister* so often used, which looked more like affectation than affection."

"Perhaps, Lady Davers," said my lord, gravely, "I have two reasons for using the word so frequently."

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

"One is, because I love, and am fond of my new relation: the other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call her so for us both."

"Your lordship says well," replied Mr. B., smiling: "and Lady Davers can give two reasons why she does *not*."

"Well," said my lady, "now we are in for't, let us hear *your* two reasons likewise; I doubt not they're wise ones too."

"If they are *yours*, Lady Davers, they must be so. One is, That every condescension (to speak in a proud lady's dialect) comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favour from the House of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. The second, Because those of your sex—(Excuse me, Madam," to

the countess) "who have once made scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over hasty to alter their own conduct, choosing rather to persist in an error, than own it to be one."

This proceeded from his impatience to see me in the least slighted by my lady; and I said to Lord Davers, to soften matters, "Never, my lord, were brother and sister so loving in earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in jest, as my good lady and Mr. B. But your lordship knows their way."

My lady frowned at her brother, but turned it off with an air: "I love the mistress of this house," said she, "very well; and am quite reconciled to her: but methinks there is such a hissing sound in the word *Sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a true English word, but a word I have not been used to, having never had a sis-s-s-ter before, as you know,"—Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B. said, "Observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it that *sister* has? And that was mis-s-s-tress, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s-s hous-s-e: but to what childish follies does not pride make one stoop!—Excuse, Madam" (to the countess), "such poor low conversation as we are dwindled into."

"O Sir," said her ladyship, "the conversation is very agreeable;—and I think, Lady Davers, you're fairly caught."

"Well," said my lady, "then help me, good *sister*—there's for you!—to a little sugar. Will that please you, Sir?"

"I am always pleased," replied her brother, smiling, "when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of."

"Ay, ay, my good brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever *he* does.—And so, for this one time, I am a very sensible body with him—And I'll leave off, while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear," turning to me, "that though I call you Pamela, as I please, be assured, I love you as well as if I called you *sister*, as Lord Davers does, at every word."

"Your ladyship gives me great pleasure," said I, "in this kind assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honour of being called by that tender name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it; and I'll lose no opportunity that shall be afforded me, to show how sincerely I will endeavour to do so."

She was pleased to rise from her seat: "Give me a kiss, my dear girl; you deserve every thing: and permit me to say Pamela sometimes, as the word occurs: for I am not used to speak in print; and I will call you *sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved another."

"These proud and passionate folks," said Mr. B., "how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their characters!"

"So, then," rejoined my lady, "I am to have no merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my brother, as one might expect."

"Why, you saucy sister—excuse me. Lord Davers—what merit *would* you assume? Can people merit by doing their duty? And is it so great a praise, that you think fit to own for a sister so deserving a girl as this, whom I take pride in calling my wife?"

"Thou art what thou always wert," returned my lady; "and were I in this my imputed pride to want an excuse, I know not the creature living, that ought so soon to make one for me, as you."

"I *do* excuse you," said he, "for *that* very reason, if you please: but it little becomes either your pride, or mine, to do any thing that wants excuse."

"Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly!—Pamela, friend, sister,—there's for you!—thou art a happy girl to have made such a reformation in thy honest man's way of *thinking* as well as *acting*. But now we are upon this topic, and only friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, brother—Jackey, if you are not for another dish, I wish you'd withdraw. Polly Barlow, we don't want you. Beck, you may stay." Mr. H. obeyed; and Polly went out; for you must know, Miss, that my Lady Davers will have none of the men-fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea. And I cannot say but I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my lady repeated, "Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, thou bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt as thou didst, on this dear good girl, in presence of a virtuous woman, as Mrs. Jervis was always noted to be? As to the other vile creature, Jewkes, 'tis less wonder, although in *that* thou hadst the impudence of *him* who set thee to work: but to make thy attempt before Mrs. Jervis, and in spite of *her* struggles and reproaches, was the very stretch of shameless wickedness."

Mr. B. seemed a little disconcerted, and said, "Surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and downcast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question, as much as you do at me for the action you speak of."

The countess said to me, "My dear Mrs. B., I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question!—but, indeed, since it is come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. B., that we have all, and my daughters too, wondered at this, more than at any part of your attempts; because, Sir, we thought you one of the most civilized men in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least."

"Though this is to you, my Pamela, the renewal of griefs; yet hold up your dear face. You may—The triumph was yours—the shame and the blushes ought to be mine—And I will humour my saucy sister in all she would have me say."

"Nay," said Lady Davers, "you know the question; I cannot put it stronger."

"That's very true," replied he: "But would you expect I should give you a *reason* for an attempt that appears to you so very shocking?"

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

"I think my brother is too hardly used," said Lord Davers; "he has made all the amends he could make:—and *you*, my sister, who were the person offended, forgive him now, I hope; don't you?"

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and made a motion to withdraw: but Mr. B. said, "Don't go, my dear: though I ought to be ashamed of an action set before me in so full a glare, in presence of Lord Davers and the countess; yet I will not have you stir because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me."

"Indeed, Sir, I cannot," said I; "pray, my dear ladies—pray, my good lord—and, dear Sir, don't thus *renew my griefs*, as you were pleased justly to phrase it."

"I have the representation of that scene in my pocket," said my lady; "for I was resolved, as I told Lady Betty, to shame the wicked wretch with it the first opportunity; and I'll read it to you; or rather, you shall read it yourself, Bold-face, if you can."

So she pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapped up carefully in a paper. "Here,—I believe he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was."

"I think," said he, taking the papers, "I can say something to abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, answering her interrogatories."

I send you, my dear Miss Darnford, a transcript of the charge. To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked man.

Mr. B. read it to himself, and said, "This is a dark affair, as here stated; and I can't say, but Pamela, and Mrs. Jervis too, had great reason to apprehend the worst: but surely readers of it, who were less parties in the supposed attempt, and not determined at all events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us."

"However, since my lady," bowing to the countess, "and Lord Davers seem to expect me particularly to answer this black charge, I will, at a proper time, if agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl; how it commenced and increased, and my own struggles with it,

and this will introduce, with some little advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed attempt: and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in my pretty accuser's papers."

This pleased every one, and they begged him to begin *then*; but he said, it was time we should think of dressing, the morning being far advanced; and if no company came in, he would, in the afternoon, give them the particulars they desired to hear.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned to dress before dinner: my lady and the countess also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighbouring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts; and to as many as sent, Lady Davers desired their companies for to-morrow afternoon, to tea; but Mr. B. having fallen in with some of the gentlemen likewise, he told me, we should have most of our visiting neighbours at dinner, and desired Mrs. Jervis might prepare accordingly for them.

After dinner Mr. H. took a ride out, attended by Mr. Colbrand, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frightened Lady Davers's footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offered to stop his lady: for, he says, he loves a man of courage: very probably knowing his own defects that way, for my lady often calls him a chicken-hearted fellow. And then Lord and Lady Davers, and the countess, revived the subject of the morning; and Mr. B. was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by-and-bye. For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

"I began," said Mr. B., "very early to take notice of this lovely girl, even when she was hardly thirteen years old; for her charms increased every day, not only in my eye, but in the eyes of all who beheld her. My mother, as *you* (Lady Davers) know, took the greatest delight in her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child: and her waiting-maid and her cabinet of rarities were her boasts, and equally shewn to every visitor: for besides the beauty of her figure, and the genteel air of her person, the dear girl had a surprising memory, a solidity of judgment above her years, and a docility so unequalled, that she took all parts of learning which her lady, as fond of instructing her as she of improving by instruction, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had masters to teach her to dance, sing, and play on the spinnet, whom she every day surprised by the readiness wherewith she took every thing.

"I remember once, my mother praising her girl before me, and my aunt B. (who is since dead), I could not but notice her fondness for her, and said, 'What do you design, Madam, to do *with* or *for*, this Pamela of yours? The accomplishments you give her will do her more hurt than good; for they will set her so much above her degree, that what you intend as a kindness, may prove her ruin.'

"My aunt joined with me, and spoke in a still stronger manner against giving her such an education: and added, as I well remember, 'Surely, sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride, that you design her for something more than your own waiting-maid.'

"Ah! sister," said the old lady, 'there is no fear of what you hint at; his family pride, and stately temper, will secure my son: he has too much of his father in him. And as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has always in her thoughts, and in her mouth, too, her parents' mean condition, and I shall do nothing for *them*, at least at present, though they are honest folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the girl humble.'

"But what can I do with the little baggage?' continued my mother; 'she conquers every thing so fast, and has such a thirst after knowledge, and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to do to his kite, as fast as she pulls; and to what height she'll soar, I can't tell.

"I intended,' proceeded the good lady, 'at first, only to make her mistress of some fine needle-work, to qualify her (as she has a delicacy in her person, that makes it a pity ever to put her to hard work) for a genteel place; but she masters that so fast, that now as my daughter is married and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful hours: and were

you, sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my son neither, wonder at the pleasure I take in her. Shall I call her in?"

"I don't want," said I, 'to have the girl called in: if you, Madam, are diverted with her, that's enough. To be sure, Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a monkey or a harlequin: but I fear you'll set her above herself, and make her vain and pert; and that, at last, in order to support her pride, she may fall into temptations which may be fatal to herself, and others too.'

"I'm glad to hear this from my *son*," replied the good lady. 'But the moment I see my favour puffs her up, I shall take other measures.'

"Well," thought I to myself, 'I only want to conceal my views from your penetrating eye, my good mother; and I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, and her accomplishments, as you now do; so go on, and improve her as fast as you will. I'll only now and then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that all you do will qualify her the better for my purpose. Only,' thought I, 'fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy years, and I'll nip this bud by the time it begins to open, and place it in my bosom for a year or two at least: for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of her education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me.—Excuse me, ladies;—excuse me, Lord Davers;—if I am not ingenuous, I had better be silent."

I will not interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own alternate blushes, confusions, and exclamations, as the naughty man went on; nor the censures, and many *Out upon you's* of the attentive ladies, and *Fie, brother's*, of Lord Davers; nor yet with apologies for the praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very sentences of the dear relator. And as to our occasional exclaimings and observations, you may suppose what they were.

"So," continued Mr. B., "I went on dropping hints against her now and then; and whenever I met her in the passages about the house, or in the garden, avoiding to look at, or to speak to her, as she passed me, curtsying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of obligingness and reverence; while I (who thought the best way to demolish the influence of such an education, would be not to alarm her fears on one hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I came to strike the blow) looked haughty and reserved, and passed by her with a stiff nod at most. Or, if I spoke, 'How does your lady this morning, girl?—I hope she rested well last night:' then, covered with blushes, and curtsying at every word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my questions, she'd trip away in a kind of confusion, as soon as she had spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. Jervis, 'Dear Sirs, my young master spoke to me, and called me by my name, saying—How slept your lady last night, Pamela?—Was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis?'—'Ay,' thought I, 'I am in the right way, I find: this will do in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in three hours, what you'll be building up in as many years, in spite of all the lessons you can teach her.'

"Tis enough for me, that I am establishing in you, ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my Pamela (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal of my own reputation) in the relation I am now giving you.

"I dressed, grew more confident, and as insolent withal, as if, though I had not Lady Davers's wit and virtue, I had all her spirit—(excuse me, Lady Davers;) and having a pretty bold heart, which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a danger or difficulty, I had but too much my way with every body; and many a menaced complaint have I *looked down*, with a haughty air, and a promptitude, like that of Colbrand's to your footmen at the Hall, to clap my hand to my side; which was of the greater service to my bold enterprise, as two or three gentlemen had found I knew how to be in earnest."

"Ha!" said my lady, "thou wast ever an impudent fellow: and many a vile roguery have I kept from my poor mother.—Yet, to my knowledge, she thought you no saint."

"Ay, poor lady," continued he, "she used now-and-then to catechize me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I ought to be:—'For, son,' she would cry, 'these late hours, these all night works, and to come home so *sober* cannot be right.—I'm not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet I'm afraid of inquiring after your ways) whether I should not have reason to wish you were brought home in wine, rather than to come in so sober, and so late, as you do.'

"Once, I remember, in the summer-time, I came home about six in the morning, and met the good lady unexpectedly by the garden back-door, of which I had a key to let myself in at all hours. I started, and would have avoided her: but she called me to her, and then I approached her with an air, 'What brings you, Madam, into the garden at so early an hour?' turning my face from her; for I had a few scratches on my forehead—with a thorn, or so—which I feared she would be more inquisitive about than I cared she should.

"'And what makes you,' said she, 'so early here, Billy?—What a rakish figure dost thou make!—One time or other these courses will yield you but little comfort, on reflection: would to God thou wast but happily married!'

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

"These hints I give, not as matter of glory, but shame: yet I ought to tell you all the truth, or nothing. 'Meantime,' thought I, (for I used to have some compunction for my vile practices, when cool reflection, brought on by satiety, had taken hold of me) 'I wish this sweet girl was grown to years of susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked course of life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest folks' peace, and endangering myself.' And as I had, by a certain very daring and wicked attempt, in which, however, I did not succeed, set a hornet's nest about my ears, which I began to apprehend would sting me to death, having once escaped an ambush by dint of mere good luck; I thought it better to remove the seat of my warfare into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my amours. So I went to France a second time, and passed a year there in the best of company, and with some improvement both to my morals and understanding; and had a very few sallies, considering my love of intrigue, and the ample means I had to prosecute successfully all the desires of my heart.

"When I returned, several matches were proposed to me, and my good mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she called it, as to see me married before she died; but I could not endure the thoughts of the state: for I never saw a lady whose temper and education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead family reasons to me:—like most young fellows, I was too much a self-lover, to pay so great a regard to posterity; and, to say truth, had little solicitude at that time, whether my name were continued or not, in my own descendants. However, I looked upon my mother's Pamela with no small pleasure, and I found her so much improved, as well in person as behaviour, that I had the less inducement either to renew my intriguing life, or to think of a married state.

"Yet, as my mother had all her eyes about her, as the phrase is, I affected great shyness, both before her, and to the girl; for I doubted not, my very looks would be watched by them both; and what the one discovered would not be a secret to the other; and laying myself open too early to a suspicion, I thought, would but ice the girl over, and make her lady more watchful.

"So I used to go into my mother's apartment, and come out of it, without taking the least notice of her, but put on stiff airs; and as she always withdrew when I came in, I never made any pretence to keep her there.

"Once, indeed, my mother, on my looking after her, when her back was turned, said, 'My dear son, I don't like your eye following my girl so intently.—Only I know that sparkling lustre natural to it, or I should have some fear for my Pamela, as she grows older.'

"'I look after her. Madam!—My eyes sparkle at such a girl as that! No indeed! She may be your favourite as a waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy curtseys and awkward airs about her. A little rustic affectation of innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough.'

"'Nay, my dear,' replied my mother, 'don't say that, of all things. She has no affectation, I am sure.'

"'Yes, she has, in my eye, Madam, and I'll tell you how it is; you have taught her to assume the airs of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a grace; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in view: and between the one character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her feet: so 'tis the same in every gesture: her arms she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before her, nor whether to hold her head up or down; and so does neither, but hangs it on one side: a little awkward piece of one-and-t'other I think her. And, indeed, you'd do the girl more kindness to put her into your dairy, than to keep her about your person; for she'll be utterly spoiled, I doubt, for any useful purpose.'

"'Ah, son!' said she, 'I fear, by your description, you have minded her too much in one sense, though not enough in another. 'Tis not my intention to recommend her to your notice, of all men; and I doubt not, if it please God I live, and she continues a good girl, but she will make a man of some middling, genteel business, very happy.'

"Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forced to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch my eye again, and I be inclined to do her that justice, which my heart assented to, but which my lips had just before denied her.

"All my difficulty, in apprehension, was my good mother; the effect of whose lessons to her girl, I was not so much afraid of as her vigilance. 'For,' thought I, 'I see by the delicacy of her person, the brilliancy of her eye, and the sweet apprehensiveness that plays about every feature of her face, she must have tinder enough in her constitution, to catch a well-struck spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a blaze, in a few months more.'

"Yet I wanted, as I passed, to catch her attention too: I expected her to turn after me, and look so as to shew a liking towards me; for I had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been fortunately distinguished by the ladies, whom, of course, my vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these outward advantages.

"But to my great disappointment, Pamela never, by any favourable glance, gave the least encouragement to my vanity. 'Well,' thought I, 'this girl has certainly nothing ethereal in her mould: all unanimated clay!—But the dancing and singing airs my mother is teaching her, will better qualify her in time, and another year will ripen her into my arms, no doubt of it. Let me only go on thus, and make her *fear* me: that will enhance in her mind every favour I shall afterwards vouchsafe to shew her: and never question old *humdrum* Virtue,' thought I, 'but the tempter *without*, and the tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest nicety that ever the sex boasted.'

"Yet, though I could not once attract her eye towards me, she never failed to draw mine after her, whenever she went by me, or wherever I saw her, except, as I said, in my mother's presence; and particularly when she had passed me, and could not see me look at her, without turning her head, as I expected so often from her in vain.

"You will wonder, Lord Davers, who, I suppose, was once in love, or you'd never have married such an hostile spirit as my sister's there—"

"Go on, sauce—box," said she, "I won't interrupt you."

"You will wonder how I could behave so coolly as to escape all discovery so long from a lady so watchful as my mother, and from the apprehensiveness of the girl.

"But, to say nothing of her tender years, and that my love was not of this bashful sort, I was not absolutely determined, so great was my pride, that I ought to think her worthy of being my *mistress*, when I had not much reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon persons of higher birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me upon my own terms. My pride, therefore, kept my passion at bay, as I may say: so far was I from imagining I should ever be brought to what has since happened! But to proceed:

"Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of her person only. My EYE had drawn my HEART after it, without giving myself any trouble about that sense and judgment which my mother was always praising in her Pamela, as exceeding her years and opportunities: but an occasion happened, which, though slight in itself, took the HEAD into the party, and I thought of her, young as she was, with a distinction, that before I had not for her. It was this:

"Being with my mother in her closet, who was talking to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela's commonplace book, as I may call it; in which, by her lady's direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good books, such passages as most impressed her as she read—A method, I take it, my dear" (*turning to me*), "of great service to you, as it initiated you into writing with that freedom and ease, which shine in your saucy letters and journals; and to which my present fetters are not a little owing: just as pedlars catch monkeys in the baboon kingdoms, provoking the attentive fools, by their own example, to put on shoes and stockings, till the apes of imitation, trying to do the like, entangle their feet, and so cannot escape upon the boughs of the tree of liberty, on which before they were wont to hop and skip about, and play a thousand puggish tricks.

"I observed the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift and free; and affixed her points or stops with so much judgment (her years considered), that I began to have an high opinion of her understanding. Some observations likewise upon several of the passages were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surprised at them.

"My mother watched my eye, and was silent: I seemed not to observe that she did; and after a while, laid down the book, shutting it with great indifference, and talking of another subject.

"Upon this, my mother said, 'Don't you think Pamela writes a pretty hand, son?'

"I did not mind it much," said I, with a careless air. 'This is her writing, is it?' taking the book, and opening it again, at a place of Scripture. 'The girl is mighty pious!' said I.

"I wish *you* were so, child.'

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

"I wish so, for your *own* sake, child.'

"So do I, Madam;" and down I laid the book again very carelessly.

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

"I opened it at—'*Train up a child in the way it should go*,' &c. 'I fancy,' said I, 'when I was of Pamela's age, I was pretty near as good as she.'

"Never, never," said my mother; 'I am sure I took great pains with you; but, alas I to very little purpose. You had always a violent headstrong will.'

"Some allowances for boys and girls, I hope, Madam; but you see I am as good for a man as my sister for a woman.'

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

"I am sorry for that. Madam; you give me a sad opinion of myself.'"

"Brazen wretch!" said my lady; "but go on."

"Turn to one of the girl's observations on some text," said my mother.

"I did; and was pleased with it more than I would own. 'The girl's well enough,' said I, 'for what she is; but let's see what she'll be a few years hence. Then will be the trial.'

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

"So much the better for her. But can't we talk of any other subject? You complain how seldom I attend you; and when you are always talking of matrimony, or of this low-born, raw girl, it must needs lessen the pleasure of approaching you.'

"But now, as I hinted to you, ladies, and my lord, I had a still higher opinion of Pamela; and esteemed her more worthy of my attempts. 'For,' thought I, 'the girl has good sense, and it will be some pleasure to watch by what gradations she may be made to rise into love, and into a higher life,

than that to which she was born.' And so I began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *mistress*, which, till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

"I took a little tour soon after this in company of some friends, with whom I had contracted an intimacy abroad, into Scotland and Ireland, they having a curiosity to see those countries, and we spent six or eight months on this expedition; and when I had landed them in France, I returned home, and found my good mother in a very indifferent state of health, but her Pamela arrived to a height of beauty and perfection which exceeded all my expectations. I was so taken with her charms when I first saw her, which was in the garden, with a book in her hand, just come out of a little summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a parley with her: but while I was resolving, she tript away with her curtesies and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could determine.

"I was resolved, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommended to me a little before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of tried fidelity, I asked her if she would be faithful, if I had occasion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

"She hoped, she said, it would be with the lady's own consent, and she should make no scruple in obeying me.

"So I thought I would way-lay the girl, and carry her first to a little village in Northamptonshire, to an acquaintance of Mrs. Jewkes's. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacified a little, I designed that Jewkes should attend her to Lincolnshire: for I knew there was no coming at her here, under my mother's wing, by her own consent, and that to offer terms to her, would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I was sensible, that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of my proceedings as well as my mother.

"The method I had contrived was quite easy, as I imagined, and such as could not have failed to answer my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not of making her well satisfied in her good fortune very quickly; for, having a notion of her affectionate duty to her parents, I was not displeased that I could make the terms very easy and happy to them all.

"What most stood in my way, was my mother's fondness for her: but supposing I had got her favourite in my hands, which appeared to me, as I said, a task very easy to be conquered, I had actually formed a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love-affair, and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to an implicit obedience to her husband's commands, to whom she was married that morning, and who, being a young gentleman of genteel family, and dependent on his friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

"And to prepare for this, and make her escape the more probable, when matters were ripe for my plot, I came in one night, and examined all the servants, and Mrs. Jervis, the latter in my mother's hearing, about a genteel young man, whom I pretended to find with a pillion on the horse he rode upon, waiting about the back door of the garden, for somebody to come to him; and who rode off, when I came up to the door, as fast as he could. Nobody knew any thing of the matter, and they were much surprised at what I told them: but I begged Pamela might be watched, and that no one would say any thing to her about it.

"My mother said, she had two reasons not to speak of it to Pamela: one to oblige me: the other and chief, because it would break the poor innocent girl's heart, to be suspected. 'Poor dear child!' said she, 'whither can she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her: she receives no letters, but now-and-then one from her father and mother, and those she shews me.'

"'Well,' replied I, 'I hope she can have no design; 'twould be strange if she had formed any to leave so good a mistress; but you can't be *sure* all the letters she receives are from her father; and her shewing to you those he writes, looks like a cloak to others she may receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to have an eye upon her. You don't know, Madam, what tricks there are in the world.'

"Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the girl shall be under no restraint, if she is resolved to leave me, well as I love her."

"Mrs. Jervis said, she would have an eye upon Pamela, in obedience to my command, but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor child's peace, as to mention the matter to her.

"This I suffered to blow off, and seemed to my mother to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had such a surmise: saying, that though the fellow and the pillion were odd circumstances, yet I dared to say, there was nothing in it: for I doubted not, the girl's duty and gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

"This my mother heard with pleasure: although my motive was but to lay Pamela on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escaped.

"She was *glad* I was not an enemy to the poor child. 'Pamela has no friend but me,' continued she; 'and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more harm than good (as you and your aunt B. have often said,) in the accomplishments I have given her: and yet the poor girl, I see that,' added she, 'would not be backward to turn her hand to any thing for the sake of an honest livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be.'

"I wonder not, Pamela, at your tears on this occasion. Your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this tribute to her memory. All my pleasure now is, that she knew not half my wicked pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme; which would have given me a severe sting, inasmuch as I might have apprehended, with too much reason, that I had shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and the other.

"I had thus every thing ready for the execution of my project: but my mother's ill state of health gave me too much concern, to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent attendance in her illness gave me an opportunity of observing more and more of the girl; her affectionate duty, and continual tears (finding her often on her knees, praying for her mistress,) I was moved to pity her; and while those scenes of my mother's illness and decline were before me, I would resolve to conquer, if possible, my guilty passion, as those scenes taught me, while their impressions held, justly to call it; and I was much concerned to find it so difficult a task; for, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual enterprising temper, and a love of intrigue; and that I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to subdue it.

"But I was greatly mistaken: for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did; and there was so much gracefulness, humility, and innocence in her whole behaviour, and I saw so many melting scenes between her lady and her, that I found I could not master my esteem for her.

"My mother's illness increasing beyond hopes of recovery, and having settled all her greater affairs, she talked to me of her servants; I asked what she would have done for Pamela and Mrs. Jervis.

"Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, as happy as you can: she is a gentlewoman born, you know; let her always be treated as such; but for your own sake, don't make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful manager. Yet if you marry, and your lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

"As for Pamela, I hope you will be her protector!—She is a good girl: I love her next to you and your dear sister. She is just arriving at a trying time of life. I don't know what to say for her. What I had designed was, that if any man of a genteel calling should offer, I would give her a little pretty portion, had God spared my life till then. But were she made independent, some idle fellow might snap her up; for she is very pretty: or if she should carry what you give her to her poor parents, as her duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involved, that a little matter would be nothing to them, and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She may be the bird for which some wicked fowler will spread his snares; or, it may be, every lady will not choose to have such a waiting-maid. You are a young gentleman, and I am sorry

to say, not better than I wish you to be—Though I hope my Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who owes all his servants protection, as much as the king does to his subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her to stay with you, for your own reputation's sake, my dear son;—for the world will censure as it lists.—Would to God!' said she, 'the dear girl had the small-pox in a mortifying manner: she'd be lovely though in the genteelness of her person and the excellencies of her mind; and more out of danger of suffering from the transcient beauties of countenance. Yet I think,' added she, 'she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis's care; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs. Jervis, let 'em go together, and live as they like. I think that will be the best for both. And you have a generous spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *quantum*

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