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Perfecting *Pamela*: Samuel Richardson's Final Revisions to his Earliest Novel

by

Jennifer S. Elliott

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree of

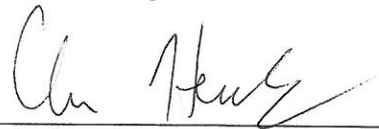
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Longwood University

Department of English and Modern Languages



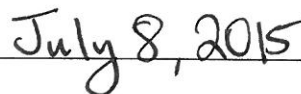
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Perfecting *Pamela*: Samuel Richardson's Final Revisions to his Earliest Novel

I. The Creation of a Cultural Touchstone

Much of the correspondence of Samuel Richardson, author of the wildly popular English novel, *Pamela: Or, Virtue Rewarded* (1740), has been preserved and is an invaluable resource to anyone interested in Richardson's first novel or the authorial process in general. As Richardson was approaching his final years of life, his correspondence was clear in recording his ultimate intentions with respect to his earliest work of fiction. While writing to Johannes Stinstra on June 2, 1753, Richardson mused about the limitations presented by his health and age: "Only, I should say that I intend to give my good Pamela, my last Hand. I find I shall correct it much [...]" (Carroll 234). After a successful career as a printer and a sensational, unlikely stint as a European man of letters, Richardson devoted his final authorial efforts to the work that had first introduced him to the reading world. Rather than creating something new, in other words, Richardson chose in the end to go back to his beginning. While there is much extant information about Richardson, there are no definitive answers as to why a man who had achieved such massive professional popularity through *Pamela* would revisit this first work habitually and indeed make its revision the final labor of his life. What, exactly, did Richardson intend to "correct" in a novel that readers had demonstrably loved so well? What force could be so powerful as to convince Richardson to knowingly abandon the prospect of creating in favor of revising?

One key to understanding Richardson's work as an author and reviser lies in recognizing that Richardson came to novel writing relatively late in life. Most of his

professional career was devoted to printing the works of others, not to writing (and printing) his own novels. Margaret Anne Doody comments upon the anomalous literary career of Richardson as she notes, “Samuel Richardson's literary career was unusual. It is not often that a creative artist begins his work at the age of fifty. In the eighteenth century it was unusual for a member of the artisan class to turn to literary activity, unless he had previously renounced his craft or trade to pursue fame on the stage, or in Grub Street” (1). For the first thirty years of his professional life, rather than spending time engaged with the content and creation of literature, Richardson had been chiefly concerned with its reproduction and distribution. Indeed, *Pamela* actually came to be because of another more directly instructional piece that Richardson was asked to create by booksellers who knew he had dabbled in writing journalistic and moralistic pieces for a variety of publications.¹ He began composing a guide to letter writing (eventually published in 1741 as *Familiar Letters*), giving examples of situations that one may actually encounter; some examples include expressing condolences, exchanging property, and, avoiding the sexual pursuits of one’s master; this last difficulty was expanded to form the plot and characters of *Pamela*, in which a teenage servant girl bewitches her master and relies on her quick wits and virtue to escape his repeated attempts to seduce (or rape) her.

It is a great leap from an instructional pamphlet to novel. T. C. Duncan Eaves and Ben D. Kimpel explore this shift as they explain, “Two months is a short time to write two duodecimo volumes, but perhaps the haste helped preserve Richardson’s spark. In the first edition *Pamela*, at least the first half of it, gives the impression of a book which

¹ John A. Dussinger, in his article, “‘Stealing in the great doctrines of Christianity’: Samuel Richardson as Journalist,” describes Richardson’s journalistic publications.

was dashed off in a single burst, under a single imaginative vision of its main character, probably surprising the author as much as it did anybody else” (90). While Richardson’s “imaginative vision” certainly provided him with the motivation to write diligently and quickly, the urging of his family and friends also inspired him to maintain his pace, as he acknowledges in his 1741 letter to Aaron Hill: “[...] my worthy-hearted wife and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come in to my little closet every night with— ‘Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela’ &c. This encouraged me to prosecute it, which I did so diligently, through all my other business [...]” (Carroll 41). Richardson experienced how compelling this story seemed to be to those closest to him; this gave him more motivation to finish the novel in the hopes that it would be popular with readers.

Foremost in Richardson’s creative mind, before fame and fortune, was imparting morality to as many people as possible. In a letter addressed to Aaron Hill in 1741, Richardson explains how *Pamela* came to be: “I thought the story [...] might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and dismissing the improbable and marvelous, with which novels generally abound, I might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue” (Carroll 41). For Richardson, writing’s chief purpose was to impart morality. If there is any doubt as to Richardson’s goals in writing *Pamela*, one need look no further than the title page, where Richardson bluntly states his intent to “cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES” (1). Indeed, Richardson crafted every aspect of his literary creations with the intention that their primary task was

to display and incite virtue. In her book, *Samuel Richardson: The Triumph of Craft*, Elizabeth Brophy documents Richardson's creative mantra as she notes, "Richardson was always firm in his belief that art should have a moral purpose. [...] Richardson's artistic inquiries, in fact, might be summed up in the question: 'How could his novels be made most effective for conveying moral teaching?'" (16). Rather than being primarily concerned with fostering and augmenting a readership in the interest of monetary or critical gain, Richardson saw writing as a means to a different end: the cultivation of virtue in an increasingly unvirtuous readership.

While Richardson was certainly aware that his book must be read in order to be effective, he could not have imagined the sensation that *Pamela* quickly became. Allen Michie puts it,

Not until the late 20th century [...] has there been anything in the history of literature to compare to the immediate reception of *Pamela*. 'Reception seems too mild a word for the *Pamela* craze that swept through eighteenth-century Europe and inspired emulation in virtually every medium,' writes James Turner. Turner points out that an avid *Pamela* fan could, on a typical day in the 1740s, by any number of editions [...], read at least ten spin-offs including *Shamela* and *Joseph Andrews*, visit the Pamela waxworks, see the twelve *Pamela* paintings in Joseph Highmore's studio, see Garrick in *Pamela, a Comedy*, and end the day in Vauxhall gardens in front of *Pamela* murals while cooling off with a *Pamela* fan.

(82)

Achieving instant popularity, however, is not synonymous with being didactically effective. Cultivating vast readership ensured that countless people were, at the very least, exposed to the unwavering and resolute virtue that Pamela championed, and, that was, as the subtitle definitively insists, rewarded. Much as missionaries are used to spread religion around the world, Richardson counted on his novel to expose readers to Pamela's virtue in the hopes that witnessing it would assist them in their own moral endeavors.

In order to craft a novel that was effective as a didactic device, Richardson knew from the beginning that he had to produce a plot and characters that were both compelling and relatable. As Brophy puts it, "Richardson thought, then, that the presentation of exemplary characters was the best way of achieving his aim of moral instruction" (19). Pamela simultaneously needed to appear as a moral beacon and as an empathetic character; her virtue and morality needed to be lofty but imitable. Richardson achieved this by exposing Pamela, a "nobody" by the social standards of the day, to the wiles of an aristocratic rake committed to making her his sexual conquest; only by maintaining her religious devotion does she escape what first appears to be certain doom.

And, in the end, Pamela is indeed rewarded with marriage to her master (and concomitant rise in social status). Richardson hoped that readers would want to emulate Pamela's steadfast virtue if they were able to see her be rewarded so richly and completely. Richardson strived to foster morality by creating an intimate relationship between reader and character by employing an epistolary approach to narration. In epistolary novels, the narrative develops through letters exchanged between characters.

Readers of epistolary fiction are thus allowed to participate in “to the moment”² fashion in a story that, though it takes place in the past, feels as if it is unfolding “right now;” readers experience the plot in real-time, almost as though they are characters themselves. As Eaves and Kimpel explain it, “The combination of immediacy and subjectivity which grew out of the epistolary form undoubtedly enabled readers to identify with Richardson’s characters in a way hardly possible in previous prose fiction. They saw with the eyes of the letter writers, experienced with them, thought with them, and above all felt with them” (101). For readers, Pamela’s plight was not some distant occurrence that was being chronicled and retold by a heavy-handed narrator; rather, it was one that allowed readers to imagine what they would do in the same situation, thereby helping to establish Richardson’s moral theme.

While the epistolary form provided an effective avenue for Richardson to transform his readers into near-participants, this proximity to characters and action also proved to be troublesome for Richardson’s didactic goal. Pamela is primarily characterized by her representation of herself through her letters; as long as readers accept Pamela as trustworthy, these letters provide an unguarded and unfiltered picture of her as a character. But what if readers come to doubt Pamela’s version of her own story? In a novel in which one character writes virtually every letter—about herself—credibility is everything. Pamela cannot very well communicate a clear moral message if she herself comes to seem untrustworthy. The simultaneously advantageous and dangerous nature of the epistolary form is discussed at length by Marijke Rudnik-Smalbraak in *Samuel*

² Richardson explains the technique that he coined by this name in the preface to *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*: “The nature of familiar letters, written, as it were, to the moment, while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears, on events undecided, must plead an excuse for the bulk of a collection of this kind” (xi).

Richardson: Minute Particulars Within the Large Design: “Oscillating between trust and mistrust, confidence and deception, a letter can be portrait and mask, a confrontation with and an exploration of one’s innermost being, or a hiding from self and other, a subterfuge, a challenge full of continual role play. It can be direct and spontaneous, or indirect and artful, consciously or subconsciously” (203). An artful Pamela, in short, is not so easily posited as a virtuous Pamela.

Thus the same epistolary technique that made *Pamela* and its didacticism effective also rendered it vulnerable to skeptical interpretations. An example of this occurs when Pamela decides to finish a task before leaving Mr. B.’s service, even after Mr. B. has forcibly kissed and fondled her. Pamela tells her parents of her decision: “O! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work; and I am up early and late to get it finish’d; for I long to come to you” (40). A reader who is sympathetic to Pamela would read this passage and interpret her as a servant who is proud of her work and is dedicated to finishing her tasks. On the other hand, a doubtful reader could very well see this as an artful Pamela ensuring her proximity to Mr. B. to help further her goal of ensnaring him. These conflicting interpretations are possible because of the intimacy fostered through the epistolary technique. Brophy explores Richardson’s concerns as she explains, “As Richardson noted, his method demands that the reader evaluate the letters and the letter writer for himself because the author does not explicitly serve as a guide” (61). Without supplying the reader with a narrator to resolve any of the reader’s potential misgivings, an epistolary novel’s integrity is inextricably linked to that of the letter-writers. As the entire novel is presented primarily through the letters of Pamela, any criticism that

provided serious allegations against her virtue and credibility would challenge the moral efficacy of the entire novel. Such criticism was not long in coming, as we shall see in the next section.

II. From *Pamela* to *Anti-Pamela*

Just as *Pamela*'s publication elicited almost instantaneous fame, its release also sparked a flurry of nearly simultaneous critical responses. This criticism tends to fall into two categories: constructive and deconstructive. Constructive criticism appeared mostly in the form of correspondence to Richardson. This type of commentary was, for the most part, not public, and generally sought to enhance the novel by privately highlighting errors (perceived or otherwise) in the text so that Richardson could correct them; the tone of analysis is analytical, not satirical. Alternatively, deconstructive criticism, which mostly appeared as parodies of the original (the most famous of which is Henry Fielding's *Shamela* [1741]), deliberately and publicly sought to undermine the original novel in a variety of ways. Even though these two types of criticism were vastly different in intent, both registered remarkably similar critiques of the novel, namely that scenes were often salacious, Pamela was low, and the eponymous heroine lacked sincerity. Both types of criticism share another attribute as well—they seemed to have bothered Richardson to the point that he made extensive revisions.

Richardson treasured the correspondence he maintained with reverends, doctors, fellow authors, and, of course, friends; in fact, he was careful to preserve virtually all of his letters, which help to provide insight into his original composition and subsequent revision of his respective works of fiction. While there are certainly letters that display fascination with and adoration of *Pamela* (some were included in the novel's original

prefatory material³), there are also letters that focus on the novel's shortcomings and how they could be addressed in order to better the novel as a whole. An early example is a letter from Richardson's physician, George Cheyne, on August 14, 1741; he notes, "You ought to avoid fondling and gallantry; tender expressions, not becoming the character of wisdom, and piety, and conjugal chastity, especially in the sex" (Warner 68). Cheyne urges Richardson to tone down the frequently physical, emotional, and sexually charged encounters between Pamela and Mr. B because they seemed to him to directly compromise the moral nature of his characters and, in turn, the entire novel. The behavior of the main character also bothered Reverend Skelton; for him, the problem had less to do with physicality, more to do with sincerity. On May 10, 1751, Skelton advises Richardson to avoid in his new novel, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* (1753), a key problem with his first work of fiction: "The devotional part of Pamela's character was a little too much charged" (Barbauld 209). Here, Skelton casts suspicions on Pamela's constant and overzealous acts of devotion—a charge Richardson himself acknowledged in a letter of August 31, 1741 to Cheyne when he complained that Pamela's piety had caused people to see him as "too much a Methodist" (Carroll 47).

While the authors of constructive criticism were attempting to help Richardson better *Pamela*, those who engaged in deconstructive criticism sought to highlight the same shortcomings—not so much to save as to sink the novel. These examples occurred mainly in the public arena in the form of parodies, and it did not take them long to appear. According to Keymer and Sabor, "[...] five fictional responses to *Pamela*

³ One such letter, signed by J.B.D.F. (Jean Baptiste de Freval), gushes, "Pleasure and Instruction here always go hand in hand: Vice and Virtue are set in constant Opposition, and Religion every-where inculcated in its native Beauty and cheerful Amiableness" (Richardson 5).

appeared in 1741, within a year of the first publication of the novel [...]” (83). Much of *Pamela*’s criticism appeared in the form of what Keymer and Sabor refer to as “counter-fictions—works that borrow from, comment on and pay homage to, but also often parody and subvert, their fictional precursors” (83). These counter-fictions provided the most tangible threat to Richardson’s didacticism because they offered new ways to read, or misread, *Pamela*, frequently in ways that called Richardson’s moral intentions into question.

The most popular piece of *Pamela* counter-fiction is Henry Fielding’s sharply satirical *Shamela*. Thomas Keymer, in the introduction to Volume 1 of *The ‘Pamela’ Controversy*, describes the work as, “the first and cleverest of all the Antipamelist works, and in most respects their defining source” (xxxix). To understand *Shamela*, in other words, is to understand the basic contours of the *Anti-Pamelist* argument made in a variety of other venues.

While Fielding’s ridicule of *Pamela* led to one of the most public and infamous rivalries in literary history, the attack itself actually began by accident. When *Pamela* was first published, an author was not given, so critics were left to speculate as to who wrote the book. Fielding did so incorrectly. Allen Michie chronicles how Fielding came unwittingly to attack Richardson:

Annoyed at seeing [Colley] Cibber achieve enthusiastic acclaim again and again with amateurish and inelegant writing, Fielding burlesqued what he may have thought was Cibber’s most insipid work to date, the phenomenally popular novel *Pamela*. Fielding had fired the first shot in

an ongoing battle which was to effect his entire literary career and subsequent reputation, as well as the career and reputation of the author of *Pamela*. Fielding's quarrel with Cibber was to be a trivial warm-up for a much larger and consequential literary contest, however, because this time Fielding had picked a fight with the wrong man. (38)

Attacking Cibber was not Fielding's only impetus for composing and publishing *Shamela*. Unlike Richardson, Fielding needed to write for subsistence. Eaves and Kimpel elaborate upon Fielding's monetary state at the time of *Shamela*'s composition; they explain, "Fielding, who needed money in 1741, often parodied hastily written attacks on targets which were in the public eye" (129). However, Fielding's motivations for writing *Shamela* extend beyond revenge and monetary gain.

It is interesting to note that the first prose response to *Pamela* is the one that was consistently and relentlessly most vexing for Richardson. Keymer, in his introduction to *Shamela* in *The 'Pamela' Controversy*, gives specific details on the time of publication; he notes, "*An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* was published on 2 April 1741, less than seven weeks after the second edition of *Pamela* had appeared, and three weeks after the third" (1). Fielding wasted no time, in other words, in creating a gleefully upside-down version of *Pamela* in order to expose the shortcomings of the novel. "The idea of *Shamela*," as Eaves and Kimpel explain, "is simple enough—the virtuous Pamela was not virtuous at all but the daughter of a London procuress and herself the mistress of Parson Williams, who sets out to trap her foolish master, Mr. Booby, into first a financial settlement, then, as she discovers her power, a wedding ring. Later critics have often adopted this view of Pamela's character" (128). Not only do Richardson's characters

here become amoral caricatures of the ostensibly moral originals, but the basic formal premise of Richardson's epistolary fiction—these are “real” documents written by “actual” people—is in *Shamela* upended; Fielding presents Shamela as though she is a the *actual* Pamela. As the title page puts it, in *Shamela* “the many notorious FALSHOODS and MISREPRESENTATIONS of a Book called PAMELA Are exposed and refuted; and all the matchless ARTS of that young Politician, felt in a true and just Light” (49). From the outset, then, Richardson's project has been turned on its head; Pamela is false and *Shamela* will save readers by exposing her true nature.

In *Shamela*, Fielding makes three central (if sometimes related) charges against Richardson's novel: the heroine is too “low” and vulgar to be taken seriously; she is insincere; and her story, far from encouraging morality, borders on pornographic.

Parodic prose was well-suited for Fielding's attack because it directly sabotaged Richardson's representation of his servant-class heroine. As the novel was written in epistolary form with Pamela as the chief letter-writer, most of Pamela's characterization was achieved through her own words. Richardson used Pamela's syntax and tone to deepen her characterization because her word choice, phrasing, and style were clues into her personality, intelligence, and social standing. Because Pamela came from a working-class background, her syntax was rustic; her age played a direct factor in presenting a tone that was easily excitable.

Fielding was aware that compromising Pamela's speech would simultaneously call her social standing and personality into question; one of Fielding's main goals was to knock Pamela off of her “virtuous” pedestal by reminding readers of the “lowness” of

Richardson's moral paragon. He chose her speech as one of the main points of attack because the language and characterization Richardson crafted to create verisimilitude could be exaggerated to cause Pamela to appear unrefined, unintelligent, and silly. As with all effective parody, *Shamela's* strength lies in this ability to so closely mirror its counterpart. Linking Pamela's language to that of Shamela leads the reader to question just how deep the similarities run.

An example of Pamela's low station and language can be seen early on in the novel when she sends her parents money. She writes to explain its manner of transfer: "I send it by John our Footman, who goes your way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal it up in one of the little Pill-boxes which my Lady had, wrapt close in Paper, that it mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him" (10). The contraction "mayn't" certainly gives a glimpse of Pamela's rustic heritage. Also, the fact that Pamela is so concerned with a small amount of money further illustrates her lowness of station. Accordingly, Fielding often has Shamela employ idiomatic language to highlight her background. One of the best examples of this occurs as Shamela describes an encounter with Squire Booby to her mother: "Sir, said I, I value my Vartue more than all the World, and I had rather be the poorest Man's Wife than the richest Man's Whore" (32). Pamela is a staunch defender of her "virtue," and indeed it is one of the most frequently used words in the novel. By attacking her language, Fielding thus takes deliberate aim at both Pamela's—and Richardson's—ideals. There are many examples of this type of linguistic shift; some of the more memorable include "as sure as a Gun" (10), "kissed me till he made my Face all over Fire" (13), "my Master came pit a pat into the Room" (31), "I am sure I know nothing about *Pollitricks*" (40). With these and other such examples,

Shamela's low style paints her as an immature, silly, and sophomoric girl. She misuses words, exaggerates situations, and uses colloquial phrasing that the reader cannot help but associate with her working-class background. (Shamela, of course, engages in what is proverbially known as the world's "oldest profession.") These quips might well shade one's interpretation of Pamela—much to Richardson's chagrin, one imagines.

Pamela's success as an exemplary character not only rested on the words that she chose but was also dependent upon her tone. Tone is another integral clue into a character's personality as it provides insight into his or her emotional state and response to various situations. A character's tone is more important in the epistolary form because there is no narrator to assist in characterization. While it is important to remember that Pamela was the teenage daughter of working-class parents, she also possessed enough natural gentility and charm to win the heart of Mr. B. and thrive in his upper-class world.

The 1740 Pamela, however, is far from an epitome of composure. The original tone of Pamela makes her appear unsettled, excitable, over-emotional, even irrational. One can see these emotions severely compromise Pamela's composure and rational thought when she realizes that she might have romantic feelings for Mr. B.: "I trembled to find my poor Heart giving way!—O good Sir, said I, pray your Honour, spare a poor Maiden, that cannot look up to you, and speak. My Heart is full! And why should you wish to undo me!" (78). Pamela, it would appear, can hardly form a sentence when she comes to suspect her feelings. Instead of punctuating interrogative sentences with question marks, Richardson uses exclamation marks to illustrate Pamela's heightened and erratic emotions. But just how uncontrollable *are* Pamela's emotions? Fielding exploited these characteristics in his parodic character in an attempt to expose Pamela as

an actress, who subsequently was unworthy of the rewards she received, not only because of her “lowness” but also because of her affectation.

Just as Fielding exploited Pamela’s original low use of language, Pamela’s tone was used against her. Not only do Shamela’s reprehensible actions paint her as a calculating opportunist, but her tone exposes her as a hypocrite excited to be pulling one over on a wealthy idiot. Shamela can hardly begin a letter to her mother without using an excited tone, indicated by the use of exclamation marks: “O Madam, I have strange things to tell you!” (13) and “O Mamma! Rare News!” (25). In direct reference to the fool whose body and money she hopes to use for her own purposes, Shamela expounds, “*O what a silly Fellow is a bashful young Lover!*” (17). In each of these cases, Shamela’s excitement betrays not uncontrollable emotion or irrationality, but the thrill of victory over an easy mark. Her tone thus reveals not the sincere emotional angst of a genuinely confused young servant, but the barely stifled joy of a prostitute fully in charge of her unwitting “assailant”—and of her destiny.

And this leads to arguably the most important aspect of Pamela’s moral character (and, as we shall see, the foundation for Fielding’s most serious criticism): her devotion to God and sincere commitment to leading a virtuous life. Richardson had to be careful when displaying Pamela’s piety because it needed to be both evident and unfaltering while being believable. If she seemed too overzealous in her worship and devotion, readers could very well believe that Pamela’s piety was an act. Fielding was quick to exploit precisely this possibility.

Richardson's original Pamela can hardly compose a sentence without mentioning God; in fact, the word is used over 350 times in the 1740 edition, and since Pamela is the chief letter writer, one can safely assume that the bulk of these occurrences derive from her mouth/pen. For instance, in the space of two pages, the following occur: "And O how ought I to bless God for this resolution!" (79), "[...] God has enabled me to escape [...]" (80), and "[...] my happy Resolution, which, to be sure God inspired me with" (80). Again, as with Pamela's rustic syntax and excitable tone, Fielding used Pamela's piety to compromise the integrity of the novel's didactic qualities. Fielding created Shamela to display a blatantly fake piety in order to suggest that Pamela's devotion is also feigned. If one doubts the sincerity of Pamela's faith, then the entire novel unravels because it is her faith that bolsters and fosters her devotion to virtue and that leads to Pamela's happiness and success.

Like Pamela, Shamela *talks* a great deal about her religious faith. When Shamela is writing to her mother about her instructions from Parson Williams; she explains, "I say my Prayers as often as another, and I read in good Books, as often as I have Leisure; and Parson *Williams* says, that will make amends" (12). Although this section is short, there is much to glean from it in terms of how Fielding is attacking Pamela's piety. First, Shamela repeatedly notes that her piety is limited to praying and reading—to empty expressions of faith through words, not deeds. This charge goes hand in hand with Fielding's reimagining of the heroine as inclining toward Methodism and thus away from mainstream Anglican orthodoxy. In *Imagining Methodism in Eighteenth-Century Britain: Enthusiasm, Belief, and the Borders of the Self*, Misty Anderson discusses Fielding's indictment of Methodism in *Shamela*: "Shamela's mother sends her

Whitefield sermons and a copy of “the Dealings,” his early autobiography, and Parson Williams, her paramour, preaches a controversial Whitefield sermon, “Be not Righteous Over-much,” instructing his parishioners that good works are pointless, and in fact become sins, without faith and repentance, an exaggeration of the Methodist doctrinal emphasis on grace” (74-5). (Recall Richardson’s complaint, quoted above, to George Cheyne in his letter on August 31, 1741 about being thought “too much a Methodist” [Carroll 46]). Finally, both Shamela and Parson Williams are aware that Shamela has done and plans to participate in actions that will require her to repent or make religious restitution. In other words, Shamela prays and reads the Bible so that she can get away with sinning as much as possible. She is, in short, the worst sort of religious hypocrite—precisely the opposite of what Richardson hoped his readers would see in Pamela.

Nowhere is Fielding’s critique on this point more sharp than in Shamela’s commentary on a sermon written by Parson Williams. The sermon might well be taken as a concise summation of everything Fielding detested about the sorts of faith-centered arguments being put forward by the likes of John Wesley (1703-1791) at the time. Williams professes that one may earn salvation by faith alone, that living a virtuous life does not matter. As Shamela explains,

He shewed us that the Bible doth not require too much Goodness of us, and that People very often call things Goodness that are not so. That to go to Church, and to pray, and to sing Psalms, and to honour the Clergy, and to repent, is true Religion; and ‘tis not doing good to one another, for that is one of the greatest Sins we can commit, when we don’t do it for the sake of Religion. That those People who talk of Vartue and Morality, are

the wickedest of all Persons. That 'tis not what we do, but what we believe, that must save us, and a great many other good Things [...] (24)

There can be no doubt that this refers to Richardson and Pamela. Fielding is charging them with speaking too much of religion and virtue, rather than putting more stock in action. He is also strongly implying that *Pamela*, with its lofty moral claims, is the exact opposite of what Richardson believes it to be. In conjunction with this, Pamela the character is also indicted as being an unvirtuous person because she is always speaking of religion. Fielding believes that the novel does not live up to its claims, and, in fact, subverts them in its own way.

The final weapon in Fielding's arsenal against *Pamela* is to paint the novel in a salacious light by pinpointing and exaggerating the scenes of sexual physicality within the novel. Richardson claimed, in a letter to George Cheyne on August 31, 1741, that he was, "[...] endeavoring to write a Story, which shall catch young and airy Minds, and when Passions run high in them, to shew how they may be directed to laudable Meanings and Purposes, in order to decry such Novels and Romances, as have a Tendency to inflame and corrupt" (Carroll 46). If Fielding was able to paint the novel as one full of immoral actions, then all hope of imparting a moral message would be lost; it would be difficult to convince readers that a book is a means of moral instruction if they believe it to be pornographic.

Fielding seeks to expose this vulgar nature by creating scenes that closely echo narrative situations from *Pamela*. In one of Pamela's first physical encounters with Mr. B., for instance, Mr. B. chides Pamela for telling her parents about what passes within his

household, and proceeds (in Pamela's words) as follows: "And saying so, he offer'd to take me on his Knee, with some Force. [...] He by Force kissed my Neck and Lips; [...] He then put his Hand in my Bosom, and the Indignation gave me double Strength, and I got loose from him, by a sudden Spring, and ran out of the Room [...]" (29). In this one scene, Mr. B. pulls Pamela onto his lap, kisses her neck and lips, and puts his hand in the bodice of her dress. This excerpt is bursting with sexual energy, especially for a novel claiming to impart morality. Fielding creates a similar scene in which Shamela must choose to stay or flee. Squire Booby and Shamela are in the midst of an argument, when the following occurs:

With that he caught me in his Arms, and kissed me till he made my Face all over Fire. Now this served purely you know, to put upon the Fool for anger. O! What precious Fools Men are! And so I flung from him in a mighty Rage, and pretended as how I would go out at the Door; but when I came to the End of the Room, I stood still [...] (13)

Instead of fighting to free herself from the lustful clutches of Squire Booby, Shamela feigns fleeing. In this scene, Fielding manages to expose Pamela's mock-modesty by implying that it is all an act in order to better entice Mr. B.

Shamela's most compelling scene occurs when Squire Booby attempts to rape Shamela, as does Mr. B. in *Pamela*. The scene in *Pamela*, however, provides a vastly different interpretation. Pamela chronicles the attempt:

When the guilty Wretch took my Left-arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procuress held my Right; and then he clasp'd me round my Waist! Said I,

Is the Wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Clap of Thunder. Now, Pamela, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd.—I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. (187)

For Richardson's heroine, this is the worst situation possible. Having her virtue physically threatened is equivalent to someone threatening her life. For Shamela, however, it is another story. Squire Booby steals into bed with Shamela and Mrs. Jervis. Shamela writes, "Well, he is in Bed between us, we both shamming Sleep, he steals his Hand into my Bosom, which I, as if in my Sleep, press close to me with mine" (16). Not only does Shamela allow the squire to touch her, she actually exacerbates the situation by pressing his hand close to her. If readers can accept Shamela as an unveiled Pamela, perhaps they will begin to wonder just how much of Pamela's "virtuous" resistance to Mr. B. is actually an act. Shortly after Squire Booby has molested Shamela in bed, apologized profusely, and left the room, Shamela and Mrs. Jervis are discussing what occurred when Shamela says, "Hang him, answer'd I, he is not quite so cold as that I assure you; our Hands, on neither side, were idle in the Scuffle, not have left us any Doubt of each other as to that matter" (16). Shamela boldly states that while her master was accosting her, she was busy exploring his body as well. Given that Pamela, in the end, loves and marries Mr. B., it is difficult not to wonder if she too experienced something other than virtuous alarm in her physical encounters with her future husband. And in case readers somehow missed his point, Fielding states it blatantly (and without a

trace of irony) near the end of *Shamela*, explaining, “First, There are many lascivious Images in it, very improper to be laid before the Youth of either Sex” (115).

Fielding’s three main points of attack—arguing that Pamela is low, that her piety is counterfeited, and the novel is salacious—all undermine Richardson’s goals of imparting morality. If readers could be convinced to read the book according to Fielding’s interpretation, or in extreme cases, avoid the book completely because of his claims, than Richardson’s goal would be thwarted. Fielding’s merciless attack of *Pamela* had quite an effect on Richardson. In the first place, Richardson came to despise Fielding. In one particularly mean-spirited letter written to Lady Bradshaigh on February 23, 1752, Richardson comments,

Poor Fielding! I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, we should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company; but it is beyond my conception, that a man of family, and who had some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low, in all his pieces. (Barbauld 154)

Here, even more than ten years after the first edition of *Shamela* was published, Richardson’s resentment is as alive as ever; it is surely worth noting that here it is Fielding who is “low.” Hating Fielding, however, did not prevent Richardson from taking seriously his charges against Pamela—as his revisions make clear.

III. Richardson's Revisions

The 1762 edition of *Pamela* was the first to be published after Richardson's death in 1761. This edition and the first (1740) differ in such a widespread and fundamental manner that the two texts, at times, read as completely different novels. The chart that follows this section catalogs and compares textual differences between the 1740 and 1762 editions; it thus assists in identifying those aspects of the text which caused Richardson the most concern. In what follows, I will underscore particularly noteworthy examples of these alterations, but one should look to the chart for a more complete picture of the nature and number of Richardson's substitutions, additions, and deletions.

Richardson's revision process involved three basic techniques: substitution, addition, and deletion. In the instances of substitution, Richardson detected an issue but felt that it could be corrected by alteration alone; he would not need to delete or add, just alter. In these cases, it appears as though Richardson was willing to put forth the effort to reword in order better to capture or subtly shift his meaning. In other cases, Richardson felt that he needed to add words or passages in order to amplify or clarify scenes; adding information helps to paint a more complete picture. Some passages, however, were beyond salvaging and had to be deleted altogether. All of these techniques were employed to assist Richardson in realizing a *Pamela* who could, he hoped (however in vain), withstand the critics' charges.

As noted in chapter two, one of the major objections to *Pamela* was that her piety was so intense that it appeared to be affected. There was a fine line to walk when presenting a staunchly virtuous and pious character with the hope that she would convert

or inspire readers to follow in her footsteps. Richardson discusses this challenge in his August 31, 1741 letter to George Cheyne, as he contemplated continuing Pamela's story in *Pamela*, Pt. 2 (published December, 1741): "And if I were to be too spiritual, I doubt I should catch none but Grandmothers, for the Granddaughters would put my Girl indeed in better Company, such as that of the graver Writers, and there they would leave her; but would still pursue those Stories, that pleased their Imaginations without informing their Judgments" (Carroll 46). Reaching the appropriate audience, those in need of a model for spiritual and moral guidance, was a difficult task that required Richardson to seek balance in his novel; he was aware that the story must be intriguing while presenting Pamela's piety as sincere rather than as that of an "enthusiast." The OED describes enthusiasm as, "Fancied inspiration; 'a vain confidence of divine favour or communication' (Johnson). In 18th c. often in vaguer sense: Ill-regulated or misdirected religious emotion, extravagance of religious speculation" ("Enthusiasm"). With the potential for Pamela's piety to appear in as that of an "enthusiast," Richardson decided to reign in her expressions of devotion.

The 1740 *Pamela* frequently credits all of her rewards to God, giving absolutely no credit to herself for resisting Mr. B. and maintaining her virtue. While Pamela (and probably Richardson) considers such comments signs of humility, they can easily enough be misread as being full of pride; Pamela has divine favor, and, in turn, is above others. In the 1740 edition, for instance, after Pamela has finally become Mr. B.'s wife, she reflects on all that has passed and refers to her new situation as "the Station God has preferr'd me to!" (348). This statement carries an air of superiority because Pamela acknowledges a divine favor, which could certainly be misconstrued by critics as being

self-righteous. In the 1762 edition, this statement becomes, “the station I am preferred to!” which eliminates God’s influence altogether and seems to suggest that Mr. B. (or fate, or luck) is solely responsible for her new life (313). In addition to changes like these, there are over 60 instances in the 1762 edition where the word God has been changed to Heaven, Providence, or divine. Richardson does this in order to give Pamela the appearance (however thinly veiled) of being more reserved in her expressions of faith.

In addition to greatly reducing direct appeals to God, Richardson deletes a scene in which Pamela makes her private devotion public by documenting her prayers in her letters. This occurs when she visits Mr. B.’s chapel after she learns they are to be married in it. In the 1740 edition, Pamela recalls, “While the Gentlemen were talking, I dropt down on my Knees in a Corner, and once more blessed God for this so single a Mercy” (318). This entire passage is omitted from the 1762 version, perhaps in keeping with Matthew 6:6, with which Richardson was surely familiar: “But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly” (Matt. 6:6). This verse clearly instructs Christians that prayer should be a private matter; the original Pamela certainly violates these instructions when she vividly records this act in her letters; rather than privately praying, Pamela chronicles this action, thus making it public. Richardson realized that such an overt expression of praise could be misconstrued as an empty performance, and consequently—this passage was not included in the 1762 edition. By giving Pamela more controlled expressions of faith, Richardson hoped to reinforce her character and create a more relatable, less ostentatious, level of piety.

When one examines the revisions between the first edition (1740) and the last edition that Richardson worked on before his death (1762), it is obvious that some of the most prominent and numerous alterations deal specifically with Pamela's language. In many cases, one can detect similarities between the original wording and the style used by Fielding to characterize Shamela. Richardson also sought to elevate Pamela by substituting words and punctuation in her writing and speech in order to give her a more refined syntax and tone, which, in turn, gave her the appearance of possessing natural gentility and thus of more clearly "deserving" her rise in station through marriage to Mr. B.

In the first edition, Pamela's word-choice is rugged and her style rough. Some memorable examples of the original Pamela are "curchee" (10), "I was all confounded" (20), "kissed me two or three times, as if he would have eaten me" (21), and "Wench" (114). These examples all occur within the first half of the novel and thus before Mr. B. and Pamela wed. Even in the 1740 edition, Pamela's verbal style is elevated with her station—post-marriage Pamela would never use a word like "wench,"—so it makes some sense that Richardson would later choose to make these changes in the first half to create a more complete picture of Pamela as an embodiment of natural gentility.

One can see this elevation of language at work if these same passages are examined in the 1762 edition. They respectively are: "courtesy" (3), "I was much out of countenance" (10), "kissed me two or three times, with frightful eagerness" (11), and "maid" (96). It is plain to see that the maiden Pamela of 1762 is much more refined, elegant, and reserved, even *before* her rise in station.

It is undeniable that the 1740 Pamela is decidedly more flighty and uneasy than the Pamela of 1762. After realizing that these aspects of the novel were being exaggerated as a means to sabotage it, Richardson also made heavy alterations to Pamela's tone. This involved a large-scale substitution that included changing over 300 exclamation marks into periods, commas, or question marks. The original Pamela's tone may have offered a more accurate representation of a working-class teenage girl, but Richardson decided that he must sacrifice some of his compelling characterization in order to have his heroine appear naturally elevated enough to marry Mr. B. Pamela's unrefined excitement can be seen in various types of situations. For instance, in times of sadness, 1740 Pamela writes, "O how my eyes run!" (9), "What would have become of your poor *Pamela*!" (60), and "But now poor *Pamela* brings you nothing at all! And the very Cloaths she wears, so very low is she, are intirely the Effects of your Bounty, and that of your good Mother! This makes me a little sad!" (310). Even in times when sadness is warranted, this early Pamela is a more authentic representation of a teenage girl. Near the end of the novel, when it is evident that all of Pamela's dreams are about to come true, she still displays doubt because of the disparity between her station and that of Mr. B., exclaiming, with perhaps excessive emotion, "I think it is too great an Honour to go into the Chariot with you!" (240). Even when Pamela accepts Mr. B.'s affections as sincere, she still gives voice to uneasiness about the outcome. This can be seen when she says, "O Sir, said I, and hid my Face in his Arms! Expect not Reason from a foolish Creature!" (308). In each of the previous examples, the exclamations marks are changed to other punctuation in the 1762 edition, thus giving Pamela's language a more settled, genteel tone.

Richardson further elevated Pamela by adding information that made her appear to be more worthy of Mr. B's affection and estate. The first emendation to tackle this issue in this manner helps to shed more light on Pamela's background. In the 1740 edition, the only knowledge the reader has about Pamela's parents, at least for the first half of the novel, is that her father is a laborer and that he and his wife live in poverty. Finally, nearly 300 pages into the novel, Pamela speaks of her father's initial and less low professional history: "[He] endeavour'd to teach [...] in the little School he so unsuccessfully set up, at the Beginning of his Misfortunes, before he took to hard Labour [...]" (289). Richardson must have recognized that, by presenting this information earlier in the novel, he could enhance (if slightly) Pamela's initial status; indeed, in the 1762 edition, the reader is made aware of this in an addition to Letter V.: "[...] you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a hand, succeeded no better in the school you attempted to set up; but was forced to go to such hard labour" (6). This information helps the reader to see Pamela in a less rustic light; her father obviously possessed the motivation and knowledge to attempt to set up a school, rather than being a laborer his entire life, which is the only conclusion the reader is left to draw throughout most of the first edition. Pamela's "rise" in station is thus less drastic than before.

In conjunction with the early mention of her father's school, Richardson adds a passage to further highlight Pamela's attraction to reading, writing, and the arts. After Pamela has been kidnapped, she becomes increasingly (and understandably) paranoid. In order to ensure that she can maintain a correspondence with her parents, she enters the library to hide a pen. This is the only information provided in the first edition of this scene. In the 1762 edition, however, Richardson saw another opportunity to elevate

Pamela's character. The passage, which is completely absent from the first edition, begins with Mrs. Jewkes speaking; she says, "And below is my master's library: you may take out what books you will" (87). Pamela then thinks, "And, indeed, these and my writing will be all my amusement: for I have no work given to me to do; and the spinnet, if in tune, will not find my mind, I am sure, in tune to play upon it. But I went directly and picked out some books from the library, with which I filled a shelf in the closet she gave me possession of; and from these I hope to receive improvement, as well as amusement" (87). Pamela notes that she intends (and, perhaps more importantly, has the *capacity*) to read, write, and practice music, all of which were pastimes of young ladies, not young servants. These hobbies make it more plausible to the reader that Mr. B. should fall in love with and marry Pamela (even if, at the same time, they tend to defuse the power of Richardson's initially sharp social critique).

Richardson also uses the strategy of addition to repair an instance of possible licentiousness. In the 1740 edition, immediately after Mr. B. grabs Pamela and fondles her, she runs away and later writes to her mother of her escape: "I just remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing further of the Matter till afterwards; for I fell into a Fit with my Fright and Terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the Key-hole, spy'd me lying all along upon the Floor, stretch'd out at my Length" (29). Pamela notes that Mr. B. spies on her and sees her lying on her back on the floor. This position and the fact that Mr. B. is witnessing it without permission could be read as sexually suggestive. Pamela is in a submissive position (and one which is associated with sex), and Mr. B. is peering like a peeping Tom. Richardson recognized this and revised the scene in the 1762 edition by adding in the words "on my face" (18). (Apparently

Richardson thought it would appear less vulgar if Pamela ended up in a face down position.) In an attempt to lessen the perceived vulgarity in the novel, Richardson added words to give a different image of what occurred.

In order to thwart complaints that *Pamela* was vulgar, Richardson also needed to cut scenes that were overly warm. To be sure, by current standards, these scenes appear to be fairly mild, but to eighteenth-century sensibilities, passages such as these would have been scandalous—certainly in a novel purporting to have moral ends. One such scene, indeed, the longest portion of the 1740 edition to be cut from the 1762 edition, is that of Mr. B.'s attempted rape of Pamela (which was included in the previous section). The 1762 edition includes Mr. B. confronting Pamela in bed, but Richardson deleted the sexual action from the scene. This deletion removes the explicit sexual content and allows Richardson to channel Mr. B. into a more innocent character, thus making Pamela's ultimate acceptance of him (through marriage) more plausible. The deletion also removes some of the vulgarity associated with Mrs. Jewkes; in the 1740 version, she assists in the attempted rape by restraining Pamela. In fact, Mrs. Jewkes urges Mr. B. to complete his task; she exclaims, "What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst" (183). Richardson chose to delete this alarming passage from the final edition.

Making extreme revisions to his first novel meant that Richardson, on some level, accepted the criticism levied against the 1740 *Pamela* by friends and foes alike. Richardson revised all of his works habitually, but, as he knew he was approaching the end of his life, he chose to look back again at his first novel. Richardson's reactive revisions were the final weapons in his arsenal used to defend *Pamela* and her moral

message. Richardson's emendations fortified *Pamela* against the counter-fictions that capitalized on the novel; the final revisions of his life, therefore, were conducted in the hope that the legacy and message of *Pamela* would be able to stand on its own after Richardson was no longer there to be her champion.

A Note on the Chart

The following chart was compiled by comparing the 1740 (edited by Albert J. Rivero and published by Cambridge University Press in 2011) and the 1762 (edited by William Sale and published by Norton in 1958) editions of Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*. The first edition represents Richardson's initial intentions for the novel. The 1762 edition was selected for comparison because it constitutes Richardson's final emendations to the novel. While there are editions published after 1762, the edition chosen is the last known to be edited primarily and directly by Richardson before his death on July 4, 1761.

The chart contains two columns; the left includes passages from the 1740 edition that correspond with the passages that are altered in the 1762 edition. Page numbers accompany each emendation to allow for cross-reference within each edition of the novel. The types of alterations recorded include additions, deletions, and substitutions to punctuation and wording. Incidental changes in spelling and italicization have not been included because they may not reflect Richardson's intention, given the role of compositors in the printing process; furthermore, such changes are so plentiful as to render the chart unwieldy for those wishing to have efficient access to the types and locations of the major alterations Richardson made to his first novel.

1740

9 I was taken by her Goodness
 9 who have so much to do to
 maintain yourselves; and, as my Lady's
 Goodness had put me to write and cast
 Accompts, and made me a little expert at
 my Needle, and other Qualifications
 above my Degree, it would have been no
 easy Matter to find a Place that your
 poor *Pamela* was fit for:
 9 little, and then recovering—
 Remember my poor *Pamela!*—And
 these were some of her last Words! O
 how my eyes run!—
 9 my Lasses;
 9 Hand; yes, he took me by the
 Hand
 10 Father and Mother, for God to
 bless him: For he
 10 gave me with his own Hand
 Four golden Guineas, besides lesser
 Money,
 10 Guineas for your Comfort; for
 God will not let me want:
 10 cherish'd me, when I could do
 nothing for myself: And so you have for
 us all, or what must have become of us!
 10 Good Sirs! how was I frightned!
 10 seeing me frighted, said, smiling,
 Who have you been writing to,
Pamela?—I said, in my Fright,

1762

1 I was taken by her ladyship
 1 who have enough to do to
 maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's
 goodness had put me to write and cast
 accounts, and made me a little expert at
 my needle, and otherwise qualified
 above my degree, it was not every
 family that could have found a place that
 your poor Pamela was fit for:
 1 little; and then recovering—
 Remember my poor Pamela—And these
 were some of her last words! O how my
 eyes run—
 1 my good maidens;
 1 hand; yes took my hand
 1 father and mother, for a blessing
 upon him, for
 2 gave me with his own hand four
 golden guineas, and some silver,
 2 guineas for your comfort; for
 Providence will not let me want;
 2 cherished me, when I could do
 nothing for myself.
 2 Good sirs! How I was
 frightened!
 2 seeing me tremble, said, smiling,
 To whom have you been writing,
Pamela?—I said, in my confusion,

10 I am not angry with you.

10 My Mother used to say, you
lov'd reading;

10 curchee and cry,

11 So will only say more,

11 thought so too

11 my dear Child

12 If you love *us* then, if you value
God's Blessing,

12 young Master's Goodness,

13 And of this rest satisfy'd,

13 they are civil.

13 and hope nobody would do me
more hurt,

11 our dear child's ruin

11 that fatal Word,

11 about her

12 his Mother's Books!—

12 Hearts ake

13 Yet I hope

13 has been a whole Month

14 Batchelor's House

2 I am not angry with you for
writing such innocent matters as these:
though you ought to be wary what tales
you send out of a family.—

3 She used to say you loved
reading;

3 courtesy and cry,

3 So will only add to it,

3 thought so myself

3 my dear Pamela

4 If, then, you love us, if you wish
for God's blessing,

4 master's goodness,

4 And of this pray rest satisfied,

4 they are civil!

4 and nobody would do me more
hurt than

3 our child's ruin

3 that fatal word!

4 about her person

4 his mother's books?—

4 hearts ache

5 However, I hope

5 has been a month

5 bachelor's house

14 better Luck in the World. But
this is more Pride to me,

15 as I almost always
15 you know: For, to be sure,
15 my old Lady's Cloaths,
15 Three of her Cambrick Aprons,
15 The Cloaths are fine Silks,
16 I curcheed to him,
16 kept the Men at a Distance; for
16 I will always love her next to
16 for my old Lady had a very little
16 Foot; and several Ribbands

17 Stays, and a Pair of rich Silver
Buckles in one Pair of the Shoes.

17 and went away curcheeing
17 and so God bless you, my dear
Father and Mother; and I know you will
pray to God to bless me;
17 renew my Cautions to you on
your Master's Kindness to you,

6 better luck in the world! And
wonders, that you, my father, who are so
well able to teach, and write so good a
hand, succeeded no better in the school
you attempted to set up; but was forced
to go to such hard labour. But this is
more pride to me,

6 as I generally
6 you know: who, to be sure,
6 my late lady's clothes
6 three of her cambric aprons,
6 The clothes are fine silk,
7 I courtesied to him,
7 kept the men at a distance? for
7 I will always love her, next to
7 for my lady had a very little
7 foot,) and the other with wrought
silver buckles in them; and several
ribbands

7 stays. I was quite astonished

7 and went away courtesying
8 and God bless you, my dear
father and mother; and I know you
constantly pray for a blessing upon me;
8 renew my cautions on your
master's kindness,

18 fearful of the worst.

18 a poor Maiden of no more than
Fifteen Years of Age

19 great Distance between so great a
Man, and

19 But yet, don't be frightened,

19 who was so careful of me,

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

20 and so I'll tell you all, as briefly
as I can.

20 as if you was afraid

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

20 I stood all confounded,

21 forgive your poor Servant;

21 kissed me two or three times, as
if he would have eaten me.

21 What a foolish Hussy you are,

21 for the Fright I put you to.

22 Cloaths on my Back;

23 when we are a-bed.

23 told the Servants, that I should lie
with her,

23 Secret of such a Nature, I thought
would be to deprive

8 fearful for you.

8 a poor maiden of little more than
fifteen years of age

9 great distance between such a
gentleman, and

10 But yet, don't be frightened

10 who was so apprehensive for me,

10 May-be, I he and him too much:
but it is his own fault if I do. For why
did he lose all his dignity with me?

10 and so I'll try to recollect it all,
and be as brief as I can.

10 as if you were afraid

10 I was much out of countenance,
as you may well think; but said, at last, It
does not become your good servant

10 I stood still confounded,

10 forgive me;

11 kissed me two or three times,
with frightful eagerness.

11 What a foolish hussy you are!

11 for the fright I put you in.

12 clothes on my back,

13 when we are alone.

13 told the servants, that I should be
with her,

13 secret of such nature, would be,
as I apprehended, to deprive

23 praised the Honesty and Inditing
of them;

23 without he was to turn me away;

24 O that I had never left my Rags
nor my Poverty,

24 How miserable now!

24 Temptations you are tried with.

25 But it makes our Hearts ake

25 Your Temptations are very great;

25 Life must be a Burden to you

25 your own Strength;

25 O my dear Child,

25 God's blessed Protection,

27 But, however, I can't help it.

27 I thrust the Letter into my
Bosom,

28 What is it, says he, you would
say? Speak out!

29 *in* my House,

29 Chamber being open, I made
shift to get into it, and threw-to the Door,
and the Key being on the Inside, it
locked; but he follow'd me so close, he
got hold of my Gown, and tore a Piece
off, which hung without the Door.

29 stretch'd out at my Length; and
then he call'd Mrs. *Jervis* to me,

13 praised the honesty and editing
of them,

13 except he was to run me away;

13 O that I had never left my little
bed in the loft,

13 How contrary now!

14 temptations you are exposed to.

14 But it makes our hearts ache

14 Your danger is very great;

14 life must be a burthen to you

14 our own strength;

14 O my dear child!

14 the divine protection,

15 But I can't help it.

16 I put the letter in my bosom,

17 What is it you would say?
Replies he; speak out.

17 *in* my own house,

18 chamber being open, I made shift
to get into it, and threw to the door, and
it locked after me; but he followed me so
close, he got hold of my gown and tore a
piece off, which hung without the door;
for the key was on the inside.

18 stretched out at length, on my
face; and then he called Mrs. *Jervis* to
me,

30 he coming in, I went away again
with the Terror;

30 Honesty of your poor Child! As I
am sure I am of your Prayers for *Your
dutiful Daughter*.

31 But I went.

31 Good God of Heaven

32 the greatest Occasion that could
possibly be given any Woman?

32 for Innocence, I find, in a weak
Mind, has many Advantages

33 God Almighty bless your Honour
for you Resolution:

33 for ever and ever, *Amen!*

33 And thank God all is over.

34 And I will always bless my
Master and Mrs. Jervis.

34 May-hap I mayn't come this
Week, because I must get up the Linen,
and leave every thing belonging to my
Place in Order.

35 What blessed Things are Tryals
and Temptations to us, when they be
overcome!

35 For that I can get Leave for;

35 but as a guilty one!

18 he coming in, I fainted away
again with the terror;

19 honesty of your poor child, as I
am of your prayers for Your dutiful
DAUGHTER.

20 I went up, however.

20 Good Heaven

20 the greatest occasion for
complaint, that could possibly be given
to a woman?

21 for innocence, I find, in a low
fortune, and a weak mind, has many
advantages

22 May your honour be for ever
blessed for your resolution!

22 for ever and ever! Amen.

22 And this all is happily over.

22 And I will always pray for my
master and Mrs. Jervis.

22 Perhaps I mayn't come this
week, because I must get up the linen,
and leave in order every thing belonging
to my place.

23 What blessed things are trials and
temptations when we have the strength
to resist and subdue them!

23 for that I can leave to make on
such an occasion.

24 but as a guilty one.

36 chief Concern I have to leave this Place;

37 it is no Wonder he will speak wicked Words. And so I rest *your dutiful Daughter*.

38 that God will give me his Grace,

39 Good Mrs. *Jervis* lifted up her Hands,

39 that he is sorry for what he has done! Ay, and *asham'd* of it too!

40 at his own dear, dear Price!

40 O! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work;

41 so soon as I would,

41 when they come to be in Tatters, and worn out?

42 I'll make 'em for you, and desire your Acceptance as my first Present.

42 other Returns for his Presents, than I intended, I bless God, to make him; so I thought

43 But God be prais'd, 'tis no worse.

43 Ease in my Mind.—But mum—I am, &c.

43 to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

44 have some Linen to get up, and do something to, and shall then

24 chief concern I have at quitting this place;

25 it is no wonder he will speak wicked words. May God keep me out of the way of them both! Your dutiful DAUGHTER.

26 that I shall have so much grace,

26 Mrs. *Jervis* lifted up her hands,

27 that he is sorry for what he has done? Ay, and ashamed of it too?

28 at his own dear price.

28 Oh! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the waistcoat, if I might with safety. Mrs. *Jervis* tells me I certainly may. I never did a prettier piece of work;

29 so soon as I hoped,

29 when they should come to be threadbare and worn out?

29 I'll make them for you, and desire your acceptance.

30 other returns for his presents, than I intended to make him, so I thought

30 But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse.

30 ease in my mind—But, mum! Here he comes, I believe.—I am, etc.

31 to see dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

31 have only some linen to get up, and shall then

49 with one of my best Curchees;

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

49 that he had a hard Life to stand it;

50 turn'd his Temper; and I begin to
think he likes me, and can't help it;

51 made me low Curchee,

52 I must go in with her to my
Master;

52 I dropt a low Curchee,

53 This was a sad Bite upon me,

53 without being whooted at;

55 was a little sawcy, you'll say!—

55 conclude; tho' yet I must say, I
am *Your most dutiful Daughter*.

56 But if my Head and my Heart
will let me, you shall hear all.

56 But I will not more *preambulate*.

57 and for all these Confederations,

58 I wish I was well out of the
House; so it was at the Bottom of a wet
Ditch, on the wildest Common in
England!

58 I said, God protect us!

36 with one of my best courtesies;

36 And so they run on for half an
hour more in my praises, as I was told;
and glad was I, when I got out of the
hearing of them.

36 that he had much ado to stand it;

37 turned his temper; and I begin to
believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he
likes me, and can't help it;

38 made me a low courtesy,

39 I must go in with her to her
master;

39 I dropt a low courtesy,

39 This was a sad trick upon me,

39 without being hooted at;

41 was a little saucy, you'll say—

41 conclude: though I can't say too
often, that I am (though with great
apprehension) Your most dutiful
DAUGHTER.

42 But if my head and my hand will
let me, you shall hear all.

42 but I will not keep you in
suspense.

43 for all of these considerations,

44 I wish I was well out of the
house; so it was at the bottom of a wet
ditch, on the wildest common in
England.

44 I said Heaven protect us!

58 O, for God's sake!

59 all in a cold, clammy Sweat was I.

59 can I be sure it is you? God be prais'd! God be prais'd!—Where have I been?

59 upon Mrs. *Jervis's* second Noise on my going away,

59 So the Maids came down; for the Men lie in the Out-houses; and all went up again,

60 What would have become of me, had she gone out of the Room, to still the Maids, as he bid her.

60 what would have become of your poor *Pamela!*

60 This was the worst of all! God send me safe from this dreadful wicked Man! Pray for *Your distressed Daughter.*

60 as to endeavor to destroy what he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, I will not bear it.

62 But God's grace is not confin'd to Space;

63 God send me with you!—

63 but I have not found it so, God help me!

63 (Alas! For me, I didn't know I was!)

45 O, for Heaven's sake!

45 all in a cold dewy sweat was I.

45 can I be sure it is you? Tell me! Can I?—Where have I been?

45 upon Mrs. *Jervis's* second noise on my fainting away,

45 So the maids came down, and all went up again,

45 What would have become of me, had she gone out of the room, to still the maids, as he bid her!

45 what would have become of your poor Pamela?

46 This was the worst of all! Oh, that I was out of the power of this dreadfully wicked man! Pray for Your distressed DAUGHTER.

46 as to endeavor to destroy a virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervis!* Said he; I will not hear it.

48 But the divine grace is not confined to space;

49 Oh! That I was once well with you!—

49 but I have not found it so, alas for me!

49 (Alack-a-day, I didn't know I was!)

63 His Waistcoat stood and End
with Gold Lace,

64 Well said, my pretty Preacher!

64 and that lovely Skin (as he call'd
it) that you should return again to hard
Work,

64 but was ready to cry before, and I
gush'd out into Tears, and said, I can
expect no better from such a rude
Gentleman!

65 And he laugh'd, and I tripp'd
away as fast as I could.

66 You see I am quite grown grave
and serious; so it becomes *Your dutiful
Daughter*.

67 She made him a low Curchee,

67 But every body must be good to
her,—

68 to the *best* of Masters!

68 Get out of my Presence, Hussy, I
can't bear you in my Sight.

69 made a low Curchee,

71 if I could get Needle-Work
enough, I would not spoil my Fingers by
this rough Work.

71 must break off, here's some-body
coming!—

71 'Twas only our *Hannah* with a
Message from Mrs. *Jervis*!—But, good
Sirs, there is some body else!—

49 His waistcoat stood on end with
silver lace,

49 Well urged, my pretty preacher!

50 and that lovely skin (as he called
it, and took hold of my hand,) that you
should return again to hard work,

50 but being ready to cry before, the
tears gushed out, and (endeavoring to get
my hand from him, but in vain) I said, I
can expect no better:

51 And he laughed, and I snatched
my hand from him, and I tripped away
as fast as I could.

51 You see I am quite grown grave
and serious; indeed it becomes the
present condition of Your dutiful
DAUGHTER.

53 She made him a low courtesy,

53 But everybody must be good to
her; for—

54 to the best of masters:

55 Get out of my presence, hussy! I
can't bear you in my sight.

55 made a low courtesy,

56 if I could get plain-work enough,
I need not spoil my fingers.

57 must break off; here's somebody
coming.

57 'Tis only our Hannah with a
message from Mrs. Jervis.—But, hold,
here's somebody else.

72 Tho' I have Reason, I am sure, to
remember the last Closet-work!

73 fetch me some little Matter at a
Pinch, with an old Shoe-buckle or two.

73 Bless me! Said I, I didn't think I
had so many good Things!

74 I hope will ever be the Pride of
my Life;

75 I am quite as rich as I wish to be!

75 Wretched, wretched *Pamela!*

76 for so many Months together!—

76 and I fell upon my Knees as soon
as I saw him; and I said, For God's Sake,
good Sir, and for the Sake of my dear
good Lady your mother, who
recommended me to you with her last
Words, let me beg you to forgive me all
my Faults, as you hope to be forgiven
yourself:

77 and wrung my Hands!

78 my poor Heart giving way!

78 My Heart is full!

78 why should you wish to undo
me!

78 O my Heart will burst, said I!

78 as I desined!

78 if my Virtue and my Duty would
permit.

78 after what has pass'd!

78 what then is to become of me!

58 though I have reason, I am sure,
to remember the last closet-work.

58 fetch me some little matter at a
pinch, with an old silver buckle or two.

58 Bless me, said I, I did not think I
had so many good things!

59 I hope will ever be the pride of
my life!

60 I am quite as rich as I wish to be:

60 Wretched, wretched Pamela,

60 for so many months together;

61 and I fell upon my knees as soon
as I saw him; and said, Good sir, let me
beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven
yourself, and for the sake of my dear
good lady your mother, who
recommended me to you with her last
words, to forgive me all my faults;

61 and wrung my hands.

63 my poor heart giving way.

63 My heart is full;

63 why should you wish to undo
me?

63 O sir, said I, my heart will burst;

63 as I desined:

63 if my virtue would permit!

63 after what has passed:

64 what then is to become of me?

78 will not let me stoop at once;

79 How shall I stand that!

79 can only be to seduce me!

79 And O how ought I to bless God
for this Resolution!

80 to see what Dangers God has
enabled me to escape;

80 my happy Resolution, which, to
be sure God inspired me with.

83 *John* is very good, and very
honest, God reward him!

83 II. *I from a State of low Degree /
Was taken by our good Lady. / Some say
it better had been for me, / I'd still been
rustic Pamela.*

83 III. *But yet, my Friends, I hope
not so: / For, tho' I to my Station low /
Again return, I joyful go, / And think no
Shame to Pamela!*

83 IV. *For what makes out true
Happiness, / But Innocence, and inward
Peace? / And that, thank God, I do
possess: / O happy, happy Pamela!*

84 IX. *Their Riches often are a
Snare; / At best, a pamper'd weighty
Care: / Their Servants far more happy
are: / At least, so thinketh Pamela.*

64 will not let me descend all at
once;

64 How shall I stand that.

64 can only be to seduce me.

64 And how ought I to be thankful
for this resolution!

65 to see what dangers I have been
enabled to escape;

65 my happy resolution as I have
reason to think it:

67 *John* is very good, and very
honest; I am under great obligations to
him.

68 II. I, from a state of low degree, /
Was plac'd in this good family: / Too
high a fate for humble me, / The
helpless, hopeless PAMELA.

68 III. Yet though my happy lot
was so, / Joyful, I homeward from it go,
/ No less content, when poor and low, /
Than here you find your PAMELA.

68 IV. For what indeed is
happiness, / But conscious innocence
and peace? / And that's a treasure I
possess; / thank Heaven that gave it
PAMELA.

68 IX. Their riches, gay deceitful
snares, / Enlarge their fears, increase
their cares / Their servants' joy surpasses
theirs; / At least so judges PAMELA.

84 *And you'll be blessed from
above,*

84 XI. *For if ashamed I could be /
Of my poor Parents low Degree, / I'm
sure it would been worse for me, / God
had not blessed Pamela.*

84 XIII. *Yes, pray for my Content
and Peace; / For, rest assur'd, I'll never
cease / To pray for all your Joys
Increase, / While Life is Lent to Pamela.*

85 not caring to trust his Body
Coachman,

85 and Part of the Way,

85 (as she observes in one of the
Letters, p. 78)

86 you should not have encourag'd
till you knew the Truth of it.

86 Design upon her. Nay, she has
not, I understood, spared me, who used
to joke and divert myself with her
Innocence, as I thought it.

87 as well to quiet his own as his
Wife's Uneasiness,

88 I am sure she is in a reputable
Family,

88 O how shall I know this! Replied
he.

89 travel to *London* barefoot,

89 offer anything to your Daughter!

68 And you'll be bless'd by Heav'n
above,

68 XI. For if ashamed I e'er could
be / Of my dear parents' low degree, /
What lot had been too mean for me, /
Unbless'd, unvirtuous PAMELA.

68 XIII. Pray for her wish'd content
and peace; / And rest assur'd she'll
never cease, / To pray for all your joys
increase, / While life is lent to
PAMELA.

69 not caring to trust his
Bedfordshire coachman,

69 any part of the road,

69 (as she observes in her letter
XXX)

69 you should not have encouraged,
till you knew there were sufficient
grounds for those aspersions, which she
so plentifully casts upon me.

69 design upon her.

71 as well as to quiet his own as her
mother's uneasiness,

72 She is in a reputable family,

72 O how shall I know this?
Replied he.

72 travel to London on foot,

72 offer any thing dishonorable to
your daughter?

89 to assure you all is well with her?

89 as you say and mean Truth.

89 and resolv'd to be as patient as possible for a few Days.

90 they were a little easier to hear she was alive and well.

90 against so rich and daring a Gentleman;

91 dearest Father and Mother,

91 What can I pray for, when God Almighty, for my Sins, to be sure, vouchsafes not to hear my Prayers; but suffers me to be a Prey to a wicked Violator of all the Laws of God and Man!

91 But since these Temptations are not of my own seeking, the Effects of my Presumption and Vanity, O enable me to withstand them all, and deliver me from the Dangers that hand over my poor Heart, and make me perfect thro' Sufferings, and in thy own good Time, deliver me from them!

93 false Heart as he is! That I was not to be out of his Reach!

95 late as it is!

96 gave way to the most excessive fit of grief that I ever had!

99 but the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* expecting me,

72 to assure you all is well with her!

73 as you say and mean truth!

73 and resolved to be as patient as possible.

74 they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest:

74 against so rich and so resolute a gentleman;

74 DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER!

74 But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted, as a victim to the will of a wicked violator of all of the laws of God and man!

74 And still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that as these trials are not of my own seeking, nor the effects of my presumption and vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good time, be delivered from them.

76 false heart as he is, that I was not to be out of his reach.

79 late as it is:

79 gave way to the most excessive fit of grief that I ever had.

82 but the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* expecting me!

99 O frightful, though I! here's an
Avowal of the Matter at once! (for she
would not part with me out of her Sight)
I am now gone, that's certain! And was
so quite silent and confounded; and
seeing no Help for it, I was forc'd to set
out

99 may see what I now write, or no!

100 That's prettily said, I vow;

101 (O! the deep-laid Wickedness
thought I!)

101 for any Master in the World!

102 *for the present*, said I

102 Why, said she, Mrs. *Jervis* was
your Bed-fellow at t'other House.

103 Sure it is not in her Instructions
to deny me. He can't have thought of
every thing.

104 for I know my old Lady learnt
you. So I resolv'd to hide a Pen of my
own here,

104 So I must set all my little Wits at
Work!

82 O frightful! thought I; here's an
avowal of the matter at once: I am now
gone, that's certain. And so was quite
silent and confounded; and seeing no
help for it, (for she would not part with
me out of her sight) I was forced to set
out

83 can see what I now write or no—

83 That's prettily said, I vow!

84 (O the deep laid wickedness!
Thought I:)

85 for any master in the world.

85 for the present! said I

85 How so? Said she; Was not Mrs.
Jervis your bed-fellow at t'other house?

86 Sure it is not in her instructions
to deny me! He can't have thought of
every thing!

87 for I know my old lady learnt
you: And below is my master's library:
you may take out what books you will.
And, indeed, these and my writing will
be all my amusement: for I have no
work given to me to do; and the spinnet,
if in tune, will not find my mind, I am
sure, in tune to play upon it. But I went
directly and picked out some books from
the library, with which I filled a shelf in
the closet she gave me possession of;
and from these I hope to receive
improvement, as well as amusement.
Nutmeg no sooner was her back turned, then
I set about hiding a pen of my own here,

87 So I must set all my little wits at
work.

105 and God Almighty would, may-be, make it up to him!

105 if any thing God made can be ugly;

105 I dare say she drinks!

105 This is but poor helpless Spight in me!

106 or rather, to be safe with my dear Father and Mother!

106 God bless him!

106 I am now to take up my Pen again!

106 Another puzzling Tryal, to be sure!

106 Oh, Mrs. *Pamela!*

106 or else, may-be, I must desire to see it.

107 So I came hither, and lock'd myself in my Closet,

107 'O my dear Girl,

108 Nor shall the present Restraint upon you last long:

108 only Mark of your Cruelty!

108 It is impossible, surely, they should be consistent with the honourable Designs you profess.

109 below the Notice of so great a Man,

109 Pray God I may find it otherwise.

88 and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to him!

88 if any thing human can be so called;

88 I dare say she drinks:

88 This is poor helpless spite in me:

88 or, rather to be safe with my dear father and mother.

88 A blessing on his faithful heart!

89 I am now come to take up my pen again:

89 Another puzzling trial, to be sure.

89 Oh, Mrs. Pamela;

90 or else, may be, I must have insisted on reading it.

90 So I went up, and locked myself in my closet,

90 'O my dear girl!

90 Nor shall your restraint last long:

91 only make of your cruelty?

91 It is impossible they should be consistent with the dishonourable methods you take.

91 below the notice of such a gentleman as you,

92 Pray God that I may find it otherwise!

109 I hope, whatever the naughty
Gentleman may intend,

110 for fear of any other—

110 and helping to carry on my Ruin!

111 as the Heart of Man!

111 but I have no Comfort in them!

111 the insolent woman

111 and all to carry on further a more
corrupt Scene, and to ruin

111 I can but wonder

111 can think of themselves for these
vile Doings?

111 can procure him!

111 and would rather lose my Life
than my Honesty!

112 that black poisonous Heart of his,

112 He is and will be wicked; and I
am, I fear, to be a Victim to his lawless
Attempts, if the God in whom I trust,
and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it
not!

112 O what Inventions will Necessity
be the Parent of!

112 I'll assure you! At this time!

113 I fear!

113 Pho, pho

113 He can best explain his own
Meaning!

92 Though, I hope, whatever the
wicked gentleman may intend,

92 lest I should enclose any thing
else.

93 and helping to carry on my ruin.

93 as the heart of man:

93 but I have no comfort in them, or
any thing else.

93 the confident woman

94 and to carry on a poor plot, I am
sure for a gentleman, to ruin

94 I can't but wonder

94 can think of themselves for these
vile doings!

94 can procure him.

94 and would rather lose my life
than my honesty?

94 that base plotting heart of his,

94 He is and will be wicked, and
designs me as a victim to his lawless
attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and
to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not.

95 O what intentions will necessity
push us upon!

95 I'll assure you, at this time.

96 I fear.

96 Pho! Pho!

96 He can best explain his own
meaning:

113 all in a Fright!
 114 I would not be long away!
 114 the Wench following me,
 114 quite ruin me.
 115 ‘*Your most oppressed humble
 Servant.*’
 115 a fatal Week
 115 It is very true!
 117 if this be the Case!
 118 and they have two Daughters.
 119 God bless you for it.
 120 O good Sirs!
 120 for they grow large!
 120 But if this Brute would search
 me!
 121 the happy carp flounced from us!
 121 Sure something will do at last.
 God grant it!
 122 look more silly than I!
 122 I cry’d for Vexation!
 122 if I *can* get away!
 122 Let’s buss, and be Friends!
 122 the more do I regret it!
 122 I can’t chuse!

96 all in a fright—
 96 I would not be long away.
 96 the maid following me,
 97 basely ruin me.
 97 ‘Your oppressed humble
 servant.’
 97 a terrible week
 97 It is very true!—And thus it came
 about:
 99 if this be the case.
 100 and they have two daughters,
 virtuous young ladies,
 102 God bless you for it!
 102 O good sirs,
 102 for they grow large:
 102 But if this brute should search
 me—
 103 the happy carp flounced from us?
 103 Sure something will do at last!
 104 look more silly than I.
 104 I cried for vexation.
 104 if I can get away.
 104 Let’s buss and be friends.
 104 the more do I regret it, and blame
 myself.
 104 I can’t choose—

122 'My dearest PAMELA,
 123 anxious about a Menial as he?
 124 has a mind to his Mother's
 Waiting-maid?
 126 I thank God, we have quite
 different Notions of both;
 126 Who knows that God may do for
 me!
 127 if you cheat me!
 132 afraid of her catching me.
 134 I found the Contents thus strange
 and wonderful.
 134 Was ever the like heard!
 136 So I will hope for the best!
 137 If I chose to lie by myself?
 137 This looks mighty well!
 140 and he pretends he will leave me
 at my Choice:
 140 If this Bull be still there!
 141 should have ventur'd the other
 Two.
 142 Ah, Mrs. *Jewkes*, Mrs. *Jewkes*
 this might have done with me, had he
 had anything that he could have told you
 of!
 143 O what has this incautious Man
 said?
 143 This cut me to the Heart!

104 'MY DEAR PAMELA,
 104 anxious about a menial as he!
 106 has a mind to his mother's
 waiting-maid!
 108 for I find we have quite different
 notions of both:
 108 Who knows what Providence
 may do for me!
 109 if you cheat me.
 113 afraid of her surprising me.
 115 I found the contents thus strange
 and unexpected:
 115 Was ever the like heard?
 117 So I will hope for the best.
 118 If I chose to be by myself;
 118 This looks mighty well.
 120 and he pretends, as you have read
 in his letter, he will leave me to my
 choice:
 121 if this bull still be there.
 122 should have ventured both the
 bull and the robbers.
 122 Ah! Mrs. *Jewkes*, Mrs. *Jewkes*,
 this might have done with me, had he
 had anything that he could have told you
 of.
 123 O what has this incautious man
 said!
 124 This cut me to the heart;

146 'Save then, my Innocence, good
God,

146 and see an End to all my
Troubles and Anxieties!

146 'God has at length heard our
Prayers,

146 and, blessed be God, who
enabled thee, what Temptations hast
thou withstood!

147 God has touched his Heart,

147 by God's Grace, you have so
well improv'd

148 But thro' God's Goodness, and
your Prayers, I hope,

151 are hard things for your poor
Pamela;

151 God forgive me if I sinned.

152 I will resign myself to God's
Will,

153 and seem'd to bless himself!

155 And so, I trust, that God will
direct my Steps

155 before he knew me!

156 For here I am still!

156 Without any Resource left,

156 I mean, the Weakness and
Presumption, both in one, of her own
Mind!

157 and coldish;

126 'Save then my innocence, good
Heaven!

126 and see an end to all my troubles
and anxieties.

127 'Our prayers are at length heard,

127 Blessed be the Divine goodness,
which has enabled thee to withstand so
many temptations!

127 his heart is touched;

127 which you have had the grace to
improve

127 But through the Divine goodness,
and your prayers, I hope,

130 are hard words for your poor
Pamela!

130 God forgive me, if I sinned!

132 I will resign myself to the Divine
will,

133 and seemed to bless himself;

135 And so I trust, that Providence
will direct my steps

135 before he knew me.

136 For here I am still;

136 Without any hope left,

136 I mean, the weakness and
presumption, both in one, of her own
mind;

136 and very cold;

157 and when I would have got up, I
could hardly stand; for I found I had
bruis'd my left Hip and Shoulder, and
was full of Pain with it;

158 had I not, by God's Grace,

158 that God's Mercies may be
magnify'd

158 from which there can be no
Redemption.

158 abated that Liveliness of my
Passions,

159 dragg'd out to these slopy Banks,

159 may quickly slide into Oblivion!

160 to put a Bound to God's Will,

160 therefore claim no Forgiveness.

160 Quit with Speed these guilty
Banks, and flee from these Dashing
waters,

160 return to the Charge

161 and God knows

163 for there's no such thing as
holding you, I'm sure!

164 full of Wonder at my Resolution
and Venturesomeness;

165 if he would cease his Attempts,
and reform.

167 But, hold,

167 Now, good Heaven preserve me!

168 Yet I cannot hold my Pen!

137 and then trying to get up, I sunk
down again two or three times; and my
left hip and shoulder were very stiff, and
full of pain, with bruises;

137 had I not, by the divine grace,

138 that the divine mercies may be
magnified

138 from which there can be no
return.

138 abated the impetuosity of my
passions,

138 dragged out to these dewy banks,

138 may quickly slide into oblivion.

139 to put a bound to the divine will,

139 therefore hope no forgiveness.

140 Quit with speed these perilous
banks, and fly from these curling waters,

140 return to the assault

141 and who knows

142 for there's no such thing as
holding you, I'm sure.

143 full of wonder at my resolution;

144 if he would cease his attempts,
and reform!

146 But hold!

146 Now, good God of heaven,
preserve me;

146 Yet I cannot hold my pen—

168 when the Guilty can possess their
Minds in Peace!

168 Once I thought her as innocent as
one!—But I have now no Patience with
her.

169 withdrew as soon as I came in.

170 for you'll find her as slippery as
an Eel, I'll assure you!

171 who knows the secrets of all
hearts!

171 give me another Glass of Wine!

171 'Tis no Wonder the poor Parson
was infatuated with her!—I blame him
less than her; for who could expect such
Artifice in so young a Sorceress!

171 Come hither, Hussy, said he;

171 Fie upon it! Mrs. *Pamela*,

172 Could any thing, in Womanhood,
be so vile!

174 May God Almighty desert me,
whenever it is;

176 and that I wore those Jewels
outwardly, because I had none inwardly?

179 In an Hour's time, he called Mrs.
Jewkes down to him;

179 I am resolved not to go to-bed
this Night, if I can help it—

146 when the guilty can possess their
minds in peace?

147 Once I thought her as innocent as
an angel of light but I have now no
patience with her.

148 withdrew as soon as I came in:
And, they the way, he had a new
coachman too, which looked as if
Bedfordshire Robin was turned away.

148 for you'll find her as slippery as
an eel, I'll assure you.

149 who knows the secrets of all
hearts;

150 give me another glass of wine.

150 'Tis no wonder the poor parson
was infatuated with her.—I blame him
less than I do her; for who could expect
such artifice in so young a sorceress?

150 Come hither, hussy! Said he:

150 Fie upon it, Mrs. *Pamela*,

150 Could any thing in womanhood
be so vile?

153 May God Almighty desert me,
whenever it is!

154 and that I wore those jewels
outwardly, because I had none inwardly.

157 In an hour's time he called Mrs.
Jewkes down to him!

157 I am resolved not to go to bed
this night, if I can help it!

181 I was forced to go to-bed; but
with two of my Coats on, as the former
Night;

181 O how unlike good Mrs. *Jervis* in
every thing!

183 you would not have offer'd to
read my Letters.

183 So I have one more good honest
Night before me!

183 O your poor Daughter,

184 Ay, said I, so we shall, if she
don't get Cold.

184 I wonder what you can find to
write about so much;

185 Well, forsooth, but then I was to
have I know not how many Pounds a
Year for my Life; and my poor Father
*there was the Jest of it) was to be the
Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his
Daughter: And then (there was the Jest
again)

186 But, to be sure, I must be
forward, bold, sawcy, and what not?

158 I was forced to go to bed; but
with some of my clothes on, as the
former night;

159 O how unlike good Mrs. *Jervis* in
every thing.

160 you would not have offered to
read my letters!

161 So I have one more good honest
night before me:

161 O your poor daughter!

162 Ay, said I, so we shall: but won't
she get cold?

162 I wonder what you can find to
write about so much!

163 Well, forsooth! but then I was to
have I know not how many Pounds a
Year for my Life; and my poor Father
*there was the Jest of it!) was to be the
Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his
Daughter: And then (there was the Jest
again!)

163 But, to be sure, I must be
forward, bold, saucy, and what not!

187 How do you do?—She answer'd not one Word. Said the superlatively wicked Woman, You know I have order'd her not to answer you. And this Plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these Orders, the Night before. I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. *Ann*? And still no Answer was made. But, I tremble to relate it, the pretended She came into Bed; but quiver'd like an Aspin-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much.—But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs. What Words shall I find, my dear Mother, (for my Father should not see this shocking Part) to describe the rest, and my Confusion, when the guilty Wretch took my Left-arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procuress held my Right; and then he clasp'd me round my Waist! Said I, Is the Wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been *Nan*. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Clap of Thunder. Now, *Pamela*, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd.—I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said I; wicked, abominable Woman! O God! my God! this Time, this one Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike

164 How do you do? Says he, One word with you, Pamela;

me dead this Moment; and then I
scream'd again and again. Says he, One
Word with you, *Pamela*;

188 one Word hear me but; and
hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is
this nothing, said I, to be in Bed here?
To hold my Hands between you? I will
hear, if you will instantly leave the Bed,
and take this villainous Woman from
me! Said she, (O Disgrace of
Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do;
don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot
exclaim worse than she has done. And
she'll be quieter when she knows the
worst. Silence, said he to her; I must say
one Word to you, *Pamela*; it is this:

188 that you will accept my
Proposals!—And then, (for this was all
detestable Grimace) he put his Hand in
my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright,
Terror, I fainted away quite,

189 But said I, will not *Nan* also hold
my Hand!

189 magnify'd himself in my
Weakness!

190 but retains, I doubt, his wicked
Purpose!

190 You little Slut, how did you
frighten me on *Sunday* night!

194 and I had nobody to run to, I
came back, at his Call, and I held my
Hands together,

194 Pardon you,

164 one word hear me but; I must say
one word to you, it is this:

164 that you will accept my
Proposals! With struggling, fright,
terror, I fainted quite,

165 But, said I, will not *Nan* also
hold my hand?

166 magnified himself in my
weakness.

166 and retains, I doubt, his wicked
purpose.

166 You little, slut, how did you
frighten me on *Sunday* night.

170 and I had nobody to run to, I
came back, at his call; and seeing him
look displeas'd, I held my hands
together,

171 Pardon you!

195 He said he never saw such a Fool
in his Life!

195 None of your *Considerings!* Said
he,

196 And, good Sirs! You can't
imagine how Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd and
star'd, and how respectful she seem'd to
me, and call'd me *good Madam!* I'll
assure you!

197 spare your poor Servant's
Confusion; O spare the poor *Pamela!*—
I cannot say what you *ought* to do:

197 without your Approbation. As to
my poor Thoughts,

198 Charming Creature, lovely
Pamela, said he,

198 O Sir,

198 now I know you will indeed be
concern'd for me!—For now I am for
myself!

198 so desperately guileful as the
Heart of Man!

199 Exalted Girl,

201 my beloved *Pamela*;

202 my late good Lady's most
beloved Son!

202 that ought to be doubtful of
myself, when I am with *you!*

171 He said he never saw such a fool
in his life.

171 None of your considerings, said
he,

171 And, good lack! You can't
imagine how Mrs. *Jewkes* looked and
stared, and how respectful she seemed to
me, and called me good madam, I'll
assure you,

174 spare your poor servant's
confusion! O spare the poor *Pamela!*—
Speak out, said he, and tell me, when I
bid you, What you think I ought to do? I
cannot say what you ought to do,

174 without your approbation. Still
he insisted upon a more explicit answer
to his question, of what I thought he
ought to do. And I did, As to my poor
thoughts

174 Charming creature! Lovely
Pamela! Said he,

174 O, sir!

174 now I know you will indeed be
concerned for me;--for now I am for
myself.

174 so desperately guileful, as the
heart of man.

175 Exalted girl!

177 my beloved *Pamela!*

178 my late good lady's most
beloved son.

178 that ought to be doubtful of
myself, when I am with you.

202 if all this be designing!

202 for have I not a Father who is a Man!

203 The END of Vol. I.

205 Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't.

205 I fear my Prayers have wanted their wish'd Effect.

205 After you went to Bed, said he,

206 What Mischiefs am I the Occasion of?

209 For this shews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me!

211 Treasonable? Said I, very sullenly.

212 by that false *John Arnold*;

216 and I *will* see them!

217 Was ever any thing so vile, and so wicked!

220 And so God bless you. Good Night.

221 I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts sometimes: Tho' not towards me!

222 So much for your Omen, said he.

223 and tell me you forgive me for rushing you into so much Danger and Distress.

223 for all the Hardships I have inflicted upon her.

178 If all this be designing—

178 for have I not a father who is a man?

178 [There is only one volume.]

178 Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't!

179 I fear my prayers have wanted their wished effect!

179 After you went up stairs, said he,

180 what mischiefs am I the occasion of!

183 for this shews he will never leave till he has ruined me—

185 Treasonable! Said I, very sullenly.

185 by that false John Arnold!

190 and I will see them.

191 Was every any thing so vile and so wicked?

193 And so, my dear parents, good night.

194 I don't doubt that you have very good thoughts sometimes, though not towards me.

195 So much for your omen! Replied he.

197 and tell me you forgive me for pushing you into so much danger and distress.

197 for all the hardships I have made her undergo.

224 Precise, perverse, unseasonable
Pamela,

224 But he stamp't his Foot, and said,
Begone, I tell you.

225 So, so! Where will this end!

225 and she says, I must get me out
of the House this Moment!

225 And, can it be, said I!

226 What will be the End of all this!

226 She has offended only me!

226 Surely I did not say so much to
incur all this Displeasure!

227 But if I am going to you, all will
be well again, I hope!

229 And all this wicked Gypsy
Story is, as it seems, a Forgery upon us
both, and has quite ruin'd me! For, Oh!
My dear Parents, forgive me!

229 But to be sure, I must own to
you, that I shall never be able to think of
any body in the World but him!—
Presumption, you will say; and so it is:
But Love is not a volunteer Thing:--
Love, did I say!—But, come, I hope not!

230 have made an Escape, to be more
a Prisoner!

230 O why was I not a Duchess, to
shew my Gratitude for it?

197 Precise, perverse, unseasonable
Pamela!

197 but he stamped with his foot, and
said, Begone! I tell you:

197 So, so! Where will this end?

197 and she says, I must get out of
the house this moment.

197 And can it be? said I;

198 What will be the end of all this?

199 She has offended only me.

199 Surely I did not say so much, to
incur all this displeasure.

200 But if I am going to you, all will
be well again, I hope.

202 And all this wicked gipsy story
is, as it seems, a forgery upon us both,
and has quite ruined me: For, O my dear
parents, forgive me!

202 But, to be sure, I must own to
you, that I shall never be able to think of
any body in the world but him.—
Presumption! you will say; and so it is:
But love is not a voluntary thing: Love,
did I say?—But come, I hope not:

203 have made an escape to be more
a prisoner.

203 O why was I not a duchess, to
shew my gratitude for it!

230 O perfidious Traitor, for giving
up so weakly, thy *whole Self*,
before a Summons came, and to one too,
who had us'd me so hardly! And
when, likewise, thou hadst so well
maintain'd thy Post against the most
violent and avowed, and therefore, as I
thought, more dangerous Attacks.

231 More and more surprising Things
still!—

231 But, God is my Witness,

232 But spare me, my dearest Girl,

234 and may we all live to see you
triumph over Mrs. *Jewkes*.

234 and I hope in God, shall have no
Reason to repent it.

234 Consider, Brother, that ours is no
up-start Family; but is as ancient as the
best in the Kingdom;

238 and one may see how poor
People are despised by the Proud and the
Rich;

239 O keep me, gracious God!

239 while their Descendants may be
reduced to the other's Dunghils?

239 But, once more, pray I, to be kept
from the sinful Pride of a high Estate!

240 I think it is too great an Honour
to go into the Chariot with you!

240 O my good Girl,

241 Did I not do well now to come
back!

203 O perfidious traitor! for giving
up so weakly, thy whole self,
before a summons came; and to one too,
who had used me so hardly; and
when, likewise, thou hadst so well
maintained thy post against the most
violent and avowed, and therefore, as I
thought, more dangerous attacks!

203 More and more surprising things
still—

204 but, God is my witness!

204 But spare me, my dearest girl!

207 and may we all live to see you
triumph over Mrs. *Jewkes*!

207 and I hope I shall have no reason
to repent it.

210 Consider, brother, that ours is no
up-start Family; but is as ancient as the
best in the kingdom!

210 and one may see how poor
people are despised by the proud and the
rich!

211 O keep me, Heaven!

211 while their descendants may be
reduced to the others' dunghills!

211 But, once more Pray I to be kept
from the sinful pride of a high estate.

213 I think it is too great an honour to
go into the chariot with you.

213 O my good girl!

213 Did I not do well now to come
back?

242 I will not forgive your Doubts
now!

242 how I shall *deserve*, your
Goodness to me!

243 You are very good, my dearest
Girl:

243 O, Sir, said I, you are all
Goodness! How shall I bear it!

244 and you will, may-be, fill up the
sweetest Part of my Time,

245 that I love you with a purer
Flame than ever I knew in my whole
Life!

246 to lay me under an everlasting
Obligation!

247 But I have done with him!

247 and you yourself promis'd me,
you would not throw yourself in the
Way of such Intelligence!

248 O Sir, said I, I am out of Breath
with the Thoughts of my Danger.

249 and reflected also upon your
try'd Prudence and Truth,

250 What a happy Change is this.

251 with the good Opinion of these
Gentry of your Merits,

252 For, oh! Sir, said I, I hope it will
be always my Pride to glory most in
your Goodness;

252 Admirable *Pamela*,

215 I will not forgive your doubts
now.

215 how I shall deserve your
goodness to me.

215 You are very good, my dearest
girl!

215 O, sir, said I, you are all
goodness? How shall I bear it?

215 and you will, may be, fill up
some part of my time, the sweetest by
far!

217 that I love you with purer a flame
than I ever knew in my whole life:

217 to lay me under an everlasting
obligation.

219 But I have done with him.

219 and you had promised me, that
you would not throw yourself in the way
of such intelligence?

220 O sir, said I, I am out of breath
with the thoughts of my danger!

220 and reflected also upon your tried
prudence and truth!

222 What a happy change is this!

223 with their good opinions of your
merits:

223 for, oh, sir, said I, I hope it will
be always my pride to glory most in your
goodness!

223 Admirable *Pamela*!

252 and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his Goodness.

254 O my dear Father and Mother, now pray for me on another Score!

254 I vow to you everlasting Truth and Fidelity;

254 And Oh! How light, how very light, do all those Sufferings *now* appear, which *then* my repining Mind made so formidable to me!

257 O the poor Girl has had so many Stratagems to contend with,

258 *Thomas* said, God bless your Honour.

258 instead of being angry, as I fear'd you would.

259 O what Halcyon Days are these?

261 but immediately determin'd to counterplot me, and to turn as much an Intriguer for a Parson, as I was for a Laick, and attempt to secure yourself a Prize,

261 and was so hardly us'd into the Bargain,

263 When I came near, he saw me dash'd and confus'd,

263 Mr. *Peters* very gravely follow'd his Example, and said, like a Bishop, God bless you, fair Excellence.

264 *Master*, sweet one, said Sir *Simon*,

224 and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his late generousness treatment of me.

225 O my dear father and mother! Now pray for me on another score;

225 I vow to you everlasting truth and fidelity!

226 And oh, how light, how very light, do all those sufferings now appear, which then my repining mind made so grievous to me!

229 O the poor girl has had so many stratagems to struggle with!

230 *Thomas* said, God bless your honour!

230 instead of being angry, as I feared you would!

231 O what halcyon days are these!

233 but immediately determined to counterplot me, and attempt to secure yourself a prize

233 and was so hardly used,

234 When I came near, he saw me in a little confusion,

234 Mr. *Peters* very gravely followed his example, and said, like a bishop, God bless you, fair excellence!

234 *Master*, sweet one! Said Sir *Simon*,

266 For indeed, tho' I am in such an
enviable Prospect of Happiness,

268 that God directed his Feet to this
House,

268 This, he said, grieved his Heart,
and made out what he fear'd.

269 Ay, said he, Who can that be!

269 your Daughter is in the way to be
happy!

269 Ah! Sir, said he, you told me
once she was in *London*,

269 O, Sir, said he, you are too
pleasant for my Griefs.

270 I hope, will be my Wife!

270 I am glad you are come!

270 What do I hear! it cannot surely
be! said my Father. And your Honour is
too good, I hope, to mock a poor old
Man!—This ugly Story, Sir, of the
Bishop, runs in my Head!—But you say,
I shall see my dear Child!—And I shall
see her honest!—If not, poor as I am, I
would not own her!

271 This cutting Joke,

271 and wiped his Eyes, that such
good Ladies say so!

272 said I, can it be!

272 But how does my sweet Girl! I
have been in Pain for you!—

273 How long has this happy Change
been wrought, said he, my dear Child!

237 For, indeed, though I have before
me a prospect of happiness,

238 that Providence directed his feet
to this house,

239 This, he said, grieved his heart,
and confirmed his fears.

239 Ay, said he, Who can that be?

240 you daughter is in the way to be
happy.

240 Ah, sir I said he, you told me
once she was in London,

240 O, sir! said, he, you are too
pleasant for my griefs.

240 I hope, will be my wife.

240 I am glad you are come.

240 What do I hear? it cannot surely
be! said my father. And your honour is
too good, I hope, to mock a poor old
Man—This ugly story, sir, of the bishop,
runs in my Head—But you say I shall
see my dear child—And I shall see her
honest.—If not, poor as I am, I would
not own her.

241 This airy expression,

242 and wiped his eyes, that such
good ladies say so—

243 said I, can it be?

243 But how does my sweet girl? I
have been in pain for you—

243 How long has this happy change
been wrought, my dear child?

273 But do you say he will marry
you!

273 O the Goodness of God!

273 now you are unkind for the first
time.

273 till Miss Darnford came to me,
and said, How do you do, dear Miss?

274 my Father, every now-and-then,
with Tears in his Eyes, blessing God,
and saying, Could I ever have hoped
this!

277 I resolved not to urge her; but
leave all to God's Grace and her own
Prudence.

278 But she had the Insolence to
strike my Girl!

278 let me go,—to my dear Wife!
and tell her all these blessed things,
while my Heart holds!

288 Fie, Mr. *Andrews*, said he,

289 and the two Miss *Darnfords*, in
their own; with each a Footman, besides
the Coachman.

292 Said he, I will put you out of
your Pain, *Pamela*; I believe I put it in
my Pocket on purpose.

292 Indeed, Sir, I can't bear it!

294 *By such a wicked Thing!*

294 Lady *Jones* said, O dear, Madam,
can you wish that we should be depriv'd
of this new Instance of your Genius and
Accomplishments?

243 But do you say he will marry
you?

243 O the divine goodness!

243 now you are unkind for the first
time!

243 till Miss Darnford came to me,
and said, How do you do, dear madam?

244 my father, every now and then,
with tears, lifting up his eyes, and
saying, Could I ever have hoped this!

247 I resolved not to urge her; but
leave all to her own prudence.

248 But she had the insolence to
strike my girl,

248 let me go—to my dear wife, and
tell her all these blessed things, while my
heart holds;

258 Fie, Mr. *Andrews*!

258 and the two Misses *Darnford* in
their own.

261 Said he, I will put you out of
your pain, *Pamela*: here it is: and took it
out of his pocket.

261 Indeed, sir, I can't bear it;

262 By such a wicked thing?

262 Lady *Jones* said, O, dear madam!
Could you wish that we should be
deprived of this new instance of your
genius and accomplishments?

295 *Therefore, O Lord, remember
now*

295 *Unto the very Ground.*

295 *So causeless! To procure.*

296 And now, said he, for *Edom's*
Sons!

296 *Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked one,*

298 Indeed, Ladies, I think it is too
solemn a Business, for the *Parties* of our
Sex, to be very gay upon!

299 She never heard of such grave
Folks in her Life, on such an Occasion!

300 So, God bless you both!
Goodnight! And send my Father a safe
Journey, and a happy Meeting to you
both!

300 Your Word is all that's wanting!

301 And was ready to sink to see his
generous Impatience! Why flatter'd you
then, my fond Heart, said he, with the
Hope that it might!

301 Do then, said he!

302 Else I'll send away for the Parson
this Moment!

302 for all we have to say may be
talk'd of while the Parson is coming!

302 that let it then be next *Monday!*

302 And yet, my dear Father and
Mother, why should I, with such a fine
Gentleman! And whom I so dearly love!

263 Therefore, O Lord! remember
now

263 Unto the very ground!

263 So causeless, to procure.

264 And now, said he, for Edom's
Sons.

264 Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked
one!

266 Indeed, ladies, I think it is too
solemn a business, for the parties of our
sex to be very gay upon:

266 She never heard of such grave
folks in her life, on such an occasion:

267 So good night, my dear mother:
And God send my father a safe journey,
and a happy meeting to you both!

267 Your word is all that's wanting.

268 And was ready to sink to see his
generous impatience. Why flattered you
then my fond heart, replied he, with the
hope that it might?

268 Do then, said he.

268 else I'll send away for the parson
this moment.

268 for all we have to say may be
talked of while the parson is coming.

268 that let it then be next Monday.

269 And yet, my dear father and
mother, why should I, with such a fine
gentleman? And whom I so dearly love?

302 O dear, it makes one out of
Breath almost to think of it.

306 I could be very serious!

306 as would be the Case, were
Conceitedness, Vanity, and Pride, to take
hold of my frail Heart!

306 I hope I shall always doubt my
own Strength, my own Worthiness!

306 But yet, will I not seek to gain
any one's my little Meannesses or
Debasements;

307 Sure I am ingrateful to God's
Goodness,

307 My dear Master is all Love and
Tenderness!

307 He rung for the Things to be
taken away!

307 and said the most generous and
affecting Things that ever dropt from the
Honey-flowing Mouth of Love!

307 what a Wretch I was to attempt
such a Purity with a worse Intention!

308 O Sir, said I, and hid my Face in
his Arms! Expect not Reason from a
foolish Creature!

308 I am, to be sure, a silly Creature.

308 and the Sense of my own
Unworthiness, quite confounded me!

308 I persuade myself you will if you
can!

308 take myself to a severer Task
than your Goodness will let *you* do!

269 O dear, it makes one out of
breath almost to think of it!

273 I could be very serious:

273 as would be the case, were
conceitedness, vanity, and pride, to take
hold of my frail heart;

273 I hope I shall always doubt my
own strength, my own worthiness.

273 But yet I will not seek to gain
any one's by little meannesses or
debasements!

273 Sure I am ingrateful to the divine
goodness,

273 My dear master is all love and
tenderness.

274 He rung for the things to be taken
away;

274 and said the most generous and
affecting things that ever dropt from the
honey-flowing mouth of love.

274 what a wretch I was to attempt
such purity with a worse intention—

274 O sir, said I, and hid my face on
his arm; expect not reason from a foolish
creature:

274 I am, to be sure, a silly creature!

274 and the sense of my own
unworthiness, quite overcome my spirits.

275 I persuade myself you will if you
can.

275 take myself to a severer task than
your goodness will let you do

310 But now poor *Pamela* brings you nothing at all! And the very Cloaths she wears, so very low is she, are intirely the Effects of your Bounty, and that of your good Mother! This makes me a little sad!

310 And that, my dear Girl, said he, is every thing! 'Tis All I want! 'Tis All that God himself requires of us;

311 Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please!

311 Sir, reply'd she, we all concluded it would he in a few Days;

312 but not one Wink, I fear, shall I get this Night!

313 Why this Absence of Mind, and sweet Irresolution!

313 Why, indeed, Sir, said I! I will set about a Reformation this Instant!

315 I suppose the Gentlemen are come!—Now, Courage, *Pamela*;

318 My Master saluted me most ardently, and said, God give you, my dear Love, as much Joy on this Occasion, as I have.

318 No, Madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well! While the Gentlemen were talking, I dropt down on my Knees in a Corner, and one more blessed God for this so signal a Mercy; and Mr. *Peters* afterwards walked out with me; and Mr. *Williams* and my Master talked together, and came out after us.

276 But now the poor Pamela brings you nothing at all: And the very clothes she wears, so very low is she, are entirely the effects of your bounty, and that of your good mother: This makes me a little sad:

277 And that, my dear girl, said he, is every thing: 'Tis all I want: 'Tis all that Heaven itself requires of us:

278 Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please.

278 Sir, replied she, we all concluded it would be in a few days!

279 but not one wink, I fear, I shall get this night.

280 Why this absence of mind, and sweet irresolution?

280 Why, indeed, sir, said I, I will set about a reformation this instant.

282 I suppose the gentlemen are come.—Now, courage, *Pamela*!

285 My master saluted me most ardently, and said, God give you, my dear love, as much joy on this occasion, as I have!

285 No, madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well! Mr. *Peters* walked out with me; and Mr. *Williams* and my master came out after us, talking together.

320 to marry the Man they almost hate, and, perhaps, to the Loss of the Man they most love? O that is a sad thing indeed!—And what have no such cruel Parents to answer for? And what do not such poor innocent Victims suffer?

320 Well, I just came to ask my dear Bride!

321 Mrs. *Jewkes*!—

321 Sit still, Mrs. *Jewkes*!—Nay, Sir, said she, I was loth to sit down, but my Lady would have me!

321 Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted I, no more of your Story, I beseech you!

322 nor how to bear his Absence, when I have Reason to expect him! What a strange Contradiction there is in this unaccountable Passion!

322 and Mrs. *Jewkes* was quite another Person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there!

323 I will resolve, with these sweet Encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be!

323 as he called it. And so, we enter'd the House, Mrs. *Jewkes* having left us as soon as my Master alighted.

325 God bless you, and God bless me.

325 I never could have hoped such a Husband could have fallen to my Lot!

326 give Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you go away from hence, what you think fit out of these, as from yourself!

287 to marry the man they almost hate, and, perhaps, to the loss of the man they most love! O that is a sad thing, indeed!—And what have not such cruel parents to answer for! And what do not such poor innocent victims suffer!

287 Well, I just come to ask my dear bride

287 Mrs. *Jewkes*.—

287 Nay, sir, said she, I was loath to sit down; but my lady would have me.

288 Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted I, not more of your story, I beseech you;

288 nor how to bear his absence, when I have reason to expect him: What a strange contradiction there is in this unaccountable passion.

288 and Mrs. *Jewkes* was quite another person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there.

289 I will resolve, with these sweet encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be:

289 as he called it. And so we entered the house together.

291 God bless you, and God bless me!

291 I never could have hoped such a husband could have fallen to my lot:

292 give Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you go away from hence, what you think fit out of these, as from yourself.

328 in the Winter I will give you, as I promised, for two of three Months, my Company in *London*.

328 What a happy Creature, by God's Goodness, am I!

330 not one single Wish more has your grateful *Pamela*.

330 Forgive these Tears of Joy, added I!

331 and to look up with Gratitude to the all-gracious Dispenser of these Blessings!

332 'I shall set out next *Tuesday* or *Wednesday*, God willing, for *Bedfordshire*;

334 Then shall I not stand a single Mark of God's Goodness to a poor worthless Creature,

334 and multiply the Blessings I owe to God's Goodness,

334 tho' we know not whether they will not make a still worse Use of them than we ourselves did.

335 because it is now, by God's Goodness, become my Part to do those good things she was wont to do:

336 O, Sir, said I, either I have not Words, or else the *English* Tongue affords them not, to express sufficiently my Gratitude. Learn me, dear Sir, continued I,

336 Did I say too much, my dearest Parents, when I said, he was, if possible, kinder and kinder!

294 in the Winter I will give you, as I promised for two or three months, the diversions of London.

294 What a happy creature am I!

296 not a single wish more has your grateful Pamela!

296 Forgive these tears of joy, added I:

297 and to look up with gratitude to the all-gracious dispenser of these blessings.

298 'I shall set out next *Tuesday* or *Wednesday* for *Bedfordshire*;

300 Then shall I not stand a single mark of thy goodness to a poor worthless creature,

300 and multiply the blessings I owe to thy goodness,

300 though we know not whether they will not make a still worse use of them than we ourselves did!

300 because it is now, by the divine goodness, become my part to do those good things she was wont to do:

302 O, sir, said I, the *English* tongue affords not words, or, at least, I have them not, to express sufficiently my gratitude! Teach me, dear sir, continued I,

302 Did I say too much, my dearest parents, when I said, He was, if possible, kinder and kinder?

337 be tempted to look no further in
their Gratitude, than to the dear
Dispenser of such innumerable Benefits!

337 my Beloved wants no Language,
nor Sentiment neither!

338 I attended him to Breakfast, and
drank my Chocolate with great Pleasure,
and eat two Bits of Toast, and he seemed
quite pleased with me,

340 They oblige and improve me at
the same time!—What a happy Lot is
mine!—God Almighty reward your
Goodness to me!

343 (To be sure I shall grow a sad
fond Hussy!)

343 and knows not when she is
happy!

343 O Sir, said I, I have been
thinking, as I was dressing myself, what
an excellent Examples you have given
me of the Lessons you teach me. For
here, Sir, you are most charmingly
dress'd yourself, as you have
commanded me, before Dinner. Then,
Sir, when you command me, at your
Table, to cheer the doubting Mind,

343 till you have diffused, in your
own dear Words, Ease, Pleasure, and
Tranquility around my glad Heart.

344 I shall think nothing but that Loss
wanting, to complete my Happiness!

344 I was not too free, I hope!

302 be tempted to look no further in
their gratitude, then to the dear dispenser
of such innumerable benefits.

302 My beloved wants to language,
not sentiments neither;

303 I attended him to breakfast with
great pleasure and freedom, and he
seemed quite pleased with me,

305 You oblige and improve me at
the same time.—What a happy lot is
mine!

308 (To be sure I shall grow a sad
fond hussy,)

308 and knows not when she's
happy?

308 O sir, said I, I have been
thinking, as I was dressing myself, what
excellent lessons you teach me! When
you commanded me, at your table to
cheer the doubting mind

309 till you have diffused, in your
own dear words, ease, pleasure, and
tranquility, around my glad heart!

309 I shall think nothing but that loss
wanting, to complete my happiness.

310 I was not too free, I hope.

345 Miss *Darnford* said, So, Miss! how do you do now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your Wedding; for I shall long to be there.

345 Well, Miss, if I may judge by your easy Department now,

345 My good Master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, Madam!— That's pure! said Miss *Darnford*.

346 and Miss *Darnford* said, I'll be hang'd if they have not stole a Wedding.

346 if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out;

348 But, poor Wretch, it is, I much fear, because I am what I am;

348 what belongs to the Station God has preferr'd me to!

348 and return him safe to my Wishes; for methinks already 'tis a Week since I saw him!

349 What shall I do?—Here is Lady *Davers* come; her ownself! And my kind Protector a great, great many Miles off.

350 What shall I do!

351 A charming Girl, tho',

351 and don't touch the Creature!

353 Pray your Ladyship, said I, be pleased to ask half a dozen such Questions together;

310 Miss *Darnford* said, So, Miss Andrews, how do you do now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your wedding, for I shall long to be there!

310 Well, Miss Andrews, if I may judge by your easy department now,

310 My good master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, madam.— That's pure, said Miss *Darnford*.

311 and Miss *Darnford* said, I'll be hanged if they have not stolen a wedding!

311 If any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out!

312 But, poor wretch! It is much, I fear, because I am what I am;

313 what belongs to the station I am preferred to!

313 and return him safe to my wishes! For methinks, already, 'tis a week since I saw him.

314 What shall I do!—Here is Lady *Davers* come, her own self! And my kind protector a great, great many miles off!

314 What shall I do?

316 A charming girl, though!

316 and don't touch the creature—

317 Pray, your ladyship, said I, a little too pertly, perhaps, be pleased to ask half a dozen questions together;

353 and added another to the Number
of the Fools he has ruin'd, (*This shock'd
me a little!*)

354 Now again, thou lyest, Wench.

356 How these Ladies are privileg'd!

356 So, said she, has the Wench got
thee over too!

356 Dost know, my Friend, that thou
art miserably trick'd!

356 Thy Honesty for this Bauble!

356 Pray, Mrs. Bride, your Pardon for
sitting down in your Place?

357 What! not stir!

358 Your Ladyship, said I, compels
this from me!

359 *Beck*, said he, you'd better let her
alone to my Lady here; for she'll be to
many for twenty such as you and I.

361 And did it frighten you, Child!

362 more find things still."

362 *I count every Hour of this little
Absence for a day;*

363 Pretty Creature!

363 that I may fell thee at my Foot.

363 made me lose all my Courage!

363 indeed I would not do a bad thing
for the World.

364 God! Give me Patience with
thee!

317 and added another to the number
of the fools he has ruined, (This shocked
me a little,)

318 Now again thou liest, wench!

320 How these ladies are privileged.

320 So! Said she, has the wench got
thee over too?

320 Dost know, my friend, that thou
art miserably tricked?

320 They honesty for this bauble?

320 Pray, Mrs. Bride, your pardon for
sitting down in your place!

321 What! not stir?

322 Your ladyship, said I, compels
me to say this!

323 *Beck*, said he, you'd better let her
alone to my lady here for she'll be too
many for twenty such as you and I!

325 And did it frighten you, child?

325 more fine things still!'

325 I count every hour of this little
absence for a day!

326 Pretty creature,

326 that I may fell the at my foot!

327 made me lose all my courage.

327 indeed I would not do a bad thing
for the world!

327 God give me patience with thee!

364 to set out thy wretched
Obscurity. Provoke me, I desire thou
wilt. One hundred Guineas will I give
thee, to say but thou thinkest thou art
marry'd to my Brother!

364 Your Ladyship knows not what
you do. Indeed you don't.

364 Oh my Lady will fall into Fits;

365 I know the whole Trick of it; and
so, 'tis my Opinion, dost thou!

366 Touch me at your Peril, Fellows;

367 That's hard indeed, said I!—
Indeed I can't afford it!

367 O dear Sir, said I, pray, pray hear
me, and you'll pity me, and not be
displeased:

368 but she has used me very
severely.

370 My poor Dear! said he.

370 Sweet Creature, said he, thou
makest the best for every body;

371 O Miss, return'd I, you are
exceedingly obliging;

371 I will pronounce you the happiest
Gentleman in *England*. And I, said Miss
Boroughs; and I, said Miss *Darnford*;
And I, said each of the other. My
Master said, most generously,

373 how much better is this, than to
be lock'd in by Lady *Davers*?

375 does me more Honour in her new
Relation, than she receives from me!

327 to set out thy wretched obscurity!
Provoke me, I desire thy wilt! One
hundred guineas I will give thee, to say
but thou thinkest thou art married to my
brother.

328 Your ladyship knows not what
you do! Indeed you don't!

328 Oh! My lady will fall into fits!

328 I know the whole trick of it; and
so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou.

330 Touch me at your peril, fellows!

330 That's hard indeed, said I;—
Indeed I can't afford it;

331 O dear sir, said I, pray, pray, hear
me, and you'll pity me, and not be
displeased!

331 but she has used me very
severely!

333 My poor dear, said he.

333 Sweet creature! said he, thou
lovest to speak well of every body;

334 O, madam, you are exceedingly
obliging!

335 I will pronounce you the happiest
man in England. My master said, most
generously,

336 how much better is this, than to
be locked in by Lady *Davers*!

338 does me more honour in her new
relation, than she receives from me.

375 that I know not how to thank you enough.

375 And God long bless you together.

376 and that I had yielded after so noble a Stand, as she said.

376 Excuse me, Gentlemen and Ladies, said I;

376 They gave all of them Bows of Approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my Story.—

376 and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise!

376 I held my Hand before my Face, and said, Why, she said, Tell me, Wench, hast thou not been a-bed with thy Master!—That she said.

376 And then, Good-sirs, I had certainly been cuff'd.

378 to *dare* to look upon myself as her Sister!

378 Exactly, said he, my Sister again!

378 but I said, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows.

380 Begone, bold Woman; I cannot bear thee. See not my Face till I send for thee.

381 and said, Begone, bold Woman as thou art;

338 that I know not how to thank you enough!

338 God long bless you together!

339 and that I had yielded, after so noble a stand! as she said.

339 Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies, said I!

339 They gave all of them bows of approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my story—the men-servants withdrawing, at a motion of Mr. B--, on my looking towards them: and then, at Lady Darnford's coming in, I proceeded.

339 and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise.

339 I held my hand before my face—Why, she said, Tell me, wench, hast thou not been—hesitating—a very free creature with thy master? That she said, or to that effect—

339 And then I had certainly been cuffed,

340 to dare to look upon myself as her sister?

340 Exactly, said he, my sister again.

341 but I said, Touch me at your peril, fellows!

343 Begone, bold woman, I cannot bear thee! See not my face till I send for thee!

343 Begone, bold woman, as thou art!

381 Poor Mrs. *Jewkes!* Said my Master, and laugh'd most heartily.

382 You know my Voice well enough, said she!—I *will* come in!

382 In vain shall you think to hide it from me!

383 What's your Business in this Apartment!

383 and she said, Wicked abandon'd Wretch, vile brother, to brave me thus!

383 she cry'd out, *Beck, Beck!* Help me, *Beck!* the Wretch is going to fling me down Stairs. Her Woman ran to him, and said, Good Sir, for God's sake, do not Violence to my Lady:

384 O no, no, dear Sir, said I;

385 And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes storm'd at her, sometimes argued, sometimes raged;

385 for I heard her Voice in the Chamber, saying, Brother, Brother, one Word with you!

385 Hush! Said he, I charge you,

385 Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you.

386 I renounce you, and all Relation to you; and never more let me see your Face, or call me Brother.

344 Poor Mrs. *Jewkes,* said my master, and laughed most heartily.

344 You know my voice well enough, said she:—I will come in.

345 In vain shall you think to hide it from me.

345 What's your business in this apartment?

345 and she said, Wicked abandoned wretch! Vile brother, to brave me thus!

345 she cried out, *Beck! Beck!* Help me, *Beck!* The wretch is going to fling me down stairs! Her woman ran to him, and said, Good sir, for Heaven's sake do no violence to my lady!

346 O, no, no dear sir! said I;

347 And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes raged;

347 for I heard her voice in the chamber, saying, Brother, brother, one word with you—

348 Hush! Said he, I charge you!

348 Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you!

348 I renounce you, and all relation to you! And never more let me see your face, or call me brother!

386 Creature, said she, art *thou* to beg
an Excuse for me!—Art *thou* to implore
my Forgiveness! Is it to *thee* I am to owe
the Favour that I am not cast headlong
from my Brother's Presence! Begone to
thy Corner, Wench; begone, I say, lest
thy Paramour kill me for trampling thee
under my Foot.

387 Swear to me but, thou bold
Wretch,

387 and I know what I have to say.

387 you'd have no more of a Brother
in me, than I have a Sister in you!

387 Who marry'd you? said she; tell
me that:

388 Wretch! said she!

390 Egregious Preacher, said she!

390 what shall I call thee!

390 and that thou callest not thyself
my Sister!

390 Poor Lady! She could not bear
this,

391 Let us instantly quit this House,
this cursed House, that once I took
Pleasure in;

392 No! said she, don't ask me.—I
wish I could hate you, as much as you
hate me!

348 Creature, said she, art thou to beg
an excuse for me?—Art thou to implore
my forgiveness? Is it to thee I am to
owe the favour that I am not cast
headlong from my brother's presence?
Begone to thy Corner, wench! begone, I
say, lest thy paramour kill me for
trampling thee under my foot!

349 Swear to me but, thou bold
wretch!

349 and I know what I have to say!

349 you'd have no more of a brother
in me, than I have a sister in you.

349 Who married you? Said she: tell
me that!

350 Wretch! said she;

352 Egregious preacher! Said she:

352 what shall I call thee?

352 and that thou callest not thyself
my sister.

352 Poor lady, she could not bear
this;

352 Let us instantly quit this house,
this cursed house, that once I took
pleasure in!

353 No, said she, don't ask me.—I
wish I could hate you, as much as you
hate me!

393 That's kind, said he!—Now,
that's my good Lady *Davers*. Here, my
Love, let me help you, since my Sister
desires it!—Mighty well! return'd she,
mighty well!

394 I cannot bear this silly
Childishness,

394 Pray, Sir, let me help my Lady!

395 I've done!

396 Hay!—And make one to grace
her Retinue?—Hay! Tell me how
thou'dst chalk it out, if I would do as
thou wouldst have me, honest Friend!

396 when we make our Appearance!

397 Poor *Sally Godfrey* never had
half the Interest in him, I'll assure you!

397 now as a Profligate, in another
Sense!

398 Will you venture, said she, to
accompany me to him!

398 Let's find him out.

399 If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive
you!—What, said the dear Man,
haughtily, will you forgive me!

399 *Pamela*, said he, and made me
tremble, How dare you approach me,
without Leave, when you see me thus
disturb'd!

355 That's kind! Said he.—Now
that's my good Lady *Davers*! Here, my
love, let me help you, since my sister
desires it.—Mighty well, returned she,
mighty well!

356 I cannot bear this silly
childishness!

356 Pray, sir, let me help my lady.

357 I've done.

357 Hey?—And make one to grace
her retinue?—Hey? Tell me how
thoud'st chalk it out, if I would do as
thou would'st have me, honest friend?

358 when we make our appearance.

358 Poor *Sally Godfrey* never had
half the interest in him, I'll assure you.

358 now as a profligate, in another
sense;

360 Will you venture, said she, to
accompany me to him?

360 Let's find him out!

360 If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive
you.—What, said the dear man,
haughtily, will you forgive me?

360 *Pamela*, said he, and made me
tremble, How dare you approach me,
without leave, when you see me thus
disturbed?

- 399 What have I done!
- 400 and let you go to *Bedford* without me!
- 400 Forgive me, good Sir;
- 400 Only forgive *Pamela*; 'tis all I ask!
- 401 Your Sex is the D—I:
- 401 the two dearest Creatures I have in the World.
- 402 So my dear lordly Master (O my dear Parents! He is very dreadful when he pleases, I see!—But, I hope, I shall never incur his Anger) handed my Lady into his Chariot,
- 402 Yet I wonder what became of her?
- 402 May-be I shall hear full soon enough:
- 404 to make Madam, here, fly the Pit, as she did!
- 405 and was the only Difficulty I had to labour with!
- 410 That therefore she would draw a kind Veil over my Faults;
- 412 5. That I must not be guilty of any Acts of willful Meanness!
- 360 What have I done?
- 361 and let you go to Bedfordshire without me?
- 362 Forgive me, good sir!
- 362 Only forgive *Pamela*; 'tis all I ask—
- 362 Your sex is the d—I!
- 362 the two dearest creatures I have in the world!
- 363 So my dear lord and master handed my lady into his chariot,
- 363 Yet I wonder what became of her!
- 363 May be I shall hear full soon enough!
- 365 to make madam, here, fly the pit, as she did.
- 366 and was the only difficulty I had to labour with.
- 371 I should expect, therefore, that she should draw a kind veil over my faults;
- 372 5. That I must not be guilty of any acts of willful meanness.

413 19. Few marry'd Persons behave as he likes!

413 20. Some Gentlemen can compromise with their Wives for Quietness sake; but he can't.—*Indeed I believe that's true!*

413 as should rather seem the Effect of her Insensibility, than Judgment or Affection!

416 Indeed I had not the Presumption!

416 Think, and please your Ladyship! I did not know what to think!

416 Yes, Madam, said I, he was very naughty, to be sure!

416 Threaten, Madam!

419 May-be, I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not!—I wonder, tho' whether she be living or dead!

420 which he said was well thought of. SATURDAY.

373 19. Few married persons behave as he likes.

373 20. Some gentlemen can compromise with their wives, for quietness sake; but he can't. Indeed I believe that's true;

373 as should rather seem the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

375 Indeed I had not the presumption.

375 Think! Indeed, madam, I did not know what to think!

376 Yes, madam, said I; he was very naughty, to be sure.

376 Threaten, madam,

379 May be I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not. I wonder, though, whether she be living or dead.

379 which he said was well thought of. I should have mentioned, that Miss Darnford and I agreed upon a correspondence, which will be no small pleasure to me; for she is an admirable young lady, whom I prefer to every one I have seen; and I shall, I make no doubt, improve by her letters; for she is said to have a happy talent in writing, and is well read, for so young a lady. SATURDAY.

420 and my good Sir and I,

420 And Oh! What a delightful
Change was this Journey.

421 O, Sir! God's Mercies, and your
Goodness to me, on entering this dear,
dear Place, and above my Expression!

421 Welcome again, my dearest
Spouse, said he, a thousand times
welcome, to the Possession of a House
that is not more mine than yours.

421 Life and Health to reward all
your Sweetness: And no Man can be
then so blest as I!

422 For what an ingrateful Creature
should I be, who have receiv'd so many
Mercies at the Hand of God, if I
attributed them not to his Divine
Goodness,

423 God be praised, I may call you.

423 God in Heaven bless you both,

423 Your Goodness, Sir, I said,
knows no Bounds!

423 How bless'd am I,

424 O Sir, said he, your Honour is
exceeding good.

426 for he offer'd me Five hundred of
them, you know!

380 and my best friend and I,

380 And oh, what a delightful change
was this journey,

380 O sir! God's mercies, and your
goodness to me on entering this dear,
dear place, are above my expression;

381 Welcome again, my dearest life!
said he, a thousand times welcome, to
the possession of a house that is not
more mine than yours!

381 life and health to reward all your
sweetness! And no man can be so blest
as I.

381 For what an ungrateful creature
should I be, who have received so many
mercies, if I attributed them not to the
divine goodness,

382 Heaven be praised, I may call
you!

382 God in Heaven bless you both!

383 Your goodness, sir, said I, knows
no bounds:

383 How blessed am I!

383 O sir, said he, your honour is
exceeding good!

385 for he offered me five hundred of
them, you know:

427 O Sir, said I, what will become of me to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your Bounty.

427 Charmingly said, Mr. *Longman*,

427 God send it may be so.

428 God return their Prayers upon themselves, I say.

430 congratulate me, that my Happiness is built on so stable a Basis!—Indeed I do, most sincerely, Sir, said she!—This is a happy Day to me.

431 O give me, my good God, Humility and Gratitude!

431 both at the Hands of God, and my dear Benefactor.

432 One was white flower'd with Gold most richly;

433 and the honest Part God enabled me to act:

435 But the Devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a Case.

436 My dear Sir, who always takes Delight to have me praised,

438 You have no Sister nor Brother, but Lady *Davers*!

439 And I will love *you* dearly! But I musn't love my Uncle!

386 O sir! said I, what will become of me, to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your bounty!

386 Charmingly said, Longman!

386 God send it may be so!

387 May their prayers be returned upon themselves, I say!

389 congratulate me, that my happiness is built on so stable a basis. Indeed I do, most sincerely, sir, said she: This is a happy day to me!

390 O give me, my good God! Humility and gratitude.

390 both at the hands of Heaven, and my dear benefactor.

391 One was white, flowered with silver most richly;

392 and the honest part I have been enabled to act:

394 But the devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a case!

394 My best friend, who always takes delight to have me praised,

397 You have no sister nor brother, but Lady *Davers*.

397 and I will love you dearly: But I musn't love my uncle.

439 I had not seen you in a great while, so I hadn't!

439 Allow you, Sir!

439 not to let her know how near the dearest Relation she has in the World is to her!

439 in the Love I will always express to this dear Child!

439 to beg your dear Uncle to let you come home, and live with your new Aunt! Indeed, my little Precious, I'll love you dearly!

440 I'm sure she'll love me!

442 I see you want to know what's become of the poor Mother!

443 I follow'd; and there she was; but I could not come at her Speech.

445 But judge you, my dear *Pamela*, her Surprise and Confusion when she saw me.

447 I was dress'd in the Suit I mention'd, of White flower'd with Gold,

448 By all that's good, you have charm'd the whole Congregation. Not a Soul but is full of your Praises.

397 I had not seen you in a great while, so I hadn't.

398 Allow you, sir,

398 not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her.

398 in the love I will always express to this dear child.

398 to beg your dear uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt: Indeed, my little precious, I'll love you dearly.

399 I'm sure she'll love me.

401 I see you want to know what's become of the poor mother.

402 I followed; and there she was; but I could not see her.

404 But judge you, my dear *Pamela*, her surprise and confusion, when she saw me!

406 I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white flowered with silver,

407 By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation! Not a soul but is full of your praises!

448 You are, said he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an Ornament to your Sex, an Honour to your Spouse, and a Credit to Religion!

449 O, my dear Sir, said I, to my Master, You know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. *Martin*.

450 *Who* knows?—said Mr. *Martin*—Why, I know!—for I am more than half reform'd already.

450 Where have you stolen this Lady! And now, how barbarous is it, thus, unawares in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all!

451 and we were carried home, *both* happy, and *both* pleased, thank God!

452 that I ought to be very careful how I invade.

452 clasping my Arms around the dear generous Gentleman!

454 but he said, I will not hear my dear Creature say any thing:

455 I cannot say more on such a deep Subject!

456 Dear Heart, I shall find enough to do!

456 as I once promised my dear Sir!

407 You are, continued he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion.

408 O, my dear sir! said I to my master, you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. *Martin*!

408 Who knows? Said Mr. *Martin*: Why, I know; for I am more than half reformed already.

409 Where have you stolen this lady? And now, how barbarous is it, thus unawares, in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all?

410 and we were carried home, both happy, and both pleased, thank God.

410 that I ought to be very careful how I intrude upon you.

411 clasping my arms around the dear generous man,

412 but he said, I will not hear my dear creature say any thing!

413 I cannot say more on such a deep subject.

414 Dear heart! I shall find enough to do!

414 as I once promised my dear master!

457 till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Spouse has intended.

457 lest, poor little Soul! She fall into such Snares as her unhappy dear Mother fell into.

457 Here end the Letters of the incomparable PAMELA to her Father and Mother. For, as they arriv'd at their Daughter's House on *Tuesday* Evening, in the following Week, she had no Occasion to continue her Journal longer. The good old Couple were receiv'd, by her, with the utmost Joy and Duty; and with great Goodness and Complaisance by her generous Spouse.

457 and put into Possession of the pretty Farm he had designed for them. In which they long liv'd comfortably, doing Good by their Examples, and their judicious Charities, to all about them. They constantly, twice in every Year, for a Fortnight together, so long as they liv'd, visited their dear Daughter; and once a Year, at least, for a Week at a time, were visited by them again: And the 'Squire having added, by new Purchases, to that Estate, they, by their Diligence, augmented the Value of it, and deserved of him the Kindness he shew'd them. As for the excellent Pamela, she enjoy'd, for many Years, the Reward of her Virtue, Piety and Charity; exceedingly beloved by both Sexes, and by all Degrees; and was look'd upon as the Mirror of her Age and Sex. She made her beloved Spouse

415 till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Mr. B—has intended.

415 lest, poor little soul, she fall into such snares, as her unhappy dear mother fell into.

415 Here end, at present, the letters of Pamela to her father and mother. They arrived at their daughter's house on Tuesday evening in the following week, and were received by her with the utmost joy and duty; and with great goodness and complaisance by Mr. B--.

416 and put into possession of the pretty farm he had designed for them.

happy in a numerous and hopeful Progeny. And he made her the best and fondest of Husbands; and, after her Example, became remarkable for Piety, Virtue, and all the Social Duties of a Man and a Christian. And they charm'd every one within the Circle of their Acquaintance, by the Sweetness of their Manners, the regular Order and Oeconomy of their Household; by their chearful Hospitality, and a diffusive Charity to all worthy Objects within the Compass of their Knowledge. She was regularly visited by the principal Ladies in the Neighbourhood; who were fond of her Acquaintance, and better'd by her Example. Lady *Davers* became one of her sincerest and most affectionate Admirers. And her Lord, in a manner, doated upon her. The poor little Miss *Goodwin* was, after a while, given up to her Wishes and Importunities, in order to be form'd by her Example; and, in Process of Time, was joined in Marriage with a Gentleman of Merit and Fortune, to whom she made an excellent Wife.

458 Having thus brought this little History to a happy period, the Reader will indulge us in a few brief Observations,

416 The reader will here indulge us in a few brief observations,

459 and the Pleasures which flow from virtuous Love, and virtuous Actions. The Generosity of his Mind; his Sobriety, as to *Wine* and *Hours*; his prudent Oeconomy and Hospitality; the Purity and Constancy of his Affection, after his Change; his polite Behaviour to his *Pamela*; his generous Provision for her, in case he had died; his Bounty to her Parents, attended with such Marks of Prudence as made them useful to *himself*, as well as render'd *them* happy; and shew'd he was not acted merely by a blind and partial Passion; are so many Instances worthy of being remember'd in his Favour, and of being imitated, in Degree, by all such as are circumstanced as he was. In the Character of Lady Davers,

462 which may make her Character worthy of the Imitation of her Sex, from low to high Life.

462 by which she was so deservedly distinguished.

416 and the pleasures which flow from virtuous love, and benevolent actions. In the character of Lady DAVERS,

418 which may make her character worthy of the imitation of her sex.

418 by which PAMELA was so deservedly distinguished.

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