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**PAMELA,
OR VIRTUE REWARDED**

Samuel Richardson



PAMELA,
OR VIRTUE REWARDED

SAMUEL RICHARDSON





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Contents

Volume 1

Publishers' Note

Letter 1

Letter 2

Letter 3

Letter 4

Letter 5

Letter 6

Letter 7

Letter 8

Letter 9

Letter 10

Letter 11

Letter 12

Letter 13

Letter 14

Letter 15

Letter 16

Letter 17

Letter 18

Letter 19

Letter 20

Letter 21

Letter 22

Letter 23

Letter 24

Letter 25

Letter 26

Letter 27

Letter 28

Letter 29

Letter 30

Letter 31

Letter 32

Volume 2

Author's Original Preface To Volume 2

Letter 1

Letter 2

Letter 3

Letter 4

Letter 5

Letter 6

Letter 7

Letter 8

Letter 9

Letter 10

Letter 11

Letter 12

Letter 13

Letter 14

Letter 15

Letter 16

Letter 17

Letter 18

Letter 19

Letter 20

Letter 21

Letter 22

Letter 23

Letter 24

Letter 25

Letter 26

Letter 27

Letter 28

Letter 29

Letter 30

Letter 31

Letter 32

Letter 33

Letter 34

Letter 35

Letter 36

Letter 37

Letter 38

Letter 39

Letter 40

Letter 41

Letter 42

Letter 43

Letter 44

Letter 45

Letter 46

Letter 47

Letter 48

Letter 49

Letter 50

Letter 51

Letter 52

Letter 53

Letter 54

Letter 55

Letter 56

Letter 57

Letter 58

Letter 59

Letter 60

Letter 61

Letter 62

Letter 63

Letter 64

Letter 65

Letter 66

Letter 67
Letter 68
Letter 69
Letter 70
Letter 71
Letter 72
Letter 73
Letter 74
Letter 75
Letter 76
Letter 77
Letter 78
Letter 79
Letter 80
Letter 81
Letter 82
Letter 83
Letter 84
Letter 85
Letter 86
Letter 87
Letter 88
Letter 89
Letter 90
Letter 91
Letter 92
Letter 93
Letter 94
Letter 95
Letter 96
Letter 97
Letter 98
Letter 99
Letter 100
Letter 101

Letter 102

Letter 103

Conclusion

heinous crimes. The Almighty took this method when he was disposed to correct severely his chosen people; for, in that case, he generally did it by the hands of the most profligate nations around them, as we read in many places of the Old Testament.

But the following rule I admire in Mr. Locke: “When,” says he (for any misdemeanour), “the father or mother looks sour on the child, every one else should put on the same coldness to him, and nobody give him countenance till forgiveness is asked, and a reformation of his fault has set him right again, and restored him to his former credit. If this were constantly observed,” adds he, “I guess there would be little need of blows or chiding: their own ease or satisfaction would quickly teach children to court commendation, and avoid doing that which they found every body condemned, and they were sure to suffer for, without being chid or beaten. This would teach them modesty and shame, and they would quickly come to have a natural abhorrence for that which they found made them slighted and neglected by every body.”

This affords me a pretty hint; for if ever your charming Billy shall be naughty, I will proclaim throughout your worthy family, that the little dear is in disgrace! And one shall shun him, another decline answering him, a third say, “No, master, I cannot obey you, till your mamma is pleased with you”; a fourth, “Who shall mind what little masters bid them do, when they won’t mind what their mammas say to them?” And when the dear little soul finds this, he will come in my way, (and I see, pardon me, my dear Mr. B., he has some of his papa’s spirit, already, indeed he has!) and I will direct myself with double kindness to your beloved Davers, and to my Miss Goodwin, and not notice the dear creature, if I can help it, till I can see his *papa* (forgive my boldness) banished from his little sullen brow, and all his *mamma* rise to his eyes. And when his musical tongue shall be unlocked to own his fault, and promise amendment—O then! how shall I clasp him to my bosom! and tears of joy, I know, will meet his tears of penitence!

How these flights, dear Sir, please a body!—What delights have those mammas (which some fashionable dear ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make their babies, and their first educations, their entertainment and diversion! To watch the dawnings of reason in them, to direct their little passions, as they shew themselves, to this or that particular point of benefit or use; and to prepare the sweet virgin soil of their minds to receive the seeds of virtue and goodness so early, that, as they grow up, one need only now a little pruning, and now a little water, to make them the ornaments and delights of the garden of this life! And then their pretty ways, their fond and grateful endearments, some new beauty every day rising to observation—O my dearest Mr. B., whose enjoyments and pleasures are so great, as those of such mothers as can bend their minds two or three hours every day to the duties of the nursery?

I have a few other things to observe upon Mr. Locke’s treatise, which, when I have done, I shall read, admire, and improve by the rest, as my years and experience advance; of which, in my proposed little book, I shall give you better proofs than I am able to do at present; raw, crude, and indigested as the notions of so young a mamma must needs be.

But these shall be the subjects of another letter; for now I am come to the pride and the pleasure I always have, when I subscribe myself, dearest Sir, *your ever dutiful and grateful*

P.B.

Letter 96

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Locke gives a great many very pretty instructions relating to the play-games of children: but I humbly presume to object to what he says in one or two places.

He would not indulge them in any playthings, but what they make themselves, or endeavour to make. “A smooth pebble, a piece of paper, the mother’s bunch of keys, or any thing they cannot hurt themselves with,” he rightly says, “serve as much to divert little children, as those more chargeable and curious toys from the shops, which are presently put out of order, and broken.”

These playthings may certainly do for little ones: but methinks, to a person of easy circumstances, since the making these toys employs the industrious poor, the buying them for the child might be complied with, though they *were* easily broken; and especially as they are of all prices, and some less costly, and more durable than others.

“Tops, gigs, battledores,” Mr. Locke observes, “which are to be used with labour, should indeed be procured them—not for variety, but exercise; but if they had a top, the scourge-stick and leather strap should be left to their own making and fitting.”

But I may presume to say, that whatever be the good Mr. Locke proposes by this, it cannot be equal to the mischief children may do themselves in making these playthings! For must they not have implements to work with? and is not a knife, or other edged tool, without which it is impossible they can make or shape a scourge-stick, or *any* of their playthings, a fine instrument in a child’s hands! This advice is the reverse of the caution warranted from all antiquity, *That it is dangerous to meddle with edged tools!* and I am afraid, the tutor must often act the surgeon, and follow the indulgence with a styptic and plaister; and the young gentleman’s hands might be so often bound up as to be one way to cure him of his earnest desire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other good that it can do him; for I doubt the excellent consequences proposed by our author from this doctrine, such as to teach the child moderation in his desires, application, industry, thought, contrivance, and good husbandry, qualities that, as he says, will be useful to him when he is a man, are too remote to be ingrafted upon such beginnings; although it must be confessed, that, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, good habits and industry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, Sir, may I ask, Are not the very plays and sports, to which children accustom themselves, whether they make their own playthings or not, equivalent to the work or labour of grown persons! Yes, Sir, I will venture to say, they are, and more than equivalent to the exercises and labour of many.

Mr. Locke advises, that the child’s playthings should be as few as possible, which I entirely approve: that they should be in his tutor’s power, who is to give him but one at once. But since it is the nature of the human mind to court most what is prohibited, and to set light by what is in its own power; I am half doubtful (only that Mr. Locke says it, and it may not be so very important as other points, in which I have ventured to differ from that gentleman), whether the child’s absolute possession of his own playthings in some little repository, of which he may be permitted to keep the key, especially if he makes no bad use of the privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them: while the contrary conduct might possibly enhance his value of

them. And if, when he had done with any plaything, he were obliged to put it into its allotted place, and were accustomed to keep account of the number and places of them severally; this would teach him order, and at the same time instruct him to keep a proper account of them, and to avoid being a squanderer or waster: and if he should omit to put his playthings in their places, or be careless of them, the taking them away for a time, or threatening to give them to others, would make him the more heedful.

Mr. Locke says, that he has known a child so distracted with the number and variety of his playthings, that he tired his maid every day to look them over: and was so accustomed to abundance, that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, "What more? What new thing shall I have?"—"A good introduction," adds he, ironically, "to moderate desires, and the ready way to make a contented happy man."

All that I shall offer to this, is, that few *men* are so philosophical as one would wish them to be, much less *children*. But, no doubt, this variety engaged the child's activity; which, of the two might be turned to better purposes than sloth or indolence; and if the maid was tired, it might be, because she was not so much *alive* as the child; and perhaps this part of the grievance might not be so great, because if she was his attendant, 'tis probable she had nothing else to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. Locke says, it is no matter how few playthings the child is indulged with; but yet I can hardly persuade myself, that plenty of them can have such bad consequences as he apprehends; and the rather, because they will excite his attention, and promote his industry and activity. His enquiry after new things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a consequence to those natural desires which are implanted in him, and will every day increase: but this may be observed, that as he grows in years, he will be above some playthings, and so the number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps in a greater proportion, than the new ones will increase.

On the head of good-breeding, he observes, that, "there are two sorts of ill-breeding; the one a sheepish bashfulness, and the other a misbecoming negligence and disrespect in our carriage; both which," says he, "are avoided by duly observing this one rule, not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others." I think, as Mr. Locke explains this rule, it is an excellent one. But I would beg to observe upon it, that however discommendable a bashful temper is, in some instances, where it must be deemed a weakness of the mind, yet, in my humble opinion, it is generally the mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be preferred to an undistinguishing and hardy confidence, which, as it seems to me, is the genuine production of invincible ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which he calls *sheepishness*, should indeed be shaken off as soon as possible, because it is an enemy to merit in its advancement in the world: but, Sir, were I to choose a companion for your Billy, as he grows up, I should not think the worse of the youth, who, not having had the opportunities of knowing men, or seeing the world, had this defect. On the contrary, I should be apt to look upon it as an outward fence or inclosure to his virtue, which might keep off the lighter attacks of immorality, the *Hussars* of vice, as I may say, who are not able to carry on a formal siege against his morals; and I should expect such a one to be docile, humane, good-humoured, diffident of himself, and therefore most likely to improve as well in mind as behaviour: while a hardened mind, that never doubts itself, must be a stranger to its own infirmities, and suspecting none, is impetuous, over-bearing, incorrigible;

and, if rich, a tyrant; if not, possibly an invader of other men's properties; or at least, such a one as allows itself to walk so near the borders of injustice, that where *self* is concerned, it hardly ever does right things.

Mr. Locke proposes (Section 148) a very pretty method to cheat children, as it were, into learning: but then he adds, "There may be dice and playthings, with the letters on them, to teach children the alphabet by playing." And (Section 151) "I know a person of great quality, who, by pasting on the six vowels (for in our language *y* is one) on the six sides of a dice, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that *he* shall win, who at one cast throws most words on these four dice; whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played* himself into *spelling* with great eagerness, and without once having been chid for it, or forced to it."

But I had rather your Billy should be a twelvemonth backwarder for want of this method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be feared from so early inculcating the use of dice and gaming, upon the minds of children? Let Mr. Locke himself speak to this in his Section 208, and I wish I could reconcile the two passages in this excellent author. "As to cards and dice," says he, "I think the safest and best way is, never to learn any play upon them, and so to be incapacitated for these dangerous temptations, and encroaching wasters of useful time." And, he might have added, of the noblest estates and fortunes; while sharpers and scoundrels have been lifted into distinction upon their ruins. Yet, in § 153, Mr. Locke proceeds to give directions in relation to the dice he recommends.

But after all, if some innocent plays were fixed upon to cheat children into reading, that, as he says, should look as little like a task as possible, it must needs be of use for that purpose. But let every gentleman, who has a fortune to lose, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vilest company, who generally have nothing at all to risque, tremble at the thoughts of teaching his son, though for the most laudable purposes, the early use of dice and gaming.

But how much I am charmed with a hint in Mr. Locke, which makes your Pamela hope, she may be of greater use to your children, even as they *grow up*, than she could ever have flattered herself to be. 'Tis a charming paragraph; I must not skip one word of it. Thus it begins, and I will observe upon it as I go along. § 177: "But under whose care soever a child is put to be taught, during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one who thinks Latin and language the least part of education."

How agreeable is this to my notions; which I durst not have avowed, but after so excellent a scholar! For I have long had the thought, that much time is wasted to little purpose in the attaining of Latin. Mr. H., I think, says he was ten years in endeavouring to learn it, and, as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the matter neither!—Indeed he lays that to the wicked picture in his grammar, which he took for granted (as he has often said, as well as once written) was put there to teach boys to rob orchards, instead of improving their minds in learning, or common honesty.

But (for this is too light an instance for the subject) Mr. Locke proceeds—"One who knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of *learning or language*," [*What a noble writer is this!*] "makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition:" [*Ay, there, dear Sir, is the thing!*] "which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected," [*charmingly observed!*] "would, in *due time*," [*without wicked dice, I hope!*]

“produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got and settled, so to keep out ill and vicious habits, *languages* and *sciences*, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose, but to make the worse or more dangerous man.” [*Now comes the place I am so much delighted with!*] “And indeed, whatever stir there is made about getting of Latin, as the great and difficult business, his mother” [*thank you, dear Sir, for putting this excellent author into my hands!*] “may teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three hours in a day with him,” [*If she will! Never fear, but I will, with the highest pleasure in the world!*] “and make him read the Evangelists in Latin to her.” [*How I long to be five or six years older, as well as my dearest babies, that I may enter upon this charming scheme!*] “For she need but buy a Latin Testament, and having got somebody to mark the last syllable but one, where it is long, in words above two syllables (which is enough to regulate her pronunciation and accenting the words), read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid understanding them in Latin, if she can.”

Why, dear Sir, you have taught me almost all this already; and you, my beloved tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce Latin more than tolerably, though I don't understand it: but this method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *children*—But thus the good gentleman proceeds—“And when she understands the Evangelists in Latin, let her in the same manner read Aesop's Fables, and so proceed on to Eutropius, Justin, and such other books. I do not mention this,” adds Mr. Locke, “as an imagination of what I fancy *may* do, but as of a thing I have known done, and the Latin tongue got with ease this way.”

He then mentions other advantages, which the child may receive from his mother's instruction, which I will try more and more to qualify myself for: particularly, after he has intimated, that “at the same time that the child is learning French and Latin, he may be entered also in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, and geometry too; for if,” says he, “these be taught him in French or Latin, when he begins once to understand either of these tongues, he will get a knowledge of these sciences, and the language to boot.” He then proceeds: “Geography, I think, should be begun with: for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and that of particular kingdoms and countries, being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them. And this is so certain, that I now live in a house with a child, whom his MOTHER has so well instructed this way in geography,” [*But had she not, do you think, dear Sir, some of this good gentleman's kind assistance?*] “that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world; would readily point, being asked, to any country upon the globe, or any county in the map of England; knew all the great rivers, promontories, streights, and bays in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place, before he was six years old.”

There's for you, dear Sir!—See what a mother can do if she pleases!

I remember, Sir, formerly, in that sweet chariot conference, at the dawning of my hopes, when all my dangers were happily over (a conference I shall always think of with pleasure), that you asked me, how I would bestow my time, supposing the neighbouring ladies would be above being seen in my company; when I should have no visits to receive or return; no parties of pleasure to join in; no card-tables to employ my winter evenings?

I then, Sir, transported with my opening prospects, prattled to you, how well I would try to pass my time, in the family management and accounts, in visits now and then

to the indigent and worthy poor; in music sometimes; in reading, in writing, in my superior duties—And I hope I have not behaved quite unworthily of my promise.

But I also remember, what once you said on a certain occasion, which *now*, since the fair prospect is no longer distant, and that I have been so long your happy wife, I may repeat without those blushes which then covered my face; thus then, with a *modest* grace, and with that *virtuous* endearment that is so *beautiful* in *your* sex, as well as in *ours*, whether in the character of lover or husband, maiden or wife, you were pleased to say—”And I hope, my Pamela, to have superadded to all these, such an employment as—” in short, Sir, I am now blessed with, and writing of; no less than the useful part I may be able to take in the first education of your beloved babies!

And now I must add, that this pleasing hope sets me above all other diversions: I wish for no parties of pleasure but with you, my dearest Mr. B., and these are parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your conversation, and of the time you pass (beyond what I could ever have promised to my utmost wishes) in such poor company as mine, for no other reason but because I love to be instructed, and take my lessons well, as you are pleased to say; and indeed I must be a sad dunce, if I did not, from so skilful and so beloved a master. I want no card-table amusements; for I hope, in a few years (and a proud hope it is), to be able to teach your dear little ones the first rudiments, as Mr. Locke points the way, of Latin, of French, and of geography, and arithmetic.

O, my dear Mr. B., by your help and countenance, what may I not be able to teach them, and how may I prepare the way for a tutor’s instructions, and give him up minds half cultivated to his hands!—And all this time improve myself too, not only in science, but in nature, by tracing in the little babes what all mankind are, and have been, from infancy to riper years, and watching the sweet dawns of reason, and delighting in every bright emanation of that ray of divinity, lent to the human mind, for great and happy purposes, when rightly pointed and directed.

There is no going farther after these charming recollections and hopes, for they bring me to that grateful remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and also what I have been for so happy a period, and what I am, which will ever be my pride and my glory; and well it may, when I look back to my beginning with humble acknowledgment, and can call myself, dearest Mr. B., *your honoured and honouring, and, I hope to say, in time, useful wife*, P.B.

Letter 97

MY DEAREST MR. B.,

Having in my former letters said as much as is necessary to let you into my notion of the excellent book you put into my hands, and having touched those points in which the children of both sexes may be concerned (with some *art* in my intention, I own), in hope that they would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the honour you have done me, in committing the dear Miss Goodwin to my care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the proposed little book.

You have been so good as to tell me (at the same time that you disapprove not these my specimen letters as I may call them), that you will kindly accept of my intended present, and encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one side of the leaf blank for your corrections and alterations, those corrections will be a fine help and instruction to me in the pleasing task which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early education of your dear children. And as I may be years in writing it, as the dear babies improve, as I myself improve, by the opportunities which their advances in years will give me, and the experience I shall gain, I may then venture to give my notions on the more material and nobler parts of education, as well as the inferior: for (but that I think the subjects above my present abilities) Mr. Locke's book would lead me into several remarks, that might not be unuseful, and which appear to me entirely new; though that may be owing to my slender reading and opportunities, perhaps.

But what I would now touch upon, is a word or two still more particularly upon the education of my own sex; a topic which naturally arises to me from the subject of my last letter. For there, dear Sir, we saw, that the mothers might teach the child *this* part of science, and *that* part of instruction; and who, I pray, as our sex is generally educated, shall teach the *mothers*? How, in a word, shall *they* come by their knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to say, that Miss Goodwin gives all the promises of becoming a fine young lady, and takes her learning, loves reading, and makes very pretty reflections upon all she reads, and asks very pertinent questions, and is as knowing, at her years, as most young ladies. This is very true, Sir; but it is not every one that can boast of Miss Goodwin's capacity, and goodness of temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of *lost* time, as I must call it; for her first four years were a perfect blank, as far as I can find, just as if the pretty dear was born the day she was four years old; for what she had to *unlearn* as to temper, and will, and such things, set against what little improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a blank.

I would indeed have a girl brought up to her needle, but I would not have *all* her time employed in samplers, and learning to mark, and do those unnecessary things, which she will never, probably, be called upon to practise.

And why, pray, are not girls entitled to the same *first* education, though not to the same plays and diversions, as boys; so far, at least, as is supposed by Mr. Locke a mother can instruct them?

Would not this lay a foundation for their future improvement, and direct their inclinations to useful subjects, such as would make them above the imputations of

some unkind gentlemen, who allot to their part common tea-table prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the men find us better and more suitable companions and assistants to them in every useful purpose of life?—O that your lordly sex were all like my dear Mr. B.—I don't mean that they should all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly girls, as I was, from the cottage, and, destroying all distinction, make such their wives; for there is a far greater likelihood, that such a one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a sphere, would have her head made giddy with her exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it: and to what a blot, over all the fair page of a long life, would this little drop of dirty ink spread itself! What a standing disreputation to the choice of a gentleman!

But *this* I mean, that after a gentleman had entered into the marriage state with a young creature (saying nothing at all of birth or descent) far inferior to him in learning, in parts, in knowledge of the world, and in all the graces which make conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit company for himself, as he shall find she is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of improvement: that he would direct her taste, point out to her proper subjects for her amusement and instruction; travel with her now and then, a month in a year perhaps; and shew her the world, after he has encouraged her to put herself forward at his own table, and at the houses of his friends, and has seen, that she will not do him great discredit any where. What obligations, and opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such a husband, every hour, more and more! as she will see his wisdom in a thousand instances, and experience his indulgence to her in ten thousand, to the praise of his politeness, and the honour of them both!—And then, when select parties of pleasure or business engaged him not abroad, in his home conversation, to have him delight to instruct and open her views, and inspire her with an ambition to enlarge her mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual kind of married life would such persons find theirs! And how suitable to the rules of policy and self-love in the gentleman; for is not the wife, and are not her improvements, all *his own*?—*Absolutely*, as I may say, *his own*? And does not every excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her husband's honour because she is his, even more than to *her own*!—In like manner as no dishonour affects a man so much, as that which he receives from a bad wife.

But where is such a gentleman as Mr. B. to be met with? Look round and see where, with all the advantages of sex, of education, of travel, of conversation in the open world, a gentleman of his abilities to instruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others, who, perhaps, will question the capacities or inclinations of our sex in general, to improve in useful knowledge, were they to meet with such kind instructors, either in the characters of parents or husbands.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a gentleman: but for the second (if excusable in me, who am one of the sex, and so may be thought partial to it), I could by comparisons drawn from the gentlemen and ladies within the circle of my own acquaintance, produce instances, which are so flagrantly in their favour, as might make it suspected, that it is policy more than justice, in those who would keep our sex unacquainted with that more eligible turn of education, which gives the gentlemen so many advantages over us in *that*; and which will shew, they have none at all in *nature* or *genius*.

I know you will pardon me, dear Sir; for you are so exalted above your Pamela, by nature and education too, that you cannot apprehend any inconvenience from bold

comparisons. I will beg, therefore, to mention a few instances among our friends, where the ladies, notwithstanding their more cramped and confined education, make *more* than an equal figure with the gentlemen in all the graceful parts of conversation, in spite of the contempts poured out upon our sex by some witty gentlemen, whose writings I have in my eye.

To begin then with Mr. Murray, and Miss Damford that was; Mr. Murray has the reputation of scholarship, and has travelled too; but how infinitely is he surpassed in every noble and useful quality, and in greatness of mind, and judgment, as well as wit, by the young lady I have named! This we saw, when last at the Hall, in fifty instances, where the gentleman was, you know, Sir, on a visit to Sir Simon and his lady.

Next, dear Sir, permit me to observe, that my good Lord Davers, with all his advantages, born a counsellor of the realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his lady.

My countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady Betty, her eldest daughter, greatly surpassed the Earl and her eldest brother in every point of knowledge, and even learning, as I may say, although both ladies owe that advantage principally to their own cultivation and acquirement.

Let me presume, Sir, to name Mr. H.: and when I *have* named him, shall we not be puzzled to find any where in our sex, one remove from vulgar life, a woman that will not out-do Mr. H.?

Lady Darnford, upon all useful subjects, makes a much brighter figure than Sir Simon, whose knowledge of the world has not yet made him acquainted with himself.—Mr. Arthur excels not his lady.

Mrs. Towers, a maiden lady, is an over-match for half a dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen I could name, in what is called wit and politeness, and not inferior to any of them in judgment.

I could multiply such instances, were it needful, to the confutation of that low, and I had almost said, *unmanly* contempt, with which a certain celebrated genius treats our sex in general in most of his pieces, I have seen; particularly his *Letter of Advice to a new married Lady*; so written, as must disgust, instead of instruct; and looks more like the advice of an enemy to the *sex*, and a bitter one too, than a friend to the *particular Lady*. But I ought to beg pardon for this my presumption, for two reasons: first, because of the truly admirable talents of this writer; and next, because we know not what ladies the ingenious gentleman may have fallen among in his younger days.

Upon the whole, therefore, I conclude, that Mr. B. is almost the only gentleman, who excels *every* lady that I have seen; so *greatly* excels, that even the emanations of his excellence irradiate a low cottage-born girl, and make her pass among ladies of birth and education for somebody.

Forgive my pride, dear Sir; but it would be almost a crime in your Pamela not to exult in the mild benignity of those rays, by which her beloved Mr. B. endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny sphere: while she, by the advantage only of his reflected glory, in *his* absence, which makes a dark night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter beaminess, and makes a distinguishing figure among such lesser planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the aid she boasts of.

I dare not, Sir, conjecture whence arises this more than parity in the genius of the sexes, among the above persons, notwithstanding the disparity of education, and the difference in the opportunities of each. This might lead one into too proud a thought in favour of a sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* wits I could name, who, indeed, are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all God Almighty's works: yet might I better do it, too, than anybody, since I am so infinitely transcended by my husband, that no competition, pride or vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of those who are so free in their contempts of us, that they would, for *their own sakes* (and that, with such generally goes a great way), rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: we should then make better daughters, better wives, better mothers, and better mistresses: and who (permit me, Sir, to ask them) would be so much the better for these opportunities and amendments, as our upbraiders themselves!

On re-perusing this, I must repeatedly beg your excuse for these proud notions in behalf of my sex, which, I can truly say, are not owing to partiality because, I have the honour to be one of it; but to a far better motive; for what does this contemptuous treatment of one half, if not the better half, of the human species, naturally produce, but libertinism and abandoned wickedness? for does it not tend to make the daughters, the sisters, the wives of gentlemen, the subjects of profligate attempts?—Does it not render the sex vile in the eyes of the most vile? And when a lady is no longer beheld by such persons with that dignity and reverence, with which perhaps, the graces of her person, and the innocence of her mind, should sacredly, as it were, encompass her, do not her very excellencies become so many incentives for base wretches to attempt her virtue, and bring about her ruin?

What then may not wicked wit have to answer for, when its possessors prostitute it to such unmanly purposes! And as if they had never had a mother, a sister, a daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, those sacred fences which may lay the fair inclosure open to the invasions of every clumsier and viler beast of prey; who, though destitute of *their* wit, yet corrupted by it, shall fill their mouths, as well as their hearts, with the borrowed mischief, and propagate it from one to another to the end of time; and who, otherwise, would have passed by the uninvaded fence, and only shewed their teeth, and snarled at the well secured fold within it?

You cannot, my dearest Mr. B., I know be angry at this romantic painting: since you are not affected by it: for when at worst, you acted (more dangerously, 'tis true, for the poor innocents) a *principal* part, and were as a lion among beasts—Do, dear Sir, let me say *among*, this one time—You scorned to borrow any man's wit; and if nobody had followed your example, till they had had your qualities, the number of rakes would have been but small. Yet, don't mistake me, neither; I am not so mean as to bespeak your favour by extenuating your failings; if I *were*, you would deservedly despise me. For, undoubtedly (I *must* say it, Sir), your faults were the greater for your perfections: and such talents misapplied, as they made you more capable of mischief, so did they increase the evil of your practices. All then that I mean by saying you are not affected by this painting, is, that you are not affected by my description of clumsy and sordid rakes, whose *wit* is *borrowed*, and their *wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear Sir, since that noble conversation you held with me at Tunbridge, in relation to the consequences that might, had it not been for God's grace intervening,

have followed the masquerade affair, I have the inexpressible pleasure to find a thorough reformation, from the *best* motives, taking place; and your joining with me in my closet (as opportunity permits) in my evening duties, is the charming confirmation of your kind and voluntary, and I am proud to say, *pious* assurances; so that this makes me fearless of your displeasure, while I rather triumph in my joy for your precious soul's sake, than presume to think of recriminating; and when (only for this once) I take the liberty of looking back from the delightful *now*, to the painful *formerly!*

But, what a rambler am I again! You command me to write to you all I think, without fear. I obey, and, as the phrase is, do it without either *fear* or *wit*.

If you are *not* displeased, it is a mark of the true nobleness of your nature, and the sincerity of your late pious declarations.

If you *are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having applied a corrosive to eat away the *proud flesh* of a *wound*, that is not yet so thoroughly *digested*, as to bear a painful application, and requires balsam and a gentler treatment. But when we were at Bath, I remember what you said once of the benefit of retrospection: and you charged me, whenever a *proper* opportunity offered, to remind you, by that one word, *retrospection*, of the charming conversation we had there, on our return from the rooms.

If this be not one of them, forgive, dearest Sir, the unreasonableness of your very impertinent, but, in intention and resolution, *ever dutiful*,

P.B.

Letter 98

From Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother

EVER DEAR, AND EVER HONOURED,

I must write this one letter, although I have had the happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. B. is now about to honour me with the tour he so kindly promised; and it may therefore be several months, perhaps, before I have again the pleasure of paying you the like dutiful respects.

You know his kind promise, that he would for every dear baby I present him with, take an excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my health.

The task I have undertaken of dedicating all my writing amusements to the dearest of men; the full employment I have, when at home; the frequent rambles he has so often indulged me in, with my dear Miss Goodwin, to Kent, London, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and to my lady Davers, take from me the necessity of writing to you, to my Miss Damford that was, and to Lady Davers, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, with little variation, occurring this year, as to our conversations, visits, friends, employments, and amusements, that fell out the last, as must be the case in a family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have for these reasons, more leisure to pursue my domestic duties, which are increased upon me; and when I have said, that I am every day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. B., in Miss Goodwin, my Billy, my Davers, and now, newly, in my sweet little Pamela (for so, you know, Lady Davers would have her called, rather than by her own name), what can I say more?

As to the tour I spoke of, you know, the first part of Mr. B.'s obliging scheme is to carry me to France; for he has already travelled with me over the greatest part of England; and I am sure, by my passage last year, to the Isle of Wight, I shall not be afraid of crossing the water from Dover thither; and he will, when we are at Paris, he says, take *my* farther directions (that was his kind expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady Davers are so good as to promise to accompany us to Paris, provided Mr. B. will give them our company to Aix-la-Chapelle, for a month or six weeks, whither my lord is advised to go. And Mr. H. if he can get over his fear of crossing the salt water, is to be of the party.

Lady G., Miss Damford that was (who likewise has lately lain-in of a fine daughter), and I, are to correspond as opportunity offers; and she promises to send you what I write, as formerly: but I have refused to say one word in my letters of the manners, customs, curiosities, &c. of the places we see; because, first, I shall not have leisure; and, next, those things are so much better described in books written by persons who made stricter and better observations that I can pretend to make: so that what I shall write will relate only to our private selves, and be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. B. has it in his thoughts, he intends to be out of England two years:—but how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear babies!—But this must be my time, my *only* time, Mr. B. says, to ramble and see distant places and countries; for as soon as his little ones are capable of my instructions, and begin to understand my looks and signs, he will not spare me from

them a week together; and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his papa in his dear forward spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss Goodwin highly, who is very fond of *him*, and my little Davers; but vows she will never love so well my pretty black-eyed Pamela.

You see what a sweet girl Miss is, and you admired her much: did I tell you, what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver hairs, and reverend countenances?—"Madam, I dare say, your papa, and mamma, *honoured their father and mother*:"—"They did, my dear; but what is your reason for saying so?"—"Because *they have lived so long in the land which the LORD their GOD has given them*." I took the charmer in my arms, and kissed her three or four times, as she deserved; for was not this very pretty in the child?

I must, with inexpressible pleasure, write you word how happily God's providence has now, at last, turned that affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine Countess (who has been some time abroad), of whom you had heard, as you told me, some reports, which, had you known at the time, would have made you very apprehensive for Mr. B.'s morals, as well as for my repose.

I will now (because I can do it with the highest pleasure, by reason of the event it has produced), explain that dark affair so far as shall make you judges of my present joy: although I had hitherto avoided entering into that subject to you. For now I think myself, by God's grace, secure to the affection and fidelity of the best of husbands, and that from the worthiest motives; as you shall hear.

There was but one thing wanting to complete all the happiness I wished for in this life; which was, the remote hope I had entertained, that one day, my dear Mr. B. who from a licentious gentleman became a moralist, would be so touched by the divine grace, as to become in time, more than moral, a religious man, and, at last, join in the duties which he had the goodness to countenance.

For this reason I began with mere *indispensables*. I crowded not his gates with objects of charity: I visited them at their homes, and relieved them; distinguishing the worthy indigent (made so by unavoidable accidents and casualties) from the wilfully, or perversely, or sottishly such, by *greater* marks of my favour.

I confined my morning and evening devotions to my own private closet, lest I should give offence and discouragement to so gay a temper, so unaccustomed (poor gentleman!) to acts of devotion and piety; whilst I met his household together, only on mornings and evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their public duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at church in the other; leaving them to their own reflections for the rest of the week; after I had suggested a method I wished them to follow, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good order had its desired effect, and our Sabbath-day assemblies were held with so little parade, that we were hardly any of us missed. All, in short, was done with cheerful ease and composure: and every one of us was better disposed to our domestic duties: I, to attend the good pleasure of my best friend; and they, that of us both.

Thus we went on very happily, my neighbourly visits of charity, taking up no more time than common airings, and passing many of them for such; my private duties being only between my FIRST, my HEAVENLY BENEFACTOR, and myself, and my family ones personally confined to the day separated for these best of services, and

Mr. B. pleased with my manner beheld the good effects, and countenanced me by his praises and his endearments, as acting discreetly, as not falling into enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) as not aiming at being *righteous overmuch*.

But still I wanted, and waited for, with humble patience, and made it part of my constant prayers, that the divine Grace would at last touch his heart, and make him *more* than a countenancer, *more* than an applauder of my duties; that he might for his own dear sake, become a partaker in them. “And then,” thought I, “when we can, hand in hand, heart in heart, one spirit as well as one flesh, join in the same closet, in the same prayers and thanksgiving, what a happy creature shall I be.”

I say, *closet*: for I durst not aspire so high, as to hope the favour of his company among his servants, in our Sunday devotions.—I knew it would be going too far, in *his* opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their mistress, had I been ever so high-born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one degree, Mr. Longman in another, Mrs. Jervis in another—But from a man of his high temper and manner of education, I knew I could never hope for it, so would not lose *every* thing, by grasping at *too much*.

But in the midst of all these comfortable proceedings, and my further charming hopes, a nasty masquerade threw into his way a temptation, which for a time blasted all my prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own head almost. For, judge my disappointment, when I found all my wishes frustrated, all my prayers rendered ineffectual; his very morality, which I had flattered myself, in time, I should be an humble instrument to exalt into religion, shocked, and in danger; and all the work to begin over again, if offended Grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful trespasser!

But who should pretend to scrutinize the councils of the Almighty?—for out of all this *evil appearance* was to proceed the *real good*, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear man *was* to be on the brink of relapsing: it was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a conduct not natural to my temper, and to raise his generous concern for me: and, in the very crisis, divine Grace interposed, made him sensible of his danger, made him resolve against his error, before it was yet too late: and his sliding feet, quitting the slippery path he was in, collected new strength, and he stood the firmer and more secure for his peril.

For having happily put a stop to that affair, and by his uniform conduct, for a considerable time, shewed me that I had nothing to apprehend from it, he was pleased, when we were last at Tunbridge, and in very serious discourse upon divine subjects, to say to this effect: “Is there not, my Pamela, a text, *That the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife, whilst he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear?*”

“I need not tell you, my dear Mr. B., that there is, nor where it is.”

“Then, my dear, I begin to hope, *that* will be my case; for, from a former affair, of which this spot of ground puts me more in mind, I see so much reason to doubt my own strength, which I had built, and, as I thought securely, on *moral* foundations, that I must look out for a *better* guide to conduct me, than the proud word *honour* can be, in the general acceptance of it among us lively young gentlemen.

“How often have I promised (and I never promised but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often declared, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my Pamela, till I could shew her, in my own mind, a purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past conduct would admit of!

“But I depended too much upon my own strength: and I am now convinced, that nothing but RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS, and a resolution to watch over the very *first* appearances of evil, and to check them as they arise, can be of sufficient weight to keep steady to his good purpose, a vain young man, too little accustomed to restraint, and too much used to play upon the brink of dangers, from a temerity, and love of intrigue, natural to enterprising minds.

“I would not make this declaration of my convictions to you, till I had thoroughly examined myself, and had reason to hope, that I should be enabled to make it good. And now, my Pamela, from this instant you shall be my guide; and, only taking care, that you do not, all at once, by injunctions too rigorous, damp and discourage the rising flame, I will leave it to you to direct as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deemed worthy to mingle with your own.”

Judge how rapturous my joy was upon this occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a danger (so narrowly escaped) which was attended with the *very* consequences that I had so long prayed for; and which I little thought the divine providence was bringing about by the very means, that, I apprehended, would put an end to all my pleasing hopes and prospects of that nature.

It is in vain for me to seek words to express what I felt, and how I acted, on this occasion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient emotions; and then threw myself at his feet, embracing his knees, with arms the most ardently clasped! My face lifted up to Heaven, and to him, by turns; my eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which half choked up the passage of my words.—At last, his kind arms clasping my neck, and kissing my tearful cheek, I could only say—“My ardent prayers, are at last heard—May God Almighty confirm your pious purposes! And, Oh I what a happy Pamela have you at your feet!”

I wept for joy till I sobbed again—and he raising me to his kind arms, I said—“To have this *heavenly* prospect, O best beloved of my heart! added to all my *earthly* blessings!—How shall I contain my joy!—For, oh! to think that he is, and will be mine, and I his, through the mercies of God, when this transitory life is past and gone, to all eternity; what a rich thought is this!—Methinks I am already, dear Sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the perfections of those joys, which this thrice welcome declaration gives me hope of hereafter!—But what shall I say, obliged as I was beyond expression before, and now doubly obliged in the rapturous view you have opened to me, into a happy futurity!”

He said, he was delighted with me beyond expression; that I was his ecstatic charmer!—That the love I shewed for his future good was the moving proof of the purity of my heart, and my affection for him. And that very evening he joined with me in my retired duties; and, at all proper opportunities, favours me with his company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my lessons, as he calls my cheerful discourses on serious subjects.

And now, my dear parents, do you not rejoice with me in this charming, charming appearance? For, *before* I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate, but *now* I am likely to have the most *pious*, of

brother, who with his bullying friends, terrified him into their measures), threw himself upon the protection of Mr. B. who, by his spirit and prudence, saved him from utter ruin, punished his wife's accomplices, and obliged her to accept a separate maintenance; and then taking his affairs into his own management, in due course of time, entirely re-established them: and after some years his wife dying, he became wiser by his past sufferings, and married a second, of Lady Davers's recommendation, who, by her prudence and virtue, made him happy for the remainder of his days.

Mr. LONGMAN lived to a great age in the worthy family, much esteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent youth, whom he had recommended, to ease him in his business, and who, answering expectation, succeeded him in it after his death.

He dying rich, out of his great love and gratitude to the family, in whose service he had acquired most of his fortune, and in disgust to his nearest relations, who had perversely disobliged him; he bequeathed to three of them one hundred pounds a-piece, and left all the rest to his honoured principal, Mr. B.; who, as soon as he came to know it, being at that time abroad, directed his lady to call together the relations of the old gentleman, and, after touching them to the heart with a just and effectual reproof, and finding them filled with due sense of their demerit, which had been the cause of their suffering, then to divide the whole, which had been left him, among them, in greater proportions as they were more nearly related: an action worthy prayers and blessings, not only of the benefited, but all who heard of it. For it is easy to imagine, how cheerfully, and how gracefully, his benevolent lady discharged a command so well suited to her natural generosity.

THE END

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