

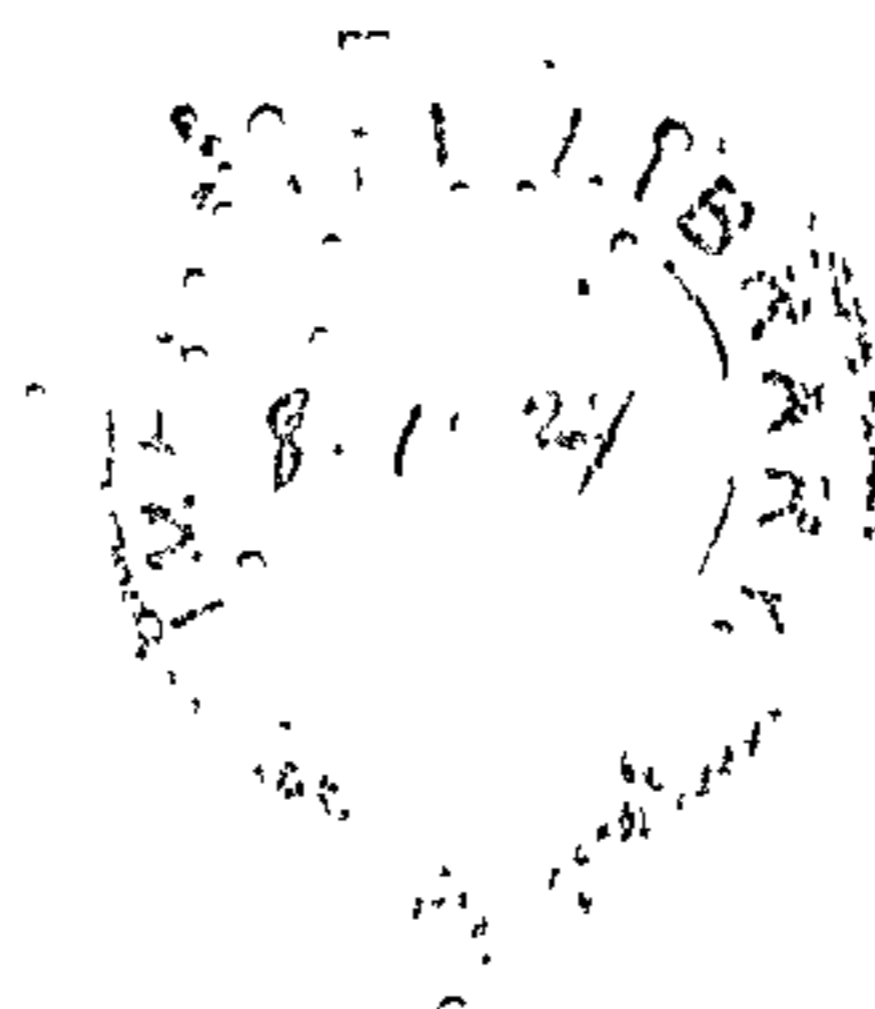
AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE
OF MRS. SHAMELA ANDREWS

by

HENRY FIELDING

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

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MCMXXVI.



INTRODUCTION.

WITHOUT MAKING A DOGMATIC statement that Fielding wrote *Shamela*, of which no direct, positive, proof exists, I believe the reasons for attributing it to him are sound and convincing.

Pamela or Virtue Rewarded was published in Nov. 1740 anonymously, and not acknowledged by Richardson until long after his friends had been perfectly well-informed as to the authorship. *Shamela* was always referred to by Richardson himself, and by other personal acquaintances, as Fielding's; who certainly never contradicted the report. In an attack on *Amelia* (from *Have at you all*, 1752) that unfortunate lady is called *Shamelia*.

It is most probable that the burlesque was directed against the book and not the author; as it was published almost immediately after the 3rd, still anonymous, edition of *Pamela* March 1741, with the commendatory 'letters', first included in the 2nd edition of February; and the allusions, in Parson Oliver's 'preliminary' letter to Parson Tickletext to the 'composers' (i.e., author's) 'Ciceronian eloquence and excellent knack of making every character amiable,' do not suggest any suspicion of Richardson. Possibly Fielding thought it was Cibber's. Parson Tickletext, (supposed editor of *Shamela*), is identified with him, in so many words.

It must be remembered that the burlesque is directed towards three objects, all elsewhere pilloried by Fielding. It is produced as the work of 'Conny Keyber', and Colley Cibber was well-known to the wits as Mr. Keyber, actually so called in an acknowledged play (*Author's Farce* I. 4), while Fielding had made a

slashing attack on his *Apology* in three papers of *The Champion* during this year. 'Conny' is now added, possibly to bring in Conyers Middleton, with its 'slang' significance—'a dupe of sharpers.' It is dedicated to Miss Fanny, an obvious cloak for the notoriously effeminate Lord Hervey, already unsexed by Pope, to whom the fulsome dedication of Conyers Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, which it so closely burlesques, had just provoked general laughter & scorn. 'This Dedication,' wrote T. Dampier, afterwards sub-master at Eton & Dean of Durham, 'has been very justly and prettily ridiculed by Fielding in his Dedication to a pamphlet called *Shamela* which he wrote to burlesque *Pamela*.' Finally the 'exposure' of *Pamela* was repeated only a year later in *Joseph Andrews* (where the assaults on Cibber are also carried on) from a precisely similar point of view; Mr. B—— once more appearing as 'Booby': a touch that pricked Richardson to christen his hero Mr. 'Boothby' in some later editions; as he also withdrew the 'commendatory' letters here so wickedly paraphrased.

Richardson's reference (*Correspondence*, to 'Mrs. Belfeur, 1749) reads like the mention of a well-known fact, & there is an autograph of his in the South Kensington Museum alluding to *Shamela* as 'written by Henry Fielding.' Horace Walpole, too, wrote 'by Mr. Fielding' on the title-page of his *Shamela*. Mr. 'A. Dodd at the Peacock' printed Fielding's *Masquerade*, 1728; & Fielding made some friendly allusions to his 'book shop' in the *Covent Garden Journal* of Jan. 21, 1752.

Internal evidence is always a matter of personal opinion, which may exaggerate a coincidence into proof; but there are, in *Shamela*, many 'tricks of style' that

suggest Fielding and a considerable array of parallel phrases to his acknowledged writings.

Here, and elsewhere, we note the constant use of 'hath,' 'doth,' 'whereas,' 'apprehend,' 'to say the truth.' 'Vartue,' again is used precisely as in *Joseph Andrews*; while both heroines are called the hero's 'lady', not his 'wife', and Shamela snaps her fingers after the habit of Abraham Adams. Mrs. Jewkes, of *Shamela*, & Mrs. Slipsop, of *Joseph Andrews*, both talk of 'our sect', & otherwise forestall the immortal Mal-a-prop in identical Spoonerisms, to which *Shamela* contributes her share. She, again, calls 'revenge the sweetest morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner,' while Fielding in *The Champion*, says Dr. South wrote that 'revenge was the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner.' Whitfield's sermons are recommended, or at least read, in *Shamela* and in *Joseph Andrews*. The 'hurry of spirits' experienced by that 'young politician,' are also attributed to *Amelia*. Arthur Williams preached eloquently upon the text 'Be not righteous overmuch,' & in *The Champion*, Fielding once wrote 'I would not be righteous overmuch.' It is generally supposed that Fielding drew Parson Trullibur in *Joseph Andrews* from one of his own tutors, the Rev. Mr. Oliver of Motcombe, and it is Parson Oliver who supplies the 'authentick' letters of *Shamela* herself.

Broadly speaking the evidence mainly rests upon the general, uncontradicted, belief of Fielding's friends & contemporaries, with the actual transfer of Booby for Mr. B——, and other details, to *Joseph Andrews*. Fielding, like most great comic writers, was a serious craftsman; and he has clearly stated that, while 'the classics' were common property, no man may copy

from a living author without due acknowledgment. Many reasons may have influenced Fielding against ever putting his name to this burlesque or including it in any collection of miscellanies. There was no particular reason for formal confirmation of what was generally known; the aim or object had been achieved with greater force & distinction, in *Joseph Andrews*; and there is ample proof that, as the years passed, he thought and wrote with greater respect and kindness towards Richardson, always an intimate friend of his sister Sara's, and might well have preferred to let so shrewd a hit fade from memory without open association with his name.

The neglect and evasions of Fielding's critics and editors have been probably due to a somewhat similar cause. They are more interested in *Joseph Andrews*; and usually pass over its 'first draft' with a complete silence that is non-committal. Yet, as critics of Richardson, they abandon a little of their reserve. *Shamela*, for instance, is not mentioned in Austin Dobson's *Fielding*; but his *Richardson* includes some of the strongest evidence for authorship we have, though not quoted as conclusive. This, again, is supported in Miss Clara Thompson's *Life of Richardson*, & in Mrs. Barbould's edition of his *Correspondence*.

The case for Fielding is most fully stated, and there with a definite confession of faith, in *The History of Henry Fielding* by Wilbur Cross (Yale and Oxford) 1916: Vol. I. pp. 302 to 308, see also *Notes and Queries* 12th series, II. pp. 24 to 26, Jan. 8 1916; & accepted, it may be worth remarking, in M. Aurelien Digeon's most interesting study of *The Novels*, of which a translation came out this year. We cannot, and should not, overload this trifle of just over seventy

pages with too great literary significance or any conscious artistic aim. Yet wedged as it is between the amazingly sudden popularity of 'sweet, dear, pretty' *Pamela*, and the calmer welcome accorded the 'first-born' modern English fiction; it forms one step, not altogether unimportant, in that marvellous ascent of the eighteenth century from what Fielding calls a 'foolish novel' to what he claims to be an 'historical narrative,' or as we should express it, to realism from romance.

Parson Oliver had been 'long acquainted with the *History of Pamela* from his neighbourhood to the scene of action'; and, fortunately, possessed certain authentic Letters—'sent down by her mother in a rage'—which set the girl 'and some others in a very different light than that in which they appear in the printed book,' of which 'the whole narrative is a misrepresentation of facts and a perversion of truth.'

Thus enraged at the deception of this 'nonsensical ridiculous book,' the good parsons, Oliver & Tickle, text, declare that 'this little jade shall not impose on the world, as she hath on her master'; and 'really impatient to do a serviceable act of justice to the world,' immediately publish 'the *History of Shamela* as it appears in these authentick' letters.

Here, through all the palpable absurdities of frank burlesque, we have a clear statement of preference for 'historical narrative' over the 'wanton imaginations' of 'foolish novels'; on which the whole theory of the new 'Prosaic-Comic-Epic' is so elaborately built up in the 'Preface' to *Joseph Andrews* & the Initial Essays' to each 'Book' of *Tom Jones*.

Shamela, of course, was not composed with any deliberate or serious intention of improving the art of

fiction; but the satire & the fun are produced by truth to life, describing characters and scenes as they were, or most probably would have been, in the circumstances to which *Pamela* lends false charm and pious cant. The true tale is called a 'history.'

There is little, or no, subtlety in the burlesque. For the most part, Fielding simply so re-tells the crises in *Pamela* as to expose the girl's real motives and shameless immorality. But 'the principles of Virtue and Religion,' which *Pamela* was 'published to cultivate in the minds of the youth of both sexes,' are laughed out of Court for all time; the muddled ethics of his elaborately painted purity as it becomes a chambermaid, appear but as a new way to catch connies; and were *Pamela* even what she professes herself, she is proved no better than a pert and designing wench. No weak point in the moral armoury of *Virtue Rewarded* is overlooked; and though *Shamela* is more frankly coarse than her original; it but reminds us, as Tickletext has it, that some of Richardson's descriptions would 'not be put into the hands of his daughter by any wise man,' though so highly 'extolled from the pulpit'; as it must silence for ever the enthusiasm of Parson Oliver for *Pamela's* 'becoming *no habit*, when modest beauty seeks to hide itself, by casting off the pride of ornament, and displays itself without any covering; as it frequently does, in this admirable work.' When *Shamela* writes—'so we talked a full hour and a half about any vartue,' we have Richardson in a dozen words.

The almost immediate development from this light-hearted imitation to *Joseph Andrews* was very marked; and I suspect Fielding's carefully drawn contrast between Comedy & Burlesque—in the Preface—was

partly designed to dissociate the two. By taking brother Joseph for hero—or victim—he changes the angle of attack; & if the serving-man's 'vartue' proved prudent, it was comparatively sincere. Yet it springs from the same scornful laughter at the same ladies' pet—and with the same robust common sense; and whenever the Boobys are on the scene they speak from the Burlesque. It is *Shamela* & not Richardson's demure miss, who here stands up with such 'well-bred assurance' to her late master's haughty sister; & who, having raised Joseph by reflected 'vartue,' bids him throw over his rustic sweetheart, as is her 'dear husband's wish.' The last confusion of values by changed babies and gipsy-stealing, finally nailed the coffin upon Richardson's code of morals between the classes. Fielding, indeed, left parody far behind him as the real 'novel' came into being under his hands, though *Pamela* is recalled at the last to complete the plot; & I cannot believe we should have lost *Tom Jones* or *Abraham Adams*, if Mrs. Andrews had never given away a thankless child.

But *Pamela*, or more precisely his own burlesque thereof, was the actual occasion of Fielding's setting to work upon a new form of truthful fiction (probably later than the picaresque *Jonathan Wild*, à la Defoe), which earned for him the honoured title, 'The Father of the English Novel.'

Richardson, of course, had been stimulated to write novels by criticism of romance. As a bookseller, and the chosen counsellor of young ladies in love, he had observed the falseness & dangerous excitements of fiction. He believed that stories might be more pleasing and more prudent, if copied from life and told of the middle-classes. Actually, in the historic foundation

of our modern novel, the two men worked side by side towards what eventually proved to be a common aim.

But Richardson was so absorbed in elevating mankind by pure sentiment, that he sought to correct the heated imagination of romance by minute delineations of human perfection: a method obviously open to derision, manifestly impossible to any lover of wit. Fielding condemned the heroes & heroines of convention on this very account: that they were impossibly good:—‘If thou dost delight in models of perfection,’ it is written in *Tom Jones*, ‘there are books enough to satisfy thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here.’

He, no less than the other, loved virtue, believed in religion, and even revered good parsons; but the pure maid’s keen eye on the earthly and heavenly rewards of ‘legal’ blessedness were irresistible food to the comic spirit; as her loving & humble gratitude to her vanquished temptor for the magic ‘ring’ were intolerable to honesty and common sense.

Hence the *Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* and, in due course, the *History of Joseph Andrews*—and Potiphar’s wife.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

NOTE.

Shamela was first published on April 4th 1741, price one shilling and sixpence, in a small volume (7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$) with xv. pages of preliminary matter, and 59 pages of text.

The second issue appeared on Nov. 3rd of the same year, of the same size, containing xv. pages of preliminary matter and 56 pages of type.

There are slight variations in the setting of title pages & in the text; but the three pages are saved by omission of 'leads' between paragraphs. Whereas in the first issue, though the first 17 pages have none; two, and sometimes three, 'leads' are used throughout the rest of the book.

Both issues contain the misprint 'misreprsentations' on the title page.

An edition was also published, 1741, in Dublin—'for Oli. Nelson at the Milton's Head in Skinner's Row'; in which this word is correctly spelt.

This reprint is literally transcribed from the 'second issue,' with the original spelling, punctuation, capitals, and abbreviations etc: except for correcting the following misprints. The page and line numbers on the left refer to the Museum copy, those on the right to the present issue:—

p. x l. 4	genenerally, generally.	p. 6 l. 4	
p. 2 l. 34	Page of it, Page of it'	p. 13 l. 1	
p. 3 l. 1	Pamale, <i>Pamela</i>	p. 13 l. 4	
p. 27 l. 25	the the <i>Statue</i> , the <i>Statue</i>	p. 43 l. 4	
p. 29 l. 10	me I, I	p. 45 l. 8	
p. 30 l. 8	might, mighty	p. 46 l. 16	
p. 31 l. 2	out out, out	p. 47 l. 22	
p. 35 l. 7	vartue, virtue	p. 53 l. 4	
p. 36 l. 8	in in, in	p. 54 l. 15	

R.B.f.

AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF

Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.

In which, the many notorious FALSHOODS and
MISREPRESENTATIONS of a Book called

P A M E L A,

Are exposed and refuted; and all the matchless ARTS of
that young Politician, set in a true and just Light.

Together with

A full Account of all that passed between her and Parson
Arthur Williams; whose Character is represented in a
manner something different from that which he bears
in *PAMELA*. The whole being exact Copies of au-
thentick Papers delivered to the Editor.

Necessary to be had in all FAMILIES.

By Mr. CONNY KETTER.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD, at the *Peacock*, without *Temple-bar*.
M. DCC. XLI.

To Miss *Fanny*, &c.

MADAM,

IT will be naturally expected, that when I write the Life of *Shamela*, I should dedicate it to some young Lady, whose Wit and Beauty might be the proper Subject of a Comparison with the Heroine of my Piece. This, those, who see I have done it in prefixing your Name to my Work, will much more confirmedly expect me to do; and, indeed, your Character would enable me to run some Length into a Parallel, tho' you, nor any one else, are at all like the matchless *Shamela*.

You see, Madam, I have some Value for your Good-nature, when in a Dedication, which is properly a Panegyrick,

I speak against, not for you; but I remember it is a Life which I am presenting you, and why should I expose my Veracity to any Hazard in the Front of the Work, considering what I have done in the Body. Indeed, I wish it was possible to write a Dedication, and get any thing by it, without one Word of Flattery; but since it is not, come on, and I hope to shew my Delicacy at least in the Compliments I intend to pay you.

First, then, Madam, I must tell the World, that you have tickled up and brightned many Strokes in this Work by your Pencil.

Secondly, You have intimately conversed with me, one of the greatest Wits and Scholars of my Age.

Thirdly, You keep very good Hours, and frequently spend an useful

—Day before others begin to enjoy it. This I will take my Oath on; for I am admitted to your Presence in a Morning before other People's Servants are up; when I have constantly found you reading in good Books; and if ever I have drawn you upon me, I have always felt you very heavy.

Fourthly, You have a Virtue which enables you to rise early and study hard, and that is, forbearing to over-eat yourself, and this in spite of all the luscious Temptations of Puddings and Custards, exciting the Brute (as Dr. *Woodward* calls it) to rebel. This is a Virtue which I can greatly admire, though I much question whether I could imitate it.

Fifthly, A Circumstance greatly to your Honour, that by means of your extraordinary Merit and Beauty; you

was carried into the Ball-Room at the *Bath*, by the discerning Mr. *Nash*; before the Age that other Young Ladies generally arrived at that Honour, and while your Mamma herself existed in her perfect Bloom. Here you was observed in Dancing to balance your Body exactly, and to weigh every Motion with the exact and equal Measure of Time and Tune; and though you sometimes made a false Step, by leaning too much to one Side; yet every body said you would one time or other dance perfectly well, and uprightly.

Sixthly, I cannot forbear mentioning those pretty little Sonnets, and sprightly Compositions, which though they came from you with so much Ease, might be mentioned to the Praise of a great or grave Character.

And now, Madam, I have done

with you; it only remains to pay my Acknowledgments to an Author, whose Stile I have exactly followed in this Life, it being the properest for Biography. The Reader, I believe, easily guesses I mean *Euclid's Elements*; it was *Euclid* who taught me to write. It is you, Madam, who pay me for Writing. Therefore I am to both,

A most Obedient, and

obliged humble Servant,

Conny Keyber.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The EDITOR to *Himself*.

Dear SIR,

HOWEVER you came by the excellent *Shamela*, out with it, without Fear or Favour, Dedication and all; believe me, it will go through many Editions, be translated into all Languages, read in all Nations and Ages, and to say a bold word, it will do more good than the *C—y* have done harm in the World.

I am, Sir,

Sincerely your Well-wisher,

Yourself.

JOHN PUFF, *Esq.*; to the EDITOR.

SIR,

IHAVE read your *Shamela* through and through, and a most inimitable Performance it is. Who is he, what is he that could

write so excellent a Book? he must be doubtless most agreeable to the Age, and to *his Honour* himself; for he is able to draw every thing to Perfection but Virtue. Whoever the Author be, he hath one of the worst and most fashionable Hearts in the World, and I would recommend to him, in his next Performance, to undertake the Life of *his Honour*. For he who drew the Character of Parson *Williams*, is equal to the Task; nay he seems to have little more to do than to pull off the Parson's Gown, and *that* which makes him so agreeable to *Shamela*, and the Cap will fit.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JOHN PUFF.

Note, Reader, several other COMMENDATORY LETTERS and COPIES of VERSES will be prepared against the NEXT EDITION.

AN
A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Parson TICKLETEXT to Parson OLIVER.

Rev. SIR,

HEREWITH I transmit you a Copy of sweet, dear, pretty *Pamela*, a little Book which this Winter hath produced; of which, I make no doubt, you have already heard mention from some of your Neighbouring Clergy; for we have made it our common Business here, not only to cry it up, but to preach it up likewise: The Pulpit, as well as the Coffee-house, hath resounded with its Praise, and it is expected shortly, that his L——p will recommend it in a —— Letter to our whole Body.

And this Example, I am confident, will be imitated by all our Cloth in the Country: For besides speaking well of a Brother, in the Character of the Reverend Mr. *Williams*, the useful and truly religious Doctrine of *Grace* is every where inculcated.

This Book is the 'SOUL of *Religion*, Good-Breeding, Discretion, Good-Nature, Wit, 'Fancy, Fine Thought, and Morality. 'There 'is an Ease, a natural Air, a dignified Simplicity, 'and MEASURED FULLNESS in it, that RESEMBLING 'LIFE, OUT-GLOWS IT. The Author hath reconciled the *pleasing* to the *proper*; the Thought 'is every where exactly cloathed by the Expression; and becomes its Dress as *roundly* and as 'close as *Pamela* her Country Habit; or *as she 'doth her no Habit*, when modest Beauty seeks 'to hide itself, by casting off the Pride of Ornament, and displays itself without any Covering; which it frequently doth in this admirable Work, and presents Images to the Reader, which the coldest Zealot cannot read without Emotion.

For my own Part (and, I believe, I may say the same of all the Clergy of my Acquaintance) 'I have done nothing but read it to others, and 'hear others again read it to me, ever since it 'came into my Hands; and I find I am like to 'do nothing else, for I know not how long yet 'to come: because if I lay the Book down it 'comes after me. When it has dwelt all Day 'long upon the Ear, it takes Possession all Night 'of the Fancy. It hath Witchcraft in every Page

of it.'—Oh! I feel an Emotion even while I am relating this: Methinks I see *Pamela* at this Instant, with all the Pride of Ornament cast off.

'Little Book, charming *Pamela*, get thee gone; face the World, in which thou wilt find 'nothing like thyself.' Happy would it be for Mankind, if all other Books were burnt, that we might do nothing but read thee all Day, and dream of thee all Night. Thou alone art sufficient to teach us as much Morality as we want. Dost thou not teach us to pray, to sing Psalms, and to honour the Clergy? Are not these the whole Duty of Man? Forgive me, O Author of *Pamela*, mentioning the Name of a Book so unequal to thine: But, now I think of it, who is the Author, where is he, what is he, that hath hitherto been able to hide such an encircling, all-mastering Spirit, he possesses every Quality 'that Art could have charm'd by: yet hath lent 'it to and concealed it in Nature. The Comprehensiveness of his Imagination must be 'truly prodigious! It has stretched out this diminutive mere grain of Mustard seed (a poor 'Girl's little, &c.,) into a Resemblance of that 'Heaven, which the best of good Books has 'compared it to.'

To be Short, this Book will live to the Age

of the Patriarchs, and like them will carry on the good Work many hundreds of years hence, among our Posterity, who will not ~~HESITATE~~ their Esteem with Restraint. If the *Romans* granted Exemptions to Men who begat a *few* children for the Republick, what Distinction (if Policy and we should ever be reconciled) should we find to reward this Father of Millions, which are to owe Formation to the future Effect of his Influence.—I feel another Emotion.

As soon as you have read this yourself five or six Times over (which may possibly happen within a Week) I desire you would give it to my little God-Daughter, as a Present from me. This being the only Education we intend henceforth to give our Daughters. And pray let your^a Servant-Maids read it over, or read it to them. Both your self and the neighbouring Clergy, will supply yourselves for the Pulpit from the Book-sellers, as soon as the fourth Edition is published.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

THO. TICKLETEXT.

Parson OLIVER to Parson TICKLETEXT.

—Rev. SIR,

I RECEIVED the Favour of yours with, the inclosed Book, and really must own myself sorry, to see the Report I have heard of an epidemical Phrenzy now raging in Town, confirmed in the Person of my Friend.

If I had not known your Hand, I should, from the Sentiments and Stile of the Letter, have imagined it to have come from the Author of the famous Apology, which was sent me last Summer; and on my reading the remarkable Paragraph of *measured Fulness, that resembling Life outglows it*, to a young Baronet, he cry'd out, C—ly C—b—r by G—. But I have since observed, that this, as well as many other Expressions in your Letter, was borrowed from those remarkable Epistles, which the Author, or the Editor hath prefixed to the second Edition which you send me of his Book.

Is it possible that you or any of your Function can be in earnest, or think the Cause of Religion, or Morality, can want such slender Support? God forbid they should. As for Honour to the Clergy, I am sorry to see them so solicitous about it; for if worldly Honour be

meant, it is what their Predecessors in the pure and primitive Age, never had or sought. Indeed the secure Satisfaction of a good Conscience, the Approbation of the Wise and Good (which never were or will be the Generality of Mankind) and the extatick Pleasure of contemplating, that their ways are acceptable to the Great Creator of the Universe, will always attend those, who really deserve these Blessings: But for worldly Honours, they are often the Purchase of Force and Fraud, we sometimes see them in an eminent Degree possessed by Men, who are notorious for Luxury, Pride, Cruelty, Treachery, and the most abandoned Prostitution; Wretches who are ready to invent and maintain Schemes repugnant to the Interest, the Liberty, and the Happiness of Mankind, not to supply their Necessities, or even Conveniencies, but to pamper their Avarice and Ambition. And if this be the Road to worldly Honours, God forbid the Clergy should be even suspected of walking in it.

The History of *Pamela* I was acquainted with long before I received it from you, from my Neighbourhood to the Scene of Action. Indeed I was in hopes that young Woman would have contented herself with the Good-fortune

she hath attained; and rather suffered her little Arts to have been forgotten than have revived their Remembrance, and endeavoured by perverting and misrepresenting Facts to be thought to deserve what she now enjoys: for though we do not imagine her the Author of the Narrative itself, yet we must suppose the Instructions were given by her, as well as the Reward, to the Composer. Who that is, though you so earnestly require of me, I shall leave you to guess from that *Ciceronian* Eloquence, with which the Work abounds; and that excellent Knack of making every Character amiable, which he lays his hands on.

But before I send you some Papers relating to this Matter, which will set *Pamela* and some others in a very different Light, than that in which they appear in the printed Book, I must beg leave to make some few Remarks on the Book itself, and its tendency, (admitting it to be a true Relation,) towards improving Morality, or doing any good, either to the present Age, or Posterity: which when I have done, I shall, I flatter myself, stand excused from delivering it, either into the hands of my Daughter, or my Servant-Maid.

The Instruction which it conveys to Servant-

Maids, is, I think, very plainly this, To look out for their Masters as sharp as they can. The Consequences of which will be, besides Neglect of their Business, and the using all manner of Means to come at Ornaments of their Persons, that if the Master is not a Fool, they will be debauched by him; and if he is a Fool, they will marry him. Neither of which, I apprehend, my good Friend, we desire should be the Case of our Sons.

And notwithstanding our Author's Professions of Modesty, which in my Youth I have heard at the Beginning of an Epilogue, I cannot agree that my Daughter should entertain herself with some of his Pictures; which I do not expect to be contemplated without Emotion, unless by one of my Age and Temper, who can see the Girl lie on her Back, with one arm round Mrs. Jewkes and the other round the Squire, naked in Bed, with his Hand on her Breasts, &c., with as much Indifference as I read any other Page in the whole Novel. But surely this, and some other Descriptions, will not be put into the hands of his Daughter by any wise Man, though I believe it will be difficult for him to keep them from her; especially if the Clergy in Town have cried & preached it up as you say.

But, my Friend, the whole Narrative is such a Misrepresentation of Facts, such a Perversion of Truth, as you will, I am perswaded, agree, as soon as you have perused the Papers I now inclose to you, that I hope you or some other well disposed Person, will communicate these Papers to the Publick, that this little Jade may not impose on the World, as she hath on her Master.

The true name of this Wench was SHAMELA, and not *Pamela*, as she stiles herself. Her Father had in his Youth the Misfortune to appear in no good Light at the Old-Bailey; he afterwards served in the Capacity of a Drummer in one of the *Scotch* Regiments in the *Dutch* Service; where being drummed out, he came over to *England*, and turned Informer against several Persons on the late Gin-Act; and becoming acquainted with an Hostler at an Inn, where a *Scotch* Gentleman's Horses stood, he hath at last by his Interest obtained a pretty snug Place in the *Custom-house*. Her Mother sold Oranges in the Play-house; & whether she was married to her Father or no, I never could learn.

After this short Introduction, the rest of her History will appear in the following letters, which I assure you are authentick.

LETTER I.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to *Mrs.* HENRIETTA MARIA 'HONORA ANDREWS' at her Lodgings at the Fan and Pepper-Box in Drury-Lane.

Dear Mamma,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that I shall set out in the Waggon on *Monday*, desiring you to commodate me with a Ludgin, as near you as possible, in *Coulstin's-Court*, or *Wild-Street*, or somewhere thereabouts; pray let it be handsome, and not above two Stories high: For Parson *Williams* hath promised to visit me when he comes to Town, and I have got a good many fine Cloaths of the Old Put my Mistress's, who died a wil ago; and I beleve Mrs. *Fervis* will come along with me, for she says she would like to keep a House somewhere about *Short's - Gardens*, or towards *Queen-Street*; and if there was convenience for a *Bunio*, she should like it the better; but that she will settle herself when she comes to Town.

O! How I long to be in the Balconey at the Old House—so no more at present from

Your affectionate Daughter,

SHAMELA.



LETTER II.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

WHAT News, since I writ my last! the young Squire hath been here, and as sure as a Gun he hath taken a Fancy to me; *Pamela*, says he, (for so I am called here) you was a great Favourite of your late Mistress's; yes, an't please your Honour, says I; and I believe you deserved it, says he; thank your Honour for your good Opinion, says I; and then he took me by the Hand, and I pretended to be shy: Laud, says I, Sir, I hope you don't intend to be rude; no, says he, my Dear, and then he kissed me, 'till he took away my Breath—~~and I pretended to be Angry, and to get away, and then he kissed me again, and breathed very short, and looked very silly; and by Ill-Luck Mrs. Fervis came in, and had like to have spoiled Sport.—~~
How troublesome is such Interruption! You shall hear now soon, for I shall not come away yet, so I rest,

Your affectionate Daughter,

SHAMELA.

LETTER III.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to
SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Sham,

YOUR last Letter hath put me into a great hurry of Spirits, for you have a very difficult Part to act. I hope you will remember your Slip with Parson *Williams*, and not be guilty of any more such Folly. Truly, a Girl who hath once known what is what, is in the highest Degree inexcusable if she respects her *Digressions*; but a Hint of this is sufficient. When Mrs. *Fervis* thinks of coming to Town, I believe I can procure her a good House, and fit for the Business; so I am,

Your affectionate Mother,

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

LETTER IV.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

MARRY come up, good Madam, the Mother had never looked into the Oven for her Daughter, if she had not been there herself. I shall never have done if you upbraid me

with having had a small One by *Arthur Williams*, when you yourself—but I say no more. *O! What fine Times when the Kettle calls the Pot.* Let me do what I will, 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.—So no more, but I rest,

Your afflicted Daughter,

S————

LETTER V.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to
SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Child,

WHY will you give such way to your Passion? How could you imagine I should be such a Simpleton, as to upbraid thee with being thy Mother's own Daughter! When I advised you not to be guilty of Folly, I meant no more than that you should take care to be well paid before-hand, and not trust to Promises, which a Man seldom keeps, after he hath had his wicked Will. And seeing you have a rich Fool to deal with, your not making a good

Market will be the more inexcusable; indeed, with such Gentlemen as Parson *Williams*, there is more to be said; for they have nothing to give, and are commonly otherwise the best Sort of Men. I am glad to hear you read good Books, pray continue so to do. I have inclosed you one of Mr. *Whitefield's* Sermons, and also the Dealings with him, and am,

Your affectionate Mother,

HENRIETTA MARIA &c.

LETTER VI.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

O MADAM, I have strange Things to tell you! As I was reading in that charming Book about the Dealings, in comes my Master—to be sure he is a precious One. *Pamela*, says he, what Book is that, I warrant you *Rochester's* Poems.—No, forsooth, says I, as pertly as I could; Why how now Saucy Chops, Boldface, says he—Mighty pretty Words, says I, pert again;—Yes (says he) you are a d—d, impudent, stinking, cursed, confounded Jade, and I have a great Mind to kick your A—. You,

kiss —, says I. A-gad, says he, and so I will; 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, and my Master cryed out, Hussy, Slut, Saucebox, Boldface, come hither — Yes to be sure, says I; why don't you come, says he; what should I come for, says I; if you don't come to me, I'll come to you, says he; I shan't come to you I assure you, says I. Upon which he run up, caught me in his Arms, and flung me upon a Chair, and began to offer to touch my Under-Petticoat. Sir, says I, you had better not offer to be rude; well, says he, no more I won't then; and away he went out of the Room. I was so mad to be sure I could have cry'd.

Oh what a prodigious Vexation it is to a Woman to be made a Fool of.

Mrs. Jervis who had been without, harkening, now came to me. She burst into a violent Laugh the Moment she came in. Well, says she, as soon as she could speak, I have Reason



to bless myself that I am an Old Woman. Ah Child if you had known the Jolly Blades of my Age, you would not have been left in the lurch in this manner. Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, don't laugh at me; and to be sure I was a little angry with her.—Come, says she, my dear Honeysuckle, I have one Game to play for you; he shall see you in Bed; he shall, my little Rose-bud, he shall see those pretty, little, white, round, panting—and offer'd to pull off my Handkerchief.—Fie, Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, you make me blush, and upon my Fackins, I believe she did: She went on thus. I know the Squire likes you, and notwithstanding the Aukwardness of his Proceeding, I am convinced he hath some hot Blood in his Veins, which will not let him rest, 'till he hath communicated some of his Warmth to thee my little Angel; I heard him last Night at our Door, trying if it was open, now to-night I will take care it shall be so; I warrant that he makes the second Trial; which if he doth, he shall find us ready to receive him. I will at first counterfeit Sleep, and after a Swoon; so that he will have you naked in his Possession: and then if you are disappointed, a Plague of all young Squires, say I.—And so, Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, you would have

me yield myself to him, would you; you would have me be a second Time a Fool for nothing? Thank you for that, Mrs. *Jervis*. For nothing! Marry forbid, says she, you know he hath large Sums of Money, besides abundance of fine Things; and do you think, when you have inflamed him, by giving his Hand a Liberty with that charming Person; and that you know he may easily think he obtains against your Will, he will not give anything to come at all—? This will not do, Mrs. *Jervis*, answered I. I have heard my Mamma say, (and so you know Madam, I have) that in her Youth, Fellows have often taken away in the Morning, what they gave over Night. No, Mrs. *Jervis*, nothing under a regular taking into keeping, a settled Settlement, for me, and all my Heirs, all my whole Life-time, shall do the Business—or else crosslegged, is the Word, faith, with *Sham*; and then I snapt my Fingers.

Thursday Night, Twelve o' Clock.

Mrs. *Jervis* and I are just in Bed, and the Door unlocked; if my Master should come—Ods-bobs! I hear him just coming in at the Door. You see I write in the present Tense, as Parson *Williams* says. Well, he is in Bed between us,

we both shamming a Sleep, he steals his Hand into my Bosom, which I, as if in my Sleep, press close to me with mine, and then pretend to awake. — I no sooner see him, but I scream out to Mrs. *Jervis*, she feigns likewise but just to come to herself; we both begin, she to becall and I to bescratch very liberally. After having made pretty free Use of my Fingers, without any great Regard to the Parts I attack'd, I counterfeit a Swoon. Mrs. *Jervis* then cries out, O, Sir, what have you done, you have murdered poor *Pamela*; she is gone, she is gone. —

O what a Difficulty it is to keep one's Countenance, when a violent Laugh desires to burst forth.

The poor Booby frightned out of his Wits, jumped out of Bed, and, in his Shirt, sat down by my Bed-Side, pale and trembling, for the Moon shone, and I kept my Eyes wide open, and pretended to fix them in my Head. Mrs. *Jervis* apply'd Lavender Water, and Hartshorn, and this, for a full half Hour; ~~when~~ thinking I had carried it on long enough, and being likewise unable to continue the Sport any longer, I began by Degrees to come to my self.

The Squire who had sat all this while speechless, and, was almost really in that Condition, which I feigned, the Moment he saw me give

Symptoms of recovering my Senses, fell down on his Knees; and *O Pamela*, cried he, can you forgive me, my injured Maid? by Heaven, I know not whether you are a Man or a Woman, unless by your swelling Breasts. Will you promise to forgive me: I forgive you! D—n you (says I), and d—n you says he, if you come to that. I wish I had never seen your bold Face, Saucy Sow, and so went out of the Room.

O what a silly Fellow is a bashful young Lover.

He was no sooner out of hearing, as we thought, than we both burst into a violent laugh. Well, says Mrs. Jervis, I never saw any thing better acted than your Part: But I wish you may not have discouraged him from any future Attempt; especially since his Passions are so cool, that you could prevent his Hands going further than your Bosom. 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, nor have left us any doubt of each other as to that matter.

Friday Morning.

My Master sent for Mrs. Jervis, as soon as he was up, and bid her give an Account

of the Plate and Linnen in her Care; and told her, he was resolved that both she and the little Gipsy (I'll assure him) should set out together. Mrs. *Jervis* made him a saucy Answer; which any Servant of Spirit, you know, would, tho' it should be one's Ruin; and came immediately in Tears to me, crying, she had lost her Place on my Account, and that she should be forced to take to a House, as I mentioned before; and that she hoped I would, at least, make her all the amends in my power, for her Loss on my Account, and come to her House whenever I was sent for. Never fear, says I, I'll warrant we are not so near being turned away, as you imagine; and, i'cod, now it comes into my Head, I have a Fetch for him, and you shall assist me in it. But it being now late, and my Letter pretty long, no more at present from •

Your Dutiful Daughter,

SHAMELA.

LETTER VII.

Mrs. LUCRETIA JARVIS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

Madam,

MISS *Sham* being set out in a Hurry for my Master's House in *Lincolnshire*, desired me to acquaint you with the Success of her Stratagem, which was to dress herself in the plain Neatness of a Farmer's Daughter, for she before wore the Cloaths of my late Mistress, and to be introduced by me as a Stranger to her Master. To say the Truth, she became the Dress extremely, and if I was to keep a House a thousand Years, I would never desire a prettier Wench in it.

As soon as my Master saw her, he immediately threw his Arms round her Neck, and smothered her with Kisses (for indeed he hath but very little to say for himself to a Woman). He swore that *Pamela* was an ugly Slut, (pardon, dear Madam, the Coarseness of the Expression) compared to such divine Excellence. He added, he would turn *Pamela* away immediately, and take this new Girl, whom he thought to be one of his Tenant's Daughters, in her Room.

Miss *Sham* smiled at these Words, and so did your humble Servant, which he perceiving, looked very earnestly at your fair Daughter, and discovered the Cheat.

How *Pamela*, says he, is it you? I thought, Sir, said Miss, after what had happened, you would have known me in any Dress. No, Hussy, says he, but after what hath happened I should know thee out of any Dress from all thy Sex. He then was what we Women call rude, when done in the Presence of others; but it seems it is not the first time, and Miss defended herself with great Strength and Spirit.

The Squire, who thinks her a pure Virgin, and who knows nothing of my Character, resolved to send her into *Lincolnshire*, on Pretence of conveying her home; where our old Friend *Nanny Jewkes* is Housekeeper, and where Miss had her small one by Parson *Williams* about a year ago. This is a Piece of News communicated to us by *Robin Coachman*, who is intrusted by his Master to carry on this Affair privately for him: But we hang together, I believe, as well as any Family of Servants in the Nation.

You will, I believe, Madam, wonder that the Squire, who doth not want Generosity,

should never have mentioned a Settlement all this while, I believe it slips his Memory: But it will not be long first, no doubt: For, as I am convinced the young Lady will do nothing unbecoming your Daughter, nor ever admit him to taste her Charms, without something sure and handsome before-hand; so, I am certain, the Squire will never rest till they have danced *Adam* and *Eve's* kissing dance together. Your Daughter set out Yesterday Morning, and told me, as soon as she arrived, you might depend on hearing from her.

Be pleased to make my Compliments acceptable to Mrs. *Davis* and Mrs. *Silvester*, and Mrs. *Jolly*, and all Friends, and permit me the Honour, Madam, to be with the utmost Sincerity,

• Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

LUCRETIA JERVIS.

If the Squire should continue his Displeasure against me, so as to insist on the Warning he hath given me, you will see me soon, and I will lodge in the same House with you; if you have room, till I can provide for myself to my liking.

LETTER VIII.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to
LUCRETIA JERVIS.

Madam,

I RECEIVED the Favour of your Letter and I find you have not forgot your usual Politeness, which you learned when you was in keeping with a Lord.

I am very much obliged to you for your Care of my Daughter; am glad to hear she hath taken such good Resolutions, and hope she will have sufficient Grace to maintain them.

All Friends are well, and remember to you. You will excuse the Shortness of this Scroll; for I have sprained my right Hand, with boxing three new-made Officers.—Tho' to my Comfort, I beat them all. I rest,

Your Friend and Servant,

HENRIETTA, &c.

LETTER IX.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

I SUPPOSE Mrs. *Jervis* acquainted you with what past 'till I left *Bedfordshire*; whence I am after a very pleasant Journey arrived in *Lincolnshire*, with your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Jewkes*, who formerly helped Parson *Williams* to me; and now designs I see, to sell me to my Master; thank^r her for that; she will find two Words go to that Bargain.

The Day after my Arrival here, I received a Letter from Mr. *Williams*, and as you have often desired to see one from him, I have inclosed it to you; it is, I think, the finest I ever received from that charming Man, and full of a great deal of Learning.

O! What a brave Thing it is to be a Schollard, and to be able to talk Latin.

Parson WILLIAMS to PAMELA ANDREWS.

Mrs. Pamela,

HAVING learnt by means of my Clerk, who Yesternight visited the Revd. Mr. *Peters* with my Commands, that you are re-

turned into this County, I purposed to have saluted your fair Hands this Day towards Even: But am obliged to sojourn this Night at a neighbouring Clergyman's; where we are to pierce a Virgin Barrel of Ale, in a Cup of which I shall not be unmindful to celebrate your Health.

I hope you have remembered your Promise, to bring me a leaden Canister of Tobacco (the Saffron Cut) for in Troth, this Country at present affords nothing worthy the replenishing a Tube with.—Some I tasted the other Day at an Alehouse, gave me the Heart-Burn, tho' I filled no oftner than five times.

I was greatly concerned to learn, that your late Lady left you nothing, tho' I cannot say the Tidings much surprized me: For I am too intimately acquainted with the Family; (myself, Father, and Grandfather having been successive Incumbents on the same Cure, which you know is in their Gift) I say, I am too well acquainted with them to expect much from their Generosity. They are in Verity, as worthless a Family as any other whatever. The young Gentleman, I am informed, is a perfect Reprobate; that he hath an *Ingenium Versatile* to every Species of Vice, which, indeed, no one can much wonder at, who animadverts on that

want of Respect to the Clergy, which was observable in him when a Child. I remember when he was at the Age of Eleven only, he met my Father without either pulling off his Hat, or riding out of the way. Indeed, a Contempt of the Clergy is the fashionable Vice of the Times; but let such Wretches know, they cannot hate, detest, and despise us, half so much as we do them.

However, I have prevailed on myself to write a civil Letter to your Master, as there is a Probability of his being shortly in a Capacity of rendring me a Piece of Service; my good Friend and Neighbour the Revd. Mr. *Squeeze-Tithe* being, as I am informed by one whom I have employed to attend for that Purpose, very near his Dissolution.

You see, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*, the Confidence with which I dictate these Things to you; whom after those Endearments which have passed between us, I must in some Respects estimate as my Wife: For tho' the Omission of the Service was a Sin; yet, as I have told you, it was a venial One, of which I have truly repented, as I hope you have; and also that you have continued the wholesome Office of reading good Books, and are improved in your

Psalmody, of which I shall have a speedy Trial: For I purpose to give you a Sermon next *Sunday*, and shall spend the Evening with you, in Pleasures, which tho' not strictly innocent, are however to be purged away by frequent and sincere Repentance. I am,

Sweet Mrs. Pamela,

Your faithful Servant,

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

You find, Mamma, what a charming way he hath of Writing, and yet I assure you, that is not the most charming thing belonging to him: For, tho' he doth not put any Dears, and Sweet, and Loves into his Letters, yet he says a thousand of them: For he can be as fond of a Woman, as any Man living.

Sure Women are great Fools, when they prefer a laced Coat to the Clergy, whom it is our Duty to honour and respect.

Well, on *Sunday* Parson *Williams* came, according to his Promise, and an excellent Sermon he preached; his Text was, *Be not Righteous over-much*; and, indeed, he handled it in a very fine way; 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; I wish I could remember them all. •

As soon as Church was over, he came to the Squire's House, and drank tea with Mrs. Jewkes and me; after which Mrs. Jewkes went out and left us together for an Hour and half— Oh! he is a charming Man.

After Supper he went Home, and then Mrs. Jewkes began to catechize me, about my Familiarity with him. I see she wants him herself. Then she proceeded to tell me what an Honour my Master did me in liking me, and that it was both an inexcusable Folly and Pride in me, to pretend to refuse him any Favour. Pray, Madam, says I, consider I am a poor Girl, and have nothing but my Modesty to trust to. If I part with that, what will become of me.

Methinks, says she, you are not so mighty modèst when you are with Parson *Williams*; I have observed you gloat at one another in a manner that hath made me blush. I assure you, I shall let the Squire know what sort of Man he is; you may do your Will, says I, as long as he hath a Vote for Pallamant-Men, the Squire dares do nothing to offend him; and you will only shew that you are jealous of him, and that's all. How now, Mynx, says she; Mynx! No more Mynx than yourself, says I; with that she hit me a Slap on the Shoulder; and I flew at her and sc'atched her Face, i' cod, 'till she went crying out of the Room; so no more at present, from

Your Dutiful Daughter,

SHAMELA.

LETTER X.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

O Mamma! Rare News! As soon as I was up this Morning, a Letter was brought me from the Squire, of which I send you a Copy.

Squire Booby to PAMELA.

Dear Creature,

I HOPE you are not angry with me for the Deceit put upon you, in conveying you to *Lincolnshire*, when you imagined yourself going to *London*. Indeed, my dear *Pamela*, I cannot live without you; and will very shortly come down and convince you, that my Designs are better than you imagine, and such as you may with Honour comply with. I am,

My Dear Creature,

Your doating Lover,

BOOBY.

Now, Mamma, what think you?—For my own Part, I am convinced he will marry me, and faith so he shall. O! Bless me! I shall be Mrs. *Booby*, and be Mistress of a great Estate, and have a dozen Coaches and Six, and a fine House at *London*, and another at *Bath*, and Servants, and Jewels, and Plate, and go to Plays, and Operas, and Court; and do what I will, and spend what I will. But poor Parson *Williams*! Well! and can't I see Parson *Williams*, as well after Marriage as before: For I shall never care

a Farthing for my Husband. No, I hate and despise him of all Things.

Well, as soon as I had read my Letter, in came Mrs. *Jewkes*. You see, Madam, says she, I carry the Marks of your Passion about me; but I have received order from my Master to be civil to you, and I must obey him; for he is the best Man in the World, notwithstanding your Treatment of him. My Treatment of him; Madam, says I? Yes, says she, your Insensibility to the Honour he intends you, of making you his Mistress. I would have you to know, Madam, I would not be Mistress to the greatest King, no nor Lord in the Universe. I value my Vartue more than I do any thing my Master can give me; and so we talked a full Hour and a half, about my Vartue; and I was afraid at first, she had heard something about the Bantling, but I find she hath not; tho' she is as jealous, and suspicious, as old Scratch.

In the Afternoon, I stole into the Garden to meet Mr. *Williams*; I found him at the Place of his Appointment, and we staid in a kind of Arbour, till it was quite dark. He was very angry when I told him what Mrs. *Jewkes* had threatned—Let him refuse me the Living, says he, if he dares, I will vote for the other Party;

and not only so, but will expose him all over the Country.' I owe him 150*l.* indeed, but I don't care for that; by that time the Election is past, I shall be able to plead the *Statue* of *Lamentations*.

I could have stayed with the dear Man forever, but when it grew dark, he told me, he was to meet the neighbouring Clergy, to finish the Barrel of Ale they had tapped the other Day, and believed they should not part till three or four in the Morning.—So he left me, and I promised to be penitent, and go on with my reading in good Books.

As soon as he was gone, I bethought myself, what Excuse I should make to Mrs. Jerokes, and it came into my Head to pretend as how I intended to drown myself; so I stript off one of my Petticoats, and threw it into the Canal; and then I went and hid myself in the Coal-hole, where I lay all Night; and comforted myself with repeating over some Psalms, and other good things, which I had got by heart.

In the Morning Mrs. Jerokes and all the Servants were frighted out of their Wits, thinking I had run away; and not devising how they should answer it to their Master. They searched all the likeliest Places they could think of for

me, and at last saw my Petticoat floating in the Pond. Then they got a Drag-Net, imagining I was drowned, and intending to drag me out; but at last *Moll* Cook coming for some Coals, discovered me lying all along in no ~~very~~ good Pickle. Bless me! Mrs. *Pamela*, says she, what can be the Meaning of this? I don't know, says I, help me up, and I will go in to Breakfast, for indeed I am very hungry. Mrs. *Fewkes* came in immediately, and was so rejoiced to find me alive, that she asked with great Good-Humour, where I had been? and how my Petticoat came into the Pond. I answered, I believed the Devil had put it into my Head to drown my self; but it was a Fib; for I never saw the Devil in my Life, nor I don't believe he hath any thing to do with me.

So much for this Matter. As soon as I had breakfasted, a Coach and Six came to the Door, and who should be in it but my Master.

I immediately run up into my Room, and stript, and washed, and drest my self as well as I could, and put on my prettiest round-car'd Cap, and pulled down my Stays, to shew as much as I could of my Bosom, (for Parson *Williams* says, that is the most beautiful part of a Woman) and then I practised over all my Airs before the

Glass, and then I sat down and read a Chapter in the Whole Duty of Man.

Then Mrs. Jewkes came to me and told me, my Master wanted me below, and says she, ~~Don't~~ behave like a Fool; No, thinks I to myself, I believe I shall find Wit enough for my Master and you too.

So down goes I into the Parlour to him. *Pamela*, says he, the Moment I came in, you see I cannot stay long from you, which I think is a sufficient Proof of the Violence of my Passion. Yes, Sir, says I, I see your Honour intends to ruin me, that nothing but the Destruction of my Vartue will content you.

O what a charming Word that is, rest his Soul who first invented it.

How can you say I should ruin you, answered the Squire, when you shall not ask any thing which I will not grant you. If that be true, says I, good your Honour let me go home to my poor but honest Parents; that is all I have to ask, and do not ruin a poor Maiden, who is resolved to carry her Vartue to the Grave with her.

Hussy, says he, don't provoke me, don't provoke me, I say. You are absolutely in my power, and if you won't let me lie with you by

fair Means, I will by Force. O la, Sir, says I, I don't understand your paw words.—Very pretty Treatment indeed, says he, to say I use paw Words; Hussy, Gipsie, Hypocrite, Sauce-box, Boldface, get out of my Sight, or I will lend you such a Kick in the —— I don't care to repeat the Word, but he meant my hinder part. I was offering to go away, for I was half afraid, when he called me back, and took me round the Neck and kissed me, and then bid me go about my Business.

I went directly into my Room, where Mrs. Jewkes came to me soon afterwards. So Madam says she, you have left my Master below in a fine Pet, he hath threshed two or three of his Men already: It is mighty pretty that all his Servants are to be punished for your Impertinence.

Harkee, Madam, says I, don't you affront me, for if you do, d—n me (I am sure I have repented for using such a Word) if I am not revenged.

How sweet is Revenge: Sure the Sermon Book is in the Right, in calling it sweetest Morsel the Devil ever dropped into the Mouth of a Sinner.

Mrs. Jewkes remembered the Smart of my Nails too well to go farther, and so we sat down

and talked about my Vartue till Dinner-time, and then I was sent for to wait on my Master. I took care to be often caught looking at him; and then I always turn'd away my Eyes, and pretended to be ashamed. As soon as the Cloth was removed, he put a Bumper of Champagne into my Hand, and bid me drink—O la I can't name the Health. Parson *Williams* may well say he is a wicked Man.

Mrs. *Jewkes* took a Glass and drank the dear Monysyllable; I don't understand that Word, but I believe it is baudy. I then drank towards his Honour's good Pleasure. Ay, Hussy, says he, you can give me Pleasure if you will, Sir, says I, I shall be always glad to do what is in my power, and so I pretended not to know what he meant. Then he took me in his lap.—O Mamma, I could tell you something if I would—and he kissed me—and I said I won't be slobbered about so, so I won't; and he bid me get out of the Room for a saucy Baggage, and said he had a good mind to spit in my Face.

Sure no Man ever took such a Method to gain a Woman's Heart.

I had not been long in my Chamber before Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me, and told me, my

Master would not see me any more that Evening, that is, if he can help it; for, added she, I easily perceive the great Ascendant you have over him; and to confess the Truth, I don't doubt but you will shortly be my Mistress.

What says I, dear Mrs. *Fewkes*, what do you say? Don't flatter a poor Girl, it is impossible his Honour can have any honourable Design upon me. And so we talked of honourable Designs till Supper-time. And Mrs. *Fewkes* and I supped together upon a hot buttered Apple-pie; and about ten o'Clock we went to Bed.

We had not been a Bed half an hour, when my Master came pit a pat into the Room in his Shirt as before, I pretended not to hear him, and Mrs. *Fewkes* laid hold of one Arm, and he pulled down the Bed-cloaths and came into Bed on the other Side, and took my other Arm and laid it under him, and fell a kissing one of my Breasts as if he would have devoured it; I was then forced to awake, and began to struggle with him, Mrs. *Fewkes* crying why don't you do it? I have one Arm secure, if you can't deal with the rest I am sorry for you. He was as rude as possible to me; but I remembered, Mamma the Instructions you gave me to avoid being ravished, and followed them, which soon

brought him to Terms, and he promised me, on quitting my hold, that he would leave the Bed.

O Parson Williams, how little are all the Men in the World compared to thee.

My Master was as good as his Word; upon which Mrs. Jewkes said, O Sir, I see you know very little of our *Sect*, by parting so easily from the Blessing when you was so near it. No, Mrs. Jewkes, answered he, I am very glad no more hath happened, I would not have injured *Pamela* for the World. And to-morrow Morning perhaps she may hear of something to her Advantage. This she may be certain of, that I will never take her by Force, and then he left the Room.

What think you now, Mrs. *Pamela*, says Mrs. Jewkes, are you not yet persuaded my Master hath honourable Designs? I think he hath given no great Proof of them to-night, said I. Your Experience I find is not great, says she, but I am convinced you will shortly be my Mistress, and then what will become of poor me.

With such sort of Discourse we both fell asleep. Next Morning early my Master sent for me, and after kissing me, gave a Paper into

my Hand which he bid me read; I did so, and found it to be a Proposal for settling 250*l.* a Year on me, besides severaf other advantageous Offers, as Presents of Money and other things. Well, *Pamela*, said he, what Answer ~~do~~ you make me to this. 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. You are a Simpleton, said he; That may be, and yet I may have as much Wit as some Folks, cry'd I; meaning me, I suppose, said he; every Man knows himself best, says I. Hussy, says he, get out of the Room, and let me see your saucy Face no more, for I find I am in more Danger than you are, and therefore it shall be my Business to avoid you as much as I can; and it shall be mine, thinks I, at every turn to throw myself in your way. So I went out, and as I parted, I heard him sigh and say he was bewitched.

Mrs. *Jewkes* hath been with me since, and she assures me she is convinced I shall shortly be Mistress of the Family, and she really behaves to me, as if she already thought me so. I am resolved now to aim at it. I thought once of making a little Fortune by my Person. I now intend to make a great one by my Vartue.

So asking Pardon for this long Scroll, I am,

Your dutiful Daughter,

SHAMELA.

LETTER XI.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to
SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Sham,

I RECEIVED your last Letter with Infinite Pleasure, and am convinced it will be your own Fault if you are not married to your Master, and I would advise you now to make no less Terms. But, my dear Child, I am afraid of one Rock only, That Parson *Williams*, I wish he was out of the Way. A Woman never commits Folly but with such Sort of Men, as by many Hints in the Letters I collect him to be: but, consider my dear Child, you will hereafter have Opportunities sufficient to indulge yourself with Parson *Williams*, or any other you like. My Advice therefore to you is, that you would avoid seeing him any more till the Knot is tied. Remember the first Lesson I taught you, that a married Woman injures only her Husband, but

a single Woman herself. I am in hopes of seeing you a great Lady,

Your affectionate Mother,

HENRIETTA MARIA &c.

The following letter seems to have been written before *Shamela* received the last from her Mother.

LETTER XII.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA
HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

I LITTLE feared when I sent away my last that all my Hopes would be so soon frustrated; but I am certain you will blame Fortune and not me. To proceed then. About two Hours after I had left the Squire, he sent for me into the Parlour. *Pamela*, said he, and takes me gently by the hand, will you walk with me in the Garden; yes, Sir, says I, and pretended to tremble; but I hope your Honour will not be rude. Indeed, says he, you have nothing to fear from me, and I have something to tell you, which if it doth not please you, cannot offend.

We walked out together, and he began thus, *Pamela*, will you tell me the Truth? Doth the Resistance you make to my Attempts proceed from Virtue only, or have I not some Rival in thy dear Bosom who might be more successful? Sir, says I, I do assure you I never had a thought of any Man in the World. How says he, not of Parson *Williams*? Parson *Williams*, says I, is the last Man upon Earth; and if I was a Dutchess, and your Honour was to make your Addresses to me, you would have no reason to be jealous of any rival, especially such a Fellow as Parson *Williams*. If ever I had a Liking, I am sure—but I am not worthy of you one Way, and no Riches should ever bribe me the other. My dear, says he, you are worthy of every Thing, and suppose I should lay aside all Considerations of Fortune, and disregard the Censure of the World, and marry you. O Sir, says I, I am sure you can have no such Thoughts, you cannot demean yourself so low. Upon my Soul, I am in earnest, says he—O Pardon me, Sir, says I, you can't persuade me of this. How Mistress, says he, in a violent Rage, do you give me the Lie? Hussy, I have a mind to box your saucy Ears, but I am resolved I will never put it in your power to affront me again, and therefore

I desire you to prepare your self for your Journey this Instant. You deserve no better Vehicle than a Cart; however, for once you shall have a Chariot, and it shall be ready for you within this half Hour; and so he flung from me in a Fury.

What a Foolish Thing it is for a Woman to dally too long with her Lover's Desires; how many have owed their being old Maids to their holding out too long.

Mrs. Jewkes came to me presently, and told me, I must make ready with all the Expedition imaginable, for that my Master had ordered the Chariot, and that if I was not prepared to go in it, I should be turned out of Doors, and left to find my way Home on Foot. This startled me a little, yet I resolved, whether in the right or wrong, not to submit nor ask Pardon: For that you know, Mama, you never could your self bring me to from my Childhood: Besides, I thought he would be no more able to master his Passion for me now, than he had hitherto; and if he sent two Horses away with me, I concluded he would send four to fetch me back. So, truly, I resolved to brazen it out, and with all the Spirit I could muster up, I told Mrs. Jewkes I was vastly pleased with the News she

brought me; that no one ever went more readily than I should, from a Place where my Vartue had been in continual Danger. That as for my Master, he might easily get those who were fit for his Purpose; but, for my Part, I preferred my Vartue to all Rakes whatever—And for his Promises, and his Offers to me, I don't value them of a Fig—Not of a Fig, Mrs. Jewkes; and then I snapt my Fingers.

Mrs. Jewkes went in with me, and helped me to pack up my little All, which was soon done; being no more than two Day-Caps, two Night-Caps, five Shifts, one Sham, a Hoop, a Quilted-Petticoat, two Flannel-Petticoats, two pair of Stockings, one odd one, a pair of lac'd Shoes, a short flowered Apron, a lac'd Neck-Handkerchief, one Clog, and almost another, and some few Books: as, *A full Answer is a plain and true Account, &c.*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, with only the Duty to one's Neighbour, torn out. The Third Volume of the *Atlantis*. *Venus in the Cloyster: or, the Nun in her Smock*. *God's dealings with Mr. Whitefield*. *Orfus and Eurydice*. Some Sermon Books; and two or three Plays, with their Titles, and Part of the first Act torn off.

So as soon as we had put all this into a Bundle,

the Chariot was ready, and I took leave of all the Servants, and particularly Mrs. *Jewkes*, who pretended, I believe, to be more sorry to part with me than she was; and then crying out with an Air of Indifference, my Service to my Master, when he condescends to enquire after me, I flung my self into the Chariot, and bid *Robin* drive on.

We had not gone far, before a Man on Horseback, riding full Speed, overtook us, and coming up to the Side of the Chariot, threw a Letter into the Window, and then departed without uttering a single Syllable.

I immediately knew the Hand of my dear *Williams*, and was somewhat surprised, tho' I did not apprehend the Contents to be so terrible, as by the following exact Copy you will find them.

Parson WILLIAMS to PAMELA.

Dear Mrs. PAMELA,

THAT Disrespect for the Clergy, which I have formerly noted to you in that Villain your Master, hath now broke forth in a manifest Fact. I was proceeding to my Neighbour *Spruce's* Church, where I purposed to preach a Funeral Sermon, on the Death of Mr. *John*

Gage, the Exciseman; when I was met by two Persons who are, it seems, Sheriffs Officers, and arrested for the 150/. which your Master had lent me; and unless I can find Bail within these few Days, of which I see no likelihood, I shall be carried to Goal. This accounts for my not having visited you these two Days; which you might assure yourself, I should not have fail'd, if the *Potestas* had not been wanting. If you can by any means prevail on your Master to release me, I beseech you so to do, not scrupling any thing for Righteousness sake. I hear he is just arrived in this Country, I have herewith sent him a Letter, of which I transmit you a Copy. So with Prayers for your Success, I subscribe myself

Your affectionate Friend,
ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

Barson WILLIAMS to Squire BOOBY.

Honoured Sir,

I AM justly surprized to feel so heavy a Weight of your Displeasure, without being conscious of the least Demerit towards so good and generous a Patron, as I have ever found you: For my own Part, I can truly say,

Nil consire sibi nullæ pallescere culpæ.

“And therefore, as ~~this~~ Proceeding is so contrary to your usual Goodness, which I have often experienced, and more especially in the Loan of this Money for which I am now arrested; I cannot avoid thinking some malicious Persons have insinuated false Suggestions against me; intending thereby, to eradicate those Seeds of Affection which I have hardly travailed to sow in your Heart, and which have promised to produce such excellent Fruit. If I have any ways offended you, Sir, be graciously pleased to let me know it, and likewise to point out to me, the Means whereby I may reinstate myself in your Favour: For next to him, whom the Great themselves must bow down before, I know none to whom I shall bend with more Lowliness, than your Honour. Permit me to subscribe myself,

*Honoured Sir,
Your most obedient, and most obliged,
And most dutiful humble Servant,
ARTHUR WILLIAMS.*

The Fate of poor Mr. *Williams* shocked me more than my own: For, as the *Beggar's Opera* says, *Nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.* And to see a Man of his Learning

forced to submit ~~to~~ low, to one whom I have often heard him say, he despises, is, I think, a most affecting Circumstance. I write all this to you, Dear ~~Mamma~~, at the Inn where I lie this first Night, and as I shall send it immediately, by the Post, it will be in Town a little before me. — Don't let my coming away vex you: For, as my Master will be in Town in a few Days, I shall have an Opportunity of seeing him; and let the worst come to the worst, I shall be sure of my Settlement at last. Which is all, from

Your dutiful Daughter,

SHAMELA.

P.S., Just as I was going to send this away a Letter is come from my Master, desiring me to return, with a large Number of Promises. I have him now as sure as a Gun, as you will perceive by the Letter itself, which I have inclosed to you.

This Letter is unhappily lost, as well as the next which *Shamela* wrote, and which contained an account of all the proceedings previous to her Marriage. The only remaining one which I could preserve, seems to have been written about a Week after the Ceremony was perform'd, and is as follows:

SHAMELA BOOBY to HENRIETTA MARIA
" HONORA ANDREWS."

Madam,

IN my last I left off at our sitting down to Supper on our Wedding Night*, where I behaved with as much Bashfulness as the purest Virgin in the World could have done. The most difficult Task for me was to blush; however, by holding my Breath, and squeezing my Cheeks with my Handkerchief, I did pretty well. My Husband was extremely eager and impatient to have Supper removed, after which he gave me leave to retire into my Closet for a Quarter of an Hour, which was very agreeable to me; for I employed that time in writing to Mr. *Williams*, who, as I informed you in my last, is released, and presented to the Living, upon the Death of the last Parson. Well, at last I went to Bed, and my Husband soon leap'd in after me; where I shall only assure you, that I played my Part in such a manner, that no Bridegroom was ever better satisfied with his Bride's Virginity. And to confess the Truth, I might have been well enough satisfied too, if I had never been acquainted with Parson *Williams*.

O what regard Men who marry Widows

* This was the Letter which is lost.

should have to the Qualifications of their former Husbands.

We did not rise the next Morning till eleven, and then we sat down to Breakfast; I eat two slices of Bread and Butter, and drank three Dishes of Tea, with a good deal of Sugar, and we both look'd very silly. After Breakfast we drest ourselves, he in a blue Camblet Coat, very richly lac'd, and Breeches of the same; with a Paduasoy Waistcoat, laced with Silver; and I, in one of my Mistres's Gowns. I will have finer when I come to Town. We then took a Walk in the Garden, and he kissed me several times, and made me a Present of 100 Guineas, which I gave away before Night to the Servants, twenty to one, ten to another, and so on.

We eat a very hearty Dinner, and about eight in the Evening went to Bed again. He is prodigiously fond of me; but I don't like him half as well as my dear *Williams*. The next Morning we rose earlier, and I asked him for another hundred Guineas, and he gave them me. I sent fifty to Parson *Williams*, the rest I gave away, two Guineas to a Beggar, and three to a Man riding along the Road, and the rest to other People. I long to be in *London* that I may have an Opportunity of laying some out, as

well as giving away. I believe I shall buy every thing I see. What signifies having Money if one doth not spend it.

The next Day, as soon as I was up, I asked him for another Hundred. Why, my Dear, says he, I don't grudge you any thing, but how was it possible for you to lay out the other two Hundred here. La! Sir, says I, I hope I am not obliged to give you an Account of every Shilling; Troth, that will be being your servant still. I assure you, I married you with no such view, besides did you not tell me I should be Mistress of your Estate? And I will be too. For tho' I brought no Fortune, I am as much your Wife as if I had brought a Million—yes, but, my Dear, says he, if you had brought a Million, you would spend it all at this rate; besides, what will your Expenses be in *London*, if they are so great here. Truly, says I, Sir, I shall live like other Ladies of my Fashion; and if you think, because I was a Servant, that I shall be contented to be governed as you please, I will shew you, you are mistaken. If you had not cared to marry me, you might have let it alone. I did not ask you, nor I did not court you. Madam, says he, I don't value a hundred Guineas to oblige you: but this is a Spirit which

I did not expect in you, nor did I ever see any symptoms of it before. O but Times are altered now, I am your Lady, Sir; yes to my sorrow, says he, I am afraid—and I am afraid to my sorrow too: For if you begin to use me in this manner already, I reckon you will beat me before a Month's at an end. I am sure if you did, it would injure me less than this barbarous Treatment; upon which I burst into Tears, and pretended to fall into a Fit. This frightened him out of his wits, and he called up the Servants. Mrs. Jewkes immediately came in, and she and another of the Maids fell heartily to rubbing my Temples, and holding Smelling-Bottles to my Nose. Mrs. Jewkes told him she feared I should never recover, upon which he began to beat his Breasts, and cried out, O my dearest Angel, curse on my passionate Temper. I have destroy'd her, I have destroy'd her. would she had spent my whole Estate rather than that this had happened. Speak to me, my Love, I will melt myself into Gold for thy Pleasure. At last having pretty well tired myself with counterfeiting, and imagining I had continu'd long enough for my purpose in the sham Fit, I began to move my Eyes, to loosen my Teeth; and to open my Hands, which Mr.

Booby no sooner perceived ~~that~~ ^{he} embraced and kissed me with the eagerest Extacy, asked my Pardon on his knees for what I had suffered through his Folly and Perverseness, and without more questions fetched me the Money. I fancy I have effectually prevented any farther Refusals or Inquiry into my Expences. It would be hard indeed, that a Woman who marries a Man only for his Money, should be debarred from spending it.

Well, after all things were quiet, we sat down to Breakfast, yet I resolved not to smile once, nor to say one good-natured, or good-humoured Word on any Account.

Nothing can be more prudent in a Wife, than a sullen Backwardness to Reconciliation; it makes a Husband fearful of offending by the Length of his Punishment.

When we were drest, the Coach was by my Desire ordered for an Airing, which we took in it. A long Silence prevailed on both Sides, tho' he constantly squeezed my Hand, and kissed me, and used other Familiarities, which I peevishly permitted. At last, I opened my Mouth first.—And so, says I, you are sorry you are married;—Pray, my Dear, says he, forget what I said in a Passion. Passion, says I, is apter to

discover our ~~Thoughts~~ than to teach us to counterfeit. Well, says he, whether you will believe me or no, I solemnly vow, I would not change thee for the richest Woman in the Universe. No, I warrant you, says I; and yet you could refuse me a nasty hundred Pound. At those very Words, I saw Mr. *Williams* riding as fast as he could across a Field; and I looked out, and saw a Lease of Greyhounds coursing a Hare, which they presently killed, and I saw him alight, and take it from them.

My Husband ordered *Robin* to drive towards him, and looked horribly out of humour, which I presently imputed to Jealousy. So I began with him first; for that is the wisest way. La, Sir, says I; what makes you look so Angry and Grim? Does the Sight of Mr. *Williams* give you all this Uneasiness? I am sure, I would never have married a Woman of whom I had so bad an Opinion, that I must be uneasy at every Fellow she looks at. My Dear, answer'd he, you injure me extremely, you was not in my ~~Thoughts~~, nor, indeed, could be, when they were covered by so morose a Countenance; I am justly angry with that Parson, whose Family hath been raised from the Dunghill by ours; and who hath received from me twenty

kindnesses, and yet is not ~~contented~~ to destroy the Game in all other Places, which I freely give him leave to do; but hath ~~the~~ Impudence to pursue a few Hares, which I ~~am~~ desirous to preserve, round about this little Coppice. Look, my Dear, pray look, says he; I believe he is going to ~~turn~~ Higler. To confess the Truth, he had no less than three ty'd up behind his Horse, and a fourth he held in his Hand.

Pshaw, says I, I wish all the Hares in the Country were d—d (the Parson himself chid me afterwards for using the Word, tho' it was in his Service). Here's a Fuss, indeed, about a nasty little pitiful Creature, that is not half so useful as a Cat. You shall not persuade me, that a Man of your Understanding, would quarrel with a Clergyman for such a Trifle. No, no, I am the Hare, for whom poor Parson *Williams* ~~is~~ persecuted; and Jealousy is the Motive. If you had married one of your Quality Ladies, she would have had Loves by dozens, she would so; but because you have taken a Servant-Maid, forsooth! you are jealous ~~if~~ she but looks (and then I began to Water) at a poor ~~P—~~a—a—rson in his Pu—u—u—lpit, and then out burst a Flood of Tears.

My Dear, said he, for Heaven's sake dry

your Eyes, and don't let him be a Witness of your Tears, which I should be sorry to think might be imputed to my Unkindness; I have already given you some Proofs that I am not jealous of this Parson; I will now give you a very strong one: For I will mount my Horse, and you shall take *Williams* into the Coach. You may be sure, this Motion pleased me, yet I pretended to make as light of it as possible, and told him, I was sorry his Behaviour had made some such glaring Instance, necessary to the perfect clearing my Character.

He soon came up to Mr. *Williams*, who had attempted to ride off, but was prevented by one of our Horsemen, whom my Husband sent to stop him. When we met, my Husband asked him how he did with a very good-humoured Air, and told him he perceived he had found good Sport this Morning. He answered pretty moderate, Sir; for that he had found the three Hares tied on to the Saddle dead in a Ditch, (winking on me at the same time) and added he was sorry there was such a Rot among them.

Well, says Mr. *Booby*, if you please, Mr. *Williams*, you shall come in and ride with my Wife. For my own part, I will mount on Horseback; for it is fine Weather, and besides, it doth not

become me to loll in a Chariot; whilst a Clergyman rides on Horseback.

At which Words, Mr. *Booby* leap'd out, and Mr. *Williams* leap'd in, in an instant, telling my Husband as he mounted, he was glad to see such a Reformation, and that if he continued his Respect to the Clergy, he might assure himself of Blessings from above.

It was now that the Airing began to grow pleasant to me. Mr. *Williams*, who never had but one Fault, *viz.* that he generally smells of Tobacco, was now perfectly sweet; for he had for two Days together enjoined himself as a Penance, not to smoke till he had kissed my Lips. I will loosen you from this Obligation, says I, and observing my Husband looking another way, I gave him a charming Kiss, and then he asked me Questions concerning my wedding-night; this actually made me blush! I vow I did not think it had been in him.

As he went along, he began to discourse very learnedly, and told me the Flesh and the Spirit were two distinct Matters, which had not the least relation to each other. That all immaterial Substances (those were his very Words) such as Love, Desire, and so forth, were guided by the Spirit. But fine Houses, large Estates, Coaches

and dainty Entertainments were the Product of the Flesh. Therefore, says he, my Dear, you have two Husbands, one the object of your Love, and to satisfy your Desire; the other the Object of your Necessity, and to furnish you with those other conveniences—(I am sure I remember every Word, for he repeated it three Times, ~~and~~ he is very good whenever I desire him to repeat a thing to me three times he always doth it!) as then the Spirit is preferable to the Flesh, so am I preferable to your other Husband, to whom I am antecedent in Time likewise. I say these things, my Dear, (said he) to satisfy your Conscience. A Fig for my Conscience, said I, when shall I meet you again in the Garden?

My Husband now rode up to the Chariot, and asked us how we did—I hate the sight of him. Mr. *Williams* answered very well, at your Service. They then talked of the Weather, and other things, I wished him gone again, every Minute; but all in vain I had no more Opportunity of conversing with Mr. *Williams*.

Well; at Dinner Mr. *Booby* was very civil to Mr. *Williams*, and told him he was sorry ~~for~~ what had happened, and would make him sufficient Amends, if in his power, and desired

him to accept of a note for fifty Pounds; which he was so *good* to receive, notwithstanding all that had past; and told Mr. *Booby*, he hop'd he would be forgiven, and that he would pray for him.

We make a charming Fool of him, i' fackins; Times are finely altered, I have entirely got the better of him, and am resolved ~~never~~ to give him his Humour.

O how foolish it is in a Woman, who hath once got the Reins into her own Hand, ever to quit them again.

After Dinner Mr. *Williams* drank the Church *et cætera*; and smiled on me; when my Husband's Turn came, he drank *et cætera* and the Church; for which he was very severely rebuked by Mr. *Williams*; it being a high crime, it seems, to name anything before the Church. I do not know what *Et cætera* is, but I believe it is something concerning chusing Pallament Men; for I asked if it was not a Health to Mr. *Booby's* Borough, and Mr. *Williams* with a hearty Laugh answered, Yes, Yes, ~~it is~~ his Borough we mean.

I slipt out as soon as I could, hoping Mr. *Williams* would finish the Squire, as I have heard him say he could easily do, and come to me; but

it happened, quite otherwise, for in about half an Hour, *Booby* came to me, and told me he had left Mr. *Williams*, the Mayor of his Borough, and two or three Aldermen heartily at it, and asked me if I would go hear *Williams* sing a Catch, which, added he, he doth to a Miracle.

Every Opportunity of seeing my dear *Williams*, ~~was~~ agreeable to me, which indeed I scarce had at this time; for when we returned, the whole Corporation were got together, and the Room was in a Cloud of Tobacco; Parson *Williams* was at the upper End of the Table, and he hath pure round cherry Cheeks, and his Face looked all the World to nothing like the Sun in a Fog. If the Sun had a Pipe in his Mouth, there would be no Difference.

I began now to grow uneasy, apprehending I should have no more of Mr. *Williams*'s Company that Evening, and not at all caring for my Husband, I advised him to sit down and drink for his Country with the rest of the Company: but he refused, and desired me to give him some Tea, swearing nothing would make him so sick as to hear a Parcel of Scoundrels, roaring forth the Principles of honest Men over their Cops, when, says he, I know most of them are such empty Blockheads, that they don't know their

right Hand from their left; and that Fellow there, who hath talked so much of *Shipping*, at the left Side of the Parson, in whom they all place a Confidence, if I don't take care, will sell them to my Adversary.

I don't know why I mention this stuff to you; for I am sure I know nothing about *Polli-tricks*, more than Parson *Williams* tells me, who says that the Court-side are in the right on't, and that every Christian ought to be on the same with the Bishops.

When we had finished our Tea, we walked in the Garden till it was dark, and then my Husband proposed, instead of returning to the Company, (which I desired, that I might see Parson *Williams* again,) to sup in another Room by ourselves, which, for fear of making him jealous, and considering too, that Parson *Williams* would be pretty far gone, I was obliged to consent to.

O! What a devilish thing it is, for a Woman to be obliged to go to bed to a spindle-shanked young Squire, she doth not like, when there is a jolly Parson in the same House she is fond of.

In the Morning I grew very peevish, and in the Dumps, notwithstanding all he could say or do to please me. I exclaimed against the

Privilege of Husbands, and vowed I would not be pulled and tumbled about. At last he hit on the only Method, which could have brought me into a Humour, and proposed to me a journey to *London*, within a few Days. This you may easily guess pleased me; for besides the Desire which I have of shewing myself forth, of buying fine Cloaths, Jewels, Coaches, Houses, and ten thousand other fine things, Parson *Williams* is, it seems, going thither too, to be instuted.

O! what a charming Journey I shall have; for I hope to keep the dear Man in the Chariot with me all the way; and that foolish Booby (for that is the Name Mr. Williams hath set him) will ride on horseback.

So I shall have an Opportunity of seeing you so shortly, I think I will mention no more matters to you now. O I had like to have forgot one very material thing; which is that it will look horribly, for a Lady of my Quality and Fashion, to own such a Woman as you for my Mother. Therefore we must meet in private only, and if you will never claim me, nor mention me to any one, I will always allow you what is very handsome. Parson *Williams* hath greatly advised me in this; and says, he thinks

I should do very well to lay out twenty Pounds, and set you up in a little Chandler's Shop: but you must remember all my Favours to you will depend on your Secrecy; for I am positively resolved, I will not be known to be your Daughter; and if you tell any one so, I shall deny it with all my Might, which Parson *Williams* says, I may do with a safe conscience, ~~being~~ now a married Woman. So I rest

Your humble Servant,

SHAMELA.

P.S. The strangest Fancy has enter'd into my Booby's head, that can be imagined. He is resolved to have a Book made about him and me; he proposed it to Mr. *Williams*, and offered him a Reward for his Pains; but he says he never ~~writ~~ anything of that kind, but will recommend my Husband, when he comes to Town, to a Parson *who does that Sort of Business for Folks*, one who can make my Husband, and me, and Parson *Williams*, to be all great people; for he *can make black white*, it seems. Well, but they say my Name is to be altered, Mr. *Williams*, says the first Syllabub hath too comical a Sound so it is to be changed into *Pamela*; I own I can't imagine what can be said; for to be sure I shan't confess any of my Secrets to them, and

so I whispered Parson *Williams* about that, who answered me, I need not give my self any Trouble; for the Gentleman, *who writes Lives*, never asked more than a few Names of his Customers, and that he made all the rest out of his own Head; you mistake, Child, said he, if you apprehend any Truths are to be delivered ~~— So far on the contrary~~, if you had not been acquainted with the Name, you would not have known it to be your own History. I have seen a *Piece of his Performance*, where the Person, whose Life was written, could he have risen from the Dead again, would not have even suspected he had been aimed at, unless by the Title of the Book, which was superscribed with his Name. Well, all these Matters are strange to me, and yet I can't help laughing; ~~to think~~ I shall see myself in a printed Book.

So much for Mrs. *Shamela* or *Pamela*, which I have taken Pains to transcribe from the Originals, sent down by her Mother in a Rage, at the Proposal in her last Letter. The Originals themselves are in my hands, and shall be communicated to you, if you think proper to make them publick; and certainly they will have their Use. The Character of *Shamela*, will make

young Gentlemen wary how they take the most fatal Step both to themselves and Families, by youthful, hasty and improper Matches; indeed, they may assure themselves, that all such Prospects of Happiness are vain and delusive, and that they sacrifice all the solid Comforts of their Lives, to a very transient Satisfaction of a Passion, which how hot so ever it be, will be soon cooled; and when cooled, will afford them nothing but Repentance.

Can any thing be more miserable, than to be despised by the whole World, and that must certainly be the Consequence; to be despised by the Person obliged, which it is more than probable will be the Consequence, and of which, we see an Instance in *Shamela*; and lastly to despise one's self, which must be the Result of any Reflection on so weak and unworthy a Choice.

As to the Character of Parson *Williams*, I am sorry it is a true one. Indeed those who do not know him, will hardly believe it so; but what Scandal doth it throw on the Order to have one bad Member, unless they endeavour to screen and protect him? In him you see a Picture of almost every Vice exposed in nauseous and odious Colours; and if a Clergyman would ask me by what Pattern he should form himself,

I would say, Be the reverse of *Williams*: So far therefore he may be of use to the Clergy themselves, and though God forbid there should be many *Williams*'s amongst them, you and I are too honest to pretend, that the Body wants no Reformation.

To say the Truth, I think no greater Instance of the contrary can be given than that which appears in your Letter. The confederating to cry up a nonsensical ridiculous Book, (I believe the most extensively so of any ever yet published,) and to be so weak and so wicked as to pretend to make it a Matter of Religion; whereas so far from having any moral Tendency, the Book is by no means innocent: For,

First, There are many lascivious Images in it, very improper to be laid before the Youth of either Sex.

2dly, Young Gentlemen are here taught, that to marry their Mother's Chambermaids, and to indulge the Passion of Lust, at the Expence of Reason and Common Sense, is an Act of Religion, Virtue and Honour; and, indeed, the surest Road to Happiness.

3rdly, All Chambermaids are strictly enjoined to look out after their Masters; they are taught to use little Arts to that purpose: and

lastly, are countenanced in Impertinence to their Superiors, and in betraying the secrets of Families.

4^{thly}, In the Character of Mrs. *Jewkes* Vice is rewarded; whence every Housekeeper may learn the Usefulness of pimping and bawding for her Master.

5^{thly}, In Parson *Williams*, who is represented as a faultless Character, we see a busy Fellow, intermeddling with the Private Affairs of his Patron, whom he is very ungratefully forward to expose and condemn on every Occasion.

Many more Objections might, if I had Time or Inclination, be made to this Book; but I apprehend, what hath been said is sufficient to persuade you of the use which may arise from publishing an Antidote to this Poison. I have therefore sent you the Copies of these Papers, and if you have Leisure to communicate them to the Press, I will transmit you the Originals, tho' I assure you, the Copies are exact.

I shall only add, that there is not the least Foundation for any thing which is said of Lady *Davers*, or any of the other Ladies; all that is merely to be imputed to the Invention of the Biographer. I have particularly enquired after Lady *Davers*, and don't hear Mr. *Booby* hath

such a Relation, or that there is indeed any such Person existing. I am,

Dear Sir,

Most faithfully and respectfully,

Your humble Servant,

J. OLIVER.

Parson.

Parson TICKLETEXT to Parson OLIVER.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE read over the History of *Shamela*, as it appears in those authentic Copies you favoured me with, and am very much ashamed of the Character, which I was hastily prevailed on to give that Book. I am equally angry with the pert Jade herself, and with the Author of her Life: For I scarce know yet to whom I chiefly owe an Imposition, which hath been so general, that if Numbers could defend me from Shame, I should have no Reason to apprehend it.

As I have your implied leave to publish, what you so kindly sent me, I shall not wait for the Originals, as you assure me the Copies are exact, and as I am really impatient to do what I think a serviceable Act of Justice to the World.

Finding by the End of her last Letter, that the little Hussy was in Town, I made it pretty much my Business to enquire after her, but with no effect hitnēto: As soon as I succeed in this Inquiry, you shall hear what Discoveries I can learn. You will pardon the Shortness of this Letter, as you shall be troubled with a much longer very soon: And believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful Servant,

• • • THO. TICKLETEXT.

P.S. Since I writ, I have a certain Account, that Mr. *Beoby* hath caught his Wife in bed with *Williams*; hath turned her off, and is prosecuting him in the Spiritual Court.

FINIS.

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