

# Henry Fielding, ShameLa

AN  
APOLOGY  
FOR THE  
LIFE  
OF  
Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.

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

*PAMELA,*

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 authentick Papers delivered to the Editor.

Necessary to be had in all FAMILIES.

By Mr. *CONNY KEYBER*.

*LONDON:*

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,*

I have 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

APOLOGY

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<sup>p</sup> 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 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 out-glows 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 prefix'd 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 and  
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  
obtain'd a  
pretty snug Place in the *Custom-house*. Her Mother sold Oranges  
in  
the Play-House; and 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. \_Jervis\_  
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 Bannio, she should like it the better; but  
that  
she will settle herself when she comes to Town.--\_0! 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,

O 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.

\_Jervis\_ 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. \_Jervis\_ 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 \_William\_ 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

cried 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 one; 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  
Rosebud, 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  
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 any thing 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 cross-legged, 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--Odsbobs! 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 a 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

murthered 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 frightened 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  
0  
Pamela, cryed 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, answered 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 JERVIS \_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 my self 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 Poluteness, 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 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

Rev^d. Mr. \_Peters\_ with my Commands, that you are returned 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  
Rev<sup>d</sup>. 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 Sweets, 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 modest 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 scratched 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 Opera's,  
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. Jewkes, 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. Jewkes and all the Servants were frightened 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. Jewkes 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-  
ear'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 my  
self, I  
believe I shall find Wit enough for my Master and you too.

So down goes me 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 would 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, Saucebox, 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  
might 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 the 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--0 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 bawdy. 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 into his Lap.--0 Mamma, I could tell you something if I  
would--and he kissed me--and I said I won't be slobber'd 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 over 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. \_Jewkes\_, 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. \_Jewkes\_ 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. \_Jewkes\_ 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. \_Jewkes\_ 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 several other advantagious 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 my self 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 take 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 Truth? Doth the Resistance you make to my Attempts  
proceed  
from Vartue 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 your self so low. Upon my Soul, I  
am in

earnest, says he,—0 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 great 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 me to 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 know you, Mamma, 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  
been 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 to 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  
\_Atalantis\_. \_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\_l.\_ 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.

\_Parson\_ 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 conscire 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 sowe in your Heart, and which 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 so

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,[1] 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  
extreamly  
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, I acted my Part in such a manner, that  
no  
Bridegroom was ever better Satisfied with his Bride's  
Virginitie. 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 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 our selves, he in a blue Camblet Coat, very richly lac'd, and Breeches of the same; with a Paduafoy Waistcoat, laced with Silver; and I, in one of my Mistress'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, and 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 so 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, and 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 not you 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 Expences 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  
frighted 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 fear'd 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  
this had happened. Speak to me, my Love, I will melt myself  
into Gold  
for thy Pleasure. At last having pretty well tired my self  
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  
than 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 these 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? Doth 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, while 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 Lovers  
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 that 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 that 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 too 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; O 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 satisfie  
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 any thing before the Church. I

do not know what \_Et cetera\_ 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 look'd 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 made him so sick, as to hear a Parcel of  
Scoundrels, roaring forth the Principles of honest Men over  
their

Cups, 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 \_Pollitricks\_, 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 our selves, 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 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 my self 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 as 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 hath 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 any thing 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, yet I can't  
help

laughing, to think I shall see my self 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

Expeuce of  
Reason and Common Sense, is an Act of Religion, Virtue, and  
Honour;  
and, indeed the surest Road to Happiness.

\_3dly\_, All Chambermaids are strictly enjoyned 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.

\_4thly\_, In the Character of Mrs. \_Jewkes\_ Vice is rewarded;  
whence  
every Housekeeper may learn the Usefulness of pimping and  
bawding for  
her Master.

\_5thly\_, 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 \_Davvers\_, 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 \_Davvers\_, and dont 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\_ TICKLETEXT \_to Parson\_ OLIVER.

\_Dear SIR\_,

I Have read over the History of \_Shamela\_, as it appears in those authentick Copies you favour'd 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 hitherto: As soon as I succeed in this Enquiry, 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. \_Booby\_ hath caught his Wife in bed with \_Williams\_; hath turned her off, and is prosecuting him in the spiritual Court.

\_FINIS\_