

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^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 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
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^d. 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--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 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.--O 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