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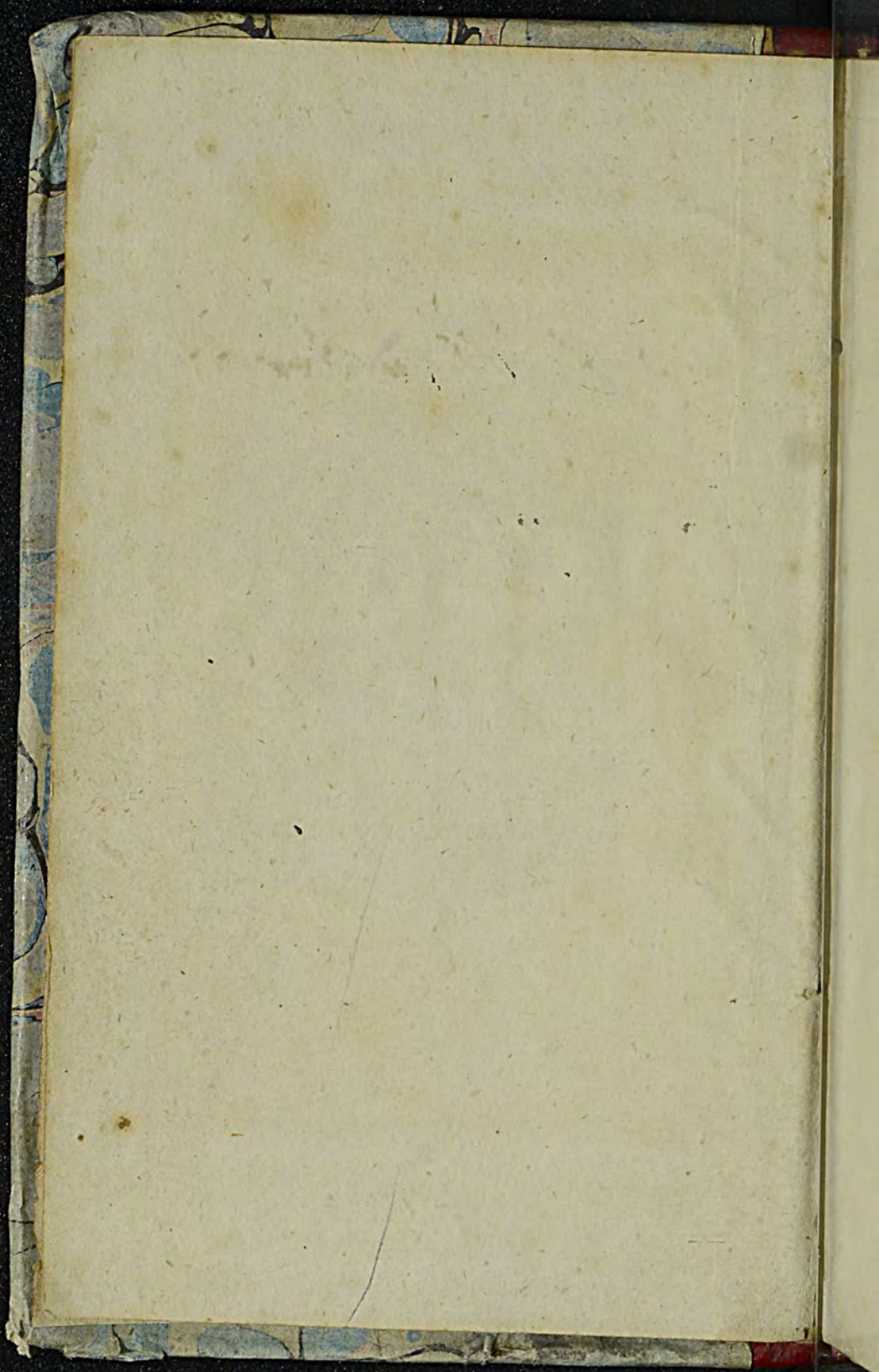
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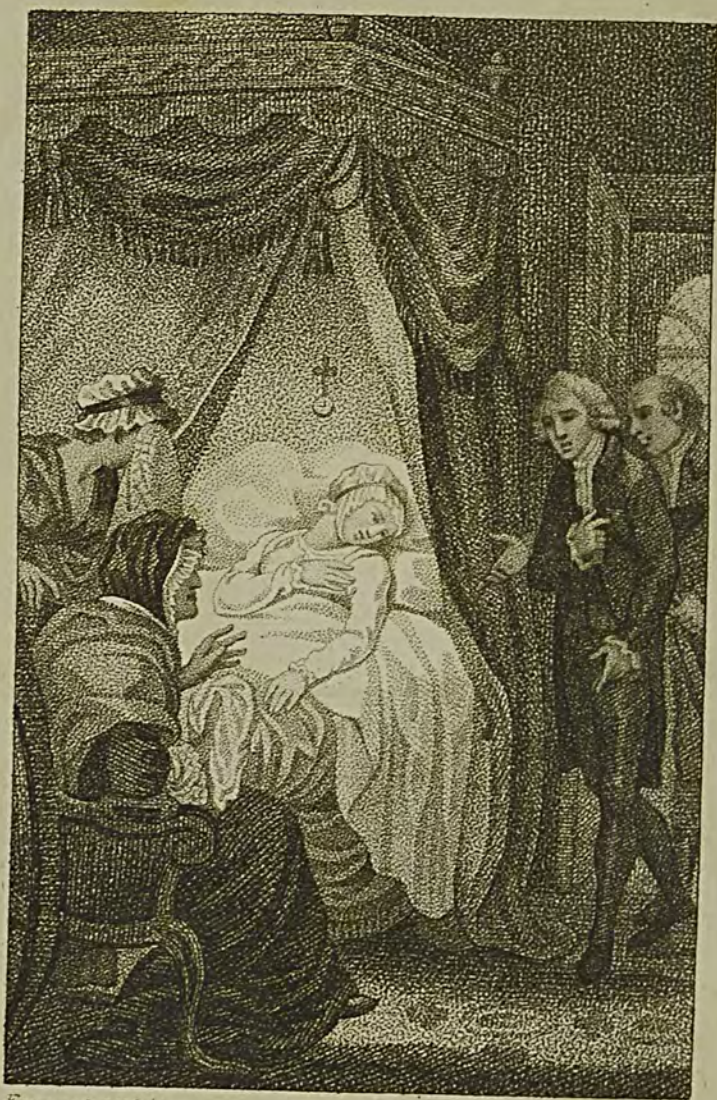
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Dearest Mary



Mary Eliza Fisher
1845

BEAR AND FORBEAR.



Engraved by C. Knight.

*Dr. Meredith entering the sick
room of Julia.*

Page 169.

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BEAR AND FORBEAR;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

JULIA MARCHMONT:

A MORAL TALE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY MISS M. WOODLAND.

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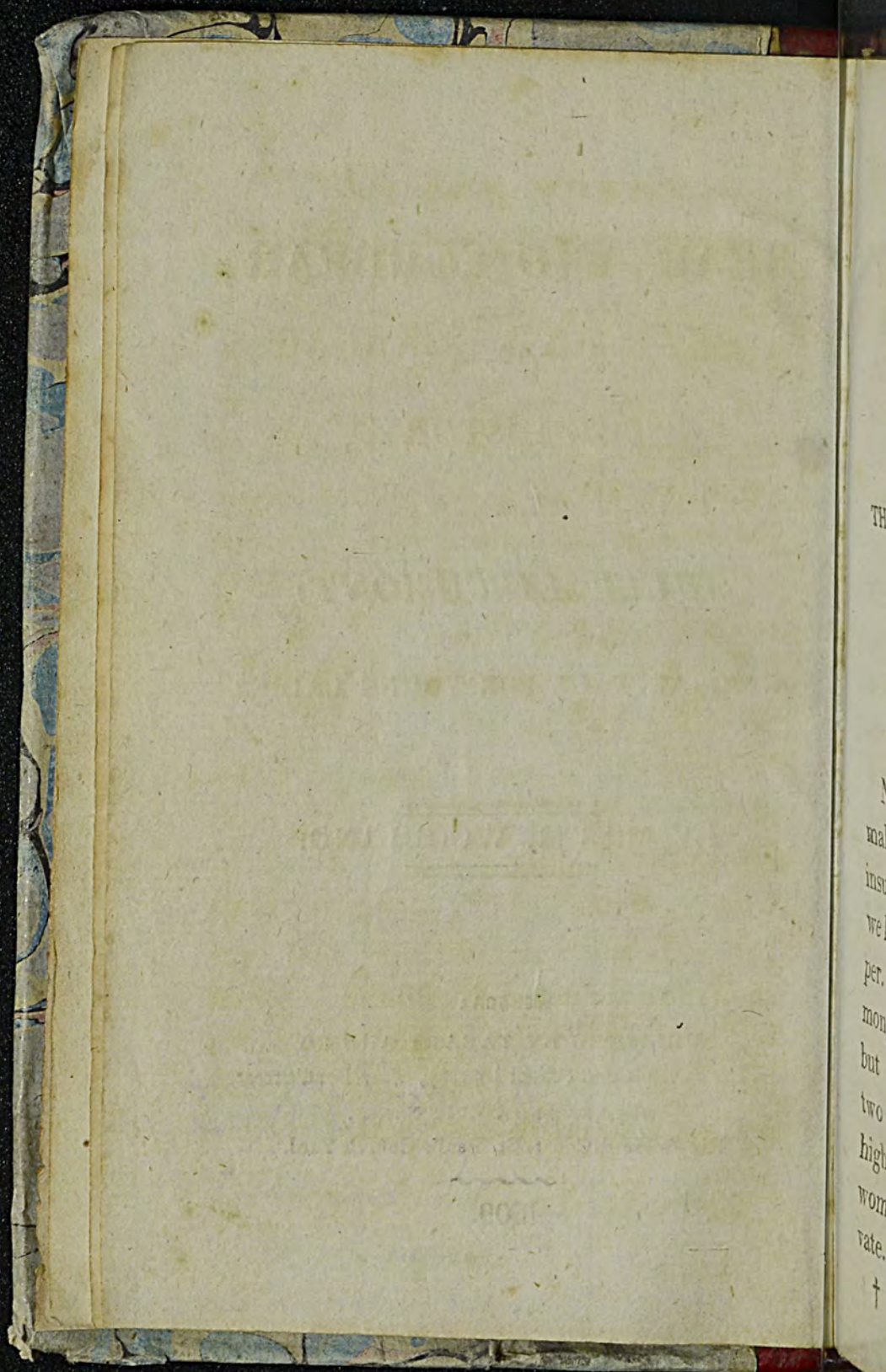
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1809.







# BEAR AND FORBEAR:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF JULIA MARCHMONT.

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## CHAP. I.

NOTHING is more conducive to female happiness, or more certain to insure the affection of those with whom we live, than a yielding forbearing temper. It not only produces that harmony which is so desirable in families, but teaches fortitude and patience; two qualities which cannot be too highly estimated, and which young women cannot too assiduously cultivate.



Julia Marchmont, a young lady of small fortune but excellent sense, and the most amiable disposition, had the happiness to be educated by parents whose minds were enlightened, and whose tender cares had been unremitting. Her heart and reason had been assiduously cultivated, and she had acquired what is most engaging in woman, a yielding temper and a spirit of forbearance, which, being regulated by an excellent understanding, did not degenerate into weakness. Gentleness and forbearance do not necessarily exclude fortitude, or the power of thinking and acting for yourself, in cases of immergency.

When a child, Julia had never been suffered to indulge in obstinacy or fretful humors : without being severe, her parents knew how to make her feel the ill consequences of such in-



dulgence. If she sought, by teasing or crying, to obtain any wish, however reasonable in itself, it was always denied her: if she spoke pettishly or rudely to the servants, she was re-proved, and made to apologize; and if she showed any signs of sulkiness, or resentment, her papa and mamma would not take any notice of her till she had made a proper atonement, and was fully sensible of her error. Yet her vivacity was never damped, nor were her actions subjected to any unnecessary restraint: no little girl could be happier, or more fondly attached to her parents.

A few anecdotes of the childhood of Julia will not, I hope, prove uninteresting, as they will show the good effects of teaching children an early command of their temper, with other excellent qualities, which the judicious



parents instilled into the mind of their child.

I shall likewise soon have occasion to introduce a young lady, to the acquaintance of the reader, whose example I cannot recommend them to follow, though she was the cousin of the amiable Julia; but she had been as ill as Julia had been well brought up, and the necessity of obtaining a self-command and compliancy of temper, when this young lady is known, will the more forcibly be felt.

Julia was nine years of age before her parents thought proper to take her to the theatre, and that they did but seldom. They were fearful that what might hereafter become a rational and delightful source of amusement, if made too common, would lose its novelty and attraction. Julia, like most children, was delighted with the theatre, and



would gladly have gone every night ; but, had her parents foolishly indulged her, she soon would have grown weary. Beside, using her to late hours would not only have been very improper, but would have injured her health ; and Julia, though brought up in London, was a remarkably fine healthy child. She had been well nursed, properly fed, accustomed to rise and go to bed early, and to take sufficient exercise.

It was always to reward some extraordinary exertion of industry, or laudable action, that the judicious parents took their little girl to the play ; and they were careful to choose a piece which, as little as possible, would confuse her young faculties, and lead her imagination astray : a precaution which parents and tutors cannot too strictly observe.



## CHAP. II.

ONE day, when Julia, who was then in her tenth year, had been remarkably good, her kind parents promised to take her on the following evening to the play, with her aunt Egerton, and her little cousin Maude, who had just come from Scotland, where that lady resided, and which guests were expected to dinner that day. Julia had only been once to the theatre: delighted at this unexpected favor, the grateful little girl kissed her parents a hundred times, skipped about the room, wild with joy, and dreamed all night of nothing but the play.

The next morning Julia read her lessons, played her music, and worked



by the side of her mamma, till her aunt and cousin were announced. Mrs. Egerton, the sister of Mr. Marchmont and the widow of a rich Scotch merchant, a woman of a frivolous weak mind, but kind-hearted and generous, indulged Maude, her only child, who was a little older than Julia, in every whim and caprice; so that she could not bear contradiction, and, consequently, was fretful and impatient. Her mother had pampered her with every pernicious indulgence, of indolence and appetite; so that Maude was a sickly weak child, while her cousin Julia was strong and healthy.

Mrs. Egerton, who preferred Edinburgh to London, only came for a few weeks, on business; but she had hired a ready-furnished house, for she loved ostentation, and brought several of her servants with her. It must be owned,



nor will the reader feel much surprise, that Mr. Marchmont and his wife were not sorry that a spoiled child, like Maude, should have little intercourse with their Julia. They knew that bad habits, when children frequently associate, are catching, however watchful the anxious parent may be to prevent the mischief. Beside Maude, who was a rich heiress, was accustomed to extravagance, and a love of finery; of which neither the good sense nor the limited fortune of Julia's parents could allow.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont accustomed their daughter to simplicity and economy in her dress: the mother of Julia taught her to be neat and tasty, but not fine. She was not loaded with ornaments, and decked out in beads, flowers, silk slips, and embroidered gauze frocks, like her cousin; but



her dress was much neater, [and more becoming to her age. Julia had not, like Maude, expensive toys to lose, or destroy; but her parents gave her pretty instructive books to read, drawings to copy, and sonatas to play on an excellent harp; with masters to make her intelligent, and accomplished; while the education of her cousin was utterly neglected; and Julia would not have exchanged these precious advantages for all the toys and trinkets in the world! Her cousin, on the contrary, humored in every whim, was always wishing for what she could not get, and never satisfied with what she had. When Maude had teased her weak mother into buying her any expensive toy, or trinket, the next hour she would break or give it away; because she was tired, and out



of temper with it. Such are the effects of improper indulgence.

Julia, who had seen her cousin but once, had little pleasure in the society of Maude; because, as I before said, that young lady was fretful, impatient, and would have her own way in every thing, however disagreeable it might be to her companion. Yet Julia, kind and complying to every body, and taught to give up her own gratification when it was necessary, was no less so to her cousin; who came in no very good humor, loaded with all the finery money could purchase, and ill taste collect. The plain dress of Julia was by no means agreeable to Maude, and she did not scruple to tell her so.

“Lord, cousin,” said that young lady, rudely surveying Julia, “why you are not fit to be seen. I wonder



your mamma don't let you wear fine necklaces, silk slips, flowers, and gauze frocks, like me?"

"Because her mamma does not think that fine necklaces, silk slips, flowers, and gauze frocks, make little girls either better or happier," answered Mrs. Marchmont; who, though engaged in conversation with her sister-in-law, overheard the rude speech of Maude. "Beside," continued that lady, "Julia is not rich; she must be content with simplicity."

"What, a'n't you rich, cousin?" asked Maude, turning to Julia. "Have not you fine clothes, and gold chains, and beads, and locket?"

"No," replied Julia, cheerfully; "I do not wish for such things: I never have been accustomed to them."

"Then I won't play with you, Miss," replied Maude, peevishly.



"My dear Maude," said Mrs. Eger-ton, ashamed of her daughter's rudeness, "Julia is your cousin."

"But I don't like little girls that are not finely dressed, and I won't play with her."

"Nay, my dear, she is your cousin, and you must love her whether she be finely dressed or not."

"But I won't love her, mamma," continued Maude, stamping with passion; "and I won't go to the play with her, to-night."

"Indeed, love, but you must; she is a sweet little girl, and I am sure your aunt will not go without her."

"Then I will go home, and won't go to the play at all; and I will break all my playthings," said the naughty child, stamping and sobbing with violence.

Mrs. Marchmont was shocked, and



could scarcely refrain from begging that Maude might be sent home immediately. Julia looked at her cousin in mute astonishment, while the weak mother, instead of correcting, pitied and bribed the naughty girl to be quiet.

“Pray Maude, my dear child, be pacified,” said Mrs. Egerton; “you will make yourself ill! You cannot think, dear sister,” continued that lady, addressing Mrs. Marchmont, “what delicate health the poor child has; the least thing agitates her, as you may see. Come, Maude, be a good child, and to-morrow you shall have the wax doll, which you wanted as we came. To be sure, three guineas is a great price; but, if it were ten, as such a trifling sum would be no object to me, you should not be balked; so be a good girl, and go to the play with your cousin.”



“ Buy it now, mamma, and I will go.”

“ But to-morrow will do as well, my dear ; you see that I am engaged with your aunt.”

“ I will have it now, or not at all ; and if you will not order the carriage and go with me to the shop to buy it, mamma, I shall cry and fret till I am ill, and then you cannot go to the play, and you will be obliged to send for the doctor, as you were the other day.”

“ Well, love, you know I can refuse you nothing : go and put on your hat and tippet. Sister, you will have the goodness to excuse me for half an hour, and let Julia go with us, that she may choose a wax doll, like that I intend to give Maude. I am sure she deserves one, she is such a good and kind little girl.”



"She is a good girl," returned Mrs. Marchmont, affectionately kissing Julia, "and I am much obliged to you for your kind intention; but I neither give, nor suffer her to receive, expensive toys, or wax dolls, that cost three guineas, to break and grow tired of in a day, or a week at the furthest: neither do I like Julia to go to toy-shops without me; you will therefore, I am sure, excuse her going. If you will bring her a little book of tales, or fables, I have no objection to her taking it; and she will be perfectly contented."

"Oh, yes," said Julia, skipping; "I am so fond of reading pretty stories, and fables! To be sure I should like a wax doll, very much; but my mamma knows best what is good and proper for me."

Mrs. Egerton rang for her carriage,



and went with Maude to buy the three guinea wax doll. While they were gone, Mrs. Marchmont, who was grieved at the weakness of her sister-in-law, and no less shocked at the behaviour of her niece, praised the cheerfulness with which Julia had submitted to her decision. The tender mother had little difficulty in convincing her child that a three guinea wax doll, which might be broken in a day, would not make her more happy than the half crown wooden doll, which her mamma had bought her, and which she had dressed herself.

In about an hour, Mrs. Egerton and Maude returned; and the latter triumphantly displayed her three guinea doll.

“What a beauty!” exclaimed Julia, with a secret regret that her mother had objected to her having one



like it; "it's just like a baby! What sweet blue eyes, and rosy cheeks! What a curly head! Dear, dear, how pretty it is!"

"I knew that Julia, when she saw it, would long for a wax doll," said Mrs. Egerton, taking out a smaller but very pretty wax baby, dressed all in white, from a parcel;" so I hope, my dear sister, you will forgive me for having in part disobeyed your injunctions, and brought my niece a small wax doll: it only cost a guinea and a half. I have likewise brought her Esop's Fables, with finely colored prints, as she said she was fond of reading. Here, my dear, take your doll and book."

Mrs. Marchmont was distressed, and vexed: to give children wax dolls, at a guinea and half price, was in her opinion not only a wanton waste



of money, but great folly. Yet she could not, without offending her sister-in-law, whose intentions were really kind, refuse to let Julia take the doll. Beside, Julia had behaved so well, and was so reasonable and good, in her general conduct, that she was unwilling to inflict pain on her: she therefore, when Julia asked if she might take the doll, turned to Mrs. Egerton, and said:

“ My dear sister, I am truly sensible of your kindness; though, I own, I am averse to letting Julia have such an expensive doll. However, as this will be the first, and certainly the last she will receive, and as she is so good a girl, I cannot refuse to gratify both her and you; but, under this condition, my dear sister, that you will never again buy Julia any expensive toys, as I shall be obliged, however



painful to my feelings, to refuse to let her take them. Julia, my love, I am sure you will show your aunt how great a value you set upon her kind presents, by taking the greatest care of them; and you will let me keep your doll, till you are older, and can play with it safely."

"Oh, yes, that I will, dear mamma," replied the happy little girl; "and I will read in this pretty book every day, to you, and papa."

Julia, who had the happy disposition of being satisfied with whatever was given to her, preferred her own little wax doll to the large one of her cousin.

Maude, who, for the first hour she had a new plaything, was always in good humor, forgetting that Julia had not fine clothes, and was not as rich as she was, proposed to go and play



in the yard; to which Julia, putting her book carefully by, gladly consented. Maude, though her aunt and mamma advised her to leave her three guinea doll in the parlour, for fear it should come to mischief in their play, would not take their advice, but carried her wax baby in her arms. Julia cast a longing glance at her doll, but she was too reasonable and obedient to wish to do any thing contrary to her mother's better judgment.

At the end of the yard, there was a small alcove, with a play-room, to the door of which a swing was safely fixed, as Julia was remarkably fond of that exercise. Maude, notwithstanding the warning of her younger but more prudent companion, fastened her wax baby in the swing with her handkerchief, and swung with might and main: the knot loosened, the doll



fell, as the swing was going high, with violence on the ground, and its beautiful face was broken to pieces.

Nothing could exceed the ungoverned passion of Maude, when she saw her doll was broken: she tore off the clothes, broke the waxen arms and legs, cried, stamped, and ran into the house like a mad girl. Julia followed in consternation.

“Mamma was very right,” thought the good little girl, “to object to my having such expensive dolls. What a pity to give three guineas and a half for a doll that may be broken the next hour!”

When Maude came roaring into the room, and was asked by her mother what was the matter:

“Why, my beautiful wax doll is broken!” said she, sobbing passionately.



"Your doll broken? Then there is three guineas gone! The loss to be sure is trifling; but how came you to break it, love?" asked Mrs. Eger-ton.

"Why, Julia took me to the swing, and I swung the doll till it fell out, and broke; so I must have the other wax baby," said Maude; going and taking up Julia's doll from the table.

"Fie, Maude!" remonstrated the weak mother; "you must not take your cousin's doll; if you have broken your own, nobody is to blame but yourself: you were cautioned to leave it here."

"I am sure I ought to have the doll, because it was all through her," continued the naughty Maude, pointing rudely to her cousin, "that mine was broken. Why did she take me to the swing?"



“Indeed, Maude, it was nobody’s fault but your own,” replied Mrs. Egerton, “and you must not have Julia’s doll; so give it your cousin.”

“If I must not have it, then, I am sure *she* shall not. Why should she have a wax doll, when I have none?”

So speaking, the spoiled girl, in a fit of passion, dashed Julia’s doll upon the ground, and broke the face to pieces. Julia was almost ready to cry, but she had sufficient self-command to repress her feelings, and she was too mild to feel resentment. Mrs. Marchmont, who had partly foreseen the catastrophe, had remained totally passive. She considered the future happiness more than the present gratification of her little girl, and was not sorry that she should meet with a lesson, which would deter her from again wishing for toys so expensive, and so



easily destroyed. That lady, however, could not help expressing how much she was shocked at the ill-behaviour of her niece, and advising the mother of Maude not to indulge her in whims and passionate tempers, which might bring misery on that young lady for life. Mrs. Egerton, however, was a weak woman: she excused her daughter's violence, by pleading the delicate state of her health; but she offered to buy Julia another wax doll: this, however, the judicious mother resolutely declined; and Julia herself had no longer any desire to have a doll that cost so much, and which might so easily be broken.

Maude continued out of humor till dinner time, when the hope of having nice dainties made her a little less fractious, and she was somewhat held in restraint by the presence of her



uncle, who had been engaged in his study till then. That gentleman's manner, though perfectly mild, was such as to keep unruly children a little within bounds. The pampered Maude, however, was disappointed in her expectation of such dainties as her foolish mother had accustomed her to. The dinner was good, but plain: there were no high-seasoned fricassees, ragouts, or soups; no hot India preserves, or luscious sweetmeats, and pastry. A good joint of meat, a couple of fowls, plenty of vegetables, a pudding, with nuts and apples after the cloth was removed, were considered by Mrs. Marchmont as quite sufficient. But Maude, who was accustomed to be pampered with dainties and high-seasoned food, very unfit for children, found nothing to her taste, and asked for so many



things, which were entirely improper for her, that Mr. Marchmont plainly told his sister she would utterly ruin both the temper and the health of her child, if she continued her pernicious indulgence.

Mrs. Egerton thanked her brother for his concern, but said:

“That the child had been sickly from her cradle; that, in her delicate state of health, it would be cruel to contradict her; and that she could not be so severe, to her only child. As she grew older, she would gain strength, and then it would be time enough to torment her.”

It was in vain to reason with so weak a mother. Mr. Marchmont sighed, and dropped the subject.

Julia, brought up to like whatever her parents thought was proper for



her, eat her dinner with appetite, and was as cheerful and patient as her cousin was fretful and perverse.

Maude, when her mamma had taken her to buy the three guinea wax doll, had persuaded that lady to go into a confectioner's shop, where she had overloaded her stomach with cakes and sweetmeats, though it was only four days since she had made herself ill, in consequence of a similar indulgence. At dinner, though she had no appetite and was discontented with every thing, the greedy habit of eating, whether she were hungry or not, was so strong that she could not refrain. Beside being indulged in eating high-seasoned and improper food, she was suffered to drink heavy porter and ale, very injurious to a weak stomach, and was allowed a full glass of Madeira or Port wine, after dinner. Julia



drank nothing but water, except now and then her parents gave her a little wine, or beer, as a treat; that she might not, by an excess of precaution, be made to wish for things which were unfit for her, and which, if she were never suffered to taste them in moderation, she might procure by clandestine and improper means.

Mr. Marchmont happened to have some fine Burton ale, which had been sent him from the country, but of which himself and his wife seldom drank, as they were no friends to strong fermented liquors. Mrs. Egerton, who was far less careful of her health, and was fond of every thing that flattered the palate, drank ale constantly, and it was brought on table in compliment to her.

Maude, notwithstanding the friendly and prudent remonstrances of her more



judicious aunt and uncle, was suffered to drink half a tumbler of this strong liquor, beside wine and porter. The consequence was that, instead of being able to go to the play, she was so ill that Mrs. Egerton was obliged to take her immediately home, deprive herself of her intended evening's amusement, and send for the doctor. Such are the consequences of weak indulgence!

When Mrs. Egerton and Maude were gone, Julia's parents tenderly kissing their little girl, and exhorting her always to be docile and reasonable, took her to the play; where she spent a happy evening, satisfied with herself, and grateful to her tender parents; while her cousin, suffering the consequences of her intemperance and wilful humors obliged to go to bed and take



physic, was making herself and every body around her uncomfortable.

Before we take leave of this young lady, and her weak mother, we must inform the reader that Maude fell a victim to improper indulgence, and that she died three months afterward, before she was eleven years old, of the measles; which are very dangerous to children grossly fed. Mrs. Egerton, whose health was by no means good, and whose happiness was centered in this only child, did not long survive her. Her own fortune, which was very small, she bequeathed to Julia; but the large property of her husband, which was left conditionally on the decease of herself and child, returned to that gentleman's family.



## CHAP. III.

JULIA, though she was, generally speaking, an excellent little girl, at moments forgot herself, and did wrong; but her integrity in always telling the truth, however disadvantageous to herself, and the sincere contrition she expressed, made her little faults be readily forgiven; while these qualities endeared her to her tender parents, and all who knew her. The following anecdote will give the reader an idea of Julia's veracity, and show the good effects of children being determinately sincere and open.

Mr. Marchmont, though he was a private gentleman, possessed a great portion of general knowledge: he studied chemistry, and the mathematics,

*truth*



among other sciences, and his study was filled with various valuable instruments, chemical and mathematical; he had an air-pump, an electric machine, and other curious things. Julia, though she was ten years of age, had been forbidden to go into her papa's study, when he was not there; and she, for some time, had carefully observed her father's orders.

One morning, however, Mr. Marchmont was obliged to go out, on business, with his wife. He had just before received a table clock, curious for its beautiful workmanship and mechanism, which had been sent him, by a friend, from abroad. Julia had not seen the clock, as she had been out of the way when it came; but she had heard her parents speak of it, as they were going out. Mr. Marchmont promised to show it Julia, on his re-



turn; but his mind was so intent on other things, that he did not think of cautioning her not to go into the study; and, as Julia had hitherto been so observant of her father's injunctions, he did not even take the precaution to close the door after him.

When her parents were gone, Julia felt a strong desire not to wait till their return, but to go and look at the clock: she long resisted, but at length she said to herself,

“There can be no harm in looking through the keyhole of the study door.”

Julia then went up stairs; she found the fatal door ajar: the beautiful clock stood right in view, upon her father's library table; the temptation could not be resisted. She forgot her father's repeated injunctions, pushed open the door, and went into the study, pro-



missing herself to touch nothing: but the clock was so beautiful! she wished so much to examine it nearer! It could not hurt it to take it in her hand for a moment: thus Julia, hurried away by her inclinations, falsely reasoned. She accordingly took up the clock, admired, and for some minutes held it perfectly steady. But, as she was going to put it again on the table, a loud postman's rap at the door startled her so much that her hold gave way, and the clock fell out of her hands upon the floor! The glass was broken, and the pendulum stopped.

Julia stood unable to move from the spot; but she picked up the clock, though she trembled violently. She could not cry: the shock was as great as it was unexpected. "How could she look her dear parents in the face,



after having first disobeyed their repeated commands, and done perhaps irreparable injury to a clock that her father valued, not only for its curious workmanship, but because it had been sent him by a dear friend? What would her father, who that very morning had kissed her and called her his good little girl, say to her disobedience? He had kindly promised to show her the clock, on his return: what excuse could she allege for her fault? none! It was unpardonable!"

While Julia was standing in mute sorrow, self indignant, and truly penitent, Hetty, her mamma's maid, came into the room, with a letter the postman had brought for Mr. Marchmont. At the sight of Hetty, who was a kind-hearted good-tempered young woman, and very fond of Julia, the afflicted little girl burst into a flood of tears.



“What has happened, Miss Julia?” said Hetty, in a compassionate tone of voice. “I hope you have not met with any accident?”

“Oh, Hetty, I have been so naughty! I have let papa’s beautiful table clock fall, and it is broken: what shall I do?”

“Dear dear,” said Hetty, examining the clock, and picking up the glass, “what a pity! I fear it is quite spoiled! and I dare say it cost a power of money! What will my master and mistress say? How sorry I am for you, Miss!

“I have disobeyed my papa,” continued Julia, sobbing: he has repeatedly desired me never to go into the study, when he was out. How naughty I was, to forget myself so much! He promised too to show me the clock, himself, when he returned! Oh, I wish the door had not been left ajar! I only



meant to look through the keyhole! I dare say mamma and papa will soon be back; how can I look them in the face!"

"I am very sorry for you, Miss, indeed," said Hetty; "and I will think what can be done. You say the door was left open?"

"Yes; that is, ajar: I looked in, and, seeing the clock was so beautiful, I quite forgot what papa so often has told me."

"My dear Miss Julia," continued the maid, "I am not used to tell fibs; it is what I do not like; but I cannot bear that you should be punished, when you are so sorry for having done wrong, because you are so sweet-tempered and good in general, Miss. I cannot say but it goes against my conscience, but I will nevertheless tell my master it was his large dog, Jolter,



that went in and did the mischief. Jolter luckily is down stairs: at worst he will only be kept chained in the yard, till my master's anger is over, and you will not be the least blamed."

Hetty did not wish to teach lying and deceit to her young lady, or to fail in the fidelity she owed her employers, though, when she proposed to screen Julia at the expence of sincerity and truth, she was guilty of both those faults. She would not have told a falsehood to screen herself; but she was not acquainted with the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont educated their daughter, which it must be owned was very different from that of parents in general. She had only been a short time in the house: in her last place, she had seen children at one moment improperly indulged, and



at another severely corrected for trifling faults. The good will which this girl, in common with all who knew her, bore the gentle obliging little Julia, made Hetty fear her young lady should incur a severe punishment. She therefore, out of mistaken kindness, would have induced Julia to commit a fault infinitely greater than that she had already committed. Such pity is as pernicious as it is mistaken.

Julia was in no fear of severe correction; but she dreaded the disgrace of having been careless and disobedient; which, to a child well brought up, is even more dreadful; yet she was too good a girl a moment to listen to such a proposal. What! Add falsehood and hypocrisy to disobedience? Con-  
nive with servants to deceive her excellent parents? No! Much as she dreaded their just displeasure, she



would rather suffer any disgrace. As for beating, it was no part of Mr. Marchmont's system of education; and indeed the extreme mildness of Julia's disposition would in any case have rendered it quite unnecessary. Yes, she would bear any thing rather than be guilty of ingratitude and deceit.

"Thank you, Hetty," answered Julia, trying to calm herself; "it is very kind of you to be sorry for me; but I would not join in telling a falsehood for the world! Papa and mamma would break their hearts, if I could be so wicked and ungrateful as to deceive them. Beside, Hetty, I should be a very bad girl to let Jolter be punished for my fault, and wish you to tell a falsehood, which you know is being very naughty, to screen myself. I must tell the truth; Jolter shall not be chained up, when it was I who



did the mischief. I have been very very naughty, but I will not be so naughty as that!"

Hetty, who had an honest good heart, and who was less ignorant than persons in her situation, felt that she had done very wrong, in attempting to persuade her young lady to join in a falsehood; she was so much moved, by the proper and generous refusal of Julia, that she could only beg her to be consoled, and left the room crying.

Julia, though her agitation and sorrow were great, felt somewhat consoled and reconciled to herself, after she had nobly withstood the tempting offer, made by the kind-hearted but misjudging Hetty. Yet, how cruel was the suffering her disobedience had brought on her! What were her feelings, during the two long hours her



parents were absent! How she trembled, when she heard their knock! She made an effort, however, and resolved instantly to go down, own the truth, and express the contrition she felt. The longer she should delay the confession, the more terrible the task would be. She hurried down stairs, trembling violently, and met her parents at the parlour door. Her eyes were swelled, and red with crying, and her cheeks were as pale as death: she was really an object of compassion.

“Julia, my love, what is the matter?” said the anxious parents, with tender alarm: “are you ill?”

Julia could only answer by a flood of tears; her sobs prevented her from speaking.

“Has any accident happened in our absence? Have you met with any



misfortune?" asked Mrs. Marchmont: "do not cry so, but let us hear what it is. We know you are a very good and careful little girl, in general, and accidents may happen to the most careful persons."

"Mamma," sobbed out the penitent Julia, "I am not worthy of your kindness; I have been a very naughty girl! I have disobeyed my papa, and you! I longed to see the clock, papa promised to show me, and I thought there could be no harm in looking through the keyhole; I went to the study door, it was left ajar, I forgot papa's orders, and—"

Poor Julia could not proceed—her sobs almost choaked her.

"Pacify yourself, Julia," said Mr. Marchmont, mildly, "you have, it seems, greatly forgotten yourself, and I fear, by this extreme sorrow, that



you have done some serious mischief: but your honesty, in telling the truth, and the contrition you express, are praise-worthy, and shall be remembered. Come with me to the study, and show us what it is you have done."

Julia, who always wished to obey her dear parents, endeavoured to calm herself, and followed them to the study, with downcast eyes and a trembling step: but, when they entered the room, and she saw the eye of her father directed toward the clock, her sobs and tears, in her despite, again were violent.

"Good God!" said Mr. Marchmont, who went up and examined the table clock; "I was afraid it was something of serious consequence, that made the child so terribly agitated: the clock, that I value so much, is perhaps totally spoiled."



"How did it happen, Julia?" asked Mrs. Marchmont, wiping the eyes of her little girl. "I know you will speak the truth. Tell us how you broke the clock."

"Why, mamma, I took it into my hands, to look at it near; I thought it was quite safe, and I held it fast; but the postman gave a loud rap, just as I was going to put it again on the table; I was startled, and let the clock fall. Oh, how sorry I am!" continued Julia, again bursting into tears. "You and my papa cannot forgive me, for being so naughty and careless, I am sure!"

"Oh Miss, but I dare say your parents will forgive you, when they know all," said Hetty, who had hastened up stairs, generously determined to make the excellent conduct



of her young lady known, that she might be the more readily forgiven. "Sir," continued the kind-hearted girl, "though Miss Julia forgot your orders, and let the clock fall, she is the best and most dutiful young lady in the world. I was afraid that my young lady would be severely corrected, as I have seen the children of my late master and mistress, for breaking things of much less value, and I would have laid the fault on Jolter; but Miss Julia would not hear of it: she would rather incur any punishment than join in telling a falsehood, and deceive you and my mistress, Sir. Pray Madam, pray Sir, do forgive Miss Julia! I ask your pardon, for having wished to make her join in a falsehood. I feel I did very wrong; but I love Miss Julia so dearly! And I was so afraid



that she would be severely punished! I hope you will have the goodness not to turn me away!"

The tender parents, infinitely more delighted, at this proof of their daughter's affection and rectitude of heart, than grieved at the mischief she had done, caught the weeping Julia in their arms, and tenderly caressed her.

"My dear little girl," said Mr. Marchmont, "always act with this praise-worthy fortitude, and virtuous adherence to truth, and you can never lose the tender affection we bear you. The spoiling perhaps of a clock, worth twenty guineas, which I beside valued for the ingenuity of its workmanship, and the sake of the friend who sent it me, is certainly a vexatious circumstance: I hope and trust it will teach you in future to restrain your incli-



nation, whenever it shall interfere with the obedience you owe to your parents, and persons more experienced than yourself. You were very wrong, first to go into the study, and then to meddle with the clock: you have often heard me say clocks and such things ought not to be handled, except by persons who know what they are about, and who have a right to touch them. It was no less careless in me not to lock the study door; I trusted too implicitly to your prudence: both you and I, my dear, in future, must think of consequences before we act. In any case, whatever fault or damage you may commit, never, my dear little girl, depart from that courageous rectitude, which will make you a good and happy woman! Never lose that self-esteem, which would console you



under the severest punishment! Always speak the truth, and you will always be loved and respected."

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont then spoke kindly but seriously to Hetty, and warned her of the destructive consequences, not to say the wickedness, of teaching children to tell falsehoods, and deceive their parents. They likewise added, it was only in consideration of her ignorance of the mischief she was doing, and the enormity of which she was guilty, that induced them to let her stay, after so culpable a breach of the fidelity she owed her employers.

"Never," said Mr. Marchmont, "could I forgive a second fault of this nature, or suffer a servant, who should again attempt to teach my child to deceive her parents to remain in the house. I believe you to be an honest



good girl, and am greatly pleased with your coming forward, in this open manner, to atone for the grave fault you had committed. Now that you are made fully sensible of the wickedness of such conduct, I am well assured you are too good ever again to fall into the same error. I never use severe measures with my child; I think them equally injudicious and unnecessary; but, if I were even a severe father, nothing could excuse the vice of persons, in my service, who should teach my child to be false, and artful. But you have given proof of a good heart. You must give me your promise to observe our orders. I think you now understand your duty, and have no doubt that you will continue, and do well, in our service. And you, Julia," continued the worthy gentleman, turning to his daughter, "if ever



any person should advise you to tell, or join in, a falsehood, you must immediately acquaint me, and your mamma, or we shall no longer place that confidence we now have in you, or love you so tenderly."

Hetty, convinced that she had been infinitely more to blame than she herself had supposed, and grateful for the kindness she received, made the promise required of her. As she was truly attached to her employers, and honest of heart, she kept that promise, and lived many years in Mr. Marchmont's family, which she only quitted to marry a worthy shopkeeper, with whom she lived happy and respected.



## CHAP. IV.

AMONG other excellent qualities, which Mr. Marchmont and his amiable wife instilled into their daughter's mind, was that of patiently and courageously suffering pain. Whenever she hurt herself, they were eager to give her immediate relief; but they did not weaken her mind, by bestowing false pity, and permitting her to whine and cry, as some children do, making themselves and every body else uncomfortable. They encouraged Julia to bear pain with fortitude, by judicious praise; and inspired her with emulation, by reciting examples of juvenile courage.

Before I conclude the incidents of Julia's childhood, I must solicit the reader to listen to one more anecdote.

Julia was very active, and indus-



trious; her mother, while she had instructed her in those accomplishments which make young women agreeable in society, had taught her to be a good housewife; which is always useful, and often absolutely necessary to a young person, in whatever situation of life she may be placed. When Julia was twelve years of age, she could see that every thing was neat, and properly arranged, in the apartments; and often, for exercise, would help to make the beds, and rub the mahogany furniture, herself. She had no false pride; she thought it no disgrace to make herself acquainted with household affairs, and to learn to do every thing that the mistress of a family should understand.

One morning, as Julia, who might be between twelve and thirteen years of age, was putting her room to rights,



she ran a small needle into her hand, in rubbing down the green baize, which covered her work-table. It was run too far in for any person, except a surgeon, to extract it. When the accident happened, the pain was great, and drew at first an exclamation from Julia; but she neither screamed nor cried: she went to her father and mother, and, begging them not to be alarmed, told them calmly what had happened, blaming her own carelessness, in having left a needle in the baize. They praised the courage with which Julia bore the pain, and resolved immediately to take her to Mr. Rainston, the family surgeon, a man of acknowledged skill in his profession, and no less celebrated for his active benevolence and humanity, than for the soundness of his understanding.



Though the tender parents (the mother in particular) were alarmed, they had sufficient command over their feelings not to betray their anxious fears to their daughter, or set her an example of cowardice. Julia continued calm and cheerful.

When they reached the house of Mr. Rainston, that gentleman was not at home, but he was expected back very shortly. Mr. Rainston's house was at some distance from their own; Mr. Marchmont therefore thought it best to wait. It was however full three quarters of an hour before Mr. Rainston returned. Julia was in great pain, but she bore it with fortitude, and diverted her thoughts by conversing cheerfully with her excellent parents.

Mr. Rainston at length came home, and, being told that Mr. Marchmont, with his wife and daughter, had been



waiting for him, hastened to give them a cordial welcome. When he examined Julia's hand, he said it would be necessary to cut that side open into which the needle had run, for it had penetrated too deep to be extracted any other way.

"The operation will be painful, my dear Miss Julia," said the friendly surgeon; "but from what I know of my friend's system of education, and what I have observed of you, my good young lady, I shall be much surprised if you do not bear it with fortitude."

"Oh, there is no fear of Julia's behaving ill," said Mr. Marchmont, tenderly kissing his daughter. "I can safely affirm that you will not find her a troublesome patient; so, my dear Sir, you may begin the operation as soon as you please."



"Well, Miss Julia, speak," continued Mr. Rainston jocosely, "are you willing to put yourself into the hands of such a merciless fellow as myself? Do not my very looks inspire you with terror?"

"No, Sir," replied Julia calmly; "I know you will not put me to unnecessary pain, and that which is unavoidable I must bear with constancy."

"You are a brave girl," answered Mr. Rainston, "and I love your resolution; so we will now begin the operation."

Mr. Rainston then took out his case of surgical instruments, the sight alone of which would have frightened a young girl, who had been indulged in habits of mental and bodily cowardice. Julia, however, who had received a very different education, con-



tinued firm, and betrayed no symptoms of fear. She held her hand steadily, without assistance, while the painful operation was performed, and did not once shrink. Her parents, who inwardly felt more perhaps than their Julia, bestowed just praise and the most tender caresses on their daughter; and, when the operation was over, Mr. Rainston exclaimed, in a tone of admiration :

“ Miss Julia, I am not a man to pay compliments and make young ladies vain; but, I must say, you are a noble girl! You have even exceeded my hopes! I would sooner have to perform the most difficult operation for a young lady, like yourself, than even the most simple for the generality of misses, ay, and of *masters*, too, who will faint at the sight of a lancet, and by their contemptible cow-



ardice often endanger their own lives and our reputation. They shall be told of Miss Julia's fortitude and good sense, that, if possible, they may be shamed out of their cowardice."

How delighted were the tender parents, to hear the just praise bestowed on their beloved child, by a man of acknowledged talents, whose understanding was of the first order, and who was universally admired and esteemed! Julia herself, it must be owned, felt highly gratified; and the strong censure and irony, with which Mr. Rainston treated cowardice, made her still more forcibly estimate the true value of fortitude. Her hand soon healed, and she took care in future to examine her table, before she put her work by, that needles might not be left, to run into her own or other people's hands.



## CHAP. V.

JULIA had now attained her eighteenth year: her person, though not beautiful, was strikingly attractive; her countenance was sweet; her fine blue eyes were expressive, and her manners truly engaging. She played in a superior style, on the harp, sung with taste and feeling, but without affectation, and drew admirably well. In short, she was acknowledged to be a very accomplished young lady. To a disposition uncommonly sweet, she joined great vivacity, and a sound understanding: her heart was fitted to taste the pure delights of friendship, affection, and benevolence, but she was neither romantic nor ostentatious; a charming candor and simplicity



pervaded every word and action, and her disposition was truly affectionate.

Such was Julia at eighteen, owing to the tender cares and excellent management of her judicious parents. In her dress, she was remarked for her elegant simplicity: no young lady had a more delicate sense of propriety and true taste; yet dress, with Julia, was but a secondary object. The cultivation of her mind, and the most scrupulous discharge of her filial and social duties, were the objects nearest to her heart.

A young lady so accomplished, and prepossessing in her appearance, could not but gain general admiration; and, when known, she was certain of being beloved. She was so unassuming, so ready to oblige, so attentive to the feelings of others, that even the ill-natured and envious could not resist the fasci-



nation of her manners and the excellence of her disposition. She was the pride and delight of her happy parents, who, had they only consulted their own gratification, would have wished never to have parted with her; but they knew that, if called upon, she had social duties to perform, which she owed both to society and her own happiness. She was formed to be an excellent wife and mother: her heart was feelingly alive to the social affections, and, when a worthy candidate to her love should offer himself, they determined to wave all selfish considerations, and exhort their daughter to accept his hand.

Julia herself, sensible of what she owed to the best of parents, would willingly have devoted her life to them: but this her parents convinced her would be immoral, should a worthy



opportunity offer of making the virtues they had instilled into her mind beneficial to society, and productive of increasing happiness to herself.

“My dear child,” said they, “you have duties to perform, no less sacred than those which you now so virtuously fulfil, and which cannot lessen, but must increase, your happiness. We well know,” added the tender parents, “the grateful affection of your heart, but we should be sorry to take a selfish advantage of that affection. To our care, dearest Julia, confide your future happiness! We are its most anxious and vigilant guardians: we, even better than yourself, can judge what best will secure it. You know us too well to fear we should lay any violence on your inclinations: persuasion and rational argument are the only force we shall ever employ.”



The parents of Julia, generously foregoing every selfish consideration, did not hold such discourse to their amiable daughter without a motive. Among the gentlemen, who visited at their house, was Sir Owen Fitz-Owen, a Welch baronet, of an ancient family. His person, though far from handsome, was far from disagreeable: and, had he been even plain, the mental qualities Sir Owen possessed, and his pleasing manners, would, in the eyes of every woman of sense, have made him appear more amiable than the most handsome. His mind was dignified and liberal, his understanding excellent, and his deportment lively, yet refined. He was the master of a large fortune, which he applied to noble purposes. He was the friend of indigent merit, the benefactor of the industrious poor, and the promoter of



every useful and liberal undertaking. The attractive person of Julia made an impression on the baronet's heart; but her amiable disposition, and prepossessing manners, charmed him still more.

Though the fortune of Julia was by no means what his family thought he had a right to expect with his wife, Sir Owen, estimating agreeable talents and an amiable disposition above riches, determined first to consult his grandmother, who had supplied the early loss of his parents, and to whom, though his own master, he continued to pay a filial respect; he then meant to ask Julia in marriage of her estimable family. The Dowager Lady Fitz-Owen, a clever sensible woman, but fretful in temper, and, owing to the prejudices of old age, by no means so liberal of mind as her grandson, of



whom however she was dotingly fond, lived constantly at one of the family seats, in Wales. The old lady was very proud of her grandson; she had beside a considerable share of family pride, and had formed matrimonial plans of aggrandizement, which she was loath to relinquish. She at first would not hear of Sir Owen marrying a young person, who had little or no fortune, and whose family, though respectable, was by no means as noble as their own. But finding the baronet determined not to marry the lady she recommended to him, and that his affections were seriously engaged, after much entreaty, the dowager gave her reluctant consent, and Sir Owen immediately returned to town.

The secret sentiments of that gentleman, though for months they had been buried in his own bosom, had not



escaped the penetration of the anxious parents; though Julia, modestly diffident of her merit and personal attractions, was but little conscious of the impression they had made on the baronet's heart. She esteemed the character of Sir Owen, thought him highly amiable, and took more pleasure in his society than in that of any other person, but she had no suspicion that she was beloved by him. Sir Owen was not a man to pay compliments, or even express by language the admiration he felt; but, to a keen observer of human nature, his countenance and manner denoted what his feelings were.

On his return to town, Sir Owen requested a conference with Mr. Marchmont; and, openly avowing his sentiments in animated language, and expressing a modest diffidence of his own



merit, asked if he might be permitted to hope that his addresses would be acceptable to Julia, and her family?

Mr. Marchmont as frankly answered, "that both his wife and himself had perceived the baronet's attachment with pleasure; that motives of delicacy and prudence had made them silent, on the subject, to their daughter, whom they believed to be unconscious of the regard she had inspired; that they would never force her inclinations, but that they would exert all their influence in his behalf; and," the father added, "that he had little doubt of finding Julia just to his merit, and willing to receive his addresses."

Sir Owen went away gratefully sensible of Mr. Marchmont's good will, and cherishing a hope that he should have a companion, as deserving as she



was amiable, to aid him in his benevolent exertions, share his domestic occupations and amusements, and enliven his serious moments, by her excellent talents. He truly thought that such qualities were infinitely to be preferred, in a wife, to great wealth. The sweetness of Julia's disposition, and her forbearing temper, were the more acceptable to Sir Owen, as he was, though kind, forgiving, and generous, himself of an impatient temper, and not accustomed to meet contradiction.

Julia was, as every good child is, very loath to quit her beloved parents, though she was prepossessed in the baronet's favor, and thought herself certain of being happy with a gentleman, who was not only generally esteemed, but beloved, by all those with whom he had any intercourse or



connection. The sensible arguments Mr. Marchmont and his excellent wife alleged, their strong recommendation of Sir Owen, added to the decided preference Julia herself felt, in comparing the baronet to other young men, whose foppery, conceit, and frivolity, she had observed, at length conquered her reluctance to quit her dear parents: the more she became acquainted with Sir Owen, the more amiable and estimable she found that gentleman; her grateful and affectionate heart soon sympathized with that of her worthy lover, and in a few weeks the baronet was united to his amiable Julia.

The irascibility of Sir Owen had been observed by Mr. Marchmont; but, as it was momentary, and accompanied by virtues and amiable qualities, which must command affection



and esteem, it did not give him alarm. With a woman of a haughty, sulky, or passionate temper, it might have been dangerous; but he was too well acquainted with the mild and forbearing disposition of Julia to dread any unpleasant consequences. It might occasion her momentary pain; but, in every situation, however happy, and with every person, passionate or mild, inconveniences or objections, of some kind or other, must be expected.

The tender and anxious father, however, warned Julia never to deviate from that mild forbearance, which, from her infancy, had made her so generally beloved; and which, even if she should marry a man of the most violent temper, would force her husband, if he had common humanity, to treat her kindly.

“ You must expect, my dear child,”



said Mr. Marchmont, "that a man, who has all the cares of the world to encounter, who meets with vexations and disappointments, which never fall upon the female, will have moments of ill-humor, and pettishness. It is at these moments, particularly, that you should be gentle, forbearing, and most assiduous to please; yet without the appearance of seeming to think your husband out of temper: your efforts to soothe should be made with caution, and delicacy; for too much officiousness, at such times, may do harm: the wisest and best of men have their little foibles, and they do not like, nor is it becoming in, their wives to be the first to discover them. It is the peculiar duty of your sex to be mild, yielding, and delicately alive to the feelings of your husband: it is the only manner in which you can



prove that you are grateful for the protection and real tenderness you experience from the husband, who, though he may be impatient in trifles, and occasionally unjust or peevish, will cherish you in health or sickness, and would protect you, from insult or injury, with his life. The wife, who values her husband's or her own happiness, will always keep this in her recollection: she will *bear* and *forbear*! And such a wife acquires a lasting empire over the mind of her husband, and sets a bright example to her sex. You, my dear child, are peculiarly fitted, from your education and habits, to make an exemplary wife. Sir Owen is an excellent man; he tenderly loves you; he has an irascible but not a stern or despotic temper. Sooth his moments of impatience with the gentleness so lovely



in your sex, particularly in a wife; consider how you can best ward off altercation; kindly bear with his faults; never forget how greatly they are overbalanced by his virtues; and I foresee that you will be the happiest of women. If you find his relations, particularly his grandmother, whom he justly regards with filial reverence, disposed not to like you, which I should scarcely think could be the case, or should their tempers and dispositions be uncongenial to your own, always bear in mind that, as your husband's relations, they claim your respect; and that you cannot give a more unequivocal proof of your affection than by endeavouring to conciliate their good will, and by treating their faults with forbearance. However painful, at moments, such forbearance may be, it finally



will secure not only the happiness of your family but your own; and the lasting esteem and self-satisfaction, which such conduct must inevitably create, will compensate for the temporary mortifications you may experience."

Such was the excellent advice the worthy father gave; and the tender mother was no less anxious to impress on her daughter's mind the duties of a good wife, which she had herself scrupulously fulfilled. She enforced the wise precepts Mr. Marchmont had given, and added other instructions, less important, but very necessary, to secure the attachment of the husband, and make the wife happy. Women can best feel these minutiae, and Mrs. Marchmont spared no pains to impress them on the mind of her daughter.



“ Julia,” said the amiable lady, “ it is not sufficient to be mild and yielding; that certainly will prevent dissension, and lay the foundation of domestic happiness: but, there are niceties to be observed, which, however trifling they may appear, greatly influence the happiness or misery of married persons. The wife, who sinks into the mere housekeeper, grows negligent in her dress, and no longer tries those means of pleasing, which she successfully practised before marriage, let her be ever so mild and complying, may have the esteem of her husband, but she cannot make him happy, or retain his love. If she would make home the most agreeable place to her husband, she must exert her talents to amuse his leisure hours; her conversation must be animated, or serious, as circumstances shall require; and



she must be watchful of every trifle, which can give variety to their domestic pleasures. She must not expect that her husband, after marriage, will continue to address her in the language of enthusiastic rapture: his actions will prove the sincerity of his affection, and the tender interest he will take in her happiness, to a woman of sense, will be infinitely more grateful than the exaggerated flattery of the lover. A strict attention to neatness, and simple elegance in dress, is even more necessary after marriage than before. It is by falling into slovenly negligent habits that so many wives, excellent in other respects, give disgust to their husbands; who impute that negligence to want of affection, when it frequently arises merely from an utter ignorance of the mischief it produces. You, my dear Julia, I trust, will not



fall into this mistake ; which can only be excused in the mother of a large family, whose fortune is insufficient for their support ; but which would be inexcusable in the wife of a rich man.

“ Beware no less of running into the contrary extreme, and of involving your husband in unnecessary expence. Recollect that only those persons, who are moderate in their desires and economical in their habits, can do good to others without injury to their family.”

Julia gratefully treasured the inestimable advice of her worthy parents, and promised them to be as good a wife as she had been a daughter.



## CHAP. VI.

THE Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, who hated London, not cordially approving the choice of Sir Owen, and being a total stranger to Julia and her family, did not choose to come up to town, in the depth of winter, to assist at the marriage of her grandson: she pleaded her age and infirmities: but it was agreed that the new married pair, after spending the winter and spring in London at the house of Mr. Marchmont, for that of the baronet was fitting up, should go in the summer to visit the old lady.

This arrangement, which Sir Owen made to oblige his wife and her family, was gratefully assented to by Julia, who was most happy not im-



mediately to be separated from her beloved parents, to go among strangers. Mr. Marchmont and his wife felt no less gratified, by the obliging attention of the baronet, and had every reason to rejoice at having bestowed their daughter on so excellent and amiable a man. Sir Owen found equal cause to be satisfied with the union he had formed, and with the relations of his wife: never were persons more united or mutually desirous to please. Julia, notwithstanding the frequent starts of impatience, which escaped her husband, but which she good-humoredly bore, justly thought herself the most fortunate and happy of women.

While Julia was tasting the purest felicity, in the bosom of her affectionate family, a cruel blow was impending, and she soon was to exert the forti-



tude her judicious parents had inculcated, and put in practice the excellent advice they had bestowed. About six weeks after their marriage, one morning, as Julia, who had been out with her mother, came into the parlour, Sir Owen met her with a gravity too marked not to be perceived.

“What is the matter? dear Fitz-Owen,” asked Julia, a little alarmed; “you look as if you had bad news to communicate.”

“I have indeed news to communicate, dear Julia,” answered the kind husband, “which I fear will afflict you. I have just received a letter, from my grandmother; who insists on my taking you immediately down into Wales. The lady who lived with her as a companion, owing to some misunderstanding, has suddenly left her; and Lady Fitz-Owen cannot endure to be



quite alone. I am grieved, my love, to take you, in this rigorous season, into the dreary country, away from your friends; and I am no less sorry to quit them myself; but, if we refuse to go, I fear my grandmother will conceive she has just cause of offence; and I would not willingly offend one who has been a second parent to me, and to whom I owe all filial respect."

"Do not grieve on my account, dear Fitz-Owen," replied Julia, suppressing the rising sigh, and speaking in as cheerful a tone as she could assume; "though I must own I am sorry to quit my dear parents immediately, I am happy that it is in my power to oblige your respected relation. As for the rigour of the season, and the dreariness of the country, they are out of the question: I am young and strong, and no place can be drea-



ry, when I am with my husband. I shall make it my study to gain the affection of Lady Fitz-Owen, and I am ready to go as soon as you please, my dear."

"You are the sweet complying creature I ever thought you," answered the pleased husband, affectionately embracing Julia, "and my grandmother, I am sure, when she knows you, will doat upon you.—And can you, dear madam," continued Sir Owen, addressing himself to Mrs. Marchmont, "pardon me for depriving you of such a daughter's society? Can you consent to part with her so soon?"

"Certainly," replied the tender mother, overcoming the chagrin and disappointment she felt, that she might not set her daughter a bad example, "I should be the last person to dissuade Julia from doing her duty, and



paying that affectionate respect she owes to Lady Fitz-Owen, as her husband's near relation, and second parent."

The parting between Julia and her parents was tender; tears were shed on both sides; Sir Owen himself was little less affected. The prospect, however, of a speedy reunion softened the bitterness of the separation.

Sir Owen, by the kindest attentions during their journey, showed how sensible he was of Julia's immediate compliance with his honored grandmother's request: the value of this compliance was enhanced by the good humor with which it was given, and the equanimity with which she had received a summons so afflicting. Julia, on her part, would not indulge in melancholy feelings, which would have made her husband uneasy, but pre-



served a good-humored serenity, and endeavoured to be cheerful. It cost her no little effort, but the grateful affection of her beloved husband more than repaid the exertion. As they drew near Lewellen Castle, the place of their destination, the baronet, who wished to prepare his wife for the little vexations, which the peevish humors and rooted prejudices of his grandmother might occasion her, thus addressed the amiable Julia.

“ My love,” said the kind husband, “ you have the sweetest of dispositions, and are more fitted than any woman I ever knew to conciliate the esteem and affection of those around you. I feel assured that when you are once known to her, my grandmother must love you ; but she has rooted prejudices, and, like most people of her advanced age, is apt to be fretful,



and peevish. Though prejudiced, she is a woman of strong understanding, and she thinks herself superior to most of her sex. Her manners, toward young women, who are strangers to her, are stern and cold; but if, on acquaintance, she find them worthy of her esteem, she attaches herself to them with warmth, and shows them every attention. If you, my dear Julia, can as patiently bear her occasional peevishness as you do my momentary impatience, she will soon love you, as her own child."

"I hope, dear Fitz-Owen," replied Julia, that neither yourself nor your respected relation will ever have to complain of my conduct. Old age, in particular, has a claim to our forbearance. It would be cruel to embitter the painful sense elderly people have of their infirmities, by failing in that



kindness and respect which is their due. Could I ever forget my duty, so far as to be guilty of this omission, I should be unworthy of the tender affection you bear me."

"Admirable parents!" exclaimed Sir Owen; "what do I not owe you! You have given me a companion, who, were I in poverty or misfortune, would prove the greatest blessing the heart of man could desire! Oh, that every daughter were blessed with parents so judicious, so capable of making them all that is amiable, and excellent!"

How delightful, to the affectionate Julia, was this animated praise of her beloved parents, in the mouth of a husband who had her tenderest affection! Tears of gratitude and filial tenderness flowed, unrestrained; and Sir Owen, at once gratified and affected, wiped



them away with feelings of the truest pleasure.

While the amiable pair are on their way to Lewellen Castle, let us take post and arrive there first, to inquire into the feelings of the Dowager Lady Fitz-Owen, and learn what kind of welcome Julia has to expect. It will be necessary to take a few retrograde steps, and make the reader acquainted with the true motive which induced the good old lady, who at first had little desire to see her new relation, to send an urgent express, to demand the immediate visit of Julia.

It was not the being left without a companion; that was a mere pretence: Lady Fitz-Owen would have found little difficulty in procuring a successor. The fact was, that the worthy dowager had met some ladies, at a



neighbouring seat, just after she had dismissed her companion, who had seen Julia, in London, at different parties, had heard her sing and play, and had been delighted with the sprightly vivacity of her manners. They spoke with enthusiasm of her talents, and observed, with an eye perhaps to their own gratification, how agreeably these talents would amuse the solitude of the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen. The old lady made no reply, but she eagerly seized the hint.

“ This Julia has brought my grandson little or no fortune,” thought the dowager: “ she has married him much against my inclination; she consequently owes me the most dutiful respect and attentive kindness, for my condescension, in suffering a young wo-



man of no connections, who may be very lovely and accomplished, but who certainly was not a proper wife for Sir Owen, to enter a family no less wealthy than it is ancient. If she have talents, it becomes her to make them contribute to my amusement."

Filled with these ideas, and cherishing unconsciously a predilection against the amiable Julia, the old lady wrote to Sir Owen, of whom, as I before said, she was dotingly fond; and on whom she seldom vented her fretful humors.

The Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, on the other hand, was not sorry to have an excuse to request the society of her grandson, who, notwithstanding he was young, of a lively temper, and fond of company, had spent as much of his time with her as he could well spare.



It must be understood that Sir Owen was not an idle man of fashion; he studied the fine arts, inspected his own accounts, occupied himself in making improvements on his estates, saw that his stewards neither cheated him nor oppressed his tenants, and, in short, cultivated every useful and agreeable talent.

When Sir Owen married, however, he had flattered himself that his grandmother would be less exigent, and not expect him to spend a great part of the year at Lewellen Castle. He knew that every creature but himself, more or less, was exposed to her fretful humors; and he could not endure that the gentle Julia should, for a length of time, be subjected to them. He had therefore so arranged his affairs that he could not make a very



long visit at Lewellen Castle, though he little foresaw the severe trials his dear Julia would have to encounter, or the cruel mortifications which awaited her.

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## CHAP. VII.

DISINCLINED as the Dowager Lady Fitz-Owen was, from motives of family pride and interest, to like Julia, the praises bestowed on her, instead of softening, only aggravated the old lady. They were a tacit attack on her prejudices; and seemed to accuse her of injustice. The dowager was not therefore in a humor to give the amiable Julia a cordial reception, though the strong affection she bore Sir Owen made her determine to receive his wife with civility: she was not a woman to give a premeditated wound, though she was betrayed into frequent intemperance by the fretful peevishness of her temper. She persuaded herself that she should not find Julia



the amiable young woman she had been represented.

Julia, kindly prepared by Sir Owen to see a lady whose manners at first would be distant, was not shocked, as she otherwise would have been, at the cold reception she met. She was ignorant that the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, had been averse to her union with the baronet, and that she was viewed by that lady with prejudiced eyes. The dowager, who, had she not previously indulged an obstinate prepossession against that young lady, would have thought Julia at first sight interesting and amiable, mistook the gentleness of her manner for affectation, and imputed the respectful attention Julia paid her to interested motives.

The old lady had an independent fortune of her own: this fortune she intended to leave to her grandson, but



observation had taught her the impolicy and folly of letting young heirs think themselves certain to inherit the property of their aged relations; she therefore had always declared she should leave her fortune to those who proved themselves most worthy to possess it. Sir Owen, whose paternal estate was large, and who was beside a disinterested man, applauded her resolution: nay, he wished his grandmother to bequeath it to the less opulent branch of the family; but, as they were only distantly related to her, and as her heart was set on the aggrandizement of her grandson, the old lady was by no means inclined to gratify his wish.

It was now that Julia's forbearance was put to frequent and severe trials. In the presence of Sir Owen, the dowager was studiously civil, though



cold, to his wife; but, whenever they were alone, peevish humors and sarcastic speeches, which Julia could not but feel were pointedly addressed to her, escaped the old lady.

Though mild and forbearing, Julia had great sensibility: she had never till then, even for a moment, suspected that she was considered, by the old Lady Fitz-Owen, as an upstart intruder. She now too plainly perceived that the dowager viewed her with ill will, amounting almost to dislike, and that she must expect to meet continual mortification, while she remained at Lewellen Castle.

A young person, less prudent and sweet of disposition, would have complained to her husband, and by her influence would have occasioned dissension, or induced him to immediately take her away. Julia, howe-



ver, was too amiable, too considerate, to wish to create the slightest dispute, or coldness, between her beloved husband and his family. She knew the impetuosity of his temper, and that, if he were told his wife was continually exposed to concealed insult, he would have protected her, even at the risk of mortally offending his venerable grandmother. Julia therefore was silent.

Under all the mortifications Julia experienced, the consciousness of nobly fulfilling her duty gave her a heartfelt satisfaction, which she would not have exchanged for millions; and the tender affection of her beloved husband would have amply compensated for the severest trials.

Julia constantly wrote to her excellent parents, but she forbore to indulge in complaints, even to them,



of the unjust predilection the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, had taken against her. She still less wished them to know that the old lady had secretly disapproved the union of her grandson; for they would have been deeply grieved to think their persuasion had partly induced their daughter to quit a happy home, to enter a family that, it now appeared, had been averse to receive her.

Sir Owen had not acted strictly right in the affair: he had suffered Julia and her friends to suppose that his relations were perfectly agreeable to their union, while he knew that they one and all disapproved his marrying a young lady, whose fortune and connections were so inadequate to what he had a right to expect. He flattered himself that, as soon as Julia should be seen, their prejudices would



vanish ; and did not reflect that, before her disposition could be sufficiently known to create affection and esteem, poor Julia must inevitably be exposed to frequent mortifications.

The fear of having his suit rejected, should he have openly declared the truth, had induced the baronet, contrary both to his principles and custom, to practise tacit deceit, by suffering Mr. Marchmont and his family to remain in an error.



## CHAP. VIII.

A FEW weeks after the arrival of the baronet and his wife at the castle, a young lady and her brother, related to Sir Owen by the mother's side, came to pay them a visit. As they are to play a conspicuous part in this history, it will be necessary to introduce these relations, who in their hearts were mortally offended at the marriage of Sir Owen, to the acquaintance of the reader.

Jessica Fitz-Ellard, a beautiful young woman, proud of her birth, and vain of her personal attractions, thought no man could remain indifferent to her, and had flattered herself that the baronet, whose large estate was regarded,



both by herself and her brother, with envy, would offer her his hand. Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard, a haughty man of selfish propensities, whose family was ancient, but whose fortune was limited, was proud of his ancestors, and no less so of his beautiful sister, who was much younger than himself, and on whom he doted: notwithstanding the difference of their ages, their taste and disposition were the same. Sir Owen was the richest man in that part of the country, whose ancient family made him, in the opinion of Sir Tudor, worthy of his alliance; and that gentleman, whose narrow fortune obliged him to reside in Wales, and who despaired of finding any person equally worthy of his sister's hand, had always hoped that Sir Owen would marry Jessica.

Sir Owen had known Miss Fitz-El,



lard from a child; he was beside her relation, and had always taken a sincere interest in her welfare. As Sir Tudor and his sister were by no means rich, considering their rank in life, their generous relation took every opportunity of paying them delicate attentions, and of showing them acts of serious friendship. Sir Tudor was a man of good understanding, and insinuating manners, and Sir Owen, frank and unsuspecting, made him his friend: he thought Jessica a beautiful young woman, and had a kind of brotherly regard for her, but the idea of making her his wife had never entered his thoughts. Miss Fitz-Ellard, with a folly young women are too apt to indulge, took it for granted the simple attentions of kindness implied a serious attachment: When that young lady heard of Sir Owen's intended



marriage, though she had no personal affection for her cousin, her pride received a mortal wound, and she harboured a strong enmity against the amiable Julia. Sir Tudor, who had been equally sanguine in his expectations of seeing the baronet offer his hand to Jessica, was no less disappointed and offended.

“What! prefer a girl, who, in beauty, birth, and even fortune, was inferior to his sister? Prefer the alliance of plain Mr. Marchmont to that of Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard his own relation, and whose family was at least equally ancient? The insult was scarcely to be forgiven! The girl must have been an artful creature, who had inviegled the baronet into marriage; and she would soon, no doubt, give him cause to repent.



Such were the illiberal effusions of disappointed selfishness and pride. Sir Owen, unconscious of the bitter heart-burnings and personal offence his marriage had given his beautiful cousin and her haughty brother, though he knew that it was generally disapproved by his family, wrote to Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard, who lived with his fair sister in the adjacent county, to invite them to spend two months at Lewellen Castle.

Curiosity, and a latent hope that her superior beauty and fashionable graces, when she should be seen by the side of Julia, whom she understood, from her flatterers, to be greatly her inferior in every respect, would make the baronet repent he had not chosen Jessica for his wife, added to various selfish considerations, induced that



young lady and her brother to smother their resentment, and accept the invitation.

“My dear Jessica,” said the partial brother, “if the young Lady Fitz-Owen can at all stand in competition with you, I shall partly forgive the baronet; for really a man of rank might, without disgracing himself, marry such a young lady, even were she not descended from an ancient and honorable family, like ours; but I am sure,” continued Sir Tudor, with proud satisfaction, “that Lady Fitz-Owen is greatly your inferior, in every respect.”

Jessica gave a self-sufficient smile, which implied she was of her brother's opinion, and secretly determined to mortify the young Lady Fitz-Owen, by a studied display of fashionable



elegance, and a blaze of beauty that should throw poor Julia quite into the shade.

The Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, was not partial either to Jessica or her brother; though, in the hope of being remembered in her will, they had paid their assiduous court to the old lady. Guessing their interested motives, she had always treated them with coldness; they were not therefore sorry to know that that lady had been as much chagrined as themselves at the marriage of Sir Owen, and, with a vindictive pleasure, they forestalled the triumph of witnessing her chagrin.

Julia, whom Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and his sister had pictured to themselves an awkward creature, void of personal attractions, proved, however, to

*awkward*



their surprise and vexation, attractive in her person, and elegant in her manners. They found Sir Owen, too, no less captivated after marriage than he had been before with his wife. The commanding beauty of Jessica, and her studied graces, far from placing Julia in a disadvantageous point of view, made her unaffected attractions the more fascinating. That Sir Owen, seeing them together, should still think his wife the most attractive and lovely of women, which his manner plainly showed he did, was a mortification so poignant, that it confirmed both Jessica and her brother, notwithstanding her unassuming manners, and the obliging attention the young Lady Fitz-Owen paid them, in the ill will disappointed selfishness had created. They were too careful of their own interest, however, to risk offending



their wealthy and generous relation, from whom they had received frequent acts of friendship, by suffering it to appear. They affected high admiration of Julia's beauty and talents; and professed a warm friendship for her, till they saw a favorable opportunity to give vent to their ungenerous enmity.

The Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, whose violent prejudices against the amiable Julia had begun gradually to soften, and who had beside been aware of the interested views of Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and his sister, on the arrival of the latter, treated Julia in private with less coldness, and made a marked distinction between her and Jessica. This conduct gave pain, both to Sir Owen and his amiable wife: they were too generous to take pleasure in seeing persons mortified, who,



not being as wealthy as themselves, would the more poignantly feel the preference shown to Julia.

Sir Owen remonstrated, but vainly, with his grandmother; she answered, that "she did not like them; that they were selfish sycophants; and that he would, some time or other, repent of his blind infatuation." Julia, at the risk even of displeasing the old lady, showed her husband's interested relations every attention; but her kindness was lost upon them, and she obliged persons who were incapable of appreciating her worth, or of just and generous feeling.

The old Lady Fitz-Owen was too keen an observer not to penetrate the real sentiments of Sir Tudor Fitz-El-lard, and his sister, toward Julia. She was quite angry to see that Sir Owen and his wife were the dupes of their



affected protestations of regard; and, knowing by experience that she could not make her grandson a convert to her advice, she attacked Julia, when they were alone, with her accustomed peevishness.

“Upon my word, Lady Fitz-Owen,” she would say, “I am surprised at your blindness! it is even more ridiculous in you than in my grandson, to be the dupe of such people. You ought to feel that their warm professions of friendship are mere grimace. You, like most young persons, are opinionated, and credulous: no doubt you think me old and peevish, one who delights in finding fault with every body; but you will some day or other repent not taking my advice. I did not, I must own, like you myself, at first; I thought you not only a conceited affected young person,



but interested, like these people, who had taught me to be on my guard against fawning civility; I let you plainly see my thoughts; I was no hypocrite; I now find that I did you injustice, and that you are truly amiable and disinterested: I retract my former opinion; but I must say, Lady Fitz-Owen, that you are very weak, in suffering yourself to be the dupe of selfish sycophants. Mark my words! You will repent."

Julia, a stranger to selfishness and worldly deceit herself, could not believe that Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and his sister were what the old Lady Fitz-Owen described them to be. She thought the prejudices of the dowager had, in their case as in her own, warped that lady's better judgment. She expressed a lively gratitude, for the interest the Dowager Lady Fitz-Owen



testified in her behalf, but generously defended the objects of that lady's dislike, and by so doing offended the old lady, and made her at times resume her former distant and sarcastic manners. Julia was grieved, but, even had she thought Sir Tudor and his sister interested and deceitful, she would not, to pay her court, have contributed to injure them in the opinion of their relation.

With these praise-worthy feelings, a tincture of self love, which, more or less pervades every virtue and vice, was mixed.

Julia, amiable and cultivated as her mind was, had, in common with every person, young or old, moments of weakness, and trifling faults. Perfection is no where to be found: beside, the opinion of her husband, for whose judgment she had a just and high de-



ference, coincided with hers: he, like his amiable wife, judged of the hearts of his relations by his own; and they were equally persuaded that Jessica and Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard were friendly and sincere.



## CHAP. IX.

WE are now going to see the amiable Julia under temporary but severe affliction, and exposed to a trial which it required all her fortitude to support, with dignity. I have already informed the reader that Sir Owen was of an irascible temper. Mild and yielding as Julia was, she sometimes experienced injustice and momentary anger from her husband, which she bore, as her excellent father had advised, with invariable sweetness, and forbearance. The injustice was indeed, generally speaking, momentary, and followed by the most tender excuses.

I have now, however, to relate an instance of Sir Owen's injustice, which, though it arose from a trivial circum-



stance, was of the most aggravating nature, and in which he for some time obstinately persisted, owing to the ungenerous insinuations of Sir Tudor and his sister, who, indeed, were the persons who made him guilty of a flagrant wrong to his amiable wife. The amiable forbearance and dignified fortitude with which Julia met false accusation, while they excite our esteem, will teach young women the happy effects of cherishing those valuable, or rather invaluable, qualities.

Three weeks before Sir Owen fell into the serious mistake I am about to relate, he had been harassed by vexatious altercations with his lawyer, which made it necessary for him to quit Lewellen Castle, even sooner than he had intended, to go to London. This vexed the baronet, for the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, declared she



would not part with Julia so soon: she found her talents and conversation highly amusing, and her prejudices had almost subsided.

The disagreeable hurry of business, added to the vexation of being forced, as it were, to leave his wife at the Castle, made Sir Owen captious, and out of humor at every trifle: Julia, though no less grieved at the necessity of being separated for several weeks, perhaps, from her husband, in whose society she took so much delight, bore his captious humors with her usual complacence, and tried, by every winning art, to relieve his mind from the anxiety and oppression under which it labored. She no doubt would have been successful, had not Jessica, and Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard, been at the Castle; but these selfish relations encouraged the baronet in his ill humor,



if not in words, by their manner and look. They likewise took every opportunity of making speeches, in the presence of Sir Owen, which, his mind being previously disturbed, were calculated to make him, at the moment, unjust to his amiable wife; though they were so artfully worded, and spoken with such apparent good will toward her, that, by the unsuspecting baronet, no offence could be taken, or malice suspected.

When Julia, to sooth her husband, would exert her musical talents, Jessica would say, in that husband's hearing:

“How happy it is for you and my cousin, dear Lady Fitz-Owen, that nothing afflicts or disturbs you! If my husband were so harassed and tormented, I should be such a simpleton that, instead of being able to play and



sing, I should be so melancholy that I should be ready to drown myself."

"Oh Jessica," Sir Tudor would reply, "when you are a wife, you will learn better than to give yourself unnecessary concern about your husband's difficulties, and embarrassments; the wife has no responsibility upon her mind; all your care will be, child, to make yourself amiable, and complying, that you may have your own way: but I fear you will never be such a meek wife as our amiable cousin, here; nor will you easily find so kind and affectionate a husband."

Such speeches, though they could not make any lasting impression on the mind of the baronet, made him at the moment captious, and out of humor with his wife. But Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and his sister did not let their malignant, though concealed,



attacks, stop here ; nor were they satisfied with making them in the presence of the amiable object of their enmity : they renewed them at every favorable opportunity, when they were in private with their unsuspecting and too confiding relation.

Julia now found that the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, had but justly characterized those selfish relations, who, while her husband continued in good humor with her, loaded her with caresses ; but as soon as they saw him captious and out of temper, instead of trying to sooth, contributed to aggravate him. Though Julia had the praise-worthy forbearance to see their meanness, and even at moments to experience their impertinence, without making retaliation or complaint, though it inevitably made her more reserved toward them, that, added to



the frequent captiousness of her husband, made her at moments dejected, and she retired to her chamber, whenever propriety would permit her so to do.

Her dejection and reserve were noticed by Sir Tudor and his sister to the baronet, and they did not fail to make the most mischievous insinuations, though clothed in the specious language of friendly concern.

“Dear me, cousin,” Jessica would say to Sir Owen, after Julia had left them to go to her own room, “I am afraid Lady Fitz-Owen is not well; or that something disturbs her! Don’t you remark how altered she looks, and how serious she is grown? She keeps in her room the greatest part of the day, and scarcely opens her lips, when you are not in company. I hope that I, or my brother, have not been



unfortunate enough to give her unintentional offence !”

Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard, not daring openly to accuse Julia, would always take an opportunity to censure meek tempers in general, when he found himself alone with Sir Owen, by artfully bringing up the subject, and taking care to praise Julia, though in a manner which made his praise appear rather an effort of kindness than the genuine effusion of the heart.

“Your meek women,” said he, “who appear to have no will of their own, are those who govern the most despotically. Before their husbands, they appear every thing that is amiable and complying ; but, when their supposed tyrant is out of sight, they make themselves ample amends, for the restraint they have suffered, by venting their ill humor on all around



them. Heaven defend me from meek wives, say I! unless indeed I could meet with a second Lady Fitz-Owen! A man is in reality either their slave or their dupe! You, to be sure, are a fortunate exception, my dear cousin. You are a man of sense, and Lady Fitz-Owen, as every body can see, is the meekest and most yielding of wives."

These mischievous speeches, made when the baronet was already out of temper, produced the effect which they seemed to intend. They led Sir Owen, unsuspecting as he was of the interested motives and prejudiced dislike of the speaker toward the amiable Julia, to suppose that his wife, out of his sight, treated his relations with neglect. He could not think her deceitful, or ill tempered, but he thought she had suffered herself to be



influenced by the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, and that she had conceived an unjust dislike to Sir Tudor and Jessica. This made the baronet angry, and he frequently reproached his wife with her supposed injustice.

Julia, though more wounded by the unjust accusations of her beloved husband than all the mortifications she had undergone, mildly assured Sir Owen "that it was far from her intention to treat his relations with incivility, or neglect, and that she was not conscious of so doing; but that, to give him pleasure, she would pay them more attention than ever she had done, since nothing lay so near her heart as to prove that she was worthy of his affection."

Julia, accordingly, notwithstanding the provocation they of late had given and still continued to give her, as she



always had done, paid Jessica and her brother every attention ; but she could not feel at her ease with persons whom she saw plainly were trying to undermine her domestic happiness.

Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and Jessica, in return for the forbearance and attentive kindness they experienced from the amiable Julia, continued, on every occasion, to remark the young Lady Fitz-Owen's altered manner and looks to Sir Owen, and the baronet, soured by these repeated remarks, was as continually accusing his innocent wife of ungenerous prejudice. Julia, not used to be treated unkindly by her husband, suffered cruelly in secret, while she met his injustice with mild resignation. She very prudently forbore to confide her sorrows, even to her beloved parents ; for they had taught her to feel that nothing is so



odious, in a wife, as to make her domestic vexations, or the faults of her husband, the theme of complaint; nor is any thing so destructive to her happiness.

Sir Tudor, and his sister, always attentive to their interest, still paid their court to the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, though they met but an ungracious reception. Seeing her growing partiality to Julia, they took care not to let any personal impertinence or ill-natured insinuation escape them in her presence, and Julia was too generous to complain to the old lady of their conduct toward her. No young person, under circumstances so trying, could have conducted herself with greater forbearance and virtue. It was the consciousness of acting virtuously, and the strong affection she bore her excellent though mistaken husband,



which supported her under the severe affliction and mortification she endured. But they preyed upon her health, and the incident I am now going to relate, added to her subsequent sufferings, threw poor Julia into a fit of illness, which only a strong mind and good constitution could have undergone without the loss of life.



## -CHAP. X.

THE old Lady Fitz-Owen, who had no desire to have the company of Sir Tudor and his sister Jessica when her grandson should be gone, did not invite them to prolong their visit, which now drew near the stipulated time, and it was agreed that they should quit Lewellen Castle a week after the departure of the baronet. The marked preference shown to Julia increased the ill will and envy the brother and sister already bore her.

Two days before Sir Owen's intended departure, he missed a toothpick-case, on which he set great value, because it had been given to him by a very amiable young lady, who had died some years back at the early age



of seventeen, and to whom he had been attached in his boyish days. The baronet had often spoken of Agnes St. Laurencé to his wife, and owned that the resemblance Julia bore to that young lady, in person and manner, had, from the first time they had met, attracted his attention, and interested him in her favor.

“Agnes,” said he, “though like you in person, dearest Julia, was rather plain than handsome, but her disposition was so excellent, her temper so sweet, and her mind so cultivated, that the benign intelligence they gave to her countenance made you forget she was not handsome. When to that sweet intelligence beauty, like yours, is combined, it is a miracle indeed! and the man who can win the affection of such a woman is most fortunate! Though, had my Julia been



even plainer than the interesting Agnes, I could not have known without loving her. Nay, Agnes herself, in mind as well as in person, must have yielded the palm to my Julia."

How flattering was praise, like this, in the mouth of a husband, whose judgment she revered, and who had her dearest affection! How often would the amiable Julia listen to his boyish adventures with the departed Agnes, and his compassion at her premature death, while tears of sympathy bedewed her cheek! The memory and virtues of the interesting Agnes became as dear to her heart as they were to that of her husband, though she would sometimes jestingly declare she was jealous.

Both Jessica Fitz-Ellard and her brother knew that Sir Owen had been



attached to Agnes St. Laurence: they had seen Julia playfully snatch away the toothpick-case, in a pretended fit of jealousy, which their illiberal prejudice construed into reality: but, as I before said, that was far from the case. Julia had too much sense to indulge in so pernicious a propensity; beside, she had too many proofs of the strict honor and ardent affection of her husband, to render such a weakness excusable.

When Sir Owen missed this valuable bauble, he immediately desired his valet to search every where, till it should be found; but the search proved ineffectual, and none of the servants had seen it. He then asked his wife and grandmother if they had found it, but they both assured him they had not. Jessica and her brother, who



were in another apartment writing letters, were next questioned, and they were equally ignorant.

“Good God! What can have become of it,” said the baronet, in a tone of impatience: “I know all my servants are honest; beside the thing is of too little value, even were not that the case, to tempt them to take it. It is very extraordinary, upon my honor.”

“I declare, cousin,” said Jessica, affecting to smile, “if Lady Fitz-Owen were not so sensible a woman, and so sweet tempered, I should really be inclined to think she was jealous, and had purposely hid the toothpick-case, to punish you for being so attached to the memory of the amiable Agnes.”

“Oh, Lady Fitz-Owen is out of the question,” interrupted Sir Tudor;



“ she would hardly hide a trinket on which our cousin sets so high a value; and, as for being jealous, you know she has not a shadow of excuse for such a weakness. If her ladyship has lately been reserved and avoided us, I dare say it is from some other reason. You know our cousin says she has, and I am sure she appears to have, the most amiable of dispositions. Talking of jealousy, however, reminds me of the unfortunate case of a friend of mine, who is now abroad, and who married some years back a lovely young woman, with whom he expected to be perfectly happy. She was very meek of temper, and amiable in her manners, and Sir Edmund was dotingly fond of his Caroline. For the first three or four months, they lived very happily together: my friend was hasty in his temper, but kind



hearted and affectionate; his wife bore his impatience with saint-like forbearance, and he thought her an angel. By some strange accident, however, this lady became suddenly jealous, of every thing and every body, without the least cause, and secretly fretted and tormented herself. She took care to conceal her weakness from Sir Edmund, whom she knew would have been justly offended at this unpardonable distrust of his honor and affection, but she vented her ill humor on persons who, perceiving they were regarded by her with jealousy, excused her injustice, and forbore to complain. Though a woman of excellent sense, she carried her weakness so far as to be jealous of trinkets, on which her husband set any value, and would hide or destroy them, the first favorable opportunity. She thought herself



justified in tormenting her husband, because she tormented herself: not daring openly to accuse him, she seized every occasion to sily retaliate. That is the artful trick of the sex; they are all alike: the most sincere and affectionate of women will not scruple to be spiteful, and deviate from the truth, when their petty jealousy, or self love, is in question. I know the sex pretty well, cousin. Sir Edmund at length accidentally discovered the mean and preposterous jealousy of his wife, and found that she made both herself and him ridiculous. He angrily reproached his Caroline, and for half an hour was in a violent passion; but he was soon appeased, and persuaded out of maintaining a proper resentment for such unpardonable conduct, by a shower of tears and a few honied words. What were the consequences?



His wife, seeing the empire she had acquired over his mind, took advantage of his weakness: she gradually undermined a husband's salutary authority; she no longer took the pains to conceal her fretful and jealous humors in his presence; the meek wife was soon changed to the domineering mistress; he was unhappy at home, and at length became the jest of all his acquaintance. If he had but had a friend to have kindly warned him against being the dupe of female artifice, he would have escaped lasting ridicule and domestic unhappiness. But it is a delicate thing to interfere between man and wife; people, acting with the kindest intentions, are always suspected, if not accused, of being actuated by selfish or malicious motives. Relations even cannot take such a liberty, however well they



may wish both parties; or, if they do, the person so cautioned must be a man of a liberal mind, and they must give their advice by gentle hints, which cannot possibly offend a man of understanding. Had I a wife, young, handsome, and sweet tempered, I would be the envy of all my acquaintance, because I would not fly in a passion at one moment, and suffer myself to be governed the next. I should have no jealous humors to dread, for, if I found she had that weakness, she might torment herself, but she should not me. Believe me, dear Fitz-Owen, if a woman sees that her husband has the spirit properly to resent irrational jealousy, and is not governed by her seductive mildness, she will soon come to herself, and behave like a rational being."

"Cousin," said Sir Owen, whose mind too quickly infused the con-



cealed venom of Sir Tudor's speech, "delicacy prevents you from speaking openly, but your generous concern for my future happiness will not suffer you to be wholly silent. I understand the application of your friend's story, and thank you for this timely warning. My wife indulges in jealous and fretful humors when out of my sight; it is she, no doubt, who must have taken my toothpick-case: is it not so?"

"I am sorry, Sir Owen," answered Sir Tudor, delighted that the over ardent baronet had been caught in the snare so artfully laid for him, "I am sorry that you force me to speak explicitly: I owe Lady Fitz-Owen every respect, but my fears for your mutual happiness oblige me to be sincere. Lady Fitz-Owen, amiable as she is, is certainly jealous, not only of Agnes, who poor thing is now no just object



of jealousy, but of me, Jessica, and every person, whom you esteem. I think she must have taken the tooth-pick-case, which both I and my sister have frequently seen her ladyship eye with palpable vexation. But, if you act with becoming firmness, all may yet be well. I am by some years your senior, dear Fitz-Owen, and consequently my experience of the female heart must exceed yours. Women must not be indulged in their jealous humors; those that are the most yielding are most to be guarded against, because their mildness lulls the husband's prudence to sleep, and imperceptibly undermines his salutary authority. I speak thus openly, in obedience to your commands, and for your mutual good. Lady Fitz-Owen is a charming woman, and the fault will entirely be yours if, from a sweet



tempered yielding wife, she should become a capricious jealous tyrant."

"Yes," said Jessica, "I am sure, cousin, when we first came here, Lady Fitz-Owen was very sweet tempered; but jealousy is a terrible thing! I don't wonder it frets and makes her unhappy. I am sure I sincerely pity her."

Sir Owen, who had a high opinion both of the heart and understanding of his selfish cousin, was staggered by his arguments; he began to think that partiality had hitherto made him blind to the faults of his wife, and that she was under the occasional influence of ill humor, and mean jealousy. He now believed that she had taken the toothpick-case. That meekness and yielding sweetness, which he had before so warmly admired in Julia, now, through the illiberal insinuations



of Sir Tudor, appeared to him suspicious, and to be the result of art. He began even to fear she might have married him from interested motives, and without having that confidence and affection which are absolutely necessary, to make the marriage state happy.

How unjust will prejudice make even the kindest and best of persons! Sir Owen had, for three weeks, been tormented by vexatious affairs; added to the repeated complaints, and ill-natured insinuations, of Sir Tudor and his sister, against his amiable wife. Julia had borne his continual captiousness with the patience of an angel, had endeavoured to sooth, and had shown the most eager desire to give her husband pleasure. Yet Julia, the affectionate and forbearing Julia, was now internally accused, by that hus-



band, of having tormented him ! Julia had not only the captious impatience of Sir Owen to encounter, but the frequent peevish humors of the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, and the no less frequent impertinence of persons to whom she paid every attention, and in whose defence she had often exposed herself to meet ill-natured sarcasm, and haughty coldness : yet Julia, by those very persons, was calumniated and lowered in her husband's esteem !

Sir Owen returned, again to question Julia, who was alone in her dressing room, in no very pleasant tone of mind, his imagination filled with unjust prejudice, and his heart with distrust and anger against his innocent wife. As soon as he entered the chamber, Julia kindly inquired if he had found the toothpick-case ?



"Do not trifle with me, Lady Fitz-Owen," said the baronet, gravely, "you have it yourself, or know where it is ; so, tell me at once, madam."

"Indeed, my love, I wish I could ; but I have looked every where in vain."

"And you say you cannot find it."

"I cannot indeed, my dear ; I think you must have lost or mislaid it."

"You think I have lost or mislaid it?"

"I am afraid so, my love."

"Oh, no doubt it is lost !" replied Sir Owen, in an ironical but angry tone, "and your ladyship is vastly concerned !"

"My dear Sir Owen," mildly continued Julia, taking his hand, which he angrily drew back, "what is it that disturbs you ? Can you suppose



that I would wilfully offend or give you pain? If I knew where the trinket was I should certainly tell you."

"So you are pleased to say, madam: but I know more than you are aware of. You have thought proper to take offence at the respect I bear to the memory of the amiable Agnes, and, instigated by mean jealousy, have made away with the trinket; till you think proper to restore it, I cannot restore my confidence and esteem. For shame, Lady Fitz-Owen! Your excellent parents would blush, could they suppose their daughter, on whose education and heart they bestowed such unwearied attention, capable of such an action! Could they imagine she indulged in jealousy as absurd as it is insulting, and in ill humor toward her husband's relations, who honor her, and whom they charged



her to treat with kindness and respect, how grieved they would be !”

To this unexpected and cruel attack; Julia at first could only answer with her tears; but, collecting herself, and addressing her husband in the mildest tone and with the most conciliating sweetness, she said:

“ I see, my dear Sir Owen, that I have given offence to your relations; but indeed it has been unintentional, and, if they suppose I have not endeavoured to pay them every kind and respectful attention, indeed they do me wrong. You say I have taken your toothpick-case, actuated by mean jealousy, and that, till I restore it, you cannot restore your confidence and esteem? Have I then lost them, my dear husband?”—(Tears almost choked her utterance: Sir Owen was moved, but, thinking it a weakness to follow



the impulse of his feelings, and painfully recollecting all Sir Tudor had said of female artifice, he maintained a severe countenance.)—"Have I lost them? Then I am wretched indeed! But, still, I have the consciousness that I am innocent of any intentional offence! I will not attempt to defend myself, but indeed I have not taken the toothpick-case, nor am I so weak as to be jealous. Those, who would persuade themselves and you that I have that weakness, do not know me."

"Facts speak for themselves, madam: whether you are jealous or not, you have behaved so as to make yourself and me ridiculous. You must have taken the trinket; nobody but you would have dared thus to trifle with my feelings. You have, with all your affected meekness, played the tyrant too long; you have turned me



which way you pleased ; but my eyes are now opened, and you will not find me in future so easily to be blinded. You are jealous of the poor departed Agnes ; jealous of my cousin Jessica : if I were to indulge you in your whims, you would soon be jealous of my grandmother. But I have too sincere a regard for your future happiness, and for my own peace, to do any such thing. I cannot forgive folly so egregious, and injustice so revolting, till you feel ashamed of your conduct, and restore the trinket ; or own that you have thrown it away."

Sir Owen then left his wife, who, when alone, relieved her oppressed heart by a violent flood of tears. She saw that her husband had been for some time past prejudiced against her, by his selfish relations, and that his present injustice was their work : she



saw it would be in vain to attempt to convince him of her innocence, while they remained at the Castle; all she could do would be to suffer his injustice with mild and silent resignation. He was going to London in two days; perhaps, he would part in anger with her. The thought was heart-breaking! It again drew a flood of tears from the affectionate wife; but, fearing lest a weak indulgence of grief might expose both herself and her husband, she dried them, and endeavoured to compose herself to meet the family at dinner. She nobly resolved to leave no effort untried to soften the displeasure of her beloved husband.

Sir Owen, no doubt, whose natural disposition, though irascible, was forgiving and affectionate, would have relented, had he staid to witness the deep affliction and hear the affecting



entreaties of his wife; but, urged by ill-humor and the mischievous counsel of Sir Tudor, he ordered his horses to be in readiness after dinner, that he might ride over to the house of a friend, who lived on the road to London, and about thirty miles distant from Lewellen Castle, desiring his confidential servant to follow the next morning with his portmanteau, and inviting Sir Tudor to accompany him a few miles on the way, on horseback.

The baronet would not see his wife alone, fearing he might be moved by her gentle entreaties, which he had not been accustomed to resist, to alter his resolution, which he was persuaded, by the hints dropped by his cousin, would have an admirable effect, and cure Lady Fitz-Owen of indulging in jealous humors. He therefore



waited till the family were assembled for dinner, at three o'clock (the old Lady Fitz-Owen loved early hours) and then declared his intention of going immediately to spend a couple of days with a friend, and from thence to proceed to London. He therefore swallowed a hasty dinner, while the horses waited, took a general leave, and, without giving his afflicted wife an opportunity of speaking to him in private, mounted his horse, and departed with Sir Tudor.

Julia, though cut to the soul by this unkind treatment, had the fortitude and forbearance not to give way to her feelings in the presence of her husband's relations. Her heart was bursting, but she resolutely forbore to shed a tear.



## CHAP. XI.

SIR OWEN, biassed as he was by the mischievous insinuations and counsel of his cousin, felt greatly for his wife, and could not but admire the self-command and admirable forbearance she had shown on so trying an occasion.

“ You must own, Fitz-Ellard,” said he to Sir Tudor, as they rode along,” that Julia has the sweetest of tempers, however faulty in other respects she may have been. I could scarcely refrain from calling myself a brute, and her an angel, before every body. I saw that her heart was full, though she did not betray the least ill-humour, or grief. I shall write to morrow, for I know I have left her wretched; I am



really tempted, as it is, to return home and be friends with her."

"If you do, cousin, you are not the sensible man I take you to be," replied Sir Tudor. "I believe, with you, that Lady Fitz-Owen is grieved, and perhaps she is now ashamed of her jealousy; but, if you are immediately reconciled, the same scenes will be repeated as often as her jealous fits return, and you will live in continual uneasiness, and dissension. Be guided by my advice! Do not write to her for some days, and let it be in a firm manner. If you let her perceive you pity her weakness, you are her enemy as well as your own."

"If you love Lady Fitz-Owen, as you cannot but love so charming and beautiful a woman, do not sacrifice her future happiness, as well as your own, to mistaken compassion. Be timely



warned against the shoals on which the peace of most fond husbands is wrecked. Show your wife that you can be firm, and your domestic happiness is secured."

Sir Owen, misled by these specious arguments, suffered himself to be guided by his relation, and, when they parted, solemnly promised to follow the advice Sir Tudor had given; and that gentleman returned to the Castle, with triumph and illiberal prejudice in his heart.

Julia, when she retired to her apartment to rest, passed a cruel night; the agitation of her mind would not suffer her to sleep till toward morning, when she dozed a little; but her sleep, far from being refreshing, added to her mental agitation. Her dreams were feverish, and she awoke with a dreadful headach; Julia, however,



exerting that fortitude her admirable parents had instilled, would not yield either to bodily or mental suffering; she rose as usual, and for several days, ill and feverish as she was, supported a conflict of mind and body that had nearly proved fatal.

Sir Owen had desired that nobody would write to him, till he wrote from London, which he said would be as soon as he had looked a little into his affairs, which would engross his whole time and attention: This request, though a general one, was particularly directed to his wife, as she painfully felt; and Julia, though to have written would have given some little ease to her oppressed heart, fearing to aggravate his displeasure, had the fortitude and virtue to observe her husband's request.



Sir Tudor and his sister Jessica left the Castle about a week after the departure of their relation, much to the satisfaction of the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen. Julia, though suffering in mind and body, and inwardly worne by a fever, which, though not alarming at first, by the continued agitation of her mind, and for want of immediate attendance, gradually increased, till in a few days it grew so violent as to throw her into a dangerous delirium; Julia, I say, generously overlooking the grievous cause she had of complaint, and affectionately desirous to oblige the husband whose injustice so cruelly afflicted her, continued to treat Sir Tudor and his sister, while they remained at the Castle, as persons whom that husband esteemed, and, by her kind attentions, endea-



voured to lessen the mortification to which they were subjected, by the haughty coldness, and frequently sarcastic speeches, of the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen.

Jessica thought proper to keep her chamber for two or three days, for a trifling indisposition, and think herself very ill. Julia tried by every means to amuse her, and paid that young lady the most fatiguing attentions; nay, she insisted on sleeping in the same chamber; yet all her generous efforts to oblige were thanklessly received, by the envious and wilfully prejudiced brother and sister. Sir Tudor Fitz-Ellard and Jessica quitted the amiable Julia with their hearts and judgment still under the influence of selfish rancor. They could not forgive her for having married their cousin, and for having innocently de-



stroyed the unwarrantable hopes they had conceived: they beheld her mental anguish with unfeeling apathy, and, as all little-minded persons do, secretly exulted in the temporary triumph they had gained.

After the departure of Sir Tudor, and his sister Jessica, Julia found herself more and more indisposed; still she was unwilling to complain: she hoped that when she heard from her beloved husband, whose silence kept her mind on the rack, she should be better. She had never before had a fever, nor was she acquainted with the nature of the disease, or aware of the danger of not immediately stopping its progress. About two days after Jessica and her brother had quitted the Castle, Julia, unable longer to support the cruel conflict, was seized in the night with an alarming delirium. She raved



by turns of Jessica and Sir Tudor, beseeching them not to hate her; then of the departed Agnes, and the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen: addressing each in the most pathetic language, and conjuring them to prevail on Sir Owen to be reconciled, before she died. She sometimes imagined herself accused of having killed Agnes, and said that her husband, instigated by Sir Tudor, was determined to bring her to justice; that he was gone to London for that purpose, had taken the tooth-pick-case with him, which he had found in her possession, to prove her guilt; and that, unless she died soon of a broken heart, he would send the officers of justice to drag her to prison. But she chiefly raved of her beloved husband; sometimes bitterly weeping, and saying that he had quarrelled on her account with Sir Tudor, and been



killed in a duel, and that she had remained with the corpse till putrefaction ensued, and he had infused the poison which was consuming her: sometimes she addressed the baronet, as if he were present, and begged of him not to grieve at her death, for she was going to heaven, and would take him with her; but warned him not to let Sir Tudor and his sister go with them, or they would be separated for ever; and still oftener conjuring her beloved husband, with the most pathetic anguish and bitter tears, not to cast her from his heart, and believe she was unworthy of his affection.

The next morning, early, when Hannah, Julia's woman, came to wake her lady, who usually rose a couple of hours before the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, she found her in a high fever, and delirious. The girl, who was the



youngest sister of that Hetty who was mentioned in the former part of this history, and who, like every servant in the house, was attached to the amiable Julia, was so shocked to see the sunken eyes and burning cheeks of her dear lady, and to hear Julia rave of her husband, address him in the most affecting language, entreat him to return to forgive her before she died, for Sir Tudor and his sister were not there to prevent him, then rave of coffins, undertakers, death, and her beloved parents, the kind-hearted Hannah, I say, was so shocked at this pitiable sight that she burst into tears. Julia looked at her with a vacant stare, unconscious who she was, and asked "if she wept because the undertaker was come to nail her up in her coffin?"



“ My husband,” raved the poor sufferer, “ promised that I should not be buried till my dear parents had seen me; if they want to bury me before Sir Owen comes with the hearse to take me to London, tell them that I died of grief the day he left me in anger, and that Sir Tudor buried me in the tomb of Agnes. If I am dead when my dear husband comes back, do not say that I died of a broken heart! Tell him that Sir Tudor and his sister buried me alive, that I might not prove my innocence! Agnes died! but I did not kill her, though I am accused of being her murderess! My husband believes me guilty—Sir Tudor gave him the toothpick-case to bring in evidence against me! I shall be dragged to prison, consigned to death by the husband I adore—yet he is innocent



of my death! it was Sir Tudor sent him to London, to accuse me of murder! I am not a murderess!—Every proof is brought against me! Agnès died, and I must perish, because I have a mortal enemy: my husband cannot save me! Poor Fitz-Owen! He will die broken hearted, when he finds his innocent wife expired the victim of inveterate enmity! He will challenge Sir Tudor, when he discovers the truth, and Jessica will only be satisfied with his life and mine!—Ha! they have fought!—Sir Tudor has plunged his sword into the heart of his too confiding friend!—My husband is slain! Fitz-Owen! dear husband of my heart! They shall not tear us asunder! I will not quit thee while life throbs in these veins! We will die together! No selfish relations shall part us!”



Julia then, sobbing bitterly, hid her face in her hands, and for a few moments was silent: her wandering thoughts then fell on the good old dowager, and she a while continued to rave of that lady; till, at length, quite exhausted, she sunk into a heavy and oppressive slumber. Hannah, though greatly shocked, had sufficient presence of mind, before she went to communicate the alarming intelligence to the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, to consult with the steward, a man of excellent common sense and much respected by all the family, what was best to be done. The family physician, a skilful and worthy man, lived at a large market-town five miles off, and good old Oliver, desiring Hannah to convey the intelligence as gently as she could to the old lady, when she



should be awake, took horse immediately to fetch Doctor Meredith, first commanding his daughter, who waited on the old Lady Fitz-Owen, to let Hannah convey the melancholy intelligence to the dowager, as he knew she could do it with more precaution and good sense.

The news of Julia's illness soon spread among the domestics, who had all been kindly treated by that amiable young lady, and who were sincerely grieved. Though the sentences which unconsciously escaped the poor sufferer naturally led Hannah to fear there had been some uneasiness, or unhappy misunderstanding, between the baronet and her lady, in which Sir Tudor and his sister Julia were implicated, she was too prudent and well aware of her duty to suffer the most distant hint of what she conjec-



tured, or of what she had heard, to escape her lips. She resolved to request the old Lady Fitz-Owen to let her nurse her beloved mistress without assistance, and, if she were peremptorily refused, to then, as it would be her duty, inform the dowager that such an arrangement would be absolutely necessary, while Julia should continue delirious, as, in her delirium, she spoke of family affairs, which ought not to be at the mercy of persons, who might not only repeat but distort all they heard.

When Hannah informed the dowager, as cautiously as she could, that Julia was delirious, and that good old Oliver was gone to fetch Doctor Meredith, the old lady, who, with all her peevish humors and prejudices, had a kind and feeling heart, was almost beside herself. She determined to send an



express, as soon as the physician arrived, to recall Sir Owen from London, and desired Hannah to let a nurse be immediately procured, to help her to attend on the suffering invalid.

“Madam, if I may be so bold as to ask a humble boon,” said Hannah, while she wiped her tear-moistened eye, “I should wish to nurse my dear lady myself. I am young and strong; I am used to all her ways, and shall have her comfort more at heart, having, as I may say, known her from a child, than strangers can have; so pray, your ladyship, do let me attend on my dear lady.”

“Your attendance will not be sufficient. If I were able to attend on her myself, indeed, there would be no occasion for any other person. But you are far from robust.”



“ Oh, indeed, my lady, I am very strong, though I don't look so.”

“ I commend your zeal, my good girl, but I doubt your strength: beside, what will Sir Owen say? If he comes and finds his wife neglected, he will never forgive me.”

“ Oh, my lady, I will not neglect my dear mistress! Indeed, indeed, I won't! Only let me nurse her till the delirium is passed! I will watch night and day by my lady!”

“ And fall ill, perhaps, yourself? No, no! proper nurses must be had.”

“ I hope your ladyship will excuse my boldness, but, while my lady continues in these delirious fits, no strangers ought to be in the room.”

“ Why so? What do you mean?”

“ Why, my lady, folks talk in their raving of things which would not be pleasant for strangers to hear, and, if



any little family vexation has happened, they speak of it without knowing what they say. I hope your ladyship will excuse my boldness."

"Tell me, plainly, what it is you mean! Does Lady Fitz-Owen talk of me?"

"Oh, my lady, nothing but what is very kind, as indeed she does of every living soul; but she cries and talks of Sir Tudor, and Miss Jessica, and my master, and a toothpick-case, and of a dead lady, and takes on so pitiously that it would break your ladyship's heart to hear her. I would not have mentioned this to any living soul, had not your ladyship wanted to send for strangers; and so I thought I had better tell your ladyship the truth, than suffer the concerns of my dear lady and Sir Owen to be talked of by every body."



"You are a good girl," said the old Lady Fitz-Owen, greatly moved by the faithful attachment of the kind-hearted Hannah, "and you shall be rewarded. Your objection is very proper, and prudent; do you return to your lady; as soon as I am dressed, I shall see her."

Hannah then returned to her beloved mistress, who was still in a deep but oppressive slumber: her forehead was burning, her hands were hot and dry, her lips parched, and her breathing difficult.

The good dowager, hastily dressing herself, while tears trickled down her furrowed cheek, went to the apartment of Julia, who was just awoke, but who was still insensible to every thing, and every body. She did not however continue to rave; her strength was exhausted: she looked round with a va-



cant stare, but lay perfectly still. Hannah and the worthy dowager sat by her bed side, in silent grief.

In about a couple of hours, honest Oliver returned, with the physician; whom he had fortunately found at home. Doctor Meredith had only seen Julia, for half an hour at a time, at different intervals; but that gentleman was no stranger to her amiable qualities. He was truly grieved to hear she was so ill, and still more so at finding her worse even than he had expected. He was indeed seriously alarmed, though he endeavoured to tranquillize the anxious fears by which the good dowager, and the kind-hearted Hannah, were almost overpowered. Still Julia had youth and a good constitution in her favor, and he did not absolutely despair of her recovery, though he thought it doubtful. He



prudently advised the dowager to wait a day or two, before she wrote to Sir Owen, that he might, if possible, escape the shock he would receive from hearing the present alarming state of his wife.

For three days, Julia continued as it were between life and death; the humane physician would not quit the Castle, and the faithful Hannah night and day attended her beloved lady; nay the dowager, as much as her age and infirmities would permit, exerted herself to discharge the sweet duties of humanity.

On the third day of Julia's illness, while she continued delirious, a letter came from Sir Owen; it was directed to his wife, but she was not in a condition to read it; it might relate to business, which ought to be attended to: Julia's recovery was uncertain,



and, reluctant as she felt to open it, the dowager thought that step necessary. What were her feelings when she read the following!

“ *Dearest Julia,*

“ I BLUSH at having a moment listened to the envious calumnies of persons, who have repaid your kindness and angel forbearance with black ingratitude. Good God! Could I a moment be unjust to the most amiable and affectionate of wives? Could I accuse her wrongfully, leave her in anger, forbear to write when I knew that my silence would wound her to the soul? Could I suffer myself to be influenced by the mischievous insinuations of malignant envy? Could I, for three weeks, treat the wife of my heart with injustice it tortures me to recollect! Could I see her bear



my unkindness with the sweetness of an angel, and be led to distort that exemplary forbearance into a crime? Oh, Julia, I can scarcely forgive myself! Yet the snare was so artfully spread, their concealed malice so varnished over with pretended good will and admiration of your amiable qualities, that, unconscious as I was of the secret rancor they bore you, I was too easily deceived. When we meet, which shall be as soon as possible, I will explain how I came to discover the odious selfishness, and illiberal envy, of Sir Tudor and his sister, as well as the exemplary forbearance with which you suffered their malignant and impertinent attacks. My grandmother was but too just, in her censure: Oh, that I had listened to her advice! But I will renounce all connexion with these sel-



fish and mischief-making sycophants !  
Had their malice been directed against  
myself, I could have forgiven them,  
but to persecute and calumniate an  
angel—!!

“ Your excellent parents are on a  
visit, in Hampshire, and are not yet  
expected home. I have not seen them,  
but, when I do, they shall be told  
of their daughter’s exemplary con-  
duct.

“ I have every reason to hope that  
the business, which brought me to  
London, will be amicably settled in  
a few weeks, which to me will appear  
as many months; then, dearest, best  
of women, you will see a penitent  
criminal, who, confessing his guilt,  
throws himself not on your justice but  
your mercy, and feels assured that he  
shall find a lenient judge in his affec-  
tionate Julia.



“ Present my most affectionate and filial respects to my honored grandmother: *she* now too knows my Julia, her prejudices are vanquished, and her heart will be divided between her children. Oh, Julia, what does not your idolizing husband owe you!

“ I know you are too generous to retaliate, and shall eagerly expect a line by the next post, to assure me you forgive

“ Your more than ever devoted,  
“ FITZ-OWEN.”

The good old lady shed bitter tears over this letter: it had indeed arrived at a dreadful moment: the crisis of Julia's fever approached: that day was to decide on the probability, whether she would live, or die. To think that a young creature, so admirable, should expire the victim of illiberal



enmity, was heart-rending; but to imagine the horror and despair her idolizing and self-condemned husband would feel, should his Julia die, was agony, to the grandmother, who, from a child, had cherished him with a fond parent's affection.

The poor dowager was distracted, with grief and apprehension: she did not know whether it would be advisable, or not, to write immediately to prepare Sir Owen for the dangerous illness of his beloved wife. To smooth her difficulties, she consulted the worthy and humane physician; who for many years had known the family, and was justly esteemed for his superior talents, and the excellence of his heart.

Doctor Meredith, who began to indulge a faint hope that the crisis might be favorable, advised the old Lady



Fitz-Owen to defer writing for a day or two, when he hoped his patient would be out of danger. The worthy dowager, a little tranquillized by the friendly physician, and having implicit confidence in his judgment, consented to be guided by his advice. The faithful and affectionate Hannah, who night and day watched her beloved lady, carefully observed the minutest directions of the physician, to whom she looked up as a sort of superior being; and, when he pronounced the suffering Julia to be out of danger, the honest creature, wild with joy, invoked blessings on his head! called him her lady's saviour! an angel! and by all the epithets her grateful heart could suggest. When that gentleman communicated the happy tidings to the worthy dowager, she could only say—"God bless you!"



and rushed out of the room, to weep, without restraint.

As soon as Julia could bear so much emotion, she was made acquainted with the manly return of her beloved husband to justice, his sincere contrition, and his ardent admiration of her exemplary conduct. This joyful intelligence did not a little contribute to forward her recovery, which however was slow.



## CHAP. XII.

WHILE the amiable Julia is gradually recovering, let us leave her a while to the judicious care of the humane physician, and follow her husband to London, to inquire by what accident the baronet discovered that he had been led to wrong his wife, by the envious calumnies and insinuations of Sir Tudor, and his sister. Sir Owen, though, as I before informed the reader, his first impulse was to write and be reconciled to Julia, biassed by the insidious arguments of his ungenerous cousin, and having previously been persuaded that his wife had given both his relations and himself just cause of



complaint, was determined to follow Sir Tudor's advice. Sir Owen had been indirectly accused of weakness, by a man who was by some years his senior, and of whose understanding he thought highly. Sir Tudor, it must be allowed, had a strong understanding, though his mind was narrowed by selfishness. It had been hinted, to the baronet, that he was in danger of being made ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

To a man accustomed to meet general approbation and esteem, such a menace was alarming: his pride rose in arms, and though his heart, notwithstanding the temporary injustice he did his wife, pleaded strongly for the amiable Julia, he suffered pride to gain the victory. Beside, when Sir Owen arrived in London, the hurry of business for some days entirely occupied his time, and attention.]



One morning, as Sir Owen was at breakfast, old Gregory, his confidential servant, who had lived twenty years in the baronet's family, had attended his master when a boy, and had always been esteemed for his integrity, zeal, and active intelligence, came into the room, with a joyful countenance.

"Well, Gregory," said the baronet, who, without being too familiar, was kind and affable to his domestics, particularly to those who had grown grey in his service, "what is the news? You look as if you were the messenger of good."

"Yes, an't please your honor, I hope I am."

"Well, let me hear, my good Gregory. What is it?"

"Why, Sir, as I was cleaning out the private drawer of your writing



desk, as you desired me, I found a toothpick-case.

“A toothpick-case?”

“Yes, an’t please you, Sir; and, by the description, the same your honor was so vexed at losing, some days before your worship left Lewellen Castle; it was under a whole heap of papers and letters, and so I thought your honor would be glad it was found.”

“Good God!” exclaimed the baronet, thrown off his guard by this unexpected proof of Julia’s innocence, “I now remember taking it out, while I was writing, and no doubt, in my hurry or in a fit of absence, I threw it among the papers. Rash fool that I was!” continued Sir Owen, striking his forehead with self-indignation; “why did Sir Tudor and his sister make me believe that my wife must



have it, when they saw how angry it made me? Why did they interfere to do mischief?"

"Why, if I might be so bold as to speak without giving offence, I could tell your honor something that would surprise you, Sir; as it did me, and every soul among us."

"Speak, honest Gregory; I do not understand what it is you mean."

"Why then, Sir, I hope your honor won't be offended, but Sir Tudor and Miss Jessica did not like my lady."

"Not like my wife?"

"No, Sir; so Martha, Miss Jessica's woman and prime confidant, told us servants, over and over; and she said too that it was all out of spite, because your honor had married my lady instead of Miss Jessica, and that she and Sir Tudor would not have come to the Castle at all, only Miss



Jessica wanted to make you see how much handsomer and more agreeable she was than my lady; and Sir Tudor thought it would not be to his interest to openly show discontent at your honor's marriage. Martha, though she was a babbling bad girl to betray the confidence of her mistress, owned herself that my lady was by far the most agreeable; and, as for temper, there was no comparison."

"Gregory, I know you are a faithful servant, and an honest man; but honesty may occasionally be mistaken: are you sure that Martha said so?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I could take my bible oath she did; beside, I have heard her say that, when your honor has been out of the way, her mistress and master were always taunting at my lady, who took it all with the



patience of a saint. I long wished to have spoken to your honor, but I was afraid of doing harm, and I hate making mischief in families; but since I am allowed to speak, I must say my lady is the sweetest tempered and best lady in the world. I hope your honor will not be offended at my boldness, in speaking what I know to be true."

Sir Owen, who well knew the rectitude, good disposition, and faithful attachment of his old domestic, could not a moment suspect him of saying what was not true. The baronet beside recollected a thousand trivial circumstances, which corroborated the story Gregory told. The truth rushed with irresistible force to his mind; he now perceived the extent of his error, the admirable conduct of his wife appeared in the most lovely colours,



he felt, if possible, increased affection for his beloved Julia, and hated himself for having a moment listened to the calumnies and pernicious counsel of interested detractors.

Such were the feelings of Sir Owen, when he wrote to his amiable wife: he waited impatiently for an answer to his letter, but, though it was three days in coming, he did not again wrongly accuse Julia. The letter, by some accident, might have been delayed on the road; nay, it might have miscarried; or Julia, and the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen, might be on a visit, and not yet have received it. The fear that his beloved Julia might be indisposed occasionally darted across his mind, but it was too painful to dwell on, nor had Sir Owen the most distant idea that she could be seriously ill, or he would have quitted



London, at any risk, immediately to return to Lewellen Castle. On the fourth day, as the baronet, who grew uneasy at Julia's silence, was sitting down again to write, he received a letter, not from his wife, but the Dowager, Lady Fitz-Owen. Seriously alarmed, he hastily broke the seal. The reader will imagine what were his feelings, when he read as follows :

*" Dear Fitz-Owen,*

" AT once to free you from the alarm you will doubtless feel at receiving a letter from me, instead of your wife, I must inform you that Lady Fitz-Owen has been on the verge of the grave, but that she is now entirely out of danger, and in a fair way of recovery. Nothing, however, but her youth, and the indefatigable zeal of the friendly Doctor Meredith, who for three days



never quitted the Castle, could have saved your Julia. For three days, the poor suffering saint was struggling between life and death! It would have pierced you to the heart could you have heard her call upon you, in the most affecting language, while she was delirious! Had you seen her sufferings, you would have wept like a child! Oh, these mischief-making sycophants! I could not easily forgive you, for having been the dupe of their artful flattery and pretended friendship, were I not well assured you can scarcely forgive yourself.

“ Never did a word of complaint escape Lady Fitz-Owen, either before or after your departure, though she was sinking under the weight of mental agitation and anxiety! She even redoubled her attention to the envious disturbers of her peace, when you were



no longer here to shield them against my just contempt. She generously defended them, though she knew them to be worthy only of scorn, and though by so doing she exposed herself to my censure, and irony; and you know, my dear Fitz-Owen, though my heart is good, my temper is not of the mildest.

“ When Miss Jessica, who is as affected as she is envious, kept her chamber two or three days, for a slight cold, Lady Fitz-Owen, ill and unhappy as she was, devoted every moment she could spare, from me, to nurse and amuse her; nay, she insisted on sleeping in the same room. No wonder, dear suffering saint, she fell dangerously ill, almost immediately after the departure of these *friendly* and *sincere* cousins! I cannot think or speak of them with common patience; and



I feel almost as indignant at your folly, as I do at their malice! I did not, it is true, at first, do justice to the amiable qualities of Lady Fitz-Owen; I viewed her with prejudiced eyes, and, I am sorry to recollect, treated her unkindly, till her unexampled sweetness and the excellence of her disposition forced me, in despite of strong prejudices, to love her: but, though I was vexed at your marriage, which destroyed the high hopes and advantageous plans I had formed, and consequently was unjust to your amiable Julia, I would sooner have died than have said a word that could injure her in your esteem.

“ When your letter arrived, the recovery of Lady Fitz-Owen was doubtful: she, poor soul, was delirious, and unable to read it herself; I was therefore obliged to open it. It cost me many



bitter tears! I was distracted how to act: the worthy Doctor Meredith, for whose judgment I have the greatest deference, had before prevented me from writing, to inform you of your wife's illness; and he now advised me to wait a day or two, when he hoped his patient would be out of danger, though he could not promise that she would! Indeed, he afterward told me that, at first, he thought her recovery almost impossible.

“ Oh, my dear Fitz-Owen, conceive what I suffered, in this interval of dreadful suspense! I thought of you, my son! Of the agonizing grief the loss of such a wife, at such a moment, must inflict! Never were vows more fervently addressed to the Almighty, for the recovery of the sick! Never was gratitude more devout, than that which glowed toward my Creator, when Ju-



lia was pronounced to be out of danger. Oh, Fitz-Owen, son of my affection, your heart, like mine, must glow with fervent gratitude! You, like me, will bless the Almighty Providence that has spared you affliction and remorse so bitter. Had Julia died, the victim of false accusation and her husband's unkindness, your peace of mind would have been destroyed, your happiness lost for ever!

“Shudder, my son, to look back on the precipice on which you stood, and let this awful lesson never be erased from your memory! In future, distrust interested flatterers, who would encourage you to indulge in ill-humor and resentment! Shun those insidious disturbers of domestic concord, who seek to interfere in family affairs, or disputes, and whose interference is



equally unwarrantable and mischievous. Above all things, my son, particularly beware of making any man your confidant, in the little disagreements which will occasionally arise between the happiest couple. Such a confidence is more dangerous than you perhaps are aware.

“Your amiable Julia, who is slowly recovering, is now informed of your lively repentance, and return to justice; her mind is now perfectly tranquil, and she begged me to assure you that she has not a moment ceased to love and esteem the husband of her heart; that she knew you were deceived by appearances, and were not wilfully unjust; and that the only request she has to make is, that all past troubles may be buried in oblivion, and *every body* forgiven. There,



I must own, I dissent from her. She entreats you not to think of quitting London, till your business is entirely finished. As soon as her strength will permit she will write herself, to confirm the assurance of her unabating, nay, to use her own expression, her *increased* affection.

“ Julia wishes that her parents may be informed that she has been ill, but is now recovering, and requires you will oblige her by not hinting the cause of her illness. I cannot help repeating it, but she is an angel! Let me request you to prevail on the excellent parents of Lady Fitz-Owen to accompany you, when you return to the Castle. Tell them, I honor them, for having given their daughter such exemplary principles, united to the most agreeable talents and obliging



disposition, and that I look on Julia as my own child.

“ This letter is very long, but my heart was full, and old age is garrulous.

“ Adieu, dear son of my affection! I need not tell you how happy we shall be to see you! Expect a severe reprimand, from your affectionate but angry grandmother, if you do not make ample atonement for past offences. Julia will have it that you have none to atone for, and the little sorceress has such power over my mind, that I am half persuaded to be of her opinion. Her faithful Hannah deserves every encouragement, and reward: her prudence, and zealous attachment to her lady, have just claims on your esteem. But such a mistress could not but inspire affec-



tion, and fidelity, in an upright heart.  
Again I am growing tedious: once  
more, adieu!"

"Your affectionate Grandmother,

"CORDELIA FITZ-OWEN."



## CHAP. XII.

IN a few weeks, the young Lady Fitz-Owen was perfectly restored to health, and had the happiness again to see her beloved husband, and enjoy the society of her excellent parents, whom Sir Owen, according to the dowager's request, invited to accompany him to Lewellen Castle. Sir Owen, too noble-minded not to make ample atonement for his former injustice, notwithstanding the oblivion his wife had generously solicited, informed Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont of the sufferings and exemplary conduct of their amiable daughter, taking just blame on himself. The tender parents, while their hearts bled for Julia's past sufferings, were proud of and delighted at



her virtuous forbearance: they no less admired the noble sincerity and mental rectitude of her worthy husband, and freely excused his temporary injustice. They were received with hospitable cordiality, by the old Lady Fitz-Owen; and had the heart-felt pleasure of seeing her treat their daughter with maternal affection.

Julia's permanent happiness was now secured through life: she enjoyed the confidence and esteem of her idolizing husband, and was respected by his relations. She prevailed on Sir Owen, and his grandmother, to forbear showing any personal resentment at the selfish and culpable conduct of Sir Tudor, and his sister Jessica, well assured that her domestic peace could never again be interrupted, by any malicious calumniator. Sir Owen, by his interest, procured



a lucrative and honorable post for his cousin abroad, where that gentleman took his beautiful sister. Jessica's ambition and that of Sir Tudor was satisfied: she married a foreign nobleman, high in office, and rich; and Sir Tudor was united to a lady equally noble, and wealthy, but selfish of heart, and incapable of true affection: though enjoying the splendor of rank, and affluence, they were not truly happy.

The faithful Hannah was rewarded for her zealous attachment, and spent her days in the service of her dear lady.

The worthy Doctor Meredith, whose abilities had too long been buried in the country, in a few years became one of the most eminent physicians in the metropolis; and a sincere friendship was formed between himself and the



no less celebrated and humane Mr. Rainston.

Sir Owen, happy in having the best of wives, and a lovely offspring, who were brought up with no less tenderness than good sense, and became the delight of the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, who lived many years to witness the deserved happiness of their amiable daughter—Sir Owen, I say, continued to be the friend of merit, the promoter of science, and the benefactor of the industrious poor. He spent a long life in useful and virtuous exertion; he was a tender husband, a good father, and an honor to the high station in which he was born. He checked the impetuosity of his temper, and, from the example of his amiable wife, learned to BEAR AND FORBEAR!

THE END.



