

**RIGHT FOR
RIGHT'S SAKE**

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Right for Right's Sake by Emily Fleming

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BY

EMILY FLEMING.



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CHAPTER I.

DOROTHEA BEDELL was rather a small child, of nine years old, when I first saw her. She had a shy look sometimes, and was too reserved and quiet for her age, though when amused she was very bright and merry, and her laugh most infectious; still, there was in her face a sadness, as of a coming sorrow. I often stayed in the house of her parents, and was curiously interested in this lonely little girl. The family consisted of Dorothea's father and mother and two aunts, all of them more or less selfish, and not at all understanding the shy quiet child that was amongst them. Many a time have I seen her

wandering about the old-fashioned garden, with nothing to do and no one to speak to. If I asked her to take a walk with me she would brighten up, and a pretty flush would come into her face. A sad presentiment would come to me at these times, that sorrow was before her. Oh! if people who are thrown amongst children, would study their characters, enter into their troubles and pleasures, and for a time *be* a child, how much sorrow and suffering and wrong-doing might be saved in after life! When Dolly was about ten years old, a great sense of humour seemed to steal into her character; the earnest expression of her eyes would suddenly give place to a flash of merriment, and a quick clever answer would come when you least expected it. "How," I thought, "this child's character might be brought out to any extent; but who will do it?" The mother of Dorothy was a woman of extraordinary contradictions, but utterly devoid of that valuable but dangerous gift—originality. She was affectionate, but exacting, and the more she

loved the more she exacted, and inasmuch as the beautiful flower Love, was choked by the ill-weed selfishness, the result was a large amount of jealousy, and distrust of human nature under all aspects. Yet, for all this, she was a lovable woman in some points; upright and truthful to a fault, if that be possible, and exceedingly gentle and good-tempered as a rule, which latter grace caused her to be magnetic with men of a domineering order. She had been an only child, much petted and spoilt, and had been brought up almost without even the ordinary outward observances of religion, so that what good points she had (which were many) were inherent in her nature, and had they been developed in her childhood she would probably have grown up a very different kind of woman, though she would always have been common-place enough. She was a young-looking, pretty woman, remarkable for quantities of golden hair, of which she was justly proud, one would think exactly the wrong mother for Dolly, for of motherliness she had

none, except the animal instinct of defence ; this would rise if occasion offered in a mild way. I say she seemed just the wrong mother for Dorothea ; but can it be so ?—perhaps in the Regeneration we shall find that *our* wrong ones are God's right ones : surely many a mother is the school-mistress used by God to train and educate one of His saintly ones for Himself by her very unmotherliness and indifference ! But, alas ! for the child while the training is going on. Dorothea's father was a man of average abilities, fond of his little girl because she was a Bedell, looking upon woman as an inferior being, his wife created expressly to order his dinner, knit his socks, and in 'all things to submit to that superior being man—in other words, himself. He was a good deal older than his wife, and ruled her in all things, except when her jealous disposition came into play ; however, this did not often happen, as he was a quiet-going sort of man, so that their lives glided on pretty smoothly. Dorothy's two aunts were two

elderly sisters of Mr. Bedell's. Circumstances had acted upon their shallow natures, and made them irritable, dressy, and specially snubby to Dolly, whose numerous questions, and clear-sightedness, served as a constant reproach to them. They did many an act of kindness outside the house, or even to their own servants, yet were not loved, because the kindness was done from an elevation—not as between woman and woman, or as between woman and man; but as a condescension from lady to inferior.

CHAPTER II.

“DOLLY! Dolly! where are you?” This from a rather thin, discontented voice, one day in the garden of Wenden House. “Where is that stupid child? Dolly, come here directly.”

But there was no answer. Mrs. Bedell walked slowly down the avenue, and turned up a narrow path. Presently she heard a hard cough, and, opening a door, she passed into a large kitchen-garden, where an old man was digging potatoes.

“Have you seen Miss Dorothy, Crow?”

“Lor! mem, I do b’lieve Miss Dorothy’s in the stable-yard; I seed her jist now a passing, I do b’lieve as she wor a crying, mem.”