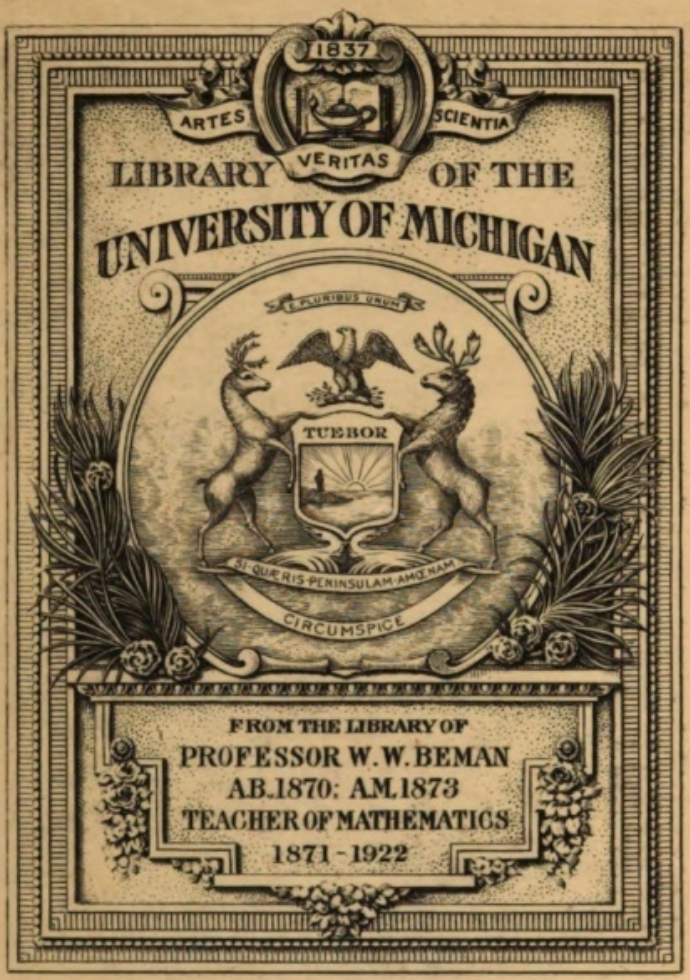

THE

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,

A

ROMANCE;

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

BY

ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST, ETC.

THE THIRD EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Fate sits on these dark battlements, and frowns,
And, as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice, in sullen echoes through the courts,
Tells of a nameless deed.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1795.

W. W. Beman
Ft.

THE

MYSTERIES

OF

UDOLPHO.

CHAP. I.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravell'd still shall turn to thee."

GOLDSMITH.

THE carriages were at the gates at an early hour; the bustle of the domestics, passing to and fro in the galleries, awakened Emily from harassing slumbers: her unquiet mind had, during the night, presented her with terrific images and obscure circumstances, concerning her affection and her future life. She now endeavoured to chase away the impressions they had left on her fancy; but from imaginary evils she awoke to the consciousness of real ones. Recol-

lecting that ſhe had parted with Valancourt, perhaps for ever, her heart ſickened as memory revived. But ſhe tried to diſmiſs the diſmal forebodings that crowded on her mind, and to reſtrain the ſorrow which ſhe could not ſubdue; efforts which diffuſed over the ſettled melancholy of her countenance an expreſſion of tempered reſignation, as a thin veil, thrown over the features of beauty, renders them more intereſting by a partial concealment. But Madame Montoni obſerved nothing in this countenance except its unuſual paleneſs, which attracted her cenſure. She told her niece, that ſhe had been indulging in fanciful ſorrows, and begged ſhe would have more regard for decorum, than to let the world ſee that ſhe could not renounce an improper attachment; at which Emily's pale cheek became fluſhed with crimſon, but it was the bluſh of pride, and ſhe made no anſwer. Soon after, Montoni entered the breakfaſt room, ſpoke little, and ſeemed impatient to be gone.

The

The windows of this room opened upon the garden. As Emily paſſed them, ſhe ſaw the ſpot where ſhe had parted with Valancourt on the preceding night: the remembrance preſſed heavily on her heart, and ſhe turned haſtily away from the object that had awakened it.

The baggage being at length adjuſted, the travellers entered their carriages, and Emily would have left the chateau without one ſigh of regret, had it not been ſituated in the neighbourhood of Valancourt's reſidence.

From a little eminence ſhe looked back upon Tholouſe, and the far-ſeen plains of Gaſcony, beyond which the broken ſummits of the Pyrenées appeared on the diſtant horizon, lighted up by a morning ſun. "Dear pleaſant mountains!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "how long may it be ere I ſee ye again, and how much may happen to make me miſerable in the interval! Oh, could I now be certain, that I ſhould ever return to ye, and find that Valancourt ſtill lived

for me, I ſhould go in peace! He will ſtill gaze on ye, gaze when I am far away!"

The trees, that impended over the high banks of the road and formed a line of perſpective with the diſtant country, now threatened to exclude the view of them; but the blueiſh mountains ſtill appeared beyond the dark foliage, and Emily continued to lean from the coach window, till at length the cloſing branches ſhut them from her ſight.

Another object ſoon caught her attention. She had ſcarcely looked at a perſon who walked along the bank, with his hat, in which was the military feather, drawn over his eyes, before, at the ſound of wheels, he ſuddenly turned, and ſhe perceived that it was Valancourt himſelf, who waved his hand, ſprung into the road, and through the window of the carriage put a letter into her hand. He endeavoured to ſmile through the deſpair that overſpread his countenance as ſhe paſſed on. The remembrance of that

that ſmile ſeemed impreſſed on Emily's mind for ever. She leaned from the window, and ſaw him on a knoll of the broken bank, leaning againſt the high trees that waved over him, and purſuing the carriage with his eyes. He waved his hand, and ſhe continued to gaze till diſtance confuſed his figure, and at length another turn of the road entirely ſeparated him from her ſight.

Having ſtopped to take up Signor Cavigni at a chateau on the road, the travellers, of whom Emily was diſreſpectfully ſeated with Madame Montoni's woman in a ſecond carriage, purſued their way over the plains of Languedoc. The preſence of this ſervant reſtrained Emily from reading Valancourt's letter, for ſhe did not chooſe to expoſe the emotions it might occaſion to the obſervation of any perſon. Yet ſuch was her wiſh to read this his laſt communication, that her trembling hand was every moment on the point of breaking the ſeal.

At length they reached the village, where they ſtayed only to change horſes, without alighting, and it was not till they ſtopped to dine, that Emily had an opportunity of reading the letter. Though ſhe had never doubted the ſincerity of Valancourt's affection, the freſh aſſurances ſhe now received of it revived her ſpirits; ſhe wept over his letter in tenderneſs, laid it by to be referred to when they ſhould be particularly depreſſed, and then thought of him with much leſs anguiſh than ſhe had done ſince they parted. Among ſome other requeſts, which were intereſting to her, becauſe expreſſive of his tenderneſs, and becauſe a compliance with them ſeemed to annihilate for a while the pain of abſence, he entreated ſhe would always think of him at ſun-ſet. "You will then meet me in thought," ſaid he; "I ſhall conſtantly watch the ſun-ſet, and I ſhall be happy in the belief, that your eyes are fixed upon the ſame object with mine, and that our minds are converſing. You know not, Emily, the comfort

comfort I promiſe myſelf from theſe moments; but I truſt you will experience it."

It is unneceſſary to ſay with what emotion Emily, on this evening, watched the declining ſun, over a long extent of plains, on which ſhe ſaw it ſet without interruption, and ſink towards the province which Valancourt inhabited. After this hour her mind became far more tranquil and reſigned, than it had been ſince the marriage of Montoni and her aunt.

During ſeveral days the travellers journeyed over the plains of Languedoc; and then entering Dauphiny, and winding for ſome time among the mountains of that romantic province, they quitted their carriages and began to aſcend the Alps. And here ſuch ſcenes of ſublimity opened upon them as no colours of language muſt dare to paint! Emily's mind was even ſo much engaged with new and wonderful images, that they ſometimes baniſhed the idea of Valancourt, though they more frequently

revived it. Theſe brought to her recollection the proſpects among the Pyrenées, which they had admired together, and had believed nothing could excel in grandeur. How often did ſhe wiſh to expreſs to him the new emotions which this aſtoniſhing ſcenery awakened, and that he could partake of them! Sometimes too ſhe endeavoured to anticipate his remarks, and almoſt imagined him preſent. She ſeemed to have ariſen into another world, and to have left every trifling thought, every trifling ſentiment, in that below; thoſe only of grandeur and ſublimity now dilated her mind, and elevated the affections of her heart.

With what emotions of ſublimity, ſoftened by tenderneſs, did ſhe meet Valancourt in thought, at the cuſtomary hour of ſun-ſet, when, wandering among the Alps, ſhe watched the glorious orb ſink amid their ſummits, his laſt tints die away on their ſnowy points, and a ſolemn obſcurity ſteal over the ſcene! And when the laſt gleam had

had faded, ſhe turned her eyes from the weſt with ſomewhat of the melancholy regret that is experienced after the departure of a beloved friend; while theſe lonely feelings were heightened by the ſpreading gloom, and by the low ſounds, heard only when darkneſs confines attention, which make the general ſtillneſs more impreſſive—leaves ſhook by the air, the laſt ſigh of the breeze that lingers after ſun ſet, or the murmur of diſtant ſtreams.

During the firſt days of this journey among the Alps, the ſcenery exhibited a wonderful mixture of ſolitude and inhabitation, of cultivation and barrenneſs. On the edge of tremendous precipices, and within the hollow of the cliffs, below which the clouds often floated, were ſeen villages, ſpires, and convent towers; while green paſtures and vineyards ſpread their hues at the feet of perpendicular rocks of marble, or of granite, whoſe points, tufted with alpine ſhrubs, or exhibiting only maſſy crags, roſe above each other, till they ter-

minated in the ſnow-topt mountains, whence the torrent fell, that thundered along the valley.

The ſnow was not yet melted on the ſummit of Mount Cenis, over which the travellers paſſed; but Emily, as ſhe looked upon its clear lake and extended plain, ſurrounded by broken cliffs, ſaw, in imagination, the verdant beauty it would exhibit when the ſnows ſhould be gone, and the ſhepherds, leading up the midſummer flocks from Piedmont, to paſture on its flowery ſummit, ſhould add Arcadian figures to Arcadian landſcape.

As ſhe deſcended on the Italian ſide, the precipices became ſtill more tremendous, and the proſpects ſtill more wild and majeſtic, over which the ſhifting lights threw all the pomp of colouring. Emily delighted to obſerve the ſnowy tops of the mountains under the paſſing influence of the day, bluſhing with morning, glowing with the brightneſs of noon, or juſt tinted with the purple evening. The haunt of man could

now only be diſcovered by the ſimple hut of the ſhepherd and the hunter, or by the rough pine bridge thrown acroſs the torrent, to aſſiſt the latter in his chaſe of the chamois over crags where, but for this veſtige of man, it would have been believed only the chamois or the wolf dared to venture. As Emily gazed upon one of theſe perilous bridges, with the cataract foaming beneath it, ſome images came to her mind, which ſhe afterwards combined in the following

STORIED SONNET.

The weary traveller, who, all night long,
Has climb'd among the Alps' tremendous ſteeps,
Skirting the pathleſs precipice, where throng
Wild forms of danger; as he onward creeps
If, chance, his anxious eye at diſtance ſees
The mountain-ſhepherd's ſolitary home,
Peeping from forth the moon-illumin'd trees,
What ſudden tranſports to his boſom come!
But, if between ſome hideous chaſm yawn,
Where the cleft pine a doubtful bridge diſplays,
In dreadful ſilence, on the brink, forlorn
He ſtands, and views in the faint rays

Far, far below, the torrent's riſing ſurge,
And liſtens to the wild impetuous roar;
Still eyes the depth, ſtill ſhudders on the verge,
Fears to return, nor dares to venture o'er.
Deſperate, at length the tottering plank he tries,
His weak ſteps ſlide, he ſhrieks, he ſinks—he dies!

Emily, often as ſhe travelled among the clouds, watched in ſilent awe their billowy ſurges rolling below; ſometimes, wholly cloſing upon the ſcene, they appeared like a world of chaos, and, at others, ſpreading thinly, they opened and admitted partial catches of the landſcape—the torrent, whoſe aſtounding roar had never failed, tumbling down the rocky chaſm, huge cliffs white with ſnow, or the dark ſummits of the pine foreſts, that ſtretched mid-way down the mountains. But who may deſcribe her rapture, when, having paſſed through a ſea of vapour, ſhe caught a firſt view of Italy; when, from the ridge of one of thoſe tremendous precipices that hang upon Mount Cenis and guard the entrance of that enchanting country, ſhe looked down through the

the lower clouds, and, as they floated away, ſaw the graſſy vales of Piedmont at her feet, and, beyond, the plains of Lombardy extending to the fartheſt diſtance, at which appeared, on the faint horizon, the doubtful towers of Turin?

The ſolitary grandeur of the objects that immediately ſurrounded her, the mountain region towering above, the deep precipices that fell beneath, the waving blackneſs of the foreſts of pine and oak, which ſkirted their feet, or hung within their receſſes, the headlong torrents that, daſhing among their cliffs, ſometimes appeared like a cloud of miſt, at others like a ſheet of ice—theſe were features which received a higher character of ſublimity from the repoſing beauty of the Italian landſcape below, ſtretching to the wide horizon, where the ſame melting blue tint ſeemed to unite earth and ſky.

Madame Montoni only ſhuddered as ſhe looked down precipices near whoſe edge the chairmen trotted lightly and ſwiftly, almoſt,

almoſt, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears were mingled ſuch various emotions of delight, ſuch admiration, aſtoniſhment, and awe, as ſhe had never experienced before.

Meanwhile the carriers, having come to a landing-place, ſtopped to reſt, and the travellers being ſeated on the point of a cliff, Montoni and Cavigni renewed a diſpute concerning Hannibal's paſſage over the Alps, Montoni contending that he entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis, and Cavigni, that he paſſed over Mount St. Bernard. The ſubject brought to Emily's imagination the diſaſters he had ſuffered in this bold and perilous adventure. She ſaw his vaſt armies winding among the defiles, and over the tremendous cliffs of the mountains, which at night were lighted up by his fires, or by the torches which he cauſed to be carried when he purſued his indefatigable march. In the eye of fancy, ſhe perceived the gleam of arms through the duſkineſs of night, the

the glitter of ſpears and helmets, and the banners floating dimly on the twilight; while now and then the blaſt of a diſtant trumpet echoed along the defile, and the ſignal was anſwered by a momentary claſh of arms. She looked with horror upon the mountaineers, perched on the higher cliffs, aſſailing the troops below with broken fragments of the mountain; on ſoldiers and elephants tumbling headlong down the lower precipices; and, as ſhe liſtened to the rebounding rocks, that followed their fall, the terrors of fancy yielded to thoſe of reality, and ſhe ſhuddered to behold herſelf on the dizzy height, whence ſhe had pictured the deſcent of others.

Madame Montoni, meantime, as ſhe looked upon Italy, was contemplating in imagination the ſplendour of palaces and the grandeur of caſtles, ſuch as ſhe believed ſhe was going to be miſtreſs of at Venice and in the Apennine, and ſhe became, in idea, little leſs than a princeſs. Being no longer under the alarms which had deterred her from

from giving entertainments to the beauties of Tholouſe, whom Montoni had mentioned with more *eclat* to his own vanity than credit to their diſcretion, or regard to truth, ſhe determined to give concerts, though ſhe had neither ear nor taſte for muſic; *converſazioni*, though ſhe had no talents for converſation; and to outvie, if poſſible, in the gaieties of her parties and the magnificence of her liveries, all the nobleſſe of Venice. This bliſsful reverie was ſomewhat obſcured, when ſhe recollected the Signor, her huſband, who, though he was not averſe to the profit which ſometimes reſults from ſuch parties, had always ſhewn a contempt of the frivolous parade that ſometimes attends them; till ſhe conſidered that his pride might be gratified by diſplaying among his own friends, in his native city, the wealth which he had neglected in France; and ſhe courted again the ſplendid illuſions that had charmed her before.

The travellers, as they deſcended, gradually, exchanged the region of winter for the genial

genial warmth and beauty of ſpring. The ſky began to aſſume that ſerene and beautiful tint peculiar to the climate of Italy; patches of young verdure, fragrant ſhrubs and flowers looked gaily among the rocks, often fringing their rugged brows, or hanging in tufts from their broken ſides; and the buds of the oak and mountain aſh were expanding into foliage. Deſcending lower, the orange and the myrtle, every now and then, appeared in ſome ſunny nook, with their yellow bloſſoms peeping from among the dark green of their leaves, and mingling with the ſcarlet flowers of the pomegranate and the paler ones of the arbutus, that ran mantling to the crags above; while, lower ſtill, ſpread the paſtures of Piedmont, where early flocks were cropping the luxuriant herbage of ſpring.

The river Doria, which, riſing on the ſummit of Mount Cenis, had daſhed for many leagues over the precipices that bordered the road, now began to aſſume a leſs impetuous, though ſcarcely leſs romantic character,

character, as it approached the green vallies of Piedmont, into which the travellers deſcended with the evening ſun; and Emily found herſelf once more amid the tranquil beauty of paſtoral ſcenery; among flocks and herds, and ſlopes tufted with woods of lively verdure and with beautiful ſhrubs, ſuch as ſhe had often ſeen waving luxuriantly over the Alps above. The verdure of the paſturage, now varied with the hues of early flowers, among which were yellow ranunculuſes and panſey violets of delicious fragrance, ſhe had never ſeen excelled.—Emily almoſt wiſhed to become a peaſant of Piedmont, to inhabit one of the pleaſant embowered cottages which ſhe ſaw peeping beneath the cliffs, and to paſs her careleſs hours among theſe romantic landſcapes. To the hours, the months, ſhe was to paſs under the dominion of Montoni, ſhe looked with apprehenſion; while thoſe which were departed ſhe remembered with regret and ſorrow.

In the preſent ſcenes her fancy often gave

gave her the figure of Valancourt, whom ſhe ſaw on a point of the cliffs, gazing with awe and admiration at the imagery around him; or wandering penſively along the vale below, frequently pauſing to look back upon the ſcenery, and then, his countenance glowing with the poet's fire, purſuing his way to ſome overhanging height: When ſhe again conſidered the time and the diſtance that were to ſeparate them, that every ſtep ſhe now took lengthened this diſtance, her heart ſunk, and the ſurrounding landſcape charmed her no more.

The travellers, paſſing Novaleſa, reached, after the evening had cloſed, the ſmall and ancient town of Suſa, which had formerly guarded this paſs of the Alps into Piedmont. The heights which command it had, ſince the invention of artillery, rendered its fortifications uſeleſs; but theſe romantic heights, ſeen by moon-light, with the town below, ſurrounded by its walls and watch-towers, and partially illumined, exhibited an intereſting picture to Emily.

Here

Here they reſted for the night at an inn, which had little accommodation to boaſt of; but the travellers brought with them the hunger that gives delicious flavour to the coarſeſt viands, and the wearineſs that enſures repoſe; and here Emily firſt caught a ſtrain of Italian muſic, on Italian ground. As ſhe ſat after ſupper at a little window, that opened upon the country, obſerving an effect of the moon-light on the broken ſurface of the mountains, and remembering that on ſuch a night as this ſhe once had ſat with her father and Valancourt, reſting upon a cliff of the Pyrenées, ſhe heard from below the long-drawn notes of a violin, of ſuch tone and delicacy of expreſſion, as harmonized exactly with the tender emotions ſhe was indulging, and both charmed and ſurpriſed her. Cavigni, who approached the window, ſmiled at her ſurpriſe. "This is nothing extraordinary," ſaid he, "you will hear the ſame, perhaps, at every inn in our way. It is one of our landlord's family who plays, I doubt not."

Emily,

Emily, as she listened, thought he could be scarcely less than a professor of music whom she heard; and the sweet and plaintive strains soon lulled her into a reverie, from which she was very unwillingly roused by the raillery of Cavigni, and by the voice of Montoni, who gave orders to a servant to have the carriages ready at an early hour on the following morning; and added, that he meant to dine at Turin.

Madame Montoni was exceedingly rejoiced to be once more on level ground; and, after giving a long detail of the various terrors she had suffered, which she forgot that she was describing to the companions of her dangers, she added a hope, that she should soon be beyond the view of these horrid mountains, "which all the world," said she, "should not tempt me to cross again." Complaining of fatigue she soon retired to rest, and Emily withdrew to her own room, when she understood from Annette, her aunt's woman, that Cavigni was nearly right in his conjecture concerning the

the muſician, who had awakened the violin with ſo much taſte, for that he was the ſon of a peaſant, inhabiting the neighbouring valley. "He is going to the Carnival at Venice," added Annette, "for they ſay he has a fine hand at playing, and will get a world of money; and the Carnival is juſt going to begin: but for my part, I ſhould like to live among theſe pleaſant woods and hills, better than in a town; and they ſay Ma'mſelle, we ſhall ſee no woods, or hills, or fields, at Venice, for that it is built in the very middle of the ſea."

Emily agreed with the talkative Annette, that this young man was making a change for the worſe, and could not forbear ſilently lamenting, that he ſhould be drawn from the innocence and beauty of theſe ſcenes, to the corrupt ones of that voluptuous city.

When ſhe was alone, unable to ſleep, the landſcapes of her native home, with Valancourt, and the circumſtances of her departure, haunted her fancy; ſhe drew pictures of

of ſocial happineſs amidſt the grand ſimplicity of nature, ſuch as ſhe feared ſhe had bade farewell to for ever; and then, the idea of this young Piedmonteſe, thus ignorantly ſporting with his happineſs, returned to her thoughts, and, glad to eſcape awhile from the preſſure of nearer intereſts, ſhe indulged her fancy in compoſing the following lines.

THE PIEDMONTESE.

Ah, merry ſwain, who laugh'd along the vales,
And with your gay pipe made the mountains ring,
Why leave your cot, your woods, and thymy gales,
And friends belov'd, for aught that wealth can bring?
He goes to wake o'er moon-light ſeas the ſtring,
Venetian gold his untaught fancy hails!
Yet oft of home his ſimple carols ſing,
And his ſteps pauſe, as the laſt Alp he ſcales.
Once more he turns to view his native ſcene—
Far, far below, as roll the clouds away,
He ſpies his cabin 'mid the pine-tops green,
The well-known woods, clear brook, and paſtures gay;
And thinks of friends and parents left behind,
Of ſylvan revels, dance, and feſtive ſong;
And hears the faint reed ſwelling in the wind;
And his ſad ſighs the diſtant notes prolong!

Thus

Thus went the ſwain, till mountain-ſhadows fell,
And dimm'd the landſcape to his aching ſight;
And muſt he leave the vales he loves ſo well?
Can foreign wealth, and ſhows, his heart delight?
No, happy vales! your wild rocks ſtill ſhall hear
His pipe, light ſounding on the morning breeze;
Still ſhall he lead the flocks to ſtreamlet clear,
And watch at eve beneath the weſtern trees.
Away, Venetian gold—your charm is o'er!
And now his ſwift ſtep ſeeks the lowland bow'rs,
Where, through the leaves, his cottage light *once more*
Guides him to happy friends, and jocund hours.
Ah, merry ſwain! that laugh along the vales,
And with your gay pipe make the mountains ring,
Your cot, your woods, your thymy-ſcented gales—
And friends belov'd—more joy than wealth can bring!

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Titania. "If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us."
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

EARLY on the following morning, the travellers ſet out for Turin. The luxuriant plain, that extends from the feet of the Alps to that magnificent city, was not then, as now, ſhaded by an avenue of trees nine miles in length; but plantations of olives, mulberry and palms, feſtooned with vines, mingled with the paſtoral ſcenery through which the rapid Po, after its deſcent from the mountains, wandered to meet the humble Doria at Turin. As they advanced towards the city, the Alps, ſeen at ſome diſtance, began to appear in all their awful ſublimity; chain riſing over chain

in long ſucceſſion, their higher points darkened by the hovering clouds, ſometimes hid, and at others ſeen ſhooting up far above them; while their lower ſteeps, broken into fantaſtic forms, were touched with blue and purpliſh tints, which, as they changed in light and ſhade, ſeemed to open new ſcenes to the eye. To the eaſt ſtretched the plains of Lombardy, with the towers of Turin riſing at a diſtance; and beyond, the Apennines, bounding the horizon.

The general magnificence of that city, with its viſtas of churches and palaces, branching from the grand ſquare, each opening to a landſcape of the diſtant Alps or Apennines, was not only ſuch as Emily had never ſeen in France, but ſuch as ſhe had never imagined.

Montoni, who had been often at Turin, and cared little about views of any kind, did not comply with his wife's requeſt, that they might ſurvey ſome of the palaces; but ſtaying only till the neceſſary refreſhments could be obtained, they ſet forward for

for Venice with all poſſible rapidity. Montoni's manner, during this journey, was grave, and even haughty; and towards Madame Montoni he was more eſpecially reſerved; but it was not the reſerve of reſpect ſo much as of pride and diſcontent. Of Emily he took little notice. With Cavigni his converſations were commonly on political or military topics, ſuch as the convulſed ſtate of their country rendered at this time particularly intereſting. Emily obſerved, that, at the mention of any daring exploit, Montoni's eyes loſt their ſullenneſs, and ſeemed inſtantaneouſly to gleam with fire; yet they ſtill retained ſomewhat of a lurking cunning, and ſhe ſometimes thought that their fire partook more of the glare of malice than the brightneſs of valour, though the latter would well have harmonized with the high chivalric air of his figure, in which Cavigni, with all his gay and gallant manners, was his inferior.

On entering the Milaneſe, the gentlemen exchanged their French hats for the

Italian cap of ſcarlet cloth, embroidered; and Emily was ſomewhat ſurpriſed to obſerve, that Montoni added to his the military plume, while Cavigni retained only the feather, which was uſually worn with ſuch caps: but ſhe at length concluded, that Montoni aſſumed this enſign of a ſoldier for convenience, as a means of paſſing with more ſafety through a country over-run with parties of the military.

Over the beautiful plains of this country the devaſtations of war were frequently viſible. Where the lands had not been ſuffered to lie uncultivated, they were often tracked with the ſteps of the ſpoiler; the vines were torn down from the branches that had ſupported them, the olives trampled upon the ground, and even the groves of mulberry trees had been hewn by the enemy to light fires that deſtroyed the hamlets and villages of their owners. Emily turned her eyes with a ſigh from theſe painful veſtiges of contention, to the Alps of the Griſon, that overlooked them to the north, whoſe awful

awful ſolitudes ſeemed to offer to perſecuted man a ſecure aſylum.

The travellers frequently diſtinguiſhed troops of ſoldiers moving at a diſtance; and they experienced, at the little inns on the road, the ſcarcity of proviſion and other inconveniencies, which are a part of the conſequence of inteſtine war; but they had never reaſon to be much alarmed for their immediate ſafety, and they paſſed on to Milan with little interruption of any kind, where they ſtayed not to ſurvey the grandeur of the city, or even to view its vaſt cathedral, which was then building.

Beyond Milan, the country wore the aſpect of a ruder devaſtation; and though every thing ſeemed now quiet, the repoſe was like that of death, ſpread over features, which retain the impreſſion of the laſt convulſions.

It was not till they had paſſed the eaſtern limits of the Milaneſe, that the travellers ſaw any troops ſince they had left Milan, when, as the evening was drawing to a

 cloſe,

cloſe, they deſcried what appeared to be an army winding onward along the diſtant plains, whoſe ſpears and other arms caught the laſt rays of the ſun. As the column advanced through a part of the road, contracted between two hillocks, ſome of the commanders, on horſeback, were diſtinguiſhed on a ſmall eminence, pointing and making ſignals for the march; while ſeveral of the officers were riding along the line directing its progreſs, according to the ſigns communicated by thoſe above; and others, ſeparating from the vanguard, which had emerged from the paſs, were riding careleſsly along the plains, at ſome diſtance to the right of the army.

As they drew nearer, Montoni, diſtinguiſhing the feathers that waved in their caps, and the banners and liveries of the bands that followed them, thought he knew this to be the ſmall army commanded by the famous captain Utaldo, with whom, as well as with ſome of the other chiefs, he was perſonally acquainted. He, there-

fore, gave orders that the carriages ſhould draw up by the ſide of the road, to await their arrival, and give them the paſs. A faint ſtrain of martial muſic now ſtole by, and, gradually ſtrengthening as the troops approached, Emily diſtinguiſhed the drums and trumpets, with the claſh of cymbals and of arms, that were ſtruck by a ſmall party, in time to the march.

Montoni being now certain that theſe were the bands of the victorious Utaldo, leaned from the carriage window, and hailed their general by waving his cap in the air; which compliment the chief returned by raiſing his ſpear, and then letting it down again ſuddenly, while ſome of his officers, who were riding at a diſtance from the troops, came up to the carriage, and ſaluted Montoni as an old acquaintance. The captain himſelf ſoon after arriving, his bands halted while he converſed with Montoni, whom he appeared much rejoiced to ſee; and from what he ſaid, Emily

underſtood that this was a victorious army, returning into their own principality; while the numerous waggons, that accompanied them, contained the rich ſpoils of the enemy, their own wounded ſoldiers, and the priſoners they had taken in battle, who were to be ranſomed when the peace, then negotiating between the neighbouring ſtates, ſhould be ratified. The chiefs on the following day were to ſeparate, and each, taking his ſhare of the ſpoil, was to return with his own band to his caſtle. This was therefore to be an evening of uncommon and general feſtivity, in commemoration of the victory they had accompliſhed together, and of the farewell which the commanders were about to take of each other.

Emily, as theſe officers converſed with Montoni, obſerved with admiration, tinctured with awe, their high martial air, mingled with the haughtineſs of the nobleſſe of thoſe days, and heightened by the gallantry

gallantry of their dreſs, by the plumes towering on their caps, the armorial coat, Perſian ſaſh, and ancient Spaniſh cloak. Utaldo, telling Montoni that his army were going to encamp for the night near a village at only a few miles diſtance, invited him to turn back and partake of their feſtivity, aſſuring the ladies alſo, that they ſhould be pleaſantly accommodated; but Montoni excuſed himſelf, adding, that it was his deſign to reach Verona that evening; and, after ſome converſation concerning the ſtate of the country towards that city, they parted.

The travellers proceeded without any interruption; but it was ſome hours after ſunſet before they arrived at Verona, whoſe beautiful environs were therefore not ſeen by Emily till the following morning; when, leaving that pleaſant town at an early hour, they ſet off for Padua, where they embarked on the Brenta for Venice. Here the ſcene was entirely changed; no veſtiges of war, ſuch as had deformed the plains of the Milaneſe, appeared; on the contrary,

all was peace and elegance. The verdant banks of the Brenta exhibited a continued landſcape of beauty, gaiety, and ſplendour. Emily gazed with admiration on the villas of the Venetian nobleſſe, with their cool porticos and colonnades, overhung with poplars and cypreſſes of majeſtic height and lively verdure; on their rich orangeries, whoſe bloſſoms perfumed the air, and on the luxuriant willows, that dipped their light leaves in the wave, and ſheltered from the ſun the gay parties whoſe muſic came at intervals on the breeze. The Carnival did, indeed, appear to extend from Venice along the whole line of theſe enchanting ſhores; the river was gay with boats paſſing to that city, exhibiting the fantaſtic diverſity of a maſquerade in the dreſſes of the people within them; and, towards evening, groups of dancers frequently were ſeen beneath the trees.

Cavigni, meanwhile, informed her of the names of the noblemen to whom the ſeveral villas they paſſed belonged, adding light

ſketches

ſketches of their characters, ſuch as ſerved to amuſe rather than to inform, exhibiting his own wit inſtead of the delineation of truth. Emily was ſometimes diverted by his converſation; but his gaiety did not entertain Madame Montoni, as it had formerly done; ſhe was frequently grave, and Montoni retained his uſual reſerve.

Nothing could exceed Emily's admiration, on her firſt view of Venice, with its iſlets, palaces, and towers riſing out of the ſea, whoſe clear ſurface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours. The ſun, ſinking in the weſt, tinted the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, which ſkirt the northern ſhores of the Adriatic, with a ſaffron glow, while on the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and ſhades of evening. As they glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more diſtinctly: its terraces, crowned with airy yet majeſtic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the ſplendour of the ſetting ſun, appeared as if they

had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter, rather than reared by mortal hands.

The ſun, ſoon after, ſinking to the lower world, the ſhadow of the earth ſtole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering ſides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguiſhed even the laſt upward beams that had lingered on their ſummits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them, like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the ſcene! All nature ſeemed to repoſe; the fineſt emotions of the ſoul were alone awake. Emily's eyes filled with tears of admiration and ſublime devotion, as ſhe raiſed them over the ſleeping world to the vaſt heavens, and heard the notes of ſolemn muſic, that ſtole over the waters from a diſtance. She liſtened in ſtill rapture, and no perſon of the party broke the charm by an enquiry. The ſounds ſeemed to grow on the air; for ſo ſmoothly did the barge glide along, that its motion was not perceivable,

ceivable, and the fairy city appeared approaching to welcome the ſtrangers. They now diſtinguiſhed a female voice, accompanied by a few inſtruments, ſinging a ſoft and mournful air; and its fine expreſſion, as ſometimes it ſeemed pleading with the impaſſioned tenderneſs of love, and then languiſhing into the cadence of hopeleſs grief, declared, that it flowed from no feigned ſenſibility. Ah! thought Emily, as ſhe ſighed and remembered Valancourt, thoſe ſtrains come from the heart!

She looked round, with anxious enquiry; the deep twilight, that had fallen over the ſcene, admitted only imperfect images to the eye, but, at ſome diſtance on the ſea, ſhe thought ſhe perceived a gondola: a chorus of voices and inſtruments now ſwelled on the air—ſo ſweet, ſo ſolemn! it ſeemed like the hymn of angels deſcending through the ſilence of night! Now it died away, and fancy almoſt beheld the holy choir reaſcending towards heaven; then again it ſwelled with the breeze, trembled awhile, and

and again died into ſilence. It brought to Emily's recollection ſome lines of her late father, and ſhe repeated in a low voice,

. . . . Oft I hear,
Upon the ſilence of the midnight air,
Celeſtial voices ſwell in holy chorus,
That bears the ſoul to heaven!

The deep ſtillneſs, that ſucceeded, was as expreſſive as the ſtrain that had juſt ceaſed. It was uninterrupted for ſeveral minutes, till a general ſigh ſeemed to releaſe the company from their enchantment. Emily, however, long indulged the pleaſing ſadneſs, that had ſtolen upon her ſpirits; but the gay and buſy ſcene that appeared, as the barge approached St. Mark's Place, at length rouſed her attention. The riſing moon, which threw a ſhadowy light upon the terraces, and illumined the porticos and magnificent arcades that crowned them, diſcovered the various company, whoſe light ſteps, ſoft guitars, and ſofter voices, echoed through the colonnades.

The

The muſic they heard before now paſſed Montoni's barge, in one of the gondolas, of which ſeveral were ſeen ſkimming along the moon-light ſea, full of gay parties, catching the cool breeze. Moſt of theſe had muſic, made ſweeter by the waves over which it floated, and by the meaſured ſound of oars, as they daſhed the ſparkling tide. Emily gazed, and liſtened, and thought herſelf in a fairy ſcene: even Madame Montoni was pleaſed; Montoni congratulated himſelf on his return to Venice, which he called the firſt city in the world, and Cavigni was more gay and animated than ever.

The barge paſſed on to the grand canal, where Montoni's manſion was ſituated. And here, other forms of beauty and of grandeur, ſuch as her imagination had never painted, were unfolded to Emily in the palaces of Sanſovino and Palladio, as ſhe glided along the waves. The air bore no ſounds, but thoſe of ſweetneſs, echoing along each margin of the canal, and

and from gondolas on its ſurface, while groups of maſks were ſeen dancing on the moon-light terraces, and ſeemed almoſt to realize the romance of fairy-land.

The barge ſtopped before the portico of a large houſe, from whence a ſervant of Montoni croſſed the terrace, and immediately the party diſembarked. From the portico they paſſed a noble hall to a ſtaircaſe of marble, which led to a ſaloon, fitted up in a ſtyle of magnificence that ſurpriſed Emily. The walls and ceiling were adorned with hiſtorical and allegorical paintings, in *freſco*; ſilver tripods, depending from chains of the ſame metal, illumined the apartment, the floor of which was covered with Indian mats painted in a variety of colours and devices; the couches and drapery of the lattices were of pale green ſilk, embroidered and fringed with green and gold. Balcony lattices opened upon the grand canal, whence roſe a confuſion of voices and of muſical inſtruments, and the breeze that gave freſhneſs to the apartment.

Emily,

Emily, conſidering the gloomy temper of Montoni, looked upon the ſplendid furniture of his houſe with ſurpriſe, and remembered the report of his being a man of broken fortune, with aſtoniſhment. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "if Valancourt could but ſee this manſion, what peace would it give him! He would then be convinced that the report was groundleſs."

Madame Montoni ſeemed to aſſume the airs of a princeſs; but Montoni was reſtleſs and diſcontented, and did not even obſerve the civility of bidding her welcome to her home.

Soon after his arrival, he ordered his gondola, and, with Cavigni, went out to mingle in the ſcenes of the evening. Madame then became ſerious and thoughtful. Emily, who was charmed with every thing ſhe ſaw, endeavoured to enliven her; but reflection had not, with Madame Montoni, ſubdued caprice and ill humour, and her anſwers diſcovered ſo much of both, that Emily gave up the attempt of diverting her, and withdrew

withdrew to a lattice, to amuſe herſelf with the ſcene without, ſo new and ſo enchanting.

The firſt object that attracted her notice was a group of dancers on the terrace below, led by a guitar, and ſome other inſtruments. The girl, who ſtruck the guitar, and another, who flouriſhed a tamborine, paſſed on in a dancing ſtep, and with a light grace and gaiety of heart, that would have ſubdued the goddeſs of ſpleen in her worſt humour. After theſe came a group of fantaſtic figures, ſome dreſſed as gondolieri, others as minſtrels, while others ſeemed to defy all deſcription. They ſung in parts, their voices accompanied by a few ſoft inſtruments. At a little diſtance from the portico they ſtopped, and Emily diſtinguiſhed the verſes of Arioſto. They ſung of the wars of the Moors againſt Charlemagne, and then of the woes of Orlando: afterwards the meaſure changed, and the melancholy ſweetneſs of Petrarch ſucceeded. The magic of his grief was aſſiſted by all

that

that Italian muſic and Italian expreſſion, heightened by the enchantments of Venetian moonlight, could give.

Emily, as ſhe liſtened, caught the penſive enthuſiaſm; her tears flowed ſilently, while her fancy bore her far away to France and to Valancourt. Each ſucceeding ſonnet, more full of charming ſadneſs than the laſt, ſeemed to bind the ſpell of melancholy: with extreme regret ſhe ſaw the muſicians move on, and her attention followed the ſtrain till the laſt faint warble died in air. She then remained ſunk in that penſive tranquillity which ſoft muſic leaves on the mind—a ſtate like that produced by the view of a beautiful landſcape by moonlight, or by the recollection of ſcenes marked with the tenderneſs of friends loſt for ever, and with ſorrows, which time has mellowed into mild regret. Such ſcenes are indeed, to the mind, like "thoſe faint traces which the memory bears of muſic that is paſt."

Other

Other ſounds ſoon awakened her attention: it was the ſolemn harmony of horns, that ſwelled from a diſtance; and, obſerving the gondolas arrange themſelves along the margin of the terraces, ſhe threw on her veil, and, ſtepping into the balcony, diſcerned, in the diſtant perſpective of the canal, ſomething like a proceſſion, floating on the light ſurface of the water: as it approached, the horns and other inſtruments mingled ſweetly, and ſoon after the fabled deities of the city ſeemed to have ariſen from the ocean; for Neptune, with Venice perſonified as his queen, came on the undulating waves, ſurrounded by tritons and ſea-nymphs. The fantaſtic ſplendour of this ſpectacle, together with the grandeur of the ſurrounding palaces, appeared like the viſion of a poet ſuddenly embodied; and the fanciful images, which it awakened in Emily's mind, lingered there long after the proceſſion had paſſed away. She indulged herſelf in imagining what might be the manners

manners and delights of a ſea-nymph, till ſhe almoſt wiſhed to throw off the habit of mortality, and plunge into the green wave to participate them.

"How delightful," ſaid ſhe, "to live amidſt the coral bowers and cryſtal caverns of the ocean, with my ſiſter nymphs, and liſten to the ſounding waters above, and to the ſoft ſhells of the tritons! and then, after ſun-ſet, to ſkim on the ſurface of the waves round wild rocks and along ſequeſtered ſhores, where, perhaps, ſome penſive wanderer comes to weep! Then would I ſooth his ſorrows with my ſweet muſic, and offer him from a ſhell ſome of the delicious fruit that hangs round Neptune's palace."

She was recalled from her reverie to a mere mortal ſupper, and could not forbear ſmiling at the fancies ſhe had been indulging, and at her conviction of the ſerious diſpleaſure, which Madame Montoni would have expreſſed, could ſhe have been made acquainted with them.

After

After ſupper, her aunt ſat late, but Montoni did not return, and ſhe at length retired to reſt. If Emily had admired the magnificence of the ſaloon, ſhe was not leſs ſurpriſed, on obſerving the half-furniſhed and forlorn appearance of the apartments ſhe paſſed in the way to her chamber, whither ſhe went through long ſuits of noble rooms, that ſeemed, from their deſolate aſpect, to have been unoccupied for many years. On the walls of ſome were the faded remains of tapeſtry; from others, painted in *freſco*, the damps had almoſt withdrawn both colours and deſign. At length ſhe reached her own chamber, ſpacious, deſolate, and lofty, like the reſt, with high lattices that opened towards the Adriatic. It brought gloomy images to her mind, but the view of the Adriatic ſoon gave her others more airy, among which was that of the ſea-nymph, whoſe delights ſhe had before amuſed herſelf with picturing; and, anxious to eſcape from ſerious reflections, ſhe now endeavoured to throw her fanciful ideas into a train,

train, and concluded the hour with compoſing the following lines :

THE SEA-NYMPH.

Down, down a thouſand fathom deep,
Among the ſounding ſeas I go ;
Play round the foot of ev'ry ſteep
Whoſe cliffs above the ocean grow.

There, within their ſecret caves,
I hear the mighty rivers roar !
And guide their ſtreams thro' Neptune's waves
To bleſs the green earth's inmoſt ſhore :

And bid the freſhen'd waters glide,
For fern-crown'd nymphs of lake, or brook,
Through winding woods and paſtures wide,
And many a wild, romantic nook.

For this the nymphs, at fall of eve,
Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks,
And ſing my name, and garlands weave
To bear beneath the wave their thanks.

In coral bow'rs I love to lie,
And hear the ſurges roll above,
And through the waters view on high
The proud ſhips ſail, and gay clouds move.

And

And oft at midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
When ſummer ſeas the veſſel lave,
I love to prove my charmful pow'r
While floating on the moon-light wave.

And when deep ſleep the crew has bound,
And the ſad lover muſing leans
O'er the ſhip's ſide, I breathe around
Such ſtrains as ſpeak no mortal means!

O'er the dim waves his ſearching eye
Sees but the veſſel's lengthen'd ſhade;
Above—the moon and azure ſky;
Entranc'd he hears, and half afraid!

Sometimes, a ſingle note I ſwell
That, ſoftly ſweet, at diſtance dies!
Then wake the magic of my ſhell,
And choral voices round me riſe!

The trembling youth, charm'd by my ſtrain,
Calls up the crew, who, ſilent, bend
O'er the high deck, but liſt in vain;
My ſong is huſh'd, my wonders end!

Within the mountain's woody bay,
Where the tall bark at anchor rides,
At twilight hour, with tritons gay,
I dance upon the lapſing tides:

And

And with my ſiſter-nymphs I ſport,
Till the broad ſun looks o'er the floods;
Then, ſwift we ſeek our cryſtal court,
Deep in the wave, 'mid Neptune's woods.

In cool arcades and glaſſy halls
We paſs the ſultry hours of noon,
Beyond wherever ſun-beam falls,
Weaving ſea-flowers in gay feſtoon.

The while we chant our ditties ſweet
To ſome ſoft ſhell that warbles near;
Join'd by the murmuring currents, fleet,
That glide along our halls ſo clear.

There, the pale pearl and ſapphire blue,
And ruby red, and em'rald green,
Dart from the domes a changing hue,
And ſparry columns deck the ſcene.

When the dark ſtorm ſcowls o'er the deep,
And long, long peals of thunder ſound,
On ſome high cliff my watch I keep
O'er all the reſtleſs ſeas around:

Till on the ridgy wave afar
Comes the lone veſſel, labouring ſlow,
Spreading the white foam in the air,
With ſail and top-maſt bending low.

Then, plunge I 'mid the ocean's roar,
My way by quiv'ring lightnings ſhown,
To guide the bark to peaceful ſhore,
And huſh the ſailor's fearful groan.

And if too late I reach its ſide
To ſave it from the 'whelming ſurge,
I call my dolphins o'er the tide,
To bear the crew where iſles emerge.

Their mournful ſpirits ſoon I cheer,
While round the deſert coaſt I go,
With warbled ſongs they faintly hear,
Oft as the ſtormy guſt ſinks low.

My muſic leads to lofty groves,
That wild upon the ſea-bank wave;
Where ſweet fruits bloom, and freſh ſpring roves,
And cloſing boughs the tempeſt brave.

Then, from the air ſpirits obey
My potent voice they love ſo well,
And, on the clouds, paint viſions gay,
While ſtrains more ſweet at diſtance ſwell.

And thus the lonely hours I cheat,
Soothing the ſhipwreck'd ſailor's heart,
Till from the waves the ſtorms retreat,
And o'er the eaſt the day-beams dart.

Neptune

Neptune for this oft binds me faſt
To rocks below, with coral chain,
Till all the tempeſt's over-paſt,
And drowning ſeamen cry in vain.

Whoe'er ye are that love my lay,
Come, when red ſun-ſet tints the wave,
To the ſtill ſands, where fairies play;
There, in cool ſeas, I love to lave.

CHAP. III.

" He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
. . . . . he hears no muſic ;
Seldom he ſmiles ; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
When they behold a greater than themſelves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MONTONI and his companion did not return home, till many hours after the dawn had bluſhed upon the Adriatic. The airy groups, which had danced all night along the colonnade of St. Mark, diſperſed before the morning, like ſo many ſpirits. Montoni had been otherwiſe engaged; his ſoul was little ſuſceptible of light pleaſures. He delighted in the energies of the paſſions; the difficulties and tempeſts of life, which wreck

wreck the happineſs of others, rouſed and ſtrengthened all the powers of his mind, and afforded him the higheſt enjoyments, of which his nature was capable. Without ſome object of ſtrong intereſt, life was to him little more than a ſleep; and, when purſuits of real intereſt failed, he ſubſtituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceaſed to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming, which he had adopted, firſt, for the purpoſe of relieving him from the languor of inaction, but had ſince purſued with the ardour of paſſion. In this occupation he had paſſed the night with Cavigni and a party of young men, who had more money than rank, and more vice than either. Montoni deſpiſed the greater part of theſe for the inferiority of their talents, rather than for their vicious inclinations, and aſſociated with them only to make them the inſtruments of his purpoſes. Among theſe, however, were ſome of ſuperior abilities, and a few whom Montoni

 admitted

admitted to his intimacy, but even towards theſe he ſtill preſerved a deciſive and haughty air, which, while it impoſed ſubmiſſion on weak and timid minds, rouſed the fierce hatred of ſtrong ones. He had, of courſe, many and bitter enemies; but the rancour of their hatred proved the degree of his power; and, as power was his chief aim, he gloried more in ſuch hatred, than it was poſſible he could in being eſteemed. A feeling ſo tempered as that of eſteem, he deſpiſed, and would have deſpiſed himſelf alſo had he thought himſelf capable of being flattered by it.

Among the few whom he diſtinguiſhed, were the Signors Bertolini, Orſino, and Verezzi. The firſt was a man of a gay temper, ſtrong paſſions, diſſipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unſuſpicious. Orſino was reſerved, and haughty; loving power more than oſtentation; of a cruel and ſuſpicious temper; quick to feel an injury, and relentleſs in avenging it; cunning and unſearchable in contrivance,

contrivance, patient and indefatigable in the execution of his ſchemes. He had a perfect command of feature and of his paſſions, of which he had ſcarcely any, but pride, revenge, and avarice; and, in the gratification of theſe, few conſiderations had power to reſtrain him, few obſtacles to withſtand the depth of his ſtratagems. This man was the chief favourite of Montoni. Verezzi was a man of ſome talent, of fiery imagination, and the ſlave of alternate paſſions. He was gay, voluptuous, and daring; yet had neither perſeverance or true courage, and was meanly ſelfiſh in all his aims. Quick to form ſchémes, and ſanguine in his hope of ſucceſs, he was the firſt to undertake, and to abandon, not only his own plans, but thoſe adopted from other perſons. Proud and impetuous, he revolted againſt all ſubordination; yet thoſe who were acquainted with his character, and watched the turn of his paſſions, could lead him like a child.

Such were the friends whom Montoni introduced to his family and his table, on the day after his arrival at Venice. There were alſo of the party a Venetian nobleman, Count Morano, and a Signora Livona, whom Montoni had introduced to his wife, as a lady of diſtinguiſhed merit, and who, having called in the morning to welcome her to Venice, had been requeſted to be of the dinner party.

Madame Montoni received, with a very ill grace, the compliments of the Signors. She diſliked them, becauſe they were the friends of her huſband; hated them, becauſe ſhe believed they had contributed to detain him abroad till ſo late an hour of the preceding morning; and envied them, ſince, conſcious of her own want of influence, ſhe was convinced, that he preferred their ſociety to her own. The rank of Count Morano procured him that diſtinction which ſhe refuſed to the reſt of the company. The haughty ſullenneſs of her countenance and manner,

and

and the oſtentatious extravagance of her dreſs, for ſhe had not yet adopted the Venetian habit, were ſtrikingly contraſted by the beauty, modeſty, ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of Emily, who obſerved, with more attention than pleaſure, the party around her. The beauty and faſcinating manners of Signora Livona, however, won her involuntary regard; while the ſweetneſs of her accents and her air of gentle kindneſs awakened with Emily thoſe pleaſing affections, which ſo long had ſlumbered.

In the cool of the evening the party embarked in Montoni's gondola, and rowed out upon the ſea. The red glow of ſunſet ſtill touched the waves, and lingered in the weſt, where the melancholy gleam ſeemed ſlowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper æther began to twinkle with ſtars. Emily ſat, given up to penſive and ſweet emotions. The ſmoothneſs of the water, over which ſhe glided, its reflected images—a new heaven and trembling ſtars below the waves, with ſhadowy outlines of

towers and porticos, conſpired with the ſtillneſs of the hour, interrupted only by the paſſing wave, or the notes of diſtant muſic, to raiſe thoſe emotions to enthuſiaſm. As ſhe liſtened to the meaſured ſound of the oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her ſoftened mind returned to the memory of St. Aubert and to Valancourt, and tears ſtole to her eyes. The rays of the moon, ſtrengthening as the ſhadows deepened, ſoon after threw a ſilvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly ſhaded by a thin black veil, and touched it with inimitable ſoftneſs. Hers was the *contour* of a Madona, with the ſenſibility of a Magdalen; and the penſive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her cheek, confirmed the expreſſion of the character.

The laſt ſtrain of diſtant muſic now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have muſic of their own. The Count Morano, who ſat next to Emily, and who had been obſerving

obſerving her for ſome time in ſilence, ſnatched up a lute, and ſtruck the chords with the finger of harmony herſelf, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender ſadneſs. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exhortation of an Engliſh poet, had it then exiſted:

. . . . "Strike up, my maſter,
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs!
Teach ſounds to languiſh through the night's dull ear
Till Melancholy ſtarts from off her couch,
And Careleſſneſs grows convert to Attention."

With ſuch powers of expreſſion the Count ſung the following

RONDEAU.

Soft as yon ſilver ray, that ſleeps
Upon the ocean's trembling tide;
Soft as the air, that lightly ſweeps
Yon ſail, that ſwells in ſtately pride:

Soft as the ſurge's ſtealing note,
That dies along the diſtant ſhores,
Or warbled ſtrain, that ſinks remote——
So ſoft the ſigh my boſom pours!

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
True as the veſſel to the breeze,
True as the ſoul to muſic's ſway,
Or muſic to Venetian ſeas:

Soft as yon ſilver beams, that ſleep
Upon the ocean's trembling breaſt;
So ſoft, ſo true, fond Love ſhall weep,
So ſoft, ſo true, with *thee* ſhall reſt.

The cadence with which he returned from the laſt ſtanza to a repetition of the firſt; the fine modulation in which his voice ſtole upon the firſt line, and the pathetic energy with which it pronounced the laſt, were ſuch as only exquiſite taſte could give. When he had concluded, he gave the lute with a ſigh to Emily, who, to avoid any appearance of affectation, immediately began to play. She ſung a melancholy little air, one of the popular ſongs of her native province, with a ſimplicity and pathos that made it enchanting. But its well-known melody brought ſo forcibly to her fancy the ſcenes and the perſons, among which

which ſhe had often heard it, that her ſpirits were overcome, her voice trembled and ceaſed—and the ſtrings of the lute were ſtruck with a diſordered hand; till, aſhamed of the emotion ſhe had betrayed, ſhe ſuddenly paſſed on to a ſong ſo gay and airy, that the ſteps of the dance ſeemed almoſt to echo to the notes. *Braviſſimo!* burſt inſtantly from the lips of her delighted auditors, and ſhe was compelled to repeat the air. Among the compliments that followed, thoſe of the Count were not the leaſt audible, and they had not concluded, when Emily gave the inſtrument to Signora Livona, whoſe voice accompanied it with true Italian taſte.

Afterwards the Count, Emily, Cavigni, and the Signora, ſung *canzonettes*, accompanied by a couple of lutes and a few other inſtruments. Sometimes the inſtruments ſuddenly ceaſed, and the voices dropped from the full ſwell of harmony into a low chant; then, after a deep pauſe, they roſe by degrees, the inſtruments one by one ſtriking

ſtriking up, till the loud and full chorus ſoared again to heaven!

Meanwhile, Montoni, who was weary of this harmony, was conſidering how he might diſengage himſelf from his party, or withdraw with ſuch of it as would be willing to play, to a Caſino. In a pauſe of the muſic, he propoſed returning to ſhore, a propoſal which Orſino eagerly ſeconded, but which the Count and the other gentlemen as warmly oppoſed.

Montoni ſtill meditated how he might excuſe himſelf from longer attendance upon the Count, for to him only he thought excuſe neceſſary, and how he might get to land, till the gondolieri of an empty boat, returning to Venice, hailed his people. Without troubling himſelf longer about an excuſe, he ſeized this opportunity of going thither, and, committing the ladies to the care of his friends, departed with Orſino, while Emily, for the firſt time, ſaw him go with regret; for ſhe conſidered his preſence a protection, though ſhe knew

not

not what ſhe ſhould fear. He landed at St. Mark's, and, hurrying to a Caſino, was ſoon loſt amidſt a crowd of gameſters.

Meanwhile, the Count having ſecretly diſpatched a ſervant in Montoni's boat, for his own gondola and muſicians, Emily heard, without knowing his project, the gay ſong of gondolieri approaching, as they ſat on the ſtern of the boat, and ſaw the tremulous gleam of the moon-light wave, which their oars diſturbed. Preſently ſhe heard the ſound of inſtruments, and then a full ſymphony ſwelled on the air, and, the boats meeting, the gondolieri hailed each other. The Count then explaining himſelf, the party removed into his gondola, which was embelliſhed with all that taſte could beſtow.

While they partook of a collation of fruits and ice, the whole band, following at a diſtance, in the other boat, played the moſt ſweet and enchanting ſtrains, and the Count, who had again ſeated himſelf by Emily, paid her unremitted attention,

tention, and ſometimes, in a low but impaſſioned voice, uttered compliments which ſhe could not miſunderſtand. To avoid them ſhe converſed with Signora Livona, and her manner to the Count aſſumed a mild reſerve, which, though dignified, was too gentle to repreſs his aſſiduities: he could ſee, hear, ſpeak to no perſon, but Emily, while Cavigni obſerved him now and then, with a look of diſpleaſure, and Emily, with one of uneaſineſs. She now wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to return to Venice, but it was near midnight before the gondolas approached St. Mark's Place, where the voice of gaiety and ſong was loud. The buſy hum of mingling ſounds was heard at a conſiderable diſtance on the water, and, had not a bright moon-light diſcovered the city, with its terraces and towers, a ſtranger would almoſt have credited the fabled wonders of Neptune's court, and believed, that the tumult aroſe from beneath the waves.

They landed at St. Mark's, where the gaiety

gaiety of the colonnades and the beauty of the night, made Madame Montoni willingly ſubmit to the Count's ſolicitations to join the promenade, and afterwards to take a ſupper with the reſt of the party, at his Caſino. If any thing could have diſſipated Emily's uneaſineſs, it would have been the grandeur, gaiety, and novelty of the ſurrounding ſcene, adorned with Palladio's palaces, and buſy with parties of maſqueraders.

At length they withdrew to the Caſino, which was fitted up with infinite taſte, and where a ſplendid banquet was prepared; but here Emily's reſerve made the Count perceive, that it was neceſſary for his intereſt to win the favour of Madame Montoni, which, from the condeſcenſion ſhe had already ſhewn to him, appeared to be an achievement of no great difficulty. He transferred, therefore, part of his attention from Emily to her aunt, who felt too much flattered by the diſtinction even to diſguiſe her emotion; and, before the party broke up, he had entirely engaged the eſteem of Madame

Madame Montoni. Whenever he addreſſed her, her ungracious countenance relaxed into ſmiles, and to whatever he propoſed ſhe aſſented. He invited her, with the reſt of the party, to take coffee, in his box at the opera, on the following evening, and Emily heard the invitation accepted, with ſtrong anxiety concerning the means of excuſing herſelf from attending Madame Montoni thither.

It was very late before their gondola was ordered, and Emily's ſurpriſe was extreme, when, on quitting the Caſino, ſhe beheld the broad ſun riſing out of the Adriatic, while St. Mark's Place was yet crowded with company. Sleep had long weighed heavily on her eyes, but now the freſh ſea-breeze revived her, and ſhe would have quitted the ſcene with regret, had not the Count been preſent, performing the duty, which he had impoſed upon himſelf, of eſcorting them home. There they heard that Montoni was not yet returned; and his wife, retiring in diſpleaſure to her apartment,

ment, at length releaſed Emily from the fatigue of further attendance.

Montoni came home late in the morning, in a very ill humour, having loſt conſiderably at play, and, before he withdrew to reſt, had a private conference with Cavigni, whoſe manner, on the following day, ſeemed to tell, that the ſubject of it had not been pleaſing to him.

In the evening, Madame Montoni, who, during the day, had obſerved a ſullen ſilence towards her huſband, received viſits from ſome Venetian ladies, with whoſe ſweet manners Emily was particularly charmed. They had an air of eaſe and kindneſs towards the ſtrangers, as if they had been their familiar friends for years; and their converſation was by turns tender, ſentimental, and gay. Madame, though ſhe had no taſte for ſuch converſation, and whoſe coarſeneſs and ſelfiſhneſs ſometimes exhibited a ludicrous contraſt to their exceſſive refinement, could not remain wholly inſenſible to the captivations of their manner.

In

In a pauſe of converſation, a lady who was called Signora Herminia took up a lute, and began to play and ſing, with as much eaſy gaiety, as if ſhe had been alone. Her voice was uncommonly rich in tone, and various in expreſſion; yet ſhe appeared to be entirely unconſcious of its powers, and meant nothing leſs than to diſplay them. She ſung from the gaiety of her heart, as ſhe ſat with her veil half thrown back, holding gracefully the lute, under the ſpreading foliage and flowers of ſome plants, that roſe from baſkets, and interlaced one of the lattices of the ſaloon. Emily, retiring a little from the company, ſketched her figure, with the miniature ſcenery around her, and drew a very intereſting picture, which, though it would not, perhaps, have borne criticiſm, had ſpirit and taſte enough to awaken both the fancy and the heart. When ſhe had finiſhed it, ſhe preſented it to the beautiful original, who was delighted with the offering, as well as the ſentiment it conveyed, and

aſſured

assured Emily, with a smile of captivating sweetness, that she should preserve it as a pledge of her friendship.

In the evening Cavigni joined the ladies, but Montoni had other engagements; and they embarked in the gondola for St. Mark's, where the same gay company seemed to flutter as on the preceding night. The cool breeze, the glassy sea, the gentle sound of its waves, and the sweeter murmur of distant music; the lofty porticos and arcades, and the happy groups that sauntered beneath them; these, with every feature and circumstance of the scene, united to charm Emily, no longer teased by the officious attentions of Count Morano. But, as she looked upon the moon-light sea, undulating along the walls of St. Mark, and, lingering for a moment over those walls, caught the sweet and melancholy song of some gondolier as he sat in his boat below, waiting for his master, her softened mind returned to the memory of her home, of her

her friends, and of all that was dear in her native country.

After walking ſome time, they ſat down at the door of a Caſino, and, while Cavigni was accommodating them with coffee and ice, were joined by Count Morano. He ſought Emily with a look of impatient delight, who, remembering all the attention he had ſhewn her on the preceding evening, was compelled, as before, to ſhrink from his aſſiduities into a timid reſerve, except when ſhe converſed with Signora Herminia and the other ladies of her party.

It was near midnight before they withdrew to the opera, where Emily was not ſo charmed but that, when ſhe remembered the ſcene ſhe had juſt quitted, ſhe felt how infinitely inferior all the ſplendour of art is to the ſublimity of nature. Her heart was not now affected, tears of admiration did not ſtart to her eyes, as when ſhe viewed the vaſt expanſe of ocean, the grandeur of the heavens, and liſtened to the rolling waters,

waters, and to the faint muſic that, at intervals, mingled with their roar. Remembering theſe, the ſcene before her faded into inſignificance.

Of the evening, which paſſed on without any particular incident, ſhe wiſhed the concluſion, that ſhe might eſcape from the attentions of the Count; and, as oppoſite qualities frequently attract each other in our thoughts, thus Emily, when ſhe looked on Count Morano, remembered Valancourt, and a ſigh ſometimes followed the recollection.

Several weeks paſſed in the courſe of cuſtomary viſits, during which nothing remarkable occurred. Emily was amuſed by the manners and ſcenes that ſurrounded her, ſo different from thoſe of France, but where Count Morano, too frequently for her comfort, contrived to introduce himſelf. His manner, figure and accompliſhments, which were generally admired, Emily would, perhaps, have admired alſo, had her heart been diſengaged from Valancourt,

lancourt, and had the Count forborne to perſecute her with officious attentions, during which ſhe obſerved ſome traits in his character, that prejudiced her againſt whatever might otherwiſe be good in it.

Soon after his arrival at Venice, Montoni received a packet from M. Queſnel, in which the latter mentioned the death of his wife's uncle, at his villa on the Brenta; and that, in conſequence of this event, he ſhould haſten to take poſſeſſion of that eſtate and of other effects bequeathed to him. This uncle was the brother of Madame Queſnel's late mother; Montoni was related to her by the father's ſide; and though he could have had neither claim nor expectation concerning theſe poſſeſſions, he could ſcarcely conceal the envy which M. Queſnel's letter excited.

Emily had obſerved with concern, that, ſince they left France, Montoni had not even affected kindneſs towards her aunt, and that, after treating her, at firſt, with neglect, he now met her with uniform ill-

humour

humour and reſerve. She had never ſuppoſed, that her aunt's foibles could have eſcaped the diſcernment of Montoni, or that her mind or figure were of a kind to deſerve his attention. Her ſurpriſe, therefore, at this match, had been extreme; but ſince he had made the choice, ſhe did not ſuſpect that he would ſo openly have diſcocovered his contempt of it. But Montoni, who had been allured by the ſeeming wealth of Madame Cheron, was now ſeverely diſappointed by her comparative poverty, and highly exaſperated by the deceit ſhe had employed to conceal it, till concealment was no longer neceſſary. He had been deceived in an affair, wherein he meant to be the deceiver; outwitted by the ſuperior cunning of a woman, whoſe underſtanding he deſpiſed, and to whom he had ſacrificed his pride and his liberty, without ſaving himſelf from the ruin, which had impended over his head. Madame Montoni had contrived to have the greateſt part of what ſhe really did poſſeſs, ſettled upon herſelf:

what remained, though it was totally inadequate both to her husband's expectations, and to his necessities, he had converted into money, and brought with him to Venice, that he might a little longer delude society, and make a last effort to regain the fortunes he had lost.

The hints which had been thrown out to Valancourt, concerning Montoni's character and condition, were too true; but it was now left to time and occasion, to unfold the circumstances, both of what had, and of what had not been hinted, and to time and occasion we commit them.

Madame Montoni was not of a nature to bear injuries with meekness, or to resent them with dignity: her exasperated pride displayed itself in all the violence and acrimony of a little, or at least of an ill-regulated mind. She would not acknowledge, even to herself, that she had in any degree provoked contempt by her duplicity, but weakly persisted in believing, that she alone was to be pitied, and Montoni alone

alone to be cenſured; for, as her mind had naturally little perception of moral obligation, ſhe ſeldom underſtood its force but when it happened to be violated towards herſelf: her vanity had already been ſeverely ſhocked by a diſcovery of Montoni's contempt; it remained to be farther reproved by a diſcovery of his circumſtances. His manſion at Venice, though its furniture diſcovered a part of the truth to unprejudiced perſons, told nothing to thoſe who were blinded by a reſolution to believe whatever they wiſhed. Madame Montoni ſtill thought herſelf little leſs than a princeſs, poſſeſſing a palace at Venice, and a caſtle among the Apennines. To the caſtle di Udolpho, indeed, Montoni ſometimes talked of going for a few weeks to examine into its condition, and to receive ſome rents; for it appeared that he had not been there for two years, and that, during this period, it had been inhabited only by an old ſervant, whom he called his ſteward.

Emily liſtened to the mention of this journey with pleaſure, for ſhe not only expected from it new ideas, but a releaſe from the perſevering aſſiduities of Count Morano. In the country, too, ſhe would have leiſure to think of Valancourt, and to indulge the melancholy, which his image, and a recollection of the ſcenes of La Vallée, always bleſſed with the memory of her parents, awakened. The ideal ſcenes were dearer, and more ſoothing to her heart, than all the ſplendour of gay aſſemblies; they were a kind of taliſman that expelled the poiſon of temporary evils, and ſupported her hopes of happy days: they appeared like a beautiful landſcape, lighted up by a gleam of ſunſhine, and ſeen through a perſpective of dark and rugged rocks.

But Count Morano did not long confine himſelf to ſilent aſſiduities; he declared his paſſion to Emily, and made propoſals to Montoni, who encouraged, though Emily rejected, him: with Montoni for his friend,

friend, and an abundance of vanity to delude him, he did not deſpair of ſucceſs. Emily was aſtoniſhed and highly diſguſted at his perſeverance, after ſhe had explained her ſentiments with a frankneſs that would not allow him to miſunderſtand them.

He now paſſed the greater part of his time at Montoni's, dining there almoſt daily, and attending Madame and Emily wherever they went; and all this, notwithſtanding the uniform reſerve of Emily, whoſe aunt ſeemed as anxious as Montoni to promote this marriage; and would never diſpenſe with her attendance at any aſſembly where the Count propoſed to be preſent.

Montoni now ſaid nothing of his intended journey, of which Emily waited impatiently to hear; and he was ſeldom at home but when the Count, or Signor Orſino, was there, for between himſelf and Cavigni a coolneſs ſeemed to ſubſiſt, though the latter remained in his houſe. With Orſino, Montoni was frequently cloſeted for hours together, and, whatever might be the buſi-

neſs, upon which they conſulted, it appeared to be of conſequence, ſince Montoni often ſacrificed to it his favourite paſſion for play, and remained at home the whole night. There was ſomewhat of privacy, too, in the manner of Orſino's viſits, which had never before occurred, and which excited not only ſurpriſe, but ſome degree of alarm in Emily's mind, who had unwillingly diſcovered much of his character when he had moſt endeavoured to diſguiſe it. After theſe viſits, Montoni was often more thoughtful than uſual; ſometimes the deep workings of his mind entirely abſtracted him from ſurrounding objects, and threw a gloom over his viſage that rendered it terrible; at others, his eyes ſeemed almoſt to flaſh fire, and all the energies of his ſoul appeared to be rouſed for ſome great enterpriſe. Emily obſerved theſe written characters of his thoughts with deep intereſt, and not without ſome degree of awe, when ſhe conſidered that ſhe was entirely in his power; but forbore

forbore even to hint her fears, or her obſervations, to Madame Montoni, who diſcerned nothing in her huſband, at theſe times, but his uſual ſternneſs.

A ſecond letter from M. Queſnel announced the arrival of himſelf and his lady at the villa Miarenti; ſtated ſeveral circumſtances of his good fortune, reſpecting the affair that had brought him into Italy; and concluded with an earneſt requeſt to ſee Montoni, his wife and niece, at his new eſtate.

Emily received, about the ſame period, a much more intereſting letter, and which ſoothed for a while every anxiety of her heart. Valancourt, hoping ſhe might be ſtill at Venice, had truſted a letter to the ordinary poſt, that told her of his health, and of his unceaſing and anxious affection. He had lingered at Tholouſe for ſome time after her departure, that he might indulge the melancholy pleaſure of wandering through the ſcenes where he had been accuſtomed to behold her, and had thence

gone to his brother's chateau, which was in the neighbourhood of La Vallée. Having mentioned this, he added, "If the duty of attending my regiment did not require my departure, I know not when I ſhould have reſolution enough to quit the neighbourhood of a place which is endeared by the remembrance of you. The vicinity to La Vallée has alone detained me thus long at Eſtuviere: I frequently ride thither early in the morning, that I may wander, at leiſure, through the day, among ſcenes, which were once your home, where I have been accuſtomed to ſee you, and to hear you converſe. I have renewed my acquaintance with the good old Thereſa, who rejoiced to ſee me, that ſhe might talk of you: I need not ſay how much this circumſtance attached me to her, or how eagerly I liſtened to her upon her favourite ſubject. You will gueſs the motive that firſt induced me to make myſelf known to Thereſa: it was, indeed, no other than that of gaining admittance into the chateau

and

and gardens, which my Emily had ſo lately inhabited: here, then, I wander, and meet your image under every ſhade: but chiefly I love to ſit beneath the ſpreading branches of your favourite plane, where once, Emily, we ſat together; where I firſt ventured to tell you, that I loved. O Emily! the remembrance of thoſe moments overcomes me—I ſit loſt in reverie—I endeavour to ſee you dimly through my tears, in all the heaven of peace and innocence, ſuch as you then appeared to me; to hear again the accents of that voice, which then thrilled my heart with tenderneſs and hope. I lean on the wall of the terrace, where we together watched the rapid current of the Garonne below, while I deſcribed the wild ſcenery about its ſource, but thought only of you. O Emily! are theſe moments paſſed for ever—will they never more return?"

In another part of his letter he wrote thus. "You ſee my letter is dated on many different days, and, if you look back to the firſt, you will perceive, that I began to

write ſoon after your departure from France. To write was, indeed, the only employment that withdrew me from my own melancholy, and rendered your abſence ſupportable, or rather, it ſeemed to deſtroy abſence; for, when I was converſing with you on paper, and telling you every ſentiment and affection of my heart, you almoſt appeared to be preſent. This employment has been from time to time my chief conſolation, and I have deferred ſending off my packet, merely for the comfort of prolonging it, though it was certain, that what I had written, was written to no purpoſe till you received it. Whenever my mind has been more than uſually depreſſed I have come to pour forth its ſorrows to you, and have always found conſolation; and, when any little occurrence has intereſted my heart, and given a gleam of joy to my ſpirits, I have haſtened to communicate it to you, and have received reflected ſatisfaction. Thus, my letter is a kind of picture of my life and of my thoughts for the laſt month,

and

and thus, though it has been deeply intereſting to me, while I wrote it, and I dare hope will, for the ſame reaſon, be not indifferent to you, yet to other readers it would ſeem to abound only in frivolities. Thus it is always, when we attempt to deſcribe the finer movements of the heart, for they are too fine to be diſcerned, they can only be experienced, and are therefore paſſed over by the indifferent obſerver, while the intereſted one feels, that all deſcription is imperfect and unneceſſary, except as it may prove the ſincerity of the writer, and ſooth his own ſufferings. You will pardon all this egotiſm—for I am a lover.

"I have juſt heard of a circumſtance, which entirely deſtroys all my fairy paradiſe of ideal delight, and which will reconcile me to the neceſſity of returning to my regiment, for I muſt no longer wander beneath the beloved ſhades, where I have been accuſtomed to meet you in thought.—La Vallée is let! I have reaſon to believe this is without your knowledge, from what

Thereſa told me this morning, and, therefore, I mention the circumſtance. She ſhed tears, while ſhe related, that ſhe was going to leave the ſervice of her dear miſtreſs, and the chateau where ſhe had lived ſo many happy years; and all this, added ſhe, without even a letter from Mademoiſelle to ſoften the news; but it is all Monſ. Queſnel's doings, and I dare ſay ſhe does not even know what is going forward.

" Thereſa added, That ſhe had received a letter from him, informing her the chateau was let, and that, as her ſervices would no longer be required, ſhe muſt quit the place, on that day week, when the new tenant would arrive.

" Thereſa had been ſurpriſed by a viſit from M. Queſnel, ſome time before the receipt of this letter, who was accompanied by a ſtranger that viewed the premiſes with much curioſity."

Towards the concluſion of his letter, which is dated a week after this ſentence, Valancourt adds, " I have received a ſummons

mons from my regiment, and I join it without regret, ſince I am ſhut out from the ſcenes that are ſo intereſting to my heart. I rode to La Vallée this morning, and heard that the new tenant was arrived, and that Thereſa was gone. I ſhould not treat the ſubject thus familiarly if I did not believe you to be uninformed of this diſpoſal of your houſe; for your ſatisfaction I have endeavoured to learn ſomething of the character and fortune of your tenant, but without ſucceſs. He is a gentleman, they ſay, and this is all I can hear. The place, as I wandered round the boundaries, appeared more melancholy to my imagination, than I had ever ſeen it. I wiſhed earneſtly to have got admittance, that I might have taken another leave of your favourite plane-tree, and thought of you once more beneath its ſhade: but I forbore to tempt the curioſity of ſtrangers: the fiſhing-houſe in the woods, however, was ſtill open to me; thither I went, and paſſed an hour, which I cannot even look back upon without emotion.

tion. O Emily! ſurely we are not ſeparated for ever—ſurely we ſhall live for each other!"

This letter brought many tears to Emily's eyes; tears of tenderneſs and ſatisfaction on learning that Valancourt was well, and that time and abſence had in no degree effaced her image from his heart. There were paſſages in this letter which particularly affected her, ſuch as thoſe deſcribing his viſits to La Vallée, and the ſentiments of delicate affection that its ſcenes had awakened. It was a conſiderable time before her mind was ſufficiently abſtracted from Valancourt to feel the force of his intelligence concerning La Vallée. That Monſ. Queſnel ſhould let it, without even conſulting her on the meaſure, both ſurpriſed and ſhocked her, particularly as it proved the abſolute authority he thought himſelf entitled to exerciſe in her affairs. It is true, he had propoſed, before ſhe left France, that the chateau ſhould be let, during her abſence, and to the œconomical prudence of this

ſhe

ſhe had nothing to object; but the committing what had been her father's villa to the power and caprice of ſtrangers, and the depriving herſelf of a ſure home, ſhould any unhappy circumſtances make her look back to her home as an aſylum, were conſiderations that made her, even then, ſtrongly oppoſe the meaſure. Her father, too, in his laſt hour, had received from her a ſolemn promiſe never to diſpoſe of La Vallée; and this ſhe conſidered as in ſome degree violated if ſhe ſuffered the place to be let. But it was now evident with how little reſpect M. Queſnel had regarded theſe objections, and how inſignificant he conſidered every obſtacle to pecuniary advantage. It appeared, alſo, that he had not even condeſcended to inform Montoni of the ſtep he had taken, ſince no motive was evident for Montoni's concealing the circumſtance from her, if it had been made known to him: this both diſpleaſed and ſurpriſed her; but the chief ſubjects of her uneaſineſs were—the temporary

diſpoſal

diſpoſal of La Vallée, and the diſmiſſion of her father's old and faithful ſervant.—"Poor Thereſa," ſaid Emily, "thou hadſt not ſaved much in thy ſervitude, for thou waſt always tender towards the poor, and believedſt thou ſhouldſt die in the family, where thy beſt years had been ſpent. Poor Thereſa!—now art thou turned out in thy old age to ſeek thy bread!"

Emily wept bitterly as theſe thoughts paſſed over her mind, and ſhe determined to conſider what could be done for Thereſa, and to talk very explicitly to M. Queſnel on the ſubject; but ſhe much feared that his cold heart could feel only for itſelf. She determined alſo to enquire whether he had made any mention of her affairs, in his letters to Montoni, who ſoon gave her the opportunity ſhe ſought, by deſiring that ſhe would attend him in his ſtudy. She had little doubt, that the interview was intended for the purpoſe of communicating to her a part of M. Queſnel's letter concerning the tranſactions at La Vallée, and

ſhe

ſhe obeyed him immediately. Montoni was alone.

"I have juſt been writing to Monſ. Queſnel," ſaid he when Emily appeared, "in reply to the letter I received from him a few days ago, and I wiſhed to talk to you upon a ſubject that occupied part of it."

"I alſo wiſhed to ſpeak with you on this topic, ſir," ſaid Emily.

"It is a ſubject of ſome intereſt to you, undoubtedly," rejoined Montoni, "and I think you muſt ſee it in the light that I do; indeed it will not bear any other. I truſt you will agree with me, that any objection founded on ſentiment, as they call it, ought to yield to circumſtances of ſolid advantage."

"Granting this, ſir," replied Emily, modeſtly, "thoſe of humanity ought ſurely to be attended to. But I fear it is now too late to deliberate upon this plan, and I muſt regret, that it is no longer in my power to reject it."

"It

"It is too late," ſaid Montoni, "but ſince it is ſo, I am pleaſed to obſerve, that you ſubmit to reaſon and neceſſity without indulging uſeleſs complaint. I applaud this conduct exceedingly, the more, perhaps, ſince it diſcovers a ſtrength of mind ſeldom obſervable in your ſex. When you are older you will look back with gratitude to the friends who aſſiſted in reſcuing you from the romantic illuſions of ſentiment, and will perceive, that they are only the ſnares of childhood, and ſhould be vanquiſhed the moment you eſcape from the nurſery. I have not cloſed my letter, and you may add a few lines to inform your uncle of your acquieſcence. You will ſoon ſee him, for it is my intention to take you, with Madame Montoni, in a few days to Miarenti, and you can then talk over the affair."

Emily wrote on the oppoſite page of the paper as follows:

"It is now uſeleſs, ſir, for me to remonſtrate upon the circumſtances of which Signor

Signor Montoni informs me that he has written. I could have wiſhed, at leaſt, that the affair had been concluded with leſs precipitation, that I might have taught myſelf to ſubdue ſome prejudices, as the Signor calls them, which ſtill linger in my heart. As it is, I ſubmit. In point of prudence nothing certainly can be objected; but, though I ſubmit, I have yet much to ſay on ſome other points of the ſubject, when I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you. In the mean time I entreat you will take care of Thereſa, for the ſake of,

Sir,

Your affectionate niece,

EMILY ST. AUBERT."

Montoni ſmiled ſatirically at what Emily had written, but did not object to it, and ſhe withdrew to her own apartment, where ſhe ſat down to begin a letter to Valancourt, in which ſhe related the particulars of her journey, and her arrival at Venice, deſcribed ſome of the moſt ſtriking ſcenes in the paſ-

ſage

ſage over the Alps; her emotions on her firſt view of Italy; the manners and characters of the people around her, and ſome few circumſtances of Montoni's conduct. But ſhe avoided even naming Count Morano, much more the declaration he had made, ſince ſhe well knew how tremblingly alive to fear is real love, how jealouſly watchful of every circumſtance that may affect its intereſt; and ſhe ſcrupulouſly avoided to give Valancourt even the ſlighteſt reaſon for believing he had a rival.

On the following day Count Morano dined again at Montoni's. He was in an uncommon flow of ſpirits, and Emily thought there was ſomewhat of exultation in his manner of addreſſing her, which ſhe had never obſerved before. She endeavoured to repreſs this by more than her uſual reſerve, but the cold civility of her air now ſeemed rather to encourage than to depreſs him. He appeared watchful of an opportunity of ſpeaking with her alone, and more than once ſolicited this; but Emily always replied,

replied, that she could hear nothing from him which he would be unwilling to repeat before the whole company.

In the evening, Madame Montoni and her party went out upon the sea, and as the Count led Emily to his *zendaletto*, he carried her hand to his lips, and thanked her for the condescension she had shewn him. Emily, in extreme surprise and displeasure, hastily withdrew her hand, and concluded that he had spoken ironically; but, on reaching the steps of the terrace, and observing by the livery, that it was the Count's *zendaletto*, which waited below, while the rest of the party, having arranged themselves in the gondolas, were moving on, she determined not to permit a separate conversation, and, wishing him a good evening, returned to the portico. The Count followed to expostulate and entreat, and Montoni, who then came out, rendered solicitation unnecessary, for, without condescending to speak, he took her hand, and led her to the *zendaletto*. Emily was not

not ſilent; ſhe entreated Montoni, in a low voice, to conſider the impropriety of theſe circumſtances, and that he would ſpare her the mortification of ſubmitting to them; he, however, was inflexible.

"This caprice is intolerable," ſaid he, "and ſhall not be indulged: here is no impropriety in the caſe."

At this moment, Emily's diſlike of Count Morano aroſe to abhorrence. That he ſhould, with undaunted aſſurance, thus purſue her, notwithſtanding all ſhe had expreſſed on the ſubject of his addreſſes, and think, as it was evident he did, that her opinion of him was of no conſequence, ſo long as his pretenſions were ſanctioned by Montoni, added indignation to the diſguſt which ſhe had felt towards him. She was ſomewhat relieved by obſerving that Montoni was to be of the party, who ſeated himſelf on one ſide of her, while Morano placed himſelf on the other. There was a pauſe of ſome moments as the gondolieri prepared their oars, and Emily trembled from appre-

henſion of the diſcourſe that might follow this ſilence. At length ſhe collected courage to break it herſelf, in the hope of preventing fine ſpeeches from Morano, and reproof from Montoni. To ſome trivial remark which ſhe made, the latter returned a ſhort and diſobliging reply; but Morano immediately followed with a general obſervation, which he contrived to end with a particular compliment, and, though Emily paſſed it without even the notice of a ſmile, he was not diſcouraged.

"I have been impatient," ſaid he, addreſſing Emily, "to expreſs my gratitude; to thank you for your goodneſs; but I muſt alſo thank Signor Montoni, who has allowed me this opportunity of doing ſo.

Emily regarded the Count with a look of mingled aſtoniſhment and diſpleaſure."

"Why," continued he, "ſhould you wiſh to diminiſh the delight of this moment by that air of cruel reſerve?—Why ſeek to throw me again into the perplexities of doubt, by teaching your eyes to contradict

dict the kindneſs of your late declaration? You cannot doubt the ſincerity, the ardour of my paſſion; it is therefore unneceſſary, charming Emily! ſurely unneceſſary, any longer to attempt a diſguiſe of your ſentiments."

"If I ever had diſguiſed them, ſir," ſaid Emily, with recollected ſpirit, "it would certainly be unneceſſary any longer to do ſo. I had hoped, ſir, that you would have ſpared me any farther neceſſity of alluding to them; but, ſince you do not grant this, hear me declare, and for the laſt time, that your perſeverance has deprived you even of the eſteem, which I was inclined to believe you merited."

"Aſtoniſhing!" exclaimed Montoni: "this is beyond even my expectation, though I have hitherto done juſtice to the caprice of the ſex! But you will obſerve, Mademoiſelle Emily, that I am no lover, though Count Morano is, and that I will not be made the amuſement of your capricious moments. Here is the offer of an alliance, which

which would do honour to any family; yours, you will recollect, is not noble; you long resisted my remonstrances, but my honour is now engaged, and it shall not be trifled with.—You shall adhere to the declaration, which you have made me an agent to convey to the Count."

"I must certainly mistake you, sir," said Emily; "my answers on the subject have been uniform; it is unworthy of you to accuse me of caprice. If you have condescended to be my agent, it is an honour I did not solicit. I myself have constantly assured Count Morano, and you also, sir, that I never can accept the honour he offers me, and I now repeat the declaration."

The Count looked with an air of surprise and enquiry at Montoni, whose countenance also was marked with surprise, but it was surprise mingled with indignation.

"Here is confidence, as well as caprice!" said the latter. "Will you deny your own words, madam?"

"Such a question is unworthy of an an-

ſwer, ſir," ſaid Emily, bluſhing; "you will recollect yourſelf, and be ſorry that you have aſked it."

"Speak to the point," rejoined Montoni, in a voice of increaſing vehemence. "Will you deny your own words; will you deny, that you acknowledged, only a few hours ago, that it was too late to recede from your engagements, and that you accepted the Count's hand?"

"I will deny all this, for no words of mine ever imported it."

"Aſtoniſhing! Will you deny what you wrote to Monſ. Queſnel, your uncle? if you do, your own hand will bear teſtimony againſt you. What have you now to ſay?" continued Montoni, obſerving the ſilence and confuſion of Emily.

"I now perceive, ſir, that you are under a very great error, and that I have been equally miſtaken."

"No more duplicity, I entreat; be open and candid, if it be poſſible."

"I have always been ſo, ſir; and can

claim no merit in ſuch conduct, for I have had nothing to conceal."

"How is this, Signor?" cried Morano, with trembling emotion.

"Suſpend your judgment, Count," replied Montoni, "the wiles of a female heart are unſearchable. Now, madam, your *explanation*."

"Excuſe me, ſir, if I withhold my explanation till you appear willing to give me your confidence; aſſertion at preſent can only ſubject me to inſult."

"Your explanation, I entreat you!" ſaid Morano.

"Well, well," rejoined Montoni, "I give you my confidence; let us hear this explanation."

"Let me lead to it, then, by aſking a queſtion."

"As many as you pleaſe," ſaid Montoni, contemptuouſly.

"What, then, was the ſubject of your letter to Monſ. Queſnel?"

" The ſame that was the ſubject of your note to him, certainly. You did well to ſtipulate for my confidence before you demanded that queſtion."

" I muſt beg you will be more explicit, ſir ; what was that ſubject ?"

" What could it be, but the noble offer of Count Morano ?" ſaid Montoni.

" Then, ſir, we entirely miſunderſtood each other," replied Emily.

" We entirely miſunderſtood each other too, I ſuppoſe," rejoined Montoni, " in the converſation which preceded the writing of that note ? I muſt do you the juſtice to own, that you are very ingenious at this ſame art of miſunderſtanding."

Emily tried to reſtrain the tears that came to her eyes, and to anſwer with becoming firmneſs. " Allow me, ſir, to explain myſelf fully, or to be wholly ſilent."

" The explanation may now be diſpenſed with; it is anticipated. If Count Morano ſtill thinks one neceſſary, I will give

give him an honeſt one.—You have changed your intention ſince our laſt converſation; and, if he can have patience and humility enough to wait till to-morrow, he will probably find it changed again: but as I have neither the patience or the humility, which you expect from a lover, I warn you of the effect of my diſpleaſure!"

"Montoni, you are too precipitate," ſaid the Count, who had liſtened to this converſation in extreme anxiety and impatience;—"Signora, I entreat your own explanation of this affair!"

"Signor Montoni has ſaid juſtly," replied Emily, "that all explanation may now be diſpenſed with; after what has paſſed I cannot ſuffer myſelf to give one. It is ſufficient for me, and for you, ſir, that I repeat my late declaration; let me hope this is the laſt time it will be neceſſary for me to repeat it—I never can accept the honour of your alliance."

"Charming Emily!" exclaimed the Count in an impaſſioned tone, "let not

reſentment make you unjuſt; let me not ſuffer for the offence of Montoni!—Revoke——"

"Offence!" interrupted Montoni—— "Count, this language is ridiculous, this ſubmiſſion is childiſh!—Speak as becomes a man, not as the ſlave of a petty tyrant."

"You diſtract me, Signor; ſuffer me to plead my own cauſe; you have already proved inſufficient to it."

"All converſation on this ſubject, ſir," ſaid Emily, "is worſe than uſeleſs, ſince it can bring only pain to each of us: if you would oblige me, purſue it no further."

"It is impoſſible, madam, that I can thus eaſily reſign the object of a paſſion, which is the delight and torment of my life.—I muſt ſtill love—ſtill purſue you with unremitting ardour;—when you ſhall be convinced of the ſtrength and conſtancy of my paſſion, your heart muſt ſoften into pity and repentance."

"Is this generous, ſir? is this manly? Can it either deſerve or obtain the eſteem you

you ſolicit, thus to continue a perſecution from which I have no preſent means of eſcaping?"

A gleam of moon-light that fell upon Morano's countenance, revealed the ſtrong emotions of his ſoul; and, glancing on Montoni, diſcovered the dark reſentment, which contraſted his features.

"By heaven this is too much!" ſuddenly exclaimed the Count; "Signor Montoni, you treat me ill; it is from you that I ſhall look for explanation."

"From me, ſir! you ſhall have it;" muttered Montoni, "if your diſcernment is indeed ſo far obſcured by paſſion, as to make explanation neceſſary. And for you, madam, you ſhould learn, that a man of honour is not to be trifled with, though you may, perhaps, with impunity, treat a *boy* like a puppet."

This ſarcaſm rouſed the pride of Morano, and the reſentment which he had felt at the indifference of Emily, being loſt in indignation of the inſolence of Montoni,

he determined to mortify him, by defending her.

"This alſo," ſaid he, replying to Montoni's laſt words, "this alſo, ſhall not paſs unnoticed. I bid you learn, ſir, that you have a ſtronger enemy than a woman to contend with: I will protect Signora St. Aubert from your threatened reſentment. You have miſled me, and would revenge your diſappointed views upon the innocent."

"Miſled you!" retorted Montoni with quickneſs, "is my conduct—my word—" then pauſing, while he ſeemed endeavouring to reſtrain the reſentment, that flaſhed in his eyes, in the next moment he added, in a ſubdued voice, "Count Morano, this is a language, a ſort of conduct to which I am not accuſtomed: it is the conduct of a paſſionate boy—as ſuch, I paſs it over in contempt."

"In contempt, Signor?"

"The reſpect I owe myſelf," rejoined Montoni, "requires, that I ſhould converſe more

more largely with you upon ſome points of the ſubject in diſpute. Return with me to Venice, and I will condeſcend to convince you of your error."

"Condeſcend, ſir! but I will not condeſcend to be ſo converſed with."

Montoni ſmiled contemptuouſly; and Emily, now terrified for the conſequences of what ſhe ſaw and heard, could no longer be ſilent. She explained the whole ſubject upon which ſhe had miſtaken Montoni in the morning, declaring, that ſhe underſtood him to have conſulted her ſolely concerning the diſpoſal of La Vallée, and concluded with entreating, that he would write immediately to M. Queſnel, and rectify the miſtake.

But Montoni either was, or affected to be, ſtill incredulous; and Count Morano was ſtill entangled in perplexity. While ſhe was ſpeaking, however, the attention of her auditors had been diverted from the immediate occaſion of their reſentment, and their paſſion conſequently became leſs.

Montoni desired the Count would order his servants to row back to Venice, that he might have some private conversation with him; and Morano, somewhat soothed by his softened voice and manner, and eager to examine into the full extent of his difficulties, complied.

Emily, comforted by this prospect of release, employed the present moments in endeavouring, with conciliating care, to prevent any fatal mischief between the persons who so lately had persecuted and insulted her.

Her spirits revived, when she heard once more the voice of song and laughter, resounding from the grand canal, and at length entered again between its stately piazzas. The *zendaletto* stopped at Montoni's mansion, and the Count hastily led her into the hall, where Montoni took his arm, and said something in a low voice, on which Morano kissed the hand he held, notwithstanding Emily's effort to disengage it, and, wishing her a good evening, with

with an accent and look ſhe could not miſunderſtand, returned to his *zendaletto* with Montoni.

Emily, in her own apartment, conſidered with intenſe anxiety all the unjuſt and tyrannical conduct of Montoni, the dauntleſs perſeverance of Morano, and her own deſolate ſituation, removed from her friends and country. She looked in vain to Valancourt, confined by his profeſſion to a diſtant kingdom, as her protector; but it gave her comfort to know, that there was, at leaſt, one perſon in the world, who would ſympathize in her afflictions, and whoſe wiſhes would fly eagerly to releaſe her. Yet ſhe determined not to give him unavailing pain by relating the reaſons ſhe had to regret the having rejected his better judgment concerning Montoni; reaſons, however, which could not induce her to lament the delicacy and diſintereſted affection that had made her reject his propoſal for a clandeſtine marriage. The approaching interview with her uncle ſhe regarded

with ſome degree of hope, for ſhe determined to repreſent to him the diſtreſſes of her ſituation, and to entreat that he would allow her to return to France with him and Madame Queſnel. Then, ſuddenly remembering that her beloved La Vallée, her only home, was no longer at her command, her tears flowed anew, and ſhe feared that ſhe had little pity to expect from a man who, like M. Queſnel, could diſpoſe of it without deigning to conſult with her, and could diſmiſs an aged and faithful ſervant, deſtitute of either ſupport or aſylum. But, though it was certain, that ſhe had herſelf no longer a home in France, and few, very few friends there, ſhe determined to return, if poſſible, that ſhe might be releaſed from the power of Montoni, whoſe particularly oppreſſive conduct towards herſelf, and general character as to others, were juſtly terrible to her imagination. She had no wiſh to reſide with her uncle, M. Queſnel, ſince his behaviour to her late father, and to herſelf, had been uniformly ſuch as to convince

vince her, that in flying to him ſhe could only obtain an exchange of oppreſſors; neither had ſhe the ſlighteſt intention of conſenting to the propoſal of Valancourt for an immediate marriage, though this would give her a lawful and a generous protector; for the chief reaſons, which had formerly influenced her conduct, ſtill exiſted againſt it, while others, which ſeemed to juſtify the ſtep, would now be done away; and his intereſt, his fame were at all times too dear to her, to ſuffer her to conſent to a union, which, at this early period of their lives, would probably defeat both. One ſure, and proper aſylum, however, would ſtill be open to her in France. She knew that ſhe could board in the convent, where ſhe had formerly experienced ſo much kindneſs, and which had an affecting and ſolemn claim upon her heart, ſince it contained the remains of her late father. Here ſhe could remain in ſafety and tranquillity, till the term, for which La Vallée might be let,

ſhould

ſhould expire; or, till the arrangement of M. Motteville's affairs enabled her ſo far to eſtimate the remains of her fortune, as to judge whether it would be prudent for her to reſide there.

Concerning Montoni's conduct with reſpect to his letters to M. Queſnel, ſhe had many doubts; however he might be at firſt miſtaken on the ſubject, ſhe much ſuſpected that he wilfully perſevered in his error, as a means of intimidating her into a compliance with his wiſhes of uniting her to Count Morano. Whether this was or was not the fact, ſhe was extremely anxious to explain the affair to M. Queſnel, and looked forward with a mixture of impatience, hope and fear, to her approaching viſit.

On the following day, Madame Montoni, being alone with Emily, introduced the mention of Count Morano, by expreſſing her ſurpriſe, that ſhe had not joined the party on the water the preceding evening,

evening, and at her abrupt departure to Venice. Emily then related what had paſſed, expreſſed her concern for the mutual miſtake that had occurred between Montoni and herſelf, and ſolicited her aunt's kind offices in urging him to give a deciſive denial to the Count's further addreſſes; but ſhe ſoon perceived, that Madame Montoni had not been ignorant of the late converſation, when ſhe introduced the preſent.

"You have no encouragement to expect from me," ſaid her aunt, "in theſe notions. I have already given my opinion on the ſubject, and think Signor Montoni right in enforcing, by any means, your conſent. If young perſons will be blind to their intereſt, and obſtinately oppoſe it, why, the greateſt bleſſings they can have are friends, who will oppoſe their folly. Pray what pretenſions of any kind do you think you have to ſuch a match as is now offered you?"

"Not any whatever, madam," replied Emily,

Emily, " and, therefore, at leaſt, ſuffer me to be happy in my humility."

" Nay, niece, it cannot be denied, that you have pride enough; my poor brother, your father, had his ſhare of pride too; though, let me add, his fortune did not juſtify it."

Emily, ſomewhat embarraſſed by the indignation, which this malevolent alluſion to her father excited, and by the difficulty of rendering her anſwer as temperate as it ſhould be reprehenſive, heſitated for ſome moments, in a confuſion, which highly gratified her aunt. At length ſhe ſaid, " My father's pride, madam, had a noble object—the happineſs which he knew could be derived only from goodneſs, knowledge and charity. As it never conſiſted in his ſuperiority, in point of fortune, to ſome perſons, it was not humbled by his inferiority, in that reſpect, to others. He never diſdained thoſe, who were wretched by poverty and misfortune; he did ſometimes

deſpiſe

deſpiſe perſons, who, with many opportunities of happineſs, rendered themſelves miſerable by vanity, ignorance and cruelty. I ſhall think it my higheſt glory to emulate ſuch pride."

"I do not pretend to underſtand any thing of theſe high-flown ſentiments, niece; you have all that glory to yourſelf: I would teach you a little plain ſenſe, and not have you ſo wiſe as to deſpiſe happineſs."

"That would indeed not be wiſdom, but folly," ſaid Emily, "for wiſdom can boaſt no higher attainment than happineſs; but you will allow, madam, that our ideas of happineſs may differ. I cannot doubt, that you wiſh me to be happy, but I muſt fear you are miſtaken in the means of making me ſo."

"I cannot boaſt of a learned education, niece, ſuch as your father thought proper to give you, and, therefore, do not pretend to underſtand all theſe fine ſpeeches about happineſs. I muſt be contented to underſtand only common ſenſe, and happy would

would it have been for you and your father, if that had been included in his education."

Emily was too much ſhocked by theſe reflections on her father's memory, to deſpiſe this ſpeech as it deſerved.

Madame Montoni was about to ſpeak, but Emily quitted the room, and retired to her own, where the little ſpirit ſhe had lately exerted yielded to grief and vexation, and left her only to her tears. From every review of her ſituation ſhe could derive, indeed, only new ſorrow. To the diſcovery, which had juſt been forced upon her, of Montoni's unworthineſs, ſhe had now to add, that of the cruel vanity, for the gratification of which her aunt was about to ſacrifice her; of the effrontery and cunning, with which, at the time that ſhe meditated the ſacrifice, ſhe boaſted of her tenderneſs, or inſulted her victim; and of the venomous envy, which, as it did not ſcruple to attack her father's character, could ſcarcely be expected to withhold from her own.

During

During the few days that intervened between this converſation and the departure for Miarenti, Montoni did not once addreſs himſelf to Emily. His looks ſufficiently declared his reſentment; but that he ſhould forbear to renew a mention of the ſubject of it, exceedingly ſurpriſed her, who was no leſs aſtoniſhed, that, during three days, Count Morano neither viſited Montoni, or was named by him. Several conjectures aroſe in her mind. Sometimes ſhe feared that the diſpute between them had been revived, and had ended fatally to the Count. Sometimes ſhe was inclined to hope, that wearineſs, or diſguſt at her firm rejection of his ſuit, had induced him to relinquiſh it; and, at others, ſhe ſuſpected that he had now recourſe to ſtratagem, and forbore his viſits, and prevailed with Montoni to forbear the repetition of his name, in the expectation that gratitude and generoſity would prevail with her to give him the conſent, which he could not hope from love.

Thus paſſed the time in vain conjecture, and

and alternate hopes and fears, till the day arrived when Montoni was to ſet out for the villa of Miarenti, which, like the preceding ones, neither brought the Count, or the mention of him.

Montoni having determined not to leave Venice, till towards evening, that he might avoid the heats, and catch the cool breezes of night, embarked about an hour before ſunſet, with his family, in a barge, for the Brenta. Emily ſat alone near the ſtern of the veſſel, and, as it floated ſlowly on, watched the gay and lofty city leſſening from her view, till its palaces ſeemed to ſink in the diſtant waves, while its loftier towers and domes, illumined by the declining ſun, appeared on the horizon, like thoſe far-ſeen clouds, which, in more northern climes, often linger on the weſtern verge, and catch the laſt light of a ſummer's evening. Soon after, even theſe grew dim, and faded in diſtance from her ſight; but ſhe ſtill ſat gazing on the vaſt ſcene of cloudleſs ſky and mighty waters, and liſtening

in

in pleaſing awe to the deep-ſounding waves, while, as her eyes glanced over the Adriatic, towards the oppoſite ſhores, which were, however, far beyond the reach of ſight, ſhe thought of Greece, and, a thouſand claſſical remembrances ſtealing to her mind, ſhe experienced that penſive luxury which is felt on viewing the ſcenes of ancient ſtory, and on comparing their preſent ſtate of ſilence and ſolitude with that of their former grandeur and animation. The ſcenes of the Iliad illapſed in glowing colours to her fancy—ſcenes, once the haunt of heroes—now lonely, and in ruins; but which ſtill ſhone, in the poet's ſtrain, in all their youthful ſplendour.

As her imagination painted with melancholy touches, the deſerted plains of Troy, ſuch as they appeared in this after-day, ſhe re-animated the landſcape with the following little ſtory.

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

O'er Ilion's plains, where once the warrior bled,
And once the poet rais'd his deathleſs ſtrain,
O'er Ilion's plains a weary driver led
His ſtately camels: For the ruin'd fane

Wide round the lonely ſcene his glance he threw,
For now the red cloud faded in the weſt,
And twilight o'er the ſilent landſcape drew
Her deep'ning veil; eaſtward his courſe he preſt:

There, on the grey horizon's glimm'ring bound,
Roſe the proud columns of deſerted Troy,
And wand'ring ſhepherds now a ſhelter found
Within thoſe walls, where princes wont to joy.

Beneath a lofty porch the driver paſs'd,
Then, from his camels heav'd the heavy load;
Partook with them the ſimple, cool repaſt,
And in ſhort veſper gave himſelf to God.

From diſtant lands with merchandiſe he came,
His all of wealth his patient ſervants bore;
Oft deep-drawn ſighs his anxious wiſh proclaim
To reach, again, his happy cottage door;

For there, his wife, his little children, dwell;
Their ſmiles ſhall pay the toil of many an hour:
Ev'n now warm tears to expectation ſwell,
As fancy o'er his mind extends her pow'r.

A death-

A death-like ſtillneſs reign'd, where once the ſong,
The ſong of heroes, wak'd the midnight air,
Save, when a ſolemn murmur roll'd along,
That ſeem'd to ſay—" For future worlds prepare."

For Time's imperious voice was frequent heard
Shaking the marble temple to its fall,
(By hands he long had conquer'd, vainly rear'd)
And diſtant ruins anſwer'd to his call.

While Hamet ſlept, his camels round him lay,
Beneath him, all his ſtore of wealth was pil'd;
And here, his cruiſe and empty wallet lay,
And there, the flute that cheer'd him in the wild.

The robber Tartar on his ſlumber ſtole,
For o'er the waſte, at eve, he watch'd his train;
Ah! who his thirſt of plunder ſhall control?
Who calls on him for mercy—calls in vain!

A poiſon'd poignard in his belt he wore,
A creſcent ſword depended at his ſide,
The deathful quiver at his back he bore,
And infants—at his very look had died!

The moon's cold beam athwart the temple fell,
And to his ſleeping prey the Tartar led;
But ſoft!—a ſtartled camel ſhook his bell,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs, and rear'd his drowſy head.

Hamet

Hamet awoke! the poignard glitter'd high!
Swift from his couch he ſprung, and 'ſcap'd the blow;
When from an unknown hand the arrows fly,
That lay the ruffian, in his vengeance, low.

He groan'd, he died! from forth a column'd gate
A fearful ſhepherd, pale and ſilent, crept,
Who, as he watch'd his folded flock ſtar-late,
Had mark'd the robber ſteal where Hamet ſlept.

He fear'd his own, and ſav'd a ſtranger's life!
Poor Hamet claſp'd him to his grateful heart;
Then, rous'd his camels for the duſty ſtrife,
And, with the ſhepherd, haſten'd to depart.

And now, Aurora breathes her freſh'ning gale,
And faintly trembles on the eaſtern cloud;
And now, the ſun, from under twilight's veil,
Looks gaily forth, and melts her airy ſhroud.

Wide o'er the level plains, his ſlanting beams
Dart their long lines on Ilion's tower'd ſcite;
The diſtant Helleſpont with morning gleams,
And old Scamander winds his waves in light.

All merry ſound the camel bells, ſo gay,
And merry beats fond Hamet's heart; for he,
Ere the dim evening ſteals upon the day,
His children, wife, and happy home ſhall ſee.

As

As Emily approached the ſhores of Italy ſhe began to diſcriminate the rich features and varied colouring of the landſcape—the purple hills, groves of orange, pine and cypreſs, ſhading magnificent villas, and towns riſing among vineyards and plantations. The noble Brenta, pouring its broad waves into the ſea, now appeared, and, when ſhe reached its mouth, the barge ſtopped, that the horſes might be faſtened which were to tow it up the ſtream. This done, Emily gave a laſt look to the Adriatic, and to the dim ſail,

. . . . "that from the ſky-mix'd wave
"Dawns on the ſight,"

and the barge ſlowly glided between the green and luxuriant ſlopes of the river. The grandeur of the Palladian villas, that adorn theſe ſhores, was conſiderably heightened by the ſetting rays, which threw ſtrong contraſts of light and ſhade upon the porticos and long arcades, and beamed a mellow luſtre upon the orangeries and

the tall groves of pine and cypreſs, that over-hung the buildings. The ſcent of or-nges, of flowering myrtles, and other odoriferous plants was diffuſed upon the air, and often, from theſe embowered retreats, a ſtrain of muſic ſtole on the calm, and " ſoftened into ſilence."

The ſun now ſunk below the horizon, twilight fell over the landſcape, and Emily, wrapt in muſing ſilence, continued to watch its features gradually vaniſhing into obſcurity. She remembered her many happy evenings, when with St. Aubert ſhe had obſerved the ſhades of twilight ſteal over a ſcene as beautiful as this, from the gardens of La Vallée, and a tear fell to the memory of her father. Her ſpirits were ſoftened into melancholy by the influence of the hour, by the low murmur of the wave paſſing under the veſſel, and the ſtill-neſs of the air, that trembled only at inter-vals with diſtant muſic:—why elſe ſhould ſhe, at theſe moments, have looked on her attachment to Valancourt with preſages ſo

very afflicting, ſince ſhe had but lately received letters from him, that had ſoothed for a while all her anxieties? It now ſeemed to her oppreſſed mind, that ſhe had taken leave of him for ever, and that the countries, which ſeparated them, would never more be retraced by her. She looked upon Count Morano with horror, as in ſome degree the cauſe of this; but apart from him, a conviction, if ſuch that may be called, which ariſes from no proof, and which ſhe knew not how to account for, ſeized her mind—that ſhe ſhould never ſee Valancourt again. Though ſhe knew, that neither Morano's ſolicitations, nor Montoni's commands had lawful power to enforce her obedience, ſhe regarded both with a ſuperſtitious dread, that they would finally prevail.

Loſt in this melancholy reverie, and ſhedding frequent tears, Emily was at length rouſed by Montoni, and ſhe followed him to the cabin, where refreſhments were ſpread, and her aunt was ſeated alone. The

countenance of Madame Montoni was inflamed with reſentment, that appeared to be the conſequence of ſome converſation ſhe had held with her huſband, who regarded her with a kind of ſullen diſdain, and both preſerved, for ſome time, a haughty ſilence. Montoni then ſpoke to Emily of Monſ. Queſnel: "You will not, I hope, perſiſt in diſclaiming your knowledge of the ſubject of my letter to him?"

"I had hoped, ſir, that it was no longer neceſſary for me to diſclaim it," ſaid Emily, "I had hoped, from your ſilence, that you was convinced of your error."

"You have hoped impoſſibilities then," replied Montoni; "I might as reaſonably have expected to find ſincerity and uniformity of conduct in one of your ſex, as you to convict me of error in this affair."

Emily bluſhed, and was ſilent; ſhe now perceived too clearly, that ſhe had hoped an impoſſibility, for, where no miſtake had been committed, no conviction could follow; and

and it was evident, that Montoni's conduct had not been the conſequence of miſtake, but of deſign.

Anxious to eſcape from converſation, which was both afflicting and humiliating to her, ſhe ſoon returned to the deck, and reſumed her ſtation near the ſtern, without apprehenſion of cold, for no vapour roſe from the water, and the air was dry and tranquil; here, at leaſt, the benevolence of nature allowed her the quiet which Montoni had denied her elſewhere. It was now paſt midnight. The ſtars ſhed a kind of twilight, that ſerved to ſhew the dark outline of the ſhores on either hand, and the grey ſurface of the river; till the moon roſe from behind a high palm grove, and ſhed her mellow luſtre over the ſcene. The veſſel glided ſmoothly on: amid the ſtillneſs of the hour Emily heard, now and then, the ſolitary voice of the bargemen on the bank, as they ſpoke to their horſes; while, from a remote part of the veſſel, with melancholy ſong,

. . . . . " the ſailor ſooth'd,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave."

Emily, meanwhile, anticipated her reception by Monſ. and Madame Queſnel; conſidered what ſhe ſhould ſay on the ſubject of La Vallée; and then, to with-hold her mind from more anxious topics, tried to amuſe herſelf by diſcriminating the faint-drawn features of the landſcape, repoſing in the moon-light. While her fancy thus wandered, ſhe ſaw, at a diſtance, a building peeping between the moon-light trees, and, as the barge approached, heard voices ſpeaking, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed the lofty portico of a villa, overſhadowed by groves of pine and ſycamore, which ſhe recollected to be the ſame, that had formerly been pointed out to her, as belonging to Madame Queſnel's relative.

The barge ſtopped at a flight of marble ſteps, which led up the bank to a lawn. Lights appeared between ſome pillars beyond the portico. Montoni ſent forward his ſervant, and then diſembarked with his family.

family. They found Monſ. and Madame Queſnel, with a few friends, ſeated on ſofas in the portico, enjoying the cool breeze of the night, and eating fruits and ices, while ſome of their ſervants at a little diſtance, on the river's bank, were performing a ſimple ſerenade. Emily was now accuſtomed to the way of living in this warm country, and was not ſurpriſed to find Monſ. and Madame Queſnel in their portico, two hours after midnight.

The uſual ſalutations being over, the company ſeated themſelves in the portico, and refreſhments were brought them from the adjoining hall, where a banquet was ſpread, and the ſervants attended. When the buſtle of this meeting had ſubſided, and Emily had recovered from the little flutter into which it had thrown her ſpirits, ſhe was ſtruck with the ſingular beauty of the hall, ſo perfectly accommodated to the luxuries of the ſeaſon. It was of white marble, and the roof, riſing into an open cupola, was ſupported by columns of the

ſame material. Two oppoſite ſides of the apartment, terminating in open porticos, admitted to the hall a full view of the gardens, and of the river ſcenery; in the centre a fountain continually refreſhed the air, and ſeemed to heighten the fragrance, that breathed from the ſurrounding orangeries, while its daſhing waters gave an agreeable and ſoothing ſound. Etruſcan lamps, ſuſpended from the pillars, diffuſed a brilliant light over the interior part of the hall, leaving the remoter porticos to the ſofter luſtre of the moon.

Monſ. Queſnel talked apart to Montoni of his own affairs, in his uſual ſtrain of ſelf-importance; boaſted of his new acquiſitions, and then affected to pity ſome diſappointments, which Montoni had lately ſuſtained. Meanwhile, the latter, whoſe pride at leaſt enabled him to deſpiſe ſuch vanity as this, and whoſe diſcernment at once detected under this aſſumed pity, the frivolous malignity of Queſnel's mind, liſtened to him in contemptuous ſilence, till

till he named his niece, and then they left the portico, and walked away into the gardens.

Emily, however, ſtill attended to Madame Queſnel, who ſpoke of France (for even the name of her native country was dear to her), and ſhe found ſome pleaſure in looking at a perſon, who had lately been in it. That country, too, was inhabited by Valancourt, and ſhe liſtened to the mention of it, with a faint hope, that he alſo would be named. Madame Queſnel, who, when ſhe was in France, had talked with rapture of Italy, now, that ſhe was in Italy, talked with equal praiſe of France, and endeavoured to excite the wonder and the envy of her auditors by accounts of places, which they had not been happy enough to ſee. In theſe deſcriptions ſhe not only impoſed upon them, but upon herſelf, for ſhe never thought a preſent pleaſure equal to one, that was paſſed; and thus the delicious climate, the fragrant orangeries and all the luxuries, which ſurrounded her, ſlept unnoticed, while

her fancy wandered over the distant scenes of a northern country.

Emily listened in vain for the name of Valancourt. Madame Montoni spoke in her turn of the delights of Venice, and of the pleasure she expected from visiting the fine castle of Montoni, on the Apennine; which latter mention, at least, was merely a retaliating boast, for Emily well knew, that her aunt had no taste for solitary grandeur, and, particularly, for such as the castle of Udolpho promised. Thus the party continued to converse, and, as far as civility would permit, to torture each other by mutual boasts, while they reclined on sofas in the portico, and were environed with delights both from nature and art, by which any honest minds would have been tempered to benevolence, and happy imaginations would have been soothed into enchantment.

The dawn, soon after, trembled in the eastern horizon, and the light tints of morning, gradually expanding, shewed the beautifully

tifully declining forms of the Italian mountains and the gleaming landſcapes, ſtretched at their feet. Then the ſun-beams, ſhooting up from behind the hills, ſpread over the ſcene that fine ſaffron tinge, which ſeems to impart repoſe to all it touches. The landſcape no longer gleamed; all its glowing colours were revealed, except that its remoter features were ſtill ſoftened and united in the midſt of diſtance, whoſe ſweet effect was heightened to Emily by the dark verdure of the pines and cypreſſes, that over-arched the fore-ground of the river.

The market people, paſſing with their boats to Venice, now formed a moving picture on the Brenta. Moſt of theſe had little painted awnings, to ſhelter their owners from the ſun-beams, which, together with the piles of fruit and flowers, diſplayed beneath, and the taſteful ſimplicity of the peaſant girls, who watched the rural treaſures, rendered them gay and ſtriking objects. The ſwift movement of the boats down the

current, the quick glance of oars in the water, and now and then the paſſing chorus of peaſants, who reclined under the ſail of their little bark, or the tones of ſome ruſtic inſtrument, played by a girl, as ſhe ſat near her ſylvan cargo, heightened the animation and feſtivity of the ſcene.

When Montoni and M. Queſnel had joined the ladies, the party left the portico for the gardens, where the charming ſcenery ſoon withdrew Emily's thoughts from painful ſubjects. The majeſtic forms and rich verdure of cypreſſes ſhe had never ſeen ſo perfect before: groves of cedar, lemon and orange, the ſpiry cluſters of the pine and poplar, the luxuriant cheſnut and oriental plane, threw all their pomp of ſhade over theſe gardens; while bowers of flowering myrtle and other ſpicy ſhrubs mingled their fragrance with that of flowers, whoſe vivid and various colouring glowed with increaſed effect beneath the contraſted umbrage of the groves. The air alſo was continually refreſhed by rivulets, which, with more

more taſte than faſhion, had been ſuffered to wander among the green receſſes.

Emily often lingered behind the party, to contemplate the diſtant landſcape, that cloſed a viſta, or that gleamed beneath the dark foliage of the foreground;—the ſpiral ſummits of the mountains, touched with a purple tint, broken and ſteep above, but ſhelving gradually to their baſe; the open valley, marked by no formal lines of art; and the tall groves of cypreſs, pine and poplar, ſometimes embelliſhed by a ruined villa, whoſe broken columns appeared between the branches of a pine, that ſeemed to droop over their fall.

From other parts of the gardens, the character of the view was entirely changed, and the fine ſolitary beauty of the landſcape ſhifted for the crowded features and varied colouring of inhabitation.

The ſun was now gaining faſt upon the ſky, and the party quitted the gardens, and retired to repoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice."

THOMSON.

EMILY seized the first opportunity of conversing alone with Monsieur Quesnel, concerning La Vallée. His answers to her enquiries were concise, and delivered with the air of a man, who is conscious of possessing absolute power, and impatient of hearing it questioned. He declared, that the disposal of the place was a necessary measure; and that she might consider herself indebted to his prudence for even the small income that remained for her. "But, however," added he, "when this Venetian Count (I have forgot his name) marries you, your present disagreeable state of dependence will cease. As a relation to you I rejoice in the circumstance, which is so fortunate

fortunate for you, and, I may add, ſo unexpected by your friends."

For ſome moments Emily was chilled into ſilence by this ſpeech; and, when ſhe attempted to undeceive him, concerning the purport of the note ſhe had incloſed in Montoni's letter, he appeared to have ſome private reaſon for diſbelieving her aſſertion, and, for a conſiderable time, perſevered in accuſing her of capricious conduct. Being, at length, however, convinced, that ſhe really diſliked Morano and had poſitively rejected his ſuit, his reſentment was extravagant, and he expreſſed it in terms equally pointed and inhuman; for, ſecretly flattered by the proſpect of a connection with a nobleman, whoſe title he had affected to forget, he was incapable of feeling pity for whatever ſufferings of his niece might ſtand in the way of his ambition.

Emily ſaw at once in his manner all the difficulties that awaited her, and, though no oppreſſion could have power to make her renounce Valancourt for Morano, her forti-

tude

tude now trembled at an encounter with the violent paſſions of her uncle.

She oppoſed his turbulence and indignation only by the mild dignity of a ſuperior mind; but the gentle firmneſs of her conduct ſerved to exaſperate ſtill more his reſentment, ſince it compelled him to feel his own inferiority; and, when he left her, he declared, that, if ſhe perſiſted in her folly, both himſelf and Montoni would abandon her to the contempt of the world.

The calmneſs ſhe had aſſumed in his preſence failed Emily, when alone, and ſhe wept bitterly, and called frequently upon the name of her departed father, whoſe advice to her from his death-bed ſhe then remembered. "Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "I do indeed perceive how much more valuable is the ſtrength of fortitude than the grace of ſenſibility, and I will alſo endeavour to fulfil the promiſe I then made; I will not indulge in unavailing lamentation; but will try to endure, with firmneſs, the oppreſſion I cannot elude."

Some-

Somewhat ſoothed by the conſciouſneſs of performing a part of St. Aubert's laſt requeſt, and of endeavouring to purſue the conduct which he would have approved, ſhe overcame her tears, and, when the company met at dinner, had recovered her uſual ſerenity of countenance.

In the cool of the evening, the ladies took the *freſco* along the bank of the Brenta in Madame Queſnel's carriage. The ſtate of Emily's mind was in melancholy contraſt with the gay groups aſſembled beneath the ſhades that overhung this enchanting ſtream. Some were dancing under the trees, and others reclining on the graſs, taking ices and coffee, and calmly enjoying the effect of a beautiful evening, on a luxuriant landſcape. Emily, when ſhe looked at the ſnow-capt Apennines, aſcending in the diſtance, thought of Montoni's caſtle, and ſuffered ſome terror, leſt he ſhould convey her thither, for the purpoſe of enforcing her obedience; but the thought vaniſhed, when ſhe conſidered, that ſhe was as much in his

his power at Venice as ſhe could be elſewhere.

It was moon light before the party returned to the villa, where ſupper was ſpread in the airy hall, which had ſo much enchanted Emily's fancy, on the preceding night. The ladies ſeated themſelves in the portico, till M. Queſnel, Montoni and other gentlemen, ſhould join them at table, and Emily endeavoured to reſign herſelf to the tranquillity of the hour. Preſently, a barge ſtopped at the ſteps that led into the gardens, and, ſoon after ſhe diſtinguiſhed the voices of Montoni and Queſnel, and then that of Morano, who, in the next moment, appeared. His compliments ſhe received in ſilence, and her cold air ſeemed at firſt to diſcompoſe him; but he ſoon recovered his uſual gaiety of manner, though the officious kindneſs of M. and Madame Queſnel Emily perceived diſguſted him. Such a degree of attention ſhe had ſcarcely believed could be ſhewn by M. Queſnel, for ſhe had never before ſeen him otherwiſe than in the preſence of his inferiors or equals.

When she could retire to her own apartment, her mind almost involuntarily dwelt on the most probable means of prevailing with the Count to withdraw his suit, and to her liberal mind none appeared more probable, than that of acknowledging to him a prior attachment and throwing herself upon his generosity for a release. When, however, on the following day, he renewed his addresses, she shrunk from the adoption of the plan she had formed. There was something so repugnant to her just pride, in laying open the secret of her heart to such a man as Morano, and in suing to him for compassion, that she impatiently rejected this design, and wondered that she could have paused upon it for a moment. The rejection of his suit she repeated in the most decisive terms she could select, mingling with it a severe censure of his conduct; but, though the Count appeared mortified by this, he persevered in the most ardent professions of admiration, till he was interrupted and Emily released

releaſed by the preſence of Madame Queſnel.

During her ſtay at this pleaſant villa, Emily was thus rendered miſerable by the aſſiduities of Morano, together with the cruelly exerted authority of M. Queſnel and Montoni, who, with her aunt, ſeemed now more reſolutely determined upon this marriage than they had even appeared to be at Venice. M. Queſnel, finding that both argument and menace were ineffectual in enforcing an immediate concluſion to it, at length relinquiſhed his endeavours, and truſted to the power of Montoni and to the courſe of events at Venice. Emily, indeed, looked to Venice with hope, for there ſhe would be relieved in ſome meaſure from the perſecution of Morano, who would no longer be an inhabitant of the ſame houſe with herſelf, and from that of Montoni, whoſe engagements would not permit him to be continually at home. But, amidſt the preſſure of her own misfortunes, ſhe did not forget thoſe of poor Thereſa, for whom ſhe

ſhe pleaded with courageous tenderneſs to Queſnel, who promiſed, in ſlight and general terms, that ſhe ſhould not be forgotten.

Montoni, in a long converſation with M. Queſnel, arranged the plan to be purſued reſpecting Emily, and M. Queſnel propoſed to be at Venice, as ſoon as he ſhould be informed that the nuptials were concluded.

It was new to Emily to part with any perſon, with whom ſhe was connected, without feelings of regret; the moment, however, in which ſhe took leave of M. and Madame Queſnel, was, perhaps, the only ſatisfactory one ſhe had known in their preſence.

Morano returned in Montoni's barge, and Emily, as ſhe watched her gradual approach to that magic city, ſaw at her ſide the only perſon, who occaſioned her to view it with leſs than perfect delight. They arrived there about midnight, when Emily was releaſed from the preſence of the Count, who,

who, with Montoni, went to a Caſino, and ſhe was ſuffered to retire to her own apartment.

On the following day, Montoni, in a ſhort converſation, which he held with Emily, informed her, that he would no longer be *trifled* with, and that, ſince her marriage with the Count would be ſo highly advantageous to her, that folly only could object to it, and folly of ſuch extent as was incapable of conviction, it ſhould be celebrated without further delay, and, if that was neceſſary, without her conſent.

Emily, who had hitherto tried remonſtrance, had now recourſe to ſupplication, for diſtreſs prevented her from foreſeeing that, with a man of Montoni's diſpoſition, ſupplication would be equally uſeleſs. She afterwards enquired by what right he exerted this unlimited authority over her? a queſtion which her better judgment would have withheld her, in a calmer moment, from making, ſince it could avail her nothing, and would afford Montoni another

opportunity

opportunity of triumphing over her defenceleſs condition.

"By what right!" cried Montoni, with a malicious ſmile, "by the right of my will; if you can elude that, I will not enquire by what right you do ſo. I now remind you, for the laſt time, that you are a ſtranger, in a foreign country, and that it is your intereſt to make me your friend; you know the means; if you compel me to become your enemy—I will venture to tell you that the puniſhment ſhall exceed your expectation. You may know *I* am not to be trifled with."

Emily continued, for ſome time after Montoni had left her, in a ſtate of deſpair, or rather of ſtupefaction; a conſciouſneſs of miſery was all that remained in her mind. In this ſituation Madame Montoni found her, at the ſound of whoſe voice Emily looked up, and her aunt, ſomewhat ſoftened by the expreſſion of deſpair, that fixed her countenance, ſpoke in a manner more kind than ſhe had ever yet done. Emily's heart

was

was touched; ſhe ſhed tears, and, after weeping for ſome time, recovered ſufficient compoſure to ſpeak on the ſubject of her diſtreſs, and to endeavour to intereſt Madame Montoni in her behalf. But, though the compaſſion of her aunt had been ſurpriſed, her ambition was not to be overcome, and her preſent object was to be the aunt of a Counteſs. Emily's efforts, therefore, were as unſucceſsful as they had been with Montoni, and ſhe withdrew to her apartment to think and weep alone. How often did ſhe remember the parting ſcene with Valancourt, and wiſh, that the Italian had mentioned Montoni's character with leſs reſerve! When her mind, however, had recovered from the firſt ſhock of this behaviour, ſhe conſidered, that it would be impoſſible for him to compel her alliance with Morano, if ſhe perſiſted in refuſing to repeat any part of the marriage ceremony; and ſhe perſevered in her reſolution to await Montoni's threatened vengeance rather than give herſelf for life to a man,

man, whom she must have despised for his present conduct, had she never even loved Valancourt: yet she trembled at the revenge she thus resolved to brave.

An affair, however, soon after occurred, which somewhat called off Montoni's attention from Emily. The mysterious visits of Orsino were renewed with more frequency since the return of the former to Venice. There were others, also, besides Orsino, admitted to these midnight councils, and among them Cavigni and Verezzi. Montoni became more reserved and austere in his manner than ever; and Emily, if her own interests had not made her regardless of his, might have perceived, that something extraordinary was working in his mind.

One night, on which a council was not held, Orsino came in great agitation of spirits, and dispatched his confidential servant to Montoni, who was at a Casino, desiring that he would return home immediately; but charging the servant not to

mention his name. Montoni obeyed the ſummons, and, on meeting Orſino, was informed of the circumſtances, that occaſioned his viſit and his viſible alarm, with ſome of which, however, he was already acquainted.

A Venetian nobleman, who had, on a late occaſion, provoked the hatred of Orſino, had been way-laid and poniarded by hired aſſaſſins: and, as the murdered perſon was of the firſt connections, the Senate had taken up the affair. One of the aſſaſſins was now apprehended, who had confeſſed, that Orſino was his employer in the atrocious deed; and the latter, informed of his danger, had now come to Montoni to conſult on the meaſures neceſſary to favour his eſcape. He knew, that, at this time, the officers of the police were upon the watch for him, all over the city; to leave it, at preſent, therefore, was impracticable, and Montoni conſented to ſecrete him for a few days till the vigilance of juſtice ſhould relax, and then to aſſiſt him in quitting Venice. He knew the danger he himſelf incurred

curred by permitting Orſino to remain in his houſe; but ſuch was the nature of his obligations to this man, that he did not think it prudent to refuſe him an aſylum.

Such was the perſon whom Montoni admitted to his confidence, and for whom he felt as much friendſhip as was compatible with his character.

While Orſino remained concealed in his houſe, Montoni was unwilling to attract public obſervation by the nuptials of Count Morano; but this obſtacle was, in a few days, overcome by the departure of his criminal viſitor, and he then informed Emily, that her marriage was to be celebrated on the following morning. To her repeated aſſurances, that it ſhould not take place, he replied by a malignant ſmile; and, telling her, that the Count and a prieſt would be at his houſe, early in the morning, he adviſed her no further to dare his reſentment, by oppoſition to his will and to her own intereſt. "I am now going out for the evening," ſaid he, "remember, that I ſhall give

your hand to Count Morano in the morning." Emily, having, ever ſince his late threats, expected, that her trials would at length arrive to this criſis, was leſs ſhocked by the declaration, than ſhe otherwiſe would have been, and ſhe endeavoured to ſupport herſelf by a belief, that the marriage could not be valid, ſo long as ſhe refuſed before the prieſt to repeat any part of the ceremony. Yet, as the moment of trial approached, her long-haraſſed ſpirits ſhrunk almoſt equally from the encounter of his vengeance, and from the hand of Count Morano. She was not even perfectly certain of the conſequence of her ſteady refuſal at the altar, and ſhe trembled, more than ever, at the power of Montoni, which ſeemed unlimited as his will, for ſhe ſaw, that he would not ſcruple to tranſgreſs any law, if, by ſo doing, he could accompliſh his project.

While her mind was thus ſuffering, ſhe was informed that Morano aſked permiſſion to ſee her, and the ſervant had ſcarcely departed

parted with an excuſe, before ſhe repented that ſhe had ſent one. In the next moment, reverting to her former deſign, and determining to try, whether expoſtulation and entreaty would not ſucceed, where a refuſal and a juſt diſdain had failed, ſhe recalled the ſervant, and, ſending a different meſſage, prepared to go down to the Count.

The dignity and aſſumed compoſure with which ſhe met him, and the kind of penſive reſignation, that ſoftened her countenance, were circumſtances not likely to induce him to relinquiſh her, ſerving, as they did, to heighten a paſſion, which had already intoxicated his judgment. He liſtened to all ſhe ſaid with an appearance of complacency and of a wiſh to oblige her; but his reſolution remained invariably the ſame, and he endeavoured to win her admiration by every inſinuating art he ſo well knew how to practiſe. Being, at length, aſſured, that ſhe had nothing to hope from his juſtice, ſhe repeated, in a ſolemn manner, her abſolute rejection of his ſuit, and

quitted him with an aſſurance, that her refuſal would be effectually maintained againſt every circumſtance, that could be imagined for ſubduing it. A juſt pride had reſtrained her tears, in his preſence, but now they flowed from the fulneſs of her heart. She often called upon the name of her late father, and often dwelt with unutterable anguiſh on the idea of Valancourt.

She did not go down to ſupper, but remained alone in her apartment, ſometimes yielding to the influence of grief and terror, and, at others, endeavouring to fortify her mind againſt them, and to prepare herſelf to meet, with compoſed courage, the ſcene of the following morning, when all the ſtratagem of Morano and the violence of Montoni would be united againſt her.

The evening was far advanced, when Madame Montoni came to her chamber with ſome bridal ornaments, which the Count had ſent to Emily. She had, this day, purpoſely avoided her niece; perhaps, becauſe

becauſe her uſual inſenſibility failed her, and ſhe feared to truſt herſelf with a view of Emily's diſtreſs; or poſſibly, though her conſcience was ſeldom audible, it now reproached her with her conduct to her brother's orphan child, whoſe happineſs had been entruſted to her care by a dying father.

Emily could not look at theſe preſents, and made a laſt, though almoſt hopeleſs, effort to intereſt the compaſſion of Madame Montoni, who, if ſhe did feel any degree of pity, or remorſe, ſucceſsfully concealed it, and reproached her niece with folly in being miſerable, concerning a marriage, which ought only to make her happy. "I am ſure," ſaid ſhe, "if I was unmarried, and the Count had propoſed to me, I ſhould have been flattered by the diſtinction: and if I ſhould have been ſo, I am ſure, niece, you, who have no fortune, ought to feel yourſelf highly honoured, and ſhew a proper gratitude and humility towards the

Count, for his condeſcenſion. I am often ſurpriſed, I muſt own, to obſerve how humbly he deports himſelf to you, notwithſtanding the haughty airs you give yourſelf; I wonder he has patience to humour you ſo: if I was he, I know, I ſhould often be ready to reprehend you, and make you know yourſelf a little better. I would not have flattered you, I can tell you, for 't is this abſurd flattery that makes you fancy yourſelf of ſo much conſequence, that you think nobody can deſerve you, and I often tell the Count ſo, for I have no patience to hear him pay you ſuch extravagant compliments, which you believe every word of!"

"Your patience, madam, cannot ſuffer more cruelly on ſuch occaſions, than my own," ſaid Emily.

"O! that is all mere affectation," rejoined her aunt. "I know that his flattery delights you, and makes you ſo vain, that you think you may have the whole world at

at your feet. But you are very much miſtaken; I can aſſure you, niece, you will not meet with many ſuch ſuitors as the Count: every other perſon would have turned upon his heel, and left you to repent at your leiſure, long ago."

"O that the Count had reſembled every other perſon, then!" ſaid Emily, with a heavy ſigh.

"It is happy for you, that he does not," rejoined Madame Montoni; "and what I am now ſaying is from pure kindneſs. I am endeavouring to convince you of your good fortune, and to perſuade you to ſubmit to neceſſity with a good grace. It is nothing to me, you know, whether you like this marriage or not, for it muſt be; what I ſay, therefore, is from pure kindneſs. I wiſh to ſee you happy, and it is your own fault if you are not ſo. I would aſk you, now, ſeriouſly and calmly, what kind of a match you can expect, ſince a Count cannot content your ambition?"

 "I have

"I have no ambition whatever, madam," replied Emily, "my only wish is to remain in my present station."

"O! that is speaking quite from the purpose," said her aunt, "I see you are still thinking of Monsr. Valancourt. Pray get rid of all those fantastic notions about love, and this ridiculous pride, and be something like a reasonable creature. But, however, this is nothing to the purpose—for your marriage with the Count takes place to-morrow, you know, whether you approve it or not. The Count will be trifled with no longer."

Emily made no attempt to reply to this curious speech; she felt it would be mean, and she knew it would be useless. Madame Montoni laid the Count's presents upon the table, on which Emily was leaning, and then, desiring she would be ready early in the morning, bade her good-night. "Good-night, madam," said Emily, with a deep sigh, as the door closed upon her aunt,

aunt, and ſhe was left once more to her own ſad reflections. For ſome time ſhe ſat ſo loſt in thought, as to be wholly unconſcious where ſhe was; at length raiſing her head, and looking round the room, its gloom and profound ſtillneſs awed her. She fixed her eyes on the door, through which her aunt had diſappeared, and liſtened anxiouſly for ſome ſound, that might relieve the deep dejection of her ſpirits; but it was paſt midnight, and all the family, except the ſervant, who ſat up for Montoni, had retired to bed. Her mind, long haraſſed by diſtreſs, now yielded to imaginary terrors; ſhe trembled to look into the obſcurity of her ſpacious chamber, and feared ſhe knew not what; a ſtate of mind, which continued ſo long, that ſhe would have called up Annette, her aunt's woman, had her fears permitted her to riſe from her chair, and to croſs the apartment.

Theſe melancholy illuſions at length began to diſperſe, and ſhe retired to her bed,

not to ſleep, for that was ſcarcely poſſible, but to try, at leaſt, to quiet her diſturbed fancy, and to collect ſtrength of ſpirits ſufficient to bear her through the ſcene of the approaching morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Dark power! with ſhudd'ring, meek ſubmitted thought
Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, leſt they meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

COLLINS'S ODE TO FEAR.

EMILY was recalled from a kind of ſlumber, into which ſhe had, at length, ſunk, by a quick knocking at her chamber: ſhe ſtarted up in terror, Montoni and Count Morano inſtantly came to her mind; but, having liſtened in ſilence for ſome time, and recogniſing the voice of Annette, ſhe ventured to open the door. "What brings you hither ſo early?" ſaid Emily, trembling exceſſively.

"Dear

"Dear ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette, "do not look ſo pale. I am quite frightened to ſee you. Here is a fine buſtle below ſtairs, all the ſervants running to and fro, and none of them faſt enough! Here is a buſtle, indeed, all of a ſudden, and nobody knows for what!"

"Who is below beſides them?" ſaid Emily: "Annette, do not trifle with me."

"Not for the world, ma'amſelle, I would not trifle for the world; but one cannot help making one's remarks, and there is the Signor in ſuch a buſtle, as I never ſaw him before; and he has ſent me to tell you, ma'am, to get ready immediately."

"Good God ſupport me!" cried Emily, almoſt fainting, "Count Morano is below, then!"

"No, ma'amſelle, he is not below, that I know of," replied Annette, "only his *Excellenza* ſent me to deſire you would get ready directly to leave Venice, for that the gondolas would be at the ſteps of the canal in a few minutes: but I muſt hurry back

to

to my lady, who is juſt at her wits end, and knows not which way to turn for haſte."

"Explain, Annette, explain the meaning of all this before you go," ſaid Emily, ſo overcome with ſurpriſe and timid hope, that ſhe had ſcarcely breath to ſpeak.

"Nay, ma'amſelle, that is more than I can do. I only know that the Signor is juſt come home in a very ill humour, that he has had us all called out of our beds, and tells us we are all to leave Venice immediately."

"Is Count Morano to go with the Signor?" ſaid Emily, "and whither are we going?"

"I know neither, ma'am, for certain; but I heard Ludovico ſay ſomething about going, after we got to *Terra-firma*, to the Signor's caſtle among ſome mountains, that he talked of."

"The Apennines!" ſaid Emily, eagerly, "O! then I have little to hope!"

"That is the very place, ma'am. But cheer

cheer up, and do not take it ſo much to heart, and think what a little time you have to get ready in, and how impatient the Signor is. Holy St. Mark! I hear the oars on the canal; and now they come nearer, and now they are daſhing at the ſteps below; it is the gondola, ſure enough."

Annette haſtened from the room; and Emily prepared for this unexpected flight, not perceiving that any change in her ſituation could poſſibly be for the worſe. She had ſcarcely thrown her books and clothes into her travelling trunk, when, receiving a ſecond ſummons, ſhe went down to her aunt's dreſſing-room, where ſhe found Montoni impatiently reproving his wife for delay. He went out, ſoon after, to give ſome further orders to his people, and Emily then enquired the occaſion of this haſty journey; but her aunt appeared to be as ignorant as herſelf, and to undertake the journey with more reluctance.

The family at length embarked, but neither

ther Count Morano, or Cavigni, was of the party. Somewhat revived by obſerving this, Emily, when the gondolieri daſhed their oars in the water, and put off from the ſteps of the portico, felt like a criminal, who receives a ſhort reprieve. Her heart beat yet lighter, when they emerged from the canal into the ocean, and lighter ſtill, when they ſkimmed paſt the walls of St. Mark, without having ſtopped to take up Count Morano.

The dawn now began to tint the horizon, and to break upon the ſhores of the Adriatic. Emily did not venture to aſk any queſtions of Montoni, who ſat, for ſome time, in gloomy ſilence, and then rolled himſelf up in his cloak, as if to ſleep, while Madame Montoni did the ſame; but Emily, who could not ſleep, undrew one of the little curtains of the gondola, and looked out upon the ſea. The riſing dawn now enlightened the mountain-tops of Friuli, but their lower ſides, and the diſtant waves, that rolled at their feet, were ſtill in deep ſhadow.

Emily,

Emily, ſunk in tranquil melancholy, watched the ſtrengthening light ſpreading upon the ocean, ſhewing progreſſively Venice with her iſlets, and the ſhores of Italy, along which boats with their pointed latin ſails began to move.

The gondolieri were frequently hailed, at this early hour, by the market-people, as they glided by towards Venice, and the *Lagune* ſoon diſplayed a gay ſcene of innumerable little barks, paſſing from *Terra firma* with proviſions. Emily gave a laſt look to that ſplendid city, but her mind was then occupied by conſidering the probable events, that awaited her, in the ſcenes, to which ſhe was removing, and with conjectures, concerning the motive of this ſudden journey. It appeared, upon calmer conſideration, that Montoni was removing her to his ſecluded caſtle, becauſe he could there, with more probability of ſucceſs, attempt to terrify her into obedience; or, that, ſhould its gloomy and ſequeſtered ſcenes fail of this effect, her forced marriage with the Count

Count could there be ſolemnized with the ſecrecy, which was neceſſary to the honour of Montoni. The little ſpirit, which this reprieve had recalled, now began to fail, and, when Emily reached the ſhore, her mind had ſunk into all its former depreſſion.

Montoni did not embark on the Brenta, but purſued his way in carriages acroſs the country, towards the Apennine; during which journey, his manner to Emily was ſo particularly ſevere, that this alone would have confirmed her late conjecture, had any ſuch confirmation been neceſſary. Her ſenſes were now dead to the beautiful country through which ſhe travelled. Sometimes ſhe was compelled to ſmile at the *naïveté* of Annette, in her remarks on what ſhe ſaw, and ſometimes to ſigh, as a ſcene of peculiar beauty recalled Valancourt to her thoughts, who was indeed ſeldom abſent from them, and of whom ſhe could never hope to hear in the ſolitude to which ſhe was haſtening.

At

At length, the travellers began to aſcend among the Apennines. The immenſe pine-foreſts, which, at that period, overhung theſe mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the cliffs aſpiring above, except, that, now and then, an opening through the dark woods allowed the eye a momentary glimpſe of the country below. The gloom of theſe ſhades, their ſolitary ſilence, except when the breeze ſwept over their ſummits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains, that came partially to the eye, each aſſiſted to raiſe the ſolemnity of Emily's feelings into awe; ſhe ſaw only images of gloomy grandeur, or of dreadful ſublimity, around her; other images, equally gloomy and equally terrible, gleamed on her imagination. She was going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a perſon, from whoſe arbitrary diſpoſition ſhe had already ſuffered ſo much, to marry, perhaps, a man who poſſeſſed neither her affection, or eſteem; or to endure, beyond the

the hope of ſuccour, whatever puniſhment revenge, and that Italian revenge, might dictate.—The more ſhe conſidered what might be the motive of the journey, the more ſhe became convinced, that it was for the purpoſe of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with the ſecrecy which her reſolute reſiſtance had made neceſſary to the honour, if not to the ſafety, of Montoni. From the deep ſolitudes, into which ſhe was immerging, and from the gloomy caſtle, of which ſhe had heard ſome myſterious hints, her ſick heart recoiled in deſpair, and ſhe experienced, that, though her mind was already occupied by peculiar diſtreſs, it was ſtill alive to the influence of new and local circumſtance; why elſe did ſhe ſhudder at the image of this deſolate caſtle?

As the travellers ſtill aſcended among the pine-foreſts, ſteep roſe over ſteep, the mountains ſeemed to multiply, as they went, and what was the ſummit of one eminence proved to be only the baſe of another. At length they reached a little plain, where the

the drivers ſtopped to reſt the mules, whence a ſcene of ſuch extent and magnificence opened below, as drew even from Madame Montoni a note of admiration. Emily loſt, for a moment, her ſorrows, in the immenſity of nature. Beyond the amphitheatre of mountains, that ſtretched below, whoſe tops appeared as numerous almoſt as the waves of the ſea, and whoſe feet were concealed by the foreſts—extended the *Campagna* of Italy, where cities and rivers, and woods and all the glow of cultivation were mingled in gay confuſion. The Adriatic bounded the horizon, into which the Po and the Brenta, after winding through the whole extent of the landſcape, poured their fruitful waves. Emily gazed long on the ſplendors of the world ſhe was quitting, of which the whole magnificence ſeemed thus given to her ſight only to increaſe her regret on leaving it; for her, Valancourt alone was in that world; to him alone her heart turned, and for him alone fell her bitter tears.

From

From this ſublime ſcene the travellers continued to aſcend among the pines, till they entered a narrow paſs of the mountains, which ſhut out every feature of the diſtant country, and, in its ſtead, exhibited only tremendous crags, impending over the road, where no veſtige of humanity, or even of vegetation, appeared, except here and there the trunk and ſcathed branches of an oak, that hung nearly headlong from the rock, into which its ſtrong roots had faſtened. This paſs, which led into the heart of the Apennine, at length opened to day, and a ſcene of mountains, ſtretched in long perſpective, as wild as any the travellers had yet paſſed. Still vaſt pine-foreſts hung upon their baſe, and crowned the ridgy precipice, that roſe perpendicularly from the vale, while, above, the rolling miſts caught the ſun-beams, and touched their cliffs with all the magical colouring of light and ſhade. The ſcene ſeemed perpetually changing, and its features to aſſume new forms, as the winding road brought them to the eye

eye in different attitudes; while the ſhifting vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties, and now illuminating them with ſplendid tints, aſſiſted the illuſions of the ſight.

Though the deep vallies between theſe mountains were, for the moſt part, clothed with pines, ſometimes an abrupt opening preſented a perſpective of only barren rocks, with a cataract flaſhing from their ſummit among broken cliffs, till its waters, reaching the bottom, foamed along with louder fury; and ſometimes paſtoral ſcenes exhibited their "green delights" in the narrow vales, ſmiling amid ſurrounding horror. There herds and flocks of goats and ſheep, browſing under the ſhade of hanging woods, and the ſhepherd's little cabin, reared on the margin of a clear ſtream, preſented a ſweet picture of repoſe.

Wild and romantic as were theſe ſcenes, their character had far leſs of the ſublime, than had thoſe of the Alps, which guard

guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but ſeldom felt thoſe emotions of indeſcribable awe, which ſhe had ſo continually experienced in her paſſage over the Alps.

Towards the cloſe of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whoſe ſhaggy ſteeps appeared to be inacceſſible, almoſt ſurrounded it. To the eaſt, a viſta opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkeſt horrors; and the long perſpective of retiring ſummits, riſing over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a ſtronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet ſeen. The ſun had juſt ſunk below the top of the mountains ſhe was deſcending, whoſe long ſhadow ſtretched athwart the valley, but his ſloping rays, ſhooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the ſummits of the foreſt, that hung upon the oppoſite ſteeps, and ſtreamed in full ſplendour upon the towers and battlements of a caſtle, that ſpread its extenſive ramparts

along the brow of a precipice above. The ſplendour of theſe illumined objects was heightened by the contraſted ſhade, which involved the valley below.

"There," ſaid Montoni, ſpeaking for the firſt time in ſeveral hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the caſtle, which ſhe underſtood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the ſetting ſun, the gothic greatneſs of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey ſtone, rendered it a gloomy and ſublime object. As ſhe gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which ſpread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were ſtill tipped with ſplendour. From thoſe, too, the rays ſoon faded, and the whole edifice was inveſted with the ſolemn duſkineſs of evening. Silent, lonely, and ſublime, it ſeemed to ſtand the ſovereign of the ſcene, and to frown defiance on all, who dared

dared to invade its ſolitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obſcurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its cluſtering towers were alone ſeen, riſing over the tops of the woods, beneath whoſe thick ſhade the carriages ſoon after began to aſcend.

The extent and darkneſs of theſe tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and ſhe almoſt expected to ſee banditti ſtart up from under the trees. At length, the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and, ſoon after, reached the caſtle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was ſtruck upon to give notice of their arrival, increaſed the fearful emotions, that had aſſailed Emily. While they waited till the ſervant within ſhould come to open the gates, ſhe anxiouſly ſurveyed the edifice: but the gloom, that overſpread it, allowed her to diſtinguiſh little more than a part of its outline, with the maſſy walls of the ramparts, and to know, that it was vaſt, ancient and dreary. From the

parts ſhe ſaw, ſhe judged of the heavy ſtrength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic ſize, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, inſtead of banners, now waved long graſs and wild plants, that had taken root among the mouldering ſtones, and which ſeemed to ſigh, as the breeze rolled paſt, over the deſolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled alſo, below which appeared the pointed arch of an huge portcullis, ſurmounting the gates: from theſe, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whoſe ſhattered outline, appearing on a gleam, that lingered in the weſt, told of the ravages of war.—Beyond theſe all was loſt in the obſcurity of evening.

While Emily gazed with awe upon the ſcene, footſteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an

an ancient ſervant of the caſtle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart ſunk, and ſhe ſeemed, as if ſhe was going into her priſon; the gloomy court, into which ſhe paſſed, ſerved to confirm the idea, and her imagination, ever awake to circumſtance, ſuggeſted even more terrors, than her reaſon could juſtify.

Another gate delivered them into the ſecond court, graſs-grown, and more wild than the firſt, where, as ſhe ſurveyed through the twilight its deſolation—its lofty walls, overtopt with briony, moſs, and night-ſhade, and the embattled towers that roſe above,—long ſuffering and murder came to her thoughts. One of thoſe inſtantaneous and unaccountable convictions, which ſometimes conquer even ſtrong minds, impreſſed her with its horror. The ſentiment was not diminiſhed, when ſhe entered an extenſive gothic hall, obſcured by the gloom

of evening, which a light glimmering at a diſtance through a long perſpective of arches, only rendered more ſtriking. As a ſervant brought the lamp nearer, partial gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a ſtrong contraſt with their ſhadows, that ſtretched along the pavement and the walls.

The ſudden journey of Montoni had prevented his people from making any other preparations for his reception, than could be had in the ſhort interval, ſince the arrival of the ſervant, who had been ſent forward from Venice; and this, in ſome meaſure, may account for the air of extreme deſolation, that every where appeared.

The ſervant, who came to light Montoni, bowed in ſilence, and the muſcles of his countenance relaxed with no ſymptom of joy.—Montoni noticed the ſalutation by a ſlight motion of his hand, and paſſed on, while his lady, following, and looking round with a degree of ſurpriſe and diſcontent, which

ſhe

ſhe ſeemed fearful of expreſſing, and Emily, ſurveying the extent and grandeur of the hall in timid wonder, approached a marble ſtair-caſe. The arches here opened to a lofty vault, from the centre of which hung a tripod lamp, which a ſervant was haſtily lighting; and the rich fret-work of the roof, a corridor, leading into ſeveral upper apartments, and a painted window, ſtretching nearly from the pavement to the ceiling of the hall, became gradually viſible.

Having croſſed the foot of the ſtair-caſe, and paſſed through an anti-room, they entered a ſpacious apartment, whoſe walls, wainſcoted with black larch-wood, the growth of the neighbouring mountains, were ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from darkneſs itſelf. "Bring more light," ſaid Montoni, as he entered. The ſervant, ſetting down his lamp, was withdrawing to obey him, when Madame Montoni obſerving, that the evening air of this mountainous region was cold, and that ſhe ſhould like a

fire, Montoni ordered that wood might be brought.

While he paced the room with thoughtful ſteps, and Madame Montoni ſat ſilently on a couch at the upper end of it, waiting till the ſervant returned, Emily was obſerving the ſingular ſolemnity and deſolation of the apartment, viewed, as it now was, by the glimmer of the ſingle lamp, placed near a large Venetian mirror, that duſkily reflected the ſcene, with the tall figure of Montoni paſſing ſlowly along, his arms folded, and his countenance ſhaded by the plume that waved in his hat.

From the contemplation of this ſcene, Emily's mind proceeded to the apprehenſion of what ſhe might ſuffer in it, till the remembrance of Valancourt, far, far diſtant! came to her heart, and ſoftened it into ſorrow. A heavy ſigh eſcaped her: but, trying to conceal her tears, ſhe walked away to one of the high windows, that opened upon the ramparts, below which,

ſpread

ſpread the woods ſhe had paſſed in her approach to the caſtle. But the night ſhade ſat deeply on the mountains beyond, and their indented outline alone could be faintly traced on the horizon, where a red ſtreak yet glimmered in the weſt. The valley between was ſunk in darkneſs.

The ſcene within, upon which Emily turned on the opening of the door, was ſcarcely leſs gloomy. The old ſervant, who had received them at the gates, now entered, bending under a load of pine-branches, while two of Montoni's Venetian ſervants followed with lights.

"Your *Excellenza* is welcome to the caſtle," ſaid the old man, as he raiſed himſelf from the hearth, where he had laid the wood: "it has been a lonely place a long while; but you will excuſe it, Signor, knowing we had but ſhort notice. It is near two years, come next feaſt of St. Mark, ſince your *Excellenza* was within theſe walls."

"You have a good memory, old Carlo,"

ſaid Montoni: "it is thereabout; and how haſt thou contrived to live ſo long?"

"A-well-a-day, ſir, with much ado; the cold winds that blow through the caſtle in winter, are almoſt too much for me; and I thought ſometimes of aſking your *Excellenza* to let me leave the mountains, and go down into the lowlands. But I don't know how it is—I am loth to quit theſe old walls I have lived in ſo long."

"Well, how have you gone on in the caſtle, ſince I left it?" ſaid Montoni.

"Why much as uſual, Signor, only it wants a good deal of repairing. There is the north tower—ſome of the battlements have tumbled down, and had liked one day to have knocked my poor wife (God reſt her ſoul!) on the head. Your *Excellenza* muſt know——"

"Well, but the repairs," interrupted Montoni.

"Aye, the repairs," ſaid Carlo: "a part of the roof of the great hall has fallen in, and

and all the winds from the mountains ruſhed through it laſt winter, and whiſtled through the whole caſtle ſo, that there was no keeping one's ſelf warm, be where one would. There my wife and I uſed to ſit ſhivering over a great fire in one corner of the little hall, ready to die with cold, and——"

"But there are no more repairs wanted," ſaid Montoni, impatiently.

"O Lord! your *Excellenza*, yes—the wall of the rampart has tumbled down in three places; then, the ſtairs, that lead to the weſt gallery, have been a long time ſo bad, that it is dangerous to go up them; and the paſſage leading to the great oak chamber, that overhangs the north rampart—one night laſt winter I ventured to go there by myſelf, and your *Excellenza*——"

"Well, well, enough of this," ſaid Montoni, with quickneſs: "I will talk more with thee to-morrow."

The fire was now lighted; Carlo ſwept the hearth, placed chairs, wiped the duſt

from a large marble table that ſtood near it, and then left the room.

Montoni and his family drew round the fire. Madame Montoni made ſeveral attempts at converſation, but his ſullen anſwers repulſed her, while Emily ſat endeavouring to acquire courage enough to ſpeak to him. At length, in a tremulous voice, ſhe ſaid, "May I aſk, ſir, the motive of this ſudden journey?"—After a long pauſe, ſhe recovered ſufficient courage to repeat the queſtion.

"It does not ſuit me to anſwer enquiries," ſaid Montoni, "nor does it become you to make them; time may unfold them all: but I deſire I may be no further haraſſed, and I recommend it to you to retire to your chamber, and to endeavour to adopt a more rational conduct than that of yielding to fancies, and to a ſenſibility, which, to call it by the gentleſt name, is only a weakneſs."

Emily roſe to withdraw. "Good night, madame," ſaid ſhe to her aunt, with an aſſumed

assumed composure, that could not disguise her emotion.

"Good night, my dear," said Madame Montoni, in a tone of kindness, which her niece had never before heard from her; and the unexpected endearment brought tears to Emily's eyes. She curtsied to Montoni, and was retiring; "But you do not know the way to your chamber," said her aunt. Montoni called the servant, who waited in the anti-room, and bade him send Madame Montoni's woman, with whom, in a few minutes, Emily withdrew.

"Do you know which is my room?" said she to Annette, as they crossed the hall.

"Yes, I believe I do, ma'amselle; but this is such a strange rambling place! I have been lost in it already: they call it the double chamber, over the south rampart, and I went up this great stair-case to it. My lady's room is at the other end of the castle."

Emily ascended the marble stair-case, and

and came to the corridor, as they paſſed through which Annette reſumed her chat—"What a wild lonely place this is, ma'am! I ſhall be quite frightened to live in it. How often, and often have I wiſhed myſelf in France again! I little thought, when I came with my lady to ſee the world, that I ſhould ever be ſhut up in ſuch a place as this, or I would never have left my own country! This way, ma'amſelle, down this turning. I can almoſt believe in giants again, and ſuch like, for this is juſt like one of their caſtles; and, ſome night or other, I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee fairies too, hopping about in that great old hall, that looks more like a church, with its huge pillars, than any thing elſe."

"Yes," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, and glad to eſcape from more ſerious thought, 'if we come to the corridor, about midnight, and look down into the hall, we ſhall certainly ſee it illuminated with a thouſand lamps, and the fairies tripping in gay circles to the ſound of delicious muſic; for it is in

in ſuch places as this, you know, that they come to hold their revels. But I am afraid, Annette, you will not be able to pay the neceſſary penance for ſuch a ſight: and, if once they hear your voice, the whole ſcene will vaniſh in an inſtant."

"O! if you will bear me company, ma'amſelle, I will come to the corridor, this very night, and I promiſe you I will hold my tongue; it ſhall not be my fault if the ſhow vaniſhes.—But do you think they will come?"

"I cannot promiſe that with certainty, but I will venture to ſay, it will not be your fault if the enchantment ſhould vaniſh."

"Well, ma'amſelle, that is ſaying more than I expected of you: but I am not ſo much afraid of fairies as of ghoſts, and they ſay there are a plentiful many of them about the caſtle: now I ſhould be frightened to death, if I ſhould chance to ſee any of them. But huſh! ma'amſelle, walk ſoftly! I have thought, ſeveral times, ſomething paſſed by me."

"Ridi-

"Ridiculous!" ſaid Emily, "you muſt not indulge ſuch fancies."

"O ma'am! they are not fancies, for aught I know; Benedetto ſays theſe diſmal galleries and halls are fit for nothing but ghoſts to live in; and I verily believe, if I *live* long in them, I ſhall turn to one myſelf!"

"I hope," ſaid Emily, "you will not ſuffer Signor Montoni to hear of theſe weak fears; they would highly diſpleaſe him."

"What, you know then, ma'amſelle, all about it!" rejoined Annette. "No, no, I do know better than to do ſo; though, if the Signor can ſleep ſound, nobody elſe in the caſtle has any right to lie awake, I am ſure." Emily did not appear to notice this remark.

"Down this paſſage, ma'amſelle; this leads to a back ſtair-caſe. O! if I ſee any thing, I ſhall be frightened out of my wits!"

"That will ſcarcely be poſſible," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, as ſhe followed the winding

ing of the paſſage, which opened into another gallery: and then Annette, perceiving that ſhe had miſſed her way, while ſhe had been ſo eloquently haranguing on ghoſts and fairies, wandered about through other paſſages and galleries, till, at length, frightened by their intricacies and deſolation, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance: but they were beyond the hearing of the ſervants, who were on the other ſide of the caſtle, and Emily now opened the door of a chamber on the left.

"O! do not go in there, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "you will only loſe yourſelf further."

"Bring the light forward," ſaid Emily, "we may poſſibly find our way through theſe rooms."

Annette ſtood at the door, in an attitude of heſitation, with the light held up to ſhew the chamber, but the feeble rays ſpread through not half of it. "Why do you heſitate?" ſaid Emily, "let me ſee whither this room leads."

Annette

Annette advanced reluctantly. It opened into a ſuite of ſpacious and ancient apartments, ſome of which were hung with tapeſtry, and others wainſcoted with cedar and black larch-wood. What furniture there was, ſeemed to be almoſt as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with duſt, and dropping to pieces with the damps, and with age.

"How cold theſe rooms are, ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette: "nobody has lived in them for many, many years, they ſay. Do let us go."

"They may open upon the great ſtaircaſe, perhaps," ſaid Emily, paſſing on till ſhe came to a chamber, hung with pictures, and took the light to examine that of a ſoldier on horſeback in a field of battle.—He was darting his ſpear upon a man, who lay under the feet of the horſe, and who held up one hand in a ſupplicating attitude. The ſoldier, whoſe beaver was up, regarded him with a look of vengeance, and the countenance,

countenance, with that expreſſion, ſtruck Emily as reſembling Montoni. She ſhuddered, and turned from it. Paſſing the light haſtily over ſeveral other pictures, ſhe came to one concealed by a veil of black ſilk. The ſingularity of the circumſtance ſtruck her, and ſhe ſtopped before it, wiſhing to remove the veil, and examine what could thus carefully be concealed, but ſomewhat wanting courage. "Holy Virgin! what can this mean?" exclaimed Annette. "This is ſurely the picture they told me of at Venice."

"What picture?" ſaid Emily. "Why a picture—a picture," replied Annette, heſitatingly—"but I never could make out exactly what it was about, either."

"Remove the veil, Annette."

"What! I, ma'amſelle!—I! not for the world!" Emily, turning round, ſaw Annette's countenance grow pale. "And pray, what have you heard of this picture, to terrify you ſo, my good girl?" ſaid ſhe.

"Nothing,

"Nothing, ma'amſelle: I have heard nothing, only let us find our way out."

"Certainly: but I wiſh firſt to examine the picture; take the light, Annette, while I lift the veil." Annette took the light, and immediately walked away with it, diſregarding Emily's calls to ſtay, who, not chooſing to be left alone in the dark chamber, at length followed her. "What is the reaſon of this, Annette?" ſaid Emily, when ſhe overtook her, "what have you heard concerning that picture, which makes you ſo unwilling to ſtay when I bid you?"

"I don't know what is the reaſon, ma'amſelle," replied Annette, "nor any thing about the picture, only I have heard there is ſomething very dreadful belonging to it—and that it has been covered up in black *ever ſince*—and that nobody has looked at it for a great many years—and it ſomehow has to do with the owner of this caſtle before Signor Montoni came to the poſſeſſion of it—and——"

"Well, Annette," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, "I per-

"I perceive it is as you ſay—that you know nothing about the picture."

"No, nothing, indeed, ma'amſelle, for they made me promiſe never to tell:—— but——"

"Well," rejoined Emily, who obſerved that ſhe was ſtruggling between her inclination to reveal a ſecret, and her apprehenſion for the conſequence, "I will enquire no further—"

"No, pray, ma'am, do not."

"Leſt you ſhould tell all," interrupted Emily.

Annette bluſhed, and Emily ſmiled, and they paſſed on to the extremity of this ſuite of apartments, and found themſelves, after ſome farther perplexity, once more at the top of the marble ſtair-caſe, where Annette left Emily, while ſhe went to call one of the ſervants of the caſtle to ſhew them to the chamber, for which they had been ſeeking.

While ſhe was abſent, Emily's thoughts returned to the picture; an unwillingneſs

to tamper with the integrity of a ſervant, had checked her enquiries on this ſubject, as well as concerning ſome alarming hints, which Annette had dropped reſpecting Montoni; though her curioſity was entirely awakened, and ſhe had perceived, that her queſtions might eaſily be anſwered. She was, now, however, inclined to go back to the apartment and examine the picture; but the lonelineſs of the hour and of the place, with the melancholy ſilence that reigned around her, conſpired with a certain degree of awe, excited by the myſtery attending this picture, to prevent her. She determined, however, when day-light ſhould have re-animated her ſpirits, to go thither and remove the veil. As ſhe leaned from the corridor, over the ſtair-caſe, and her eyes wandered round, ſhe again obſerved, with wonder, the vaſt ſtrength of the walls, now ſomewhat decayed, and the pillars of ſolid marble, that roſe from the hall, and ſupported the roof.

A ſervant now appeared with Annette, and

and conducted Emily to her chamber, which was in a remote part of the castle, and at the end of the very corridor, from whence the suite of apartments opened, through which they had been wandering. The lonely aspect of her room made Emily unwilling that Annette should leave her immediately, and the dampness of it chilled her with more than fear. She begged Caterina, the servant of the castle, to bring some wood and light a fire.

"Aye, lady, it's many a year since a fire was lighted here," said Caterina.

"You need not tell us that, good woman," said Annette; "every room in the castle feels like a well. I wonder how you contrive to live here; for my part, I wish myself at Venice again." Emily waved her hand for Caterina to fetch the wood.

"I wonder, ma'am, why they call this the double chamber?" said Annette, while Emily surveyed it in silence, and saw that it was lofty and spacious, like the others she had seen, and, like many of them, too, had

had its walls lined with dark larch-wood. The bed and other furniture was very ancient, and had an air of gloomy grandeur, like all that ſhe had ſeen in the caſtle. One of the high caſements, which ſhe opened, overlooked a rampart, but the view beyond was hid in darkneſs.

In the preſence of Annette, Emily tried to ſupport her ſpirits, and to reſtrain the tears, which, every now and then, came to her eyes. She wiſhed much to enquire when Count Morano was expected at the caſtle, but an unwillingneſs to aſk unneceſſary queſtions, and to mention family concerns to a ſervant, withheld her. Meanwhile, Annette's thoughts were engaged upon another ſubject: ſhe dearly loved the marvellous, and had heard of a circumſtance, connected with the caſtle, that highly gratified this taſte. Having been enjoined not to mention it, her inclination to tell it was ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was every inſtant on the point of ſpeaking what ſhe had heard. Such a ſtrange circumſtance, too,

too, and to be obliged to conceal it, was a ſevere puniſhment; but ſhe knew, that Montoni might impoſe one much ſeverer, and ſhe feared to incur it by offending him.

Caterina now brought the wood, and its bright blaze diſpelled, for a while, the gloom of the chamber. She told Annette, that her lady had enquired for her, and Emily was once again left to her own ſad reflections. Her heart was not yet hardened againſt the ſtern manners of Montoni, and ſhe was nearly as much ſhocked now, as ſhe had been when ſhe firſt witneſſed them. The tenderneſs and affection, to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, till ſhe loſt her parents, had made her particularly ſenſible to any degree of unkindneſs, and ſuch a reverſe as this no apprehenſion had prepared her to ſupport.

To call off her attention from ſubjects, that preſſed heavily upon her ſpirits, ſhe roſe and again examined her room and its furniture. As ſhe walked round it, ſhe

paſſed a door, that was not quite ſhut, and, perceiving, that it was not the one, through which ſhe entered, ſhe brought the light forward to diſcover whither it led. She opened it, and, going forward, had nearly fallen down a ſteep, narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound from it, between two ſtone walls. She wiſhed to know to what it led, and was the more anxious, ſince it communicated ſo immediately with her apartment; but, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits, ſhe wanted cōurage to venture into the darkneſs alone. Cloſing the door, therefore, ſhe endeavoured to faſten it, but, upon further examination, perceived that it had no bolts on the chamber ſide, though it had two on the other. By placing a heavy chair againſt it, ſhe in ſome meaſure remedied the defect; yet ſhe was ſtill alarmed at the thought of ſleeping in this remote room alone, with a door opening ſhe knew not whither, and which could not be perfectly faſtened on the inſide. Sometimes ſhe wiſhed to entreat of Madame Montoni, that Annette might have leave

leave to remain with her all night, but was deterred by an apprehenſion of betraying what would be thought childiſh fears, and by an unwillingneſs to increaſe the apt terrors of Annette.

Her gloomy reflections were, ſoon after, interrupted by a footſtep in the corridor, and ſhe was glad to ſee Annette enter with ſome ſupper, ſent by Madame Montoni. Having a table near the fire, ſhe made the good girl ſit down and ſup with her; and, when their little repaſt was over, Annette, encouraged by her kindneſs, and ſtirring the wood into a blaze, drew her chair upon the hearth, nearer to Emily, and ſaid,—"Did you ever hear, ma'amſelle, of the ſtrange accident, that made the Signor lord of this caſtle?"

"What wonderful ſtory have you now to tell?" ſaid Emily, concealing the curioſity, occaſioned by the myſterious hints ſhe had formerly heard on that ſubject.

"I have heard all about it, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, looking round the chamber and drawing cloſer to Emily; "Benedetto

told it me as we travelled together: ſays he, ‘ Annette, you don't know about this caſtle here, that we are going to?' No, ſays I, Mr. Benedetto, pray what do you know? But, ma'amſelle, you can keep a ſecret, or I would not tell it you for the world; for I promiſed never to tell, and they ſay, that the Signor does not like to have it talked of."

"If you promiſed to keep this ſecret," ſaid Emily, "you do right not to mention it."

Annette pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, "O, but to you, ma'amſelle, to you I may tell it ſafely, I know."

Emily ſmiled, "I certainly ſhall keep it as faithfully as yourſelf, Annette."

Annette replied very gravely, that would do, and proceeded—"This caſtle, you muſt know, ma'amſelle, is very old, and very ſtrong, and has ſtood out many ſieges as they ſay. Now it was not Signor Montoni's always, nor his father's; no; but, by ſome law

law or other, it was to come to the Signor, if the lady died unmarried."

"What lady?" said Emily.

"I am not come to that yet," replied Annette, "it is the lady I am going to tell you about, ma'amselle: but, as I was saying, this lady lived in the castle, and had every thing very grand about her, as you may suppose, ma'amselle. The Signor used often to come to see her, and was in love with her, and offered to marry her; for, though he was somehow related, that did not signify. But she was in love with somebody else, and would not have him, which made him very angry as they say, and you know, ma'amselle, what an ill-looking gentleman he is, when he is angry. Perhaps she saw him in a passion, and therefore would not have him. But, as I was saying, she was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long while, and—Holy Virgin! what noise is that? did not you hear a sound, ma'amselle?"

"It was only the wind," said Emily,

"but do come to the end of your ſtory."

"As I was ſaying—O, where was I?—as I was ſaying—ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy a long while, and uſed to walk about upon the terrace, there, under the windows, by herſelf, and cry ſo! it would have done your heart good to hear her. That is—I don't mean good, but it would have made you cry too, as they tell me."

"Well, but, Annette, do tell me the ſubſtance of your tale."

"All in good time, ma'am; all this I heard before at Venice, but what is to come I never heard till to-day. This happened a great many years ago, when Signor Montoni was quite a young man. The lady—they called her Signora Laurentini, was very handſome, but ſhe uſed to be in great paſſions, too, ſometimes, as well as the Signor. Finding he could not make her liſten to him—what does he do, but leave the caſtle, and never comes near it for a long time! but it was all one to her; ſhe

was

was juſt as unhappy whether he was here or not, till one evening, Holy St. Peter! ma'amſelle," cried Annette, "look at that lamp, ſee how blue it burns!" She looked fearfully round the chamber. "Ridiculous girl!" ſaid Emily, "why will you indulge thoſe fancies? Pray let me hear the end of your ſtory, I am weary."

Annette ſtill kept her eyes on the lamp, and proceeded in a lower voice. "It was one evening, they ſay, at the latter end of the year, it might be about the middle of September, I ſuppoſe, or the beginning of October; nay, for that matter, it might be November, for that, too, is the latter end of the year, but that I cannot ſay for certain, becauſe they did not tell me for certain themſelves. However, it was at the latter end of the year, this grand lady walked out of the caſtle into the woods below, as ſhe had often done before, all alone, only her maid was with her. The wind blew cold, and ſtrewed the leaves about, and whiſtled diſmally among thoſe

great old chesnut trees, that we passed, ma'amselle, as we came to the castle—for Benedetto shewed me the trees as he was talking—the wind blew cold, and her woman would have persuaded her to return: but all would not do, for she was fond of walking in the woods, at evening time, and, if the leaves were falling about her, so much the better.

"Well, they saw her go down among the woods, but night came, and she did not return; ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came, and no lady! Well, the servants thought to be sure, some accident had befallen her, and they went out to seek her. They searched all night long, but could not find her, or any trace of her; and, from that day to this, ma'amselle, she has never been heard of."

"Is this true, Annette?" said Emily, in much surprise.

"True, ma'am!" said Annette, with a look of horror, "yes, it is true, indeed. But they do say," she added, lowering her voice,

voice, " they do ſay, that the Signora has been ſeen, ſeveral times ſince, walking in the woods and about the caſtle in the night: ſeveral of the old ſervants, who remained here ſome time after, declare they ſaw her; and, ſince then, ſhe has been ſeen by ſome of the vaſſals, who have happened to be in the caſtle, at night. Carlo, the old ſteward, could tell ſuch things, they ſay, if he would!"

" How contradictory is this, Annette!" ſaid Emily, " you ſay nothing has been ſince known of her, and yet ſhe has been ſeen!"

" But all this was told me for a great ſecret," rejoined Annette, without noticing the remark, " and I am ſure, ma'am, you would not hurt either me or Benedetto, ſo much as to go and tell it again." Emily remained ſilent, and Annette repeated her laſt ſentence.

" You have nothing to fear from my indiſcretion," replied Emily, " and let me adviſe you, my good Annette, be diſcreet

yourſelf, and never mention what you have juſt told me to any other perſon. Signor Montoni, as you ſay, may be angry if he hears of it. But what enquiries were made concerning the lady ?"

"O! a great deal, indeed, ma'amſelle, for the Signor laid claim to the caſtle directly, as being the next heir, and they ſaid, that is the judges, or the ſenators, or ſomebody of that ſort, ſaid, he could not take poſſeſſion of it till ſo many years were gone by, and then, if after all the lady could not be found, why ſhe would be as good as dead, and the caſtle would be his own; and ſo it is his own. But the ſtory went round, and many ſtrange reports were ſpread, ſo very ſtrange, ma'amſelle, that I ſhall not tell them."

"That is ſtranger ſtill, Annette," ſaid Emily, ſmiling, and rouſing herſelf from her reverie. "But, when Signora Laurentini was afterwards ſeen in the caſtle, did nobody ſpeak to her ?"

"Speak—ſpeak to her!" cried Annette,

nette, with a look of terror; "no, to be ſure."

"And why not?" rejoined Emily, willing to hear further.

"Holy Mother! ſpeak to a ſpirit!"

"But what reaſon had they to conclude it was a ſpirit, unleſs they had approached, and ſpoken to it?"

"O ma'amſelle, I cannot tell. How can you aſk ſuch ſhocking queſtions? But nobody ever ſaw it come in, or go out of the caſtle; and it was in one place now, and then the next minute in quite another part of the caſtle; and then it never ſpoke, and, if it was alive, what ſhould it do in the caſtle if it never ſpoke? Several parts of the caſtle have never been gone into ſince, they ſay, for that very reaſon."

"What, becauſe it never ſpoke?" ſaid Emily, trying to laugh away the fears, that began to ſteal upon her.——"No, ma'amſelle, no;" replied Annette, rather angrily, "but becauſe ſomething has been ſeen there. They ſay, too, there is an old cha-

pel adjoining the weſt ſide of the caſtle, where, any time at midnight, you may hear ſuch groans!—it makes one ſhudder to think of them;—and ſtrange ſights have been ſeen there——"

"Pr'ythee, Annette, no more of theſe ſilly tales," ſaid Emily.

"Silly tales, ma'amſelle! O, but I will tell you one ſtory about this, if you pleaſe, that Caterina told me. It was one cold winter's night that Caterina (ſhe often came to the caſtle then, ſhe ſays, to keep old Carlo and his wife company, and ſo he recommended her afterwards to the Signor, and ſhe has lived here ever ſince) Caterina was ſitting with them in the little hall, ſays Carlo, 'I wiſh we had ſome of thoſe figs to roaſt, that lie in the ſtore-cloſet, but it is a long way off, and I am loth to fetch them; do, Caterina,' ſays he, 'for you are young and nimble, do bring us ſome, the fire is in a nice trim for roaſting them; they lie,' ſays he, 'in ſuch a corner of the ſtore-room, at the end of the north-gallery; here,

here, take the lamp,' ſays he, 'and mind, as you go up the great ſtair-caſe, that the wind, through the roof, does not blow it out.' So, with that, Caterina took the lamp—Huſh! ma'amſelle, I ſurely heard a noiſe!"

Emily, whom Annette had now infected with her own terrors, liſtened attentively; but every thing was ſtill, and Annette proceeded:

"Caterina went to the north gallery, that is the wide gallery we paſſed, ma'am, before we came to the corridor, here. As ſhe went with the lamp in her hand, thinking of nothing at all——There, again!" cried Annette, ſuddenly—"I heard it again!—it was not fancy, ma'amſelle!"

"Huſh!" ſaid Emily, trembling. They liſtened, and, continuing to ſit quite ſtill, Emily heard a low knocking againſt the wall. It came repeatedly. Annette then ſcreamed loudly, and the chamber door ſlowly opened.—It was Caterina, come to tell

tell Annette, that her lady wanted her. Emily, though she now perceived who it was, could not immediately overcome her terror; while Annette, half laughing, half crying, scolded Caterina heartily for thus alarming them; and was also terrified lest what she had told had been overheard.—Emily, whose mind was deeply impressed by the chief circumstance of Annette's relation, was unwilling to be left alone, in the present state of her spirits; but, to avoid offending Madame Montoni, and betraying her own weakness, she struggled to overcome the illusions of fear, and dismissed Annette for the night.

When she was alone, her thoughts recurred to the strange history of Signora Laurentini, and then to her own strange situation, in the wild and solitary mountains of a foreign country, in the castle, and the power of a man, to whom, only a few preceding months, she was an entire stranger; who had already exercised an usurped authority

thority over her, and whoſe character ſhe now regarded, with a degree of terror, apparently juſtified by the fears of others. She knew, that he had invention equal to the conception and talents to the execution of any project, and ſhe greatly feared he had a heart too void of feeling to oppoſe the perpetration of whatever his intereſt might ſuggeſt. She had long obſerved the unhappineſs of Madame Montoni, and had often been witneſs to the ſtern and contemptuous behaviour ſhe received from her huſband. To theſe circumſtances, which conſpired to give her juſt cauſe for alarm, were now added thoſe thouſand nameleſs terrors, which exiſt only in active imaginations, and which ſet reaſon and examination equally at defiance.

Emily remembered all that Valancourt had told her, on the eve of her departure from Languedoc, reſpecting Montoni, and all that he had ſaid to diſſuade her from venturing on the journey. His fears had often ſince appeared to her prophetic—

now

now they ſeemed confirmed. Her heart, as it gave her back the image of Valancourt, mourned in vain regret, but reaſon ſoon came with a conſolation, which, though feeble at firſt, acquired vigour from reflection. She conſidered, that, whatever might be her ſufferings, ſhe had withheld from involving him in misfortune, and that, whatever her future ſorrows could be, ſhe was, at leaſt, free from ſelf-reproach.

Her melancholy was aſſiſted by the hollow ſighings of the wind along the corridor and round the caſtle. The cheerful blaze of the wood had long been extinguiſhed, and ſhe ſat with her eyes fixed on the dying embers, till a loud guſt, that ſwept through the corridor, and ſhook the doors and caſements, alarmed her, for its violence had moved the chair ſhe had placed as a faſtening, and the door leading to the private ſtair-caſe ſtood half-open. Her curioſity and her fears were again awakened. She took the lamp to the top of the ſteps, and ſtood heſitating whether to go down; but

again

again the profound ſtillneſs and the gloom of the place awed her, and, determining to enquire further, when day-light might aſſiſt the ſearch, ſhe cloſed the door, and placed againſt it a ſtronger guard.

She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, inſtead of diſpelling her fear, aſſiſted it; for, by its uncertain rays, ſhe almoſt fancied ſhe ſaw ſhapes flit paſt her curtains, and glide into the remote obſcurity of her chamber.—The caſtle clock ſtruck one before ſhe cloſed her eyes to ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

"I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me!"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DAY-LIGHT diſpelled from Emily's mind the glooms of ſuperſtition, but not thoſe of apprehenſion. The Count Morano was the firſt image, that occurred to her waking thoughts, and then came a train of anticipated evils, which ſhe could neither conquer or avoid. She roſe, and, to relieve her mind from the buſy ideas, that tormented it, compelled herſelf to notice external objects. From her caſement ſhe looked out upon the wild grandeur of the ſcene, cloſed nearly on all ſides by alpine ſteeps, whoſe tops, peeping over each other, faded from the eye in miſty hues, while the promontories

promontories below were dark with woods, that ſwept down to their baſe, and ſtretched along the narrow vallies. The rich pomp of theſe woods was particularly delightful to Emily; and ſhe viewed with aſtoniſhment the fortifications of the caſtle ſpreading along a vaſt extent of rock, and now partly in decay, the grandeur of the ramparts below, and the towers and battlements and various features of the fabric above. From theſe her ſight wandered over the cliffs and woods into the valley, along which foamed a broad and rapid ſtream, ſeen falling among the crags of an oppoſite mountain, now flaſhing in the ſun-beams, and now ſhadowed by over-arching pines, till it was entirely concealed by their thick foliage. Again it burſt from beneath this darkneſs in one broad ſheet of foam, and fell thundering into the vale. Nearer, towards the weſt, opened the mountain-viſta, which Emily had viewed with ſuch ſublime emotion, on her approach to the caſtle: a thin duſky vapour, that roſe from the

the valley, overſpread its features with a ſweet obſcurity. As this aſcended and caught the ſun-beams, it kindled into a crimſon tint, and touched with exquiſite beauty the woods and cliffs, over which it paſſed to the ſummit of the mountains; then, as the veil drew up, it was delightful to watch the gleaming objects, that progreſſively diſcloſed themſelves in the valley—the green turf—dark woods—little rocky receſſes—a few peaſants' huts—the foaming ſtream—a herd of cattle, and various images of paſtoral beauty. Then, the pine-foreſts brightened, and then the broad breaſt of the mountains, till, at length, the miſt ſettled round their ſummit, touching them with a ruddy glow. The features of the viſta now appeared diſtinctly, and the broad deep ſhadows, that fell from the lower cliffs, gave ſtrong effect to the ſtreaming ſplendour above; while the mountains, gradually ſinking in the perſpective, appeared to ſhelve into the Adriatic ſea, for ſuch Emily imagined to be the gleam

gleam of blueiſh light, that terminated the view.

Thus ſhe endeavoured to amuſe her fancy, and was not unſucceſsful. The breezy freſhneſs of the morning, too, revived her. She raiſed her thoughts in prayer, which ſhe felt always moſt diſpoſed to do, when viewing the ſublimity of nature, and her mind recovered its ſtrength.

When ſhe turned from the caſement, her eyes glanced upon the door ſhe had ſo carefully guarded, on the preceding night, and ſhe now determined to examine whither it led; but, on advancing to remove the chairs, ſhe perceived, that they were already moved a little way. Her ſurpriſe cannot eaſily be imagined, when, in the next minute, ſhe perceived that the door was faſtened.—She felt, as if ſhe had ſeen an apparition. The door of the corridor was ſocked as ſhe had left it, but this door, which could be ſecured only on the outſide, muſt have been bolted, during the night. She became ſeriouſly uneaſy at the thought

thought of ſleeping again in a chamber, thus liable to intruſion, ſo remote, too, as it was from the family, and ſhe determined to mention the circumſtance to Madame Montoni, and to requeſt a change.

After ſome perplexity ſhe found her way into the great hall, and to the room, which ſhe had left, on the preceding night, where breakfaſt was ſpread, and her aunt was alone, for Montoni had been walking over the environs of the caſtle, examining the condition of its fortifications, and talking for ſome time with Carlo. Emily obſerved, that her aunt had been weeping, and her heart ſoftened towards her, with an affection, that ſhewed itſelf in her manner, rather than in words, while ſhe carefully avoided the appearance of having noticed, that ſhe was unhappy. She ſeized the opportunity of Montoni's abſence to mention the circumſtance of the door, to requeſt that ſhe might be allowed another apartment, and to enquire again, concerning the occaſion of their ſudden journey. On the firſt ſub-

ject her aunt referred her to Montoni, positively refusing to interfere in the affair; on the last, she professed utter ignorance.

Emily, then, with a wish of making her aunt more reconciled to her situation, praised the grandeur of the castle and the surrounding scenery, and endeavoured to soften every unpleasing circumstance attending it. But, though misfortune had somewhat conquered the asperity of Madame Montoni's temper, and, by increasing her cares for herself, had taught her to feel in some degree for others, the capricious love of rule, which nature had planted and habit had nourished in her heart, was not subdued. She could not now deny herself the gratification of tyrannizing over the innocent and helpless Emily, by attempting to ridicule the taste she could not feel.

Her satirical discourse was, however, interrupted by the entrance of Montoni, and her countenance immediately assumed a mingled expression of fear and resentment, while he seated himself at the breakfast-table,

table, as if unconſcious of there being any perſon but himſelf in the room.

Emily, as ſhe obſerved him in ſilence, ſaw that his countenance was darker and ſterner than uſual. "O could I know," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "what paſſes in that mind; could I know the thoughts, that are known there, I ſhould no longer be condemned to this torturing ſuſpenſe!" Their breakfaſt paſſed in ſilence, till Emily ventured to requeſt, that another apartment might be allotted to her, and related the circumſtance which made her wiſh it.

"I have no time to attend to theſe idle whims," ſaid Montoni, "that chamber was prepared for you, and you muſt reſt contented with it. It is not probable, that any perſon would take the trouble of going to that remote ſtair-caſe, for the purpoſe of faſtening a door. If it was not faſtened, when you entered the chamber, the wind, perhaps, ſhook the door and made the bolts ſlide. But I know not why I ſhould undertake to account for ſo trifling an occurrence."

This

This explanation was by no means satisfactory to Emily, who had observed, that the bolts were rusted, and consequently could not be thus easily moved; but she forbore to say so, and repeated her request.

"If you will not release yourself from the slavery of these fears," said Montoni, sternly, "at least forbear to torment others by the mention of them. Conquer such whims, and endeavour to strengthen your mind. No existence is more contemptible than that which is embittered by fear." As he said this, his eye glanced upon Madame Montoni, who coloured highly, but was still silent. Emily, wounded and disappointed, thought her fears were, in this instance, too reasonable to deserve ridicule; but, perceiving, that, however they might oppress her, she must endure them, she tried to withdraw her attention from the subject.

Carlo soon after entered with some fruit: "Your *Excellenza* is tired after your long ramble," said he, as he set the fruit upon the table; "but you have more to see after

breakfaſt. There is a place in the vaulted paſſage leading to——"

Montoni frowned upon him, and waved his hand for him to leave the room. Carlo ſtopped, looked down, and then added, as he advanced to the breakfaſt-table, and took up the baſket of fruit, "I made bold, your *Excellenza*, to bring ſome cherries, here, for my honoured lady and my young miſtreſs. Will your ladyſhip taſte them, madam?" ſaid Carlo, preſenting the baſket, "they are very fine ones, though I gathered them myſelf, and from an old tree, that catches all the ſouth ſun; they are as big as plums, your ladyſhip."

"Very well, old Carlo," ſaid Madame Montoni; "I am obliged to you."

"And the young Signora, too, ſhe may like ſome of them," rejoined Carlo, turning with the baſket to Emily, "it will do me good to ſee her eat ſome."

"Thank you, Carlo," ſaid Emily, taking ſome cherries, and ſmiling kindly.

"Come, come," ſaid Montoni, impatiently,

tiently, " enough of this. Leave the room, but be in waiting. I ſhall want you preſently."

Carlo obeyed, and Montoni, ſoon after, went out to examine further into the ſtate of the caſtle; while Emily remained with her aunt, patiently enduring her ill humour, and endeavouring, with much ſweetneſs, to ſooth her affliction, inſtead of reſenting its effect.

When Madame Montoni retired to her dreſſing-room, Emily endeavoured to amuſe herſelf by a view of the caſtle. Through a folding door, ſhe paſſed from the great hall to the ramparts, which extended along the brow of the precipice, round three ſides of the edifice; the fourth was guarded by the high walls of the courts, and by the gateway, through which ſhe had paſſed, on the preceding evening. The grandeur of the broad ramparts, and the changing ſcenery they overlooked, excited her high admiration; for the extent of the terraces allowed

the features of the country to be ſeen in ſuch various points of view, that they appeared to form new landſcapes. She often pauſed to examine the gothic magnificence of Udolpho, its proud irregularity, its lofty towers and battlements, its high-arched caſements, and its ſlender watch-tower, perched upon the corners of turrets. Then ſhe would lean on the wall of the terrace, and, ſhuddering, meaſure with her eye the precipice below, till the dark ſummits of the woods arreſted it. Wherever ſhe turned, appeared mountain-tops, foreſts of pine and narrow glens, opening among the Apennines, and retiring from the ſight into inacceſſible regions.

While ſhe thus leaned, Montoni, followed by two men, appeared, aſcending a winding path, cut in the rock below. He ſtopped upon a cliff, and, pointing to the ramparts, turned to his followers, and talked with much eagerneſs of geſticulation.—Emily perceived, that one of theſe men was Carlo;

Carlo; the other was in the dreſs of a peaſant, and he alone ſeemed to be receiving the directions of Montoni.

She withdrew from the walls, and purſued her walk, till ſhe heard at a diſtance the ſound of carriage wheels, and then the loud bell of the portal, when it inſtantly occurred to her, that Count Morano was arrived. As ſhe haſtily paſſed the folding doors from the terrace, towards her own apartment, ſeveral perſons entered the hall by an oppoſite door. She ſaw them at the extremity of the arcades, and immediately retreated; but the agitation of her ſpirits, and the extent and duſkineſs of the hall, had prevented her from diſtinguiſhing the perſons of the ſtrangers. Her fears, however, had but one object, and they called up that object to her fancy;—ſhe believed that ſhe had ſeen Count Morano.

When ſhe thought that they had paſſed the hall, ſhe ventured again to the door, and proceeded, unobſerved, to her room, where ſhe remained, agitated with apprehenſions,

and liſtening to every diſtant ſound. At length, hearing voices on the rampart, ſhe haſtened to her window, and obſerved Montoni, with Signor Cavigni, walking below, converſing earneſtly, and often ſtopping and turning towards each other, at which times their diſcourſe ſeemed to be uncommonly intereſting.

Of the ſeveral perſons who had appeared in the hall, here was Cavigni alone: but Emily's alarm was ſoon after heightened by the ſteps of ſome one in the corridor, who, ſhe apprehended, brought a meſſage from the Count. In the next moment, Annette appeared.

"Ah! ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, "here is the Signor Cavigni arrived! I am ſure I rejoiced to ſee a chriſtian perſon in this place; and then he is ſo good-natured too, he always takes ſo much notice of me!—And here is alſo Signor Verezzi, and who do you think beſides, ma'amſelle?"

"I cannot gueſs, Annette; tell me quickly."

"Nay,

" Nay, ma'am, do gueſs once."

" Well, then," ſaid Emily, with aſſumed compoſure, " it is—Count Morano, I ſuppoſe."

" Holy Virgin!" cried Annette, " are you ill, ma'amſelle? you are going to faint! let me get ſome water."

Emily ſunk into a chair; " Stay, Annette," ſaid ſhe, feebly, " do not leave me —I ſhall ſoon be better; open the caſement.—The Count, you ſay—he is come then?"

" Who, I!—the Count! No, ma'amſelle, I did not ſay ſo." " He is *not* come then?" ſaid Emily, eagerly. " No, ma'amſelle."

" You are ſure of it?"

" Lord bleſs me!" ſaid Annette, " you recover very ſuddenly, ma'am! why, I thought you was dying, juſt now."

" But the Count—you are ſure, is not come?"

" O yes, quite ſure of that, ma'amſelle. Why, I was looking out through the grate

in the north turret, when the carriages drove into the court-yard, and I never expected to see such a goodly sight in this dismal old castle! but here are masters and servants, too, enough to make the place ring again. O! I was ready to leap through the rusty old bars, for joy!—O! who would ever have thought of seeing a christian face in this huge dreary house? I could have kissed the very horses that brought them."

"Well, Annette, well, I am better now."

"Yes, ma'amselle, I see you are. O! all the servants will lead merry lives here, now; we shall have singing and dancing in the little hall, for the Signor cannot hear us there—and droll stories—Ludovico's come, ma'am; yes, there is Ludovico come with them! You remember Ludovico, ma'am—a tall, handsome, young man—Signor Cavigny's lacquey—who always wears his cloak with such a grace, thrown round his left arm, and his hat set on so smartly, all on one side, and—"

"No,"

"No," ſaid Emily, who was wearied by her loquacity.

"What, ma'amſelle, don't you remember Ludovico—who rowed the Cavaliero's gondola, at the laſt regatta, and won the prize? And who uſed to ſing ſuch ſweet verſes about Orlandos and about the Black-a-moors, too; and Charly—Charly—magne, yes, that was the name, all under my lattice, in the weſt portico, on the moonlight nights at Venice? O! I have liſtened to him!—"

"I fear, to thy peril, my good Annette," ſaid Emily; "for it ſeems his verſes have ſtolen thy heart. But let me adviſe you; if it is ſo, keep the ſecret; never let him know it."

"Ah—ma'amſelle!—how can one keep ſuch a ſecret as that?"

"Well, Annette, I am now ſo much better, that you may leave me."

"O, but, ma'amſelle, I forgot to aſk—how did you ſleep in this dreary old chamber laſt night?"—"As well as uſual."—"Did

you hear no noiſes?"—"None."—"Nor ſee any thing?"—"Nothing."—"Well, that is ſurpriſing!"—"Not in the leaſt: and now tell me, why you aſk theſe queſtions."

"O, ma'amſelle! I would not tell you for the world, nor all I have heard about this chamber, either; it would frighten you ſo."

"If that is all, you have frightened me already, and may therefore tell me what you know, without hurting your conſcience."

"O Lord! they ſay the room is haunted, and has been ſo theſe many years."

"It is by a ghoſt, then, who can draw bolts," ſaid Emily, endeavouring to laugh away her apprehenſions; "for I left that door open, laſt night, and found it faſtened this morning."

Annette turned pale, and ſaid not a word.

"Do you know whether any of the ſervants faſtened this door in the morning, before I roſe?"