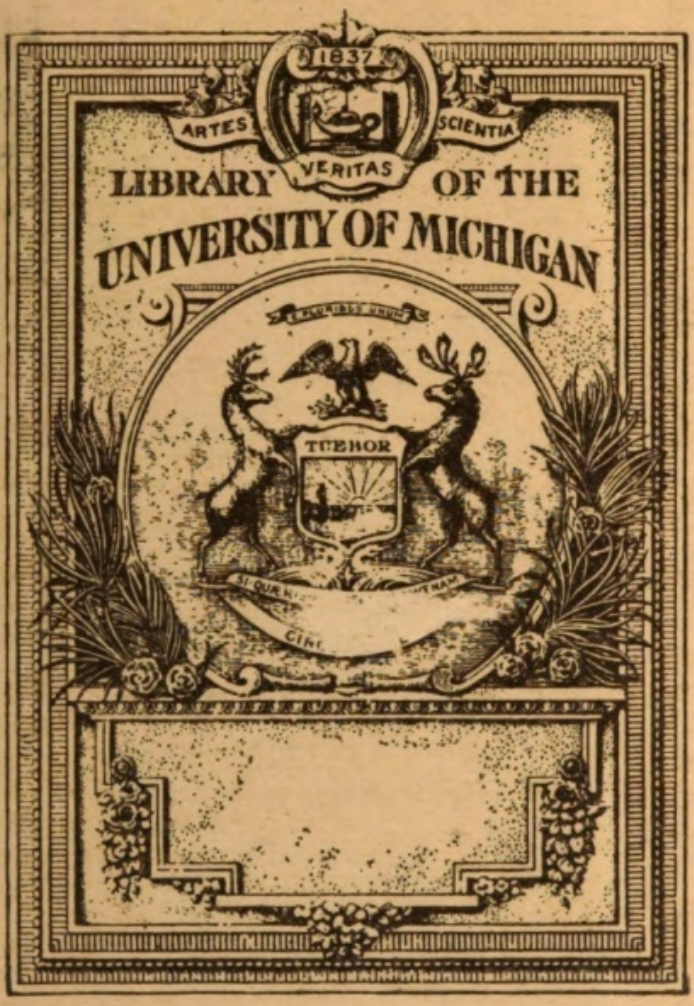

Thomas Barnes

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.

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W. W. Beman
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THE

MYSTERIES

OF

UDOLPHO.

CHAP. I.

"I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't muſt be done to-night."

MACBETH.

EMILY was ſomewhat ſurpriſed, on the following day, to find that Annette had heard of Madame Montoni's confinement in the chamber over the portal, as well as of her purpoſed viſit there, on the approaching night. That the circumſtance, which Barnardine had ſo ſolemnly enjoined her to conceal, he had himſelf told to ſo indiſcreet an hearer as Annette, appeared very improbable, though he had now charged her with a meſſage,

concerning the intended interview. He requeſted, that Emily would meet him, unattended, on the terrace, at a little after midnight, when he himſelf would lead her to the place he had promiſed; a propoſal, from which ſhe immediately ſhrunk, for a thouſand vague fears darted athwart her mind, ſuch as had tormented her on the preceding night, and which ſhe neither knew how to truſt, or to diſmiſs. It frequently occurred to her, that Barnardine might have deceived her, concerning Madame Montoni, whoſe murderer, perhaps, he really was; and that he had deceived her by order of Montoni, the more eaſily to draw her into ſome of the deſperate deſigns of the latter. The terrible ſuſpicion, that Madame Montoni no longer lived, thus came, accompanied by one not leſs dreadful for herſelf. Unleſs the crime, by which the aunt had ſuffered, was inſtigated merely by reſentment, unconnected with profit, a motive, upon which Montoni did not appear very likely to act, its

its object must be unattained, till the niece was also dead, to whom Montoni knew that his wife's estates must descend. Emily remembered the words, which had informed her, that the contested estates in France would devolve to her, if Madame Montoni died, without consigning them to her husband; and the former obstinate perseverance of her aunt made it too probable, that she had, to the last, withheld them. At this instant, recollecting Barnardine's manner, on the preceding night, she now believed, what she had then fancied, that it expressed malignant triumph. She shuddered at the recollection, which confirmed her fears, and determined not to meet him on the terrace. Soon after, she was inclined to consider these suspicions as the extravagant exaggerations of a timid and harassed mind, and could not believe Montoni liable to such preposterous depravity as that of destroying, from one motive, his wife and her niece. She blamed herself for suffering her romantic

imagination to carry her ſo far beyond the bounds of probability, and determined to endeavour to check its rapid flights, leſt they ſhould ſometimes extend into madneſs. Still, however, ſhe ſhrunk from the thought of meeting Barnardine, on the terrace, at midnight; and ſtill the wiſh to be relieved from this terrible ſuſpenſe, concerning her aunt, to ſee her, and to ſooth her ſufferings, made her heſitate what to do.

"Yet how is it poſſible, Annette, I can paſs to the terrace at that hour?" ſaid ſhe, recollecting herſelf, "the ſentinels will ſtop me, and Signor Montoni will hear of the affair."

"O ma'amſelle! that is well thought of," replied Annette. "That is what Barnardine told me about. He gave me this key, and bade me ſay it unlocks the door at the end of the vaulted gallery, that opens near the end of the eaſt rampart, ſo that you need not paſs any of the men on watch. He bade me ſay, too, that his reaſon

reaſon for requeſting you to come to the terrace was, becauſe he could take you to the place you want to go to, without opening the great doors of the hall, which grate ſo heavily."

Emily's ſpirits were ſomewhat calmed by this explanation, which ſeemed to be honeſtly given to Annette. "But why did he deſire I would come alone, Annette?" ſaid ſhe.

"Why that was what I aſked him myſelf, ma'amſelle. Says I, Why is my young lady to come alone?—Surely I may come with her!—What harm can *I* do? But he ſaid 'No—no—I tell you not,' in his gruff way. Nay, ſays I, I have been truſted in as great affairs as this, I warrant, and it's a hard matter if I can't keep a ſecret now. Still he would ſay nothing but—'No—no—no.' Well, ſays I, if you will only truſt me, I will tell you a great ſecret, that was told me a month ago, and I have never opened my lips about it yet—ſo you need not be afraid of telling me. But all would

not do. Then, ma'amſelle, I went ſo far as to offer him a beautiful new ſequin, that Ludovico gave me for a keep-ſake, and I would not have parted with it for all St. Marco's Place; but even that would not do! Now what can be the reaſon of this? But I know, you know, ma'am, who you are going to ſee."

"Pray did Barnardine tell you this?"

"He! No, ma'amſelle, that he did not."

Emily enquired who did, but Annette ſhewed, that ſhe *could* keep a ſecret.

During the remainder of the day, Emily's mind was agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the ſubject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and ſubmitting herſelf to his guidance, ſhe ſcarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt and anxiety for herſelf alternately ſwayed her determination, and night came, before ſhe had decided upon her conduct. She heard the caſtle clock ſtrike eleven—twelve—and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come, when

ſhe

ſhe could heſitate no longer: and then the intereſt ſhe felt for her aunt overcame other conſiderations, and, bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, ſhe deſcended from her chamber. The caſtle was perfectly ſtill, and the great hall, where ſo lately ſhe had witneſſed a ſcene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whiſpering footſteps of the two ſolitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long ſhadows of the pillars and by the catching lights between, often ſtopped, imagining ſhe ſaw ſome perſon, moving in the diſtant obſcurity of the perſpective; and, as ſhe paſſed theſe pillars, ſhe feared to turn her eyes toward them, almoſt expecting to ſee a figure ſtart out from behind their broad ſhaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery, without interruption, but uncloſed its outer door with a trembling hand, and, charging Annette not to quit it, and to keep it a little open, that ſhe might be

heard if ſhe called, ſhe delivered to her the lamp, which ſhe did not dare to take herſelf, becauſe of the men on watch, and, alone, ſtepped out upon the dark terrace. Every thing was ſo ſtill, that ſhe feared, leſt her own light ſteps ſhould be heard by the diſtant ſentinels, and ſhe walked cautiouſly towards the ſpot, where ſhe had before met Barnardine, liſtening for a ſound, and looking onward through the gloom in ſearch of him. At length, ſhe was ſtartled by a deep voice, that ſpoke near her, and ſhe pauſed, uncertain whether it was his, till it ſpoke again, and ſhe then recognized the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place, reſting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming ſooner, and ſaying, that he had been waiting nearly half an hour, he deſired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door, through which he had entered the terrace.

While he unlocked it, ſhe looked back to that ſhe had left, and, obſerving the rays

rays of the lamp ſtream through a ſmall opening, was certain, that Annette was ſtill there. But her remote ſituation could little befriend Emily, after ſhe had quitted the terrace; and, when Barnardine unclоſed the gate, the diſmal aſpect of the paſſage beyond, ſhewn by a torch burning on the pavement, made her ſhrink from following him alone, and ſhe refuſed to go, unleſs Annette might accompany her. This, however, Barnardine abſolutely refuſed to permit, mingling at the ſame time with his refuſal ſuch artful circumſtances to heighten the pity and curioſity of Emily towards her aunt, that ſhe, at length, conſented to follow him alone to the portal.

He then took up the torch, and led her along the paſſage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they deſcended, a few ſteps, into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily obſerved to be in ruins, and ſhe immediately recollected a former

converſation of Annette, concerning it, with very unpleaſant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almoſt roofleſs walls, green with damps, and on the gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and the briony had long ſupplied the place of glaſs, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of ſome columns, that had once ſupported the roof. Barnardine ſtumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a ſudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes, that made it more terrific. Emily's heart ſunk; but ſhe ſtill followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal aiſle of the chapel. "Down theſe ſteps, lady," ſaid Barnardine, as he deſcended a flight, which appeared to lead into the vaults; but Emily pauſed on the top, and demanded, in a tremulous tone, whither he was conducting her.

"To the portal," ſaid Barnardine.

"Cannot we go through the chapel to the portal?" ſaid Emily.

"No, Signora, that leads to the inner court,

court, which I don't chooſe to unlock. This way, and we ſhall reach the outer court preſently."

Emily ſtill heſitated; fearing not only to go on, but, ſince ſhe had gone thus far, to irritate Barnardine by refuſing to go further.

"Come, lady," ſaid the man, who had nearly reached the bottom of the flight, "make a little haſte; I cannot wait here all night."

"Whither do theſe ſteps lead?" ſaid Emily, yet pauſing.

"To the portal," repeated Barnardine, in an angry tone, "I will wait no longer." As he ſaid this, he moved on with the light, and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the ſteps, they proceeded through a paſſage, adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholeſome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn ſo dimly, that Emily expected every moment to

ſee it extinguiſhed, and Barnardine could ſcarcely find his way. As they advanced, theſe vapours thickened, and Barnardine, believing the torch was expiring, ſtopped for a moment to trim it. As he then reſted againſt a pair of iron gates, that opened from the paſſage, Emily ſaw, by uncertain flaſhes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that ſeemed to ſurround an open grave. Such an object, in ſuch a ſcene, would, at any time, have diſturbed her; but now ſhe was ſhocked by an inſtantaneous preſentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herſelf to deſtruction. The obſcure and terrible place, to which he had conducted her, ſeemed to juſtify the thought; it was a place ſuited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no veſtige appear to proclaim it. Emily was ſo overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, ſhe was unable to determine what

conduct

conduct to purſue. She then conſidered, that it would be vain to attempt an eſcape from Barnardine, by flight, ſince the length and the intricacy of the way ſhe had paſſed would ſoon enable him to overtake her, who was unacquainted with the turnings, and whoſe feebleneſs would not ſuffer her to run long with ſwiftneſs. She feared equally to irritate him by a diſcloſure of her ſuſpicions, which a refuſal to accompany him further certainly would do; and, ſince ſhe was already as much in his power as it was poſſible ſhe could be, if ſhe proceeded, ſhe, at length, determined to ſuppreſs, as far as ſhe could, the appearance of apprehenſion, and to follow ſilently whither he deſigned to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, ſhe now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and, as her ſight glanced again upon the grave, ſhe could not forbear enquiring for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without ſpeaking. She faintly

faintly repeated the queſtion, but the man, ſhaking the torch, paſſed on; and ſhe followed, trembling, to a ſecond flight of ſteps, having aſcended which, a door delivered them into the firſt court of the caſtle. As they croſſed it, the light ſhewed the high black walls around them, fringed with long graſs and dank weeds, that found a ſcanty ſoil among the mouldering ſtones; the heavy buttreſſes, with, here and there, between them, a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court, the maſſy iron gates, that led to the caſtle, whoſe cluſtering turrets appeared above, and, oppoſite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itſelf. In this ſcene the large, uncouth perſon of Barnardine, bearing the torch, formed a characteriſtic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which ſcarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or ſandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and ſhewed only the point of a broad ſword, which he uſually wore, ſlung in a belt acroſs his ſhoulders.

On

On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, ſomewhat reſembling a turban, in which was a ſhort feather; the viſage beneath it ſhewed ſtrong features, and a countenance furrowed with the lines of cunning and darkened by habitual diſcontent.

The view of the court, however, re-animated Emily, who, as ſhe croſſed ſilently towards the portal, began to hope, that her own fears, and not the treachery of Barnardine, had deceived her. She looked anxiouſly up at the firſt caſement, that appeared above the lofty arch of the portcullis; but it was dark, and ſhe enquired, whether it belonged to the chamber, where Madame Montoni was confined. Emily ſpoke low, and Barnardine, perhaps, did not hear her queſtion, for he returned no anſwer; and they, ſoon after, entered the poſtern door of the gate-way, which brought them to the foot of a narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound up one of the towers.

"Up this ſtair-caſe the Signora lies," ſaid Barnardine.

"Lies!"

" Lies!" repeated Emily faintly, as ſhe began to aſcend.

" She lies in the upper chamber," ſaid Barnardine.

As they paſſed up, the wind, which poured through the narrow cavities in the wall, made the torch flare, and it threw a ſtronger gleam upon the grim and ſallow countenance of Barnardine, and diſcovered more fully the deſolation of the place—the rough ſtone walls, the ſpiral ſtairs, black with age, and a ſuit of antient armour, with an iron viſor, that hung upon the walls, and appeared a trophy of ſome former victory.

Having reached a landing-place, " You may wait here, lady," ſaid he, applying a key to the door of a chamber, " while I go up, and tell the Signora you are coming."

" That ceremony is unneceſſary," replied Emily, " my aunt will rejoice to ſee me."

" I am not ſo ſure of that," ſaid Barnardine,

dine, pointing to the room he had opened: "Come in here, lady, while I ſtep up."

Emily, ſurpriſed and ſomewhat ſhocked, did not dare to oppoſe him further, but, as he was turning away with the torch, deſired he would not leave her in darkneſs. He looked around, and, obſerving a tripod lamp, that ſtood on the ſtairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who ſtepped forward into a large old chamber, and he cloſed the door. As ſhe liſtened anxiouſly to his departing ſteps, ſhe thought he deſcended, inſtead of aſcending, the ſtairs; but the guſts of wind, that whiſtled round the portal, would not allow her to hear diſtinctly any other ſound. Still, however, ſhe liſtened, and, perceiving no ſtep in the room above, where he had affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increaſed, though ſhe conſidered, that the thickneſs of the floor in this ſtrong building might prevent any ſound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pauſe of the wind, ſhe diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed Barnardine's ſtep deſcending to the court, and then thought ſhe heard his voice; but, the riſing guſt again overcoming other ſounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved ſoftly to the door, which, on attempting to open it, ſhe diſcovered was faſtened. All the horrid apprehenſions, that had lately aſſailed her, returned at this inſtant with redoubled force, and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid ſpirit, but ſeemed to have been ſent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt, that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber; or that ſhe herſelf was brought hither for the ſame purpoſe. The countenance, the manners and the recollected words of Barnardine, when he had ſpoken of her aunt, confirmed her worſt fears. For ſome moments, ſhe was incapable of conſidering of any means, by which ſhe might attempt an eſcape. Still ſhe liſtened, but heard footſteps neither on the ſtairs, or in the room above; ſhe thought,

thought, however, that ſhe again diſtinguiſhed Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to enquire further. Here, ſhe plainly heard his hoarſe accents, mingling with the blaſt, that ſwept by, but they were loſt again ſo quickly, that their meaning could not be interpreted; and then the light of a torch, which ſeemed to iſſue from the portal below, flaſhed acroſs the court, and the long ſhadow of a man, who was under the arch-way, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeneſs of this ſudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine; but other deep tones, which paſſed in the wind, ſoon convinced her he was not alone, and that his companion was not a perſon very liable to pity.

When her ſpirits had overcome the firſt ſhock of her ſituation, ſhe held up the lamp to examine, if the chamber afforded a poſſibility of an eſcape. It was a ſpacious room, whoſe walls, wainſcoted with rough oak,

oak, ſhewed no caſement but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other door than that, by which ſhe had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to ſee at once its full extent; ſhe perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair, faſtened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the cieling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon theſe, for ſome time, with wonder and horror, ſhe next obſerved iron bars below, made for the purpoſe of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the ſame metal. As ſhe continued to ſurvey them, ſhe concluded that they were inſtruments of torture, and it ſtruck her, that ſome poor wretch had once been faſtened in this chair, and had there been ſtarved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but, what was her agony, when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of theſe victims, and that ſhe herſelf might be the next!

An

An acute pain ſeized her head, ſhe was ſcarcely able to hold the lamp, and, looking round for ſupport, was ſeating herſelf, unconſciouſly, in the iron chair itſelf; but ſuddenly perceiving where ſhe was, ſhe ſtarted from it in horror, and ſprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again ſhe looked round for a ſeat to ſuſtain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which, deſcending from the cieling to the floor, was drawn along the whole ſide of the chamber. Ill as ſhe was, the appearance of this curtain ſtruck her, and ſhe pauſed to gaze upon it, in wonder and apprehenſion.

It ſeemed to conceal a receſs of the chamber; ſhe wiſhed, yet dreaded, to lift it, and to diſcover what it veiled: twice ſhe was withheld by a recollection of the terrible ſpectacle her daring hand had formerly unveiled in an apartment of the caſtle, till, ſuddenly conjecturing, that it concealed the body of her murdered aunt, ſhe ſeized it, in a fit of deſperation, and drew it aſide.

Beyond,

Beyond, appeared a corpſe, ſtretched on a kind of low couch, which was crimſoned with human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghaſtly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. Emily, bending over the body, gazed, for a moment, with an eager, phrenſied eye; but, in the next, the lamp dropped from her hand, and ſhe fell ſenſeleſs at the foot of the couch.

When her ſenſes returned, ſhe found herſelf ſurrounded by men, among whom was Barnardine, who were lifting her from the floor, and then bore her along the chamber. She was ſenſible of what paſſed, but the extreme languor of her ſpirits did not permit her to ſpeak, or move, or even to feel any diſtinct fear. They carried her down the ſtair-caſe, by which ſhe had aſcended; when, having reached the arch-way, they ſtopped, and one of the men, taking the torch from Barnardine, opened a ſmall door, that was cut in the great gate,

and, as he ſtepped out upon the road, the light he bore ſhewed ſeveral men on horſeback, in waiting. Whether it was the freſhneſs of the air, that revived Emily, or that the objects ſhe now ſaw rouſed the ſpirit of alarm, ſhe ſuddenly ſpoke, and made an ineffectual effort to diſengage herſelf from the graſp of the ruffians, who held her.

Barnardine, meanwhile, called loudly for the torch, while diſtant voices anſwered, and ſeveral perſons approached, and, in the ſame inſtant, a light flaſhed upon the court of the caſtle. Again he vociferated for the torch, and the men hurried Emily through the gate. At a ſhort diſtance, under the ſhelter of the caſtle walls, ſhe perceived the fellow, who had taken the light from the porter, holding it to a man, buſily employed in altering the ſaddle of a horſe, round which were ſeveral horſemen, looking on, whoſe harſh features received the full glare of the torch; while the broken ground beneath them, the oppoſite walls, with

with the tufted ſhrubs, that overhung their ſummits, and an embattled watch-tower above, were reddened with the gleam, which, fading gradually away, left the remoter ramparts and the woods below to the obſcurity of night.

"What do you waſte time for, there?" ſaid Barnardine with an oath, as he approached the horſemen. "Diſpatch—diſpatch."

"The ſaddle will be ready in a minute," replied the man who was buckling it, at whom Barnardine now ſwore again, for his negligence, and Emily, calling feebly for help, was hurried towards the horſes, while the ruffians diſputed on which to place her, the one deſigned for her not being ready. At this moment a cluſter of lights iſſued from the great gates, and ſhe immediately heard the ſhrill voice of Annette above thoſe of ſeveral other perſons, who advanced. In the ſame moment, ſhe diſtinguiſhed Montoni and Cavigni, followed by a number of ruffian-

ruffian-faced fellows, to whom she no longer looked with terror, but with hope, for, at this instant, she did not tremble at the thought of any dangers, that might await her within the castle, whence so lately, and so anxiously she had wished to escape. Those, which threatened her from without, had engrossed all her apprehensions.

A short contest ensued between the parties, in which that of Montoni, however, were presently victors, and the horsemen, perceiving that numbers were against them, and being, perhaps, not very warmly interested in the affair they had undertaken, galloped off, while Barnardine had run far enough to be lost in the darkness, and Emily was led back into the castle. As she re-passed the courts, the remembrance of what she had seen in the portal-chamber came, with all its horror, to her mind; and when, soon after, she heard the gate close, that shut her once more within the castle walls, she shuddered for herself, and, almost forget-

ting the danger ſhe had eſcaped, could ſcarcely think, that any thing leſs precious than liberty and peace was to be found beyond them.

Montoni ordered Emily to await him in the cedar parlour, whither he ſoon followed, and then ſternly queſtioned her on this myſterious affair. Though ſhe now viewed him with horror, as the murderer of her aunt, and ſcarcely knew what ſhe ſaid in reply to his impatient enquiries, her anſwers and her manner convinced him, that ſhe had not taken a voluntary part in the late ſcheme, and he diſmiſſed her upon the appearance of his ſervants, whom he had ordered to attend, that he might enquire further into the affair, and diſcover thoſe, who had been accomplices in it.

Emily had been ſome time in her apartment, before the tumult of her mind allowed her to remember ſeveral of the paſſed circumſtances. Then, again, the dead form, which the curtain in the portal-

tal-chamber had diſcloſed, came to her fancy, and ſhe uttered a groan, which terrified Annette the more, as Emily forbore to ſatisfy her curioſity, on the ſubject of it, for ſhe feared to truſt her with ſo fatal a ſecret, leſt her indiſcretion ſhould call down the immediate vengeance of Montoni on herſelf.

Thus compelled to bear within her own mind the whole horror of the ſecret, that oppreſſed it, her reaſon ſeemed to totter under the intolerable weight. She often fixed a wild and vacant look on Annette, and, when ſhe ſpoke, either did not hear her, or anſwered from the purpoſe. Long fits of abſtraction ſucceeded; Annette ſpoke repeatedly, but her voice ſeemed not to make any impreſſion on the ſenſe of the long agitated Emily, who ſat fixed and ſilent, except that, now and then, ſhe heaved a heavy ſigh, but without tears.

Terrified at her condition, Annette, at length, left the room, to inform Montoni of it, who had juſt diſmiſſed his ſervants,

without having made any diſcoveries on the ſubject of his enquiry. The wild deſcription, which this girl now gave of Emily, induced him to follow her immediately to the chamber.

At the ſound of his voice, Emily turned her eyes, and a gleam of recollection ſeemed to ſhoot athwart her mind, for ſhe immediately roſe from her ſeat, and moved ſlowly to a remote part of the room. He ſpoke to her in accents ſomewhat ſoftened from their uſual harſhneſs, but ſhe regarded him with a kind of half curious, half terrified look, and anſwered only "yes," to whatever he ſaid. Her mind ſtill ſeemed to retain no other impreſſion, than that of fear.

Of this diſorder Annette could give no explanation, and Montoni, having attempted, for ſome time, to perſuade Emily to talk, retired, after ordering Annette to remain with her, during the night, and to inform him, in the morning, of her condition.

When

When he was gone, Emily again came forward, and asked who it was, that had been there to disturb her. Annette said it was the Signor—Signor Montoni. Emily repeated the name after her, several times, as if she did not recollect it, and then suddenly groaned, and relapsed into abstraction.

With some difficulty, Annette led her to the bed, which Emily examined with an eager, phrensied eye, before she lay down, and then, pointing, turned with shuddering emotion, to Annette, who, now more terrified, went towards the door, that she might bring one of the female servants to pass the night with them; but Emily, observing her going, called her by name, and then, in the naturally soft and plaintive tone of her voice, begged, that she, too, would not forsake her.—"For since my father died," added she, sighing, "every body forsakes me."

"Your father, ma'amselle!" said Annette, "he was dead before you knew me."

" He was, indeed!" rejoined Emily, and her tears began to flow. She now wept ſilently and long, after which, becoming quite calm, ſhe at length ſunk to ſleep, Annette having had diſcretion enough not to interrupt her tears. This girl, as affectionate as ſhe was ſimple, loſt in theſe moments all her former fears of remaining in the chamber, and watched alone by Emily, during the whole night.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

. . . . . "unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook!"

IL PENSEROSO.

EMILY's mind was refreſhed by ſleep. On waking in the morning, ſhe looked with ſurpriſe on Annette, who ſat ſleeping in a chair beſide the bed, and then endeavoured to recollect herſelf; but the circumſtances of the preceding night were ſwept from her memory, which ſeemed to retain no trace of what had paſſed, and ſhe was ſtill gazing with ſurpriſe on Annette, when the latter awoke.

"O dear ma'amſelle! do you know me?" cried ſhe.

"Know you! Certainly," replied Emily,

ly, " you are Annette; but why are you ſitting by me thus?"

" O you have been very ill, ma'amſelle, —very ill indeed! and I am ſure I thought—"

" This is very ſtrange!" ſaid Emily, ſtill trying to reccollect the paſt.—" But I think I do remember, that my fancy has been haunted by frightful dreams. Good God!" ſhe added, ſuddenly ſtarting—" ſurely it was nothing more than a dream!"

She fixed a terrified look upon Annette, who, intending to quiet her, ſaid, " Yes, ma'amſelle, it was more than a dream, but it is all over now."

" She *is* murdered, then!" ſaid Emily in an inward voice, and ſhuddering inſtantaneouſly. Annette ſcreamed; for, being ignorant of the circumſtance to which Emily referred, ſhe attributed her manner to a diſordered fancy; but, when ſhe had explained to what her own ſpeech alluded, Emily, recollecting the attempt that had been made to carry her off, aſked

if

if the contriver of it had been diſcovered. Annette replied, that he had not, though he might eaſily be gueſſed at; and then told Emily ſhe might thank her for her deliverance, who, endeavouring to command the emotion, which the remembrance of her aunt had occaſioned, appeared calmly to liſten to Annette, though, in truth, ſhe heard ſcarcely a word that was ſaid.

"And ſo, ma'amſelle," continued the latter, "I was determined to be even with Barnardine for refuſing to tell me the ſecret, by finding it out myſelf; ſo I watched you, on the terrace, and, as ſoon as he had opened the door at the end, I ſtole out from the caſtle, to try to follow you; for, ſays I, I am ſure no good can be planned, or why all this ſecrecy? So, ſure enough, he had not bolted the door after him, and, when I opened it, I ſaw, by the glimmer of the torch, at the other end of the paſſage, which way you were going. I followed the light, at a diſtance,

till you came to the vaults of the chapel, and there I was afraid to go further, for I had heard ſtrange things about theſe vaults. But then, again, I was afraid to go back, all in darkneſs, by myſelf; ſo by the time Barnardine had trimmed the light, I had reſolved to follow you, and I did ſo, till you came to the great court, and there I was afraid he would ſee me; ſo I ſtopped at the door again, and watched you acroſs to the gates, and, when you was gone up the ſtairs, I whipt after. There, as I ſtood under the gate-way, I heard horſes' feet without, and ſeveral men talking; and I heard them ſwearing at Barnardine for not bringing you out, and juſt then, he had like to have caught me, for he came down the ſtairs again, and I had hardly time to get out of his way. But I had heard enough of his ſecret now, and I determined to be even with him, and to ſave you, too, ma'amſelle, for I gueſſed it to be ſome new ſcheme of Count Morano, though he was gone away. I ran into the caſtle, but I had

had hard work to find my way through the paſſage under the chapel; and what is very ſtrange, I quite forgot to look for the ghoſts they had told me about, though I would not go into that place again by myſelf for all the world! Luckily the Signor and Signor Cavigni were up, ſo we had ſoon a train at our heels, ſufficient to frighten that Barnardine and his rogues, all together.

Annette ceaſed to ſpeak, but Emily ſtill appeared to liſten. At length ſhe ſaid, ſuddenly, "I think I will go to him myſelf;—where is he?"

Annette aſked who was meant.

"Signor Montoni," replied Emily. "I would ſpeak with him;" and Annette, now remembering the order he had given, on the preceding night, reſpecting her young lady, roſe, and ſaid ſhe would ſeek him herſelf.

This honeſt girl's ſuſpicions of Count Morano were perfectly juſt; Emily, too, when ſhe thought on the ſcheme, had at-

 tributed

tributed it to him ; and Montoni, who had not a doubt on this ſubject, alſo, began to believe, that it was by the direction of Morano, that poiſon had formerly been mingled with his wine.

The profeſſions of repentance, which Morano had made to Emily, under the anguiſh of his wound, were ſincere at the moment he offered them : but he had miſtaken the ſubject of his ſorrow ; for, while he thought he was condemning the cruelty of his late deſign, he was lamenting only the ſtate of ſuffering, to which it had reduced him. As theſe ſufferings abated, his former views revived, till, his health being re-eſtabliſhed, he again found himſelf ready for enterpriſe and difficulty. The porter of the caſtle, who had ſerved him, on a former occaſion, willingly accepted a ſecond bribe ; and, having concerted the means of drawing Emily to the gates, Morano publicly left the hamlet, whither he had been carried after the affray, and withdrew with his people

people to another at ſeveral miles diſtance. From thence, on a night agreed upon by Barnardine, who had diſcovered, from the thoughtleſs prattle of Annette, the moſt probable means of decoying Emily, the Count ſent back his ſervants to the caſtle, while he awaited her arrival at the hamlet, with an intention of carrying her immediately to Venice. How this, his ſecond ſcheme, was fruſtrated, has already appeared; but the violent, and various paſſions with which this Italian lover was now agitated, on his return to that city, can only be imagined.

Annette having made her report to Montoni of Emily's health and of her requeſt to ſee him, he replied, that ſhe might attend him in the cedar room, in about an hour. It was on the ſubject, that preſſed ſo heavily on her mind, that Emily wiſhed to ſpeak to him, yet ſhe did not diſtinctly know what good purpoſe this could anſwer, and ſometimes ſhe even recoiled in horror from the expectation of his

his preſence. She wiſhed, alſo, to petition, though ſhe ſcarcely dared to believe the requeſt would be granted, that he would permit her, ſince her aunt was no more, to return to her native country.

As the moment of interview approached, her agitation increaſed ſo much, that ſhe almoſt reſolved to excuſe herſelf under what could ſcarcely be called a pretence of illneſs; and, when ſhe conſidered what could be ſaid, either concerning herſelf, or the fate of her aunt, ſhe was equally hopeleſs as to the event of her entreaty, and terrified as to its effect upon the vengeful ſpirit of Montoni. Yet, to pretend ignorance of her death, appeared, in ſome degree, to be ſharing its criminality; and, indeed, this event was the only ground, on which Emily could reſt her petition for leaving Udolpho.

While her thoughts thus wavered, a meſſage was brought, importing, that Montoni could not ſee her, till the next day; and her ſpirits were then relieved, for a moment,

moment, from an almoſt intolerable weight of apprehenſion. Annette ſaid, ſhe fancied the Chevaliers were going out to the wars again, for the court-yard was filled with horſes, and ſhe heard, that the reſt of the party, who went out before, were expected at the caſtle. "And I heard one of the ſoldiers, too," added ſhe, "ſay to his comrade, that he would warrant they'd bring home a rare deal of booty.—So, thinks I, if the Signor can, with a ſafe conſcience, ſend his people out a-robbing —why it is no buſineſs of mine. I only wiſh I was once ſafe out of this caſtle; and, if it had not been for poor Ludovico's ſake, I would have let Count Morano's people run away with us both, for it would have been ſerving you a good turn, ma'amſelle, as well as myſelf."

Annette might have continued thus talking for hours for any interruption ſhe would have received from Emily, who was ſilent, inattentive, abſorbed in thought, and paſſed the whole of this day in a kind of

of ſolemn tranquillity, ſuch as is often the reſult of faculties overſtrained by ſuffering.

When night returned, Emily recollected the myſterious ſtrains of muſic, that ſhe had lately heard, in which ſhe ſtill felt ſome degree of intereſt, and of which ſhe hoped to hear again the ſoothing ſweetneſs. The influence of ſuperſtition now gained on the weakneſs of her long haraſſed mind; ſhe looked with enthuſiaſtic expectation, to the guardian ſpirit of her father, and, having diſmiſſed Annette for the night, determined to watch alone for their return. It was not yet, however, near the time when ſhe had heard the muſic on a former night, and anxious to call off her thoughts from diſtreſſing ſubjects, ſhe ſat down with one of the few books, that ſhe had brought from France; but her mind, refuſing controul, became reſtleſs and agitated, and ſhe went often to the caſement to liſten for a ſound. Once, ſhe thought ſhe heard a voice, but then, every

thing without the caſement remaining ſtill, ſhe concluded, that her fancy had deceived her.

Thus paſſed the time, till twelve o'clock, ſoon after which the diſtant ſounds, that murmured through the caſtle, ceaſed, and ſleep ſeemed to reign over all. Emily then ſeated herſelf at the caſement, where ſhe was ſoon recalled from the reverie, into which ſhe ſunk, by very unuſual ſounds, not of muſic, but like the low mourning of ſome perſon in diſtreſs. As ſhe liſtened, her heart faltered in terror, and ſhe became convinced, that the former ſound was more than imaginary. Still, at intervals, ſhe heard a kind of feeble lamentation, and ſought to diſcover whence it came. There were ſeveral rooms underneath, adjoining the rampart, which had been long ſhut up, and, as the ſound probably roſe from one of theſe, ſhe leaned from the caſement to obſerve, whether any light was viſible there. The chambers, as far as ſhe could perceive, were quite dark, but, at a little diſtance, on the

the rampart below, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw ſomething moving.

The faint twilight, which the ſtars ſhed, did not enable her to diſtinguiſh what it was; but ſhe judged it to be a ſentinel, on watch, and ſhe removed her light to a remote part of the chamber, that ſhe might eſcape notice, during her further obſervation.

The ſame object ſtill appeared. Preſently, it advanced along the rampart, towards her window, and ſhe then diſtinguiſhed ſomething like a human form; but the ſilence, with which it moved, convinced her it was no ſentinel. As it drew near, ſhe heſitated whether to retire; a thrilling curioſity inclined her to ſtay, but a dread of ſhe ſcarcely knew what warned her to withdraw.

While ſhe pauſed, the figure came oppoſite to her caſement, and was ſtationary. Every thing remained quiet; ſhe had not heard even a foot-fall; and the ſolemnity of this ſilence, with the myſterious form ſhe ſaw, ſubdued her ſpirits, ſo that ſhe was

moving

moving from the caſement, when, on a ſudden, ſhe obſerved the figure ſtart away, and glide down the rampart, after which it was ſoon loſt in the obſcurity of night. Emily continued to gaze, for ſome time, on the way it had paſſed, and then retired within her chamber, muſing on this ſtrange circumſtance, and ſcarcely doubting, that ſhe had witneſſed a ſupernatural appearance.

When her ſpirits recovered compoſure, ſhe looked round for ſome other explanation. Remembering what ſhe had heard of the daring enterpriſes of Montoni, it occurred to her, that ſhe had juſt ſeen ſome unhappy perſon, who, having been plundered by his banditti, was brought hither a captive; and that the muſic ſhe had formerly heard, came from him. Yet, if they had plundered him, it ſtill appeared improbable, that they ſhould have brought him to the caſtle, and it was alſo more conſiſtent with the manners of banditti to murder thoſe they rob, than to make them priſoners.

But

But what, more than any other circumſtance, contradicted the ſuppoſition, that it was a priſoner, was that it wandered on the terrace, without a guard: a conſideration, which made her diſmiſs immediately her firſt ſurmiſe.

Afterwards, ſhe was inclined to believe that Count Morano had obtained admittance into the caſtle; but ſhe ſoon recollected the difficulties and dangers, that muſt have oppoſed ſuch an enterpriſe, and that, if he had ſo far ſucceeded, to come alone and in ſilence to her caſement at midnight was not the conduct he would have adopted, particularly ſince the private ſtair-caſe, communicating with her apartment, was known to him; neither would he have uttered the diſmal ſounds ſhe had heard.

Another ſuggeſtion repreſented, that this might be ſome perſon, who had deſigns upon the caſtle; but the mournful ſounds deſtroyed, alſo, that probability. Thus, enquiry only perplexed her. Who, or what, it could be that haunted this lonely hour, com-

complaining in ſuch doleful accents and in ſuch ſweet muſic (for ſhe was ſtill inclined to believe, that the former ſtrains and the late appearance were connected), ſhe had no means of aſcertaining; and imagination again aſſumed her empire, and rouſed the myſteries of ſuperſtition.

She determined, however, to watch on the following night, when her doubts might, perhaps, be cleared up; and ſhe almoſt reſolved to addreſs the figure, if it ſhould appear again.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

"Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp,
Oft ſeen in charnel-vaults and ſepulchres,
Lingering, and ſitting, by a new-made grave."

MILTON.

ON the following day, Montoni ſent a ſecond excuſe to Emily, who was ſurpriſed at the circumſtance. "This is very ſtrange!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf. "His conſcience tells him the purport of my viſit, and he defers it, to avoid an explanation." She now almoſt reſolved to throw herſelf in his way, but terror checked the intention, and this day paſſed, as the preceding one, with Emily, except that a degree of awful expectation, concerning the approaching night, now ſomewhat diſturbed the dreadful calmneſs that had pervaded her mind.

Towards

Towards evening, the ſecond part of the band, which had made the firſt excurſion among the mountains, returned to the caſtle, where, as they entered the courts, Emily, in her remote chamber, heard their loud ſhouts and ſtrains of exultation, like the orgies of furies over ſome horrid ſacrifice. She even feared they were about to commit ſome barbarous deed; a conjecture from which, however, Annette ſoon relieved her, by telling, that the people were only exulting over the plunder they had brought with them. This circumſtance ſtill further confirmed her in the belief, that Montoni had really commenced to be a captain of banditti, and meant to retrieve his broken fortunes by the plunder of travellers! Indeed, when ſhe conſidered all the circumſtances of his ſituation—in an armed, and almoſt inacceſſible caſtle, retired far among the receſſes of wild and ſolitary mountains, along whoſe diſtant ſkirts were ſcattered towns, and cities, whither wealthy travellers were continually paſſing—

paſſing—this appeared to be the ſituation of all others moſt ſuited for the ſucceſs of ſchemes of rapine, and ſhe yielded to the ſtrange thought, that Montoni was become a captain of robbers. His character alſo, unprincipled, dauntleſs, cruel and enterpriſing, ſeemed to fit him for the ſituation. Delighting in the tumult and in the ſtruggles of life, he was equally a ſtranger to pity and to fear; his very courage was a ſort of animal ferocity; not the noble impulſe of a principle, ſuch as inſpirits the mind againſt the oppreſſor, in the cauſe of the oppreſſed; but a conſtitutional hardineſs of nerve, that cannot feel, and that, therefore, cannot fear.

Emily's ſuppoſition, however natural, was in part erroneous, for ſhe was a ſtranger to the ſtate of this country, and to the circumſtances under which its frequent wars were partly conducted. The revenues of the many ſtates of Italy being, at that time, inſufficient to the ſupport of ſtanding armies, even during the ſhort periods,

periods, which the turbulent habits both of the governments and the people permitted to pass in peace, an order of men arose not known in our age, and but faintly described in the history of their own. Of the soldiers, disbanded at the end of every war, few returned to the safe, but unprofitable occupations, then usual in peace. Sometimes they passed into other countries, and mingled with armies, which still kept the field. Sometimes they formed themselves into bands of robbers, and occupied remote fortresses, where their desperate character, the weakness of the governments which they offended, and the certainty, that they could be recalled to the armies, when their presence should be again wanted, prevented them from being much pursued by the civil power; and, sometimes, they attached themselves to the fortunes of a popular chief, by whom they were led into the service of any state, which could settle with him the price of their valour. From this latter practice arose their

name—*Condottieri*; a term formidable all over Italy, for a period, which concluded in the earlier part of the ſeventeenth century, but of which it is not ſo eaſy to aſcertain the commencement.

Conteſts between the ſmaller ſtates were then, for the moſt part, affairs of enterpriſe alone, and the probabilities of ſucceſs were eſtimated, not from the ſkill, but from the perſonal courage of the general, and the ſoldiers. The ability, which was neceſſary to the conduct of tedious operations, was little valued. It was enough to know how a party might be led towards their enemies, with the greateſt ſecrecy, or conducted from them in the compacteſt order. The officer was to precipitate himſelf into a ſituation, where, but for his example, the ſoldiers might not have ventured; and, as the oppoſed parties knew little of each other's ſtrength, the event of the day was frequently determined by the boldneſs of the firſt movements. In ſuch ſervices the

Condottieri were eminent, and in these, where plunder always followed success, their characters acquired a mixture of intrepidity and profligacy, which awed even those whom they served.

When they were not thus engaged, their chief had usually his own fortress, in which, or in its neighbourhood, they enjoyed an irksome rest; and, though their wants were, at one time, partly supplied from the property of the inhabitants, the lavish distribution of their plunder at others, prevented them from being obnoxious; and the peasants of such districts gradually shared the character of their warlike visitors. The neighbouring governments sometimes professed, but seldom endeavoured, to suppress these military communities; both because it was difficult to do so, and because a disguised protection of them ensured, for the service of their wars, a body of men, who could not otherwise be so cheaply maintained, or so perfectly qualified. The

commanders ſometimes even relied ſo far upon this policy of the ſeveral powers, as to frequent their capitals; and Montoni, having met them in the gaming parties of Venice and Padua, conceived a deſire to emulate their characters, before his ruined fortunes tempted him to adopt their practices. It was for the arrangement of his preſent plan of life, that the midnight councils were held at his manſion in Venice, and at which Orſino and ſome other members of the preſent community then aſſiſted with ſuggeſtions, which they had ſince executed with the wreck of their fortunes.

On the return of night, Emily reſumed her ſtation at the caſement. There was now a moon; and, as it roſe over the tufted woods, its yellow light ſerved to ſhew the lonely terrace and the ſurrounding objects, more diſtinctly, than the twilight of the ſtars had done, and promiſed Emily to aſſiſt her obſervations, ſhould the myſterious form return. On this ſubject,

ject, she again wavered in conjecture, and hesitated whether to speak to the figure, to which a strong and almost irresistible interest urged her; but terror, at intervals, made her reluctant to do so.

"If this is a person who has designs upon the castle," said she, "my curiosity may prove fatal to me; yet the mysterious music, and the lamentations I heard, must surely have proceeded from him: if so, he cannot be an enemy."

She then thought of her unfortunate aunt, and, shuddering with grief and horror, the suggestions of imagination seized her mind with all the force of truth, and she believed, that the form she had seen was supernatural. She trembled, breathed with difficulty, an icy coldness touched her cheeks, and her fears for a while overcame her judgment. Her resolution now forsook her, and she determined, if the figure should appear, not to speak to it.

Thus the time passed, as she sat at her casement, awed by expectation, and by

the gloom and ſtillneſs of midnight; for ſhe ſaw obſcurely in the moon-light only the mountains and woods, a cluſter of towers, that formed the weſt angle of the caſtle, and the terrace below; and heard no ſound, except, now and then, the lonely watch-word, paſſed by the ſentinels on duty, and afterwards the ſteps of the men who came to relieve guard, and whom ſhe knew at a diſtance on the rampart by their pikes, that glittered in the moon-beam, and then, by the few ſhort words, in which they hailed their fellows of the night. Emily retired within her chamber, while they paſſed the caſement. When ſhe returned to it, all was again quiet. It was now very late, ſhe was wearied with watching, and began to doubt the reality of what ſhe had ſeen on the preceding night; but ſhe ſtill lingered at the window, for her mind was too perturbed to admit of ſleep. The moon ſhone with a clear luſtre, that afforded her a complete view of the terrace; but ſhe ſaw only a ſolitary ſentinel, pacing at one

one end of it; and, at length, tired with expectation, she withdrew to seek rest.

Such, however, was the impression, left on her mind, by the music, and the complaining she had formerly heard, as well as by the figure, which she fancied she had seen, that she determined to repeat the watch, on the following night.

Montoni, on the next day, took no notice of Emily's appointed visit, but she, more anxious than before to see him, sent Annette to enquire, at what hour he would admit her. He mentioned eleven o'clock, and Emily was punctual to the moment; at which she called up all her fortitude to support the shock of his presence and the dreadful recollections it enforced. He was with several of his officers, in the cedar-room; on observing whom she paused; and her agitation increased, while he continued to converse with them, apparently not observing her, till some of his officers, turning round, saw Emily, and uttered an exclamation. She was hastily retiring,

when Montoni's voice arreſted her, and, in a faltering accent, ſhe ſaid,—" I would ſpeak with you, Signor Montoni, if you are at leiſure."

" Theſe are my friends," he replied; " whatever you would ſay, they may hear."

Emily, without replying, turned from the rude gaze of the chevaliers, and Montoni then followed her to the hall, whence he led her to a ſmall room, of which he ſhut the door with violence. As ſhe looked on his dark countenance, ſhe again thought ſhe ſaw the murderer of her aunt; and her mind was ſo convulſed with horror, that ſhe had not power to recall thought enough to explain the purport of her viſit; and to truſt herſelf with the mention of Madame Montoni was more than ſhe dared.

Montoni at length impatiently enquired what ſhe had to ſay. " I have no time for trifling," he added, " my moments are important."

Emily

Emily then told him, that she wished to return to France, and came to beg, that he would permit her to do so.—But when he looked surprised, and enquired for the motive of the request, she hesitated, became paler than before, trembled, and had nearly sunk at his feet. He observed her emotion, with apparent indifference, and interrupted the silence by telling her, he must be gone. Emily, however, recalled her spirits sufficiently to enable her to repeat her request. And, when Montoni absolutely refused it, her slumbering mind was roused.

"I can no longer remain here with propriety, sir," said she, "and I may be allowed to ask, by what right you detain me."

"It is my will that you remain here," said Montoni, laying his hand on the door to go; "let that suffice you."

Emily, considering that she had no appeal from this will, forbore to dispute his right, and made a feeble effort to persuade

him to be juſt. "While my aunt lived, ſir," ſaid ſhe, in a tremulous voice, "my reſidence here was not improper; but now, that ſhe is no more, I may ſurely be permitted to depart. My ſtay cannot benefit you, ſir, and will only diſtreſs me."

"Who told you, that Madame Montoni was dead?" ſaid Montoni, with an inquiſitive eye. Emily heſitated, for nobody had told her ſo, and ſhe did not dare to avow the having ſeen that ſpectacle in the portal-chamber, which had compelled her to the belief.

"Who told you ſo?" he repeated, more ſternly.

"Alas! I know it too well," replied Emily: "ſpare me on this terrible ſubject!"

She ſat down on a bench to ſupport herſelf.

"If you wiſh to ſee her," ſaid Montoni, "you may; ſhe lies in the eaſt turret."

He now left the room, without awaiting her reply, and returned to the cedar chamber,

ber, where ſuch of the chevaliers as had not before ſeen Emily, began to rally him, on the diſcovery they had made; but Montoni did not appear diſpoſed to bear this mirth, and they changed the ſubject.

Having talked with the ſubtle Orſino, on the plan of an excurſion, which he meditated for a future day, his friend adviſed, that they ſhould lie in wait for the enemy, which Verezzi impetuouſly oppoſed, reproached Orſino with want of ſpirit, and ſwore, that, if Montoni would let him lead on fifty men, he would conquer all that ſhould oppoſe him.

Orſino ſmiled contemptuouſly; Montoni ſmiled too, but he alſo liſtened. Verezzi then proceeded with vehement declamation and aſſertion, till he was ſtopped by an argument of Orſino, which he knew not how to anſwer better than by invective. His fierce ſpirit deteſted the cunning caution of Orſino, whom he conſtantly oppoſed, and whoſe inveterate, though ſilent, hatred he had long ago incurred. And

Montoni was a calm obſerver of both, whoſe different qualifications he knew, and how to bend their oppoſite character to the perfection of his own deſigns. But Verezzi, in the heat of oppoſition, now did not ſcruple to accuſe Orſino of cowardice, at which the countenance of the latter, while he made no reply, was overſpread with a livid paleneſs; and Montoni, who watched his lurking eye, ſaw him put his hand haſtily into his boſom. But Verezzi, whoſe face, glowing with crimſon, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the complexion of Orſino, remarked not the action, and continued boldly declaiming againſt cowards to Cavigni, who was ſlily laughing at his vehemence, and at the ſilent mortification of Orſino, when the latter, retiring a few ſteps behind, drew forth a ſtilletto to ſtab his adverſary in the back. Montoni arreſted his half-extended arm, and, with a ſignificant look, made him return the poniard into his boſom, unſeen by all except himſelf; for moſt of the

the party were disputing at a distant window, on the situation of a dell where they meant to form an ambuscade.

When Verezzi had turned round, the deadly hatred, expressed on the features of his opponent, raising, for the first time, a suspicion of his intention, he laid his hand on his sword, and then, seeming to recollect himself, strode up to Montoni.

"Signor," said he, with a significant look at Orsino, "we are not a band of assassins; if you have business for brave men, employ me on this expedition: you shall have the last drop of my blood; if you have only work for cowards—keep him," pointing to Orsino, "and let me quit Udolpho."

Orsino, still more incensed, again drew forth his stilletto, and rushed towards Verezzi, who, at the same instant, advanced with his sword, when Montoni and the rest of the party interfered and separated them.

"This is the conduct of a boy," said Montoni

Montoni to Verezzi, " not of a man : be more moderate in your ſpeech."

" Moderation is the virtue of cowards," retorted Verezzi ; " they are moderate in every thing—but in fear."

" I accept your words," ſaid Montoni, turning upon him with a fierce and haughty look, and drawing his ſword out of the ſcabbard.

" With all my heart," cried Verezzi, " though I did not mean them for you."

He directed a paſs at Montoni ; and, while they fought, the villain Orſino made another attempt to ſtab Verezzi, and was again prevented.

The combatants were, at length, ſeparated ; and, after a very long and violent diſpute, reconciled. Montoni then left the room with Orſino, whom he detained in private conſultation for a conſiderable time.

Emily, meanwhile, ſtunned by the laſt words of Montoni, forgot, for the moment, his declaration, that ſhe ſhould continue in the

the caſtle, while ſhe thought of her unfortunate aunt, who, he had ſaid, was laid in the eaſt turret. In ſuffering the remains of his wife to lie thus long unburied, there appeared a degree of brutality more ſhocking than ſhe had ſuſpected even Montoni could practiſe.

After a long ſtruggle, ſhe determined to accept his permiſſion to viſit the turret, and to take a laſt look of her ill fated aunt: with which deſign ſhe returned to her chamber, and, while ſhe waited for Annette to accompany her, endeavoured to acquire fortitude ſufficient to ſupport her through the approaching ſcene; for, though ſhe trembled to encounter it, ſhe knew that to remember the performance of this laſt act of duty would hereafter afford her conſoling ſatisfaction.

Annette came, and Emily mentioned her purpoſe, from which the former endeavoured to diſſuade her, though without effect, and Annette was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to accompany her

to

to the turret; but no conſideration could make her promiſe to enter the chamber of death.

They now left the corridor, and, having reached the foot of the ſtair-caſe, which Emily had formerly aſcended, Annette declared ſhe would go no further, and Emily proceeded alone. When ſhe ſaw the track of blood, which ſhe had before obſerved, her ſpirits fainted, and, being compelled to reſt on the ſtairs, ſhe almoſt determined to proceed no further. The pauſe of a few moments reſtored her reſolution, and ſhe went on.

As ſhe drew near the landing-place, upon which the upper chamber opened, ſhe remembered, that the door was formerly faſtened, and apprehended, that it might ſtill be ſo. In this expectation, however, ſhe was miſtaken; for the door opened at once into a duſky and ſilent chamber, round which ſhe fearfully looked, and then ſlowly advanced, when a hollow voice ſpoke. Emily, who was unable to ſpeak, or to move

move from the ſpot, uttered no ſound of terror. The voice ſpoke again; and then, thinking that it reſembled that of Madame Montoni, Emily's ſpirits were inſtantly rouſed; ſhe ruſhed towards a bed, that ſtood in a remote part of the room, and drew aſide the curtains. Within, appeared a pale and emaciated face. She ſtarted back, then again advanced, ſhuddered as ſhe took up the ſkeleton hand, that lay ſtretched upon the quilt; then let it drop, and then viewed the face with a long, unſettled gaze. It was that of Madame Montoni, though ſo changed by illneſs, that the reſemblance of what it had been could ſcarcely be traced in what it now appeared. She was ſtill alive, and, raiſing her heavy eyes, ſhe turned them on her niece.

"Where have you been ſo long?" ſaid ſhe, in the ſame hollow tone, "I thought you had forſaken me."

"Do you indeed live," ſaid Emily, at length, "or is this but a terrible apparition?" She received no anſwer, and again ſhe

ſhe ſnatched up the hand. " This is ſubſtance," ſhe exclaimed, " but it is cold—cold as marble!" She let it fall. " O, if you really live, ſpeak!" ſaid Emily, in a voice of deſperation, " that I may not loſe my ſenſes—ſay you know me!"

" I do live," replied Madame Montoni, " but—I feel that I am about to die."

Emily claſped the hand ſhe held, more eagerly, and groaned. They were both ſilent for ſome moments. Then Emily endeavoured to ſooth her, and enquired what had reduced her to this preſent deplorable ſtate.

Montoni, when he removed her to the turret under the improbable ſuſpicion of having attempted his life, had ordered the men employed on the occaſion to obſerve a ſtrict ſecrecy concerning her. To this he was influenced by a double motive. He meant to debar her from the comfort of Emily's viſits, and to ſecure an opportunity of privately diſpatching her, ſhould any new circumſtances occur to confirm the preſent

preſent ſuggeſtions of his ſuſpecting mind. His conſciouſneſs of the hatred he deſerved it was natural enough ſhould at firſt lead him to attribute to her the attempt that had been made upon his life; and, though there was no other reaſon to believe that ſhe was concerned in that atrocious deſign, his ſuſpicions remained; he continued to confine her in the turret, under a ſtrict guard; and, without pity or remorſe, had ſuffered her to lie, forlorn and neglected, under a raging fever, till it had reduced her to the preſent ſtate.

The track of blood, which Emily had ſeen on the ſtairs, had flowed from the unbound wound of one of the men employed to carry Madame Montoni, and which he had received in the late affray. At night theſe men, having contented themſelves with ſecuring the door of their priſoner's room, had retired from guard; and then it was, that Emily, at the time of her firſt enquiry, had found the turret ſo ſilent and deſerted.

When

When ſhe had attempted to open the door of the chamber, her aunt was ſleeping, and this occaſioned the ſilence, which had contributed to delude her into a belief, that ſhe was no more; yet had her terror permitted her to perſevere longer in the call, ſhe would probably have awakened Madame Montoni, and have been ſpared much ſuffering. The ſpectacle in the portal-chamber, which afterwards confirmed Emily's horrible ſuſpicion, was the corpſe of a man, who had fallen in the affray, and the ſame which had been borne into the ſervants' hall, where ſhe took refuge from the tumult. This man had lingered under his wounds for ſome days; and, ſoon after his death, his body had been removed on the couch, on which he died, for interment in the vault beneath the chapel, through which Emily and Barnardine had paſſed to the chamber.

Emily, after aſking Madame Montoni a thouſand queſtions concerning herſelf, left her, and ſought Montoni; for the more

ſolemn

ſolemn intereſt ſhe felt for her aunt, made her now regardleſs of the reſentment her remonſtrances might draw upon herſelf, and of the improbability of his granting what ſhe meant to entreat.

" Madame Montoni is now dying, ſir," ſaid Emily, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him—" Your reſentment, ſurely, will not purſue her to the laſt moment! Suffer her to be removed from that forlorn room to her own apartment, and to have neceſſary comforts adminiſtered."

" Of what ſervice will that be, if ſhe is dying?" ſaid Montoni, with apparent indifference.

" The ſervice, at leaſt, of ſaving you, ſir, from a few of thoſe pangs of conſcience you muſt ſuffer, when you ſhall be in the ſame ſituation," ſaid Emily, with imprudent indignation, of which Montoni ſoon made her ſenſible, by commanding her to quit his preſence. Then, forgetting her reſentment, and impreſſed only by compaſſion for the piteous ſtate of her aunt, dying without ſuccour,

ſuccour, ſhe ſubmitted to humble herſelf to Montoni, and to adopt every perſuaſive means, that might reduce him to relent towards his wife.

For a conſiderable time he was proof againſt all ſhe ſaid, and all ſhe looked; but at length the divinity of pity, beaming in Emily's eyes, ſeemed to touch his heart. He turned away, aſhamed of his better feelings, half ſullen and half relenting; but finally conſented, that his wife ſhould be removed to her own apartment, and that Emily ſhould attend her. Dreading equally, that this relief might arrive too late, and that Montoni might retract his conceſſion, Emily ſcarcely ſtaid to thank him for it, but, aſſiſted by Annette, ſhe quickly prepared Madame Montoni's bed, and they carried her a cordial, that might enable her feeble frame to ſuſtain the fatigue of a removal.

Madame was ſcarcely arrived in her own apartment, when an order was given by her huſband, that ſhe ſhould remain in the turret;

ret; but Emily, thankful that ſhe had made ſuch diſpatch, haſtened to inform him of it, as well as that a ſecond removal would inſtantly prove fatal, and he ſuffered his wife to continue where ſhe was.

During this day, Emily never left Madame Montoni, except to prepare ſuch little nouriſhing things as ſhe judged neceſſary to ſuſtain her, and which Madame Montoni received with quiet acquieſcence, though ſhe ſeemed ſenſible that they could not ſave her from approaching diſſolution, and ſcarcely appeared to wiſh for life. Emily meanwhile watched over her with the moſt tender ſolicitude, no longer ſeeing her imperious aunt in the poor object before her, but the ſiſter of her late beloved father, in a ſituation that called for all her compaſſion and kindneſs. When night came, ſhe determined to ſit up with her aunt, but this the latter poſitively forbade, commanding her to retire to reſt, and Annette alone to remain in her chamber.

Reſt

Reſt was, indeed, neceſſary to Emily, whoſe ſpirits and frame were equally wearied by the occurrences and exertions of the day; but ſhe would not leave Madame Montoni till after the turn of midnight, a period then thought ſo critical by the phyſicians.

Soon after twelve, having enjoined Annette to be wakeful, and to call her, ſhould any change appear for the worſe, Emily ſorrowfully bade Madame Montoni good night, and withdrew to her chamber. Her ſpirits were more than uſually depreſſed by the piteous condition of her aunt, whoſe recovery ſhe ſcarcely dared to expect. To her own misfortunes ſhe ſaw no period, incloſed as ſhe was, in a remote caſtle, beyond the reach of any friends, had ſhe poſſeſſed ſuch, and beyond the pity even of ſtrangers; while ſhe knew herſelf to be in the power of a man capable of any action, which his intereſt, or his ambition, might ſuggeſt.

Occupied by melancholy reflections and by

by anticipations as ſad, ſhe did not retire immediately to reſt, but leaned thoughtfully on her open caſement. The ſcene before her of woods and mountains, repoſing in the moon-light, formed a regretted contraſt with the ſtate of her mind; but the lonely murmur of theſe woods, and the view of this ſleeping landſcape, gradually ſoothed her emotions and ſoftened her to tears.

She continued to weep, for ſome time, loſt to every thing, but to a gentle ſenſe of her misfortunes. When ſhe, at length, took the handkerchief from her eyes, ſhe perceived, before her, on the terrace below, the figure ſhe had formerly obſerved, which ſtood fixed and ſilent, immediately oppoſite to her caſement. On perceiving it, ſhe ſtarted back, and terror for ſome time overcame curioſity;—at length, ſhe returned to the caſement, and ſtill the figure was before it, which ſhe now compelled herſelf to obſerve, but was utterly unable to ſpeak, as ſhe had formerly intended. The moon ſhone with a clear

light, and it was, perhaps, the agitation of her mind, that prevented her diſtinguiſhing, with any degree of accuracy, the form before her. It was ſtill ſtationary, and ſhe began to doubt, whether it was really animated.

Her ſcattered thoughts were now ſo far returned as to remind her, that her light expoſed her to dangerous obſervation, and ſhe was ſtepping back to remove it, when ſhe perceived the figure move, and then wave what ſeemed to be its arm, as if to beckon her; and, while ſhe gazed, fixed in fear, it repeated the action. She now attempted to ſpeak, but the words died on her lips, and ſhe went from the caſement to remove her light; as ſhe was doing which, ſhe heard, from without, a faint groan. Liſtening, but not daring to return, ſhe preſently heard it repeated.

"Good God!—what can this mean!" ſaid ſhe.

Again ſhe liſtened, but the ſound came no more; and, after a long interval of ſilence, ſhe recovered courage enough to go

go to the caſement, when ſhe again ſaw the ſame appearance! It beckoned again, and again uttered a low ſound.

"That groan was ſurely human!" ſaid ſhe. "I *will* ſpeak." "Who is it," cried Emily in a faint voice, "that wanders at this late hour?"

The figure raiſed its head, but ſuddenly ſtarted away, and glided down the terrace. She watched it, for a long while, paſſing ſwiftly in the moon-light, but heard no footſtep, till a ſentinel from the other extremity of the rampart walked ſlowly along. The man ſtopped under her window, and, looking up, called her by name. She was retiring precipitately, but, a ſecond ſummons inducing her to reply, the ſoldier then reſpectfully aſked if ſhe had ſeen any thing paſs. On her anſwering, that ſhe had; he ſaid no more, but walked away down the terrace, Emily following him with her eyes, till he was loſt in the diſtance. But, as he was on guard, ſhe knew he could not go beyond the ram-

part, and, therefore, resolved to await his return.

Soon after, his voice was heard, at a distance, calling loudly; and then a voice still more distant answered, and, in the next moment, the watch-word was given, and passed along the terrace. As the soldiers moved hastily under the casement, she called to enquire what had happened, but they passed without regarding her.

Emily's thoughts returning to the figure she had seen, "It cannot be a person, who has designs upon the castle," said she; "such an one would conduct himself very differently. He would not venture where sentinels were on watch, nor fix himself opposite to a window, where he perceived he must be observed; much less would he beckon, or utter a sound of complaint. Yet it cannot be a prisoner, for how could he obtain the opportunity to wander thus?"

If she had been subject to vanity, she might have supposed this figure to be some inhabitant of the castle, who wander-

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ed under the caſement in the hope of ſeeing her, and of being allowed to declare his admiration; but this opinion never occurred to Emily, and, if it had, ſhe would have diſmiſſed it as improbable, on conſidering, that, when the opportunity of ſpeaking had occurred, it had been ſuffered to paſs in ſilence; and that, even at the moment in which ſhe had ſpoken, the form had abruptly quitted the place.

While ſhe muſed, two ſentinels walked up the rampart in earneſt converſation, of which ſhe caught a few words, and learned from theſe, that one of their comrades had fallen down ſenſeleſs. Soon after, three other ſoldiers appeared ſlowly advancing from the bottom of the terrace, but ſhe heard only a low voice, that came at intervals. As they drew near, ſhe perceived this to be the voice of him who walked in the middle, apparently ſupported by his comrades; and ſhe again called to them, enquiring what had happened. At the ſound of her voice, they ſtopped, and

looked up, while she repeated her question, and was told, that Roberto, their fellow of the watch, had been seized with a fit, and that his cry, as he fell, had caused a false alarm.

"Is he subject to fits?" said Emily.

"Yes, Signora," replied Roberto; "but if I had not, what I saw was enough to have frightened the Pope himself."

"What was it?" enquired Emily, trembling.

"I cannot tell what it was, lady, or what I saw, or how it vanished," replied the soldier, who seemed to shudder at the recollection.

"Was it the person, whom you followed down the rampart, that has occasioned you this alarm?" said Emily, endeavouring to conceal her own.

"Person!" exclaimed the man,—"it was the devil, and this is not the first time I have seen him!"

"Nor will it be the last," observed one of his comrades, laughing.

"No,

"No, no, I warrant not," ſaid another.

"Well," rejoined Roberto, "you may be as merry now, as you pleaſe; you was none ſo jocoſe the other night, Sebaſtian, when you was on watch with Launcelot."

"Launcelot need not talk of that," replied Sebaſtian, "let him remember how he ſtood trembling, and unable to give the *word*, till the man was gone. If the man had not come ſo ſilently upon us, I would have ſeized him, and ſoon made him tell who he was."

"What man?" enquired Emily.

"It was no man, lady," ſaid Launcelot, who ſtood by, "but the devil himſelf, as my comrade ſays. What man, who does not live in the caſtle, could get within the walls at midnight? Why, I might juſt as well pretend to march to Venice, and get among all the ſenators, when they are counſelling; and I warrant I ſhould have more chance of getting out again alive, than any fellow, that we ſhould catch within the gates after dark. So I think I have

proved plainly enough, that this can be nobody that lives out of the caſtle; and now I will prove, that it can be nobody that lives in the caſtle—for, if he did—why ſhould he be afraid to be ſeen? So after this, I hope nobody will pretend to tell me it was anybody. No, I ſay again, by holy Pope! it was the devil, and Sebaſtian, there, knows this is not the firſt time we have ſeen him."

"When did you ſee the figure, then, before?" ſaid Emily half ſmiling, who, though ſhe thought the converſation ſomewhat too much, felt an intereſt, which would not permit her to conclude it.

"About a week ago, lady," ſaid Sebaſtian, taking up the ſtory.

"And where?"

"On the rampart, lady, higher up."

"Did you purſue it, that it fled?"

"No, Signora. Launcelot and I were on watch together, and every thing was ſo ſtill you might have heard a mouſe ſtir, when, ſuddenly, Launcelot ſays—Sebaſtian!

tian! do you ſee nothing? I turned my head a little to the left, as it might be—thus. No, ſays I. Huſh! ſaid Launcelot,—look yonder—juſt by the laſt cannon on the rampart! I looked, and then thought I did ſee ſomething move; but there being no light, but what the ſtars gave, I could not be certain. We ſtood quite ſilent, to watch it, and preſently ſaw ſomething paſs along the caſtle wall juſt oppoſite to us!"

"Why did not you ſeize it, then?" cried a ſoldier, who had ſcarcely ſpoken till now.

"Aye, why did you not ſeize it?" ſaid Roberto.

"You ſhould have been there to have done that," replied Sebaſtian. "You would have been bold enough to have taken it by the throat, though it had been the devil himſelf; we could not take ſuch a liberty, perhaps becauſe we are not ſo well acquainted with him, as you are. But, as I was ſaying, it ſtole by us ſo

quickly, that we had not time to get rid of our ſurpriſe, before it was gone. Then, we knew it was in vain to follow. We kept conſtant watch all that night, but we ſaw it no more. Next morning, we told ſome of our comrades, who were on duty on other parts of the ramparts, what we had ſeen; but they had ſeen nothing, and laughed at us, and it was not till to-night that the ſame figure walked again."

"Where did you loſe it, friend?" ſaid Emily to Roberto.

"When I left you, lady," replied the man, "you might ſee me go down the rampart, but it was not till I reached the eaſt terrace, that I ſaw any thing. Then, the moon ſhining bright, I ſaw ſomething like a ſhadow flitting before me, as it were, at ſome diſtance. I ſtopped, when I turned the corner of the eaſt tower, where I had ſeen this figure not a moment before,—but it was gone! As I ſtood, looking through the old arch, which leads to the eaſt rampart, and where I am ſure

it

it had paſſed, I heard, all of a ſudden, ſuch a ſound!—It was not like a groan, or a cry, or a ſhout, or any thing I ever heard in my life. I heard it only once, and that was enough for me; for I know nothing that happened after, till I found my comrades, here, about me."

"Come," ſaid Sebaſtian, "let us go to our poſts—the moon is ſetting. Good night, lady!"

"Aye, let us go," rejoined Roberto. "Good night, lady."

"Good night; the holy mother guard you!" ſaid Emily, as ſhe cloſed her caſement and retired to reflect upon the ſtrange circumſtance that had juſt occurred, connecting which with what had happened on former nights, ſhe endeavoured to derive from the whole ſomething more poſitive, than conjecture. But her imagination was inflamed, while her judgment was not enlightened, and the terrors of ſuperſtition again pervaded her mind.

CHAP. IV.

. . . . . "There is one within,
Beſides the things, that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights, ſeen by the watch."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN the morning, Emily found Madame Montoni nearly in the ſame condition, as on the preceding night; ſhe had ſlept little, and that little had not refreſhed her; ſhe ſmiled on her niece, and ſeemed cheered by her preſence, but ſpoke only a few words, and never named Montoni, who, however, ſoon after, entered the room. His wife, when ſhe underſtood that he was there, appeared much agitated, but was entirely ſilent, till Emily roſe from a chair at the bed-ſide, when ſhe begged, in a feeble voice, that ſhe would not leave her.

The

The visit of Montoni was not to sooth his wife, whom he knew to be dying, or to console, or to ask her forgiveness, but to make a last effort to procure that signature, which would transfer her estates in Languedoc, after her death, to him rather than to Emily. This was a scene, that exhibited, on his part, his usual inhumanity, and, on that of Madame Montoni, a persevering spirit, contending with a feeble frame; while Emily repeatedly declared to him her willingness to resign all claim to those estates, rather than that the last hours of her aunt should be disturbed by contention. Montoni, however, did not leave the room, till his wife, exhausted by the obstinate dispute, had fainted, and she lay so long insensible, that Emily began to fear that the spark of life was extinguished. At length, she revived, and, looking feebly up at her niece, whose tears were falling over her, made an effort to speak, but her words were unintelligible, and Emily again apprehended she was dying.

ing. Afterwards, however, ſhe recov e red her ſpeech, and, being ſomewhat reſtored by a cordial, converſed for a conſiderable time, on the ſubject of her eſtates in France, with clearneſs and preciſion. She directed her niece where to find ſome papers relative to them, which ſhe had hitherto concealed from the ſearch of Montoni, and earneſtly charged her never to ſuffer theſe papers to eſcape her.

Soon after this converſation, Madame Montoni ſunk into a doze, and continued ſlumbering, till evening, when ſhe ſeemed better than ſhe had been ſince her removal from the turret. Emily never left her, for a moment, till long after midnight, and even then would not have quitted the room, had not her aunt entreated, that ſhe would retire to reſt. She then obeyed, the more willingly, becauſe her patient appeared ſomewhat recruited by ſleep; and, giving Annette the ſame injunction, as on the preceding night, ſhe withdrew to her own apartment. But her ſpirits were wakeful and

and agitated, and, finding it impoſſible to ſleep, ſhe determined to watch, once more, for the myſterious appearance, that had ſo much intereſted and alarmed her.

It was now the ſecond watch of the night, and about the time when the figure had before appeared. Emily heard the paſſing ſteps of the ſentinels, on the rampart, as they changed guard; and, when all was again ſilent, ſhe took her ſtation at the caſement, leaving her lamp in a remote part of the chamber, that ſhe might eſcape notice from without. The moon gave a faint and uncertain light, for heavy vapours ſurrounded it, and, often rolling over the diſk, left the ſcene below in total darkneſs. It was in one of theſe moments of obſcurity, that ſhe obſerved a ſmall and lambent flame, moving at ſome diſtance on the terrace. While ſhe gazed, it diſappeared, and, the moon again emerging from the lurid and heavy thunder clouds, ſhe turned her attention to the heavens, where the vivid lightnings darted from cloud

cloud to cloud, and flashed silently on the woods below. She loved to catch, in the momentary gleam, the gloomy landscape. Sometimes, a cloud opened its light upon a distant mountain, and, while the sudden splendour illumined all its recesses of rock and wood, the rest of the scene remained in deep shadow; at others, partial features of the castle were revealed by the glimpse—the ancient arch leading to the east rampart, the turret above, or the fortifications beyond; and then, perhaps, the whole edifice with all its towers, its dark massy walls and pointed casements would appear, and vanish in an instant.

Emily, looking again upon the rampart, perceived the flame she had seen before; it moved onward; and, soon after, she thought she heard a footstep. The light appeared and disappeared frequently, while, as she watched, it glided under her casements, and, at the same instant, she was certain, that a footstep passed, but the darkness did not permit her to distinguish

any

any object except the flame. It moved away, and then, by a gleam of lightning, she perceived some person on the terrace. All the anxieties of the preceding night returned. This person advanced, and the playing flame alternately appeared and vanished. Emily wished to speak, to end her doubts, whether this figure were human or supernatural; but her courage failed as often as she attempted utterance, till the light moved again under the casement, and she faintly demanded, who passed.

"A friend," replied a voice.

"What friend," said Emily, somewhat encouraged, "who are you, and what is that light you carry?"

"I am Anthonio, one of the Signor's soldiers," replied the voice.

"And what is that tapering light you bear?" said Emily, "See how it darts upwards,—and now it vanishes!"

"This light, lady," said the soldier, "has appeared to-night as you see it, on the point of my lance, ever since I have been

been on watch; but what it means I cannot tell."

"This is very ſtrange!" ſaid Emily.

"My fellow-guard," continued the man, "has the ſame flame on his arms; he ſays he has ſometimes ſeen it before. I never did; I am but lately come to the caſtle, for I have not been long a ſoldier."

"How does your comrade account for it?" ſaid Emily.

"He ſays it is an omen, lady, and bodes no good."

"And what harm can it bode?" rejoined Emily.

"He knows not ſo much as that, lady."

Whether Emily was alarmed by this omen, or not, ſhe certainly was relieved from much terror by diſcovering this man to be only a ſoldier on duty, and it immediately occurred to her, that it might be he, who had occaſioned ſo much alarm on the preceding night. There were, however, ſome circumſtances, that ſtill required explanation. As far as ſhe could judge by

by the faint moon-light, that had aſſiſted her obſervation, the figure ſhe had ſeen did not reſemble this man either in ſhape or ſize; beſides, ſhe was certain it had carried no arms. The ſilence of its ſteps, if ſteps it had, the moaning ſounds, too, which it had uttered, and its ſtrange diſappearance, were circumſtances of myſterious import, that did not apply, with probability, to a ſoldier engaged in the duty of his guard.

She now enquired of the ſentinel, whether he had ſeen any perſon beſides his fellow watch, walking on the terrace, about midnight; and then briefly related what ſhe had herſelf obſerved.

"I was not on guard that night, lady," replied the man, "but I heard of what happened. There are amongſt us, who believe ſtrange things. Strange ſtories, too, have long been told of this caſtle, but it is no buſineſs of mine to repeat them; and, for my part, I have no reaſon to complain; our Chief does nobly by us."

"I com-

"I commend your prudence," ſaid Emily. "Good night, and accept this from me," ſhe added, throwing him a ſmall piece of coin, and then cloſing the caſement to put an end to the diſcourſe.

When he was gone, ſhe opened it again, liſtened with a gloomy pleaſure to the diſtant thunder, that began to murmur among the mountains, and watched the arrowy lightnings, which broke over the remoter ſcene. The pealing thunder rolled onward, and then, reverbed by the mountains, other thunder ſeemed to anſwer from the oppoſite horizon; while the accumulating clouds, entirely concealing the moon, aſſumed a red ſulphureous tinge, that foretold a violent ſtorm.

Emily remained at her caſement, till the vivid lightning, that now, every inſtant, revealed the wide horizon and the landſcape below, made it no longer ſafe to do ſo, and ſhe went to her couch; but, unable to compoſe her mind to ſleep, ſtill liſtened in

in ſilent awe to the tremendous ſounds, that ſeemed to ſhake the caſtle to its foundation.

She had continued thus for a conſiderable time, when amidſt the uproar of the ſtorm, ſhe thought ſhe heard a voice, and, raiſing herſelf to liſten, ſaw the chamber door open, and Annette enter with a countenance of wild affright.

" She is dying, ma'amſelle, my lady is dying!" ſaid ſhe.

Emily ſtarted up, and ran to Madame Montoni's room. When ſhe entered, her aunt appeared to have fainted, for ſhe was quite ſtill, and inſenſible; and Emily with a ſtrength of mind, that refuſed to yield to grief while any duty required her activity, applied every means that ſeemed likely to reſtore her. But the laſt ſtruggle was over —ſhe was gone for ever.

When Emily perceived, that all her efforts were ineffectual, ſhe interrogated the terrified Annette, and learned, that Madame Montoni had fallen into a doze, ſoon after

after Emily's departure, in which ſhe had continued, until a few minutes before her death.

"I wondered, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "what was the reaſon my lady did not ſeem frightened at the thunder, when I was ſo terrified, and I went often to the bed to ſpeak to her, but ſhe appeared to be aſleep; till preſently I heard a ſtrange noiſe, and, on going to her, ſaw ſhe was dying."

Emily, at this recital, ſhed tears. She had no doubt but that the violent change in the air, which the tempeſt produced, had effected this fatal one, on the exhauſted frame of Madame Montoni.

After ſome deliberation, ſhe determined that Montoni ſhould not be informed of this event till the morning, for ſhe conſidered, that he might, perhaps, utter ſome inhuman expreſſions, ſuch as in the preſent temper of her ſpirits ſhe could not bear. With Annette alone, therefore, whom ſhe encouraged by her own example,

ple, she performed some of the last solemn offices for the dead, and compelled herself to watch during the night, by the body of her deceased aunt. During this solemn period, rendered more awful by the tremendous storm that shook the air, she frequently addressed herself to Heaven for support and protection, and her pious prayers, we may believe, were accepted of the God, that giveth comfort.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound."

MASON.

WHEN Montoni was informed of the death of his wife, and considered that she had died without giving him the signature so necessary to the accomplishment of his wishes, no sense of decency restrained the expression of his resentment. Emily anxiously avoided his presence, and watched, during two days and two nights, with little intermission, by the corpse of her late aunt. Her mind deeply impressed with the unhappy fate of this object, she forgot all her faults, her unjust and imperious conduct to herself; and, remembering only

her ſufferings, thought of her only with tender compaſſion. Sometimes, however, ſhe could not avoid muſing upon the ſtrange infatuation that had proved ſo fatal to her aunt, and had involved herſelf in a labyrinth of misfortune, from which ſhe ſaw no means of eſcaping,—the marriage with Montoni. But, when ſhe conſidered this circumſtance, it was "more in ſorrow than in anger,"—more for the purpoſe of indulging lamentation, than reproach.

In her pious cares ſhe was not diſturbed by Montoni, who not only avoided the chamber, where the remains of his wife were laid, but that part of the caſtle adjoining to it, as if he had apprehended a contagion in death. He ſeemed to have given no orders reſpecting the funeral, and Emily began to fear he meant to offer a new inſult to the memory of Madame Montoni; but from this apprehenſion ſhe was relieved, when, on the evening of the ſecond day, Annette informed her, that the interment was to take place that night.

She knew, that Montoni would not attend; and it was ſo very grievous to her to think that the remains of her unfortunate aunt would paſs to the grave without one relative, or friend to pay them the laſt decent rites, that ſhe determined to be deterred by no conſiderations for herſelf, from obſerving this duty. She would otherwiſe have ſhrunk from the circumſtance of following them to the cold vault, to which they were to be carried by men, whoſe air and countenances ſeemed to ſtamp them for murderers, at the midnight hour of ſilence and privacy, which Montoni had choſen for committing, if poſſible, to oblivion the reliques of a woman, whom his harſh conduct had, at leaſt, contributed to deſtroy.

Emily, ſhuddering with emotions of horror and grief, aſſiſted by Annette, prepared the corpſe for interment; and, having wrapt it in cerements, and covered it with a winding-ſheet, they watched beſide it, till paſt midnight, when they heard the approaching footſteps of the men, who

were to lay it in its earthy bed. It was with difficulty, that Emily overcame her emotion, when, the door of the chamber being thrown open, their gloomy countenances were ſeen by the glare of the torch they carried, and two of them, without ſpeaking, lifted the body on their ſhoulders, while the third preceding them with the light, deſcended through the caſtle towards the grave, which was in the lower vault of the chapel within the caſtle walls.

They had to croſs two courts, towards the eaſt wing of the caſtle, which, adjoining the chapel, was, like it, in ruins: but the ſilence and gloom of theſe courts had now little power over Emily's mind, occupied as it was, with more mournful ideas; and ſhe ſcarcely heard the low and diſmal hooting of the night-birds, that rooſted among the ivyed battlements of the ruin, or perceived the ſtill flittings of the bat, which frequently croſſed her way. But, when, having entered the chapel, and paſſed between the mouldering pillars of

the aiſles, the bearers ſtopped at a flight of ſteps, that led down to a low arched door, and, their comrade having deſcended to unlock it, ſhe ſaw imperfectly the gloomy abyſs beyond;—ſaw the corpſe of her aunt carried down theſe ſteps, and the ruffian-like figure, that ſtood with a torch at the bottom to receive it—all her fortitude was loſt in emotions of inexpreſſible grief and terror. She turned to lean upon Annette, who was cold and trembling like herſelf, and ſhe lingered ſo long on the ſummit of the flight, that the gleam of the torch began to die away on the pillars of the chapel, and the men were almoſt beyond her view. Then, the gloom around her awakening other fears, and a ſenſe of what ſhe conſidered to be her duty overcoming her reluctance, ſhe deſcended to the vaults, following the echo of footſteps and the faint ray, that pierced the darkneſs, till the harſh grating of a diſtant door, that was opened to receive the corpſe, again appalled her.

After

After the pauſe of a moment, ſhe went on, and, as ſhe entered the vaults, ſaw between the arches, at ſome diſtance, the men lay down the body near the edge of an open grave, where ſtood another of Montoni's men and a prieſt, whom ſhe did not obſerve, till he began the burial ſervice; then, lifting her eyes from the ground, ſhe ſaw the venerable figure of the friar, and heard him in a low voice, equally ſolemn and affecting, perform the ſervice for the dead. At the moment, in which they let down the body into the earth, the ſcene was ſuch as only the dark pencil of a Domenichino, perhaps, could have done juſtice to. The fierce features and wild dreſs of the *condottieri*, bending with their torches over the grave, into which the corpſe was deſcending, were contraſted by the venerable figure of the monk, wrapt in long black garments, his cowl thrown back from his pale face, on which the light gleaming ſtrongly ſhewed the lines of affliction ſoftened by piety, and the few grey locks, which time

had ſpared on his temples: while, beſide him, ſtood the ſofter form of Emily, who leaned for ſupport upon Annette; her face half averted, and ſhaded by a thin veil, that fell over her figure; and her mild and beautiful countenance fixed in grief ſo ſolemn as admitted not of tears, while ſhe thus ſaw committed untimely to the earth her laſt relative and friend. The gleams, thrown between the arches of the vaults, where, here and there, the broken ground marked the ſpots in which other bodies had been recently interred, and the general obſcurity beyond were circumſtances, that alone would have led on the imagination of a ſpectator to ſcenes more horrible, than even that, which was pictured at the grave of the miſguided and unfortunate Madame Montoni.

When the ſervice was over, the friar regarded Emily with attention and ſurpriſe, and looked as if he wiſhed to ſpeak to her, but was reſtrained by the preſence of the condottieri, who, as they now led the way

to

to the courts, amuſed themſelves with jokes upon his holy order, which he endured in ſilence, demanding only to be conducted ſafely to his convent, and to which Emily liſtened with concern and even horror. When they reached the court, the monk gave her his bleſſing, and, after a lingering look of pity, turned away to the portal, whither one of the men carried a torch; while Annette, lighting another, preceded Emily to her apartment. The appearance of the friar and the expreſſion of tender compaſſion, with which he had regarded her, had intereſted Emily, who, though it was at her earneſt ſupplication, that Montoni had conſented to allow a prieſt to perform the laſt rites for his deceaſed wife, knew nothing concerning this perſon, till Annette now informed her, that he belonged to a monaſtery, ſituated among the mountains at a few miles diſtance. The Superior, who regarded Montoni and his aſſociates, not only with averſion, but with terror, had probably feared to offend him

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by refuſing his requeſt, and had, therefore, ordered a monk to officiate at the funeral, who, with the meek ſpirit of a chriſtian, had overcome his reluctance to enter the walls of ſuch a caſtle, by the wiſh of performing what he conſidered to be his duty, and, as the chapel was built on conſecrated ground, had not objected to commit to it the remains of the late unhappy Madame Montoni.

Several days paſſed with Emily in total ſecluſion, and in a ſtate of mind partaking both of terror for herſelf, and grief for the departed. She, at length, determined to make other efforts to perſuade Montoni to permit her return to France. Why he ſhould wiſh to detain her, ſhe could ſcarcely dare to conjecture; but it was too certain that he did ſo, and the abſolute refuſal he had formerly given to her departure allowed her little hope, that he would now conſent to it. But the horror, which his preſence inſpired, made her defer, from day to day, the mention of this ſubject; and

at

at last she was awakened from her inactivity only by a message from him desiring her attendance at a certain hour. She began to hope he meant to resign, now that her aunt was no more, the authority he had usurped over her; till she recollected, that the estates, which had occasioned so much contention, were now hers, and she then feared Montoni was about to employ some stratagem for obtaining them, and that he would detain her his prisoner, till he succeeded. This thought, instead of overcoming her with despondency, roused all the latent powers of her fortitude into action; and the property, which she would willingly have resigned to secure the peace of her aunt, she resolved that no common sufferings of her own should ever compel her to give to Montoni. For Valancourt's sake also she determined to preserve these estates, since they would afford that competency, by which she hoped to secure the comfort of their future lives. As she thought of this, she indulged the tenderness

as often, and anticipated the delight of that moment, when, with affectionate generoſity, ſhe might tell him they were his own. She ſaw the ſmile, that lighted up his features—the affectionate regard, which ſpoke at once his joy and thanks; and at this inſtant ſhe believed ſhe could brave any ſuffering, which the evil ſpirit of Montoni might be preparing for her. Remembering then, for the firſt time ſince her aunt's death, the papers relative to the eſtates in queſtion, ſhe determined to ſearch for them, as ſoon as her interview with Montoni was over.

With theſe reſolutions ſhe met him at the appointed time, and waited to hear his intention before ſhe renewed her requeſt. With him were Orſino and another officer, and both were ſtanding near a table, covered with papers, which he appeared to be examining.

"I ſent for you, Emily," ſaid Montoni, raiſing his head, "that you might be a witneſs in ſome buſineſs, which I am tranſacting

acting with my friend Orsino. All that is required of you will be to sign your name to this paper:" he then took one up, hurried unintelligibly over some lines, and, laying it before her on the table, offered her a pen. She took it, and was going to write—when the design of Montoni came upon her mind like a flash of lightning; she trembled, let the pen fall, and refused to sign what she had not read. Montoni affected to laugh at her scruples, and taking up the paper again pretended to read; but Emily, who still trembled on perceiving her danger, and was astonished, that her own credulity had so nearly betrayed her, positively refused to sign any paper whatever. Montoni, for some time, persevered in affecting to ridicule this refusal; but, when he perceived by her steady perseverance, that she understood his design, he changed his manner, and bade her follow him to another room. There he told her, that he had been willing to spare himself and her the trouble of useless con-

teſt, in an affair, where his will was juſtice, and where ſhe ſhould find it law; and had, therefore, endeavoured to perſuade, rather than to compel, her to the practice of her duty.

"I, as the huſband of the late Signora Montoni," he added, "am the heir of all ſhe poſſeſſed; the eſtates, therefore, which ſhe refuſed to me in her life-time, can no longer be withheld, and, for your own ſake, I would undeceive you, reſpecting a fooliſh aſſertion ſhe once made to you in my hearing—that theſe eſtates would be yours, if ſhe died without reſigning them to me. She knew at that moment, ſhe had no power to withhold them from me, after her deceaſe; and I think you have more ſenſe, than to provoke my reſentment by advancing an unjuſt claim. I am not in the habit of flattering, and you will, therefore, receive, as ſincere, the praiſe I beſtow, when I ſay, that you poſſeſs an underſtanding ſuperior to that of your ſex; and that you have none of thoſe contemptible foibles,

foibles, that frequently mark the female character—ſuch as avarice and the love of power, which latter makes women delight to contradict and to teaſe, when they cannot conquer. If I underſtand your diſpoſition and your mind, you hold in ſovereign contempt theſe common failings of your ſex."

Montoni pauſed; and Emily remained ſilent and expecting; for ſhe knew him too well, to believe he would condeſcend to ſuch flattery, unleſs he thought it would promote his own intereſt; and, though he had forborne to name vanity among the foibles of women, it was evident, that he conſidered it to be a predominant one, ſince he deſigned to ſacrifice to hers the character and underſtanding of her whole ſex.

"Judging as I do," reſumed Montoni, "I cannot believe you will oppoſe, where you know you cannot conquer, or, indeed, that you would wiſh to conquer, or be avaricious of any property, when you have not

not juſtice on your ſide. I think it proper, however, to acquaint you with the alternative. If you have a juſt opinion of the ſubject in queſtion, you ſhall be allowed a ſafe conveyance to France, within a ſhort period; but, if you are ſo unhappy as to be miſled by the late aſſertion of the Signora, you ſhall remain my priſoner, till you are convinced of your error."

Emily calmly ſaid,

"I am not ſo ignorant, Signor, of the laws on this ſubject, as to be miſled by the aſſertion of any perſon. The law, in the preſent inſtance, gives me the eſtates in queſtion, and my own hand ſhall never betray my right."

"I have been miſtaken in my opinion of you, it appears," rejoined Montoni, ſternly. "You ſpeak boldly, and preſumptuouſly, upon a ſubject, which you do not underſtand. For once, I am willing to pardon the conceit of ignorance; the weakneſs of your ſex, too, from which, it ſeems, you are not exempt, claims ſome allowance;

allowance; but, if you perſiſt in this ſtrain —you have every thing to fear from my juſtice."

"From your juſtice, Signor," rejoined Emily, "I have nothing to fear—I have only to hope."

Montoni looked at her with vexation, and ſeemed conſidering what to ſay. "I find that you are weak enough," he reſumed, "to credit the idle aſſertion I alluded to! For your own ſake I lament this; as to me, it is of little conſequence. Your credulity can puniſh only yourſelf; and I muſt pity the weakneſs of mind, which leads you to ſo much ſuffering as you are compelling me to prepare for you."

"You may find, perhaps, Signor," ſaid Emily, with mild dignity, "that the ſtrength of my mind is equal to the juſtice of my cauſe; and that I can endure with fortitude, when it is in reſiſtance of oppreſſion."

"You ſpeak like a heroine," ſaid Montoni,

toni, contemptuouſly; "we ſhall ſee whether you can ſuffer like one."

Emily was ſilent, and he left the room.

Recollecting, that it was for Valancourt's ſake ſhe had thus reſiſted, ſhe now ſmiled complacently upon the threatened ſufferings, and retired to the ſpot, which her aunt had pointed out as the repoſitory of the papers, relative to the eſtates, where ſhe found them as deſcribed; and, ſince ſhe knew of no better place of concealment, than this, returned them, without examining their contents, being fearful of diſcovery, while ſhe ſhould attempt a peruſal.

To her own ſolitary chamber ſhe once more returned, and there thought again of the late converſation with Montoni, and of the evil ſhe might expect from oppoſition to his will. But his power did not appear ſo terrible to her imagination, as it was wont to do: a ſacred pride was in her heart, that taught it to ſwell againſt the preſſure of injuſtice, and almoſt to glory in the

the quiet ſufferance of ills, in a cauſe, which had alſo the intereſt of Valancourt for its object. For the firſt time, ſhe felt the full extent of her own ſuperiority to Montoni, and deſpiſed the authority, which, till now, ſhe had only feared.

As ſhe ſat muſing, a peal of laughter roſe from the terrace, and, on going to the caſement, ſhe ſaw, with inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, three ladies, dreſſed in the gala habit of Venice, walking with ſeveral gentlemen below. She gazed in an aſtoniſhment that made her remain at the window, regardleſs of being obſerved, till the group paſſed under it; and, one of the ſtrangers looking up, ſhe perceived the features of Signora Livona, with whoſe manners ſhe had been ſo much charmed, the day after her arrival at Venice, and who had been there introduced at the table of Montoni. This diſcovery occaſioned her an emotion of doubtful joy; for it was matter of joy and comfort to know, that a perſon, of a mind ſo gentle, as that of Signora Livona ſeemed

ed to be, was near her; yet there was ſomething ſo extraordinary in her being at this caſtle, circumſtanced as it now was, and evidently, by the gaiety of her air, with her own conſent, that a very painful ſurmiſe aroſe, concerning her character. But the thought was ſo ſhocking to Emily, whoſe affection the faſcinating manners of the Signora had won, and appeared ſo improbable, when ſhe remembered theſe manners, that ſhe diſmiſſed it almoſt inſtantly.

On Annette's appearance, however, ſhe enquired, concerning theſe ſtrangers; and the former was as eager to tell, as Emily was to learn.

"They are juſt come, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "with two Signors from Venice, and I was glad to ſee ſuch Chriſtian faces once again.—But what can they mean by coming here? They muſt ſurely be ſtark mad to come freely to ſuch a place as this! Yet they do come freely, for they ſeem merry enough, I am ſure."

"They

" They were taken priſoners, perhaps?" ſaid Emily.

" Taken priſoners!" exclaimed Annette; " no, indeed, ma'amſelle, not they. I remember one of them very well at Venice: ſhe came two or three times to the Signor's, you know, ma'amſelle, and it was ſaid, but I did not believe a word of it—it was ſaid that the Signor liked her better than he ſhould do. Then why, ſays I, bring her to my lady? Very true, ſaid Ludovico; but he looked as if he knew more, too."

Emily deſired Annette would endeavour to learn who theſe ladies were, as well as all ſhe could concerning them; and ſhe then changed the ſubject, and ſpoke of diſtant France.

" Ah, ma'amſelle! we ſhall never ſee it more!" ſaid Annette, almoſt weeping.—" I muſt come on my travels, forſooth!"

Emily tried to ſooth and to cheer her, with a hope, in which ſhe ſcarcely herſelf indulged.

" How

" How—how, ma'amſelle, could you leave France, and leave Monſ. Valancourt, too?" ſaid Annette, ſobbing. " I—I—am ſure, if Ludovico had been in France, I would never have left it."

" Why do you lament quitting France, then?" ſaid Emily, trying to ſmile, " ſince, if you had remained there, you would not have found Ludovico?"

" Ah, ma'amſelle! I only wiſh I was out of this frightful caſtle, ſerving you in France, and I would care about nothing elſe!"

" Thank you, my good Annette, for your affectionate regard; the time will come, I hope, when you may remember the expreſſion of that wiſh with pleaſure."

Annette departed on her buſineſs, and Emily ſought to loſe the ſenſe of her own cares, in the viſionary ſcenes of the poet; but ſhe had again to lament the irreſiſtible force of circumſtances over the taſte and powers of the mind; and that it requires a ſpirit at eaſe to be ſenſible even to the abſtract

abſtract pleaſures of pure intellect. The enthuſiaſm of genius, with all its pictured ſcenes, now appeared cold, and dim. As ſhe muſed upon the book before her, ſhe involuntarily exclaimed, "Are theſe, indeed, the paſſages, that have ſo often given me exquiſite delight? Where did the charm exiſt?—Was it in my mind, or in the imagination of the poet? It lived in each," ſaid ſhe, pauſing. "But the fire of the poet is vain, if the mind of his reader is not tempered like his own, however it may be inferior to his in power."

Emily would have purſued this train of thinking, becauſe it relieved her from more painful reflection, but ſhe found again, that thought cannot always be controlled by will; and hers returned to the conſideration of her own ſituation.

In the evening, not chooſing to venture down to the ramparts, where ſhe would be expoſed to the rude gaze of Montoni's aſſociates, ſhe walked for air in the gallery, adjoining her chamber; on reaching the further

further end of which ſhe heard diſtant ſounds of merriment and laughter. It was the wild uproar of riot, not the cheering gaiety of tempered mirth; and ſeemed to come from that part of the caſtle where Montoni uſually was. Such ſounds at this time, when her aunt had been ſo few days dead, particularly ſhocked her, conſiſtent as they were with the late conduct of Montoni.

As ſhe liſtened, ſhe thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed female voices mingling with the laughter, and this confirmed her worſt ſurmiſe, concerning the character of Signora Livona and her companions. It was evident, that they had not been brought hither by compulſion; and ſhe beheld herſelf in the remote wilds of the Apennine, ſurrounded by men, whom ſhe conſidered to be little leſs than ruffians, and their worſt aſſociates, amid ſcenes of vice, from which her ſoul recoiled in horror. It was at this moment, when the ſcenes of the preſent and the future opened to her imagination,

tion, that the image of Valancourt failed in its influence, and her reſolution ſhook with dread. She thought ſhe underſtood all the horrors, which Montoni was preparing for her, and ſhrunk from an encounter with ſuch remorſeleſs vengeance, as he could inflict. The diſputed eſtates ſhe now almoſt determined to yield at once, whenever he ſhould again call upon her, that ſhe might regain ſafety and freedom; but, then, the remembrance of Valancourt would ſteal to her heart, and plunge her into the diſtractions of doubt.

She continued walking in the gallery, till evening threw its melancholy twilight through the painted caſements, and deepened the gloom of the oak wainſcoting around her; while the diſtant perſpective of the corridor was ſo much obſcured, as to be diſcernible only by the glimmering window, that terminated it.

Along the vaulted halls and paſſages below, peals of laughter echoed faintly, at intervals, to this remote part of the caſtle, and

and ſeemed to render the ſucceeding ſtillneſs more dreary. Emily, however, unwilling to return to her more forlorn chamber, whither Annette was not yet come, ſtill paced the gallery. As ſhe paſſed the door of the apartment, where ſhe had once dared to lift the veil, which diſcovered to her a ſpectacle ſo horrible, that ſhe had never after remembered it, but with emotions of indeſcribable awe, this remembrance ſuddenly recurred. It now brought with it reflections more terrible, than it had yet done, which the late conduct of Montoni occaſioned; and, haſtening to quit the gallery, while ſhe had power to do ſo, ſhe heard a ſudden ſtep behind her.—It might be that of Annette; but, turning fearfully to look, ſhe ſaw, through the gloom, a tall figure following her, and all the horrors of that chamber ruſhed upon her mind. In the next moment, ſhe found herſelf claſped in the arms of ſome perſon, and heard a deep voice murmur in her ear.

When ſhe had power to ſpeak, or to diſtinguiſh

tinguiſh articulated ſounds, ſhe demanded who detained her.

" It is I," replied the voice—" Why are you thus alarmed ?"

She looked on the face of the perſon who ſpoke, but the feeble light, that gleamed through the high caſement at the end of the gallery, did not permit her to diſtinguiſh the features.

" Whoever you are," ſaid Emily, in a trembling voice, " for heaven's ſake let me go !"

" My charming Emily," ſaid the man, " why will you ſhut yourſelf up in this obſcure place, when there is ſo much gaiety below ? Return with me to the cedar parlour, where you will be the faireſt ornament of the party ;—you ſhall not repent the exchange."

Emily diſdained to reply, and ſtill endeavoured to liberate herſelf.

" Promiſe, that you will come," he continued, " and I will releaſe you imme-

 diately ;

diately; but firſt give me a reward for ſo doing."

"Who are you?" demanded Emily, in a tone of mingled terror and indignation, while ſhe ſtill ſtruggled for liberty—"who are you, that have the cruelty thus to inſult me?"

"Why call me cruel?" ſaid the man, "I would remove you from this dreary ſolitude to a merry party below. Do you not know me?"

Emily now faintly remembered, that he was one of the officers who were with Montoni when ſhe attended him in the morning. "I thank you for the kindneſs of your intention," ſhe replied, without appearing to underſtand him, "but I wiſh for nothing ſo much as that you would leave me."

"Charming Emily!" ſaid he, "give up this fooliſh whim for ſolitude, and come with me to the company, and eclipſe the beauties, who make part of it; you, only, are

are worthy of my love." He attempted to kiſs her hand, but the ſtrong impulſe of her indignation gave her power to liberate herſelf, and ſhe fled towards the chamber. She cloſed the door, before he reached it, having ſecured which, ſhe ſunk in a chair, overcome by terror and by the exertion ſhe had made, while ſhe heard his voice, and his attempts to open the door, without having the power to raiſe herſelf. At length, ſhe perceived him depart, and had remained, liſtening, for a conſiderable time, and was ſomewhat revived by not hearing any ſound, when ſuddenly ſhe remembered the door of the private ſtair-caſe, and that he might enter that way, ſince it was faſtened only on the other ſide. She then employed herſelf in endeavouring to ſecure it, in the manner ſhe had formerly done. It appeared to her, that Montoni had already commenced his ſcheme of vengeance, by withdrawing from her his protection, and ſhe repented of the raſhneſs, that had made her brave the power of ſuch a man.

To retain the eſtates ſeemed to be now utterly impoſſible; and to preſerve her life, perhaps her honour, ſhe reſolved, if ſhe ſhould eſcape the horrors of this night, to give up all claims to the eſtates, on the morrow, provided Montoni would ſuffer her to depart from Udolpho.

When ſhe had come to this deciſion, her mind became more compoſed, though ſhe ſtill anxiouſly liſtened, and often ſtarted at ideal ſounds, that appeared to iſſue from the ſtair-caſe.

Having ſat in darkneſs for ſome hours, during all which time Annette did not appear, ſhe began to have ſerious apprehenſions for her; but, not daring to venture down into the caſtle, was compelled to remain in uncertainty, as to the cauſe of this unuſual abſence.

Emily often ſtole to the ſtair-caſe door, to liſten if any ſtep approached, but ſtill no ſound alarmed her; determining, however, to watch, during the night, ſhe once more reſted on her dark and deſolate couch,

and

and bathed the pillow with innocent tears. She thought of her deceaſed parents and then of the abſent Valancourt, and frequently called upon their names; for the profound ſtillneſs, that now reigned, was propitious to the muſing ſorrow of her mind.

While ſhe thus remained, her ear ſuddenly caught the notes of diſtant muſic, to which ſhe liſtened attentively, and, ſoon perceiving this to be the inſtrument ſhe had formerly heard at midnight, ſhe roſe, and ſtepped ſoftly to the caſement, to which the ſounds appeared to come from a lower room.

In a few moments, their ſoft melody was accompanied by a voice ſo full of pathos, that it evidently ſang not of imaginary ſorrows. Its ſweet and peculiar tones ſhe thought ſhe had ſomewhere heard before; yet, if this was not fancy, it was, at moſt, a very faint recollection. It ſtole over her mind, amidſt the anguiſh of her preſent ſuffering, like a celeſtial ſtrain, ſooth-

ing, and re-aſſuring her:—"Pleaſant as the gale of ſpring, that ſighs on the hunter's ear, when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the muſic of the ſpirits of the hill *."

But her emotion can ſcarcely be imagined, when ſhe heard ſung, with the taſte and ſimplicity of true feeling, one of the popular airs of her native province, to which ſhe had ſo often liſtened with delight, when a child, and which ſhe had ſo often heard her father repeat! To this well-known ſong, never, till now, heard but in her native country, her heart melted, while the memory of paſt times returned. The pleaſant, peaceful ſcenes of Gaſcony, the tenderneſs and goodneſs of her parents, the taſte and ſimplicity of her former life—all roſe to her fancy, and formed a picture, ſo ſweet and glowing, ſo ſtrikingly contraſted with the ſcenes, the characters and the dangers, which now ſurrounded her—that her mind could not bear to pauſe upon

* Offian.

the

the retroſpect, and ſhrunk at the acuteneſs of its own ſufferings.

Her ſighs were deep and convulſed; ſhe could no longer liſten to the ſtrain, that had ſo often charmed her to tranquillity, and ſhe withdrew from the caſement to a remote part of the chamber. But ſhe was not yet beyond the reach of the muſic; ſhe heard the meaſure change, and the ſucceeding air called her again to the window, for ſhe immediately recollected it to be the ſame ſhe had formerly heard in the fiſhing-houſe in Gaſcony. Aſſiſted, perhaps, by the myſtery, which had then accompanied this ſtrain, it had made ſo deep an impreſſion on her memory, that ſhe had never ſince entirely forgotten it; and the manner in which it was now ſung, convinced her, however unaccountable the circumſtance appeared, that this was the ſame voice ſhe had then heard. Surpriſe ſoon yielded to other emotions; a thought darted, like lightning, upon her mind, which diſcovered a train of hopes, that re-

vived all her ſpirits. Yet theſe hopes were ſo new, ſo unexpected, ſo aſtoniſhing, that ſhe did not dare to truſt, though ſhe could not reſolve to diſcourage them. She ſat down by the caſement, breathleſs, and overcome with the alternate emotions of hope and fear; then roſe again, leaned from the window, that ſhe might catch a nearer ſound, liſtened, now doubting and then believing, ſoftly exclaimed the name of Valancourt, and then ſunk again into the chair. Yes, it was poſſible, that Valancourt was near her, and ſhe recollected circumſtances, which induced her to believe it was his voice ſhe had juſt heard. She remembered he had more than once ſaid that the fiſhing-houſe, where ſhe had formerly liſtened to this voice and air, and where ſhe had ſeen pencilled ſonnets, addreſſed to herſelf, had been his favourite haunt, before he had been made known to her; there, too, ſhe had herſelf unexpectedly met him. It appeared, from theſe circumſtances, more than probable, that he was

was the muſician, who had formerly charmed her attention, and the author of the lines, which had expreſſed ſuch tender admiration;—who elſe, indeed, could it be? She was unable, at that time, to form a conjecture, as to the writer; but ſince her acquaintance with Valancourt, whenever he had mentioned the fiſhing-houſe to have been known to him, ſhe had not ſcrupled to believe that he was the author of the ſonnets.

As theſe conſiderations paſſed over her mind, joy, fear and tenderneſs contended at her heart; ſhe leaned again from the caſement to catch the ſounds, which might confirm, or deſtroy her hope, though ſhe did not recollect to have ever heard him ſing; but the voice, and the inſtrument, now ceaſed.

She conſidered for a moment whether ſhe ſhould venture to ſpeak: then, not chooſing, leſt it ſhould be he, to mention his name, and yet too much intereſted to neglect the opportunity of enquiring, ſhe

called from the caſement, "Is that ſong from Gaſcony?" Her anxious attention was not cheered by any reply; every thing remained ſilent. Her impatience increaſing with her fears, ſhe repeated the queſtion; but ſtill no ſound was heard, except the ſighings of the wind among the battlements above; and ſhe endeavoured to conſole herſelf with a belief, that the ſtranger, whoever he was, had retired, before ſhe had ſpoken, beyond the reach of her voice, which, it appeared certain, had Valancourt heard and recognized, he would inſtantly have replied to. Preſently, however, ſhe conſidered, that a motive of prudence, and not an accidental removal, might occaſion his ſilence; but the ſurmiſe, that led to this reflection, ſuddenly changed her hope and joy to terror and grief; for, if Valancourt were in the caſtle, it was too probable, that he was here a priſoner, taken with ſome of his countrymen, many of whom were at that time engaged in the wars of Italy, or intercepted

tercepted in ſome attempt to reach her. Had he even recollected Emily's voiee, he would have feared, in theſe circumſtances, to reply to it, in the preſence of the men, who guarded his priſon.

What ſo lately ſhe had eagerly hoped ſhe now believed ſhe dreaded;—dreaded to know, that Valancourt was near her; and, while ſhe was anxious to be relieved from her apprehenſion for his ſafety, ſhe ſtill was unconſcious, that a hope of ſoon ſeeing him, ſtruggled with the fear.

She remained liſtening at the caſement, till the air began to freſhen, and one high mountain in the eaſt to glimmer with the morning; when, wearied with anxiety, ſhe retired to her couch, where ſhe found it utterly impoſſible to ſleep, for joy, tenderneſs, doubt and apprehenſion, diſtracted her during the whole night. Now ſhe roſe from the couch, and opened the caſement to liſten; then ſhe would pace the room with impatient ſteps, and, at length, return with deſpondence to her pillow. Never

did hours appear to move ſo heavily, as thoſe of this anxious night; after which ſhe hoped that Annette might appear, and conclude her preſent ſtate of torturing ſuſpenſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

"..... might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs."

MILTON.

IN the morning, Emily was relieved from her fears for Annette, who came at an early hour.

"Here were fine doings in the caſtle, laſt night, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe entered the room,—"fine doings, indeed! Was you not frightened, ma'amſelle, at not ſeeing me?"

"I was alarmed both on your account and on my own," replied Emily—"What detained you?"

"Aye,

"Aye, I ſaid ſo, I told him ſo; but it would not do. It was not my fault, indeed, ma'amſelle, for I could not get out. That rogue Ludovico locked me up again."

"Locked you up!" ſaid Emily, with diſpleaſure, "Why do you permit Ludovico to lock you up?"

"Holy Saints!" exclaimed Annette, "how can I help it! If he will lock the door, ma'amſelle, and take away the key, how am I to get out, unleſs I jump through the window? But that I ſhould not mind ſo much, if the caſements here were not all ſo high; one can hardly ſcramble up to them on the inſide, and one ſhould break one's neck, I ſuppoſe, going down on the outſide. But you know, I dare ſay, ma'am, what a hurly burly the caſtle was in, laſt night; you muſt have heard ſome of the uproar."

"What, were they diſputing, then?" ſaid Emily.

"No, ma'amſelle, not fighting, but almoſt

moſt as good, for I believe there was not one of the Signors ſober; and what is more, not one of thoſe fine ladies ſober, either. I thought, when I ſaw them firſt, that all thoſe fine ſilks and fine veils,—why, ma'amſelle, their veils were worked with ſilver! and fine trimmings—boded no good—I gueſſed what they were!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Emily, "what will become of me!"

"Aye, ma'am, Ludovico ſaid much the ſame thing of me. Good God! ſaid he, Annette, what is to become of you, if you are to go running about the caſtle among all theſe drunken Signors?"

"O! ſays I, for that matter, I only want to go to my young lady's chamber, and I have only to go, you know, along the vaulted paſſage and acroſs the great hall and up the marble ſtair-caſe and along the north gallery and through the weſt wing of the caſtle, and I am in the corridor in a minute." "Are you ſo? ſays he, and what is to become of you, if you

you meet any of thoſe noble cavaliers in the way ?" " Well, ſays I, if you think there is danger, then, go with me, and guard me; I am never afraid when you are by." " What ! ſays he, when I am ſcarcely recovered of one wound, ſhall I put myſelf in the way of getting another ? for if any of the cavaliers meet you, they will fall a-fighting with me directly. No, no, ſays he, I will cut the way ſhorter, than through the vaulted paſſage and up the marble ſtair-caſe and along the north gallery and through the weſt wing of the caſtle, for you ſhall ſtay here, Annette; you ſhall not go out of this room, to-night." " So, with that I ſays"——

" Well, well," ſaid Emily, impatiently, and anxious to enquire on another ſubject, —" ſo he locked you up ?"

" Yes, he did indeed, ma'amſelle, notwithſtanding all I could ſay to the contrary; and Catarina and I and he ſtaid there all night. And in a few minutes after I was not ſo vexed, for there came Signor Verezzi

rezzi roaring along the paſſage, like a mad bull, and he miſtook Ludovico's hall, for old Carlo's; ſo he tried to burſt open the door, and called out for more wine, for that he had drunk all the flaſks dry, and was dying of thirſt. So we were all as ſtill as night, that he might ſuppoſe there was nobody in the room; but the Signor was as cunning as the beſt of us, and kept calling out at the door, "Come forth, my antient hero!" ſaid he, "here is no enemy at the gate, that you need hide yourſelf: come forth, my valorous Signor Steward!" Juſt then old Carlo opened his door, and he came with a flaſk in his hand; for, as ſoon as the Signor ſaw him, he was as tame as could be, and followed him away as naturally as a dog does a butcher with a piece of meat in his baſket. All this I ſaw through the key-hole. Well, Annette, ſaid Ludovico, jeeringly, ſhall I let you out now? O no, ſays I, I would not"——

"I have ſome queſtions to aſk you on another

another ſubject," interrupted Emily, quite wearied by this ſtory. "Do you know whether there are any priſoners in the caſtle, and whether they are confined at this end of the edifice?"

"I was not in the way, ma'amſelle," replied Annette, "when the firſt party came in from the mountains, and the laſt party is not come back yet, ſo I don't know, whether there are any priſoners; but it is expected back to-night, or to-morrow, and I ſhall know then, perhaps."

Emily enquired if ſhe had ever heard the ſervants talk of priſoners.

"Ah ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette archly, "now I dare ſay you are thinking of Monſieur Valancourt, and that he may have come among the armies, which, they ſay, are come from our country, to fight againſt this ſtate, and that he has met with ſome of *our* people, and is taken captive. O Lord! how glad I ſhould be, if it was ſo!"

"Would you, indeed, be glad?" ſaid Emily, in a tone of mournful reproach.

"To

"To be ſure I ſhould, ma'am," replied Annette, "and would not you be glad too, to ſee Signor Valancourt? I don't know any chevalier I like better, I have a very great regard for the Signor, truly."

"Your regard for him cannot be doubted," ſaid Emily, "ſince you wiſh to ſee him a priſoner."

"Why no, ma'amſelle, not a priſoner either; but one muſt be glad to ſee him, you know. And it was only the other night I dreamt—I dreamt I ſaw him drive into the caſtle-yard all in a coach and ſix, and dreſſed out, with a laced coat and a ſword, like a lord as he is."

Emily could not forbear ſmiling at Annette's ideas of Valancourt, and repeated her enquiry, whether ſhe had heard the ſervants talk of priſoners.

"No, ma'amſelle," replied ſhe, "never; and lately they have done nothing but talk of the apparition, that has been walking about of a night on the ramparts, and that frightened the ſentinels into fits. It came among

among them like a flash of fire, they say, and they all fell down in a row, till they came to themselves again; and then it was gone, and nothing to be seen but the old castle walls; so they helped one another up again as fast as they could. You would not believe, ma'amselle, though I shewed you the very cannon, where it used to appear."

"And are you, indeed, so simple, Annette," said Emily, smiling at this curious exaggeration of the circumstance she had witnessed, "as to credit these stories?"

"Credit them, ma'amselle! why all the world could not persuade me out of them. Roberto and Sebastian, and half a dozen more of them went into fits! To be sure, there was no occasion for that; I said, myself, there was no need of that, for, says I, when the enemy comes, what a pretty figure they will cut, if they are to fall down in fits, all of a row! The enemy won't be so civil, perhaps, as to walk off, like the ghost, and leave them to help one another up, but will fall to, cutting and slashing,

ſlaſhing, till he makes them all riſe up dead men. No, no, ſays I, there is reaſon in all things: though I might have fallen down in a fit, that was no rule for them, being, becauſe it is no buſineſs of mine to look gruff, and fight battles."

Emily endeavoured to correct the ſuperſtitious weakneſs of Annette, though ſhe could not entirely ſubdue her own; to which the latter only replied, "Nay, ma'amſelle, you will believe nothing; you are almoſt as bad as the Signor himſelf, who was in a great paſſion when they told him of what had happened, and ſwore that the firſt man, who repeated ſuch nonſenſe, ſhould be thrown into the dungeon under the eaſt turret. This was a hard puniſhment too, for only talking nonſenſe, as he called it; but I dare ſay he had other reaſons for calling it ſo, than you have, ma'am."

Emily looked diſpleaſed, and made no reply. As ſhe muſed upon the recollected appearance, which had lately ſo much alarmed

alarmed her, and conſidered the circumſtances of the figure having ſtationed itſelf oppoſite to her caſement, ſhe was for a moment inclined to believe it was Valancourt, whom ſhe had ſeen. Yet, if it was he, why did he not ſpeak to her, when he had the opportunity of doing ſo—and, if he was a priſoner in the caſtle, and he could be here in no other character, how could he obtain the means of walking abroad on the rampart? Thus ſhe was utterly unable to decide, whether the muſician and the form ſhe had obſerved, were the ſame, or, if they were, whether this was Valancourt. She, however, deſired that Annette would endeavour to learn whether any priſoners were in the caſtle, and alſo their names.

"O dear, ma'amſelle!" ſaid Annette, "I forget to tell you what you bade me aſk about, the ladies, as they call themſelves, who are lately come to Udolpho. Why that Signora Livona, that the Signor brought to ſee my late lady at Venice, is

his miſtreſs now, and was little better then, I dare ſay. And Ludovico ſays (but pray be ſecret, ma'am) that his *Excellenza* introduced her only to impoſe upon the world, that had begun to make free with her character. So when people ſaw my lady notice her, they thought what they had heard muſt be ſcandal. The other two are the miſtreſſes of Signor Verezzi and Signor Bertolini; and Signor Montoni invited them all to the caſtle; and ſo, yeſterday, he gave a great entertainment; and there they were, all drinking Tuſcany wine and all ſorts, and laughing and ſinging, till they made the caſtle ring again. But I thought they were diſmal ſounds, ſo ſoon after my poor lady's death too; and they brought to my mind what ſhe would have thought, if ſhe had heard them—but ſhe cannot hear them now, poor ſoul! ſaid I."

Emily turned away to conceal her emotion, and then deſired Annette to go, and make enquiry, concerning the priſoners, that

that might be in the caſtle, but conjured her to do it with caution, and on no account to mention her name, or that of Monſieur Valancourt.

"Now I think of it, ma'amſelle," ſaid Annette, "I do believe there are priſoners, for I overheard one of the Signor's men, yeſterday, in the ſervants hall, talking ſomething about ranſoms, and ſaying what a fine thing it was for his *Excellenza* to catch up men, and they were as good booty as any other, becauſe of the ranſoms. And the other man was grumbling, and ſaying it was fine enough for the Signor, but none ſo fine for his ſoldiers, becauſe, ſaid he, we don't go ſhares there."

This information heightened Emily's impatience to know more, and Annette immediately departed on her enquiry.

The late reſolution of Emily to reſign her eſtates to Montoni, now gave way to new conſiderations; the poſſibility, that Valancourt was near her, revived her fortitude, and ſhe determined to brave the threatened

threatened vengeance, at leaſt, till ſhe could be aſſured whether he was really in the caſtle. She was in this temper of mind, when ſhe received a meſſage from Montoni, requiring her attendance in the cedar parlour, which ſhe obeyed with trembling, and, on her way thither, endeavoured to animate her fortitude with the idea of Valancourt.

Montoni was alone. "I ſent for you," ſaid he, "to give you another opportunity of retracting your late miſtaken aſſertions concerning the Languedoc eſtates. I will condeſcend to adviſe, where I may command.—If you are really deluded by an opinion, that you have any right to theſe eſtates, at leaſt, do not perſiſt in the error—an error, which you may perceive, too late, has been fatal to you. Dare my reſentment no further, but ſign the papers."

"If I have no right in theſe eſtates, ſir," ſaid Emily, "of what ſervice can it be to you, that I ſhould ſign any papers, concerning them? If the lands are yours by

law, you certainly may poſſeſs them, without my interference, or my conſent."

"I will have no more argument," ſaid Montoni, with a look that made her tremble. "What had I but trouble to expect, when I condeſcended to reaſon with a baby! But I will be trifled with no longer: let the recollection of your aunt's ſufferings, in conſequence of her folly and obſtinacy, teach you a leſſon.—Sign the papers."

Emily's reſolution was for a moment awed:—ſhe ſhrunk at the recollections he revived, and from the vengeance he threatened; but then, the image of Valancourt, who ſo long had loved her, and who was now, perhaps, ſo near her, came to her heart, and, together with the ſtrong feelings of indignation, with which ſhe had always, from her infancy, regarded an act of injuſtice, inſpired her with a noble, though imprudent, courage.

"Sign the papers," ſaid Montoni, more impatiently than before.

"Never, ſir," replied Emily; "that requeſt

queſt would have proved to me the injuſtice of your claim, had I even been ignorant of my right."

Montoni turned pale with anger, while his quivering lip and lurking eye made her almoſt repent the boldneſs of her ſpeech.

"Then all my vengeance falls upon you," he exclaimed, with an horrible oath. "And think not it ſhall be delayed. Neither the eſtates in Languedoc, or Gaſcony, ſhall be yours; you have dared to queſtion my right,—now dare to queſtion my power. I have a puniſhment which you think not of; it is terrible! This night—this very night"——

"This night!" repeated another voice.

Montoni pauſed, and turned half round, but, ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he proceeded in a lower tone.

"You have lately ſeen one terrible example of obſtinacy and folly; yet this, it appears, has not been ſufficient to deter you.——I could tell you of others——

I could make you tremble at the bare recital."

He was interrupted by a groan, which ſeemed to riſe from underneath the chamber they were in; and, as he threw a glance round it, impatience and rage flaſhed from his eyes, yet ſomething like a ſhade of fear paſſed over his countenance. Emily ſat down in a chair, near the door, for the various emotions ſhe had ſuffered now almoſt overcame her; but Montoni pauſed ſcarcely an inſtant, and, commanding his features, reſumed his diſcourſe in a lower, yet ſterner voice.

"I ſay, I could give you other inſtances of my power and of my character, which it ſeems you do not underſtand, or you would not defy me.—I could tell you, that when once my reſolution is taken—but I am talking to a baby. Let me, however, repeat, that terrible as are the examples I could recite, the recital could not now benefit you; for, though your repentance

pentance would put an immediate end to oppoſition, it would not now appeaſe my indignation.—I will have vengeance as well as juſtice."

Another groan filled the pauſe which Montoni made.

"Leave the room inſtantly!" ſaid he, ſeeming not to notice this ſtrange occurrence. Without power to implore his pity, ſhe roſe to go, but found that ſhe could not ſupport herſelf; awe and terror overcame her, and ſhe ſunk again into the chair.

"Quit my preſence!" cried Montoni. "This affectation of fear ill becomes the heroine who has juſt dared to brave my indignation."

"Did you hear nothing, Signor?" ſaid Emily, trembling, and ſtill unable to leave the room.

"I heard my own voice," rejoined Montoni, ſternly.

"And nothing elſe?" ſaid Emily, ſpeak-

ing with difficulty.—" There again! Do you hear nothing now?"

" Obey my order," repeated Montoni. " And for theſe fool's tricks—I will ſoon diſcover by whom they are practiſed."

Emily again roſe, and exerted herſelf to the utmoſt to leave the room, while Montoni followed her; but, inſtead of calling aloud to his ſervants to ſearch the chamber, as he had formerly done on a ſimilar occurrence, paſſed to the ramparts.

As, in her way to the corridor, ſhe reſted for a moment at an open caſement, Emily ſaw a party of Montoni's troops winding down a diſtant mountain, whom ſhe noticed no further than as they brought to her mind the wretched priſoners they were, perhaps, bringing to the caſtle. At length, having reached her apartment, ſhe threw herſelf upon the couch, overcome with the new horrors of her ſituation. Her thoughts loſt in tumult and perplexity, ſhe could neither repent of, or approve, her late

late conduct; she could only remember, that she was in the power of a man, who had no principle of action—but his will; and the astonishment and terrors of superstition, which had, for a moment, so strongly assailed her, now yielded to those of reason.

She was, at length, roused from the reverie, which engaged her, by a confusion of distant voices, and a clattering of hoofs, that seemed to come, on the wind, from the courts. A sudden hope, that some good was approaching, seized her mind, till she remembered the troops she had observed from the casement, and concluded this to be the party, which Annette had said were expected at Udolpho.

Soon after, she heard voices faintly from the halls, and the noise of horses' feet sunk away in the wind; silence ensued. Emily listened anxiously for Annette's step in the corridor, but a pause of total stillness continued, till again the castle seemed to be all tumult and confusion. She heard the echoes

of many footſteps, paſſing to and fro in the halls and avenues below, and then buſy tongues were loud on the rampart. Having hurried to her caſement, ſhe perceived Montoni, with ſome of his officers, leaning on the walls, and pointing from them; while ſeveral ſoldiers were employed at the further end of the rampart about ſome cannon; and ſhe continued to obſerve them, careleſs of the paſſing time.

Annette at length appeared, but brought no intelligence of Valancourt, "For, ma'amſelle," ſaid ſhe, "all the people pretend to know nothing about any priſoners. But here is a fine piece of buſineſs! The reſt of the party are juſt arrived, ma'am; they came ſcampering in, as if they would have broken their necks; one ſcarcely knew whether the man, or his horſe, would get within the gates firſt. And they have brought word—and ſuch news! they have brought word, that a party of the enemy, as they call them, are coming towards the caſtle; ſo we ſhall have all the officers of juſtice,

juſtice, I ſuppoſe, beſieging it! all thoſe terrible-looking fellows one uſed to ſee at Venice."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Emily, fervently, "there is yet a hope left for me, then!"

"What mean you, ma'amſelle? Do you wiſh to fall into the hands of thoſe ſad-looking men! Why I uſed to ſhudder as I paſſed them, and ſhould have gueſſed what they were, if Ludovico had not told me."

"We cannot be in worſe hands than at preſent," replied Emily, unguardedly; "but what reaſon have you to ſuppoſe theſe are officers of juſtice?"

"Why *our* people, ma'am, are all in ſuch a fright, and a fuſs; and I don't know any thing but the fear of juſtice, that could make them ſo. I uſed to think nothing on earth could fluſter them, unleſs, indeed, it was a ghoſt, or ſo; but now, ſome of them are for hiding down in the vaults under the caſtle; but you muſt not tell the Signor

this, ma'amſelle, and I overheard two of them talking —— Holy Mother! what makes you look ſo ſad, ma'amſelle? You don't hear what I ſay!"

"Yes, I do, Annette; pray proceed."

"Well, ma'amſelle, all the caſtle is in ſuch hurly-burly. Some of the men are loading the cannon, and ſome are examining the great gates, and the walls all round, and are hammering and patching up, juſt as if all thoſe repairs had never been made, that were ſo long about. But what is to become of me and you, ma'amſelle, and Ludovico? O! when I hear the ſound of the cannon, I ſhall die with fright. If I could but catch the great gate open for one minute, I would be even with it for ſhutting me within theſe walls ſo long!—it ſhould never ſee me again."

Emily caught the latter words of Annette. "O! if you could find it open, but for one moment!" ſhe exclaimed, "my peace might yet be ſaved!" The heavy groan ſhe uttered, and the wildneſs of her

look, terrified Annette, ſtill more than her words; who entreated Emily to explain the meaning of them, to whom it ſuddenly occurred, that Ludovico might be of ſome ſervice, if there ſhould be a poſſibility of eſcape, and who repeated the ſubſtance of what had paſſed between Montoni and herſelf, but conjured her to mention this to no perſon except to Ludovico. "It may, perhaps, be in his power," ſhe added, "to effect our eſcape. Go to him, Annetta, tell him what I have to apprehend, and what I have already ſuffered; but entreat him to be ſecret, and to loſe no time in attempting to releaſe us. If he is willing to undertake this he ſhall be amply rewarded. I cannot ſpeak with him myſelf, for we might be obſerved, and then effectual care would be taken to prevent our flight. But be quick, Annette, and, above all, be diſcreet—I will await your return in this apartment."

The girl, whoſe honeſt heart had been much affected by the recital, was now as

eager to obey, as Emily was to employ her, and she immediately quitted the room.

Emily's surprise increased, as she reflected upon Annette's intelligence. "Alas!" said she, "what can the officers of justice do against an armed castle? these cannot be such." Upon further consideration, however, she concluded, that, Montoni's bands having plundered the country round, the inhabitants had taken arms, and were coming with the officers of police and a party of soldiers, to force their way into the castle. "But they know not," thought she, "its strength, or the armed numbers within it. Alas! except from flight, I have nothing to hope!"

Montoni, though not precisely what Emily apprehended him to be—a captain of banditti—had employed his troops in enterprises not less daring, or less atrocious, than such a character would have undertaken. They had not only pillaged, whenever opportunity offered, the helpless traveller,

veller, but had attacked, and plundered the villas of ſeveral perſons, which, being ſituated among the ſolitary receſſes of the mountains, were totally unprepared for reſiſtance. In theſe expeditions the commanders of the party did not appear, and the men, partly diſguiſed, had ſometimes been miſtaken for common robbers, and, at others, for bands of the foreign enemy, who, at that period, invaded the country. But, though they had already pillaged ſeveral manſions, and brought home conſiderable treaſures, they had ventured to approach only one caſtle, in the attack of which they were aſſiſted by other troops of their own order; from this, however, they were vigorouſly repulſed, and purſued by ſome of the foreign enemy, who were in league with the beſieged. Montoni's troops fled precipitately towards Udolpho, but were ſo cloſely tracked over the mountains, that, when they reached one of the heights in the neighbourhood of the caſtle, and looked back upon the road, they perceived

the

the enemy winding among the cliffs below, and not more than a league diſtant. Upon this diſcovery, they haſtened forward with increaſed ſpeed, to prepare Montoni for the enemy; and it was their arrival, which had thrown the caſtle into ſuch confuſion and tumult.

As Emily awaited anxiouſly ſome information from below, ſhe now ſaw from her caſements a body of troops pour over the neighbouring heights; and, though Annette had been gone a very ſhort time, and had a difficult and dangerous buſineſs to accompliſh, her impatience for intelligence became painful: ſhe liſtened; opened her door; and often went out upon the corridor to meet her.

At length ſhe heard a footſtep approach her chamber; and, on opening the door, ſaw, not Annette, but old Carlo! New fears ruſhed upon her mind. He ſaid he came from the Signor, who had ordered him to inform her, that ſhe muſt be ready to depart from Udolpho immediately, for that

that the caſtle was about to be beſieged; and that mules were preparing to convey her, with her guides, to a place of ſafety.

"Of ſafety!" exclaimed Emily, thoughtleſsly; "has, then, the Signor ſo much conſideration for me?"

Carlo looked upon the ground, and made no reply. A thouſand oppoſite emotions agitated Emily, ſucceſſively, as ſhe liſtened to old Carlo; thoſe of joy, grief, diſtruſt and apprehenſion, appeared, and vaniſhed from her mind, with the quickneſs of lightning. One moment, it ſeemed impoſſible, that Montoni could take this meaſure merely for her preſervation; and ſo very ſtrange was his ſending her from the caſtle at all, that ſhe could attribute it only to the deſign of carrying into execution the new ſcheme of vengeance, with which he had menaced her. In the next inſtant, it appeared ſo deſirable to quit the caſtle, under any circumſtances, that ſhe could not but rejoice in the proſpect, believing that change muſt be for the better,

till

till ſhe remembered the probability of Valancourt being detained in it, when ſorrow and regret uſurped her mind, and ſhe wiſhed, much more fervently than ſhe had yet done, that it might not be his voice which ſhe had heard.

Carlo having reminded her, that ſhe had no time to loſe, for that the enemy were within ſight of the caſtle, Emily entreated him to inform her whither ſhe was to go; and, after ſome heſitation, he ſaid he had received no orders to tell; but, on her repeating the queſtion, replied, that he believed ſhe was to be carried into Tuſcany.

"To Tuſcany!" exclaimed Emily—"and why thither?"

Carlo anſwered, that he knew nothing further, than that ſhe was to be lodged in a cottage on the borders of Tuſcany, at the feet of the Apennines—"Not a day's journey diſtant," ſaid he.

Emily now diſmiſſed him; and, with trembling hands, prepared the ſmall package, that ſhe meant to take with her; while

ſhe

ſhe was employed about which Annette returned.

"O ma'amſelle!" ſaid ſhe, "nothing can be done! Ludovico ſays the new porter is more watchful even than Barnardine was, and we might as well throw ourſelves in the way of a dragon, as in his. Ludovico is almoſt as broken-hearted as you are, ma'am, on my account, he ſays, and I am ſure I ſhall never live to hear the cannon fire twice!"

She now began to weep, but revived upon hearing of what had juſt occurred, and entreated Emily to take her with her.

"That I will do moſt willingly," replied Emily, "if Signor Montoni permits it;" to which Annette made no reply, but ran out of the room, and immediately ſought Montoni, who was on the terrace, ſurrounded by his officers, where ſhe began her petition. He ſharply bade her go into the caſtle, and abſolutely refuſed her requeſt. Annette, however, not only pleaded for herſelf, but for Ludovico; and Montoni had ordered

ordered ſome of his men to take her from his preſence, before ſhe would retire.

In an agony of diſappointment, ſhe returned to Emily, who foreboded little good towards herſelf, from this refuſal to Annette, and who, ſoon after, received a ſummons to repair to the great court, where the mules, with her guides, were in waiting. Emily here tried in vain to ſooth the weeping Annette, who perſiſted in ſaying, that ſhe ſhould never ſee her dear young lady again; a fear, which her miſtreſs ſecretly thought too well juſtified, but which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, while, with apparent compoſure, ſhe bade this affectionate ſervant farewell. Annette, however, followed to the courts, which were now thronged with people, buſy in preparation for the enemy; and, having ſeen her mount her mule and depart, with her attendants, through the portal, turned into the caſtle and wept again.

Emily, meanwhile, as ſhe looked back upon the gloomy courts of the caſtle, no longer

longer ſilent as when ſhe had firſt entered them, but reſounding with the noiſe of preparation for their defence, as well as crowded with ſoldiers and workmen, hurrying to and fro; and, when ſhe paſſed once more under the huge portcullis, which had formerly ſtruck her with terror and diſmay; and, looking round, ſaw no walls to confine her ſteps—felt, in ſpite of anticipation, the ſudden joy of a priſoner, who unexpectedly finds himſelf at liberty. This emotion would not ſuffer her now to look impartially on the dangers that awaited her without; on mountains infeſted by hoſtile parties, who ſeized every opportunity for plunder; and on a journey commenced under the guidance of men, whoſe countenances certainly did not ſpeak favourably of their diſpoſitions. In the preſent moments, ſhe could only rejoice, that ſhe was liberated from thoſe walls, which ſhe had entered with ſuch diſmal forebodings; and, remembering the ſuperſtitious preſentiment, which had then ſeized her,

ſhe

ſhe could now ſmile at the impreſſion it had made upon her mind.

As ſhe gazed, with theſe emotions, upon the turrets of the caſtle, riſing high over the woods, among which ſhe wound, the ſtranger, whom ſhe believed to be confined there, returned to her remembrance, and anxiety and apprehenſion, leſt he ſhould be Valancourt, again paſſed like a cloud upon her joy. She recollected every circumſtance, concerning this unknown perſon, ſince the night, when ſhe had firſt heard him play the ſong of her native province ;— circumſtances, which ſhe had ſo often recollected, and compared before, without extracting from them any thing like conviction, and which ſtill only prompted her to believe, that Valancourt was a priſoner at Udolpho. It was poſſible, however, that the men, who were her conductors, might afford her information on this ſubject ; but, fearing to queſtion them immediately, leſt they ſhould be unwilling to diſcover any circumſtance

to

to her in the preſence of each other, ſhe watched for an opportunity of ſpeaking with them ſeparately.

Soon after, a trumpet echoed faintly from a diſtance; the guides ſtopped, and looked toward the quarter whence it came, but the thick woods, which ſurrounded them, excluding all view of the country beyond, one of the men rode on to the point of an eminence, that afforded a more extenſive proſpect, to obſerve how near the enemy, whoſe trumpet he gueſſed this to be, were advanced; the other, meanwhile, remained with Emily, and to him ſhe put ſome queſtions, concerning the ſtranger at Udolpho. Ugo, for this was his name, ſaid, that there were ſeveral priſoners in the caſtle, but he neither recollected their perſons, or the preciſe time of their arrival, and could therefore give her no information. There was a ſurlineſs in his manner, as he ſpoke, that made it probable he would not have ſatisfied

fied her enquiries, even if he could have done so.

Having asked him what prisoners had been taken, about the time, as nearly as she could remember, when she had first heard the music, "All that week," said Ugo, "I was out with a party, upon the mountains, and knew nothing of what was doing at the castle. We had enough upon our hands, we had warm work of it."

Bertrand, the other man, being now returned, Emily enquired no further, and, when he had related to his companion what he had seen, they travelled on in deep silence; while Emily often caught, between the opening woods, partial glimpses of the castle above—the west towers, whose battlements were now crowded with archers, and the ramparts below, where soldiers were seen hurrying along, or busy upon the walls, preparing the cannon.

Having emerged from the woods, they wound along the valley in an opposite direction

rection to that, from whence the enemy were approaching. Emily had now a full view of Udolpho, with its gray walls, towers and terraces, high over-topping the precipices and the dark woods, and glittering partially with the arms of the *condottieri*, as the sun's rays, streaming through an autumnal cloud, glanced upon a part of the edifice, whose remaining features stood in darkened majesty. She continued to gaze, through her tears, upon walls that, perhaps, confined Valancourt, and which now, as the cloud floated away, were lighted up with sudden splendour, and then, as suddenly were shrouded in gloom; while the passing gleam fell on the wood-tops below, and heightened the first tints of autumn, that had begun to steal upon the foliage. The winding mountains, at length, shut Udolpho from her view, and she turned, with mournful reluctance, to other objects. The melancholy sighing of the wind among the pines, that waved high over the steeps, and the distant

tant thunder of a torrent assisted her musings, and conspired with the wild scenery around, to diffuse over her mind emotions solemn, yet not unpleasing, but which were soon interrupted by the distant roar of cannon, echoing among the mountains. The sounds rolled along the wind, and were repeated in faint and fainter reverberation, till they sunk in sullen murmurs. This was a signal, that the enemy had reached the castle, and fear for Valancourt again tormented Emily. She turned her anxious eye towards that part of the country, where the edifice stood, but the intervening heights concealed it from her view; still, however, she saw the tall head of a mountain, which immediately fronted her late chamber, and on this she fixed her gaze, as if it could have told her of all that was passing in the scene it overlooked. The guides twice reminded her, that she was losing time and that they had far to go, before she could turn from this interesting object, and, even when she

again

again moved onward, ſhe often ſent a look back, till only its blue point, brightening in a gleam of ſunſhine, appeared peeping over other mountains.

The ſound of the cannon affected Ugo, as the blaſt of the trumpet does the war-horſe; it called forth all the fire of his nature; he was impatient to be in the midſt of the fight, and uttered frequent execrations againſt Montoni for having ſent him to a diſtance. The feelings of his comrade ſeemed to be very oppoſite, and adapted rather to the cruelties, than to the dangers of war.

Emily aſked frequent queſtions, concerning the place of her deſtination, but could only learn, that ſhe was going to a cottage in Tuſcany; and, whenever ſhe mentioned the ſubject, ſhe fancied ſhe perceived, in the countenances of theſe men, an expreſſion of malice and cunning that alarmed her.

It was afternoon, when they had left the caſtle. During ſeveral hours, they travel-

led through regions of profound ſolitude, where no bleat of ſheep, or bark of watch-dog, broke on ſilence, and they were now too far off to hear even the faint thunder of the cannon. Towards evening, they wound down precipices, black with foreſts of cypreſs, pine and cedar, into a glen ſo ſavage and ſecluded, that, if Solitude ever had local habitation, this might have been "her place of deareſt reſidence." To Emily it appeared a ſpot exactly ſuited for the retreat of banditti, and, in her imagination, ſhe already ſaw them lurking under the brow of ſome projecting rock, whence their ſhadows, lengthened by the ſetting ſun, ſtretched acroſs the road, and warned the traveller of his danger. She ſhuddered at the idea, and, looking at her conductors, to obſerve whether they were armed, thought ſhe ſaw in them the banditti ſhe dreaded!

It was in this glen, that they propoſed to alight, "For," ſaid Ugo, "night will come on preſently, and then the wolves will

will make it dangerous to ſtop." This was a new ſubject of alarm to Emily, but inferior to what ſhe ſuffered from the thought of being left in theſe wilds, at midnight, with two ſuch men as her preſent conductors. Dark and dreadful hints of what might be Montoni's purpoſe in ſending her hither, came to her mind. She endeavoured to diſſuade the men from ſtopping, and enquired, with anxiety, how far they had yet to go.

"Many leagues yet," replied Bertrand. "As for you, Signora, you may do as you pleaſe about eating, but for us, we will make a hearty ſupper, while we can. We ſhall have need of it, I warrant, before we finiſh our journey. The ſun's going down apace; let us alight under that rock, yonder."

His comrade aſſented, and, turning the mules out of the road, they advanced towards a cliff, overhung with cedars, Emily following in trembling ſilence. They lifted her from her mule, and, having

ſeated themſelves on the graſs, at the foot of the rocks, drew ſome homely fare from a wallet, of which Emily tried to eat a little, the better to diſguiſe her apprehenſions.

The ſun was now ſunk behind the high mountains in the weſt, upon which a purple haze began to ſpread, and the gloom of twilight to draw over the ſurrounding objects. To the low and ſullen murmur of the breeze, paſſing among the woods, ſhe no longer liſtened with any degree of pleaſure, for it conſpired with the wildneſs of the ſcene and the evening hour, to depreſs her ſpirits.

Suſpenſe had ſo much increaſed her anxiety, as to the priſoner at Udolpho, that, finding it impracticable to ſpeak alone with Bertrand, on that ſubject, ſhe renewed her queſtions in the preſence of Ugo; but he either was, or pretended to be entirely ignorant, concerning the ſtranger. When he had diſmiſſed the queſtion, he talked with Ugo on ſome ſubject, which led

led to the mention of Signor Orſino and of the affair that had baniſhed him from Venice; reſpecting which Emily had ventured to aſk a few queſtions. Ugo appeared to be well acquainted with the circumſtances of that tragical event, and related ſome minute particulars, that both ſhocked and ſurpriſed her; for it appeared very extraordinary how ſuch particulars could be known to any, but to perſons, preſent when the aſſaſſination was committed.

"He was of rank," ſaid Bertrand, "or the State would not have troubled itſelf to enquire after his aſſaſſins. The Signor has been lucky hitherto; this is not the firſt affair of the kind he has had upon his hands; and to be ſure, when a gentleman has no other way of getting redreſs—why he muſt take this."

"Aye," ſaid Ugo, "and why is not this as good as another? This is the way to have juſtice done at once, without more ado. If you go to law, you muſt ſtay till

the judges pleaſe, and may loſe your cauſe, at laſt. Why the beſt way, then, is to make ſure of your right, while you can, and execute juſtice yourſelf."

"Yes, yes," rejoined Bertrand, "if you wait till juſtice is done you—you may ſtay long enough. Why if I want a friend of mine properly ſerved, how am I to get my revenge? Ten to one they will tell me he is in the right, and I am in the wrong. Or, if a fellow has got poſſeſſion of property, which I think ought to be mine, why I may wait, till I ſtarve, perhaps, before the law will give it me, and then, after all, the judge may ſay—the eſtate is his. What is to be done then?—Why the caſe is plain enough, I muſt take it at laſt."

Emily's horror at this converſation was heightened by a ſuſpicion, that the latter part of it was pointed againſt herſelf, and that theſe men had been commiſſioned by Montoni to execute a ſimilar kind of *juſtice*, in his cauſe.

"But I was ſpeaking of Signor Orſino," reſumed

reſumed Bertrand, "he is one of thoſe, who love to do juſtice at once. I remember, about ten years ago, the Signor had a quarrel with a cavaliero of Milan. The ſtory was told me then, and it is ſtill freſh in my head. They quarrelled about a lady, that the Signor liked, and ſhe was perverſe enough to prefer the gentleman of Milan, and even carried her whim ſo far as to marry him. This provoked the Signor, as well it might, for he had tried to talk reaſon to her a long while, and uſed to ſend people to ſerenade her, under her windows, of a night; and uſed to make verſes about her, and would ſwear ſhe was the handſomeſt lady in Milan—But all would not do—nothing would bring her to reaſon; and, as I ſaid, ſhe went ſo far at laſt, as to marry this other cavaliero. This made the Signor wroth, with a vengeance; he reſolved to be even with her though, and he watched his opportunity, and did not wait long, for ſoon after the marriage, they ſet out for Padua, nothing

 doubting,

doubting, I warrant, of what was preparing for them. The cavaliero thought, to be ſure, he was to be called to no account, but was to go off triumphant; but he was ſoon made to know another ſort of ſtory."

"What then, the lady had promiſed to have Signor Orſino?" ſaid Ugo.

"Promiſed! No," replied Bertrand, "ſhe had not wit enough even to tell him ſhe liked him, as I heard, but the contrary, for ſhe uſed to ſay, from the firſt, ſhe never meant to have him. And this was what provoked the Signor, ſo, and with good reaſon, for, who likes to be told that he is diſagreeable? and this was ſaying as good. It was enough to tell him this; ſhe need not have gone, and married another."

"What, ſhe married, then, on purpoſe to plague the Signor?" ſaid Ugo.

"I don't know as for that," replied Bertrand, "they ſaid, indeed, that ſhe had had a regard for the other gentleman a great while; but that is nothing to the purpoſe, ſhe ſhould not have married him, and then the

the Signor would not have been ſo much provoked. She might have expected what was to follow; it was not to be ſuppoſed he would bear her ill uſage tamely, and ſhe might thank herſelf for what happened. But, as I ſaid, they ſet out for Padua, ſhe and her huſband, and the road lay over ſome barren mountains like theſe. This ſuited the Signor's purpoſe well. He watched the time of their departure, and ſent his men after them, with directions what to do. They kept their diſtance, till they ſaw their opportunity, and this did not happen, till the ſecond day's journey, when, the gentleman having ſent his ſervants forward to the next town, may be, to have horſes in readineſs, the Signor's men quickened their pace, and overtook the carriage, in a hollow, between two mountains, where the woods prevented the ſervants from ſeeing what paſſed, though they were then not far off. When we came up, we fired our tromboni, but miſſed."

Emily turned pale, at theſe words, and then hoped ſhe had miſtaken them; while Bertrand proceeded:

"The gentleman fired again, but he was ſoon made to alight, and it was as he turned to call his people, that he was ſtruck. It was the moſt dexterous feat you ever ſaw—he was ſtruck in the back with three ſtilettos at once. He fell, and was diſpatched in a minute; but the lady eſcaped, for the ſervants had heard the firing, and came up before ſhe could be taken care of. 'Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor, when his men returned"———

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Emily, pale with horror, on whom not a ſyllable of this narrative had been loſt.

"Bertrand, did I ſay?" rejoined the man, with ſome confuſion—"No, Giovanni. But I have forgot where I was;—'Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor"——

"Bertrand, again!" ſaid Emily, in a faltering voice, "Why do you repeat that name?"

Bertrand

Bertrand ſwore. " What ſignifies it," he proceeded, " what the man was called—Bertrand, or Giovanni—or Roberto; it's all one for that. You have put me out twice with that—queſtion. ' Bertrand,' or Giovanni—or what you will—' Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor, ' if your comrades had done their duty, as well as you, I ſhould not have loſt the lady. Go, my honeſt fellow, and be happy with this.' He gave him a purſe of gold—and little enough too, conſidering the ſervice he had done him."

" Aye, aye," ſaid Ugo, " little enough—little enough."

Emily now breathed with difficulty, and could ſcarcely ſupport herſelf. When firſt ſhe ſaw theſe men, their appearance and their connection with Montoni had been ſufficient to impreſs her with diſtruſt; but now, when one of them had betrayed himſelf to be a murderer, and ſhe ſaw herſelf, at the approach of night, under his guidance, among wild and ſolitary moun-

 tains,

tains, and going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, the moſt agonizing terror ſeized her, which was the leſs ſupportable from the neceſſity ſhe found herſelf under of concealing all ſymptoms of it from her companions. Reflecting on the character and the menaces of Montoni, it appeared not improbable, that he had delivered her to them, for the purpoſe of having her murdered, and of thus ſecuring to himſelf, without further oppoſition, or delay, the eſtates, for which he had ſo long and ſo deſperately contended. Yet, if this was his deſign, there appeared no neceſſity for ſending her to ſuch a diſtance from the caſtle; for, if any dread of diſcovery had made him unwilling to perpetrate the deed there, a much nearer place might have ſufficed for the purpoſe of concealment. Theſe conſiderations, however, did not immediately occur to Emily, with whom ſo many circumſtances conſpired to rouſe terror, that ſhe had no power to oppoſe it, or to enquire coolly into its grounds; and,

if

if ſhe had done ſo, ſtill there were many appearances which would too well have juſtified her moſt terrible apprehenſions. She did not now dare to ſpeak to her conductors, at the ſound of whoſe voices ſhe trembled; and when, now and then, ſhe ſtole a glance at them, their countenances, ſeen imperfectly through the gloom of evening, ſerved to confirm her fears.

The ſun had now been ſet ſome time; heavy clouds, whoſe lower ſkirts were tinged with ſulphureous crimſon, lingered in the weſt, and threw a reddiſh tint upon the pine foreſts, which ſent forth a ſolemn ſound, as the breeze rolled over them. The hollow moan ſtruck upon Emily's heart, and ſerved to render more gloomy and terrific every object around her,—the mountains, ſhaded in twilight—the gleaming torrent, hoarſely roaring—the black foreſts, and the deep glen, broken into rocky receſſes, high overſhadowed by cypreſs and ſycamore, and winding into long obſcurity. To this glen, Emily, as ſhe

ſhe ſent forth her anxious eye, thought there was no end; no hamlet, or even cottage, was ſeen, and ſtill no diſtant bark of watch-dog, or even faint, far-off halloo came on the wind. In a tremulous voice, ſhe now ventured to remind the guides, that it was growing late, and to aſk again how far they had to go: but they were too much occupied by their own diſcourſe to attend to her queſtion, which ſhe forbore to repeat, leſt it ſhould provoke a ſurly anſwer. Having, however, ſoon after, finiſhed their ſupper, the men collected the fragments into their wallet, and proceeded along this winding glen, in gloomy ſilence; while Emily again muſed upon her own ſituation, and concerning the motives of Montoni for involving her in it. That it was for ſome evil purpoſe towards herſelf, ſhe could not doubt; and it ſeemed, that, if he did not intend to deſtroy her, with a view of immediately ſeizing her eſtates, he meant to reſerve her a while in concealment, for ſome more terrible deſign,

ſign, for one that might equally gratify his avarice and ſtill more his deep revenge. At this moment, remembering Signor Brochio and his behaviour in the corridor, a few preceding nights, the latter ſuppoſition, horrible as it was, ſtrengthened in her belief. Yet, why remove her from the caſtle, where deeds of darkneſs had, ſhe feared, been often executed with ſecrecy?—from chambers, perhaps

"With many a foul, and midnight murder ſtain'd."

The dread of what ſhe might be going to encounter was now ſo exceſſive, that it ſometimes threatened her ſenſes; and, often as ſhe went, ſhe thought of her late father and of all he would have ſuffered, could he have foreſeen the ſtrange and dreadful events of her future life; and how anxiouſly he would have avoided that fatal confidence, which committed his daughter to the care of a woman ſo weak as was Madame Montoni. So romantic

and improbable, indeed, did her preſent ſituation appear to Emily herſelf, particularly when ſhe compared it with the repoſe and beauty of her early days, that there were moments, when ſhe could almoſt have believed herſelf the victim of frightful viſions, glaring upon a diſordered fancy.

Reſtrained by the preſence of her guides from expreſſing her terrors, their acuteneſs was, at length, loſt in gloomy deſpair. The dreadful view of what might await her hereafter rendered her almoſt indifferent to the ſurrounding dangers. She now looked, with little emotion, on the wild dingles, and the gloomy road and mountains, whoſe outlines only were diſtinguiſhable through the duſk;—objects, which but lately had affected her ſpirits ſo much, as to awaken horrid views of the future, and to tinge theſe with their own gloom.

It was now ſo nearly dark, that the travellers, who proceeded only by the ſloweſt pace, could ſcarcely diſcern their way. The clouds, which ſeemed charged with thunder,

thunder, paſſed ſlowly along the heavens, ſhewing, at intervals, the trembling ſtars; while the groves of cypreſs and ſycamore, that overhung the rocks, waved high in the breeze, as it ſwept over the glen, and then ruſhed among the diſtant woods. Emily ſhivered as it paſſed.

"Where is the torch?" ſaid Ugo, "It grows dark."

"Not ſo dark yet," replied Bertrand, "but we may find our way, and 'tis beſt not light the torch, before we can help, for it may betray us, if any ſtraggling party of the enemy is abroad."

Ugo muttered ſomething, which Emily did not underſtand, and they proceeded in darkneſs, while ſhe almoſt wiſhed, that the enemy might diſcover them; for from change there was ſomething to hope, ſince ſhe could ſcarcely imagine any ſituation more dreadful than her preſent one.

As they moved ſlowly along, her attention was ſurpriſed by a thin tapering flame, that appeared, by fits, at the point of the pike,

pike, which Bertrand carried, reſembling what ſhe had obſerved on the lance of the ſentinel, the night Madame Montoni died, and which he had ſaid was an omen. The event immediately following it appeared to juſtify the aſſertion, and a ſuperſtitious impreſſion had remained on Emily's mind, which the preſent appearance confirmed. She thought it was an omen of her own fate, and watched it ſucceſſively vaniſh and return, in gloomy ſilence, which was at length interrupted by Bertrand.

"Let us light the torch," ſaid he, "and get under ſhelter of the woods;—a ſtorm is coming on—look at my lance."

He held it forth, with the flame tapering at its point*.

"Aye," ſaid Ugo, "you are not one of thoſe, that believe in omens: we have left cowards at the caſtle, who would turn pale at ſuch a ſight. I have often ſeen it before a thunder ſtorm, it is an omen of that, and

* See the Abbé Berthelon on Electricity.

one

one is coming now, ſure enough. The clouds flaſh faſt already."

Emily was relieved by this converſation from ſome of the terrors of ſuperſtition; but thoſe of reaſon increaſed, as, waiting while Ugo ſearched for a flint, to ſtrike fire, ſhe watched the pale lightning gleam over the woods they were about to enter, and illumine the harſh countenances of her companions. Ugo could not find a flint, and Bertrand became impatient, for the thunder ſounded hollowly at a diſtance, and the lightning was more frequent. Sometimes, it revealed the nearer receſſes of the woods, or, diſplaying ſome opening in their ſummits, illumined the ground beneath with partial ſplendour, the thick foliage of the trees preſerving the ſurrounding ſcene in deep ſhadow.

At length, Ugo found a flint, and the torch was lighted. The men then diſmounted, and, having aſſiſted Emily, led the mules towards the woods, that ſkirted the glen, on the left, over broken ground, fre-

frequently interrupted with bruſh-wood and wild plants, which ſhe was often obliged to make a circuit to avoid.

She could not approach theſe woods, without experiencing keener ſenſe of her danger. Their deep ſilence, except when the wind ſwept among their branches, and impenetrable glooms ſhewn partially by the ſudden flaſh, and then, by the red glare of the torch, which ſerved only to make "darkneſs viſible," were circumſtances, that contributed to renew all her moſt terrible apprehenſions; ſhe thought, too, that, at this moment, the countenances of her conductors diſplayed more than their uſual fierceneſs, mingled with a kind of lurking exultation, which they ſeemed endeavouring to diſguiſe. To her affrighted fancy it occurred, that they were leading her into theſe woods to complete the will of Montoni by her murder. The horrid ſuggeſtion called a groan from her heart, which ſurpriſed her companions, who turned round quickly towards her, and

and ſhe demanded why they led her thither, beſeeching them to continue their way along the open glen, which ſhe repreſented to be leſs dangerous than the woods, in a thunder ſtorm.

" No, no," ſaid Bertrand, " we know beſt where the danger lies. See how the clouds open over our heads. Beſides, we can glide under cover of the woods with leſs hazard of being ſeen, ſhould any of the enemy be wandering this way. By holy St. Peter and all the reſt of them, I've as ſtout a heart as the beſt, as many a poor devil could tell, if he were alive again—but what can we do againſt numbers?"

" What are you whining about?" ſaid Ugo, contemptuouſly, " who fears numbers! Let them come, though they were as many as the Signor's caſtle could hold; I would ſhew the knaves what fighting is. For you——I would lay you quietly in a dry ditch, where you might peep out, and ſee me put the rogues to flight.—Who talks of fear!"

Ber-

Bertrand replied, with an horrible oath, that he did not like ſuch jeſting, and a violent altercation enſued, which was, at length, ſilenced by the thunder, whoſe deep volley was heard afar, rolling onward till it burſt over their heads in ſounds, that ſeemed to ſhake the earth to its centre. The ruffians pauſed, and looked upon each other. Between the boles of the trees, the blue lightning flaſhed and quivered along the ground, while, as Emily looked under the boughs, the mountains beyond frequently appeared to be clothed in livid flame. At this moment, perhaps, ſhe felt leſs fear of the ſtorm, than did either of her companions, for other terrors occupied her mind.

The men now reſted under an enormous cheſnut-tree, and fixed their pikes in the ground, at ſome diſtance, on the iron points of which Emily repeatedly obſerved the lightning play, and then glide down them into the earth.

"I would we were well in the Signor's caſtle!"

caſtle!" ſaid Bertrand, "I know not why he ſhould ſend us on this buſineſs. Hark! how it rattles above, there! I could almoſt find in my heart to turn prieſt, and pray. Ugo, haſt got a roſary?"

"No," replied Ugo, "I leave it to cowards like thee, to carry roſaries—I carry a ſword."

"And much good may it do thee in fighting againſt the ſtorm!" ſaid Bertrand.

Another peal, which was reverberated in tremendous echoes among the mountains, ſilenced them for a moment. As it rolled away, Ugo propoſed going on. "We are only loſing time here," ſaid he, "for the thick boughs of the woods will ſhelter us as well as this cheſnut tree."

They again led the mules forward, between the boles of the trees, and over pathleſs graſs, that concealed their high knotted roots. The riſing wind was now heard contending with the thunder, as it ruſhed furiouſly among the branches above, and brightened the red flame of the torch, which

which threw a ſtronger light forward among the woods, and ſhewed their gloomy receſſes to be ſuitable reſorts for the wolves, of which Ugo had formerly ſpoken.

At length, the ſtrength of the wind ſeemed to drive the ſtorm before it, for the thunder rolled away into diſtance, and was only faintly heard. After travelling through the woods for nearly an hour, during which the elements ſeemed to have returned to repoſe, the travellers, gradually aſcending from the glen, found themſelves upon the open brow of a mountain, with a wide valley, extending in miſty moon-light, at their feet, and above, the blue ſky, trembling through the few thin clouds, that lingered after the ſtorm, and were ſinking ſlowly to the verge of the horizon.

Emily's ſpirits, now that ſhe had quitted the woods, began to revive; for ſhe conſidered, that, if theſe men had received an order to deſtroy her, they would probably have executed their barbarous purpoſe in the ſolitary wild, from whence they had juſt emerged,

emerged, where the deed would have been ſhrouded from every human eye. Reaſſured by this reflection, and by the quiet demeanour of her guides, Emily, as they proceeded ſilently, in a kind of ſheep track, that wound along the ſkirts of the woods, which aſcended on the right, could not ſurvey the ſleeping beauty of the vale, to which they were declining, without a momentary ſenſation of pleaſure. It ſeemed varied with woods, paſtures, and ſloping grounds, and was ſcreened to the north and the eaſt by an amphitheatre of the Apennines, whoſe outline on the horizon was here broken into varied and elegant forms; to the weſt and the ſouth, the landſcape extended indiſtinctly into the lowlands of Tuſcany.

"There is the ſea yonder," ſaid Bertrand, as if he had known that Emily was examining the twilight view, "yonder in the weſt, though we cannot ſee it."

Emily already perceived a change in the climate, from that of the wild and moun-

tainous tract ſhe had left; and as ſhe continued deſcending, the air became perfumed by the breath of a thouſand nameleſs flowers among the graſs, called forth by the late rain. So ſoothingly beautiful was the ſcene around her, and ſo ſtrikingly contraſted to the gloomy grandeur of thoſe, to which ſhe had long been confined, and to the manners of the people, who moved among them, that ſhe could almoſt have fancied herſelf again at La Vallée, and, wondering why Montoni had ſent her hither, could ſcarcely believe, that he had ſelected ſo enchanting a ſpot for any cruel deſign. It was, however, probably not the ſpot, but the perſons, who happened to inhabit it, and to whoſe care he could ſafely commit the execution of his plans, whatever they might be, that had determined his choice.

She now ventured again to enquire, whether they were near the place of their deſtination, and was anſwered by Ugo, that they had not far to go. "Only to the wood

wood of chesnuts in the valley yonder," said he, "there, by the brook, that sparkles with the moon; I wish I was once at rest there, with a flask of good wine, and a slice of Tuscany bacon."

Emily's spirits revived, when she heard, that the journey was so nearly concluded, and saw the wood of chesnuts in an open part of the vale, on the margin of the stream.

In a short time, they reached the entrance of the wood, and perceived, between the twinkling leaves, a light, streaming from a distant cottage window. They proceeded along the edge of the brook to where the trees, crowding over it, excluded the moon-beams, but a long line of light, from the cottage above, was seen on its dark tremulous surface. Bertrand now stepped on first, and Emily heard him knock, and call loudly at the door. As she reached it, the small upper casement, where the light appeared, was unclosed by a man, who, having enquired what they wanted, imme-

diately deſcended, let them into a neat ruſtic cot, and called up his wife to ſet refreſhments before the travellers. As this man converſed, rather apart, with Bertrand, Emily anxiouſly ſurveyed him. He was a tall, but not robuſt, peaſant, of a ſallow complexion, and had a ſhrewd and cunning eye; his countenance was not of a character to win the ready confidence of youth, and there was nothing in his manner, that might conciliate a ſtranger.

Ugo called impatiently for ſupper, and in a tone as if he knew his authority here to be unqueſtionable. "I expected you an hour ago," ſaid the peaſant, "for I have had Signor Montoni's letter theſe three hours, and I and my wife had given you up, and gone to bed. How did you fare in the ſtorm?"

"Ill enough," replied Ugo, "ill enough, and we are like to fare ill enough here, too, unleſs you will make more haſte. Get us more wine, and let us ſee what you have to eat."

The peaſant placed before them, all that his cottage afforded—ham, wine, figs, and grapes of ſuch ſize and flavour, as Emily had ſeldom taſted.

After taking refreſhment, ſhe was ſhewn by the peaſant's wife to her little bed-chamber, where ſhe aſked ſome queſtions concerning Montoni, to which the woman, whoſe name was Dorina, gave reſerved anſwers, pretending ignorance of his *Excellenza's* intention in ſending Emily hither, but acknowledging that her huſband had been apprized of the circumſtance. Perceiving, that ſhe could obtain no intelligence concerning her deſtination, Emily diſmiſſed Dorina, and retired to repoſe; but all the buſy ſcenes of the paſt and the anticipated ones of the future came to her anxious mind, and conſpired with the ſenſe of her new ſituation to baniſh ſleep.

CHAP. VII.

"Was nought around but images of reſt,
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd, and banks of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their water's ſheen,
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made."

THOMSON.

WHEN Emily, in the morning, opened her caſement, ſhe was ſurpriſed to obſerve the beauties that ſurrounded it. The cottage was nearly embowered in the woods, which were chiefly of cheſnut, intermixed with ſome cypreſs, larch and ſycamore. Beneath the dark and ſpreading branches, appeared, to the north, and to the eaſt, the woody Apennines, riſing in majeſtic amphitheatre, not black with pines, as ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee them, but their loftieſt

loftieſt ſummits crowned with antient foreſts of cheſnut, oak, and oriental plane, now animated with the rich tints of autumn, and which ſwept downward to the valley uninterruptedly, except where ſome bold rocky promontory looked out from among the foliage, and caught the paſſing gleam. Vineyards ſtretched along the feet of the mountains, where the elegant villas of the Tuſcan nobility frequently adorned the ſcene, and overlooked ſlopes clothed with groves of olive, mulberry, orange and lemon. The plain, to which theſe declined, was coloured with the riches of cultivation, whoſe mingled hues were mellowed into harmony by an Italian ſun. Vines, their purple cluſters bluſhing between the ruſſet foliage, hung in luxuriant feſtoons from the branches of ſtandard fig and cherry trees, while paſtures of verdure, ſuch as Emily had ſeldom ſeen in Italy, enriched the banks of a ſtream that, after deſcending from the mountains, wound along the landſcape, which it reflected, to a bay of the

ſea. There, far in the weſt, the waters, fading into the ſky, aſſumed a tint of the fainteſt purple, and the line of ſeparation between them was, now and then, diſcernible only by the progreſs of a ſail, brightened with the ſun-beam, along the horizon.

The cottage, which was ſhaded by the woods from the intenſer rays of the ſun, and was open only to his evening light, was covered entirely with vines, fig-trees and jeſſamine, whoſe flowers ſurpaſſed in ſize and fragrance any that Emily had ſeen. Theſe and ripening cluſters of grapes hung round her little caſement. The turf, that grew under the woods, was inlaid with a variety of wild flowers and perfumed herbs, and, on the oppoſite margin of the ſtream, whoſe current diffuſed freſhneſs beneath the ſhades, roſe a grove of lemon and orange trees. This, though nearly oppoſite to Emily's window, did not interrupt her proſpect, but rather heightened, by its dark verdure, the effect of the perſpective; and to her this ſpot was a bower of ſweets,

ſweets, whoſe charms communicated imperceptibly to her mind ſomewhat of their own ſerenity.

She was ſoon ſummoned to breakfaſt, by the peaſant's daughter, a girl about ſeventeen, of a pleaſant countenance, which, Emily was glad to obſerve, ſeemed animated with the pure affections of nature, though the others, that ſurrounded her, expreſſed, more or leſs, the worſt qualities —cruelty, ferocity, cunning and duplicity; of the latter ſtyle of countenance, eſpecially, were thoſe of the peaſant and his wife. Maddelina ſpoke little, but what ſhe ſaid was in a ſoft voice, and with an air of modeſty and complacency, that intereſted Emily, who breakfaſted at a ſeparate table with Dorina, while Ugo and Bertrand were taking a repaſt of Tuſcany bacon and wine with their hoſt, near the cottage door; when they had finiſhed which, Ugo, riſing haſtily, enquired for his mule, and Emily learned that he was to return to Udolpho, while Bertrand remained at the

cottage; a circumſtance, which, though it did not ſurpriſe, diſtreſſed her.

When Ugo was departed, Emily propoſed to walk in the neighbouring woods; but, on being told, that ſhe muſt not quit the cottage, without having Bertrand for her attendant, ſhe withdrew to her own room. There, as her eyes ſettled on the towering Apennines, ſhe recollected the terrific ſcenery they had exhibited and the horrors ſhe had ſuffered, on the preceding night, particularly at the moment when Bertrand had betrayed himſelf to be an aſſaſſin; and theſe remembrances awakened a train of images, which, ſince they abſtracted her from a conſideration of her own ſituation, ſhe purſued for ſome time, and then arranged in the following lines; pleaſed to have diſcovered any innocent means, by which ſhe could beguile an hour of misfortune.

THE PILGRIM*.

Slow o'er the Apennine, with bleeding feet,
A patient Pilgrim wound his lonely way,
To deck the Lady of Loretto's ſeat
With all the little wealth his zeal could pay.
From mountain-tops cold died the evening ray,
And, ſtretch'd in twilight, ſlept the vale below;
And now the laſt, laſt purple ſtreaks of day
Along the melancholy Weſt fade ſlow.
High o'er his head, the reſtleſs pines complain,
As on their ſummit rolls the breeze of night;
Beneath, the hoarſe ſtream chides the rocks in vain:
The Pilgrim pauſes on the dizzy height.
Then to the vale his cautious ſtep he preſs'd,
For there a hermit's croſs was dimly ſeen,
Creſting the rock, and there his limbs might reſt,
Cheer'd in the good man's cave, by faggot's ſheen,
On leafy beds, nor guile his ſleep moleſt.
Unhappy Luke! he truſts a treacherous clue!
Behind the cliff the lurking robber ſtood;
No friendly moon his giant ſhadow threw
Athwart the road, to ſave the Pilgrim's blood;
On as he went a veſper-hymn he ſang,
The hymn, that nightly ſooth'd him to repoſe.
Fierce on his harmleſs prey the ruffian ſprang!
The Pilgrim bleeds to death, his eye-lids cloſe.
Yet his meek ſpirit knew no vengeful care,
But, dying, for his murd'rer breath'd—a ſainted
pray'r!

* This poem and that entitled The Traveller, in vol. ii. have already appeared in a periodical publication.

Preferring the ſolitude of her room to the company of the perſons below ſtairs, Emily dined above, and Maddelina was ſuffered to attend her, from whoſe ſimple converſation ſhe learned, that the peaſant and his wife were old inhabitants of this cottage, which had been purchaſed for them by Montoni, in reward of ſome ſervice, rendered him, many years before, by Marco, to whom Carlo, the ſteward at the caſtle, was nearly related. "So many years ago, Signora," added Maddelina, "that I know nothing about it; but my father did the Signor a great good, for my mother has often ſaid to him, this cottage was the leaſt he ought to have had."

To the mention of this circumſtance Emily liſtened with a painful intereſt ſince, it appeared to give a frightful colour to the character of Marco, whoſe ſervice, thus rewarded by Montoni, ſhe could ſcarcely doubt had been criminal; and, if ſo, had too much reaſon to believe, that ſhe had been committed into his hands for ſome deſperate purpoſe. "Did you ever hear how

how many years it is," ſaid Emily, who was conſidering of Signora Laurentini's diſappearance from Udolpho, "ſince your father performed the ſervices you ſpoke of?"

"It was a little before he came to live at the cottage, Signora," replied Maddelina, "and that is about eighteen years ago."

This was near the period, when Signora Laurentini had been ſaid to diſappear, and it occurred to Emily, that Marco had aſſiſted in that myſterious affair, and, perhaps, had been employed in a murder! This horrible ſuggeſtion fixed her in ſuch profound reverie, that Maddelina quitted the room, unperceived by her, and ſhe remained unconſcious of all around her, for a conſiderable time. Tears, at length, came to her relief, after indulging which, her ſpirits becoming calmer, ſhe ceaſed to tremble at a view of evils, that might never arrive; and had ſufficient reſolution to endeavour to withdraw her thoughts from the contemplation of her own intereſts. Remembering the few books, which

which even in the hurry of her departure from Udolpho ſhe had put into her little package, ſhe ſat down with one of them at her pleaſant caſement, whence her eyes often wandered from the page to the landſcape, whoſe beauty gradually ſoothed her mind into gentle melancholy.

Here, ſhe remained alone, till evening, and ſaw the ſun deſcend the weſtern ſky, throw all his pomp of light and ſhadow upon the mountains, and gleam upon the diſtant ocean and the ſtealing ſails, as he ſunk amidſt the waves. Then, at the muſing hour of twilight, her ſoftened thoughts returned to Valancourt; ſhe again recollected every circumſtance, connected with the midnight muſic, and all that might aſſiſt her conjecture, concerning his impriſonment at the caſtle, and, becoming confirmed in the ſuppoſition, that it was his voice ſhe had heard there, ſhe looked back to that gloomy abode with emotions of grief and momentary regret.

Refreſhed by the cool and fragrant air, and

and her ſpirits ſoothed to a ſtate of gentle melancholy by the ſtilly murmur of the brook below and of the woods around, ſhe lingered at her caſement long after the ſun had ſet, watching the valley ſinking into obſcurity, till only the grand outline of the ſurrounding mountains, ſhadowed upon the horizon, remained viſible. But a clear moon-light, that ſucceeded, gave to the landſcape, what time gives to the ſcenes of paſt life, when it ſoftens all their harſher features, and throws over the whole the mellowing ſhade of diſtant contemplation. The ſcenes of La Vallée, in the early morn of her life, when ſhe was protected and beloved by parents equally loved, appeared in Emily's memory tenderly beautiful, like the proſpect before her, and awakened mournful compariſons. Unwilling to encounter the coarſe behaviour of the peaſant's wife, ſhe remained ſupperleſs in her room, while ſhe wept again over her forlorn and perilous ſituation, a review of which entirely overcame the ſmall remains

mains of her fortitude, and, reducing her to temporary deſpondence, ſhe wiſhed to be releaſed from this heavy load of life, that had ſo long oppreſſed her, and prayed to Heaven to take her, in its mercy, to her parents.

Wearied with weeping, ſhe, at length, lay down on her mattreſs, and ſunk to ſleep, but was ſoon awakened by a knocking at her chamber door, and, ſtarting up in terror, ſhe heard a voice calling her. The image of Bertrand, with a ſtilletto in his hand, appeared to her alarmed fancy, and ſhe neither opened the door, or anſwered, but liſtened in profound ſilence, till, the voice repeating her name in the ſame low tone, ſhe demanded who called. "It is I, Signora," replied the voice, which ſhe now diſtinguiſhed to be Maddelina's, "pray open the door. Don't be frightened, it is I."

"And what brings you here ſo late, Maddelina?" ſaid Emily, as ſhe let her in. "Huſh! Signora, for heaven's ſake huſh!

—if

—if we are overheard I ſhall never be forgiven. My father and mother and Bertrand are all gone to bed," continued Maddelina, as ſhe gently ſhut the door, and crept forward, " and I have brought you ſome ſupper, for you had none, you know, Signora, below ſtairs. Here are ſome grapes and figs and half a cup of wine." Emily thanked her, but expreſſed apprehenſion leſt this kindneſs ſhould draw upon her the reſentment of Dorina, when ſhe perceived the fruit was gone. " Take it back, therefore, Maddelina," added Emily, " I ſhall ſuffer much leſs from the want of it, than I ſhould do, if this act of goodnature was to ſubject you to your mother's diſpleaſure."

" O Signora! there is no danger of that," replied Maddelina, " my mother cannot miſs the fruit, for I ſaved it from my own ſupper. You will make me very unhappy, if you refuſe to take it, Signora." Emily was ſo much affected by this inſtance of the good girl's generoſity, that ſhe remained

for

for ſome time unable to reply, and Maddelina watched her in ſilence, till, miſtaking the cauſe of her emotion, ſhe ſaid, "Do not weep ſo, Signora! My mother, to be ſure, is a little croſs, ſometimes, but then it is ſoon over,—ſo don't take it ſo much to heart. She often ſcolds me, too, but then I have learned to bear it, and, when ſhe has done, if I can but ſteal out into the woods, and play upon my ſticcado, I forget it all directly."

Emily, ſmiling through her tears, told Maddelina, that ſhe was a good girl, and then accepted her offering. She wiſhed anxiouſly to know, whether Bertrand and Dorina had ſpoken of Montoni, or of his deſigns, concerning herſelf, in the preſence of Maddelina, but diſdained to tempt the innocent girl to a conduct ſo mean, as that of betraying the private converſation of her parents. When ſhe was departing, Emily requeſted, that ſhe would come to her room as often as ſhe dared without offending her mother; and Maddelina, after promiſing,

miſing, that ſhe would do ſo, ſtole ſoftly back again to her own chamber.

Thus ſeveral days paſſed, during which Emily remained in her own room, Maddelina attending her only at her repaſt, whoſe gentle countenance and manners ſoothed her more than any circumſtance ſhe had known for many months. Of her pleaſant embowered chamber ſhe now became fond, and began to experience in it thoſe feelings of ſecurity, which we naturally attach to home. In this interval alſo, her mind, having been undiſturbed by any new circumſtance of diſguſt, or alarm, recovered its tone ſufficiently to permit her the enjoyment of her books, among which ſhe found ſome unfiniſhed ſketches of landſcapes, ſeveral blank ſheets of paper, with her drawing inſtruments, and ſhe was thus enabled to amuſe herſelf with ſelecting ſome of the lovely features of the proſpect, that her window commanded, and combining them in ſcenes, to which her taſteful fancy gave a laſt grace. In theſe little

ſketches

ſketches ſhe generally placed intereſting groups, characteriſtic of the ſcenery they animated, and often contrived to tell, with perſpicuity, ſome ſimple and affecting ſtory, when, as a tear fell over the pictured griefs, which her imagination drew, ſhe would forget, for a moment, her real ſufferings. Thus innocently ſhe beguiled the heavy hours of misfortune, and, with meek patience, awaited the events of futurity.

A beautiful evening, that had ſucceeded to a ſultry day, at length induced Emily to walk, though ſhe knew that Bertrand muſt attend her, and, with Maddelina for her companion, ſhe left the cottage, followed by Bertrand, who allowed her to chooſe her own way. The hour was cool and ſilent, and ſhe could not look upon the country around her, without delight. How lovely, too, appeared the brilliant blue, that coloured all the upper region of the air, and, thence fading downward, was loſt in the ſaffron glow of the horizon!

Nor

Nor leſs ſo were the varied ſhades and warm colouring of the Apennines, as the evening ſun threw his ſlanting rays athwart their broken ſurface. Emily followed the courſe of the ſtream, under the ſhades, that overhung its graſſy margin. On the oppoſite banks, the paſtures were animated with herds of cattle of a beautiful cream-colour; and, beyond, were groves of lemon and orange, with fruit glowing on the branches, frequent almoſt as the leaves, which partly concealed it. She purſued her way towards the ſea, which reflected the warm glow of ſun-ſet, while the cliffs, that roſe over its edge, were tinted with the laſt rays. The valley was terminated on the right by a lofty promontory, whoſe ſummit, impending over the waves, was crowned with a ruined tower, now ſerving for the purpoſe of a beacon, whoſe ſhattered battlements and the extended wings of ſome ſea-fowl, that circled near it, were ſtill illumined by the upward beams of the ſun, though his diſk was now ſunk beneath the

the horizon; while the lower part of the ruin, the cliff on which it ſtood and the waves at its foot, were ſhaded with the firſt tints of twilight.

Having reached this headland, Emily gazed with ſolemn pleaſure on the cliffs, that extended on either hand along the ſequeſtered ſhores, ſome crowned with groves of pine, and others exhibiting only barren precipices of a grayiſh marble, except where the crags were tufted with myrtle and other aromatic ſhrubs. The ſea ſlept in a perfect calm; its waves, dying in murmurs on the ſhores, flowed with the gentleſt undulation, while its clear ſurface reflected in ſoftened beauty the vermeil tints of the weſt. Emily, as ſhe looked upon the ocean, thought of France and of paſt times, and ſhe wiſhed, Oh! how ardently, and vainly—wiſhed! that its waves would bear her to her diſtant, native home!

"Ah! that veſſel," ſaid ſhe, "that veſſel, which glides along ſo ſtately, with its

its tall ſails reflected in the water, is, perhaps, bound for France! Happy—happy bark!" She continued to gaze upon it, with warm emotion, till the gray of twilight obſcured the diſtance, and veiled it from her view. The melancholy ſound of the waves at her feet aſſiſted the tenderneſs, that occaſioned her tears, and this was the only ſound, that broke upon the hour, till, having followed the windings of the beach, for ſome time, a chorus of voices paſſed her on the air. She pauſed a moment, wiſhing to hear more, yet fearing to be ſeen, and, for the firſt time, looked back to Bertrand, as her protector, who was following, at a ſhort diſtance, in company with ſome other perſon. Reaſſured by this circumſtance, ſhe advanced towards the ſounds, which ſeemed to ariſe from behind a high promontory, that projected athwart the beach. There was now a ſudden pauſe in the muſic, and then one female voice was heard to ſing in a kind of chant. Emily quickened her ſteps,

ſteps, and, winding round the rock, ſaw, within the ſweeping bay, beyond, which was hung with woods from the borders of the beach to the very ſummit of the cliffs, two groups of peaſants, one ſeated beneath the ſhades, and the other ſtanding on the edge of the ſea, round the girl, who was ſinging, and who held in her hand a chaplet of flowers, which ſhe ſeemed about to drop into the waves.

Emily, liſtening with ſurpriſe and attention, diſtinguiſhed the following invocation delivered in the pure and elegant tongue of Tuſcany, and accompanied by a few paſtoral inſtruments.

TO A SEA-NYMPH.

O nymph! who loves to float on the green wave,
When Neptune ſleeps beneath the moon-light hour,
Lull'd by thy muſic's melancholy pow'r,
O nymph, ariſe from out thy pearly cave!

For Heſper beams amid the twilight ſhade,
And ſoon ſhall Cynthia tremble o'er the tide,
Gleam on theſe cliffs, that bound the ocean's pride,
And lonely ſilence all the air pervade.

Then,

Then, let thy tender voice at diſtance ſwell,
And ſteal along this ſolitary ſhore,
Sink on the breeze, till dying—heard no more—
Thou wak'ſt the ſudden magic of thy ſhell.

While the long coaſt in echo ſweet replies,
Thy ſoothing ſtrains the penſive heart beguile,
And bid the viſions of the future ſmile,
O nymph! from out thy pearly cave—ariſe!
(Chorus)—*Ariſe!*
(Semi-chorus)—*Ariſe!*

The laſt words being repeated by the ſurrounding group, the garland of flowers was thrown into the waves, and the chorus, ſinking gradually into a chant, died away in ſilence.

"What can this mean, Maddelina?" ſaid Emily, awakening from the pleaſing trance, into which the muſic had lulled her. "This is the eve of a feſtival, Signora," replied Maddelina; "and the peaſants then amuſe themſelves with all kinds of ſports."

"But they talked of a ſea-nymph," ſaid Emily: "how came theſe good people to think of a ſea-nymph?"

"O, Signora," rejoined Maddelina, miſtaking the reaſon of Emily's ſurpriſe, "nobody *believes* in ſuch things, but our old ſongs tell of them, and, when we are at our ſports, we ſometimes ſing to them, and throw garlands into the ſea."

Emily had been early taught to venerate Florence as the ſeat of literature and of the fine arts; but, that its taſte for claſſic ſtory ſhould deſcend to the peaſants of the country, occaſioned her both ſurpriſe and admiration. The Arcadian air of the girls next attracted her attention. Their dreſs was a very ſhort full petticoat of light green, with a boddice of white ſilk; the ſleeves looſe, and tied up at the ſhoulders with ribbons and bunches of flowers. Their hair, falling in ringlets on their necks, was alſo ornamented with flowers, and with a ſmall ſtraw hat, which, ſet rather backward and on one ſide of the head, gave an expreſſion of gaiety and ſmartneſs to the whole figure. When the ſong had concluded, ſeveral of theſe girls approached Emily,

Emily, and, inviting her to ſit down among them, offered her, and Maddelina, whom they knew, grapes and figs.

Emily accepted their courteſy, much pleaſed with the gentleneſs and grace of their manners, which appeared to be perfectly natural to them: and when Bertrand, ſoon after, approached, and was haſtily drawing her away, a peaſant, holding up a flaſk, invited him to drink; a temptation which Bertrand was ſeldom very valiant in reſiſting.

"Let the young lady join in the dance, my friend," ſaid the peaſant, "while we empty this flaſk. They are going to begin directly. Strike up! my lads, ſtrike up your tambourines and merry flutes!"

They ſounded gaily; and the younger peaſants formed themſelves into a circle, which Emily would readily have joined, had her ſpirits been in uniſon with their mirth. Maddelina, however, tripped it lightly, and Emily, as ſhe looked on the happy group, loſt the ſenſe of her misfor-

tunes in that of a benevolent pleaſure. But the penſive melancholy of her mind returned, as ſhe ſat rather apart from the company, liſtening to the mellow muſic, which the breeze ſoftened as it bore it away, and watching the moon, ſtealing its tremulous light over the waves and on the woody ſummits of the cliffs, that wound along theſe Tuſcan ſhores.

Meanwhile, Bertrand was ſo well pleaſed with his firſt flaſk, that he very willingly commenced the attack of a ſecond, and it was late before Emily, not without ſome apprehenſion, returned to the cottage.

After this evening, ſhe frequently walked with Maddelina, but was never unattended by Bertrand; and her mind became by degrees as tranquil as the circumſtances of her ſituation would permit. The quiet, in which ſhe was ſuffered to live, encouraged her to hope, that ſhe was not ſent hither with an evil deſign; and, had it not appeared probable, that Valancourt was at this time an inhabitant of Udolpho, ſhe would

would have wiſhed to remain at the cottage, till an opportunity ſhould offer of returning to her native country. But, concerning Montoni's motive for ſending her into Tuſcany, ſhe was more than ever perplexed, nor could ſhe believe that any conſideration for her ſafety had influenced him on this occaſion.

She had been ſome time at the cottage, before ſhe recollected, that, in the hurry of leaving Udolpho, ſhe had forgotten the papers committed to her by her late aunt, relative to the Languedoc eſtates; but, though this remembrance occaſioned her much uneaſineſs, ſhe had ſome hope, that, in the obſcure place where they were depoſited, they would eſcape the detection of Montoni.

CHAP. VIII.

" My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken."

RICHARD II.

WE now return, for a moment, to Venice, where Count Morano was ſuffering under an accumulation of misfortunes. Soon after his arrival in that city, he had been arreſted by order of the Senate, and, without knowing of what he was ſuſpected, was conveyed to a place of confinement, whither the moſt ſtrenuous enquiries of his friends had been unable to trace him. Who the enemy was, that had occaſioned him this calamity, he had not been able to gueſs, unleſs, indeed, it was Montoni, on whom his ſuſpicions reſted, and not only with much apparent probability, but with juſtice.

In

In the affair of the poiſoned cup, Montoni had ſuſpected Morano; but, being unable to obtain the degree of proof, which was neceſſary to convict him of a guilty intention, he had recourſe to means of other revenge, than he could hope to obtain by proſecution. He employed a perſon, in whom he believed he might confide, to drop a letter of accuſation into the *Denunzie ſecrete*, or lions' mouths, which are fixed in a gallery of the Doge's palace, as receptacles for anonymous information concerning perſons who may be diſaffected towards the State. As, on theſe occaſions, the accuſer is not confronted with the accuſed, a man may falſely impeach his enemy, and accompliſh an unjuſt revenge, without fear of puniſhment, or detection. That Montoni ſhould have recourſe to theſe diabolical means of ruining a perſon, whom he ſuſpected of having attempted his life, is not in the leaſt ſurpriſing. In the letter, which he had employed as the inſtrument of his revenge, he accuſed Morano of deſigns

againſt the State, which he attempted to prove, with all the plauſible ſimplicity of which he was maſter; and the Senate, with whom a ſuſpicion was, at that time, almoſt equal to a proof, arreſted the Count, in conſequence of this accuſation; and, without even hinting to him his crime, threw him into one of thoſe ſecret priſons, which were the terror of the Venetians, and in which perſons often languiſhed, and ſometimes died, without being diſcovered by their friends.

Morano had incurred the perſonal reſentment of many members of the State; his habits of life had rendered him obnoxious to ſome; and his ambition, and the bold rivalſhip, which he diſcovered, on ſeveral public occaſions,—to others; and it was not to be expected, that mercy would ſoften the rigour of a law, which was to be diſpenſed from the hands of his enemies.

Montoni, meantime, was beſet by dangers of another kind. His caſtle was beſieged

ſieged by troops, who ſeemed willing to dare every thing, and to ſuffer patiently any hardſhips in purſuit of victory. The ſtrength of the fortreſs, however, withſtood their attack, and this, with the vigorous defence of the garriſon, and the ſcarcity of proviſion on theſe wild mountains, ſoon compelled the aſſailants to raiſe the ſiege.

When Udolpho was once more left to the quiet poſſeſſion of Montoni, he diſpatched Ugo into Tuſcany for Emily, whom he had ſent, from conſiderations of her perſonal ſafety, to a place of greater ſecurity than a caſtle, which was, at that time, liable to be overrun by his enemies. Tranquillity being once more reſtored to Udolpho, he was impatient to ſecure her again under his roof, and had commiſſioned Ugo to aſſiſt Bertrand in guarding her back to the caſtle. Thus compelled to return, Emily bade the kind Maddelina farewell, with regret, and, after about a fortnight's ſtay in Tuſcany, where ſhe had experienced an interval of quiet,