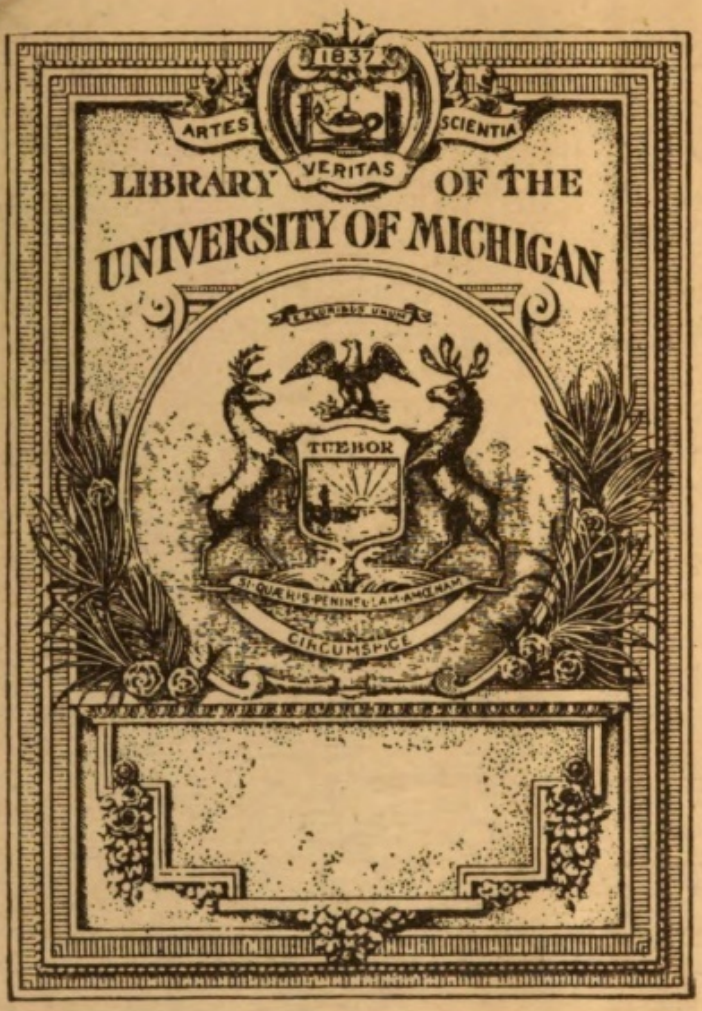

THE

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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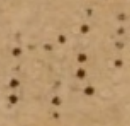

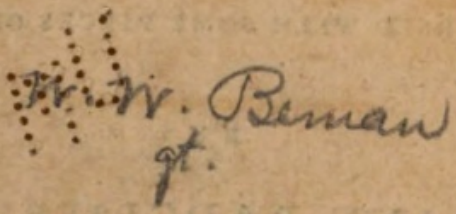

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

CHAP. I.

" Is all the council that we two have ſhared,
. . . . . the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us——Oh! and is all forgot?
. . . . . .
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder?"

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IN the evening, when Emily was at length informed, that Count de Villefort requeſted to ſee her, ſhe gueſſed that Valancourt was below, and, endeavouring to aſſume compoſure and to recollect all her ſpirits, ſhe roſe and left the apartment; but on reaching the door of the library, where ſhe ima-

gined him to be, her emotion returned with ſuch energy, that, fearing to truſt herſelf in the room, ſhe returned into the hall, where ſhe continued for a conſiderable time, unable to command her agitated ſpirits.

When ſhe could recall them, ſhe found in the library Valancourt, ſeated with the Count, who both roſe on her entrance; but ſhe did not dare to look at Valancourt, and the Count, having led her to a chair, immediately withdrew.

Emily remained with her eyes fixed on the floor, under ſuch oppreſſion of heart, that ſhe could not ſpeak, and with difficulty breathed; while Valancourt threw himſelf into a chair beſide her, and, ſighing heavily, continued ſilent, when, had ſhe raiſed her eyes, ſhe would have perceived the violent emotion he ſuffered.

At length, in a tremulous voice, he ſaid, "I have ſolicited to ſee you this evening, that I might, at leaſt, be ſpared the further torture of ſuſpenſe, which your altered manner had occaſioned me, and which the hints

hints I have juſt received from the Count have in part explained. I perceive I have enemies, Emily, who envied me my late happineſs, and who have been buſy in ſearching out the means to deſtroy it: I perceive, too, that time and abſence have weakened the affection you once felt for me, and that you can now eaſily be taught to forget me."

His laſt words faltered, and Emily, leſs able to ſpeak than before, continued ſilent.

"O what a meeting is this!" exclaimed Valancourt, ſtarting from his ſeat, and pacing the room with hurried ſteps, "what a meeting is this, after our long—long ſeparation!" Again he ſat down, and, after the ſtruggle of a moment, he added in a firm but deſpairing tone, "This is too much—I cannot bear it! Emily, will you not ſpeak to me?"

He covered his face with his hand, as if to conceal his emotion, and took Emily's, which ſhe did not withdraw. Her tears could no longer be reſtrained; and, when

he looked up and perceived that ſhe was weeping, all his tenderneſs returned, and a gleam of hope appeared to croſs his mind, for he exclaimed, "O! you do pity me, then, you do love me! Yes, you are ſtill my own Emily——let me believe thoſe tears, that tell me ſo!"

Emily now made an effort to recover her firmneſs, and, haſtily drying them, "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "I do pity you—I weep for you —but, ought I to think of you with affection? You may remember that yeſter-evening, I ſaid, I had ſtill ſufficient confidence in your candour to believe, that, when I ſhould requeſt an explanation of your words, you would give it. This explanation is now unneceſſary, I underſtand them too well; but prove, at leaſt, that your candour is deſerving of the confidence I give it, when I aſk you, whether you are conſcious of being the ſame eſtimable Valancourt—whom I once loved."

"Once loved!" cried he,—"the ſame—the ſame!" He pauſed in extreme emotion, and

and then added, in a voice at once solemn, and dejected,—"No—I am not the same!—I am lost—I am no longer worthy of you!"

He again concealed his face. Emily was too much affected by this honest confession to reply immediately, and, while she struggled to overcome the pleadings of her heart, and to act with the decisive firmness, which was necessary for her future peace, she perceived all the danger of trusting long to her resolution, in the presence of Valancourt, and was anxious to conclude an interview, that tortured them both; yet when she considered, that this was probably their last meeting, her fortitude sunk at once, and she experienced only emotions of tenderness and of despondency.

Valancourt, meanwhile, lost in those of remorse and grief, which he had neither the power, or the will to express, sat insensible almost of the presence of Emily, his features still concealed, and his breast agitated by convulsive sighs.

"Spare me the neceſſity," ſaid Emily, recollecting her fortitude, "ſpare me the neceſſity of mentioning thoſe circumſtances of your conduct, which oblige me to break our connection for ever. We muſt part, I now ſee you for the laſt time."

"Impoſſible!" cried Valancourt, rouſed from his deep ſilence, "You cannot mean what you ſay!—you cannot mean to throw me from you for ever!"

"We muſt part," repeated Emily, with emphaſis,—"and that for ever! Your own conduct has made this neceſſary."

"This is the Count's determination," ſaid he haughtily, "not yours, and I ſhall enquire by what authority he interferes between us." He now roſe, and walked about the room in great emotion.

"Let me ſave you from this error," ſaid Emily, not leſs agitated—"it is my determination, and, if you reflect a moment on your late conduct, you will perceive, that my future peace requires it."

"Your future peace requires, that we ſhould

ſhould part—part for ever!" ſaid Valancourt: "How little did I ever expect to hear you ſay ſo!"

"And how little did I expect, that it would be neceſſary for me to ſay ſo!" rejoined Emily, while her voice ſoftened into tenderneſs, and her tears flowed again.—"That you—you, Valancourt, would ever fall from my eſteem!"

He was ſilent a moment, as if overwhelmed by the conſciouſneſs of no longer deſerving this eſteem, as well as the certainty of having loſt it, and then, with impaſſioned grief, lamented the criminality of his late conduct and the miſery to which it had reduced him, till, overcome by a recollection of the paſt and a conviction of the future, he burſt into tears, and uttered only deep and broken ſighs.

The remorſe he had expreſſed, and the diſtreſs he ſuffered could not be witneſſed by Emily with indifference, and, had ſhe not called to her recollection all the circumſtances, of which Count de Villefort had

informed her, and all he had ſaid of the danger of confiding in repentance, formed under the influence of paſſion, ſhe might perhaps have truſted to the aſſurances of her heart, and have forgotten his miſconduct in the tenderneſs, which that repentance excited.

Valancourt, returning to the chair beſide her, at length, ſaid, in a ſubdued voice, "'Tis true, I am fallen—fallen from my own eſteem! but could you, Emily, ſo ſoon, ſo ſuddenly reſign, if you had not before ceaſed to love me, or, if your conduct was not governed by the deſigns, I will ſay, the ſelfiſh deſigns of another perſon? Would you not otherwiſe be willing to hope for my reformation—and could you bear, by eſtranging me from you, to abandon me to miſery—to myſelf!"—Emily wept aloud.—"No, Emily—no—you would not do this, if you ſtill loved me. You would find your own happineſs in ſaving mine."

"There are too many probabilities againſt that hope," ſaid Emily, "to juſtify me

me in truſting the comfort of my whole life to it. May I not alſo aſk, whether you could wiſh me to do this, if you really loved me?"

"Really loved you!" exclaimed Valancourt—"is it poſſible you can doubt my love? Yet it is reaſonable, that you ſhould do ſo, ſince you ſee, that I am leſs ready to ſuffer the horror of parting with you, than that of involving you in my ruin. Yes, Emily—I am ruined—irreparably ruined—I am involved in debts, which I can never diſcharge!" Valancourt's look, which was wild, as he ſpoke this, ſoon ſettled into an expreſſion of gloomy deſpair; and Emily, while ſhe was compelled to admire his ſincerity, ſaw, with unutterable anguiſh, new reaſons for fear in the ſuddenneſs of his feelings and the extent of the miſery, in which they might involve him. After ſome minutes, ſhe ſeemed to contend againſt her grief, and to ſtruggle for fortitude to conclude the interview. I will not prolong theſe moments," ſaid ſhe, "by a converſation,

which can anſwer no good purpoſe. Valancourt, farewell!"

"You are not going?" ſaid he wildly, interrupting her—"You will not leave me thus—you will not abandon me even before my mind has ſuggeſted any poſſibility of compromiſe between the laſt indulgence of my deſpair and the endurance of my loſs!" Emily was terrified by the ſternneſs of his look, and ſaid, in a ſoothing voice, "You have yourſelf acknowledged, that it is neceſſary we ſhould part;—if you wiſh, that I ſhould believe you love me, you will repeat the acknowledgment."—"Never—never," cried he—"I was diſtracted when I made it. O! Emily—this is too much;—though you are not deceived as to my faults, you muſt be deluded into this exaſperation againſt them. The Count is the barrier between us; but he ſhall not long remain ſo."

"You are, indeed, diſtracted," ſaid Emily, "the Count is not your enemy; on the contrary, he is my friend, and that might,

might, in ſome degree, induce you to conſider him as yours."—"Your friend!" ſaid Valancourt, haſtily, "how long has he been your friend, that he can ſo eaſily make you forget your lover? Was it he, who recommended to your favour the Monſieur Du Pont, who, you ſay, accompanied you from Italy, and who, I ſay, has ſtolen your affections? But I have no right to queſtion you;—you are your own miſtreſs. Du Pont, perhaps, may not long triumph over my fallen fortunes! Emily, more frightened than before by the frantic looks of Valancourt, ſaid, in a tone ſcarcely audible, "For heaven's ſake be reaſonable—be compoſed. Monſieur Du Pont is not your rival, nor is the Count his advocate. You have no rival; nor, except yourſelf, an enemy. My heart is wrung with anguiſh, which muſt increaſe while your frantic behaviour ſhews me, more than ever, that you are no longer the Valancourt I have been accuſtomed to love."

He made no reply, but ſat with his arms

reſted on the table and his face concealed by his hands; while Emily ſtood, ſilent and trembling, wretched for herſelf and dreading to leave him in this ſtate of mind.

" O exceſs of miſery!" he ſuddenly exclaimed, " that I can never lament my ſufferings, without accuſing myſelf, nor remember you, without recollecting the folly and the vice, by which I have loſt you! Why was I forced to Paris, and why did I yield to allurements, which were to make me deſpicable for ever! O! why cannot I look back, without interruption, to thoſe days of innocence and peace, the days of our early love!"—The recollection ſeemed to melt his heart, and the phrenſy of deſpair yielded to tears. After a long pauſe, turning towards her and taking her hand, he ſaid, in a ſoftened voice, " Emily, can you bear that we ſhould part—can you reſolve to give up an heart, that loves you like mine—an heart, which, though it has erred—widely erred—is not irretrievable from error, as you well know, it never can be

be retrievable from love?" Emily made no reply, but with her tears. "Can you," continued he, "can you forget all our former days of happineſs and confidence—when I had not a thought, that I might wiſh to conceal from you—when I had no taſte—no pleaſures, in which you did not participate?"

"O do not lead me to the remembrance of thoſe days," ſaid Emily, "unleſs you can teach me to be inſenſible to the preſent. I do not mean to reproach you; if I did, I ſhould be ſpared theſe tears; but why will you render your preſent ſufferings more conſpicuous, by contraſting them with your former virtues?"

"Thoſe virtues," ſaid Valancourt, "might, perhaps, again be mine, if your affection, which nurtured them, was unchanged;—but I fear, indeed, I ſee, that you can no longer love me; elſe the happy hours, which we have paſſed together, would plead for me, and you could not look back upon them unmoved. Yet, why ſhould I torture

torture myſelf with the remembrance—why do I linger here? Am I not ruined—would it not be madneſs to involve you in my misfortunes, even if your heart was ſtill my own? I will not diſtreſs you further. Yet, before I go," added he, in a ſolemn voice, "let me repeat, that, whatever may be my deſtiny—whatever I may be doomed to ſuffer, I muſt always love you—moſt fondly love you! I am going, Emily, I am going to leave you—to leave you, for ever!" As he ſpoke the laſt words, his voice trembled, and he threw himſelf again into the chair, from which he had riſen. Emily was utterly unable to leave the room, or to ſay farewell. All impreſſion of his criminal conduct and almoſt of his follies was obliterated from her mind, and ſhe was ſenſible only of pity and grief.

"My fortitude is gone," ſaid Valancourt at length; "I can no longer even ſtruggle to recall it. I cannot now leave you—I cannot bid you an eternal farewell; ſay, at leaſt, that you will ſee me once again."

Emily's heart was ſomewhat relieved by the requeſt, and ſhe endeavoured to believe, that ſhe ought not to refuſe it. Yet ſhe was embarraſſed by recollecting, that ſhe was a viſitor in the houſe of the Count, who could not be pleaſed by the return of Valancourt. Other conſiderations, however, ſoon overcame this, and ſhe granted his requeſt, on the condition, that he would neither think of the Count, as his enemy, nor Du Pont as his rival. He then left her, with a heart, ſo much lightened by this ſhort reſpite, that he almoſt loſt every former ſenſe of misfortune.

Emily withdrew to her own room, that ſhe might compoſe her ſpirits and remove the traces of her tears, which would encourage the cenſorious remarks of the Counteſs and her favourite, as well as excite the curioſity of the reſt of the family. She found it, however, impoſſible to tranquillize her mind, from which ſhe could not expel the remembrance of the late ſcene with Valancourt, or the

the conſciouſneſs, that ſhe was to ſee him again, on the morrow. This meeting now appeared more terrible to her than the laſt, for the ingenuous confeſſion he had made of his ill conduct and his embarraſſed circumſtances, with the ſtrength and tenderneſs of affection, which this confeſſion diſcovered, had deeply impreſſed her, and, in ſpite of all ſhe had heard and believed to his diſadvantage, her eſteem began to return. It frequently appeared to her impoſſible, that he could have been guilty of the depravities reported of him, which, if not inconſiſtent with his warmth and impetuoſity, were entirely ſo with his candour and ſenſibility. Whatever was the criminality, which had given riſe to the reports, ſhe could not now believe them to be wholly true, nor that his heart was finally cloſed againſt the charms of virtue. The deep conſciouſneſs, which he felt as well as expreſſed of his errors, ſeemed to juſtify the opinion; and, as ſhe underſtood not the inſtability of youthful diſ-

positions, when opposed by habit, and that professions frequently deceive those, who make, as well as those, who hear them, she might have yielded to the flattering persuasions of her own heart and the pleadings of Valancourt, had she not been guided by the superior prudence of the Count. He represented to her, in a clear light, the danger of her present situation, that of listening to promises of amendment, made under the influence of strong passion, and the slight hope, which could attach to a connection, whose chance of happiness rested upon the retrieval of ruined circumstances and the reform of corrupted habits. On these accounts, he lamented, that Emily had consented to a second interview, for he saw how much it would shake her resolution and increase the difficulty of her conquest.

Her mind was now so entirely occupied by nearer interests, that she forgot the old housekeeper and the promised history, which so lately had excited her curiosity, but which

Dorothée

Dorothée was probably not very anxious to diſcloſe, for night came; the hours paſſed; and ſhe did not appear in Emily's chamber. With the latter it was a ſleepleſs and diſmal night; the more ſhe ſuffered her memory to dwell on the late ſcene with Valancourt, the more her reſolution declined, and ſhe was obliged to recollect all the arguments, which the Count had made uſe of to ſtrengthen it, and all the precepts, which ſhe had received from her deceaſed father, on the ſubject of ſelf-command, to enable her to act, with prudence and dignity, on this the moſt ſevere occaſion of her life. There were moments, when all her fortitude forſook her, and when, remembering the confidence of former times, ſhe thought it impoſſible, that ſhe could renounce Valancourt. His reformation then appeared certain; the arguments of Count De Villefort were forgotten; ſhe readily believed all ſhe wiſhed, and was willing to encounter any evil, rather than that of an immediate ſeparation.

Thus

Thus paſſed the night in ineffectual ſtruggles between affection and reaſon, and ſhe roſe, in the morning, with a mind, weakened and irreſolute, and a frame, trembling with illneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"Come, weep with me;—paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

VALANCOURT, meanwhile, ſuffered the tortures of remorſe and deſpair. The ſight of Emily had renewed all the ardour, with which he firſt loved her, and which had ſuffered a temporary abatement from abſence and the paſſing ſcenes of buſy life. When, on the receipt of her letter, he ſet out for Languedoc, he then knew, that his own folly had involved him in ruin, and it was no part of his deſign to conceal this from her. But he lamented only the delay which his ill-conduct muſt give to their marriage, and did not foreſee, that the information could induce her to break their connection for ever. While the proſpect of this ſeparation overwhelmed his mind, before ſtung with ſelf-reproach, he awaited their ſecond interview,

view, in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction, yet was ſtill inclined to hope, that his pleadings might prevail upon her not to exact it. In the morning, he ſent to know at what hour ſhe would ſee him; and his note arrived, when ſhe was with the Count, who had ſought an opportunity of again converſing with her of Valancourt; for he perceived the extreme diſtreſs of her mind, and feared, more than ever, that her fortitude would deſert her. Emily having diſmiſſed the meſſenger, the Count returned to the ſubject of their late converſation, urging his fear of Valancourt's entreaties, and again pointing out to her the lengthened miſery, that muſt enſue, if ſhe ſhould refuſe to encounter ſome preſent uneaſineſs. His repeated arguments could, indeed, alone have protected her from the affection ſhe ſtill felt for Valancourt, and ſhe reſolved to be governed by them.

The hour of interview, at length, arrived. Emily went to it, at leaſt, with compoſure of manner; but Valancourt was ſo much agitated,

agitated, that he could not ſpeak, for ſeveral minutes, and his firſt words were alternately thoſe of lamentation, entreaty and ſelf-reproach. Afterward, he ſaid, "Emily, I have loved you—I do love you better than my life; but I am ruined by my own conduct. Yet I would ſeek to entangle you in a connection, that muſt be miſerable for you, rather than ſubject myſelf to the puniſhment, which is my due, the loſs of you. I am a wretch, but I will be a villain no longer.—I will not endeavour to ſhake your reſolution by the pleadings of a ſelfiſh paſſion. I reſign you, Emily, and will endeavour to find conſolation in conſidering, that, though I am miſerable, you, at leaſt, may be happy. The merit of the ſacrifice, is, indeed, not my own, for I ſhould never have attained ſtrength of mind to ſurrender you, if your prudence had not demanded it."

He pauſed a moment, while Emily attempted to conceal the tears, which came to her eyes. She would have ſaid, "You ſpeak now, as you were wont to do," but ſhe

ſhe checked herſelf.—" Forgive me, Emily," ſaid he, " all the ſufferings I have occaſioned you, and, ſometimes, when you think of the wretched Valancourt, remember, that his only conſolation would be to believe, that you are no longer unhappy by his folly." The tears now fell faſt upon her cheek, and he was relapſing into the phrenſy of deſpair, when Emily endeavoured to recall her fortitude and to terminate an interview, which only ſeemed to increaſe the diſtreſs of both. Perceiving her tears and that ſhe was riſing to go, Valancourt ſtruggled, once more, to overcome his own feelings and to ſooth hers. " The remembrance of this ſorrow," ſaid he, " ſhall in future be my protection. O! never again will example, or temptation have power to ſeduce me to evil, exalted as I ſhall be by the recollection of your grief for me."

Emily was ſomewhat comforted by this aſſurance. " We are now parting for ever," ſaid ſhe; " but, if my happineſs is dear to you, you will always remember, that nothing

thing can contribute to it more, than to believe, that you have recovered your own esteem." Valancourt took her hand;—his eyes were covered with tears, and the farewell he would have spoken was lost in sighs. After a few moments, Emily said, with difficulty and emotion, "Farewell, Valancourt, may you be happy!" She repeated her "farewell," and attempted to withdraw her hand, but he still held it and bathed it with his tears. "Why prolong these moments?" said Emily, in a voice scarcely audible, "they are too painful to us both." "This is too—too much," exclaimed Valancourt, resigning her hand and throwing himself into a chair, where he covered his face with his hands and was overcome, for some moments, by convulsive sighs. After a long pause, during which Emily wept in silence, and Valancourt seemed struggling with his grief, she again rose to take leave of him. Then, endeavouring to recover his composure, "I am again afflicting you," said he, "but let the anguish I suffer plead for me." He then

then added, in a ſolemn voice, which frequently trembled with the agitation of his heart, "Farewell, Emily, you will always be the only object of my tenderneſs. Sometimes you will think of the unhappy Valancourt, and it will be with pity, though it may not be with eſteem. O! what is the whole world to me, without you—without your eſteem!" He checked himſelf—"I am falling again into the error I have juſt lamented. I muſt not intrude longer upon your patience, or I ſhall relapſe into deſpair."

He once more bade Emily adieu, preſſed her hand to his lips, looked at her, for the laſt time, and hurried out of the room.

Emily remained in the chair, where he had left her, oppreſſed with a pain at her heart, which ſcarcely permitted her to breathe, and liſtening to his departing ſteps, ſinking fainter and fainter, as he croſſed the hall. She was, at length, rouſed by the

voice of the Counteſs in the garden, and, her attention being then awakened, the firſt object, which ſtruck her ſight, was the vacant chair, where Valancourt had ſat. The tears, which had been, for ſome time, repreſſed by the kind of aſtoniſhment, that followed his departure, now came to her relief, and ſhe was, at length, ſufficiently compoſed to return to her own room.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes!" . . . .

SHAKESPEARE.

WE now return to the mention of Montoni, whoſe rage and diſappointment were ſoon loſt in nearer intereſts, than any, which the unhappy Emily had awakened. His depredations having exceeded their uſual limits, and reached an extent, at which neither the timidity of the then commercial ſenate of Venice, nor their hope of his occaſional aſſiſtance would permit them to connive, the ſame effort, it was reſolved, ſhould complete the ſuppreſſion of his power and the correction of his outrages. While a corps of conſiderable ſtrength was upon the point of receiving orders to march for Udolpho, a young officer, prompted partly by reſent-

ment, for ſome injury, received from Montoni, and partly by the hope of diſtinction, ſolicited an interview with the Miniſter, who directed the enterpriſe. To him he repreſented, that the ſituation of Udolpho rendered it too ſtrong to be taken by open force; except after ſome tedious operations; that Montoni had lately ſhewn how capable he was of adding to its ſtrength all the advantages, which could be derived from the ſkill of a commander; that ſo conſiderable a body of troops, as that allotted to the expedition, could not approach Udolpho without his knowledge, and that it was not for the honour of the republic to have a large part of its regular force employed, for ſuch a time as the ſiege of Udolpho would require, upon the attack of a handful of banditti. The object of the expedition, he thought, might be accompliſhed much more ſafely and ſpeedily by mingling contrivance with force. It was poſſible to meet Montoni and his party, without their walls, and to attack them then; or, by ap-

proaching the fortreſs, with the ſecrecy, conſiſtent with the march of ſmaller bodies of troops, to take advantage either of the treachery, or negligence of ſome of his party, and to ruſh unexpectedly upon the whole even in the caſtle of Udolpho.

This advice was ſeriouſly attended to, and the officer, who gave it, received the command of the troops, demanded for his purpoſe. His firſt efforts were accordingly thoſe of contrivance alone. In the neighbourhood of Udolpho, he waited till he had ſecured the aſſiſtance of ſeveral of the condottieri, of whom he found none, that he addreſſed, unwilling to puniſh their imperious maſter, and to ſecure their own pardon from the ſenate. He learned alſo the number of Montoni's troops, and that it had been much increaſed, ſince his late ſucceſſes. The concluſion of his plan was ſoon effected. Having returned with his party, who received the watch-word and other aſſiſtance from their friends within, Montoni and his officers were ſurpriſed by one diviſion, who had

been directed to their apartment, while the other maintained the ſlight combat, which preceded the ſurrender of the whole garriſon. Among the perſons, ſeized with Montoni, was Orſino, the aſſaſſin, who had joined him on his firſt arrival at Udolpho, and whoſe concealment had been made known to the ſenate by Count Morano, after the unſucceſsful attempt of the latter to carry off Emily. It was, indeed, partly for the purpoſe of capturing this man, by whom one of the ſenate had been murdered, that the expedition was undertaken, and its ſucceſs was ſo acceptable to them, that Morano was inſtantly releaſed, notwithſtanding the political ſuſpicions, which Montoni, by his ſecret accuſation, had excited againſt him. The celerity and eaſe, with which this whole tranſaction was completed, prevented it from attracting curioſity, or even from obtaining a place in any of the publiſhed records of that time; ſo that Emily, who remained in Languedoc, was ignorant of the defeat and ſignal humiliation of her late perſecutor.

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Her mind was now occupied with ſufferings, which no effort of reaſon had yet been able to controul. Count de Villefort, who ſincerely attempted whatever benevolence could ſuggeſt for ſoftening them, ſometimes allowed her the ſolitude ſhe wiſhed for, ſometimes led her into friendly parties, and conſtantly protected her, as much as poſſible, from the ſhrewd enquiries and critical converſation of the Counteſs. He often invited her to make excurſions, with him and his daughter, during which he converſed entirely on queſtions, ſuitable to her taſte, without appearing to conſult it, and thus endeavoured gradually to withdraw her from the ſubject of her grief, and to awake other intereſts in her mind. Emily, to whom he appeared as the enlightened friend and protector of her youth, ſoon felt for him the tender affection of a daughter, and her heart expanded to her young friend Blanche, as to a ſiſter, whoſe kindneſs and ſimplicity compenſated for the want of more brilliant qualities. It was long before ſhe could ſuf-

ficiently abſtract her mind from Valancourt to liſten to the ſtory, promiſed by old Dorothée, concerning which her curioſity had once been ſo deeply intereſted; but Dorothée, at length, reminded her of it, and Emily deſired, that ſhe would come, that night, to her chamber.

Still her thoughts were employed by conſiderations, which weakened her curioſity, and Dorothée's tap at the door, ſoon after twelve, ſurpriſed her almoſt as much as if it had not been appointed. "I am come, at laſt, lady," ſaid ſhe; "I wonder what it is makes my old limbs ſhake ſo, to-night. I thought, once or twice, I ſhould have dropped, as I was a-coming." Emily ſeated her in a chair, and deſired, that ſhe would compoſe her ſpirits, before ſhe entered upon the ſubject, that had brought her thither. "Alas," ſaid Dorothée, "it is thinking of that, I believe, which has diſturbed me ſo. In my way hither too, I paſſed the chamber, where my dear lady died, and every thing was ſo ſtill and gloomy about

about me, that I almoſt fancied I ſaw her as ſhe appeared upon her death-bed."

Emily now drew her chair near to Dorothée, who went on. "It is about twenty years ſince my lady Marchioneſs came a bride to the chateau. O! I well remember how ſhe looked, when ſhe came into the great hall, where we ſervants were all aſſembled to welcome her, and how happy my lord the Marquis ſeemed. Ah! who would have thought then!—But, as I was ſaying, ma'amſelle, I thought the Marchioneſs, with all her ſweet looks, did not look happy at heart, and ſo I told my huſband, and he ſaid it was all fancy; ſo I ſaid no more, but I made my remarks, for all that. My lady Marchioneſs was then about your age, and, as I have often thought, very like you. Well! my lord the Marquis kept open houſe, for a long time, and gave ſuch entertainments and there were ſuch gay doings as have never been in the chateau ſince. I was younger, ma'amſelle, then, than I am now, and was as gay as the beſt of

them. I remember I danced with Philip, the butler, in a pink gown, with yellow ribbons, and a coif, not ſuch as they wear now, but plaited high, with ribbons all about it. It was very becoming truly;—my lord, the Marquis, noticed me. Ah! he was a good-natured gentleman then—who would have thought that he ——"

"But the Marchioneſs, Dorothée," ſaid Emily, "you was telling me of her."

"O yes, my lady Marchioneſs, I thought ſhe did not ſeem happy at heart, and once, ſoon after the marriage, I caught her crying in her chamber; but, when ſhe ſaw me, ſhe dried her eyes, and pretended to ſmile. I did not dare then to aſk what was the matter; but, the next time I ſaw her crying, I did, and ſhe ſeemed diſpleaſed;—ſo I ſaid no more. I found out, ſome time after, how it was. Her father, it ſeems, had commanded her to marry my lord, the Marquis, for his money, and there was another nobleman, or elſe a chevalier, that ſhe liked better and that was very fond of her, and ſhe fretted for

for the loſs of him, I fancy, but ſhe never told me ſo. My lady always tried to conceal her tears from the Marquis, for I have often ſeen her, after ſhe has been ſo ſorrowful, look ſo calm and ſweet, when he came into the room! But my lord, all of a ſudden, grew gloomy and fretful, and very unkind ſometimes to my lady. This afflicted her very much, as I ſaw, for ſhe never complained, and ſhe uſed to try ſo ſweetly to oblige him and to bring him into a good humour, that my heart has often ached to ſee it. But he uſed to be ſtubborn, and give her harſh anſwers, and then, when ſhe found it all in vain, ſhe would go to her own room, and cry ſo! I uſed to hear her in the anti-room, poor dear lady! but I ſeldom ventured to go to her. I uſed, ſometimes, to think my lord was jealous. To be ſure my lady was greatly admired, but ſhe was too good to deſerve ſuſpicion. Among the many chevaliers, that viſited at the chateau, there was one, that I always thought ſeemed juſt ſuited for my lady; he was ſo courteous, yet

ſo ſpirited, and there was ſuch a grace, as it were, in all he did, or ſaid. I always obſerved, that, whenever he had been there, the Marquis was more gloomy and my lady more thoughtful, and it came into my head, that this was the chevalier ſhe ought to have married, but I never could learn for certain."

"What was the chevalier's name, Dorothée?" ſaid Emily.

"Why that I will not tell even to you, ma'amſelle, for evil may come of it. I once heard from a perſon, who is ſince dead, that the Marchioneſs was not in law the wife of the Marquis, for that ſhe had before been privately married to the gentleman ſhe was ſo much attached to, and was afterwards afraid to own it to her father, who was a very ſtern man; but this ſeems very unlikely, and I never gave much faith to it. As I was ſaying, the Marquis was moſt out of humour, as I thought, when the chevalier I ſpoke of had been at the chateau, and, at laſt, his ill treatment of my lady made her quite

quite miſerable. He would ſee hardly any viſitors at the caſtle, and made her live almoſt by herſelf. I was her conſtant attendant, and ſaw all ſhe ſuffered, but ſtill ſhe never complained.

"After matters had gone on thus, for near a year, my lady was taken ill, and I thought her long fretting had made her ſo,—but, alas! I fear it was worſe than that."

"Worſe! Dorothée," ſaid Emily, "can that be poſſible?"

"I fear it was ſo, madam, there were ſtrange appearances! But I will only tell what happened. My lord, the Marquis—"

"Huſh, Dorothée, what ſounds were thoſe?" ſaid Emily.

Dorothée changed countenance, and, while they both liſtened, they heard, on the ſtillneſs of the night, muſic of uncommon ſweetneſs.

"I have ſurely heard that voice before!" ſaid Emily, at length.

"I have often heard it, and at this ſame hour," ſaid Dorothée, ſolemnly, "and, if ſpi-

rits

rits ever bring muſic—that is ſurely the muſic of one!"

Emily, as the ſounds drew nearer, knew them to be the ſame ſhe had formerly heard at the time of her father's death; and, whether it was the remembrance they now revived of that melancholy event, or that ſhe was ſtruck with ſuperſtitious awe, it is certain ſhe was ſo much affected, that ſhe had nearly fainted.

"I think I once told you, madam," ſaid Dorothée, "that I firſt heard this muſic ſoon after my lady's death! I well remember the night!"——

"Hark! it comes again!" ſaid Emily, "let us open the window, and liſten."

They did ſo; but, ſoon, the ſounds floated gradually away into diſtance, and all was again ſtill; they ſeemed to have ſunk among the woods, whoſe tufted tops were viſible upon the clear horizon, while every other feature of the ſcene was involved in the night-ſhade, which, however, allowed

the

the eye an indiſtinct view of ſome objects in the garden below.

As Emily leaned on the window, gazing with a kind of thrilling awe upon the obſcurity beneath, and then upon the cloudleſs arch above, enlightened only by the ſtars, Dorothée, in a low voice, reſumed her narrative.

"I was ſaying, ma'amſelle, that I well remember when firſt I heard that muſic. It was one night, ſoon after my lady's death, that I had ſat up later than uſual, and I don't know how it was, but I had been thinking a great deal about my poor miſtreſs, and of the ſad ſcene I had lately witneſſed. The chateau was quite ſtill, and I was in a chamber at a good diſtance from the reſt of the ſervants, and this, with the mournful things I had been thinking of, I ſuppoſe, made me low ſpirited, for I felt very lonely and forlorn, as it were, and liſtened often, wiſhing to hear a ſound in the chateau, for you know, ma'amſelle, when one can hear people moving, one does not

ſo much mind, about one's fears. But all the ſervants were gone to bed, and I ſat, thinking and thinking, till I was almoſt afraid to look round the room, and my poor lady's countenance often came to my mind, ſuch as I had ſeen her when ſhe was dying, and, once or twice, I almoſt thought I ſaw her before me,—when ſuddenly I heard ſuch ſweet muſic! It ſeemed juſt at my window, and I ſhall never forget what I felt. I had not power to move from my chair, but then, when I thought it was my dear lady's voice, the tears came to my eyes. I had often heard her ſing in her life-time, and to be ſure ſhe had a very fine voice; it had made me cry to hear her, many a time, when ſhe has ſat in her oriel, of an evening, playing upon her lute ſuch ſad ſongs, and ſinging ſo. O! it went to one's heart! I have liſtened in the anti-chamber, for the hour together, and ſhe would ſometimes ſit playing, with the window open, when it was ſummer time, till it was quite dark, and when I have gone in,

in, to ſhut it, ſhe has hardly ſeemed to know what hour it was. But, as I ſaid, madam," continued Dorothée, " when firſt I heard the muſic, that came juſt now, I thought it was my late lady's, and I have often thought ſo again, when I have heard it, as I have done at intervals, ever ſince. Sometimes, many months have gone by, but ſtill it has returned."

" It is extraordinary," obſerved Emily, " that no perſon has yet diſcovered the muſician."

" Aye, ma'amſelle, if it had been any thing earthly it would have been diſcovered long ago, but who could have courage to follow a ſpirit, and if they had, what good could it do?—for ſpirits, *you know*, ma'am, can take any ſhape, or no ſhape, and they will be here, one minute, and, the next perhaps, in a quite different place!"

" Pray reſume your ſtory of the Marchioneſs," ſaid Emily, " and acquaint me with the manner of her death."

" I will, ma'am," ſaid Dorothée, " but ſhall we leave the window?"

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"This cool air refreſhes me," replied Emily, "and I love to hear it creep along the woods, and to look upon this duſky landſcape. You was ſpeaking of my lord, the Marquis, when the muſic interrupted us."

"Yes, madam, my lord, the Marquis, became more and more gloomy; and my lady grew worſe and worſe, till, one night, ſhe was taken very ill, indeed. I was called up, and, when I came to her bed ſide, I was ſhocked to ſee her countenance—it was ſo changed! She looked piteouſly up at me, and deſired I would call the Marquis again, for he was not yet come, and tell him ſhe had ſomething particular to ſay to him. At laſt, he came, and he did, to be ſure, ſeem very ſorry to ſee her, but he ſaid very little. My lady told him ſhe felt herſelf to be dying, and wiſhed to ſpeak with him alone, and then I left the room, but I ſhall never forget his look as I went."

When I returned, I ventured to remind my lord about ſending for a doctor, for I ſuppoſed he had forgot to do ſo, in his grief;

grief; but my lady ſaid it was then too late; but my lord, ſo far from thinking ſo, ſeemed to think lightly of her diſorder—till ſhe was ſeized with ſuch terrible pains! O, I never ſhall forget her ſhriek! My lord then ſent off a man and horſe for the doctor, and walked about the room and all over the chateau, in the greateſt diſtreſs; and I ſtaid by my dear lady, and did what I could to eaſe her ſufferings, She had intervals of eaſe, and in one of theſe ſhe ſent for my lord again; when he came, I was going, but ſhe deſired I would not leave her. O! I ſhall never forget what a ſcene paſſed—I can hardly bear to think of it now! My lord was almoſt diſtracted, for my lady behaved with ſo much goodneſs, and took ſuch pains to comfort him, that, if he ever had ſuffered a ſuſpicion to enter his head, he muſt now have been convinced he was wrong. And to be ſure he did ſeem to be overwhelmed with the thought of his treatment of her, and this affected her ſo much, that ſhe fainted away.

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"We then got my lord out of the room; he went into his library, and threw himself on the floor, and there he staid, and would hear no reason, that was talked to him. When my lady recovered, she enquired for him, but, afterwards, said she could not bear to see his grief, and desired we would let her die quietly. She died in my arms, ma'amselle, and she went off as peacefully as a child, for all the violence of her disorder was passed."

Dorothée paused, and wept, and Emily wept with her; for she was much affected by the goodness of the late Marchioness, and by the meek patience, with which she had suffered.

"When the doctor came," resumed Dorothée, "alas! he came too late; he appeared greatly shocked to see her, for soon after her death a frightful blackness spread all over her face. When he had sent the attendants out of the room, he asked me several odd questions about the Marchioness, particularly concerning the manner, in which she had been seized, and he often shook

ſhook his head at my anſwers, and ſeemed to mean more, than he choſe to ſay. But I underſtood him too well. However, I kept my remarks to myſelf, and only told them to my huſband, who bade me hold my tongue. Some of the other ſervants, however, ſuſpected what I did, and ſtrange reports were whiſpered about the neighbourhood, but nobody dared to make any ſtir about them. When my lord heard that my lady was dead, he ſhut himſelf up, and would ſee nobody but the doctor, who uſed to be with him alone, ſometimes for an hour together; and, after that, the doctor never talked with me again about my lady. When ſhe was buried in the church of the convent, at a little diſtance yonder (if the moon was up you might ſee the towers here, ma'amſelle), all my lord's vaſſals followed the funeral, and there was not a dry eye among them, for ſhe had done a deal of good among the poor. My lord, the Marquis, I never ſaw any body ſo melancholy as he was afterwards, and ſometimes he

he would be in ſuch fits of violence, that we almoſt thought he had loſt his ſenſes. He did not ſtay long at the chateau, but joined his regiment, and, ſoon after, all the ſervants, except my huſband and I, received notice to go, for my lord went to the wars. I never ſaw him after, for he would not return to the chateau, though it is ſuch a fine place, and never finiſhed thoſe fine rooms he was building on the weſt ſide of it, and it has, in a manner, been ſhut up ever ſince, till my lord the Count came here."

"The death of the Marchioneſs appears extraordinary," ſaid Emily, who was anxious to know more than ſhe dared to aſk.

"Yes, madam," replied Dorothée, "it was extraordinary; I have told you all I ſaw, and you may eaſily gueſs what I think. I cannot ſay more, becauſe I would not ſpread reports, that might offend my lord the Count."

"You are very right," ſaid Emily;—"where did the Marquis die?"—"In the north of France, I believe, ma'amſelle," replied

plied Dorothée. " I was very glad, when I heard my lord the Count was coming, for this had been a ſad deſolate place, theſe many years, and we heard ſuch ſtrange noiſes, ſometimes, after my lady's death, that, as I told you before, my huſband and I left it for a neighbouring cottage. And now, lady, I have told you all this ſad hiſtory, and all my thoughts, and you have promiſed, you know, never to give the leaſt hint about it."—" I have," ſaid Emily, " and I will be faithful to my promiſe, Dorothée;—what you have told has intereſted me more than you can imagine. I only wiſh I could prevail upon you to tell the name of the chevalier, whom you thought ſo deſerving of the Marchioneſs."

Dorothée, however, ſteadily refuſed to do this, and then returned to the notice of Emily's likeneſs to the late Marchioneſs. " There is another picture of her," added ſhe, " hanging in a room of the ſuite which was ſhut up. It was drawn, as I have heard, before ſhe was married, and is much more

more like you than the miniature." When Emily expreſſed a ſtrong deſire to ſee this, Dorothée replied, that ſhe did not wiſh to open thoſe rooms; but Emily reminded her, that the Count had talked the other day of ordering them to be opened; of which Dorothée ſeemed to conſider much, and then ſhe owned, that ſhe ſhould feel leſs, if ſhe went into them with Emily firſt, than otherwiſe, and at length promiſed to ſhew the picture.

The night was too far advanced and Emily was too much affected by the narrative of the ſcenes, which had paſſed in thoſe apartments, to deſire to viſit them at this hour; but ſhe requeſted that Dorothée would return on the following night, when they were not likely to be obſerved, and conduct her thither. Beſides her wiſh to examine the portrait, ſhe felt a thrilling curioſity to ſee the chamber, in which the Marchioneſs had died, and which Dorothée had ſaid remained, with the bed and furniture, juſt as when the corpſe was removed

removed for interment. The ſolemn emotions, which the expectation of viewing ſuch a ſcene had awakened, were in uniſon with the preſent tone of her mind, depreſſed by ſevere diſappointment. Cheerful objects rather added to, than removed this depreſſion; but, perhaps, ſhe yielded too much to her melancholy inclination, and imprudently lamented the misfortune, which no virtue of her own could have taught her to avoid, though no effort of reaſon could make her look unmoved upon the ſelf-degradation of him, whom ſhe had once eſteemed and loved.

Dorothée promiſed to return, on the following night, with the keys of the chambers, and then wiſhed Emily good repoſe, and departed. Emily, however, continued at the window, muſing upon the melancholy fate of the Marchioneſs and liſtening, in awful expectation, for a return of the muſic. But the ſtillneſs of the night remained long unbroken, except by the murmuring ſounds of the woods, as they waved

in the breeze, and then by the distant bell of the convent, striking one. She now withdrew from the window, and, as she sat at her bed-side, indulging melancholy reveries, which the loneliness of the hour assisted, the stillness was suddenly interrupted, not by music, but by very uncommon sounds, that seemed to come either from the room adjoining her own, or from one below. The terrible catastrophe, that had been related to her, together with the mysterious circumstances, said to have since occurred in the chateau, had so much shocked her spirits, that she now sunk, for a moment, under the weakness of superstition. The sounds, however, did not return, and she retired, to forget in sleep the disastrous story she had heard.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" Now it is the time of night,
That, the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſprite,
In the church-way path to glide."

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the next night, about the ſame hour as before, Dorothée came to Emily's chamber, with the keys of that ſuite of rooms, which had been particularly appropriated to the late Marchioneſs. Theſe extended along the north ſide of the chateau, forming part of the old building; and, as Emily's room was in the ſouth, they had to paſs over a great extent of the caſtle, and by the chambers of ſeveral of the family, whoſe obſervations Dorothée was anxious to avoid, ſince it might excite enquiry and raiſe reports, ſuch as would diſpleaſe the Count. She, therefore, requeſted that Emily would wait half an hour, before they ventured

forth, that they might be certain all the ſervants were gone to bed. It was nearly one, before the chateau was perfectly ſtill, or Dorothée thought it prudent to leave the chamber. In this interval, her ſpirits ſeemed to be greatly affected by the remembrance of paſt events, and by the proſpect of entering again upon places, where theſe had occurred, and in which ſhe had not been for ſo many years. Emily too was affected, but her feelings had more of ſolemnity, and leſs of fear. From the ſilence, into which reflection and expectation had thrown them, they, at length, rouſed themſelves, and left the chamber. Dorothée, at firſt, carried the lamp, but her hand trembled ſo much with infirmity and alarm, that Emily took it from her, and offered her arm, to ſupport her feeble ſteps.

They had to deſcend the great ſtair-caſe, and, after paſſing over a wide extent of the chateau, to aſcend another, which led to the ſuite of rooms they were in queſt of. They ſtepped cautiouſly along the open corridor, that

that ran round the great hall, and into which the chambers of the Count, Counteſs, and the Lady Blanche, opened, and, from thence, deſcending the chief ſtair-caſe, they croſſed the hall itſelf. Proceeding through the ſervants-hall, where the dying embers of a wood fire ſtill glimmered on the hearth, and the ſupper table was ſurrounded by chairs, that obſtructed their paſſage, they came to the foot of the back ſtair-caſe. Old Dorothée here pauſed, and looked around: "Let us liſten," ſaid ſhe, "if any thing is ſtirring; Ma'amſelle, do you hear any voice?" "None," ſaid Emily, "there certainly is no perſon up in the chateau, beſides ourſelves."—"No, ma'amſelle," ſaid Dorothée, "but I have never been here at this hour before, and, after what I know, my fears are not wonderful."—"What do you know?" ſaid Emily.—"O ma'amſelle, we have no time for talking now; let us go on. That door on the left is the one we muſt open."

They proceeded, and, having reached the

top of the ſtair-caſe, Dorothée applied the key to the lock. "Ah," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe endeavoured to turn it, "ſo many years have paſſed ſince this was opened, that I fear it will not move." Emily was more ſucceſsful, and they preſently entered a ſpacious and ancient chamber.

"Alas!" exclaimed Dorothée, as ſhe entered, "the laſt time I paſſed through this door—I followed my poor lady's corpſe!"

Emily, ſtruck with the circumſtance, and affected by the duſky and ſolemn air of the apartment, remained ſilent, and they paſſed on through a long ſuite of rooms, till they came to one more ſpacious than the reſt, and rich in the remains of faded magnificence.

"Let us reſt here awhile, madam," ſaid Dorothée faintly, "we are going into the chamber, where my lady died! that door opens into it. Ah, ma'amſelle! why did you perſuade me to come?"

Emily drew one of the maſſy arm-chairs, with which the apartment was furniſhed, and

and begged Dorothée would ſit down, and try to compoſe her ſpirits.

" How the ſight of this place brings all that paſſed formerly to my mind!" ſaid Dorothée; " it ſeems as if it was but yeſterday ſince all that ſad affair happened!"

" Hark! what noiſe is that?" ſaid Emily.

Dorothée, half ſtarting from her chair, looked round the apartment, and they liſtened—but, every thing remaining ſtill, the old woman ſpoke again upon the ſubject of her ſorrow. " This ſaloon, ma'amſelle, was in my lady's time the fineſt apartment in the chateau, and it was fitted up according to her own taſte. All this grand furniture, but you can now hardly ſee what it is for the duſt, and our light is none of the beſt—ah! how I have ſeen this room lighted up in my lady's time!—all this grand furniture came from Paris, and was made after the faſhion of ſome in the Louvre there, except thoſe large glaſſes, and they came from ſome outlandiſh place, and that rich tapeſ-

try. How the colours are faded already! —ſince I ſaw it laſt!"

"I underſtood, that was twenty years ago," obſerved Emily.

"Thereabout, madam," ſaid Dorothée, "and well remembered, but all the time between then and now ſeems as nothing. That tapeſtry uſed to be greatly admired at, it tells the ſtories out of ſome famous book, or other, but I have forgot the name."

Emily now roſe to examine the figures it exhibited, and diſcovered, by verſes in the Provençal tongue, wrought underneath each ſcene, that it exhibited ſtories from ſome of the moſt celebrated ancient romances.

Dorothée's ſpirits being now more compoſed, ſhe roſe, and unlocked the door that led into the late Marchioneſs's apartment, and Emily paſſed into a lofty chamber, hung round with dark arras, and ſo ſpacious, that the lamp ſhe held up did not ſhew its extent; while Dorothée, when ſhe entered, had dropped into a chair, where, ſighing deeply, ſhe ſcarcely truſted herſelf with the view of a ſcene ſo affecting to her.

It

It was ſome time before Emily perceived, through the duſk, the bed on which the Marchioneſs was ſaid to have died; when, advancing to the upper end of the room, ſhe diſcovered the high canopied teſter of dark green damaſk, with the curtains deſcending to the floor in the faſhion of a tent, half-drawn, and remaining apparently as they had been left twenty years before; and over the whole bedding was thrown a counterpane, or pall, of black velvet, that hung down to the floor. Emily ſhuddered, as ſhe held the lamp over it, and looked within the dark curtains, where ſhe almoſt expected to have ſeen a human face, and, ſuddenly remembering the horror ſhe had ſuffered upon diſcovering the dying Madame Montoni in the turret chamber of Udolpho, her ſpirits fainted, and ſhe was turning from the bed, when Dorothée, who had now reached it, exclaimed, "Holy Virgin! methinks I ſee my lady ſtretched upon that pall —as when laſt I ſaw her!"

Emily, ſhocked by this exclamation,

looked involuntarily again within the curtains, but the blackneſs of the pall only appeared; while Dorothée was compelled to ſupport herſelf upon the ſide of the bed, and preſently tears brought her ſome relief.

"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, after ſhe had wept awhile, "it was here I ſat on that terrible night, and held my lady's hand, and heard her laſt words, and ſaw all her ſufferings—*here* ſhe died in my arms!"

"Do not indulge theſe painful recollections," ſaid Emily, "let us go. Shew me the picture you mentioned, if it will not too much affect you."

"It hangs in the oriel," ſaid Dorothée riſing, and going towards a ſmall door near the bed's head, which ſhe opened, and Emily followed with the light, into the cloſet of the late Marchioneſs.

"Alas! there ſhe is, ma'amſelle," ſaid Dorothée, pointing to a portrait of a lady, "there is her very ſelf! juſt as ſhe looked when ſhe came firſt to the chateau. You ſee,

ſee, madam, ſhe was all blooming like you, then—and ſo ſoon to be cut off!"

While Dorothée ſpoke, Emily was attentively examining the picture, which bore a ſtrong reſemblance to the miniature, though the expreſſion of the countenance in each was ſomewhat different; but ſtill ſhe thought ſhe perceived ſomething of that penſive melancholy in the portrait, which ſo ſtrongly characteriſed the miniature.

"Pray, ma'amſelle, ſtand beſide the picture, that I may look at you together," ſaid Dorothée, who, when the requeſt was complied with, exclaimed again at the reſemblance. Emily alſo, as ſhe gazed upon it, thought that ſhe had ſomewhere ſeen a perſon very like it, though ſhe could not now recollect who this was.

In this cloſet were many memorials of the departed Marchioneſs; a robe and ſeveral articles of her dreſs were ſcattered upon the chairs, as if they had juſt been thrown off. On the floor, were a pair of

black ſattin ſlippers, and, on the dreſſing-table, a pair of gloves and a long black veil, which, as Emily took it up to examine, ſhe perceived was dropping to pieces with age.

" Ah!" ſaid Dorothée, obſerving the veil, " my lady's hand laid it there; it has never been moved ſince!"

Emily, ſhuddering, immediately laid it down again. " I well remember ſeeing her take it off," continued Dorothée, " it was on the night before her death, when ſhe had returned from a little walk I had perſuaded her to take in the gardens, and ſhe ſeemed refreſhed by it. I told her how much better ſhe looked, and I remember what a languid ſmile ſhe gave me; but, alas! ſhe little thought, or I either, that ſhe was to die, that night."

Dorothée wept again, and then, taking up the veil, threw it ſuddenly over Emily, who ſhuddered to find it wrapped round her, deſcending even to her feet, and, as ſhe endeavoured to throw it off, Dorothée entreated

treated that ſhe would keep it on for one moment. "I thought," added ſhe, "how like you would look to my dear miſtreſs in that veil;—may your life, ma'amſelle, be a happier one than hers!"

Emily, having diſengaged herſelf from the veil, laid it again on the dreſſing-table, and ſurveyed the cloſet, where every object, on which her eye fixed, ſeemed to ſpeak of the Marchioneſs. In a large oriel window of painted glaſs, ſtood a table, with a ſilver crucifix, and a prayer-book open; and Emily remembered with emotion what Dorothée had mentioned concerning her cuſtom of playing on her lute in this window, before ſhe obſerved the lute itſelf, lying on a corner of the table, as if it had been careleſsly placed there by the hand, that had ſo often awakened it.

"This is a ſad forlorn place!" ſaid Dorothée, "for, when my dear lady died, I had no heart to put it to rights, or the chamber either; and my lord never came into the rooms after, ſo they remain juſt as they did

did when my lady was removed for interment."

While Dorothée ſpoke, Emily was ſtill looking on the lute, which was a Spaniſh one, and remarkably large; and then, with a heſitating hand, ſhe took it up, and paſſed her fingers over the chords. They were out of tune, but uttered a deep and full ſound. Dorothée ſtarted at their well-known tones, and, ſeeing the lute in Emily's hand, ſaid, "This is the lute my lady Marchioneſs loved ſo! I remember when laſt ſhe played upon it—it was on the night that ſhe died. I came as uſual to undreſs her, and, as I entered the bed-chamber, I heard the ſound of muſic from the oriel, and perceiving it was my lady's, who was ſitting there, I ſtepped ſoftly to the door, which ſtood a little open, to liſten; for the muſic—though it was mournful—was ſo ſweet! There I ſaw her, with the lute in her hand, looking upwards, and the tears fell upon her cheeks, while ſhe ſung a veſper hymn, ſo ſoft, and ſo ſolemn! and her voice trem-

trembled, as it were, and then she would stop for a moment, and wipe away her tears, and go on again, lower than before. O! I had often listened to my lady, but never heard any thing so sweet as this; it made me cry, almost, to hear it. She had been at prayers, I fancy, for there was the book open on the table beside her—aye, and there it lies open still! Pray, let us leave the oriel, ma'amselle," added Dorothée, "this is a heart-breaking place!"

Having returned into the chamber, she desired to look once more upon the bed, when, as they came opposite to the open door, leading into the saloon, Emily, in the partial gleam, which the lamp threw into it, thought she saw something glide along into the obscurer part of the room. Her spirits had been much affected by the surrounding scene, or it is probable this circumstance, whether real or imaginary, would not have affected her in the degree it did; but she endeavoured to conceal her emotion from Dorothée, who, however, observing

ing her countenance change, enquired if she was ill.

"Let us go," said Emily, faintly, "the air of these rooms is unwholesome;" but, when she attempted to do so, considering that she must pass through the apartment where the phantom of her terror had appeared, this terror increased, and, too faint to support herself, she sat down on the side of the bed.

Dorothée, believing that she was only affected by a consideration of the melancholy catastrophe, which had happened on this spot, endeavoured to cheer her; and then, as they sat together on the bed, she began to relate other particulars concerning it, and this without reflecting that it might increase Emily's emotion, but because they were particularly interesting to herself. "A little before my lady's death," said she, "when the pains were gone off, she called me to her, and, stretching out her hand to me, I sat down just there—where the curtain falls upon the bed. How well I remember

member her look at the time—death was in it!—I can almoſt fancy I ſee her now.—There ſhe lay, ma'amſelle—her face was upon the pillow there! This black counterpane was not upon the bed then; it was laid on, after her death, and ſhe was laid out upon it."

Emily turned to look within the duſky curtains, as if ſhe could have ſeen the countenance of which Dorothée ſpoke. The edge of the white pillow only appeared above the blackneſs of the pall, but, as her eyes wandered over the pall itſelf, ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw it move. Without ſpeaking, ſhe caught Dorothée's arm, who, ſurpriſed by the action, and by the look of terror that accompanied it, turned her eyes from Emily to the bed, where, in the next moment ſhe, too, ſaw the pall ſlowly lifted, and fall again.

Emily attempted to go, but Dorothée ſtood fixed and gazing upon the bed; and, at length, ſaid—"It is only the wind, that waves it, ma'amſelle; we have left all the doors

doors open: ſee how the air waves the lamp, too.—It is only the wind."

She had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when the pall was more violently agitated than before; but Emily, ſomewhat aſhamed of her terrors, ſtepped back to the bed, willing to be convinced that the wind only had occaſioned her alarm; when, as ſhe gazed within the curtains, the pall moved again, and, in the next moment, the apparition of a human countenance roſe above it.

Screaming with terror, they both fled, and got out of the chamber as faſt as their trembling limbs would bear them, leaving open the doors of all the rooms, through which they paſſed. When they reached the ſtair-caſe, Dorothée threw open a chamber-door, where ſome of the female ſervants ſlept, and ſunk breathleſs on the bed; while Emily, deprived of all preſence of mind, made only a feeble attempt to conceal the occaſion of her terror from the aſtoniſhed ſervants; and, though Dorothée, when ſhe could ſpeak, endeavoured to laugh at her

own

own fright, and was joined by Emily, no remonſtrances could prevail with the ſervants, who had quickly taken the alarm, to paſs even the remainder of the night in a room ſo near to theſe terrific chambers.

Dorothée having accompanied Emily to her own apartment, they then began to talk over, with ſome degree of coolneſs, the ſtrange circumſtance, that had juſt occurred; and Emily would almoſt have doubted her own perceptions, had not thoſe of Dorothée atteſted their truth. Having now mentioned what ſhe had obſerved in the outer chamber, ſhe aſked the houſekeeper, whether ſhe was certain no door had been left unfaſtened, by which a perſon might ſecretly have entered the apartments? Dorothée replied, that ſhe had conſtantly kept the keys of the ſeveral doors in her own poſſeſſion; that, when ſhe had gone her rounds through the caſtle, as ſhe frequently did, to examine if all was ſafe, ſhe had tried theſe doors among the reſt, and had always found them faſtened. It

was,

was, therefore, impoſſible, ſhe added, that any perſon could have got admittance into the apartments; and, if they could—it was very improbable they ſhould have choſen to ſleep in a place ſo cold and forlorn.

Emily obſerved, that their viſit to theſe chambers had, perhaps, been watched, and that ſome perſon, for a frolic, had followed them into the rooms, with a deſign to frighten them, and, while they were in the oriel, had taken the opportunity of concealing himſelf in the bed.

Dorothée allowed, that this was poſſible, till ſhe recollected, that, on entering the apartments, ſhe had turned the key of the outer door, and this, which had been done to prevent their viſit being noticed by any of the family, who might happen to be up, muſt effectually have excluded every perſon, except themſelves, from the chambers; and ſhe now perſiſted in affirming, that the ghaſtly countenance ſhe had ſeen was nothing human, but ſome dreadful apparition.

Emily

Emily was very ſolemnly affected. Of whatever nature might be the appearance ſhe had witneſſed, whether human or ſupernatural, the fate of the deceaſed Marchioneſs was a truth not to be doubted; and this unaccountable circumſtance, occurring in the very ſcene of her ſufferings, affected Emily's imagination with a ſuperſtitious awe, to which, after having detected the fallacies at Udolpho, ſhe might not have yielded, had ſhe been ignorant of the unhappy ſtory, related by the houſekeeper. Her ſhe now ſolemnly conjured to conceal the occurrence of this night, and to make light of the terror ſhe had already betrayed, that the Count might not be diſtreſſed by reports, which would certainly ſpread alarm and confuſion among his family. "Time," ſhe added, "may explain this myſterious affair; meanwhile let us watch the event in ſilence."

Dorothée readily acquieſced; but ſhe now recollected that ſhe had left all the doors of the north ſuite of rooms open, and, not

not having courage to return alone to lock even the outer one, Emily, after ſome effort, ſo far conquered her own fears, that ſhe offered to accompany her to the foot of the back ſtair-caſe, and to wait there while Dorothée aſcended, whoſe reſolution being reaſſured by this circumſtance, ſhe conſented to go, and they left Emily's apartment together.

No ſound diſturbed the ſtillneſs, as they paſſed along the halls and galleries; but, on reaching the foot of the back ſtair-caſe, Dorothée's reſolution failed again: having, however, pauſed a moment to liſten, and no ſound being heard above, ſhe aſcended, leaving Emily below, and, ſcarcely ſuffering her eye to glance within the firſt chamber, ſhe faſtened the door, which ſhut up the whole ſuite of apartments, and returned to Emily.

As they ſtepped along the paſſage, leading into the great hall, a ſound of lamentation was heard, which ſeemed to come from the hall itſelf, and they ſtopped in new

alarm to liſten, when Emily preſently diſtinguiſhed the voice of Annette, whom ſhe found croſſing the hall, with another female ſervant, and ſo terrified by the report, which the other maids had ſpread, that, believing ſhe could be ſafe only where her lady was, ſhe was going for refuge to her apartment. Emily's endeavours to laugh, or to argue her out of theſe terrors, were equally vain, and, in compaſſion to her diſtreſs, ſhe conſented that ſhe ſhould remain in her room during the night.

CHAP. V.

" Hail, mildly-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good!
. . . . . .
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born.
. . . . . .
But chief when evening ſcenes decay
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful, ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine."

THOMSON.

EMILY's injunctions to Annette to be ſilent on the ſubject of her terror were ineffectual, and the occurrence of the preceding night ſpread ſuch alarm among the ſervants, who now all affirmed, that they had frequently heard unaccountable noiſes in the chateau, that a report ſoon reached the Count of the north ſide of the caſtle being haunted. He treated this, at firſt, with ridicule, but, perceiving, that it was productive of ſerious evil, in the confuſion it occaſioned among his houſehold, he forbade any perſon to repeat it, on pain of puniſhment.

The arrival of a party of his friends ſoon withdrew his thoughts entirely from this ſubject, and his ſervants had now little leiſure to brood over it, except, indeed, in the evenings after ſupper, when they all aſſembled in their hall, and related ſtories of ghoſts, till they feared to look round the room; ſtarted, if the echo of a cloſing door murmured along the paſſage, and refuſed to go ſingly to any part of the caſtle.

On theſe occaſions Annette made a diſtinguiſhed figure. When ſhe told not only of all the wonders ſhe had witneſſed, but of all that ſhe had imagined, in the caſtle of Udolpho, with the ſtory of the ſtrange diſappearance of Signora Laurentini, ſhe made no trifling impreſſion on the mind of her attentive auditors. Her ſuſpicions, concerning Montoni, ſhe would alſo have freely diſcloſed, had not Ludovico, who was now in the ſervice of the Count, prudently checked her loquacity, whenever it pointed to that ſubject.

Among the viſitors at the chateau was

the Baron de Saint Foix, an old friend of the Count, and his ſon, the Chevalier St. Foix, a ſenſible and amiable young man, who, having in the preceding year ſeen the Lady Blanche, at Paris, had become her declared admirer. The friendſhip, which the Count had long entertained for his father, and the equality of their circumſtances made him ſecretly approve of the connection; but, thinking his daughter at this time too young to fix her choice for life, and wiſhing to prove the ſincerity and ſtrength of the Chevalier's attachment, he then rejected his ſuit, though without forbidding his future hope. This young man now came, with the Baron his father, to claim the reward of a ſteady affection, a claim, which the Count admitted and which Blanche did not reject.

While theſe viſitors were at the chateau, it became a ſcene of gaiety and ſplendour. The pavilion in the woods was fitted up and frequented, in the fine evenings, as a ſupper-room, when the hour uſually concluded

cluded with a concert, at which the Count and Counteſs, who were ſcientific performers, and the Chevaliers Henri and St. Foix, with the Lady Blanche and Emily, whoſe voices and fine taſte compenſated for the want of more ſkilful execution, uſually aſſiſted. Several of the Count's ſervants performed on horns and other inſtruments, ſome of which placed at a little diſtance among the woods, ſpoke, in ſweet reſponſe, to the harmony, that proceeded from the pavilion.

At any other period, theſe parties would have been delightful to Emily; but her ſpirits were now oppreſſed with a melancholy, which ſhe perceived that no kind of what is called amuſement had power to diſſipate, and which the tender and, frequently, pathetic, melody of theſe concerts ſometimes increaſed to a very painful degree.

She was particularly fond of walking in the woods, that hung on a promontory, overlooking the ſea. Their luxuriant ſhade was ſoothing to her penſive mind, and, in the partial views, which they afforded of

the Mediterranean, with its winding ſhores and paſſing ſails, tranquil beauty was united with grandeur. The paths were rude and frequently overgrown with vegetation, but their taſteful owner would ſuffer little to be done to them, and ſcarcely a ſingle branch to be lopped from the venerable trees. On an eminence, in one of the moſt ſequeſtered parts of theſe woods, was a ruſtic ſeat, formed of the trunk of a decayed oak, which had once been a noble tree, and of which many lofty branches ſtill flouriſhing united with beech and pines to over-canopy the ſpot. Beneath their deep umbrage, the eye paſſed over the tops of other woods, to the Mediterranean, and, to the left, through an opening, was ſeen a ruined watch tower, ſtanding on a point of rock, near the ſea, and riſing from among the tufted foliage.

Hither Emily often came alone in the ſilence of evening, and, ſoothed by the ſcenery and by the faint murmur, that roſe from the waves, would ſit, till darkneſs obliged her to return to the chateau. Frequently,

quently, alſo, ſhe viſited the watch-tower, which commanded the entire proſpect, and, when ſhe leaned againſt its broken walls, and thought of Valancourt, ſhe not once imagined, what was ſo true, that this tower had been almoſt as frequently his reſort, as her own, ſince his eſtrangement from the neighbouring chateau.

One evening, ſhe lingered here to a late hour. She had ſat on the ſteps of the building, watching, in tranquil melancholy, the gradual effect of evening over the extenſive proſpect, till the gray waters of the Mediterranean and the maſſy woods were almoſt the only features of the ſcene, that remained viſible; when, as ſhe gazed alternately on theſe, and on the mild blue of the heavens, where the firſt pale ſtar of evening appeared, ſhe perſonified the hour in the following lines :—

SONG OF THE EVENING HOUR.

Laſt of the Hours, that track the fading Day,
I move along the realms of twilight air,
And hear, remote, the choral ſong decay
Of ſiſter-nymphs, who dance around his car.

Then, as I follow through the azure void,
His partial ſplendour from my ſtraining eye
Sinks in the depths of ſpace; my only guide
His faint ray dawning on the fartheſt ſky;

Save that ſweet, lingering ſtrain of gayer Hours!
Whoſe cloſe my voice prolongs in dying notes,
While mortals on the green earth own its pow'rs,
As downward on the evening gale it floats.

When fades along the weſt the Sun's laſt beam
As, weary, to the nether world he goes,
And mountain-ſumminits catch the purple gleam,
And ſlumbering ocean faint and fainter glows,

Silent upon the globe's broad ſhade I ſteal,
And o'er its dry turf ſhed the cooling dews,
And ev'ry fever'd herb and flow'ret heal,
And all their fragrance on the air diffuſe.

Where'er I move, a tranquil pleaſure reigns;
O'er all the ſcene the duſky tints I ſend,
That foreſts wild and mountains, ſtretching plains
And peopled towns, in ſoft confuſion blend.

Wide o'er the world I waft the freſh'ning wind,
Low breathing through the woods and twilight vale,
In whiſpers ſoft, that woo the penſive mind
Of him, who loves my lonely ſteps to hail.

His tender oaten reed I watch to hear,
Stealing its ſweetneſs o'er ſome plaining rill,
Or ſoothing ocean's wave, when ſtorms are near,
Or ſwelling in the breeze from diſtant hill!

I wake

I wake the fairy elves, who ſhun the light;
When, from their bloſſom'd beds, they ſlily peep,
And ſpy my pale ſtar, leading on the night,—
Forth to their games and revelry they leap;

Send all the priſon'd ſweets abroad in air,
That with them ſlumber'd in the flow'ret's cell;
Then to the ſhores and moon-light brooks repair,
Till the high larks their matin-carol ſwell.

The wood-nymphs hail my airs and temper'd ſhade,
With ditties ſoft and lightly ſportive dance,
On river margin of ſome bow'ry glade,
And ſtrew their freſh buds as my ſteps advance:

But ſwift I paſs, and diſtant regions trace,
For moon-beams ſilver all the eaſtern cloud;
And Day's laſt crimſon veſtige fades apace;
Down the ſteep weſt I fly from Midnight's ſhroud.

The moon was now riſing out of the ſea. She watched its gradual progreſs, the extending line of radiance it threw upon the waters, the ſparkling oars, the ſail faintly ſilvered, and the wood-tops and the battlements of the watch tower, at whoſe foot ſhe was ſitting, juſt tinted with the rays. Emily's ſpirits were in harmony with this ſcene. As ſhe ſat meditating, ſounds ſtole by her on the air, which ſhe immediately knew to be the muſic and the voice ſhe had formerly heard at midnight, and the

emotion of awe, which ſhe felt, was not unmixed with terror, when ſhe conſidered her remote and lonely ſituation. The ſounds drew nearer. She would have riſen to leave the place, but they ſeemed to come from the way ſhe muſt have taken towards the chateau, and ſhe awaited the event in trembling expectation. The ſounds continued to approach, for ſome time, and then ceaſed. Emily ſat liſtening, gazing and unable to move, when ſhe ſaw a figure emerge from the ſhade of the woods and paſs along the bank, at ſome little diſtance before her. It went ſwiftly, and her ſpirits were ſo overcome with awe, that, though ſhe ſaw, ſhe did not much obſerve it.

Having left the ſpot, with a reſolution never again to viſit it alone, at ſo late an hour, ſhe began to approach the chateau, when ſhe heard voices calling her from the part of the wood, which was neareſt to it. They were the ſhouts of the Count's ſervants, who were ſent to ſearch for her; and when ſhe entered the ſupper-room, where he

he ſat with Henri and Blanche, he gently reproached her with a look, which ſhe bluſhed to have deſerved.

This little occurrence deeply impreſſed her mind, and, when ſhe withdrew to her own room, it recalled ſo forcibly the circumſtances ſhe had witneſſed, a few nights before, that ſhe had ſcarcely courage to remain alone. She watched to a late hour, when, no ſound having renewed her fears, ſhe, at length, ſunk to repoſe. But this was of ſhort continuance, for ſhe was diſturbed by a loud and unuſual noiſe, that ſeemed to come from the gallery, into which her chamber opened. Groans were diſtinctly heard, and, immediately after, a dead weight fell againſt her door, with a violence, that threatened to burſt it open. She called loudly to know who was there, but received no anſwer, though, at intervals, ſhe ſtill thought ſhe heard ſomething like a low moaning. Fear deprived her of the power to move. Soon after, ſhe heard

footſteps in a remote part of the gallery, and, as they approached, ſhe called more loudly than before, till the ſteps pauſed at her door. She then diſtinguiſhed the voices of ſeveral of the ſervants, who ſeemed too much engaged by ſome circumſtance without, to attend to her calls; but, Annette ſoon after entering the room for water, Emily underſtood, that one of the maids had fainted, whom ſhe immediately deſired them to bring into her room, where ſhe aſſiſted to reſtore her. When this girl had recovered her ſpeech, ſhe affirmed, that, as ſhe was paſſing up the back ſtair-caſe, in the way to her chamber, ſhe had ſeen an apparition on the ſecond landing-place; ſhe held the lamp low, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe might pick her way, ſeveral of the ſtairs being infirm and even decayed, and it was upon raiſing her eyes, that ſhe ſaw this appearance. It ſtood for a moment in the corner of the landing-place, which ſhe was approaching, and then, gliding up the ſtairs,

ſtairs, vaniſhed at the door of the apartment, that had been lately opened. She heard afterwards a hollow ſound.

" Then the devil has got a key to that apartment," ſaid Dorothée, " for it could be nobody but he; I locked the door myſelf!"

The girl, ſpringing down the ſtairs and paſſing up the great ſtair-caſe, had run, with a faint ſcream, till ſhe reached the gallery, where ſhe fell, groaning, at Emily's door.

Gently chiding her for the alarm ſhe had occaſioned, Emily tried to make her aſhamed of her fears; but the girl perſiſted in ſaying, that ſhe had ſeen an apparition, till ſhe went to her own room, whither ſhe was accompanied by all the ſervants preſent, except Dorothée, who, at Emily's requeſt, remained with her during the night. Emily was perplexed, and Dorothée was terrified, and mentioned many occurrences of former times, which had long ſince confirmed her ſuperſtitions; among theſe, according to

her belief, ſhe had once witneſſed an appearance, like that juſt deſcribed, and on the very ſame ſpot, and it was the remembrance of it, that had made her pauſe, when ſhe was going to aſcend the ſtairs with Emily, and which had increaſed her reluctance to open the north apartments. Whatever might be Emily's opinions, ſhe did not diſcloſe them, but liſtened attentively to all that Dorothée communicated, which occaſioned her much thought and perplexity.

From this night the terror of the ſervants increaſed to ſuch an exceſs, that ſeveral of them determined to leave the chateau, and requeſted their diſcharge of the Count, who, if he had any faith in the ſubject of their alarm, thought proper to diſſemble it, and, anxious to avoid the inconvenience that threatened him, employed ridicule and then argument to convince them they had nothing to apprehend from ſupernatural agency. But fear had rendered their minds inacceſſible to reaſon; and it was now, that Ludovico proved at once his

his courage and his gratitude for the kindneſs he had received from the Count, by offering to watch, during a night, in the ſuite of rooms, reputed to be haunted. He feared, he ſaid, no ſpirits, and, if any thing of human form appeared—he would prove that he dreaded that as little.

The Count pauſed upon the offer, while the ſervants, who heard it, looked upon one another in doubt and amazement, and Annette, terrified for the ſafety of Ludovico, employed tears and entreaties to diſſuade him from his purpoſe.

" You are a bold fellow," ſaid the Count, ſmiling, " Think well of what you are going to encounter, before you finally determine upon it. However, if you perſevere in your reſolution, I will accept your offer, and your intrepidity ſhall not go unrewarded."

" I deſire no reward, your *Excellenza*," replied Ludovico, " but your approbation. Your *Excellenza* has been ſufficiently good to me already; but I wiſh to have arms, that

that I may be equal to my enemy, if he ſhould appear."

"Your ſword cannot defend you againſt a ghoſt," replied the Count, throwing a glance of irony upon the other ſervants, "neither can bars, or bolts; for a ſpirit, you know, can glide through a key-hole, as eaſily as through a door."

"Give me a ſword, my lord Count," ſaid Ludovico, "and I will lay all the ſpirits, that ſhall attack me, in the red ſea."

"Well," ſaid the Count, "you ſhall have a ſword, and good cheer, too; and your brave comrades here will, perhaps, have courage enough to remain another night in the chateau, ſince your boldneſs will certainly, for this night, at leaſt, confine all the malice of the ſpectre to yourſelf."

Curioſity now ſtruggled with fear in the minds of ſeveral of his fellow ſervants, and, at length, they reſolved to await the event of Ludovico's raſhneſs.

Emily

Emily was ſurpriſed and concerned, when ſhe heard of his intention, and was frequently inclined to mention what ſhe had witneſſed in the north apartments to the Count, for ſhe could not entirely diveſt herſelf of fears for Ludovico's ſafety, though her reaſon repreſented theſe to be abſurd. The neceſſity, however, of concealing the ſecret, with which Dorothée had entruſted her, and which muſt have been mentioned, with the late occurrence, in excuſe for her having ſo privately viſited the north apartments, kept her entirely ſilent on the ſubject of her apprehenſion; and ſhe tried only to ſooth Annette, who held, that Ludovico was certainly to be deſtroyed; and who was much leſs affected by Emily's conſolatory efforts, than by the manner of old Dorothée, who often, as ſhe exclaimed Ludovico, ſighed, and threw up her eyes to heaven.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

" Ye gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays."

THOMSON.

THE Count gave orders for the north apartments to be opened and prepared for the reception of Ludovico; but Dorothée, remembering what ſhe had lately witneſſed there, feared to obey, and, not one of the other ſervants daring to venture thither, the rooms remained ſhut up till the time when Ludovico was to retire thither for the night, an hour, for which the whole houſehold waited with impatience.

After ſupper, Ludovico, by the order of the Count, attended him in his cloſet, where they remained alone for near half an hour, and, on leaving which, his Lord delivered to him a ſword.

" It

" It has ſeen ſervice in mortal quarrels," ſaid the Count, jocoſely, " you will uſe it honourably, no doubt, in a ſpiritual one. To-morrow let me hear that there is not one ghoſt remaining in the chateau."

Ludovico received it with a reſpectful bow. " You ſhall be obeyed, my Lord," ſaid he; " I will engage, that no ſpectre ſhall diſturb the peace of the chateau after this night."

They now returned to the ſupper-room, where the Count's gueſts awaited to accompany him and Ludovico to the door of the north apartments, and Dorothée, being ſummoned for the keys, delivered them to Ludovico, who then led the way, followed by moſt of the inhabitants of the chateau. Having reached the back ſtair-caſe, ſeveral of the ſervants ſhrunk back, and refuſed to go further, but the reſt followed him to the top of the ſtair-caſe, where a broad landing place allowed them to flock round him, while he applied the key to the door, during which they watched him with as much

much eager curioſity as if he had been performing ſome magical rite.

Ludovico, unaccuſtomed to the lock, could not turn it, and Dorothée, who had lingered far behind, was called forward, under whoſe hand the door opened ſlowly, and, her eye glancing within the duſky chamber, ſhe uttered a ſudden ſhriek, and retreated. At this ſignal of alarm, the greater part of the crowd hurried down the ſtairs, and the Count, Henri and Ludovico were left alone to purſue the enquiry, who inſtantly ruſhed into the apartment, Ludovico with a drawn ſword, which he had juſt time to draw from the ſcabbard, the Count with the lamp in his hand, and Henri carrying a baſket, containing proviſion for the courageous adventurer.

Having looked haſtily round the firſt room, where nothing appeared to juſtify alarm, they paſſed on to the ſecond; and, here too all being quiet, they proceeded to a third in a more tempered ſtep. The Count had now leiſure to ſmile at the diſcompoſure,

compoſure, into which he had been ſurpriſed, and to aſk Ludovico in which room he deſigned to paſs the night.

" There are ſeveral chambers beyond theſe, your *Excellenza*," ſaid Ludovico, pointing to a door, " and in one of them is a bed, they ſay. I will paſs the night there, and when I am weary of watching, I can lie down."

" Good;" ſaid the Count, " let us go on. You ſee theſe rooms ſhew nothing but damp walls and decaying furniture. I have been ſo much engaged ſince I came to the chateau, that I have not looked into them till now. Remember, Ludovico, to tell the houſekeeper, to-morrow, to throw open theſe windows. The damaſk hangings are dropping to pieces, I will have them taken down, and this antique furniture removed."

" Dear ſir!" ſaid Henri, " here is an arm-chair ſo maſſy with gilding, that it reſembles one of the ſtate chairs at the Louvre, more than any thing elſe."

" Yes," ſaid the Count, ſtopping a moment

ment to ſurvey it, " there is a hiſtory belonging to that chair, but I have not time to tell it.—Let us paſs on. This ſuite runs to a greater extent than I had imagined; it is many years ſince I was in them. But where is the bed-room you ſpeak of, Ludovico?—theſe are only anti-chambers to the great drawing room. I remember them in their ſplendour!"

" The bed, my Lord," replied Ludovico, " they told me, was in a room that opens beyond the ſaloon, and terminates the ſuite."

" O, here is the ſaloon," ſaid the Count, as they entered the ſpacious apartment, in which Emily and Dorothée had reſted. He here ſtood for a moment, ſurveying the reliques of faded grandeur, which it exhibited—the ſumptuous tapeſtry—the long and low ſophas of velvet, with frames heavily carved and gilded—the floor inlaid with ſmall ſquares of fine marble, and covered in the centre with a piece of very rich tapeſtry work—the caſements of painted glaſs, and the large Venetian mirrors, of a ſize

ſize and quality, ſuch as at that period France could not make, which reflected, on every ſide, the ſpacious apartment. Theſe had formerly alſo reflected a gay and brilliant ſcene, for this had been the ſtate-room of the chateau, and here the Marchioneſs had held the aſſemblies, that made part of the feſtivities of her nuptials. If the wand of a magician could have recalled the vaniſhed groups, many of them vaniſhed even from the earth! that once had paſſed over theſe poliſhed mirrors, what a varied and contraſted picture would they have exhibited with the preſent! Now, inſtead of a blaze of lights, and a ſplendid and buſy crowd, they reflected only the rays of the one glimmering lamp, which the Count held up, and which ſcarcely ſerved to ſhew the three forlorn figures, that ſtood ſurveying the room, and the ſpacious and duſky walls around them.

"Ah!" ſaid the Count to Henri, awaking from his deep reverie, "how the ſcene is changed ſince laſt I ſaw it! I was a young

young man, then, and the Marchioneſs was alive and in her bloom; many other perſons were here, too, who are now no more! There ſtood the orcheſtra; here we tripped in many a ſprightly maze—the walls echoing to the dance! Now, they reſound only one feeble voice—and even that will, ere long, be heard no more! My ſon, remember, that I was once as young as yourſelf, and that you muſt paſs away like thoſe, who have preceded you—like thoſe, who, as they ſung and danced in this once gay apartment, forgot, that years are made up of moments, and that every ſtep they took carried them nearer to their graves. But ſuch reflections are uſeleſs, I had almoſt ſaid criminal, unleſs they teach us to prepare for eternity, ſince, otherwiſe, they cloud our preſent happineſs, without guiding us to a future one. But enough of this; let us go on."

Ludovico now opened the door of the bed-room, and the Count, as he entered, was ſtruck with the funereal appearance,

which the dark arras gave to it. He approached the bed, with an emotion of ſolemnity, and, perceiving it to be covered with the pall of black velvet, pauſed; "What can this mean?" ſaid he, as he gazed upon it.

"I have heard, my Lord," ſaid Ludovico, as he ſtood at the feet, looking within the canopied curtains, "that the Lady Marchioneſs de Villeroi died in this chamber, and remained here till ſhe was removed to be buried; and this, perhaps, Signor, may account for the pall."

The Count made no reply, but ſtood for a few moments engaged in thought, and evidently much affected. Then, turning to Ludovico, he aſked him with a ſerious air, whether he thought his courage would ſupport him through the night? "If you doubt this," added the Count, "do not be aſhamed to own it; I will releaſe you from your engagement, without expoſing you to the triumphs of your fellow-ſervants."

Ludovico

Ludovico pauſed; pride, and ſomething very like fear, ſeemed ſtruggling in his breaſt; pride, however, was victorious;—he bluſhed, and his heſitation ceaſed.

"No, my Lord," ſaid he, "I will go through with what I have begun; and I am grateful for your conſideration. On that hearth I will make a fire, and, with the good cheer in this baſket, I doubt not I ſhall do well."

"Be it ſo," ſaid the Count; "but how will you beguile the tedioufneſs of the night, if you do not ſleep?"

"When I am weary, my Lord," replied Ludovico, "I ſhall not fear to ſleep; in the meanwhile I have a book that will entertain me."

"Well," ſaid the Count, "I hope nothing will diſturb you; but if you ſhould be ſeriouſly alarmed in the night, come to my apartment. I have too much confidence in your good ſenſe and courage, to believe you will be alarmed on ſlight grounds; or ſuffer the gloom of this chamber, or its remote ſituation,

ſituation, to overcome you with ideal terrors. To-morrow, I ſhall have to thank you for an important ſervice; theſe rooms ſhall then be thrown open, and my people will be convinced of their error. Good night, Ludovico; let me ſee you early in the morning, and remember what I lately ſaid to you."

"I will, my Lord; good night to your *Excellenza*; let me attend you with the light."

He lighted the Count and Henri through the chambers to the outer door: on the landing-place ſtood a lamp, which one of the affrighted ſervants had left, and Henri, as he took it up, again bade Ludovico good night, who, having reſpectfully returned the wiſh, cloſed the door upon them, and faſtened it. Then, as he retired to the bed-chamber, he examined the rooms, through which he paſſed, with more minuteneſs than he had done before, for he apprehended that ſome perſon might have concealed himſelf in them, for the purpoſe

of frightening him. No one, however, but himſelf, was in theſe chambers, and, leaving open the doors, through which he paſſed, he came again to the great drawing-room, whoſe ſpaciouſneſs and ſilent gloom ſomewhat awed him. For a moment he ſtood, looking back through the long ſuite of rooms he had quitted, and, as he turned, perceiving a light and his own figure, reflected in one of the large mirrors, he ſtarted. Other objects too were ſeen obſcurely on its dark ſurface, but he pauſed not to examine them, and returned haſtily into the bed-room, as he ſurveyed which, he obſerved the door of the oriel, and opened it. All within was ſtill. On looking round, his eye was arreſted by the portrait of the deceaſed Marchioneſs, upon which he gazed, for a conſiderable time, with great attention and ſome ſurpriſe; and then, having examined the cloſet, he returned into the bed-room, where he kindled a wood fire, the bright blaze of which revived his ſpirits, which had begun to yield

to

to the gloom and ſilence of the place, for guſts of wind alone broke at intervals this ſilence. He now drew a ſmall table and a chair near the fire, took a bottle of wine, and ſome cold proviſion out of his baſket, and regaled himſelf. When he had finiſhed his repaſt, he laid his ſword upon the table, and, not feeling diſpoſed to ſleep, drew from his pocket the book he had ſpoken of.—It was a volume of old Provençal tales. Having ſtirred the fire into a brighter blaze, trimmed his lamp, and drawn his chair upon the hearth, he began to read, and his attention was ſoon wholly occupied by the ſcenes, which the page diſcloſed.

The Count, meanwhile, had returned to the ſupper-room, whither thoſe of the party, who had attended him to the north apartment, had retreated, upon hearing Dorothée's ſcream, and who were now earneſt in their enquiries concerning thoſe chambers. The Count rallied his gueſts on their precipitate retreat, and on the ſuperſtitious inclination which had occaſioned it, and this

led to the queſtion, Whether the ſpirit, after it has quitted the body, is ever permitted to reviſit the earth; and if it is, whether it was poſſible for ſpirits to become viſible to the ſenſe. The Baron was of opinion, that the firſt was probable, and the laſt was poſſible, and he endeavoured to juſtify this opinion by reſpectable authorities, both ancient and modern, which he quoted. The Count, however, was decidedly againſt him, and a long converſation enſued, in which the uſual arguments on theſe ſubjects were on both ſides brought forward with ſkill, and diſcuſſed with candour, but without converting either party to the opinion of his opponent. The effect of their converſation on their auditors was various. Though the Count had much the ſuperiority of the Baron in point of argument, he had conſiderably fewer adherents; for that love, ſo natural to the human mind, of whatever is able to diſtend its faculties with wonder and aſtoniſhment, attached the majority of the company to the ſide of the Baron; and, though many of

of the Count's propoſitions were unanſwerable, his opponents were inclined to believe this the conſequence of their own want of knowledge, on ſo abſtracted a ſubject, rather than that arguments did not exiſt, which were forcible enough to conquer his.

Blanche was pale with attention, till the ridicule in her father's glance called a bluſh upon her countenance, and ſhe then endeavoured to forget the ſuperſtitious tales ſhe had been told in her convent. Meanwhile, Emily had been liſtening with deep attention to the diſcuſſion of what was to her a very intereſting queſtion, and, remembering the appearance ſhe had witneſſed in the apartment of the late Marchioneſs, ſhe was frequently chilled with awe. Several times ſhe was on the point of mentioning what ſhe had ſeen, but the fear of giving pain to the Count, and the dread of his ridicule, reſtrained her; and, awaiting in anxious expectation the event of Ludovico's intrepidity, ſhe determined that her future ſilence ſhould depend upon it.

When the party had ſeparated for the

night, and the Count retired to his dreſſing-room, the remembrance of the deſolate ſcenes he had lately witneſſed in his own manſion deeply affected him, but at length he was arouſed from his reverie and his ſilence. "What muſic is that I hear?"—ſaid he ſuddenly to his valet, "Who plays at this late hour?"

The man made no reply, and the Count continued to liſten, and then added, "That is no common muſician; he touches the inſtrument with a delicate hand; who is it, Pierre?"

"My Lord!" ſaid the man, heſitatingly.

"Who plays that inſtrument?" repeated the Count.

"Does not your lordſhip know, then?" ſaid the valet.

"What mean you?" ſaid the Count, ſomewhat ſternly.

"Nothing, my Lord, I meant nothing," rejoined the man ſubmiſſively—"Only—that muſic—goes about the houſe at midnight

night often, and I thought your lordſhip might have heard it before."

"Muſic goes about the houſe at midnight! Poor fellow!—does nobody dance to the muſic, too?"

"It is not in the chateau, I believe, my Lord; the ſounds come from the woods, they ſay, though they ſeem ſo near;—but then a ſpirit can do any thing!"

"Ah, poor fellow!" ſaid the Count, "I perceive you are as ſilly as the reſt of them; to-morrow, you will be convinced of your ridiculous error. But hark!—what voice is that?"

"Oh, my Lord! that is the voice we often hear with the muſic."

"Often!" ſaid the Count, "How often, pray? It is a very fine one."

"Why, my Lord, I myſelf have not heard it more than two or three times, but there are thoſe who have lived here longer, that have heard it often enough."

"What a ſwell was that!" exclaimed the Count, as he ſtill liſtened, "And now,

what a dying cadence! This is ſurely ſomething more than mortal!"

"That is what they ſay, my Lord," ſaid the valet; "they ſay it is nothing mortal, that utters it; and if I might ſay my thoughts"——

"Peace!" ſaid the Count, and he liſtened till the ſtrain died away.

"This is ſtrange!" ſaid he, as he turned from the window, "Cloſe the caſements, Pierre."

Pierre obeyed, and the Count ſoon after diſmiſſed him, but did not ſo ſoon loſe the remembrance of the muſic, which long vibrated in his fancy in tones of melting ſweetneſs, while ſurpriſe and perplexity engaged his thoughts.

Ludovico, meanwhile, in his remote chamber, heard, now and then, the faint echo of a cloſing door, as the family retired to reſt, and then the hall clock, at a great diſtance, ſtrike twelve. "It is midnight," ſaid he, and he looked ſuſpiciouſly round the ſpacious chamber. The fire on the hearth

hearth was now nearly expiring, for his attention having been engaged by the book before him, he had forgotten every thing beſides; but he ſoon added freſh wood, not becauſe he was cold, though the night was ſtormy, but becauſe he was cheerleſs; and, having again trimmed his lamp, he poured out a glaſs of wine, drew his chair nearer to the crackling blaze, tried to be deaf to the wind, that howled mournfully at the caſements, endeavoured to abſtract his mind from the melancholy, that was ſtealing upon him, and again took up his book. It had been lent to him by Dorothée, who had formerly picked it up in an obſcure corner of the Marquis's library, and who, having opened it and perceived ſome of the marvels it related, had carefully preſerved it for her own entertainment, its condition giving her ſome excuſe for detaining it from its proper ſtation. The damp corner into which it had fallen, had cauſed the cover to be disfigured and mouldy, and the leaves to be ſo diſcoloured with ſpots, that it was not without

difficulty the letters could be traced. The fictions of the Provençal writers, whether drawn from the Arabian legends, brought by the Saracens into Spain, or recounting the chivalric exploits performed by the cruſaders, whom the Troubadours accompanied to the eaſt, were generally ſplendid and always marvellous, both in ſcenery and incident; and it is not wonderful, that Dorothée and Ludovico ſhould be faſcinated by inventions, which had captivated the careleſs imagination in every rank of ſociety, in a former age. Some of the tales, however, in the book now before Ludovico, were of ſimple ſtructure, and exhibited nothing of the magnificent machinery and heroic manners, which uſually characterized the fables of the twelfth century, and of this deſcription was the one he now happened to open, which, in its original ſtyle, was of great length, but which may be thus ſhortly related. The reader will perceive, that it is ſtrongly tinctured with the ſuperſtition of the times.

THE

THE PROVENÇAL TALE.

"THERE lived, in the province of Bretagne, a noble Baron, famous for his magnificence and courtly hoſpitalities. His caſtle was graced with ladies of exquiſite beauty, and thronged with illuſtrious knights; for the honours he paid to feats of chivalry invited the brave of diſtant countries to enter his liſts, and his court was more ſplendid than thoſe of many princes. Eight minſtrels were retained in his ſervice, who uſed to ſing to their harps romantic fictions, taken from the Arabians, or adventures of chivalry, that befel knights during the cruſades, or the martial deeds of the Baron, their lord;—while he, ſurrounded by his knights and ladies, banqueted in the great hall of his caſtle, where the coſtly tapeſtry, that adorned the walls with pictured exploits of his anceſtors, the caſements of painted glaſs, enriched with armorial bearings, the gorgeous banners, that waved along the roof, the ſumptuous canopies, the profuſion of gold

and ſilver, that glittered on the ſideboards, the numerous diſhes, that covered the tables, the number and gay liveries of the attendants, with the chivalric and ſplendid attire of the gueſts, united to form a ſcene of magnificence, ſuch as we may not hope to ſee in theſe *degenerate days*.

"Of the Baron, the following adventure is related. One night, having retired late from the banquet to his chamber, and diſmiſſed his attendants, he was ſurpriſed by the appearance of a ſtranger of a noble air, but of a ſorrowful and dejected countenance. Believing, that this perſon had been ſecreted in the apartment, ſince it appeared impoſſible he could have lately paſſed the antiroom, unobſerved by the pages in waiting, who would have prevented this intruſion on their lord, the Baron, calling loudly for his people, drew his ſword, which he had not yet taken from his ſide, and ſtood upon his defence. The ſtranger ſlowly advancing, told him, that there was nothing to fear; that he came with no hoſtile deſign, but to communicate

communicate to him a terrible ſecret, which it was neceſſary for him to know.

" The Baron, appeaſed by the courteous manners of the ſtranger, after ſurveying him, for ſome time, in ſilence, returned his ſword into the ſcabbard, and deſired him to explain the means, by which he had obtained acceſs to the chamber, and the purpoſe of this extraordinary viſit.

" Without anſwering either of theſe enquiries, the ſtranger ſaid, that he could not then explain himſelf, but that, if the Baron would follow him to the edge of the foreſt, at a ſhort diſtance from the caſtle walls, he would there convince him, that he had ſomething of importance to diſcloſe.

" This propoſal again alarmed the Baron, who would ſcarcely believe, that the ſtranger meant to draw him to ſo ſolitary a ſpot, at this hour of the night, without harbouring a deſign againſt his life; and he refuſed to go, obſerving at the ſame time, that, if the ſtranger's purpoſe was an honourable one, he would not perſiſt in refuſing to reveal the occaſion

occaſion of his viſit, in the apartment where they were.

" While he ſpoke this, he viewed the ſtranger ſtill more attentively than before, but obſerved no change in his countenance, or any ſymptom, that might intimate a conſciouſneſs of evil deſign. He was habited like a knight, was of a tall and majeſtic ſtature, and of dignified and courteous manners. Still, however, he refuſed to communicate the ſubject of his errand in any place, but that he had mentioned, and, at the ſame time, gave hints concerning the ſecret he would diſcloſe, that awakened a degree of ſolemn curioſity in the Baron, which, at length, induced him to conſent to follow the ſtranger, on certain conditions.

" Sir knight," ſaid he, " I will attend you to the foreſt, and will take with me only four of my people, who ſhall witneſs our conference."

" To this, however, the knight objected.

" What I would diſcloſe," ſaid he, with ſolemnity, " is to you alone. There are only

only three living perſons, to whom the circumſtance is known; it is of more conſequence to you and your houſe, than I ſhall now explain. In future years, you will look back to this night with ſatisfaction or repentance, accordingly as you now determine. As you would hereafter proſper—follow me; I pledge you the honour of a knight, that no evil ſhall befall you;—if you are contented to dare futurity—remain in your chamber, and I will depart as I came."

"Sir knight," replied the Baron, "how is it poſſible, that my future peace can depend upon my preſent determination?"

"That is not now to be told," ſaid the ſtranger, "I have explained myſelf to the utmoſt. It is late; if you follow me it muſt be quickly;—you will do well to conſider the alternative."

"The Baron muſed, and, as he looked upon the knight, he perceived his countenance aſſume a ſingular ſolemnity."

[Here Ludovico thought he heard a noiſe, and he threw a glance round the chamber, and

and then held up the lamp to aſſiſt his obſervation; but, not perceiving any thing to confirm his alarm, he took up the book again and purſued the ſtory.]

"The Baron paced his apartment, for ſome time, in ſilence, impreſſed by the words of the ſtranger, whoſe extraordinary requeſt he feared to grant, and feared, alſo, to refuſe. At length, he ſaid, "Sir knight, you are utterly unknown to me; tell me, yourſelf,—is it reaſonable, that I ſhould truſt myſelf alone with a ſtranger, at this hour, in a ſolitary foreſt? Tell me, at leaſt, who you are, and who aſſiſted to ſecrete you in this chamber."

"The knight frowned at theſe latter words, and was a moment ſilent; then, with a countenance ſomewhat ſtern, he ſaid,

"I am an Engliſh knight; I am called Sir Bevys of Lancaſter,—and my deeds are not unknown at the Holy City, whence I was returning to my native land, when I was benighted in the neighbouring foreſt."

"Your name is not unknown to fame," ſaid

ſaid the Baron, " I have heard of it." (The knight looked haughtily.) " But why, ſince my caſtle is known to entertain all true knights, did not your herald announce you? Why did you not appear at the banquet, where your preſence would have been welcomed, inſtead of hiding yourſelf in my caſtle and ſtealing to my chamber, at midnight?"

" The ſtranger frowned, and turned away in ſilence; but the Baron repeated the queſtions.

" I come not," ſaid the knight, " to anſwer enquiries, but to reveal facts. If you would know more, follow me, and again I pledge the honour of a knight, that you ſhall return in ſafety.—Be quick in your determination—I muſt be gone."

" After ſome further heſitation, the Baron determined to follow the ſtranger, and to ſee the reſult of his extraordinary requeſt; he, therefore, again drew forth his ſword, and, taking up a lamp, bade the knight lead on. The latter obeyed, and, opening the door of the chamber, they paſſed into the anti-

anti-room, where the Baron, ſurpriſed to find all his pages aſleep, ſtopped, and, with haſty violence, was going to reprimand them for their careleſſneſs, when the knight waved his hand, and looked ſo expreſſively upon the Baron, that the latter reſtrained his reſentment, and paſſed on.

" The knight, having deſcended a ſtaircaſe, opened a ſecret door, which the Baron had believed was known only to himſelf, and proceeding through ſeveral narrow and winding paſſages, came, at length, to a ſmall gate, that opened beyond the walls of the caſtle. Meanwhile, the Baron followed in ſilence and amazement, on perceiving that theſe ſecret paſſages were ſo well known to a ſtranger, and felt inclined to return from an adventure, that appeared to partake of treachery, as well as danger. Then, conſidering that he was armed, and obſerving the courteous and noble air of his conductor, his courage returned, he bluſhed, that it had failed him for a moment, and he reſolved to trace the myſtery to its ſource.

" He

" He now found himſelf on the heathy platform, before the great gates of his caſtle, where, on looking up, he perceived lights glimmering in the different caſements of the gueſts, who were retiring to ſleep; and, while he ſhivered in the blaſt, and looked on the dark and deſolate ſcene around him, he thought of the comforts of his warm chamber, rendered cheerful by the blaze of wood, and felt, for a moment, the full contraſt of his preſent ſituation."

[Here Ludovico pauſed a moment, and, looking at his own fire, gave it a brightening ſtir.]

" The wind was ſtrong, and the Baron watched his lamp with anxiety, expecting every moment to ſee it extinguiſhed; but though the flame wavered, it did not expire, and he ſtill followed the ſtranger, who often ſighed as he went, but did not ſpeak.

" When they reached the borders of the foreſt, the knight turned, and raiſed his head, as if he meant to addreſs the Baron, but then, cloſing his lips in ſilence, he walked on.

" As

" As they entered, beneath the dark and ſpreading boughs, the Baron, affected by the ſolemnity of the ſcene, heſitated whether to proceed, and demanded how much further they were to go. The knight replied only by a geſture, and the Baron, with heſitating ſteps and a ſuſpicious eye, followed through an obſcure and intricate path, till, having proceeded a conſiderable way, he again demanded whither they were going, and refuſed to proceed unleſs he was informed.

" As he ſaid this, he looked at his own ſword, and at the knight alternately, who ſhook his head, and whoſe dejected countenance diſarmed the Baron, for a moment, of ſuſpicion.

" A little further is the place, whither I would lead you," ſaid the ſtranger; " no evil ſhall befall you—I have ſworn it on the honour of a knight."

" The Baron, re-aſſured, again followed in ſilence, and they ſoon arrived at a deep receſs of the foreſt, where the dark and lofty cheſnuts

cheſnuts entirely excluded the ſky, and which was ſo overgrown with underwood, that they proceeded with difficulty. The Knight ſighed deeply as he paſſed, and ſometimes pauſed; and having, at length, reached a ſpot, where the trees crowded into a knot, he turned, and, with a terrific look, pointing to the ground, the Baron ſaw there the body of a man, ſtretched at its length, and welter-ing in blood; a ghaſtly wound was on the forehead, and death appeared already to have contracted the features.

"The Baron, on perceiving the ſpectacle, ſtarted in horror, looked at the knight for explanation, and was then going to raiſe the body and examine if there were yet any re-mains of life; but the ſtranger, waving his hand, fixed upon him a look ſo earneſt and mournful, as not only much ſurpriſed him, but made him deſiſt.

"But, what were the Baron's emotions, when, on holding the lamp near the features of the corpſe, he diſcovered the exact reſem-blance of the ſtranger his conductor, to whom

whom he now looked up in aſtoniſhment and enquiry? As he gazed, he perceived the countenance of the knight change, and begin to fade, till his whole form gradually vaniſhed from his aſtoniſhed ſenſe! While the Baron ſtood, fixed to the ſpot, a voice was heard to utter theſe words:—"

[Ludovico ſtarted, and laid down the book, for he thought he heard a voice in the chamber, and he looked toward the bed, where, however, he ſaw only the dark curtains and the pall. He liſtened, ſcarcely daring to draw his breath, but heard only the diſtant roaring of the ſea in the ſtorm, and the blaſt, that ruſhed by the caſements; when, concluding, that he had been deceived by its ſighings, he took up his book to finiſh the ſtory.]

"While the Baron ſtood, fixed to the ſpot, a voice was heard to utter theſe words:—

"The body of Sir Bevys of Lancaſter, a noble knight of England, lies before you. He was, this night, way-laid and murdered, as he journeyed from the Holy City towards his

his native land. Reſpect the honour of knighthood and the law of humanity; inter the body in chriſtian ground, and cauſe his murderers to be puniſhed. As ye obſerve, or neglect this, ſhall peace and happineſs, or war and miſery, light upon you and your houſe for ever!"

"The Baron, when he recovered from the awe and aſtoniſhment, into which this adventure had thrown him, returned to his caſtle, whither he cauſed the body of Sir Bevys to be removed; and, on the following day, it was interred, with the honours of knighthood, in the chapel of the caſtle, attended by all the noble knights and ladies who graced the court of the Baron de Brunne."

Ludovico, having finiſhed this ſtory, laid aſide the book, for he felt drowſy, and, after putting more wood on the fire and taking another glaſs of wine, he repoſed himſelf in the arm chair on the hearth. In his dream he ſtill beheld the chamber where he really was, and,

and, once or twice, ſtarted from imperfect ſlumbers, imagining he ſaw a man's face, looking over the high back of his arm-chair. This idea had ſo ſtrongly impreſſed him, that, when he raiſed his eyes, he almoſt expected to meet other eyes, fixed upon his own, and he quitted his ſeat and looked behind the chair, before he felt perfectly convinced, that no perſon was there.

Thus cloſed the hour.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber;
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Count, who had ſlept little during the night, roſe early, and, anxious to ſpeak with Ludovico, went to the north apartment; but, the outer door having been faſtened, on the preceding night, he was obliged to knock loudly for admittance. Neither the knocking, or his voice, was heard; but, conſidering the diſtance of this door from the bed-room, and that Ludovico, wearied with watching, had probably fallen into a deep ſleep, the Count was not ſurpriſed on receiving no anſwer, and, leaving the door, he went down to walk in his grounds.

It was a gray autumnal morning. The

ſun, riſing over Provence, gave only a feeble light, as his rays ſtruggled through the vapours that aſcended from the ſea, and floated heavily over the wood-tops, which were now varied with many a mellow tint of autumn. The ſtorm was paſſed, but the waves were yet violently agitated, and their courſe was traced by long lines of foam, while not a breeze fluttered in the ſails of the veſſels, near the ſhore, that were weighing anchor to depart. The ſtill gloom of the hour was pleaſing to the Count, and he purſued his way through the woods, ſunk in deep thought.

Emily alſo roſe at an early hour, and took her cuſtomary walk along the brow of the promontory, that overhung the Mediterranean. Her mind was now not occupied with the occurrences of the chateau, and Valancourt was the ſubject of her mournful thoughts; whom ſhe had not yet taught herſelf to conſider with indifference, though her judgment conſtantly reproached her for the affection, that lingered

in

in her heart, after her eſteem for him was departed. Remembrance frequently gave her his parting look and the tones of his voice, when he had bade her a laſt farewel; and, ſome accidental aſſociations now recalling theſe circumſtances to her fancy, with peculiar energy, ſhe ſhed bitter tears to the recollection.

Having reached the watch-tower, ſhe ſeated herſelf on the broken ſteps, and, in melancholy dejection, watched the waves, half hid in vapour, as they came rolling towards the ſhore, and threw up their light ſpray round the rocks below. Their hollow murmur and the obſcuring miſts, that came in wreaths up the cliffs, gave a ſolemnity to the ſcene, which was in harmony with the temper of her mind, and ſhe ſat, given up to the remembrance of paſt times, till this became too painful, and ſhe abruptly quitted the place. On paſſing the little gate of the watch-tower, ſhe obſerved letters, engraved on the ſtone poſtern, which ſhe pauſed to examine, and, though they

appeared to have been rudely cut with a pen-knife, the characters were familiar to her; at length, recognizing the hand-writing of Valancourt, she read, with trembling anxiety, the following lines, entitled

SHIPWRECK.

'Tis solemn midnight! On this lonely steep,
Beneath this watch-tow'r's desolated wall,
Where mystic shapes the wonderer appall,
I rest; and view below the desert deep,
As through tempestuous clouds the moon's cold light
Gleams on the wave. Viewless, the winds of night
With loud mysterious force the billows sweep,
And sullen roar the surges, far below.
In the still pauses of the gust I hear
The voice of spirits, rising sweet and slow,
And oft among the clouds their forms appear.
But hark! what shriek of death comes in the gale,
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail
Bends to the storm?—Now sinks the note of fear!
Ah! wretched mariners!—no more shall day
Unclose his cheering eye to light ye on your way!

From these lines it appeared, that Valancourt had visited the tower; that he had probably been here on the preceding night, for

for it was ſuch an one as they deſcribed, and that he had left the building very lately, ſince it had not long been light, and without light it was impoſſible theſe letters could have been cut. It was thus even probable, that he might be yet in the gardens.

As theſe reflections paſſed rapidly over the mind of Emily, they called up a variety of contending emotions, that almoſt overcame her ſpirits; but her firſt impulſe was to avoid him, and, immediately leaving the tower, ſhe returned, with haſty ſteps, towards the chateau. As ſhe paſſed along ſhe remembered the muſic ſhe had lately heard near the tower, with the figure, which had appeared, and, in this moment of agitation, ſhe was inclined to believe, that ſhe had then heard and ſeen Valancourt; but other recollections ſoon convinced her of her error. On turning into a thicker part of the woods, ſhe perceived a perſon, walking ſlowly in the gloom at ſome little diſtance, and, her mind engaged by the

idea of him, ſhe ſtarted and pauſed, imagining this to be Valancourt. The perſon advanced with quicker ſteps, and, before ſhe could recover recollection enough to avoid him, he ſpoke, and ſhe then knew the voice of the Count, who expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe, on finding her walking at ſo early an hour, and made a feeble effort to rally her on her love of ſolitude. But he ſoon perceived this to be more a ſubject of concern than of light laughter, and, changing his manner, affectionately expoſtulated with Emily, on thus indulging unavailing regret; who, though ſhe acknowledged the juſtneſs of all he ſaid, could not reſtrain her tears, while ſhe did ſo, and he preſently quitted the topic. Expreſſing ſurpriſe at not having yet heard from his friend, the Advocate at Avignon, in anſwer to the queſtions propoſed to him, reſpecting the eſtates of the late Madame Montoni, he, with friendly zeal, endeavoured to cheer Emily with hopes of eſtabliſhing her claim to them; while ſhe felt, that the eſtates could now con-

contribute little to the happineſs of a life, in which Valancourt had no longer an intereſt.

When they returned to the chateau, Emily retired to her apartment, and Count De Villefort to the door of the north chambers. This was ſtill faſtened; but, being now determined to arouſe Ludovico, he renewed his calls more loudly than before; after which a total ſilence enſued, and the Count, finding all his efforts to be heard ineffectual, at length began to fear, that ſome accident had befallen Ludovico, whom terror of an imaginary being might have deprived of his ſenſes. He, therefore, left the door with an intention of ſummoning his ſervants to force it open, ſome of whom he now heard moving in the lower part of the chateau.

To the Count's enquiries, whether they had ſeen or heard Ludovico, they replied in affright, that not one of them had ventured on the north ſide of the chateau, ſince the preceding night.

" He ſleeps ſoundly then," ſaid the Count, " and is at ſuch a diſtance from the outer door, which is faſtened, that to gain admittance to the chambers it will be neceſſary to force it. Bring an inſtrument, and follow me."

The ſervants ſtood mute and dejected, and it was not till nearly all the houſehold were aſſembled, that the Count's orders were obeyed. In the mean time Dorothée was telling of a door, that opened from a gallery, leading from the great ſtair-caſe into the laſt anti-room of the ſaloon, and, this being much nearer to the bed chamber, it appeared probable that Ludovico might be eaſily awakened by an attempt to open it. Thither, therefore, the Count went, but his voice was as ineffectual at this door as it had proved at the remoter one; and now, ſeriouſly intereſted for Ludovico, he was himſelf going to ſtrike upon the door with the inſtrument, when he obſerved its ſingular beauty, and with-held the blow. It appeared, on the firſt glance,

to

to be of ebony, ſo dark and cloſe was its grain and ſo high its poliſh; but it proved to be only of larch wood, of the growth of Provence, then famous for its foreſts of larch. The beauty of its poliſhed hue and of its delicate carvings determined the Count to ſpare this door, and he returned to that leading from the back ſtair-caſe, which being, at length, forced, he entered the firſt anti-room, followed by Henri and a few of the moſt courageous of his ſervants, the reſt awaiting the event of the enquiry on the ſtairs and landing-place.

All was ſilent in the chambers, through which the Count paſſed, and, having reached the ſaloon, he called loudly upon Ludovico; after which, ſtill receiving no anſwer, he threw open the door of the bed-room, and entered.

The profound ſtillneſs within confirmed his apprehenſions for Ludovico, for not even the breathings of a perſon in ſleep were heard; and his uncertainty was not ſoon ter-

 minated,

minated, ſince, the ſhutters being all cloſed, the chamber was too dark for any object to be diſtinguiſhed in it.

The Count bade a ſervant open them, who, as he croſſed the room to do ſo, ſtumbled over ſomething, and fell to the floor, when his cry occaſioned ſuch panic among the few of his fellows, who had ventured thus far, that they inſtantly fled, and the Count and Henri were left to finiſh the adventure.

Henri then ſprung acroſs the room, and, opening a window-ſhutter, they perceived, that the man had fallen over a chair near the hearth, in which Ludovico had been ſitting;—for he ſat there no longer, nor could any where be ſeen by the imperfect light that was admitted into the apartment. The Count, ſeriouſly alarmed, now opened other ſhutters, that he might be enabled to examine further, and, Ludovico not yet appearing, he ſtood for a moment, ſuſpended in aſtoniſhment, and ſcarcely truſting his ſenſes, till, his eyes glancing on the bed, he advanced

advanced to examine whether he was there asleep. No person, however, was in it, and he proceeded to the oriel, where every thing remained as on the preceding night, but Ludovico was no where to be found.

The Count now checked his amazement, considering, that Ludovico might have left the chambers, during the night, overcome by the terrors, which their lonely desolation and the recollected reports, concerning them, had inspired. Yet, if this had been the fact, the man would naturally have sought society, and his fellow servants had all declared they had not seen him; the door of the outer room also had been found fastened, with the key on the inside; it was impossible, therefore, for him to have passed through that, and all the outer doors of this suite were found, on examination, to be bolted and locked, with the keys also within them. The Count, being then compelled to believe, that the lad had escaped through the casements, next examined them; but such as opened wide

enough to admit the body of a man were found to be carefully ſecured either by iron bars, or by ſhutters, and no veſtige appeared of any perſon having attempted to paſs them; neither was it probable, that Ludovico would have incurred the riſque of breaking his neck, by leaping from a window, when he might have walked ſafely through a door.

The Count's amazement did not admit of words; but he returned once more to examine the bed-room, where was no appearance of diſorder, except that occaſioned by the late overthrow of the chair, near which had ſtood a ſmall table, and on this Ludovico's ſword, his lamp, the book he had been reading, and the remnant of his flaſk of wine ſtill remained. At the foot of the table, too, was the baſket with ſome fragments of proviſion and wood.

Henri and the ſervant now uttered their aſtoniſhment without reſerve, and, though the Count ſaid little, there was a ſerioufneſs in his manner that expreſſed much. It appeared,

peared, that Ludovico muſt have quitted theſe rooms by ſome concealed paſſage, for the Count could not believe, that any ſupernatural means had occaſioned this event; yet, if there was any ſuch paſſage, it ſeemed inexplicable why he ſhould retreat through it, and it was equally ſurpriſing, that not even the ſmalleſt veſtige ſhould appear, by which his progreſs could be traced. In the rooms every thing remained as much in order as if he had juſt walked out by the common way.

The Count himſelf aſſiſted in lifting the arras, with which the bed-chamber, ſaloon and one of the anti-rooms were hung, that he might diſcover if any door had been concealed behind it; but, after a laborious ſearch, none was found, and he, at length, quitted the apartments, having ſecured the door of the laſt anti-chamber, the key of which he took into his own poſſeſſion. He then gave orders, that ſtrict ſearch ſhould be made for Ludovico not only in the chateau, but in the neighbourhood, and, retiring

ing with Henri to his closet, they remained there in conversation for a considerable time; and whatever was the subject of it, Henri from this hour lost much of his vivacity, and his manners were particularly grave and reserved, whenever the topic, which now agitated the Count's family with wonder and alarm, was introduced.

On the disappearing of Ludovico, Baron St. Foix seemed strengthened in all his former opinions concerning the probability of apparitions, though it was difficult to discover what connection there could possibly be between the two subjects, or to account for this effect otherwise than by supposing, that the mystery attending Ludovico, by exciting awe and curiosity, reduced the mind to a state of sensibility, which rendered it more liable to the influence of superstition in general. It is, however, certain, that from this period the Baron and his adherents became more bigoted to their own systems than before, while the terrors of the Count's servants increased to an excess, that

that occaſioned many of them to quit the manſion immediately, and the reſt remained only till others could be procured to ſupply their places.

The moſt ſtrenuous ſearch after Ludovico proved unſucceſsful, and, after ſeveral days of indefatigable enquiry, poor Annette gave herſelf up to deſpair, and the other inhabitants of the chateau to amazement.

Emily, whoſe mind had been deeply affected by the diſaſtrous fate of the late Marchioneſs and with the myſterious connection, which ſhe fancied had exiſted between her and St. Aubert, was particularly impreſſed by the late extraordinary event, and much concerned for the loſs of Ludovico, whoſe integrity and faithful ſervices claimed both her eſteem and gratitude. She was now very deſirous to return to the quiet retirement of her convent, but every hint of this was received with real ſorrow by the Lady Blanche, and affectionately ſet aſide by the Count, for whom ſhe felt much of the

the reſpectful love and admiration of a daughter, and to whom, by Dorothée's conſent, ſhe, at length, mentioned the appearance, which they had witneſſed in the chamber of the deceaſed Marchioneſs. At any other period, he would have ſmiled at ſuch a relation, and have believed, that its object had exiſted only in the diſtempered fancy of the relater; but he now attended to Emily with ſerioufneſs, and, when ſhe concluded, requeſted of her a promiſe, that this occurrence ſhould reſt in ſilence. "Whatever may be the cauſe and the import of theſe extraordinary occurrences," added the Count, "time only can explain them. I ſhall keep a wary eye upon all that paſſes in the chateau, and ſhall purſue every poſſible means of diſcovering the fate of Ludovico. Meanwhile, we muſt be prudent and be ſilent. I will myſelf watch in the north chambers, but of this we will ſay nothing, till the night arrives, when I purpoſe doing ſo."

The Count then ſent for Dorothée, and required

required of her alſo a promiſe of ſilence, concerning what ſhe had already, or might in future witneſs of an extraordinary nature; and this ancient ſervant now related to him the particulars of the Marchioneſs de Villeroi's death, with ſome of which he appeared to be already acquainted, while by others he was evidently ſurpriſed and agitated. After liſtening to this narrative, the Count retired to his cloſet, where he remained alone for ſeveral hours; and, when he again appeared, the ſolemnity of his manner ſurpriſed and alarmed Emily, but ſhe gave no utterance to her thoughts.

On the week following the diſappearance of Ludovico, all the Count's gueſts took leave of him, except the Baron, his ſon Monſ. St. Foix, and Emily: the latter of whom was ſoon after embarraſſed and diſtreſſed by the arrival of another viſitor, Monſ. Du Pont, which made her determine upon withdrawing to her convent immediately. The delight, that appeared in his countenance, when he met her, told that

that he brought back the ſame ardour of paſſion, which had formerly baniſhed him from Chateau-le-Blanc. He was received with reſerve by Emily, and with pleaſure by the Count, who preſented him to her with a ſmile, that ſeemed intended to plead his cauſe, and who did not hope the leſs for his friend, from the embarraſſment ſhe betrayed.

But M. Du Pont, with truer ſympathy, ſeemed to underſtand her manner, and his countenance quickly loſt its vivacity, and ſunk into the languor of deſpondency.

On the following day, however, he ſought an opportunity of declaring the purport of his viſit, and renewed his ſuit; a declaration, which was received with real concern by Emily, who endeavoured to leſſen the pain ſhe might inflict by a ſecond rejection, with aſſurances of eſteem and friendſhip; yet ſhe left him in a ſtate of mind, that claimed and excited her tendereſt compaſſion; and, being more ſenſible than ever of the impropriety of remaining longer at the

chateau,

chateau, ſhe immediately ſought the Count, and communicated to him her intention of returning to the convent.

"My dear Emily," ſaid he, "I obſerve, with extreme concern, the illuſion you are encouraging—an illuſion common to young and ſenſible minds. Your heart has received a ſevere ſhock; you believe you can never entirely recover it, and you will encourage this belief, till the habit of indulging ſorrow will ſubdue the ſtrength of your mind, and diſcolour your future views with melancholy regret. Let me diſſipate this illuſion, and awaken you to a ſenſe of your danger."

Emily ſmiled mournfully. "I know what you would ſay, my dear ſir," ſaid ſhe, "and am prepared to anſwer you. I feel, that my heart can never know a ſecond affection; and that I muſt never hope even to recover its tranquillity—if I ſuffer myſelf to enter into a ſecond engagement."

"I know, that you feel all this," replied the Count; "and I know, alſo, that time will

will overcome these feelings, unless you cherish them in solitude, and, pardon me, with romantic tenderness. Then, indeed, time will only confirm habit. I am particularly empowered to speak on this subject, and to sympathize in your sufferings," added the Count, with an air of solemnity, "for I have known what it is to love, and to lament the object of my love. Yes," continued he, while his eyes filled with tears, "I have suffered!—but those times have passed away—long passed! and I can now look back upon them without emotion."

"My dear sir," said Emily, timidly, "what mean those tears?—they speak, I fear, another language—they plead for me."

"They are weak tears, for they are useless ones," replied the Count, drying them, "I would have you superior to such weakness. These, however, are only faint traces of a grief, which, if it had not been opposed by long continued effort, might have led me to the verge of madness! Judge, then, whether I have not cause to warn you of

of an indulgence, which may produce ſo terrible an effect, and which muſt certainly, if not oppoſed, overcloud the years, that otherwiſe might be happy. M. Du Pont is a ſenſible and amiable man, who has long been tenderly attached to you; his family and fortune are unexceptionable;—after what I have ſaid, it is unneceſſary to add, that I ſhould rejoice in your felicity, and that I think M. Du Pont would promote it. Do not weep, Emily," continued the Count, taking her hand, " there *is* happineſs reſerved for you."

He was ſilent a moment; and then added, in a firmer voice, " I do not wiſh, that you ſhould make a violent effort to overcome your feelings; all I, at preſent, aſk, is, that you will check the thoughts, that would lead you to a remembrance of the paſt; that you will ſuffer your mind to be engaged by preſent objects; that you will allow yourſelf to believe it poſſible you may yet be happy; and that you will ſometimes think with complacency of poor Du Pont,

Pont, and not condemn him to the ſtate of deſpondency, from which, my dear Emily, I am endeavouring to withdraw you."

"Ah! my dear ſir," ſaid Emily, while her tears ſtill fell, "do not ſuffer the benevolence of your wiſhes to miſlead Monſ. Du Pont with an expectation that I can ever accept his hand. If I underſtand my own heart, this never can be; your inſtruction I can obey in almoſt every other particular, than that of adopting a contrary belief."

"Leave me to underſtand your heart," replied the Count, with a faint ſmile. "If you pay me the compliment to be guided by my advice in other inſtances, I will pardon your incredulity, reſpecting your future conduct towards Monſ. Du Pont. I will not even preſs you to remain longer at the chateau than your own ſatisfaction will permit; but though I forbear to oppoſe your preſent retirement, I ſhall urge the claims of friendſhip for your future viſits."

Tears of gratitude mingled with thoſe of tender regret, while Emily thanked the

Count

Count for the many inſtances of friendſhip ſhe had received from him; promiſed to be directed by his advice upon every ſubject but one, and aſſured him of the pleaſure, with which ſhe ſhould, at ſome future period, accept the invitation of the Counteſs and himſelf—if Monſ. Du Pont was not at the chateau.

The Count ſmiled at this condition. "Be it ſo," ſaid he, "meanwhile the convent is ſo near the chateau, that my daughter and I ſhall often viſit you; and if, ſometimes, we ſhould dare to bring you another viſitor —will you forgive us?"

Emily looked diſtreſſed, and remained ſilent.

"Well," rejoined the Count, "I will purſue this ſubject no further, and muſt now entreat your forgiveneſs for having preſſed it thus far. You will, however, do me the juſtice to believe, that I have been urged only by a ſincere regard for your happineſs, and that of my amiable friend Monſ. Du Pont.

Emily, when she left the Count, went to mention her intended departure to the Countess, who opposed it with polite expressions of regret; after which, she sent a note to acquaint the lady abbess, that she should return to the convent; and thither she withdrew on the evening of the following day. M. Du Pont, in extreme regret, saw her depart, while the Count endeavoured to cheer him with a hope, that Emily would sometimes regard him with a more favourable eye.

She was pleased to find herself once more in the tranquil retirement of the convent, where she experienced a renewal of all the maternal kindness of the abbess, and of the sisterly attentions of the nuns. A report of the late extraordinary occurrence at the chateau had already reached them, and, after supper, on the evening of her arrival, it was the subject of conversation in the convent parlour, where she was requested to mention some particulars of that unaccountable event. Emily was guarded in her conversation,

ſation on this ſubject, and briefly related a few circumſtances concerning Ludovico, whoſe diſappearance, her auditors almoſt unanimouſly agreed, had been effected by ſupernatural means.

"A belief had ſo long prevailed," ſaid a nun, who was called ſiſter Frances, "that the chateau was haunted, that I was ſurpriſed, when I heard the Count had the temerity to inhabit it. Its former poſſeſſor, I fear, had ſome deed of conſcience to atone for; let us hope that the virtues of its preſent owner will preſerve him from the puniſhment due to the errors of the laſt, if, indeed, he was criminal."

"Of what crime, then, was he ſuſpected?" ſaid a Mademoiſelle Feydeau, a boarder at the convent.

"Let us pray for his ſoul!" ſaid a nun, who had till now ſat in ſilent attention. "If he was criminal, his puniſhment in this world was ſufficient."

There was a mixture of wildneſs and ſolemnity in her manner of delivering this,

which ſtruck Emily exceedingly; but Mademoiſelle repeated her queſtion, without noticing the ſolemn eagerneſs of the nun.

"I dare not preſume to ſay what was his crime," replied ſiſter Frances; "but I have heard many reports of an extraordinary nature, reſpecting the late Marquis de Villeroi, and among others, that, ſoon after the death of his lady, he quitted Chateau-le-Blanc, and never afterwards returned to it. I was not here at the time, ſo I can only mention it from report, and ſo many years have paſſed ſince the Marchioneſs died, that few of our ſiſterhood, I believe, can do more."

"But I can," ſaid the nun, who had before ſpoken, and whom they called ſiſter Agnes.

"You then," ſaid Mademoiſelle Feydeau, "are poſſibly acquainted with circumſtances, that enable you to judge, whether he was criminal or not, and what was the crime imputed to him."

"I am," replied the nun; "but who ſhall dare to ſcrutinize my thoughts—who ſhall

ſhall dare to pluck out my opinion? God only is his judge, and to that judge he is gone!"

Emily looked with ſurpriſe at ſiſter Frances, who returned her a ſignificant glance.

"I only requeſted your opinion," ſaid Mademoiſelle Feydeau, mildly; "if the ſubject is diſpleaſing to you, I will drop it."

"Diſpleaſing!"—ſaid the nun, with emphaſis.—"We are idle talkers; we do not weigh the meaning of the words we uſe; *diſpleaſing* is a poor word. I will go pray." As ſhe ſaid this ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and with a profound ſigh quitted the room.

"What can be the meaning of this?" ſaid Emily, when ſhe was gone.

"It is nothing extraordinary," replied ſiſter Frances, "ſhe is often thus; but ſhe has no meaning in what ſhe ſays. Her intellects are at times deranged. Did you never ſee her thus before?"

"Never," ſaid Emily. "I have, indeed, ſometimes, thought, that there was the me-

lancholy of madneſs in her look, but never before perceived it in her ſpeech. Poor ſoul, I will pray for her!"

"Your prayers then, my daughter, will unite with ours," obſerved the lady abbeſs, "ſhe has need of them."

"Dear lady," ſaid Mademoiſelle Feydeau, addreſſing the abbeſs, "what is your opinion of the late Marquis? The ſtrange circumſtances, that have occurred at the chateau, have ſo much awakened my curioſity, that I ſhall be pardoned the queſtion. What was his imputed crime, and what the puniſhment, to which ſiſter Agnes alluded?"

"We muſt be cautious of advancing our opinion," ſaid the abbeſs, with an air of reſerve, mingled with ſolemnity, "we muſt be cautious of advancing our opinion on ſo delicate a ſubject. I will not take upon me to pronounce, that the late Marquis was criminal, or to ſay what was the crime of which he was ſuſpected; but, concerning the puniſhment our daughter Agnes hinted, I know

I know of none he ſuffered. She probably alluded to the ſevere one, which an exaſperated conſcience can inflict. Beware, my children, of incurring ſo terrible a puniſhment—it is the purgatory of this life! The late Marchioneſs I knew well; ſhe was a pattern to ſuch as live in the world; nay, our ſacred order need not have bluſhed to copy her virtues! Our holy convent received her mortal part; her heavenly ſpirit, I doubt not, aſcended to its ſanctuary!"

As the abbeſs ſpoke this, the laſt bell of veſpers ſtruck up, and ſhe roſe. "Let us go, my children," ſaid ſhe, "and intercede for the wretched; let us go and confeſs our ſins, and endeavour to purify our ſouls for the heaven to which *ſhe* is gone!"

Emily was affected by the ſolemnity of this exhortation, and, remembering her father, "The heaven, to which *he*, too, is gone!" ſaid ſhe, faintly, as ſhe ſuppreſſed her ſighs, and followed the abbeſs and the nuns to the chapel.

CHAP. VIII.

" Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
. . . . . .
. . . . I will ſpeak to thee." . . . .

HAMLET.

COUNT DE VILLEFORT, at length, received a letter from the advocate at Avignon, encouraging Emily to aſſert her claim to the eſtates of the late Madame Montoni; and, about the ſame time, a meſſenger arrived from Monſieur Queſnel with intelligence, that made an appeal to the law on this ſubject unneceſſary, ſince it appeared, that the only perſon, who could have oppoſed her claim, was now no more. A friend of M. Queſnel, who reſided at Venice, had ſent him an account of the death of Montoni, who had been brought to trial with Orſino, as his ſuppoſed accomplice in the murder of the Venetian nobleman. Orſino was found

found guilty, condemned and executed upon the wheel, but, nothing being discovered to criminate Montoni, and his colleagues, on this charge, they were all released, except Montoni, who, being considered by the senate as a very dangerous person, was, for other reasons, ordered again into confinement, where, it was said, he had died in a doubtful and mysterious manner, and not without suspicion of having been poisoned. The authority, from which M. Quesnel had received this information, would not allow him to doubt its truth, and he told Emily, that she had now only to lay claim to the estates of her late aunt, to secure them, and added, that he would himself assist in the necessary forms of this business. The term, for which LaVallée had been let, being now also nearly expired, he acquainted her with the circumstance, and advised her to take the road thither, through Tholouse, where he promised to meet her, and where it would be proper for her to take possession of the estates of the late Madame Mon-

toni; adding, that he would ſpare her any difficulties, that might occur on that occaſion from the want of knowledge on the ſubject, and that he believed it would be neceſſary for her to be at Tholouſe, in about three weeks from the preſent time.

An increaſe of fortune ſeemed to have awakened this ſudden kindneſs in M. Queſnel towards his niece, and it appeared, that he entertained more reſpect for the rich heireſs, than he had ever felt compaſſion for the poor and unfriended orphan.

The pleaſure, with which ſhe received this intelligence, was clouded when ſhe conſidered, that he, for whoſe ſake ſhe had once regretted the want of fortune, was no longer worthy of ſharing it with her; but, remembering the friendly admonition of the Count, ſhe checked this melancholy reflection, and endeavoured to feel only gratitude for the unexpected good, that now attended her; while it formed no inconſiderable part of her ſatisfaction to know, that La Vallée, her native home, which was endeared to her by its having

having been the reſidence of her parents, would ſoon be reſtored to her poſſeſſion. There ſhe meant to fix her future reſidence, for, though it could not be compared with the chateau at Tholouſe, either for extent, or magnificence, its pleaſant ſcenes, and the tender remembrances that haunted them, had claims upon her heart, which ſhe was not inclined to ſacrifice to oſtentation. She wrote immediately to thank M. Queſnel for the active intereſt he took in her concerns, and to ſay that ſhe would meet him at Tholouſe at the appointed time.

When Count de Villefort, with Blanche, came to the convent to give Emily the advice of the advocate, he was informed of the contents of M. Queſnel's letter, and gave her his ſincere congratulations on the occaſion; but ſhe obſerved, that, when the firſt expreſſion of ſatisfaction had faded from his countenance, an unuſual gravity ſucceeded, and ſhe ſcarcely heſitated to enquire its cauſe.

"It has no new occaſion," replied the

Count; "I am haraſſed and perplexed by the confuſion into which my family is thrown by their fooliſh ſuperſtition. Idle reports are floating round me, which I can neither admit to be true, or prove to be falſe; and I am, alſo, very anxious about the poor fellow, Ludovico, concerning whom I have not been able to obtain information. Every part of the chateau, and every part of the neighbourhood, too, has, I believe, been ſearched, and I know not what further can be done, ſince I have already offered large rewards for the diſcovery of him. The keys of the north apartment I have not ſuffered to be out of my poſſeſſion, ſince he diſappeared, and I mean to watch in thoſe chambers, myſelf, this very night."

Emily, ſeriouſly alarmed for the Count, united her entreaties with thoſe of the Lady Blanche, to diſſuade him from his purpoſe.

"What ſhould I fear?" ſaid he. "I have no faith in ſupernatural combats, and for human oppoſition I ſhall be prepared; nay,

nay, I will even promiſe not to watch alone."

"But who, dear ſir, will have courage enough to watch with you?" ſaid Emily.

"My ſon," replied the Count. "If I am not carried off in the night," added he, ſmiling, "you ſhall hear the reſult of my adventure, to-morrow."

The Count and Lady Blanche, ſhortly afterwards, took leave of Emily, and returned to the chateau, where he informed Henri of his intention, who, not without ſome ſecret reluctance, conſented to be the partner of his watch; and, when the deſign was mentioned after ſupper, the Counteſs was terrified, and the Baron, and M. Du Pont joined with her in entreating, that he would not tempt his fate, as Ludovico had done. "We know not," added the Baron, "the nature, or the power of an evil ſpirit; and that ſuch a ſpirit haunts thoſe chambers can now, I think, ſcarcely be doubted. Beware, my lord, how you provoke its vengeance, ſince it has already

given us one terrible example of its malice. I allow it may be probable, that the ſpirits of the dead are permitted to return to the earth only on occaſions of high import; but the preſent import may be your deſtruction."

The Count could not forbear ſmiling; "Do you think then, Baron," ſaid he, "that my deſtruction is of ſufficient importance to draw back to earth the ſoul of the departed? Alas! my good friend, there is no occaſion for ſuch means to accompliſh the deſtruction of any individual. Wherever the myſtery reſts, I truſt I ſhall, this night, be able to detect it. You know I am not ſuperſtitious."

"I know that you are incredulous," interrupted the Baron.

"Well, call it what you will, I meant to ſay, that, though you know I am free from ſuperſtition—if any thing ſupernatural has appeared, I doubt not it will appear to me, and if any ſtrange event hangs over my houſe, or if any extraordinary tranſaction has

has formerly been connected with it, I shall probably be made acquainted with it. At all events I will invite discovery; and, that I may be equal to a mortal attack, which in good truth, my friend, is what I most expect, I shall take care to be well armed."

The Count took leave of his family, for the night, with an assumed gaiety, which but ill concealed the anxiety that depressed his spirits, and retired to the north apartments, accompanied by his son, and followed by the Baron, M. Du Pont and some of the domestics, who all bade him good night at the outer door. In these chambers every thing appeared as when he had last been here; even in the bed-room no alteration was visible, where he lighted his own fire, for none of the domestics could be prevailed upon to venture thither. After carefully examining the chamber and the oriel, the Count and Henri drew their chairs upon the hearth, set a bottle of wine and a lamp before them, laid their swords upon the table, and, stirring the wood into a blaze, began to converse

verſe on indifferent topics. But Henri was often ſilent and abſtracted, and ſometimes threw a glance of mingled awe and curioſity round the gloomy apartment; while the Count gradually ceaſed to converſe, and ſat either loſt in thought, or reading a volume of Tacitus, which he had brought to beguile the tedioufneſs of the night.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" Give thy thoughts no tongue."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Baron St. Foix, whom anxiety for his friend had kept awake, roſe early to enquire the event of the night, when, as he paſſed the Count's cloſet, hearing ſteps within, he knocked at the door, and it was opened by his friend himſelf. Rejoicing to ſee him in ſafety, and curious to learn the occurrences of the night, he had not immediately leiſure to obſerve the unuſual gravity that overſpread the features of the Count, whoſe reſerved anſwers firſt occaſioned him to notice it. The Count, then ſmiling, endeavoured to treat the ſubject of his curioſity with levity; but the Baron was ſerious, and purſued his enquiries ſo cloſely, that the Count, at length, reſuming his gravity, ſaid, " Well, my friend, preſs the ſubject no further, I entreat you; and let me requeſt

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"The guilty cannot claim that protection!" ſaid ſiſter Agnes, "let the Count look to his conduct, that he do not forfeit his claim! Yet who is he, that ſhall dare to call himſelf innocent!—all earthly innocence is but comparative. Yet ſtill how wide aſunder are the extremes of guilt, and to what an horrible depth may we fall! Oh!——"

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"You are young—you are innocent! I mean you are yet innocent of any great crime!—But you have paſſions in your heart,—ſcorpions; they ſleep now—beware how you awaken them!—they will ſting you, even unto death!"

Emily, affected by theſe words, and by the ſolemnity with which they were delivered, could not ſuppreſs her tears.

"Ah! is it ſo?" exclaimed Agnes, her countenance ſoftening from its ſternneſs—"ſo young, and ſo unfortunate! We are ſiſters, then, indeed. Yet, there is no bond of kindneſs among the guilty," ſhe added, while her eyes reſumed their wild expreſſion, "no gentleneſs,—no peace, no hope! I knew them all once—my eyes could weep—but now they burn, for now, my ſoul

ſoul is fixed, and fearleſs!—I lament no more!"

"Rather let us repent and pray," ſaid another nun. "We are taught to hope, that prayer and penitence will work our ſalvation. There is hope for all who repent!"

"Who repent and turn to the true faith," obſerved ſiſter Frances.

"For all but me!" replied Agnes ſolemnly, who pauſed, and then abruptly added, "My head burns, I believe I am not well. O! could I ſtrike from my memory all former ſcenes—the figures, that riſe up, like furies, to torment me!—I ſee them, when I ſleep, and, when I am awake, they are ſtill before my eyes! I ſee them now—now!"

She ſtood in a fixed attitude of horror, her ſtraining eyes moving ſlowly round the room, as if they followed ſomething. One of the nuns gently took her hand, to lead her from the parlour. Agnes became calm, drew her other hand acroſs her eyes, looked

again, and, ſighing deeply, ſaid, " They are gone—they are gone! I am feveriſh, I know not what I ſay. I am thus, ſometimes, but it will go off again, I ſhall ſoon be better. Was not that the veſper-bell?"

" No," replied Frances, " the evening ſervice is paſſed. Let Margaret lead you to your cell."

" You are right," replied ſiſter Agnes, " I ſhall be better there. Good night, my ſiſters; remember me in your oriſons!"

When they had withdrawn, Frances, obſerving Emily's emotion, ſaid, " Do not be alarmed, our ſiſter is often thus deranged, though I have not lately ſeen her ſo frantic; her uſual mood is melancholy. This fit has been coming on for ſeveral days; ſecluſion and the cuſtomary treatment will reſtore her."

" But how rationally ſhe converſed, at firſt!" obſerved Emily, " her ideas followed each other in perfect order."

" Yes," replied the nun, " this is nothing

thing new: nay, I have ſometimes known her argue not only with method, but with acuteneſs, and then, in a moment, ſtart off into madneſs."

"Her conſcience ſeems afflicted," ſaid Emily, "did you ever hear what circumſtance reduced her to this deplorable condition?"

"I have," replied the nun, who ſaid no more till Emily repeated the queſtion, when ſhe added in a low voice, and looking ſignificantly towards the other boarders, "I cannot tell you now, but, if you think it worth your while, come to my cell to-night, when our ſiſterhood are at reſt, and you ſhall hear more; but remember we riſe to midnight prayers, and come either before, or after midnight."

Emily promiſed to remember, and, the abbeſs ſoon after appearing, they ſpoke no more of the unhappy nun.

The Count, meanwhile, on his return home, had found M. Du Pont in one of thoſe fits of deſpondency, which his attachment

ment to Emily frequently occaſioned him, an attachment, that had ſubſiſted too long to be eaſily ſubdued, and which had already outlived the oppoſition of his friends. M. Du Pont had firſt ſeen Emily in Gaſcony, during the lifetime of his parent, who, on diſcovering his ſon's partiality for mademoiſelle St. Aubert, his inferior in point of fortune, forbade him to declare it to her family, or to think of her more. During the life of his father, he had obſerved the firſt command, but had found it impracticable to obey the ſecond, and had, ſometimes, ſoothed his paſſion by viſiting her favourite haunts, among which was the fiſhing-houſe, where, once or twice, he addreſſed her in verſe, concealing his name, in obedience to the promiſe he had given his father. There too he played the pathetic air, to which ſhe had liſtened with ſuch ſurpriſe and admiration; and there he found the miniature, that had ſince cheriſhed a paſſion fatal to his repoſe. During this expedition into Italy, his

father died; but he received his liberty at a moment, when he was the leaſt enabled to profit by it, ſince the object, that rendered it moſt valuable, was no longer within the reach of his vows. By what accident he diſcovered Emily, and aſſiſted to releaſe her from a terrible impriſonment, has already appeared, and alſo the unavailing hope, with which he then encouraged his love, and the fruitleſs efforts, that he had ſince made to overcome it.

The Count ſtill endeavoured, with friendly zeal, to ſooth him with a belief, that patience, perſeverance and prudence would finally obtain for him happineſs and Emily: "Time," ſaid he, "will wear away the melancholy impreſſion, which diſappointment has left on her mind, and ſhe will be ſenſible of your merit. Your ſervices have already awakened her gratitude, and your ſufferings her pity; and truſt me, my friend, in a heart ſo ſenſible as hers, gratitude and pity lead to love. When her imagination

imagination is reſcued from its preſent deluſion, ſhe will readily accept the homage of a mind like yours."

Du Pont ſighed, while he liſtened to theſe words; and, endeavouring to hope what his friend believed, he willingly yielded to an invitation to prolong his viſit at the chateau, which we now leave for the monaſtery of St. Claire.

When the nuns had retired to reſt, Emily ſtole to her appointment with ſiſter Frances, whom ſhe found in her cell, engaged in prayer, before a little table, where appeared the image ſhe was addreſſing, and, above, the dim lamp, that gave light to the place. Turning her eyes, as the door opened, ſhe beckoned to Emily to come in, who, having done ſo, ſeated herſelf in ſilence beſide the nun's little mattreſs of ſtraw, till her oriſons ſhould conclude. The latter ſoon roſe from her knees, and, taking down the lamp and placing it on the table, Emily perceived there a human ſcull and bones, lying beſide an hour-glaſs; but the nun, without obſerving

her emotion, ſat down on the mattreſs by her, ſaying, " Your curioſity, ſiſter, has made you punctual, but you have nothing remarkable to hear in the hiſtory of poor Agnes, of whom I avoided to ſpeak in the preſence of my lay-ſiſters, only becauſe I would not publiſh her crime to them."

" I ſhall conſider your confidence in me as a favour," ſaid Emily, " and will not miſuſe it."

" Siſter Agnes," reſumed the nun, " is of a noble family, as the dignity of her air muſt already have informed you, but I will not diſhonour their name ſo much as to reveal it. Love was the occaſion of her crime and of her madneſs. She was beloved by a gentleman of inferior fortune, and her father, as I have heard, beſtowing her on a nobleman, whom ſhe diſliked, an ill-governed paſſion proved her deſtruction.— Every obligation of virtue and of duty was forgotten, and ſhe prophaned her marriage vows; but her guilt was ſoon detected, and ſhe would have fallen a ſacrifice to the vengeance

geance of her huſband, had not her father contrived to convey her from his power. By what means he did this, I never could learn; but he ſecreted her in this convent, where he afterwards prevailed with her to take the veil, while a report was circulated in the world, that ſhe was dead, and the father, to ſave his daughter, aſſiſted the rumour, and employed ſuch means as induced her huſband to believe ſhe had become a victim to his jealouſy. You look ſurpriſed," added the nun, obſerving Emily's countenance; "I allow the ſtory is uncommon, but not, I believe, without a parallel."

"Pray proceed," ſaid Emily, "I am intereſted."

"The ſtory is already told," reſumed the nun, "I have only to mention, that the long ſtruggle, which Agnes ſuffered, between love, remorſe and a ſenſe of the duties ſhe had taken upon herſelf in becoming of our order, at length unſettled her reaſon. At firſt, ſhe was frantic and melancholy by quick alternatives; then, ſhe ſunk into a

deep and ſettled melancholy, which ſtill, however, has, at times, been interrupted by fits of wildneſs, and, of late, theſe have again been frequent."

Emily was affected by the hiſtory of the ſiſter, ſome parts of whoſe ſtory brought to her remembrance that of the Marchioneſs de Villeroi, who had alſo been compelled by her father to forſake the object of her affections, for a nobleman of his choice; but, from what Dorothée had related, there appeared no reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſhe had eſcaped the vengeance of a jealous huſband, or to doubt for a moment the innocence of her conduct. But Emily, while ſhe ſighed over the miſery of the nun, could not forbear ſhedding a few tears to the misfortunes of the Marchioneſs; and, when ſhe returned to the mention of ſiſter Agnes, ſhe aſked Frances if ſhe remembered her in her youth, and whether ſhe was then beautiful.

"I was not here at the time, when ſhe took the vows," replied Frances, "which is ſo long ago, that few of the preſent ſiſterhood,

hood, I believe, were witneſſes of the ceremony; nay, even our lady mother did not then preſide over the convent: but I can remember, when ſiſter Agnes was a very beautiful woman. She retains that air of high rank, which always diſtinguiſhed her, but her beauty, you muſt perceive, is fled; I can ſcarcely diſcover even a veſtige of the lovelineſs, that once animated her features."

"It is ſtrange," ſaid Emily, "but there are moments, when her countenance has appeared familiar to my memory! You will think me fanciful, and I think myſelf ſo, for I certainly never ſaw ſiſter Agnes, before I came to this convent, and I muſt, therefore, have ſeen ſome perſon, whom ſhe ſtrongly reſembles, though of this I have no recollection."

"You have been intereſted by the deep melancholy of her countenance," ſaid Frances, "and its impreſſion has probably deluded your imagination; for I might as reaſonably think I perceive a likeneſs between you and Agnes, as you, that you have ſeen

her any where but in this convent, ſince this has been her place of refuge, for nearly as many years as make your age."

"Indeed!" ſaid Emily.

"Yes," rejoined Frances, "and why does that circumſtance excite your ſurpriſe?"

Emily did not appear to notice this queſtion, but remained thoughtful, for a few moments, and then ſaid, "It was about that ſame period that the Marchioneſs de Villeroi expired."

"That is an odd remark," ſaid Frances.

Emily, recalled from her reverie, ſmiled, and gave the converſation another turn, but it ſoon came back to the ſubject of the unhappy nun, and Emily remained in the cell of ſiſter Frances, till the mid-night bell arouſed her; when, apologizing for having interrupted the ſiſter's repoſe, till this late hour, they quitted the cell together. Emily returned to her chamber, and the nun, bearing a glimmering taper, went to her devotion in the chapel.

Several

Several days followed, during which Emily ſaw neither the Count, or any of his family; and, when, at length, he appeared, ſhe remarked, with concern, that his air was unuſually diſturbed.

"My ſpirits are haraſſed," ſaid he, in anſwer to her anxious enquiries, "and I mean to change my reſidence, for a little while, an experiment, which, I hope, will reſtore my mind to its uſual tranquillity. My daughter and myſelf will accompany the Baron St. Foix to his chateau. It lies in a valley of the Pyrenées, that opens towards Gaſcony, and I have been thinking, Emily, that when you ſet out for La Vallée, we may go part of the way together; it would be a ſatisfaction to me to guard you towards your home."

She thanked the Count for his friendly conſideration, and lamented, that the neceſſity for her going firſt to Tholouſe would render this plan impracticable. "But, when you are at the Baron's reſidence," ſhe added, "you will be only a ſhort journey from La

Vallée, and I think, ſir, you will not leave the country without viſiting me; it is unneceſſary to ſay with what pleaſure I ſhould receive you and the Lady Blanche."

"I do not doubt it," replied the Count, "and I will not deny myſelf and Blanche the pleaſure of viſiting you, if your affairs ſhould allow you to be at La Vallée, about the time when we can meet you there."

When Emily ſaid that ſhe ſhould hope to ſee the Counteſs alſo, ſhe was not ſorry to learn that this lady was going, accompanied by Mademoiſelle Bearn, to pay a viſit, for a few weeks, to a family in lower Languedoc.

The Count, after ſome further converſation on his intended journey and on the arrangement of Emily's, took leave; and many days did not ſucceed this viſit, before a ſecond letter from M. Queſnel informed her, that he was then at Tholouſe, that La Vallée was at liberty, and that he wiſhed her to ſet off for the former place, where he awaited her arrival, with all poſſible diſpatch, ſince his own affairs preſſed him to

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return to Gaſcony. Emily did not heſitate to obey him, and, having taken an affecting leave of the Count's family, in which M. Du Pont was ſtill included, and of her friends at the convent, ſhe ſet out for Thoulouſe, attended by the unhappy Annette, and guarded by a ſteady ſervant of the Count.

verſe on indifferent topics. But Henri was often ſilent and abſtracted, and ſometimes threw a glance of mingled awe and curioſity round the gloomy apartment; while the Count gradually ceaſed to converſe, and ſat either loſt in thought, or reading a volume of Tacitus, which he had brought to beguile the tedioufneſs of the night.

CHAP.

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The nun, as ſhe concluded, uttered a ſhuddering

ſhuddering ſigh, that ſtartled Emily, who, looking up, perceived the eyes of Agnes fixed on hers; after which the ſiſter roſe, took her hand, gazed earneſtly upon her countenance, for ſome moments, in ſilence, and then ſaid,

"You are young—you are innocent! I mean you are yet innocent of any great crime!—But you have paſſions in your heart,—ſcorpions; they ſleep now—beware how you awaken them!—they will ſting you, even unto death!"

Emily, affected by theſe words, and by the ſolemnity with which they were delivered, could not ſuppreſs her tears.

"Ah! is it ſo?" exclaimed Agnes, her countenance ſoftening from its ſternneſs—"ſo young, and ſo unfortunate! We are ſiſters, then, indeed. Yet, there is no bond of kindneſs among the guilty," ſhe added, while her eyes reſumed their wild expreſſion, "no gentleneſs,—no peace, no hope! I knew them all once—my eyes could weep—but now they burn, for now, my ſoul

ſoul is fixed, and fearleſs!—I lament no more!"

"Rather let us repent and pray," ſaid another nun. "We are taught to hope, that prayer and penitence will work our ſalvation. There is hope for all who repent!"

"Who repent and turn to the true faith," obſerved ſiſter Frances.

"For all but me!" replied Agnes ſolemnly, who pauſed, and then abruptly added, "My head burns, I believe I am not well. O! could I ſtrike from my memory all former ſcenes—the figures, that riſe up, like furies, to torment me!—I ſee them, when I ſleep, and, when I am awake, they are ſtill before my eyes! I ſee them now—now!"

She ſtood in a fixed attitude of horror, her ſtraining eyes moving ſlowly round the room, as if they followed ſomething. One of the nuns gently took her hand, to lead her from the parlour. Agnes became calm, drew her other hand acroſs her eyes, looked

again, and, ſighing deeply, ſaid, " They are gone—they are gone! I am feveriſh, I know not what I ſay. I am thus, ſometimes, but it will go off again, I ſhall ſoon be better. Was not that the veſper-bell?"

" No," replied Frances, " the evening ſervice is paſſed. Let Margaret lead you to your cell."

" You are right," replied ſiſter Agnes, " I ſhall be better there. Good night, my ſiſters; remember me in your oriſons!"

When they had withdrawn, Frances, obſerving Emily's emotion, ſaid, " Do not be alarmed, our ſiſter is often thus deranged, though I have not lately ſeen her ſo frantic; her uſual mood is melancholy. This fit has been coming on for ſeveral days; ſecluſion and the cuſtomary treatment will reſtore her."

" But how rationally ſhe converſed, at firſt!" obſerved Emily, " her ideas followed each other in perfect order."

" Yes," replied the nun, " this is nothing

thing new: nay, I have ſometimes known her argue not only with method, but with acuteneſs, and then, in a moment, ſtart off into madneſs."

"Her conſcience ſeems afflicted," ſaid Emily, "did you ever hear what circumſtance reduced her to this deplorable condition?"

"I have," replied the nun, who ſaid no more till Emily repeated the queſtion, when ſhe added in a low voice, and looking ſignificantly towards the other boarders, "I cannot tell you now, but, if you think it worth your while, come to my cell to-night, when our ſiſterhood are at reſt, and you ſhall hear more; but remember we riſe to midnight prayers, and come either before, or after midnight."

Emily promiſed to remember, and, the abbeſs ſoon after appearing, they ſpoke no more of the unhappy nun.

The Count, meanwhile, on his return home, had found M. Du Pont in one of thoſe fits of deſpondency, which his attachment

ment to Emily frequently occaſioned him, an attachment, that had ſubſiſted too long to be eaſily ſubdued, and which had already outlived the oppoſition of his friends. M. Du Pont had firſt ſeen Emily in Gaſcony, during the lifetime of his parent, who, on diſcovering his ſon's partiality for mademoiſelle St. Aubert, his inferior in point of fortune, forbade him to declare it to her family, or to think of her more. During the life of his father, he had obſerved the firſt command, but had found it impracticable to obey the ſecond, and had, ſometimes, ſoothed his paſſion by viſiting her favourite haunts, among which was the fiſhing-houſe, where, once or twice, he addreſſed her in verſe, concealing his name, in obedience to the promiſe he had given his father. There too he played the pathetic air, to which ſhe had liſtened with ſuch ſurpriſe and admiration; and there he found the miniature, that had ſince cheriſhed a paſſion fatal to his repoſe. During this expedition into Italy, his

father died; but he received his liberty at a moment, when he was the leaſt enabled to profit by it, ſince the object, that rendered it moſt valuable, was no longer within the reach of his vows. By what accident he diſcovered Emily, and aſſiſted to releaſe her from a terrible impriſonment, has already appeared, and alſo the unavailing hope, with which he then encouraged his love, and the fruitleſs efforts, that he had ſince made to overcome it.

The Count ſtill endeavoured, with friendly zeal, to ſooth him with a belief, that patience, perſeverance and prudence would finally obtain for him happineſs and Emily: "Time," ſaid he, "will wear away the melancholy impreſſion, which diſappointment has left on her mind, and ſhe will be ſenſible of your merit. Your ſervices have already awakened her gratitude, and your ſufferings her pity; and truſt me, my friend, in a heart ſo ſenſible as hers, gratitude and pity lead to love. When her imagination

imagination is reſcued from its preſent deluſion, ſhe will readily accept the homage of a mind like yours."

Du Pont ſighed, while he liſtened to theſe words; and, endeavouring to hope what his friend believed, he willingly yielded to an invitation to prolong his viſit at the chateau, which we now leave for the monaſtery of St. Claire.

When the nuns had retired to reſt, Emily ſtole to her appointment with ſiſter Frances, whom ſhe found in her cell, engaged in prayer, before a little table, where appeared the image ſhe was addreſſing, and, above, the dim lamp, that gave light to the place. Turning her eyes, as the door opened, ſhe beckoned to Emily to come in, who, having done ſo, ſeated herſelf in ſilence beſide the nun's little mattreſs of ſtraw, till her oriſons ſhould conclude. The latter ſoon roſe from her knees, and, taking down the lamp and placing it on the table, Emily perceived there a human ſcull and bones, lying beſide an hour-glaſs; but the nun, without obſerving

her emotion, ſat down on the mattreſs by her, ſaying, " Your curioſity, ſiſter, has made you punctual, but you have nothing remarkable to hear in the hiſtory of poor Agnes, of whom I avoided to ſpeak in the preſence of my lay-ſiſters, only becauſe I would not publiſh her crime to them."

" I ſhall conſider your confidence in me as a favour," ſaid Emily, " and will not miſuſe it."

" Siſter Agnes," reſumed the nun, " is of a noble family, as the dignity of her air muſt already have informed you, but I will not diſhonour their name ſo much as to reveal it. Love was the occaſion of her crime and of her madneſs. She was beloved by a gentleman of inferior fortune, and her father, as I have heard, beſtowing her on a nobleman, whom ſhe diſliked, an ill-governed paſſion proved her deſtruction.— Every obligation of virtue and of duty was forgotten, and ſhe prophaned her marriage vows; but her guilt was ſoon detected, and ſhe would have fallen a ſacrifice to the vengeance

geance of her huſband, had not her father contrived to convey her from his power. By what means he did this, I never could learn; but he ſecreted her in this convent, where he afterwards prevailed with her to take the veil, while a report was circulated in the world, that ſhe was dead, and the father, to ſave his daughter, aſſiſted the rumour, and employed ſuch means as induced her huſband to believe ſhe had become a victim to his jealouſy. You look ſurpriſed," added the nun, obſerving Emily's countenance; "I allow the ſtory is uncommon, but not, I believe, without a parallel."

"Pray proceed," ſaid Emily, "I am intereſted."

"The ſtory is already told," reſumed the nun, "I have only to mention, that the long ſtruggle, which Agnes ſuffered, between love, remorſe and a ſenſe of the duties ſhe had taken upon herſelf in becoming of our order, at length unſettled her reaſon. At firſt, ſhe was frantic and melancholy by quick alternatives; then, ſhe ſunk into a

deep and ſettled melancholy, which ſtill, however, has, at times, been interrupted by fits of wildneſs, and, of late, theſe have again been frequent."

Emily was affected by the hiſtory of the ſiſter, ſome parts of whoſe ſtory brought to her remembrance that of the Marchioneſs de Villeroi, who had alſo been compelled by her father to forſake the object of her affections, for a nobleman of his choice; but, from what Dorothée had related, there appeared no reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſhe had eſcaped the vengeance of a jealous huſband, or to doubt for a moment the innocence of her conduct. But Emily, while ſhe ſighed over the miſery of the nun, could not forbear ſhedding a few tears to the misfortunes of the Marchioneſs; and, when ſhe returned to the mention of ſiſter Agnes, ſhe aſked Frances if ſhe remembered her in her youth, and whether ſhe was then beautiful.

"I was not here at the time, when ſhe took the vows," replied Frances, "which is ſo long ago, that few of the preſent ſiſterhood,

hood, I believe, were witneſſes of the ceremony; nay, even our lady mother did not then preſide over the convent: but I can remember, when ſiſter Agnes was a very beautiful woman. She retains that air of high rank, which always diſtinguiſhed her, but her beauty, you muſt perceive, is fled; I can ſcarcely diſcover even a veſtige of the lovelineſs, that once animated her features."

"It is ſtrange," ſaid Emily, "but there are moments, when her countenance has appeared familiar to my memory! You will think me fanciful, and I think myſelf ſo, for I certainly never ſaw ſiſter Agnes, before I came to this convent, and I muſt, therefore, have ſeen ſome perſon, whom ſhe ſtrongly reſembles, though of this I have no recollection."

"You have been intereſted by the deep melancholy of her countenance," ſaid Frances, "and its impreſſion has probably deluded your imagination; for I might as reaſonably think I perceive a likeneſs between you and Agnes, as you, that you have ſeen

her any where but in this convent, ſince this has been her place of refuge, for nearly as many years as make your age."

"Indeed!" ſaid Emily.

"Yes," rejoined Frances, "and why does that circumſtance excite your ſurpriſe?"

Emily did not appear to notice this queſtion, but remained thoughtful, for a few moments, and then ſaid, "It was about that ſame period that the Marchioneſs de Villeroi expired."

"That is an odd remark," ſaid Frances.

Emily, recalled from her reverie, ſmiled, and gave the converſation another turn, but it ſoon came back to the ſubject of the unhappy nun, and Emily remained in the cell of ſiſter Frances, till the mid-night bell arouſed her; when, apologizing for having interrupted the ſiſter's repoſe, till this late hour, they quitted the cell together. Emily returned to her chamber, and the nun, bearing a glimmering taper, went to her devotion in the chapel.

Several

Several days followed, during which Emily ſaw neither the Count, or any of his family; and, when, at length, he appeared, ſhe remarked, with concern, that his air was unuſually diſturbed.

"My ſpirits are haraſſed," ſaid he, in anſwer to her anxious enquiries, "and I mean to change my reſidence, for a little while, an experiment, which, I hope, will reſtore my mind to its uſual tranquillity. My daughter and myſelf will accompany the Baron St. Foix to his chateau. It lies in a valley of the Pyrenées, that opens towards Gaſcony, and I have been thinking, Emily, that when you ſet out for La Vallée, we may go part of the way together; it would be a ſatisfaction to me to guard you towards your home."

She thanked the Count for his friendly conſideration, and lamented, that the neceſſity for her going firſt to Tholouſe would render this plan impracticable. "But, when you are at the Baron's reſidence," ſhe added, "you will be only a ſhort journey from La

father died; but he received his liberty at a moment, when he was the leaſt enabled to profit by it, ſince the object, that rendered it moſt valuable, was no longer within the reach of his vows. By what accident he diſcovered Emily, and aſſiſted to releaſe her from a terrible impriſonment, has already appeared, and alſo the unavailing hope, with which he then encouraged his love, and the fruitleſs efforts, that he had ſince made to overcome it.

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Vallée, and I think, ſir, you will not leave the country without viſiting me; it is unneceſſary to ſay with what pleaſure I ſhould receive you and the Lady Blanche."

"I do not doubt it," replied the Count, "and I will not deny myſelf and Blanche the pleaſure of viſiting you, if your affairs ſhould allow you to be at La Vallée, about the time when we can meet you there."

When Emily ſaid that ſhe ſhould hope to ſee the Counteſs alſo, ſhe was not ſorry to learn that this lady was going, accompanied by Mademoiſelle Bearn, to pay a viſit, for a few weeks, to a family in lower Languedoc.

The Count, after ſome further converſation on his intended journey and on the arrangement of Emily's, took leave; and many days did not ſucceed this viſit, before a ſecond letter from M. Queſnel informed her, that he was then at Tholouſe, that La Vallée was at liberty, and that he wiſhed her to ſet off for the former place, where he awaited her arrival, with all poſſible diſpatch, ſince his own affairs preſſed him to return

return to Gaſcony. Emily did not heſitate to obey him, and, having taken an affecting leave of the Count's family, in which M. Du Pont was ſtill included, and of her friends at the convent, ſhe ſet out for Thoulouſe, attended by the unhappy Annette, and guarded by a ſteady ſervant of the Count.

CHAP. X.

" Lull'd in the countleſs chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain:
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads riſe!
Each ſtamps its image as the other flies!"

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

EMILY purſued her journey, without any accident, along the plains of Languedoc towards the north-weſt; and, on this her return to Tholouſe, which ſhe had laſt left with Madame Montoni, ſhe thought much on the melancholy fate of her aunt, who, but for her own imprudence, might now have been living in happineſs there! Montoni, too, often roſe to her fancy, ſuch as ſhe had ſeen him in his days of triumph, bold, ſpirited and commanding; ſuch alſo as ſhe had ſince beheld him in his days of vengeance; and now, only a few ſhort months had paſſed—and he had no longer the power, or the will to afflict;—he had become

become a clod of earth, and his life was vaniſhed like a ſhadow! Emily could have wept at his fate, had ſhe not remembered his crimes; for that of her unfortunate aunt ſhe did weep, and all ſenſe of her errors was overcome by the recollection of her misfortunes.

Other thoughts and other emotions ſucceeded, as Emily drew near the well-known ſcenes of her early love, and conſidered, that Valancourt was loſt to her and to himſelf, for ever. At length, ſhe came to the brow of the hill, whence, on her departure for Italy, ſhe had given a farewell look to this beloved landſcape, amongſt whoſe woods and fields ſhe had ſo often walked with Valancourt, and where he was then to inhabit, when ſhe would be far, far away! She ſaw, once more, that chain of the Pyrenées, which overlooked La Vallée, riſing, like faint clouds, on the horizon. "There, too, is Gaſcony, extended at their feet!" ſaid ſhe, "O my father,—my mother! And there too, is the Garonne!" ſhe added, drying the

the tears, that obſcured her ſight,—" and Tholouſe, and my aunt's manſion—and the groves in her garden!—O my friends! are ye all loſt to me—muſt I never, never ſee ye more!" Tears ruſhed again to her eyes, and ſhe continued to weep, till an abrupt turn in the road had nearly occaſioned the carriage to overſet, when, looking up, ſhe perceived another part of the well-known ſcene around Tholouſe, and all the reflections and anticipations, which ſhe had ſuffered, at the moment, when ſhe bade it laſt adieu, came with recollected force to her heart. She remembered how anxiouſly ſhe had looked forward to the futurity, which was to decide her happineſs concerning Valancourt, and what depreſſing fears had aſſailed her; the very words ſhe had uttered, as ſhe withdrew her laſt look from the proſpect, came to her memory. " Could I but be certain," ſhe had then ſaid, " that I ſhould ever return, and that Valancourt would ſtill live for me—I ſhould go in peace!".

Now