



ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1

The Mysteries of Udolpho

Ann Radcliffe



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

OS MISTÉRIOS DE UDOLPHO

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Mysteries of Udolpho

Os Mistérios de Udolpho

Ann Radcliffe

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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SAMPLE

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Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em *itálico* no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link Back to B1 retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

Emily St. Aubert, uma jovem órfã e herdeira, é lançada em um mundo de terror e intriga após a morte de seu amado pai. Forçada a deixar seu lar idílico na Gasconha, ela viaja para a Itália sob a tutela de sua tia, Madame Cheron, que se casa com o sinistro Signor Montoni. Montoni, um bandido italiano implacável, aprisiona Emily e sua tia no remoto e sombrio Castelo de Udolpho, nos Apeninos. Lá, Emily enfrenta terrores sobrenaturais, incluindo sons misteriosos, aparições fantasmagóricas e um retrato velado que esconde um segredo horrível. As maquinacões de Montoni envolvem planos para tomar a herança de Emily e forçá-la a se casar com seu aliado, o Conde Morano. Em meio aos corredores escuros e câmaras ocultas do castelo, Emily deve contar com sua coragem e virtude para resistir aos esquemas de Montoni. O romance mescla suspense psicológico com descrições vívidas de paisagens sublimes, dos Pireneus ao interior veneziano. A narrativa de Radcliffe cria uma atmosfera de pavor e incerteza, onde o sobrenatural é, em última análise, explicado por causas naturais. A jornada de Emily é de

crescimento moral e emocional, enquanto ela enfrenta o medo, a perda e as complexidades do amor. A história também apresenta um subenredo romântico com o nobre Valancourt, cujo destino se entrelaça com o de Emily. O conflito central opõe inocência e sensibilidade à ganância e vilania, em um cenário de castelos em ruínas e natureza selvagem. O tom é intensamente atmosférico, combinando horror gótico com reflexão sentimental.

Nota editorial

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CHAPTER I

Pt/En Home is a place for love, happiness, peace, and having enough things. Friends and family are there, helping each other and sharing joy.

Pt/En Wherever I go and whatever I see, my heart will always think of you. GOLDSMITH

Pt/En Macbeth said he would tell them where to go and how to be ready at the perfect moment. He explained that it had to be done that night.

Pt/En The text asks if all the shared advice and time spent together is forgotten. It questions if their old love will be broken apart. This is from MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Pt/En In 1584, Monsieur St. Aubert lived in a castle on the Garonne river in Gascony. From the castle windows, people could see beautiful countryside with trees, vines, and olive trees. To the south were the big Pyrenees mountains, sometimes covered in clouds. These mountains looked strong and sometimes had dark pine forests. The mountains were different from the soft green fields, woods, and small houses below. To the north and east, the land stretched far away, and to the west was the sea.

Pt/En The cars were ready early. Servants were busy, waking Emily from bad dreams. She had worried during the night about her love and her future. She tried to forget these bad thoughts, but her real problems were worse than her imagined ones. She remembered saying goodbye to Valancourt, maybe forever, and felt sick. She tried to stop her sad thoughts and control her sadness. This made her face look sad but also calm, like a thin cloth hiding beauty and making it more interesting. Madame Montoni only saw Emily's usual pale face and criticized her. She told Emily she was having silly sad feelings and should not let others see she could not forget someone she shouldn't love. Emily's pale face turned red with pride, but she said nothing. Soon after, Montoni came in, said little, and seemed eager to leave.

Pt/En The next day, Emily was surprised that Annette knew about Madame Montoni being locked up and the plan to visit her that night.

Emily thought it was unlikely that Barnardine, who had told her to keep it secret, would tell Annette. However, he had asked Emily to meet him alone on the terrace after midnight. He promised to take her to the place he had mentioned. Emily felt scared and had many worries, like the night before. She wondered if Barnardine was lying and if he had perhaps killed Madame Montoni. She also feared that Barnardine was working with Montoni to trick her. She worried that Montoni might want her dead too, so he could get his wife's estates, which would go to Emily if Madame Montoni died first. Emily remembered that she would get the estates if her aunt died before her husband. She thought her aunt had probably kept the estates from Montoni until the end. Emily recalled Barnardine's behaviour the previous night and felt it showed he was happy about something bad. This made her more afraid, and she decided not to meet him. Later, she thought her fears might be too strong because she was a nervous person. She did not believe Montoni could be so evil as to kill his wife and niece. She told herself not to imagine such unlikely things. Still, she did not want to meet Barnardine on the terrace at midnight. But she also wanted to know if her aunt was okay and help her, so she was unsure what to do.

Pt/En In the evening, Emily learned that Count De Villefort wanted to see her. She guessed Valancourt was waiting. She tried to be calm and collected herself before leaving her room. But when she reached the library door, where she thought he would be, she felt very emotional. She was too upset to go into the room and returned to the hall, where she stayed for a long time, unable to control her feelings.

Pt/En Monsieur St. Aubert liked to walk by the Garonne river with his wife and daughter. He enjoyed listening to music on the water. He had seen many different parts of life and learned that people were not always as good as he first thought. However, his good beliefs and kindness stayed strong. He left busy city life to live in nature, enjoy books, and spend time with his family.

Pt/En The windows of the room looked out onto the garden. As Emily walked past them, she saw the place where she had said goodbye to Valancourt the night before. The memory made her heart feel heavy, and she quickly looked away from the spot.

Pt/En Emily asked Annette how she could go to the terrace at that time. She remembered that the guards would stop her and Signor Montoni would find out.

Pt/En Emily went to the library and found Valancourt sitting with the Count. Both men stood up when she came in. Emily was too nervous to look at Valancourt. The Count showed her to a chair and then left the room.

Pt/En St. Aubert came from a good family but did not have much money. He was expected to marry someone rich or become successful in politics. But St. Aubert did not want to do anything dishonest, and he did not want to work hard just for money. He married a kind woman from a similar family. His father had spent a lot of money, so St. Aubert had to sell part of his land. He sold it to his brother-in-law, Monsieur Quesnel, and moved to a small farm in Gascony. There, he focused on his family, learning, and his own thoughts.

Pt/En The luggage was ready. The travellers got into their carriages. Emily would have left the castle without feeling sad, but it was near Valancourt's home.

Pt/En Annette replied that Barnardine had thought of that. He gave her a key and said it opened a door at the end of a long passage. This door was near the east wall, so Emily would not be seen by the guards. Annette also explained that Barnardine wanted Emily to use this way to avoid opening the main hall doors, which made a loud noise.

Pt/En Emily kept her eyes on the floor. She felt so sad that she could not speak and found it hard to breathe. Valancourt sat down next to her. He sighed a lot and remained silent. If Emily had looked up, she would have seen how upset he was.

Pt/En St. Aubert had loved this place since he was a child. As a boy, he visited often and remembered the kindness of an old farmer who gave him fruit and cream. He remembered running in the fields, resting in the woods, and looking at the mountains and the river. These memories made him feel happy and a little sad. Finally, he left the busy world and came here to live the life he had wanted for many years.

Pt/En From a small hill, Emily looked back at Tholouse and the wide plains of Gascony. The Pyrenees mountains were visible far away, lit by

the morning sun. She thought to herself that she would miss the mountains and that many sad things might happen before she saw them again. She wished she knew she would return and find Valancourt still loved her, so she could leave peacefully. She knew he would look at the mountains even when she was gone.

Pt/En Emily felt a little calmer after Annette's explanation, which seemed honest. But she asked Annette why Barnardine wanted her to come alone.

Pt/En Finally, Valancourt spoke with a shaky voice. He said he wanted to see her that evening to stop feeling so worried. He explained that her recent change in behaviour had made him anxious, and that the Count had told him some things that helped him understand why. He realized he had enemies who were jealous of his happiness and were trying to ruin it. He also felt that Emily's feelings for him had become weaker because of time and distance, and that she could now be easily persuaded to forget him.

Pt/En The house was originally a small summer cottage. It was simple and beautiful, with a nice view. Mr. St. Aubert loved the old parts of the house and did not want to change them. So, new parts were added that looked like the old ones. This made the house a simple and elegant home. Madame St. Aubert's good taste was clear inside the house. The furniture and decorations were simple and matched the style of the people who lived there.

Pt/En Trees along the road began to hide the view of the country. However, the blue mountains could still be seen beyond the dark leaves. Emily kept looking out the window until the trees finally blocked her view of them.

Pt/En A servant asked why her young lady had to go alone and said she should be allowed to go with her. She explained that she was good at keeping secrets and had handled important matters before. However, the person she spoke to refused her request several times in a rough way. The servant even offered a valuable coin she had received as a gift, but this also did not change his mind. She wondered why he was so unwilling to let her accompany her lady and guessed that her lady already knew who she was going to meet.

Pt/En Valancourt's last words were difficult to hear. Emily could not speak at all and stayed silent.

Pt/En The library was on the west side of the house. It had many good books in old and new languages. The room looked out onto a grove of trees that gave a pleasant, calm shade. From the windows, you could see a bright, green landscape to the west. In the distance, the Pyrenees mountains could be seen. Next to the library was a greenhouse with rare and beautiful plants. Mr. St. Aubert enjoyed studying plants. He often spent days in the nearby mountains looking for new plants. Sometimes, Madame St. Aubert and his daughter joined him on these trips. They took a small basket for plants and another with food and drinks. They walked in beautiful, wild places, enjoying nature. When they were tired of walking on steep paths, they would find a quiet, green spot in the mountains. There, under tall trees, they ate their simple food. The meal tasted better with water from a cool stream and the smell of wild flowers.

Pt/En Emily soon saw another person. A man walking by the road, with a hat covering his eyes, turned when he heard the carriage. Emily saw it was Valancourt. He waved his hand, jumped to the road, and gave her a letter through the window. He tried to smile, but looked very sad. Emily always remembered his smile. She watched him from the window as he stood on a small hill, leaning against trees, and watching the carriage. He waved again, and Emily kept looking until he was too far away to see clearly.

Pt/En Emily asked if Barnardine had told her this information.

Pt/En Valancourt suddenly stood up and walked around the room quickly. He exclaimed that it was a difficult meeting after their long separation. He sat down again and, after a short struggle, said in a strong but sad voice that he could not bear it. He asked Emily if she would speak to him.

Pt/En Next to the greenhouse, facing the plains of Languedoc, was a room that Emily used. It held her books, drawings, music instruments, and some pet birds and plants. She practiced her arts there. She was good at them because she liked them and had help from Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert. The room had nice windows that went down to the floor. They opened onto a small garden. Through the windows, you could see trees

like almond and myrtle, and then the distant landscape where the Garonne river flowed.

Pt/En The travellers stopped to pick up Signor Cavigni from a castle. Emily was in a second carriage with Madame Montoni's servant. They continued their journey across the plains. Because the servant was there, Emily did not read Valancourt's letter. She did not want anyone to see her feelings. But she wanted to read his last letter very much, and her hand was shaking, ready to open it.

Pt/En The servant replied that Barnardine had not told her.

Pt/En He covered his face with his hand, as if to hide his feelings. He took Emily's hand, and she did not pull hers away. She began to cry. When he looked up and saw she was weeping, he felt tender again. A little hope came to him, and he said that she pitied him and loved him. He believed she was still his Emily and that her tears showed this.

Pt/En In the evenings, people from this sunny area often danced by the river after finishing their work. Their happy music, lively steps, and interesting dance moves were fun to watch. The way the girls arranged their simple clothes also added to the scene, making it feel very French.

Pt/En Emily and her companions stopped to eat. Emily read a letter from Valancourt. It made her feel happier because it showed his love. He asked her to think of him every evening when the sun set. He said they would think of each other at the same time, and this would help them feel close.

Pt/En Emily asked who had told her, but the servant showed that she could keep a secret.

Pt/En Emily tried to be strong again. She quickly dried her tears and said that she did pity him and weep for him. But she asked if she should think of him with love. She reminded him that she had trusted him to explain his words if she asked. She said she understood his words now, but asked him to prove he was still the good Valancourt she once loved. She wanted to know if he was still that person.

Pt/En The front of the house faced south and looked towards the grand mountains. On the ground floor, there was a simple hall and two nice sitting rooms. The first floor had bedrooms. There was also one room that opened onto a balcony and was usually used for breakfast.

Pt/En That evening, Emily watched the sun go down. She saw it set over the plains, near the area where Valancourt lived. After watching the sunset, she felt much calmer and more accepting than she had since her aunt got married.

Pt/En For the rest of the day, Emily felt worried and unsure about meeting Barnardine on the wall and letting him guide her. She felt pity for her aunt and fear for herself, and she could not decide what to do until night came. She heard the clock strike late, but her mind was still changing. Finally, the time came when she had to make a decision. Her concern for her aunt was stronger than her other worries. She asked Annette to follow her to the door of the long stone passage and wait there for her return. Then, Emily went down from her room. The castle was very quiet. The large hall, where there had been a loud argument earlier, now only echoed with the soft footsteps of Emily and Annette as they walked fearfully between the stone columns, carrying a dim lamp. The long shadows from the columns and the flickering light made Emily think she saw people in the dark distance. As she passed the columns, she was afraid to look at them, expecting someone to appear from behind them. She reached the stone passage without any trouble. With a shaking hand, she opened its outer door. She told Annette to stay there, keep the door slightly open so she could be heard if she called, and to hold the lamp. Emily did not want to carry the lamp herself because of the guards on duty. Alone, she stepped out onto the dark terrace. Everything was so silent that she worried her quiet footsteps might be heard by the guards. She walked carefully towards the place where she had met Barnardine before, listening for sounds and looking into the darkness for him. Suddenly, a deep voice spoke close to her. She stopped, not sure if it was him, until he spoke again. Then she knew it was Barnardine. He was on time and waiting on the wall. He told Emily she was late and had kept him waiting for almost half an hour. He then asked Emily, who did not answer, to follow him through the door he had used to enter the terrace.

Pt/En He cried out that he was still the same person. He stopped speaking because he was very emotional. Then, in a serious and sad voice, he said he was not the same. He felt lost and no longer worthy of her.

Pt/En St. Aubert made his garden beautiful. He kept some old trees because he liked them from when he was a child, even if they didn't look

perfect. He also planted new trees. On a high terrace by the river, he grew orange, lemon, and palm trees. They smelled very nice in the evening. He liked to sit under a large plane tree with his wife and children on summer evenings. They watched the sun go down. He also enjoyed reading, talking with his wife, and playing with his children. He said these times were happier than being in busy, exciting places. He felt very content and knew he was doing good things.

Pt/En The travellers continued their journey for several days. They travelled over plains and then entered a mountainous area. Soon, they began to climb the Alps mountains. The views were amazing and very grand. These new sights sometimes made Emily forget Valancourt, but often they reminded her of him. She remembered seeing beautiful places with him before. She wished he could see the new scenery and share her feelings. She imagined what he might say and felt as if he were there.

Pt/En Emily saw a light from Annette's room, so she knew Annette was still there. But Barnardine was taking her to a dark, scary place. He opened a gate, and the passage looked frightening with a torch. Emily did not want to go alone. She asked if Annette could come too. Barnardine said no. He told Emily interesting but sad things about her aunt. This made Emily want to know more and feel sad for her aunt. So, Emily finally agreed to go with Barnardine by herself.

Pt/En He hid his face again. Emily was very moved by his honest admission and could not reply at once. She tried to control her feelings and be firm for her future happiness. She saw the danger of trusting her decision when Valancourt was there. She wanted to end their meeting, which was difficult for both of them. But when she thought this might be their last meeting, her strength disappeared, and she only felt tenderness and sadness.

Pt/En He liked to stay under his favorite plane tree even when it was getting dark. He enjoyed the quiet time when the last light disappeared and the stars came out. He liked this time because it made him feel thoughtful and peaceful. He would stay even longer when the moon shone, sometimes eating his simple supper of cream and fruit there. At night, he could hear the sweet song of the nightingale.

Pt/En As Emily travelled in the Alps, she thought of Valancourt at sunset. She watched the sun go down behind the mountains. The sky

changed colours on the snowy peaks. Then, darkness covered the scene. After the sun disappeared, she felt a little sad, like when a friend leaves. The growing darkness and quiet sounds, like wind in the leaves or distant water, made the silence feel even more important.

Pt/En Barnardine led Emily through the passage. He unlocked another door, and they went down a few steps into a chapel. Emily saw it was ruined. She remembered Annette had spoken about it, and she felt worried. The chapel walls were old and wet, and the windows were broken, covered with plants. Barnardine tripped on the floor and swore loudly. The sound echoed, which made Emily more afraid. Her heart felt heavy, but she followed him. He turned away from the main part of the chapel. Barnardine told her to go down some steps that seemed to lead to underground rooms. Emily stopped at the top and asked in a shaky voice where he was taking her.

Pt/En Meanwhile, Valancourt was lost in feelings of regret and sadness. He could not express them. He sat without noticing Emily was there. He kept his face hidden, and his chest shook with deep sighs.

Pt/En St. Aubert was happy after he stopped working, but this changed when his two young sons died. He tried to be strong for his wife, but he was very sad. He then had only one daughter. He watched her carefully as she grew up. He wanted to help her avoid problems. She was a kind and sensitive child, but she felt things too strongly, which made her unhappy sometimes. St. Aubert knew this sensitivity could be dangerous. He worked hard to make her mind stronger. He taught her to control her feelings and to think carefully before acting. He sometimes created small difficulties for her to help her learn this. He had to watch her cry and struggle, but he pretended not to notice so she could learn to be strong.

Pt/En During the first days in the Alps, the landscape was a mix of quiet and busy places, and wild and farmed areas. Villages and church towers were built on the edges of steep cliffs, with clouds often below them. Green fields and vineyards grew at the bottom of tall, rocky mountains. These mountains, covered with small plants or just stone, rose high up, ending in snowy tops. Waterfalls fell from these peaks and made loud sounds in the valley below.

Pt/En Barnardine told Emily that he was taking her to the portal.

Pt/En Emily told Valancourt that she did not want to explain why his actions made it necessary for them to end their relationship forever. She said they had to separate and that this was the last time she would see him.

Pt/En Emily looked like her mother. She had the same beautiful body shape, delicate face, and kind blue eyes. But what made her especially attractive was how her face changed when she talked and showed her feelings. This made her very charming.

Pt/En Emily was travelling over Mount Cenis. There was still snow on the top of the mountain. But as Emily looked at the lake and the land, she imagined how beautiful it would be in summer. She thought about green fields, shepherds, and their sheep on the mountain top.

Pt/En Emily asked Barnardine if they could go to the portal through the chapel.

Pt/En Valancourt was surprised and stopped being silent. He asked Emily if she really meant that they had to end their relationship forever.

Pt/En These gentle feelings are easily missed by people who are not paying attention. In the busy world, these feelings can disappear.

Pt/En As Emily went down into Italy, the cliffs became much steeper and the views wilder. She enjoyed watching the snowy mountain tops change colour during the day. People lived in simple huts, and there were rough bridges over rivers. Emily saw one of these dangerous bridges over a waterfall. It made her think of some ideas.

Pt/En Barnardine replied that the chapel led to the inner court, which he did not want to open. He said they should go his way to reach the outer court soon.

Pt/En Emily repeated that they must part forever and explained that his own actions had made this decision necessary.

Pt/En St. Aubert carefully educated his daughter. He taught her about science and literature, including Latin and English, so she could understand great poets. Emily liked reading books by talented writers from a young age. St. Aubert believed that helping Emily find happiness was important. He said that a person with knowledge is less likely to make bad choices or become foolish. He explained that an empty mind

looks for excitement and can easily make mistakes. He advised filling the mind with ideas and teaching it to enjoy thinking. This way, the outside world's temptations would be less interesting than the happiness found inside one's own mind. He felt that thinking and learning are important for people living in the country or the city. In the country, it stops people from feeling bored and helps them enjoy beautiful and grand things. In the city, it makes entertainment less necessary and therefore less attractive.

Pt/En This is a poem about a traveller climbing high mountains. The path is dangerous next to steep drops. If the traveller sees a shepherd's house, he feels happy. But if he sees a deep valley with a shaky bridge, he is scared. He looks down at the river and hears its loud noise. He is afraid to go forward or back. He tries the bridge, but he falls and dies.

Pt/En Emily was still unsure. She was afraid to continue, but also afraid that if she stopped now, Barnardine would be angry because she refused to go further.

Pt/En Valancourt said that the Count, not Emily, had decided this. He stated he would find out why the Count was interfering between them. He then stood up and walked around the room, very upset.

Pt/En Emily loved walking in nature from a young age. She especially liked wild paths near mountains and the quiet, large areas on the mountains. The silence and greatness of these places made her feel respectful and think about God. She would walk there, feeling a calm sadness, until the sun went down. The only sounds were sometimes a sheep's bell or a dog barking. The dark woods, the leaves moving in the wind, bats flying in the evening, and lights from houses appearing and disappearing made her think deeply and feel inspired to write poetry.

Pt/En Emily often watched the clouds below her as she travelled high up. Sometimes the clouds hid everything, like a world of confusion. Other times, they let her see parts of the landscape: the loud river, snowy cliffs, or dark pine forests. She was very happy when she finally saw Italy. From a high cliff on Mount Cenis, she looked down through the clouds and saw green valleys and plains. She could see the distant towers of Turin.

Pt/En The man, who was almost at the bottom of the stairs, told Emily to hurry. He said he could not wait there all night.

Pt/En Emily, also upset, told Valancourt to stop thinking that. She explained that it was her decision and that if he thought about his recent behaviour, he would understand that her future happiness required it.

Pt/En Emily's favourite place to walk was a small fishing house owned by St. Aubert. It was in a wooded valley next to a stream that came down from the Pyrenees mountains. The stream flowed over rocks and then quietly through the trees. Above the woods, the tall Pyrenees mountains could be seen through openings in the trees. Sometimes, only rocks with wild plants on top were visible, or a shepherd's hut on a high place with dark trees. When Emily left the deep woods, she saw a wide view of the land. The green fields and vine-covered hills of Gascony sloped down to the plains. Far away, along the Garonne river, she could see groups of trees, small houses, and villas. Their shapes looked soft and blended together into one beautiful colour in the distance.

Pt/En Emily was surrounded by grand mountains, deep valleys, and dark pine forests. Waterfalls looked like mist or ice. These strong natural sights were made even more beautiful by the calm Italian landscape below. The land stretched far away to the horizon, where the sky and earth seemed to meet in a soft blue colour.

Pt/En Emily asked where the steps led, but she was still stopped.

Pt/En Valancourt told Emily that they had to part forever for her future peace. Emily responded that she never thought she would hear him say that.

Pt/En St. Aubert also liked this place very much. He often went there with his wife, daughter, and books to escape the hot sun. He also visited in the evening to enjoy the quiet dusk or listen to the nightingale sing. Sometimes, he played music on his oboe, filling the air with beautiful sounds. Emily's singing also made the sounds of the water seem sweeter.

Pt/En Madame Montoni was frightened as she looked at the steep cliffs. Emily also felt afraid, but she also felt very happy, amazed, and full of wonder. She had never felt these feelings together before.

Pt/En Barnardine angrily repeated that the steps led to the entrance and that he would not wait any longer. He moved forward with the light, and Emily, afraid to make him more upset by waiting, followed him

unwillingly. They walked through a passage near the underground storage rooms. The walls were wet with cold moisture, and the air was so foggy that the torch burned weakly. Emily thought the torch might go out, and Barnardine could barely see the way. As they went deeper, the fog got thicker. Barnardine thought the torch was dying, so he stopped to adjust it. He leaned against iron gates that opened from the passage. In the dim light, Emily saw the storage rooms beyond the gates. Near her, she saw piles of earth that looked like an open grave. This sight in such a place would have frightened her at any time, but now she suddenly felt that this was the grave of her aunt and that Barnardine was leading her to her death. The dark and frightening place seemed to confirm her fear; it was a place suitable for murder, where a terrible crime could be done without anyone knowing. Emily was so scared that she could not decide what to do. She thought it would be useless to try to escape Barnardine by running, because the path was long and confusing, and he would catch her easily. She was also afraid that if she refused to go further, he would be angry. Since she was already in his power, she decided to hide her fear as much as possible and follow him quietly. Pale with fear and worry, she waited while Barnardine fixed the torch. As her eyes fell on the grave again, she asked who it was for. Barnardine looked at her without speaking. She asked again, but he just shook the torch and walked on. Emily followed him, trembling, up another set of stairs. After climbing them, a door led them into the first courtyard of the castle. As they walked across it, the light showed the tall, dark walls covered with grass and weeds growing in the old stones. There were large supports and narrow grates that let air into the courtyard. She saw the large iron gates leading into the castle, with towers above them, and opposite, the large towers and arch of the main entrance. Barnardine, a large and rough-looking man carrying the torch, fit well into this scene. He wore a long dark cloak, a belt with a sword, and a flat velvet cap with a feather. His face had strong features and looked cunning and unhappy.

Pt/En Emily replied that she also did not expect to say it. Her voice became gentle and she cried again. She could not believe that Valancourt would lose her respect.

Pt/En During one of these trips to this special spot, Emily found some words written with a pencil on the wooden wall.

Pt/En The carriers stopped to rest. Montoni and Cavigni argued about how Hannibal crossed the Alps. Montoni thought he came through Mount Cenis, but Cavigni said it was Mount St. Bernard. Emily imagined Hannibal's difficult journey, seeing his soldiers, fires, and battles. She felt scared imagining soldiers and elephants falling from the cliffs. The imagined dangers made her feel real fear about her own dangerous position.

Pt/En Seeing the courtyard made Emily feel a little better. As she walked quietly towards the entrance, she started to hope that her fears were wrong and that Barnardine was not being treacherous. She looked up at a window above the large archway, but it was dark. She asked if it was the room where Madame Montoni was kept. Emily spoke quietly, and Barnardine might not have heard her, as he did not answer. Soon after, they entered a small door in the gateway, which led to the bottom of a narrow staircase going up one of the towers.

Pt/En Valancourt was quiet for a moment, feeling that he no longer deserved Emily's respect and had lost it. He sadly spoke about his recent bad actions and how unhappy they made him. Thinking about the past and future, he started crying and only made deep, broken sounds.

Pt/En The poet tells his pencil to go to the lady who walks in the woods. He wants it to show her why he is so sad and to describe her beauty, her bright eyes, her gentle smile, and her lively spirit. He says the picture will show what he feels and wants to say. However, he also warns that sometimes beautiful things can hide danger, like a flower that hides poison. He asks if anyone looking at her angel-like smile would fear it or think it could trick them.

Pt/En Madame Montoni thought about the rich palaces and grand castles she expected to own in Italy. She imagined becoming like a princess. She decided to host parties with music and conversation, even though she was not good at them. She wanted her parties to be more splendid than those of other noble people in Venice. She then remembered her husband, who did not like showing off. But she thought he might be proud to show his wealth in his home city, so she continued to dream about her grand parties.

Pt/En Barnardine told Emily that the Signora was upstairs, up the stairs.

Pt/En Emily could not ignore Valancourt's sadness and regret. If she had not remembered Count De Villefort's warning about trusting someone's change of heart when they are very emotional, she might have believed him. She might have forgotten his mistakes because she felt sorry for him.

Pt/En Emily read the poem, but she knew it was not written for her, even though she was the lady who walked in the woods. She looked at her friends but could not guess who the poem was for. She had to stay unsure. This uncertainty would have bothered someone with more free time, but Emily was busy. She did not have time to think too much about it. Her small feeling of pride, because the poem might be for her but she could not be sure, soon disappeared. She forgot about it as she spent her time reading, studying, and helping others.

Pt/En As the travellers went down the mountain, the weather became warmer and more beautiful. The sky turned a lovely Italian blue. Small green plants, sweet-smelling bushes, and flowers grew among the rocks. Lower down, they saw orange and myrtle trees with yellow and red flowers. Further down, they saw fields in Piedmont where sheep were eating grass in the spring.

Pt/En Emily repeated the word "Lies!" softly as she started to climb the stairs.

Pt/En Valancourt returned to his chair and calmly said that he had fallen from his own respect. He asked Emily if she would give up so easily if she still loved him, or if someone else was controlling her actions. He wondered if she would not hope for his improvement and if she could bear to leave him to his misery. Emily cried loudly. Valancourt said that if she still loved him, she would find happiness in saving him.

Pt/En Soon after this, Emily became worried because her father became ill with a fever. The fever was not thought to be very dangerous, but it was a big shock to his body. Madame St. Aubert and Emily took care of him all the time. However, he recovered slowly. As he got better, Madame St. Aubert seemed to get weaker.

Pt/En The river Doria became calmer as it reached the green valleys of Piedmont. Emily arrived in the peaceful countryside with farms, animals, and green trees. She saw pretty flowers like yellow ranunculuses and pansies. Emily wished she could be a peasant in

Piedmont and live in a small cottage, spending her days in the beautiful landscape. She felt worried about the time she would spend under Montoni's control, and she felt sad remembering the past.

Pt/En Barnardine explained that she was in the room above.

Pt/En Emily told Valancourt that she could not trust her whole life to their hope because there were too many reasons against it. She asked him if he would want her to do this if he truly loved her.

Pt/En When Monsieur St. Aubert was well enough to go outside, the first place he visited was his favourite fishing spot. A basket of food, books, and Emily's lute were sent there. He did not need fishing equipment because he did not enjoy hurting or killing animals.

Pt/En Emily imagined Valancourt in nature. She saw him looking at the beautiful scenery from cliffs or walking in a valley. He seemed to really enjoy the views. However, when she thought about the distance growing between them, her heart felt heavy. The beautiful landscape no longer pleased her.

Pt/En As they went up, the wind blew through the walls. The torch light flickered, showing Barnardine's pale face and the poor condition of the place. The walls were rough stone, the stairs were old and curved, and old armour hung on the walls.

Pt/En Valancourt was surprised that Emily doubted his love. He explained that he was ruined and had many debts he could not pay. He looked very sad and desperate. Emily felt sad but also respected his honesty. She saw that his problems could cause great misery. After a few minutes, she decided to end the conversation and said goodbye to Valancourt.

Pt/En After spending about an hour looking at plants, it was time for dinner. The meal tasted good because he was happy to be back in his favourite place. Family happiness returned. Monsieur St. Aubert talked with more happiness than usual, and everything he saw pleased him. The feeling of pleasure from seeing nature again after being sick and staying inside is hard to describe for healthy people. The green trees and fields, the colourful grass, the blue sky, the fresh air, the sound of the stream, and even the noise of small insects made him feel alive and happy just to exist.

Pt/En The travellers reached the old town of Susa after dark. Susa was a town that once guarded a pass in the Alps. The high hills around it were now less important for defence. Emily found the town beautiful in the moonlight, with its walls and towers. They stayed at a simple inn. Emily heard Italian violin music for the first time. The music reminded her of her father and Valancourt. Cavigni told her it was common to hear music like this. Emily was surprised by the player's skill. She listened until Montoni told a servant to prepare the carriages for an early start to Turin the next morning.

Pt/En When they reached a landing, Barnardine told the lady she could wait there. He unlocked a door and said he would go up to tell the Signora that she was coming.

Pt/En Valancourt desperately asked Emily not to leave him. Emily was scared by his strong look. She calmly reminded him that he had agreed they needed to part. She said that if he wanted her to believe he loved her, he should say it again. He cried out that he would never agree to part, saying he was confused when he said it before. He felt Emily was too angry about his faults and that the Count was the only thing stopping them, but he would deal with the Count.

Pt/En Madame St. Aubert felt better because her husband and daughter were cheerful and getting well. As she walked with them in the beautiful valley, she felt very emotional and happy, and tears came to her eyes. Her husband saw this and asked her to stop crying, but she just smiled and held their hands. He also felt a strong emotion and thought sadly about the future, hoping he would not lose the people he loved.

Pt/En Madame Montoni was happy to be on flat land again. She spoke a lot about her fears during the journey through the mountains and said she never wanted to cross them again. She went to rest because she was tired. Emily went to her room. Annette, her aunt's helper, told Emily that Cavigni was mostly right about the musician. The musician was a peasant's son from a nearby valley. Annette said he was going to Venice for the Carnival to earn money by playing music. Annette preferred living in the countryside, but she knew Venice was built on the sea and had no woods or hills.

Pt/En Emily replied that the ceremony was not necessary and that her aunt would be happy to see her.

Pt/En Emily told Valancourt he was confused. She explained that the Count was not his enemy but her friend, and he might consider the Count his friend too. Valancourt quickly asked how long the Count had been her friend to make her forget her lover. He wondered if the Count had introduced Monsieur Du Pont, who he believed had stolen her affections. Valancourt said he had no right to question her as she was her own mistress, but he thought Du Pont might not win against his bad luck for long. Emily, more frightened by Valancourt's wild look, quietly asked him to be reasonable. She explained that Monsieur Du Pont was not his rival, and the Count was not helping Du Pont. She told him he had no rival and no enemy except himself. She was very sad because his wild behaviour showed her he was not the Valancourt she loved anymore.

Pt/En Mr. St. Aubert wanted to think, so he asked Emily to play her lute. As Emily went towards the fishing house, she heard beautiful, sad music. She stopped to listen carefully, afraid to make a sound. No one was outside. She listened until she felt shy, remembering some writing she had seen before. She wasn't sure if she should go closer or go back.

Pt/En Emily agreed with Annette. She thought the young musician was making a bad choice. She felt sad that he was leaving the beautiful, natural places to go to the city, which she thought was corrupt.

Pt/En Barnardine disagreed, saying he was not sure. He pointed to a room he had opened and asked Emily to come inside while he went upstairs.

Pt/En Valancourt did not answer. He rested his arms on the table and hid his face in his hands. Emily stood nearby, shaking and sad. She felt unhappy for herself and worried about leaving him in such a state.

Pt/En The music stopped. Emily became brave and went into the fishing house, but it was empty. Her lute was on the table. She thought it was not her lute, but then she remembered she had left it by the window. She felt worried, and the dark, quiet place made her feel more afraid. She wanted to leave, but she felt weak and sat down. She saw the writing on the wall again. She was surprised, but tried to be calm. She went to the window and saw new writing that included her name.

Pt/En Emily could not sleep. She thought about her home, Valancourt, and how she had left. She imagined happy times in nature, which she feared she had lost forever. Then she thought again about the young

musician from Piedmont, who seemed to be risking his happiness. To escape her own worries for a while, she started to write some poetry.

Pt/En Emily was surprised and a little scared, so she did not argue. As Barnardine was leaving with a torch, she asked him not to leave her in the dark. He gave her a lamp. Emily went into a large, old room and he closed the door. She listened and thought she heard him go downstairs, not up. She could not hear clearly because of the wind. She listened again and did not hear anyone in the room above, where Barnardine said Madame Montoni was. This made her more worried, but she thought the thick floor might stop sounds. Then, when the wind stopped for a moment, she heard Barnardine going downstairs to the court. She thought she heard his voice, but the wind started again. To be sure, Emily quietly went to the door, but found it was locked. All her fears returned, and she felt they were warnings. She believed Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in that room, or that she herself was brought there to be killed. Barnardine's face, his behaviour, and what he had said about her aunt made her fears worse. For a few moments, she could not think of how to escape. She listened again but heard no steps upstairs. She thought she heard Barnardine's voice again downstairs. She went to a window that looked onto the court to ask more. She clearly heard his voice mixed with the wind, but it was too quick to understand. Then, a torch light from below flashed across the court, and a long shadow of a man appeared. Emily thought it was Barnardine because the shadow was so big. But she heard other deep voices in the wind, and knew he was not alone, and that his companion was not kind.

Pt/En A man cried out that he was very unhappy. He said he could not think about his problems without blaming himself. He also could not remember Emily without thinking about his mistakes that made him lose her. He asked why he was sent to Paris and why he was tempted by things that made him feel bad forever. He wished he could remember the happy, peaceful days of their early love without sadness. Thinking about this made him cry. After a long silence, he took Emily's hand and spoke more softly. He asked Emily if she could agree to leave him and give up a heart that loved her. He admitted his heart had made mistakes, but said it could still be fixed, and it would always love her. Emily did not answer, only crying. He continued, asking if she could forget their happy, trusting days when he had no secrets from her and they shared all his interests and pleasures.

Pt/En Emily knew the writing was for her, but she did not know who wrote it. While she was thinking, she heard a step outside. She became scared again, picked up her lute, and left quickly. She found Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert on a small path near the valley.

Pt/En A happy young man, who loved his home in the mountains, left it to find wealth. He was excited by the idea of Venetian gold. However, as he travelled, he often thought about his home and friends. He looked back and saw his small house among the green trees. He remembered his family, parties, and songs. He could almost hear his music in the wind. He felt sad thinking about leaving his beloved valleys. He wondered if foreign riches could make him happy. He decided that his home valleys were more important than money. He returned to his village, where his house light welcomed him back to happy times with friends.

Pt/En After her shock, Emily used the lamp to look for a way to escape. The room was big, with wooden walls. There was only the barred window she had seen and the door she entered. The lamp light was not strong enough to see everything. She saw no furniture except an iron chair in the middle of the room. A chain hung from the ceiling above the chair with an iron ring. She looked at these with fear. She then saw iron bars below the chair, meant to hold someone's feet, and rings on the chair's arms. She realized these were tools for torture. She thought someone might have been tied to the chair and left to starve. This thought made her cold. Then she imagined her aunt might have been a victim, and she could be next. Her head hurt badly, and she could barely hold the lamp. She looked for something to lean on and sat down without realizing it was the iron chair. She jumped up in horror when she understood where she was and ran to the far end of the room. She looked for a seat and saw only a dark curtain covering one side of the room from ceiling to floor. Even though she felt ill, the curtain caught her attention, and she stared at it, feeling wonder and fear.

Pt/En Emily told him not to remind her of those past days unless he could help her forget the present. She said she was not trying to blame him, or she would not be crying. She asked why he made his current suffering seem worse by comparing it to his past good behaviour.

Pt/En They sat on the grass on a green hill with palm trees. From there, they could see the valleys and plains of Gascony. They looked at

the beautiful view and breathed in the nice smell of flowers. Emily played and sang their favourite songs very well.

Pt/En The curtain seemed to hide a part of the room. Emily wanted to lift it to see what was behind it, but she was also afraid. She remembered a terrible thing she had seen before in the castle and hesitated. Then, she suddenly thought it might hide her murdered aunt's body. In desperation, she grabbed the curtain and pulled it aside. Behind it, she saw a dead body lying on a low bed. The bed and the floor were covered in blood. The face was horrible and changed by death, with several bad wounds. Emily looked at the body for a moment with a wild look. Then, the lamp fell from her hand, and she fainted at the foot of the bed.

Pt/En Valancourt replied that he might have those good qualities again if her love, which helped him, was still strong. But he feared and saw that she could not love him anymore. He thought that if she still loved him, their happy times together would make her feel for him now. He wondered why he was hurting himself by remembering and why he stayed. He felt he was ruined and it would be foolish to involve her in his problems, even if she still loved him. He said he would not upset her more. But before he left, he solemnly said that no matter what happened to him, he would always love her very much. He told Emily he was leaving and would never see her again. As he said the last words, his voice shook, and he sat down again. Emily could not move or say goodbye. She forgot his bad actions and mistakes, feeling only pity and sadness.

Pt/En St. Aubert and his family stayed in a beautiful place, enjoying music and talking. They stayed until the sun went down and evening came. The sky became dark, and the boats on the river looked dim. They left the place sadly, but Madame St. Aubert did not know it was the last time they would be there.

Pt/En Emily woke up and saw men around her, including Barnardine. She felt very weak and could not speak or move. They carried her down the stairs and out of the castle gate. Outside, men on horses were waiting. Emily suddenly felt scared and tried to get away from the men holding her.

Pt/En Valancourt finally said he had lost his strength and could not try to find it again. He said he could not leave her now or

say goodbye forever. He asked her to at least say she would see him one more time. Emily felt a little better and thought she should agree. However, she remembered she was visiting the Count and he would not be happy if Valancourt returned. But other thoughts became more important, and she agreed to see him again. She asked him not to consider the Count his enemy or Du Pont his rival. He then left her, feeling much happier because of this short delay, and almost forgot his troubles.

Pt/En When they returned to the fishing house, Madame St. Aubert realized her bracelet was missing. She remembered taking it off after lunch and leaving it on a table. After searching for a long time, she had to accept that it was lost. The bracelet was important because it held a small painting of her daughter, which looked very much like her and was painted recently. Emily felt shy and thoughtful when she knew the bracelet was gone. Emily had already seen signs that someone else had been in the house: her music instrument was there, and there were new lines of writing. She thought the person who wrote the poem, played music, and stole the bracelet might be the same person. Even though the music, the writing, and the missing picture were strange, Emily felt she could not tell anyone about them. She decided she would not go to the fishing house alone again without her parents.

Pt/En Barnardine shouted for a torch. Other people answered, and a light shone into the castle yard. The men quickly took Emily through the gate. She saw a man holding a torch for another man who was fixing a horse's saddle. Other horsemen were there with rough faces. The light showed the area around them.

Pt/En Emily went to her room to calm down and hide her tears. She did not want the Countess and her friend to gossip, or the rest of the family to be too curious. But she could not relax. She kept thinking about her recent meeting with Valancourt and knew she would see him again tomorrow. This future meeting seemed more frightening than the last. He had honestly admitted his bad behaviour and difficult situation, and shown how much he still loved her. This deeply affected her. Despite what she had heard about him, she started to respect him again. She found it hard to believe he could have done the bad things reported about him, as they did not seem to fit with his passionate nature, his honesty, and his feelings. Whatever he had done wrong, she felt the

stories could not be completely true, and his heart was not completely bad. His deep regret, which he showed and expressed, supported this idea. She did not understand how young people's feelings can change with habits, and how promises can be untrue for both the speaker and the listener. Because of this, she might have believed her own feelings and Valancourt's pleas. However, the Count's good advice stopped her. He clearly explained the danger of her situation. He warned her about believing promises made when someone is very emotional. He also pointed out the small chance of happiness if she stayed with him, as it depended on him fixing his ruined finances and bad habits. For these reasons, he was sad that Emily had agreed to meet Valancourt again. He knew it would make her change her mind and make it harder for her to resist him.

Pt/En They went back to the house feeling thoughtful. Emily thought about what happened, St. Aubert was happy with his family, and Madame St. Aubert was worried about losing the picture of her daughter. As they got closer to the house, they saw many servants and horses, and heard people talking. A carriage was also arriving. St. Aubert saw his brother-in-law's colors on the carriage and found Monsieur and Madame Quesnel inside the house. The Quesnels had left Paris and were going to their own property, which was not far away and which Monsieur Quesnel had bought from St. Aubert years ago. Monsieur Quesnel was Madame St. Aubert's brother, but they did not know each other well because they were very different. Monsieur Quesnel cared only about being important and having a lot of money and status. He did not understand or value St. Aubert's simple life and quiet happiness. Monsieur Quesnel had wanted his sister to marry someone rich and important to help him gain status. However, his sister chose St. Aubert because she believed happiness was more important than wealth. Monsieur Quesnel was angry about this and told his sister she had made a bad choice. Madame St. Aubert was hurt by his words and felt angry, but she did not show it to her husband. From then on, she was polite but distant with Monsieur Quesnel.

Pt/En Barnardine angrily asked the horsemen why they were wasting time and told them to hurry.

Pt/En Emily was very busy thinking about her own problems. She forgot about the old housekeeper and the story she had promised to hear. The housekeeper did not come that night. Emily could not sleep.

She thought about Valancourt and their recent meetings. This made her feel less determined to end their relationship. She had to remember the Count's advice and her father's teachings about self-control to act wisely and with dignity during this difficult time. Sometimes, she felt she could not give up Valancourt. She thought he would change. She forgot the Count's arguments and believed what she wanted to believe. She would rather face any problem than separate from him immediately.

Pt/En Monsieur Quesnel did not marry someone like his sister did. His wife was from Italy and was rich, but she was also a vain and silly woman.

Pt/En The man fixing the saddle said it would be ready soon. Barnardine swore at him again. Emily weakly asked for help. The men argued about which horse she should ride because her horse was not ready. Suddenly, lights appeared from the castle gates. Emily heard Annette's voice and saw Montoni and Cavigni with other men. She felt hope seeing them, as she was more afraid of the dangers outside than inside the castle.

Pt/En That night, Emily struggled between her feelings and her reason. In the morning, she felt weak, unsure, and sick.

Pt/En The Quesnels decided to stay the night. Their servants went to a nearby village because the house was too small. After greeting each other, Monsieur Quesnel started talking a lot about his knowledge and important friends. St. Aubert listened patiently, thinking his guest was impressed. Monsieur Quesnel described parties from King Henry the Third's time in great detail. However, when he spoke about important people and secret political matters, St. Aubert realized that Monsieur Quesnel was not as important as he claimed. St. Aubert did not argue with Monsieur Quesnel's opinions because he knew his guest did not understand or care about what was right or fair.

Pt/En Montoni's group fought with the horsemen. Montoni's men won because they had more people. The horsemen rode away. Barnardine ran off into the dark. Emily was taken back into the castle. She remembered what she had seen at the gate and felt scared. When the gate closed, shutting her inside again, she was afraid for herself and thought only about being free and safe.

Pt/En Madame Quesnel told Madame St. Aubert that she was surprised she lived so far away. Madame Quesnel described the fancy parties and celebrations that the court had recently held for a royal wedding. She talked about the beautiful things she had seen and also things she had not been able to see. Emily listened with great interest, and her imagination made the stories even more exciting. Madame St. Aubert looked at her family and felt a tear in her eye. She thought that while luxury can make people happy, only goodness can truly bring happiness.

Pt/En Montoni told Emily to wait for him in the cedar parlour. He came soon after and asked her questions about a strange event. Emily was very afraid of him because she thought he had killed her aunt. She did not know what to say, but her answers and how she acted showed Montoni that she was not part of the plan. He let her go when his servants arrived. He wanted to ask them more questions to find out who helped with the plan.

Pt/En M. Quesnel said to St. Aubert that he had bought his family's land twelve years ago. St. Aubert agreed, but sighed. Quesnel added that he had not visited the estate in almost five years. He explained that Paris and its surroundings were the best places to live. He was very busy with politics and important matters, so he could not even take a short break. M. Quesnel wondered how St. Aubert, who had lived in the city and enjoyed being with people, could live in such a distant place. He felt that in the countryside, one could neither see nor hear much, and it was hard to feel alive.

Pt/En Emily was in her room for a while. She was so upset that she could not remember everything that had happened. Then, she imagined the dead body she had seen behind the curtain in the portal-chamber. She made a sound that scared Annette. Emily did not tell Annette what was wrong because she was afraid to trust her with such a dangerous secret. She worried that Annette might tell someone, and Montoni would punish her.

Pt/En St. Aubert replied that he lived for his family and himself. He said he was now happy just knowing happiness, whereas before he only knew life.

Pt/En Emily had to keep the terrible secret inside her mind. It was too much for her, and she felt like she was losing her mind. She often looked at Annette with a strange, empty look. When Annette spoke, Emily either did not hear her or answered without making sense. She then sat quietly for long periods. Annette spoke to her many times, but Emily, who was very troubled, did not seem to hear. She only sighed heavily sometimes, but she did not cry.

Pt/En M. Quesnel said he planned to spend a lot of money on improvements to the estate. He did not seem to hear what St. Aubert had said. He intended to invite his friends, the Duke de Durefort and the Marquis Ramont, to stay with him for a couple of months the following summer. When St. Aubert asked about the planned changes, Quesnel explained he would remove the entire east side of the house to build stables. He also planned to build a dining room, a drawing room, a common room, and many rooms for servants, because there were not enough rooms for his current staff.

Pt/En Annette was very scared by Emily's condition. She finally left the room to tell Montoni. Montoni had just finished talking to his servants, but they had not found any information. Annette described Emily's strange behaviour to Montoni. This made him follow Annette immediately to Emily's room.

Pt/En St. Aubert, feeling sad that the old house would be changed, said that it had been large enough for his father's household, which was not small.

Pt/En When Emily heard Montoni's voice, she looked at him. It seemed like she remembered something. She stood up and slowly walked to a far corner of the room. Montoni spoke to her more gently than usual. Emily looked at him with a mix of curiosity and fear. She only answered 'yes' to everything he asked. She still seemed to feel only fear.

Pt/En M. Quesnel told St. Aubert that people's ideas about how to live have changed. He said that what was considered a good lifestyle before is not good enough now. St. Aubert felt a little angry, but then he thought M. Quesnel was silly. M. Quesnel also said he wanted to cut down the trees near the house because they blocked his view.

Pt/En Annette could not explain why Emily was upset. Montoni tried to get Emily to speak, but she did not. He left and told Annette to stay with

Emily all night. Annette had to tell him about Emily's condition in the morning.

Pt/En St. Aubert was surprised and asked if M. Quesnel would also cut down the trees.

Pt/En After Montoni left, Emily asked who had disturbed her. Annette said it was Signor Montoni. Emily repeated his name, as if she did not remember him. Then she groaned and became quiet again.

Pt/En M. Quesnel said yes, he would cut them because they blocked his view. He mentioned a very old chestnut tree with a trunk so big that twelve men could fit inside. He asked if St. Aubert thought such an old, dry tree was useful or beautiful.

Pt/En Annette helped Emily to bed. Emily looked at the bed with a wild look before lying down. She then turned to Annette with fear and shuddered. Annette became more scared and wanted to get another servant to stay with them. But Emily called her back and asked Annette not to leave her. Emily said that everyone was leaving her since her father died.

Pt/En St. Aubert was very upset and asked if M. Quesnel would really destroy the great chestnut tree. He said it had been there for hundreds of years and was the pride of the land. St. Aubert remembered climbing its branches when he was young, reading books there, and watching the sun set. He stopped himself, realizing M. Quesnel would not understand his feelings about the old tree.

Pt/En Annette told Emily that her father had died before she knew Emily.

Pt/En M. Quesnel insisted the tree would be cut down. He said he planned to plant Lombardy poplars, which Madame Quesnel liked, in the places where he would leave some chestnut trees along the path.

Pt/En Emily agreed that her father was dead and started to cry. She cried for a long time, then became calm and fell asleep. Annette did not stop her from crying. Annette, who was kind and simple, was no longer afraid to stay in the room. She watched Emily alone all night.

Pt/En St. Aubert said that a place on the banks of the Brenta river looked beautiful. He described it as having tall trees like pine and

cypress, and elegant buildings with columns. However, he thought it would not look good near very large forest trees and an old, heavy castle.

Pt/En M. Quesnel told St. Aubert that they would only agree when St. Aubert returned to Paris. M. Quesnel also mentioned that he was thinking of going to Venice next summer. He said he might have to go there to take care of a villa that was described as very charming. If he went, he would delay the improvements he had planned and might stay in Italy for some time.

Pt/En Emily was a little surprised because M. Quesnel had said his presence was very important in Paris and he could only leave for a short time. Now he was talking about staying abroad. St. Aubert understood that M. Quesnel liked to think he was important. St. Aubert hoped that M. Quesnel's plans for improvements might be delayed or never happen.

Pt/En Before they went to bed, M. Quesnel asked to speak with St. Aubert privately in another room for a long time. The topic of their talk was not known. When St. Aubert returned, he seemed very worried, and his face sometimes looked sad, which worried Madame St. Aubert. She wanted to ask him why, but she felt it was not polite to ask. She thought that if St. Aubert wanted her to know, he would tell her himself.

Pt/En The next day, before M. Quesnel left, he and St. Aubert had another private conversation.

Pt/En After eating dinner at the large house, the guests left for Epourville. They strongly invited Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert to visit them. This invitation was more about showing off their wealth than about wanting to make their friends happy.

Pt/En Emily was happy to have her freedom back. She could return to her books, her walks, and talking with Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert. They were also happy to be free from the difficult people who had been arrogant and silly.

Pt/En Mrs. St. Aubert said she was not feeling well, so she did not go for their usual evening walk. Mr. St. Aubert and Emily went out together instead.

Pt/En They decided to walk towards the mountains. They planned to visit some old people that Mr. St. Aubert supported. He managed to help

them with his small income, which was probably more than Mr. Quesnel could have done with his large income.

Pt/En Mr. St. Aubert gave his pensioners their weekly money. He listened carefully to some people's problems, helped others, and made everyone feel better with his kind look and smile. Then, he walked home through the woods.

Pt/En According to village stories, at the end of the day, fairy people gather. They play games and celebrate to pass the summer night.

Pt/En St. Aubert said he always enjoyed the dark woods in the evening. He felt calm because he had done a good deed. He remembered that when he was young, the dark woods made him imagine fairy stories and romantic pictures. He still felt excited by this feeling, like a poet dreaming. He liked to walk slowly in the deep shadows, imagine what was far away in the dark, and listen happily to the mysterious sounds of the woods.

Pt/En Emily told her father that he described her feelings exactly. She thought she was the only one who felt that way. She heard a sound over the trees, then silence, then the wind again. She said it sounded like a spirit of the woods. She then saw a light, which disappeared and then reappeared near a large chestnut tree, and asked her father to look.

Pt/En St. Aubert asked Emily if she loved nature but did not know about the glow-worm's light. He then playfully suggested they walk further to see fairies, saying they are often together. He explained that the glow-worm provides light, and the fairies dance and play music for it. He asked if she saw anything moving.

Pt/En Emily laughed. She told St. Aubert that since he accepted the idea of fairies, she could admit she had thought of it before. She even dared to say she had written some verses about it one evening in those same woods.

Pt/En St. Aubert told his daughter to speak freely about her ideas. He said she did not need to envy fairies if her imagination was strong.

Pt/En Emily answered that if her ideas were strong enough to influence his judgment, she would not envy them. She explained that her poem had a quick rhythm that she thought suited the subject, but she was worried it was too irregular.

Pt/En The poem "THE GLOW-WORM" describes a beautiful summer evening. It talks about fairies dancing and the glow-worm's light. The glow-worm helps travellers but sometimes fairies make it lead them the wrong way. The poem mentions lovers looking for a special flower that can break fairy spells. The glow-worm wishes it could help them and be free from the fairies' control.

Pt/En St. Aubert pretended to like his daughter's poem. He told her he approved, but then he started thinking deeply about other things. They continued walking together in silence.

Pt/En A weak, incorrect light shone from the surfaces of things. It showed a blurry image to the eyes. Forests, villages, rivers, rocks, and mountain tops, which kept the light for a long time, all looked like a moving, unclear picture.

Pt/En St. Aubert's wife became ill with the same fever his husband had recently recovered from. She had caught it while looking after him, but her body was too weak to fight it immediately. St. Aubert was very worried and kept the doctor with them. He felt that his wife's illness might be fatal, but he hid this from her and their daughter, Emily. He tried to give Emily hope that her mother would get better. The doctor said he could not be sure about the outcome. Madame St. Aubert seemed to understand that she was dying. She looked at her family with pity, as if she felt sorry for the sadness they would experience. On the seventh day, when the illness was at its worst, she told the doctor she knew she was dying. She asked him not to lie to her family and to give them false hope, because she wanted to show them how to accept death calmly.

Pt/En The doctor was sad and promised to tell St. Aubert the truth. He told St. Aubert that there was no hope. St. Aubert was very upset but tried to control his feelings when he was with his wife, so he would not make her more unhappy. Emily was shocked by the news. However, she desperately wanted her mother to recover, and she continued to hope for this until the very end.

Pt/En Madame St. Aubert accepted her illness patiently. Her calm attitude came from living her life with a strong belief in God and hope for an afterlife. However, she was still sad to leave her loved ones. In her last hours, she spoke with St. Aubert and Emily about the future and religion. Her peaceful acceptance and hope of meeting them again in heaven,

along with her efforts to hide her sadness, often made St. Aubert leave the room. He would cry for a while, then return with a calm face, though this effort only made him sadder.

Pt/En Emily found it very difficult to control her emotions during this time, but she managed to do so. After her mother died, she could no longer hold back her sadness and realized that hope, as well as strength, had helped her cope. St. Aubert was too sad himself to comfort his daughter for a while.

CHAPTER II

Pt/En This is a quote from Shakespeare, meaning that a story could be told that would be very shocking and frightening.

Pt/En Titania invited someone to dance with them and see their night-time parties if they were willing to wait and watch.

Pt/En The text asks about the places where the immortal mind goes when it leaves its body.

Pt/En The text is a quote from Romeo and Juliet, expressing deep sadness and hopelessness.

Pt/En Madame St. Aubert was buried in the church in the nearby village. Her husband and daughter went to her grave. Many local people also came to the funeral. They were sad because she was a very good woman.

Pt/En The next morning, the travellers started their journey to Turin. The land between the Alps mountains and the city was very green. It had olive trees, mulberry trees, and palm trees with vines growing on them. The fast river Po flowed through this area towards Turin. As they got closer to the city, the Alps mountains looked very grand and impressive. They were a series of high peaks, some covered by clouds, others reaching high above them. The lower parts of the mountains had interesting shapes and colours that changed as the light moved. To the east, the plains of Lombardy stretched out, with Turin visible in the distance. The Apennine mountains formed the edge of the view in the far distance.

Pt/En Emily slept well and woke up feeling better. She was surprised to see Annette sleeping in a chair next to her bed. Emily tried to remember what happened the night before, but she could not recall anything. She was still looking at Annette when Annette woke up.

Pt/En Valancourt felt very guilty and desperate. Seeing Emily made him love her again strongly. He knew his mistakes had caused problems and would delay their marriage. He was sad about this delay but did not think she would end their relationship. He was overwhelmed by the thought of separation and felt self-reproach. He waited for their next meeting, feeling very upset, but still hoped she would

agree to marry him. He asked when she would see him. His message arrived when she was talking with the Count. The Count had noticed Emily's distress and worried she might not be strong enough to resist Valancourt. After Emily sent the messenger away, the Count spoke to her again about Valancourt. He warned her that Valancourt's pleas would be difficult to resist and that refusing him now would cause long-term unhappiness. The Count's arguments helped Emily resist her feelings for Valancourt, and she decided to follow his advice.

Pt/En After the funeral, St. Aubert went to his room alone. When he came out, he looked calm but sad. He asked his family to join him. Only Emily was not there. She was very upset by what she had seen and had gone to her room to cry. St. Aubert found her there. He held her hand quietly while she cried. After a while, he spoke with a shaking voice. He told Emily that they must pray with the family and ask for help from God, as it was the only place to find it.

Pt/En The city was very grand. It had wide streets with churches and palaces. These streets opened up to views of the distant Alps and Apennine mountains. Emily had never seen anything like it in France, and she had never even imagined such a beautiful place.

Pt/En Annette asked Emily if she knew her.

Pt/En The time for their meeting came. Emily seemed calm, but Valancourt was too upset to speak for a while. He first expressed sadness, asked for forgiveness, and blamed himself. Then he told Emily that he loved her more than his life but had ruined himself with his actions. He admitted he was a bad person but said he would not be a villain anymore. He decided not to try to change her mind with his feelings. He told Emily he was giving her up. He hoped to find comfort in knowing that while he would be miserable, she might be happy. He felt he could only make this sacrifice because her good sense demanded it.

Pt/En Emily stopped crying and followed her father to the living room. The servants were there. St. Aubert read the evening prayers in a quiet, serious voice and prayed for the soul of the person who had died. His voice shook often, and tears fell on his book. He stopped for a moment. But thinking about God and praying made him feel better and gave him comfort.

Pt/En Montoni had been to Turin before and was not interested in seeing the sights. He did not agree to his wife's suggestion to visit some palaces. They only stopped long enough to get food and then travelled quickly towards Venice. Montoni was serious and proud during the trip. He was especially distant with Madame Montoni, not out of respect, but because he was proud and unhappy. He paid little attention to Emily. He often talked with Cavigni about politics and the country's unstable situation. Emily noticed that when Montoni heard about brave actions, his eyes would light up with excitement. However, she also saw a sly look in his eyes, and sometimes thought his excitement was more like anger than bravery. This was different from Cavigni, who was cheerful and polite, and not as impressive as Montoni's tall, noble appearance.

Pt/En Emily replied that she knew Annette and asked why she was sitting by her bed.

Pt/En Valancourt was saying goodbye to Emily. He felt very sad and apologized for the pain he had caused her. He asked her to remember him and believe that she was not unhappy because of him. Emily was crying. Valancourt said that remembering her sadness would help him stay good and not be tempted by bad things again.

Pt/En When prayers finished and the servants left, St. Aubert kissed Emily gently. He told her he had always taught her to control herself. He explained that self-control is important in life because it helps us avoid bad choices and temptations. He also said that even good things can be bad if we do too much, because excess is wrong. He explained that too much sadness, even if it starts for a good reason, can become selfish if it stops us from doing our duties to ourselves and others. He said that too much sadness makes the mind weak and unable to enjoy life. He asked Emily to remember and use his advice, which she knew was wise.

Pt/En When they arrived in Milan, the men changed their French hats for local embroidered caps. Emily noticed Montoni wore a military feather on his cap, but Cavigni only had a normal feather. She guessed Montoni wore the military sign for safety, as there were many soldiers in the area.

Pt/En Annette told Emily that she had been very ill and that she had been worried.

Pt/En Emily felt a little better after Valancourt spoke. She told him that if he wanted her to be happy, he should remember that regaining his own self-respect was important. They said goodbye, and Valancourt was very upset, crying and sighing. Emily asked him to stop because the moment was too painful. Valancourt was overcome with sadness. After a pause, he said that his suffering should explain his feelings. He told Emily she would always be loved and asked her to think of him with pity. He realized he was becoming too sad and needed to leave.

Pt/En St. Aubert told Emily her sorrow was not helping. He wanted her to use reason to control her sadness, not to stop feeling, but to manage her feelings. He said a sensitive heart is not bad, but an uncaring one is completely wrong. He explained that his own past suffering showed her that his words were not empty. He wanted to show Emily that he could follow his own advice. He had spoken because he did not want to see her waste away in useless sadness, as her mind should be stronger. He had waited until now because the time for natural grief was over, and he did not want her to fall into a habit of excessive sadness that would make it impossible to be happy again. He believed Emily would show she wanted to avoid this.

Pt/En The war had caused much damage in the plains. Some fields were not farmed, and others were ruined. Vines and olive trees were destroyed, and even mulberry trees were cut down for fires that burned villages. Emily felt sad seeing this destruction. She then looked at the distant Alps mountains, which seemed like a safe place for people who were suffering.

Pt/En Emily found the situation very strange. She tried to remember the past and said she had been having frightening dreams. Suddenly, she started and wondered if it had all been just a dream.

Pt/En Valancourt said goodbye to Emily one more time. He kissed her hand, looked at her for the last time, and then quickly left the room.

Pt/En Emily cried but smiled at her father. She wanted to say she would be a good daughter, but she felt too many emotions like thankfulness, love, and sadness. Her father let her cry. Then, he started talking about normal things.

Pt/En The travellers often saw soldiers in the distance. At small inns, they found there was not much food and faced other problems because

of the war. However, they felt safe and travelled to Milan without many problems. They did not stop to see the city or the large cathedral that was being built.

Pt/En Emily looked at Annette with fear. Annette tried to calm her, saying that it was more than a dream, but that it was now all over.

Pt/En Emily stayed sitting where Valancourt had left her. She felt a deep sadness that made it hard to breathe. She listened as his footsteps became quieter and quieter. Later, she heard the Countess calling from the garden. Emily then noticed the empty chair where Valancourt had been sitting. Tears came to her eyes, and after she felt a little calmer, she went back to her room.

Pt/En The first person to visit St. Aubert and offer comfort was M. Barreaux. He seemed serious and not very emotional. They had met before because they both liked studying plants and often walked in the mountains. M. Barreaux lived alone in a nice house near the woods. He was also disappointed with people, but instead of feeling sad for them like St. Aubert, he felt angry about their bad behaviour and less sorry for their mistakes.

Pt/En After Milan, the land looked even more damaged. Although things seemed calm, the quiet felt like death, showing the signs of recent fighting.

Pt/En Emily thought to herself that someone was murdered. She shivered. Annette screamed because she did not understand what Emily was talking about. Emily thought Annette's reaction was because of her own strange thoughts. When Annette explained what she meant, Emily remembered an attempt to kidnap her. She asked if the person who planned it was found. Annette replied that he was not found, but could be guessed. Annette told Emily she should thank her for saving her. Emily tried to control her feelings about her aunt and seemed to listen calmly, but she did not hear most of what Annette said.

Pt/En St. Aubert was a little surprised to see M. Barreaux. He had invited him many times before, but this was the first time he came. M. Barreaux entered like an old friend, without formality. It seemed that St. Aubert's sadness made him forget his usual strictness and opinions. M. Barreaux seemed only to think about St. Aubert being unhappy. He showed he cared more with his actions than his words. He spoke little

about their sadness, but he paid close attention, spoke softly, and looked at them with kindness, which showed he truly felt for them.

Pt/En The travellers did not see any troops after leaving Milan until they were near the eastern border. As evening came, they saw what looked like an army moving across the plains in the distance. Their weapons shone in the last sunlight. As the army moved through a narrow part of the road, some leaders on horses were seen on a small hill, giving signals. Officers rode along the line, guiding the soldiers based on the signals. Some officers rode ahead of the main group and then moved across the plains to the right of the army.

Pt/En Annette explained that she wanted to find out a secret that Barnardine refused to tell her. She watched Emily on the terrace. When Barnardine opened a door, Annette followed Emily from the castle, thinking something bad was being planned. She saw which way Emily was going through a passage. Annette followed the light to the chapel vaults but was afraid to go further because she had heard strange stories about them. She was also afraid to go back alone in the dark. She decided to follow Emily until they reached the main courtyard. There, she stopped at a door, afraid Barnardine would see her. She watched Emily go across to the gates and then up the stairs. Annette followed her. Outside, she heard horses and men talking, and they were angry at Barnardine for not bringing Emily out. Barnardine almost caught Annette, but she escaped. She knew his secret and decided to stop him and save Emily, guessing it was a plan by Count Morano. Annette ran back into the castle, finding it hard to get through the passage under the chapel. She forgot to look for ghosts she had heard about. Luckily, other people were awake, and they gathered a group to scare Barnardine and his men.

Pt/En During this sad time, St. Aubert's only sister, Madame Cheron, also visited him. She was a widow and lived on her farm near Tholouse. They did not see each other often. Madame Cheron said many words to comfort him. She did not understand how a look or a soft voice could help someone feel better. However, she told St. Aubert she felt sorry for him, said good things about his dead wife, and tried to give him comfort. Emily cried a lot while she spoke. St. Aubert was calm, listened quietly, and then changed the subject.

Pt/En As they got closer, Montoni saw the feathers in the soldiers' caps and their flags. He thought it was the army of the famous captain

Utaldo, whom he knew. So, he told his drivers to stop by the road to let them pass. Soon, Montoni heard music, drums, and trumpets getting louder as the soldiers came nearer. Emily could also hear the sounds of cymbals and weapons.

Pt/En Annette stopped talking, but Emily continued to listen. Finally, Emily suddenly said she wanted to go to someone herself and asked where he was.

Pt/En When Madame Cheron left, she asked St. Aubert and Emily to visit her soon. She said that travelling would help him feel better and that it was not good to be too sad. St. Aubert agreed that she was right, but he felt less willing than ever to leave the place that reminded him of his past happiness. His wife's presence had made the whole area feel special. Every day, his pain became less sharp, and this helped him feel more attached to his home.

Pt/En Montoni was sure it was Utaldo's army. He waved his cap from the car window to greet the general. Utaldo raised his spear to greet him back. Some of Utaldo's officers rode up to the carriage and greeted Montoni, as they knew him. The captain, Utaldo, then arrived. His soldiers stopped while he talked with Montoni. Utaldo seemed happy to see Montoni. Emily understood that this was a victorious army returning home. They had many wagons with goods taken from the enemy, their injured soldiers, and prisoners. The prisoners would be freed after peace was agreed between the countries. The leaders planned to split the captured goods the next day and go back to their castles. That evening was planned for a big celebration to remember their victory and say goodbye.

Pt/En Annette asked who he was talking about.

Pt/En St. Aubert had an important visit to make to his brother-in-law, M. Quesnel. He decided he could not wait any longer. He wanted to make Emily feel happier, so he took her with him to Epourville.

Pt/En While the officers talked with Montoni, Emily watched them. She admired their strong, soldier-like appearance and proud manner, made more impressive by their fine clothes, tall hats with feathers, and cloaks. Utaldo told Montoni that his army would camp for the night near a village a few miles away. He invited Montoni to join their celebration and assured the ladies they would be comfortable. However, Montoni declined, saying

he wanted to reach Verona that evening. After discussing the roads to Verona, they said goodbye.

Pt/En Emily replied that she wanted to speak with Signor Montoni. Annette remembered the order Montoni had given the night before about her young lady. So, Annette stood up and said she would go and find him herself.

Pt/En As the carriage drove into the forest near his old family home, St. Aubert saw the castle towers again. He felt sad thinking about how things had changed since he was last there. Now, a man owned it who did not respect or care about the place. He entered the long path lined with trees that he loved as a child. The trees now seemed sad, like him. The castle appeared between the branches, showing its large towers, the main gate, the bridge, and the empty ditch around it.

Pt/En The travellers continued their journey without any problems. They arrived in Verona late at night, so Emily did not see the area around the city until the next morning. They left Verona early and travelled to Padua. There, they took a boat on the Brenta river to Venice. The scenery changed completely. There were no signs of war, unlike the countryside they had seen before. Instead, everything was peaceful and beautiful. The banks of the Brenta were covered with lovely villas belonging to rich Venetian people. These villas had nice porches and columns, with tall trees. Orange trees filled the air with their sweet smell. Willow trees grew by the water, providing shade for people enjoying themselves. It seemed like a festival was happening all along the river. Many boats with people in colourful, costume-like clothes travelled towards Venice. In the evening, groups of people could be seen dancing under the trees.

Pt/En Annette's suspicions about Count Morano were correct. Emily also thought Morano was behind the plan. Montoni also started to believe that Morano had ordered poison to be put in his wine before.

Pt/En Servants came to the main gate when they heard the carriage. St. Aubert got out and took Emily into the old hall. The family's old flags and weapons were gone. The wooden walls and ceiling beams were painted white. The big table where the owner used to welcome guests and have parties was removed. Even the benches were gone.

The hall walls were decorated with cheap, modern things, showing the bad taste of the new owner.

Pt/En As they passed the villas, Cavigni told Emily the names of their owners and shared brief, amusing stories about them. His stories were more about showing off his wit than telling the real truth. Emily sometimes found his talk entertaining, but Madame Montoni was not amused as she had been before. She was often quiet, and Montoni remained his usual reserved self.

Pt/En Count Morano had said he was sorry to Emily when he was hurt, and he meant it at that moment. But he was sorry for his own pain, not for his bad plan. When he felt better, he wanted to try his plan again. The castle's gatekeeper, who had helped him before, took money to help him again. Morano planned with the gatekeeper to get Emily to the gates. Morano then left the village where he had been staying and went to another village far away. On an agreed night, Annette told Morano's people how to trick Emily. Morano sent his servants back to the castle and waited for Emily in the village, planning to take her to Venice. His second plan failed, as already explained. It is hard to imagine the strong feelings Morano had when he returned to Venice.

Pt/En St. Aubert followed a servant to a room where Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel were. They greeted him politely. After a few sad words about their sister, they seemed to forget she had ever existed.

Pt/En Emily was very impressed when she first saw Venice. It had islands, palaces, and towers rising from the sea. The sea's clear water showed the colourful image of the city. The setting sun coloured the sea and the high mountains with a golden light. The evening light and shadow made the buildings of St. Mark look beautiful. As they moved closer, the city's large features became clearer. The buildings, topped with beautiful structures and shining in the setting sun, looked like they were created by magic, not built by people.

Pt/En Annette told Montoni about Emily's health and her wish to see him. Montoni said Emily could come to the cedar room in about an hour. Emily wanted to talk about the things that worried her, but she was not sure if it would help. She was also afraid to meet him. She also wanted to ask if she could go back to her home country, now that her aunt was dead, but she did not think he would agree.

Pt/En Emily felt like crying, but then she felt angry. St. Aubert stayed calm and dignified. Mr. Quesnel felt uncomfortable because of St. Aubert's presence, but he did not know why.

Pt/En As the sun went down, the earth's shadow slowly covered the sea and the tall mountains. The sad purple colour of evening covered them like a thin cloth. The scene was very peaceful and beautiful. Everything in nature seemed to be resting, and deep feelings were felt. Emily's eyes filled with tears of wonder and respect. She looked up at the big sky and heard serious music coming from far away across the water. She listened quietly, and no one spoke. The music seemed to get louder, and the boat moved so smoothly that it was not noticed. The magical city seemed to be coming to welcome them. They then heard a woman's voice singing a soft, sad song with some instruments. The song sounded very emotional, like someone pleading with love or feeling deep sadness, showing it was real. Emily thought that the music came from the heart, and she remembered Valancourt.

Pt/En Emily became more and more worried as the time for her interview got closer. She almost decided to say she was sick, but it was not a good reason. She felt hopeless about what she could say about herself or her aunt's death. She was afraid of Montoni's angry reaction if she asked to leave. However, she felt that if she pretended not to know about her aunt's death, she would be partly responsible. Emily thought that her aunt's death was the only real reason she could give for wanting to leave Udolpho.

Pt/En After some general talk, St. Aubert asked to speak with someone alone. Emily stayed with Madame Quesnel and learned that a large group of people were invited to dinner at the house. Madame Quesnel said that past problems that could not be changed should not stop the fun of the present time.

Pt/En Emily looked around, wanting to know more. It was getting dark, and she could only see unclear shapes. However, she thought she saw a gondola (a type of boat) on the sea in the distance. A group of voices and instruments began to sing and play together. The music was so sweet and serious that it sounded like angels singing in the quiet night. Then the music faded away, and it felt like the angels were going back to heaven. It came back again with the breeze, then faded into silence. The music

reminded Emily of some lines her father had written, and she quietly repeated them.

Pt/En While Emily was thinking, she received a message. Montoni could not see her until the next day. This made her feel relieved for a short time. Annette said she thought some soldiers were going to war again because there were many horses in the yard. Annette also heard that the soldiers who left earlier were expected back. Annette added that she heard a soldier tell a friend they would bring back a lot of stolen goods. Annette thought that if Montoni could send his men to rob people, it was not her problem. She wished she could leave the castle. She said that if it were not for Ludovico, she would have let Count Morano's men take her away, which would have helped Emily and herself.

Pt/En When St. Aubert heard that guests were coming, he felt angry and disgusted by Quesnel's lack of feeling. He wanted to go home right away. But he was told that Madame Cheron was invited. When he looked at Emily, he thought that her uncle's dislike might hurt her later. So, he decided not to make the uncle angry by doing something that the guests, who were not being very proper themselves, would think was rude.

Pt/En She remembered reading: 'I often hear, in the quiet of the midnight air, beautiful voices singing together that lift the soul to heaven!'

Pt/En Annette could have talked for a long time without Emily interrupting her. Emily was quiet, not paying attention, and lost in her thoughts. She spent the whole day feeling a calm sadness, which often happens when people are very tired from suffering.

Pt/En Among the guests at dinner were two Italian men. One was named Montoni. He was a distant relative of Madame Quesnel. He was about forty years old, very handsome, with strong and clear facial features. His face showed more pride and quick understanding than any other feeling.

Pt/En The deep silence after the music was as meaningful as the music itself. It lasted for several minutes until a collective sigh seemed to end the company's feeling of wonder. Emily, however, continued to enjoy the pleasant sadness that had come over her. But when the boat got closer to St. Mark's Place, a lively and busy scene appeared, which finally caught her attention. The rising moon cast a soft light on the buildings

and lit up the walkways and large arches. She saw many people walking, with soft guitar music and quiet voices echoing through the buildings.

Pt/En When night came, Emily remembered the mysterious music she had heard before. She was still interested in it and hoped to hear its calming sound again. Her mind, which had been troubled for a long time, was now influenced by old beliefs. She felt excited, thinking about her father's protective spirit. After sending Annette away for the night, Emily decided to stay awake alone and wait for the music. It was not yet the time she had heard it before. To take her mind off sad thoughts, she sat down with a book she had brought from France. But her mind was restless and could not focus. She kept going to the window to listen for a sound. At one point, she thought she heard a voice, but then everything outside was quiet, and she decided her imagination had tricked her.

Pt/En His friend, Signor Cavigni, seemed to be about thirty. He was less important than Montoni, but he was just as good at understanding people from their faces. He was also better at being friendly and making people like him.

Pt/En As Montoni's boat passed, they heard music from other gondolas. These boats were full of happy people enjoying the cool night air on the sea. The music sounded lovely, made even nicer by the water and the sound of oars. Emily felt like she was in a fairy tale, and even Madame Montoni seemed happy. Montoni was glad to be back in Venice, which he thought was the best city in the world. Cavigni was also very cheerful.

Pt/En Time passed until twelve o'clock. Soon after, the quiet sounds in the castle stopped, and it seemed like everyone was asleep. Emily sat by the window. She was thinking deeply when she heard very strange sounds, not like music, but like someone crying sadly. As she listened, she became very scared and was sure that the earlier sound was real. She continued to hear a weak crying sound at times and tried to find out where it was coming from. There were several rooms below, next to the castle wall, that had been closed for a long time. She thought the sound was coming from one of these rooms. She leaned out of the window to see if there was any light there. The rooms looked completely dark. However, a little further away, on the wall below, she thought she saw something moving.

Pt/En Emily was upset by how Madame Cheron greeted her father. Madame Cheron said she was worried because her brother looked very ill and should get medical advice. St. Aubert replied with a sad smile that he felt the same as usual. But Emily's fears made her think her father looked worse than he actually did.

Pt/En Montoni's barge continued to the grand canal, where his house was. Emily saw amazing palaces, more beautiful than she had ever imagined. The air was filled with pleasant sounds from the canal and the gondolas. People in masks were dancing on terraces in the moonlight, making the scene feel like a magical place.

Pt/En The dim light from the stars was not enough for her to see clearly. She thought it was a guard on duty. She moved her lamp to a far part of the room so she would not be noticed while she watched more.

Pt/En Emily was very sad, so she did not enjoy the new people or the fancy dinner. The guests talked about Italy, politics, and Venice. One man spoke with great enthusiasm about French fashion and manners. He used flattery, which the ladies liked, but Emily did not know about Paris. Her simple and modest style was very different from the other women.

Pt/En The barge stopped at a large house, and the group got off. Inside, they walked through a grand hall and up a marble staircase to a very luxurious room that surprised Emily. The walls and ceiling had beautiful paintings. Silver lamps lit the room, and the floor was covered with colourful mats. The furniture was made of green silk. Balconies looked out onto the grand canal, where they could hear music and voices, and a fresh breeze came in. Emily was surprised by the rich furniture, especially because she had heard Montoni might not have much money. She thought that if Valancourt could see this house, he would know the rumours were not true.

Pt/En The shape was still there. Soon, it moved along the wall towards her window. She could see it looked like a person. But it moved so quietly, she knew it was not a guard. As it came closer, she was unsure whether to leave. She was very curious to stay and see, but a fear of something unknown made her want to go.

Pt/En After dinner, St. Aubert went to see the old chestnut tree. Standing under it, he remembered his youth and old friends who were now gone. He felt very alone, with only his daughter Emily to care about.

Pt/En Madame Montoni acted like a princess, but Montoni seemed unhappy and did not even welcome her properly to the house.

Pt/En While she waited, the figure stopped in front of her window. Everything was silent; she could not hear any footsteps. The quietness and the strange shape made her feel nervous. She was starting to move away when suddenly, the figure moved quickly away and disappeared down the wall into the dark night. Emily watched the place where it had gone for a while, then went back into her room. She thought about what she had seen and was almost sure it was something from the supernatural.

Pt/En He was lost in memories of the past until he remembered his wife dying. This sad thought made him leave the tree quickly, wanting to forget it at the dinner table.

Pt/En Soon after arriving, Montoni and Cavigni left in a gondola to go out for the evening. Madame Montoni became quiet and thoughtful. Emily, who was enjoying everything she saw, tried to make her feel happier. However, Madame Montoni was still in a bad mood, and her answers showed it. Emily stopped trying to cheer her up and went to a window to watch the beautiful and exciting scene outside.

Pt/En When she felt calmer, she looked for another explanation. She remembered hearing about Montoni's dangerous actions. She thought maybe she had seen a person who had been robbed by Montoni's men and brought here as a prisoner. She also thought this person might have been the one making the music she heard before. However, she thought it was unlikely they would bring a prisoner to the castle after robbing them. It also seemed more like banditti to kill people they robbed rather than keep them. What made her doubt this idea most was that the figure was walking on the terrace without a guard.

Pt/En St. Aubert ordered the carriage home early. Emily noticed he was unusually quiet and sad on the journey. She thought it was because he had visited a place that reminded him of the past, and she did not know he had a secret sadness.

Pt/En Emily saw dancers on a terrace below, with music from a guitar and other instruments. The dancers moved with great grace and happiness. After them came people in strange costumes, some dressed as gondoliers or musicians. They sang together with soft music. They

stopped and sang songs about old wars and sad stories. Then the music changed to a sadder, sweeter style.

Pt/En Later, she thought that Count Morano might have entered the castle. But she quickly remembered how difficult and dangerous that would be. She also thought that if he had succeeded, he would not have come alone and silently to her window at midnight. She knew he knew about the secret stairs to her room. He also would not have made the strange, sad sounds she had heard.

Pt/En When Emily entered the house, she felt even sadder. She missed her mother very much. Her mother always welcomed her home with a smile, but now the house was quiet and empty.

Pt/En As Emily listened, she felt a deep emotion and tears came to her eyes. Her thoughts took her far away to France and to Valancourt. Each sad song made her feel more melancholy. She was very sorry when the musicians moved away, and she listened until the music stopped. She felt a calm, thoughtful feeling, like after seeing a beautiful moonlit landscape or remembering lost friends. These memories were like faint traces of past music.

Pt/En Emily heard sad, sweet music at night. She thought it might be someone planning to attack the castle, but the sounds did not seem to fit this idea. She could not understand who or what was making the sounds. Her imagination started to think about mysterious and superstitious things.

Pt/En Time helped to make Emily's sadness less painful. Over weeks, her difficult feelings became softer and more gentle. However, her father, St. Aubert, became sicker. Emily, who spent a lot of time with him, did not notice this at first. He had not fully recovered from a fever, and his wife's death had made him weaker. His doctor suggested he travel because his nerves were weak from sadness and illness. The doctor thought that seeing new places would help him feel better.

Pt/En Emily then heard the sound of horns. She saw gondolas moving along the terraces. She put on her veil and went to the balcony. She saw a procession on the water. As it came closer, the music mixed together. Figures that looked like sea gods appeared, with Neptune and Venice as his queen, surrounded by sea creatures. This amazing sight, with the

grand palaces, seemed like a dream. Emily imagined what it would be like to be a sea nymph and live in the water.

Pt/En Emily decided she would watch again the next night to try and understand what was happening. She also thought that if the figure appeared, she might try to speak to it.

Pt/En Emily spent a few days getting ready for the trip. Her father wanted to save money while they were away, so he decided to send away most of the household staff. Emily usually did not argue with her father, but she might have asked why he wasn't taking a servant, as his health was not good. When she learned he had dismissed Jacques, Francis, and Mary, keeping only the old housekeeper Theresa, she was very surprised. She asked him why. He explained that they needed to save money because the trip would be expensive.

Pt/En She imagined living in the ocean with other nymphs, listening to the water and the music of shells. She thought about floating on the waves at night near rocks and shores, where sad people might come to cry. She imagined comforting them with music and offering them fruit from Neptune's palace.

Pt/En The doctor recommended the air in Languedoc and Provence for St. Aubert's health. So, St. Aubert decided they would travel slowly along the Mediterranean coast towards Provence.

Pt/En Emily was brought back from her dream to a normal dinner. She smiled at her own thoughts and imagined that Madame Montoni would have been very unhappy if she had known about them.

Pt/En The night before they left, Emily and her father went to bed early. Emily still had some books and other items to pack. It was midnight before she finished. She then remembered her drawing tools were downstairs in the living room. When she went to get them, she passed her father's room. The door was partly open, so she thought he was in his study. He often went there after his wife died to try and calm his mind. She looked in the room but he wasn't there. As she walked back to her room, she knocked on his door. When he didn't answer, she quietly went inside to check if he was there.

Pt/En After dinner, Emily's aunt stayed up late, but Montoni did not return. Emily went to her room. She was surprised by the empty and old

appearance of the rooms she passed on her way. Some walls had old, faded pictures, and others had dampness that ruined the paintings. Her own room was large and empty, with high windows looking out at the Adriatic Sea. The view made her think of sad things, but then she thought of a sea-nymph. To avoid serious thoughts, she tried to imagine happy ideas and spent the rest of the hour writing a poem.

Pt/En The room was dark, but Emily saw a light coming from a closet. She thought her father was inside the closet and was surprised he was awake so late. She worried he might be sick and wanted to ask him. But she decided not to surprise him, so she moved her light to the stairs and quietly went to the closet door. Looking through the glass panels, she saw her father sitting at a table with papers. He was reading them with great focus, and he was crying and sobbing loudly. Emily, who had come to see if he was okay, stayed to watch. She was curious about what he was reading and felt sad for him. She guessed the papers were letters from her mother. Then, her father knelt down. He looked very serious, almost scared, and prayed silently for a long time.

Pt/En The poem describes a sea-nymph who lives deep in the ocean. She helps guide rivers to the land and makes sure fresh water reaches the shore for other nymphs. The sea-nymph likes to rest in coral caves and watch ships sail above. She uses her magic to sing songs that can charm sailors, sometimes making them hear music that doesn't sound human. She also dances with other nymphs and sea creatures in underwater halls decorated with jewels. When storms come, she watches from cliffs and uses lightning to guide ships safely to shore. If she is too late, she calls her dolphins to help the sailors reach land. She sings to comfort shipwrecked sailors and leads them to safe places. She says that people who like her songs should come to the quiet sands at sunset to find her in the cool sea.

Pt/En When Mr. St. Aubert stood up, his face was very pale. Emily was leaving quickly, but she saw him look at his papers again, so she stopped. He took a small case from the papers and then took out a small picture. The light shone on it, and Emily saw it was a picture of a lady, but not her mother.

Pt/En Mr. St. Aubert looked at the portrait with deep feeling. He kissed it and then held it to his heart, sighing sadly. Emily could hardly believe what she was seeing. She had never known that he had a picture of

another lady besides her mother, and certainly not one he cared for so much. After looking closely to be sure it was not her mother, she understood it was a picture of someone else.

Pt/En Finally, Mr. St. Aubert put the picture back into its case. Emily remembered that she might be disturbing his private sadness, so she quietly left the room.

CHAPTER III

Pt/En The poem asks how someone can refuse the many beautiful things that nature offers. It mentions the sounds of the woods and the sea, the beauty of trees and fields, and everything that the morning sun shines on or the evening hears. It also talks about the protection of mountains and the [amazing](#) sky. The poem states that these natural beauties can bring peace to the soul and give feelings of love, kindness, and happiness.

Pt/En This is a [quote](#) about a man who watches people closely and understands their actions. He does not enjoy plays or music and rarely smiles. When he does smile, it seems like he is making [fun](#) of himself or his own feelings. Such men are never truly happy when they see someone greater than themselves. (Julius Caesar)

Pt/En This is a [quote](#) about dark shadows often seen in tombs and near new graves.

Pt/En This is not a [normal](#) human matter, nor a sound from the earth.

Pt/En Instead of taking the direct road along the Pyrenees mountains, Mr. St. Aubert chose a path that went over the heights. This route offered wider views and more interesting, beautiful scenery. He made a small [detour](#) to say [goodbye](#) to M. Barreaux, whom he found studying plants in a wood near his house. When M. Barreaux heard why Mr. St. Aubert was visiting, he showed more sadness than Mr. St. Aubert thought he was capable of feeling. They said [goodbye](#) with sadness.

Pt/En Montoni and his friend did not come home until many hours after sunrise. Montoni was not interested in simple pleasures. He enjoyed strong emotions and [challenges](#), which made him feel stronger. He found life boring without something important to do. When he [didn't](#) have real interests, he created [fake](#) ones, like [gambling](#). He started [gambling](#) to avoid [boredom](#) but later played with great passion. He spent the night [gambling](#) with Cavigni and some young men who had money but little respect. Montoni thought most of them were not very smart and used them for his own plans. He had some friends who were smarter, but he still acted proud and superior towards them. This made some people obey him and others hate him. He had many enemies, but he was proud of their hatred because it showed his power, which was his main [goal](#). He

disliked feelings like respect and would have disliked himself if he thought he could be easily pleased.

Pt/En The next day, Montoni sent another excuse to Emily. She thought this was strange and believed he was avoiding her because he knew why she wanted to visit. She considered stopping him, but she was too afraid. The day passed like the one before, but Emily felt worried about the coming night.

Pt/En The story returns to Montoni. He was angry and disappointed, but other things became more important. The government of Venice decided they had to stop Montoni because his actions were too bad. They planned to send soldiers to Udolpho to end his power. Before the soldiers left, a young officer spoke to the Minister. The officer said that Udolpho was too strong to attack directly. He also said Montoni was a skilled commander and would know if a large army approached. The officer suggested a different plan: to use cleverness and surprise instead of a direct fight. He thought they could meet Montoni outside the castle or sneak in using the help of someone inside, or by taking advantage of guards who were not careful.

Pt/En M. Barreaux told them that if anything could have made him leave his quiet life, it would have been the chance to go with them on their trip. He added that he did not often give compliments, so they could believe him when he said he would wait eagerly for their return.

Pt/En Montoni had a few close friends. Signor Bertolini was cheerful, passionate, and spent a lot of money, but he was also generous, brave, and trusting. Orsino was quiet and proud, wanting power more than showing off. He was cruel and suspicious, quick to get revenge, and very clever at planning. He controlled his emotions well, except for pride, revenge, and greed. Few things stopped him from getting what he wanted. Orsino was Montoni's main favorite. Verezzi was talented and imaginative, often changing his moods. He was cheerful, enjoyed luxury, and was daring, but he lacked persistence and real courage. He was selfish and quick to start plans but also quick to give them up. He disliked being told what to do, but people who understood his changing moods could easily influence him.

Pt/En In the evening, another group of men returned to the castle with loud shouts. Emily heard them and feared they were doing something

bad. Annette told her they were celebrating the valuable things they had stolen. This made Emily believe Montoni was leading robbers and stealing from travellers to get money. She thought his castle, hidden in the mountains, was a good place for such crimes. She also thought Montoni's personality – without morals, brave, cruel, and willing to take risks – made him suitable for this role. He seemed to enjoy conflict and did not care about others' feelings or dangers.

Pt/En The Minister liked the officer's idea and gave him command of the troops. The officer first tried to use only cleverness. Near Udolpho, he found some of Montoni's soldiers who were willing to help because they disliked Montoni and wanted to be pardoned by Venice. He learned how many soldiers Montoni had, which was more than before. His plan worked. He returned with his men, who got help from friends inside the castle. One group of soldiers surprised Montoni and his officers in their rooms, while another group fought a small battle. The rest of the soldiers in the castle surrendered. Orsino, the killer, was captured with Montoni. Orsino had joined Montoni earlier, and Count Morano had told Venice where he was hiding after his failed attempt to kidnap Emily. Capturing Orsino, who had murdered a senator, was a main reason for the mission. Venice was very happy with the success. Morano was immediately freed, even though Montoni had accused him of political crimes. The mission was so fast and easy that it was not widely known. Emily, who was in Languedoc, did not know that her former enemy had been defeated.

Pt/En The travellers continued their trip. As they went up the hills, St. Aubert often looked back at his house in the plain below. He thought of many sad memories and imagined he would never come back. He tried to stop this thought, but he kept looking until his home became unclear in the distance and mixed with the landscape.

Pt/En The day after Montoni arrived in Venice, he introduced his friends to his family and invited them to dinner. Count Morano, a nobleman from Venice, and Signora Livona were also guests. Montoni had told his wife that Signora Livona was a very good lady. She had visited earlier that day and was asked to stay for dinner.

Pt/En Emily thought she understood the situation, but she was wrong. She did not know much about Italy at that time. The country's money was not enough to pay for armies all the time. So, soldiers who finished wars

often did not return to peaceful jobs. Some joined armies in other countries. Others became robbers and lived in strong places. They were not chased much by the police because the governments were weak and could call them back to fight when needed. Some soldiers joined leaders who sold their fighting skills to different states for money. These soldiers were called "Condottieri", and they were known all over Italy for a long time.

Pt/En Emily was still very sad, and she could not stop thinking about her troubles. Count De Villefort tried to help her feel better. Sometimes he let her be alone, and sometimes he invited her to spend time with friends. He protected her from the Countess's difficult questions and conversations. He often took Emily and his daughter Blanche on trips. During these trips, he talked about subjects he knew Emily would like, without making it obvious he was trying to distract her. He hoped to help her forget her sadness and find new interests. Emily saw him as a wise friend and protector. She began to feel like a daughter to him. She also became very fond of Blanche, her young friend, like a sister. Blanche's kindness and simple nature made up for her not being very sophisticated. Emily found it hard to stop thinking about Valancourt. However, she eventually remembered a story old Dorothee had promised to tell her. Emily had been very curious about it before. She asked Dorothee to come to her room that night to tell her the story.

Pt/En He felt like he was being pulled back with a long chain with every step he took away from home.

Pt/En Madame Montoni did not welcome her husband's friends. She did not like them because they were his friends. She also hated them because she thought they had kept her husband out late the night before. She felt jealous because she knew she had no power over him and believed he liked their company more than hers. She treated Count Morano with respect because he was a nobleman, but not the others. Madame Montoni looked unhappy and proud, and wore very fancy clothes, not the usual Venetian style. In contrast, Emily was beautiful, quiet, and simple. Emily watched the people at the dinner, but she did not enjoy it very much. However, she liked Signora Livona's beauty and friendly way. Signora Livona's soft voice and kind manner made Emily feel happy, something she had not felt for a long time.

Pt/En Wars between small states were usually about quick actions and bravery, not long, careful plans. The success of a battle depended more on the courage of the soldiers and their leader than on skill. Officers had to be brave and lead their men into dangerous situations. The Condottieri were excellent at this type of fighting. Because they often gained riches from fighting, they became known for being both very brave and wild.

Pt/En Emily was still thinking about her problems, which made her less curious about the story. When Dorothee knocked on her door shortly after midnight, Emily was surprised, even though they had arranged it. Dorothee said she had finally come and felt her old body shaking. She said she almost fell on her way. Emily helped Dorothee sit down and asked her to calm herself before telling the story. Dorothee explained that thinking about the story was making her nervous. She also mentioned that on her way, she passed the room where her former lady had died. The room was dark and quiet, and she felt as if she saw the lady as she looked on her deathbed.

Pt/En For several miles, he and Emily were quiet and thoughtful. Emily was the first to stop thinking sadly. She was impressed by the large, beautiful things around them and began to feel happy. The road went down into valleys with very high, rocky walls. Small plants grew on top of the rocks, and patches of green plants grew in the rocky areas where wild goats were often seen eating. Then, the path led to high cliffs where they could see a very grand view of the land.

Pt/En In the evening, the group went on the sea in Montoni's boat. The sun was setting, and the sky had beautiful colours. Emily felt thoughtful and happy. The calm water, the reflections of the sky and stars, and the quiet of the evening, with only the sound of the water and distant music, made her feel very emotional. As she listened to the oars and the music, she remembered her father, St. Aubert, and Valancourt, and tears came to her eyes. The moon became brighter, shining on Emily's face. She wore a thin black veil, which made her face look very soft. She looked like a painting of a Madonna, with a sensitive expression. Her eyes were looking up thoughtfully, and a tear shone on her cheek.

Pt/En When they were not fighting, the Condottieri often stayed in their own fortresses. They sometimes took things from people living nearby, but they also spent their money freely, so they were not always disliked.

The local governments did not try hard to stop these soldier groups. It was difficult to stop them, and they also kept them ready for future wars without paying them much. Sometimes, the Condottieri leaders felt safe enough to visit cities. Montoni met some of them in Venice and Padua and wanted to be like them before he lost his money and had to become one of them. He held secret meetings at his house in Venice to plan his new life. Orsino and others helped him with these plans, which they later carried out using the money they had lost.

Pt/En Emily moved her chair closer to Dorothee. Dorothee began her story, saying it was about twenty years ago when the Marchioness first arrived at the castle as a bride. She remembered how the Marchioness looked when she entered the main hall, where the servants were waiting to welcome her. She also remembered how happy the Marquis seemed. Dorothee thought that, despite her beautiful appearance, the Marchioness did not seem truly happy inside. She told her husband, but he said she was imagining things. Dorothee kept her thoughts to herself but continued to observe. The Marchioness was about Emily's age and looked very similar to her, Dorothee thought. The Marquis hosted many parties and celebrations for a long time, more than had happened since. Dorothee was younger then and enjoyed the parties. She remembered dancing with Philip, the butler, wearing a pink dress and yellow ribbons. She also wore a special coif, which was high and decorated with ribbons, and it suited her well. The Marquis noticed her. He was a kind man then, Dorothee recalled, and she wondered what had happened to him.

Pt/En Emily was very excited as she looked over the pine forests on the mountains. She saw large plains below with woods, towns, colourful vines, and trees like almonds, palms, and olives. These plains stretched far away, and their colours blended into one beautiful colour that seemed to connect the land and the sky. The great Garonne river flowed through this amazing scene. It came from the Pyrenees mountains and its blue water wound its way towards the Bay of Biscay.

Pt/En The last music faded away as the boat travelled further out to sea. The group decided to make their own music. Count Morano, who was sitting next to Emily and had been watching her, picked up a lute. He played beautifully and sang a sad song. The text suggests he was like a character from a poem that described someone who played music with great skill and feeling.

Pt/En When night came again, Emily went back to the window. There was a moon, and its light made the terrace and the area around it clearer than before. She hoped the moon would help her see if the mysterious figure returned. Emily was still unsure about what to do. She felt a strong desire to speak to the figure, but she was also afraid.

Pt/En Emily reminded Dorothee that she had been telling her about the Marchioness.

Pt/En The rough road often made the travellers get off their carriage. But they felt the beautiful scenery was worth the trouble. While the mule driver walked the animals slowly, the travellers had time to enjoy the quiet places and think deep thoughts. St. Aubert's happiness was mixed with a gentle sadness, which made everything around him seem more beautiful and special.

Pt/En The poem suggested that a musician should play gently and softly, especially at night. It said that the music should make sadness feel welcome and make people who are not paying attention start to listen carefully.

Pt/En Emily thought that if the person had bad intentions towards the castle, her curiosity could be dangerous. However, she also believed that the strange music and sad sounds she heard must have come from this person, and if so, he could not be an enemy.

Pt/En Dorothee told Emily that she thought the Marchioness was unhappy. She had seen her crying in her room after her marriage. The Marchioness had been told by her father to marry the Marquis for his money, but she liked another man who was very fond of her. She was sad about losing him, but she never said this directly. The Marchioness always tried to hide her sadness from the Marquis. When he entered the room, she would look calm. However, the Marquis became moody and sometimes unkind to her. This made her very sad, but she never complained. She tried hard to make him happy, but he often answered her unkindly. When her efforts failed, she would go to her room and cry. Dorothee sometimes thought the Marquis was jealous because the Marchioness was admired by many men, but she was a good woman. Dorothee thought one particular chevalier, who was polite and graceful, seemed well-suited to the Marchioness. She noticed that after this chevalier visited, the Marquis was gloomier and the Marchioness more

thoughtful. Dorothee suspected this was the chevalier the Marchioness should have married, but she could not be sure.

Pt/En They brought food with them because there were not many good places to stay. This meant they could eat outside in pleasant spots and sleep in comfortable cottages they found. For their minds, they had a book about plants and some Latin and Italian poems. Emily also used her drawing to capture the beautiful shapes she saw.

Pt/En The Count sang the following song with great feeling.

Pt/En She thought about her aunt and felt very sad and scared. Her mind told her that the shape she saw was not real but a ghost. She felt cold and afraid, and her fear stopped her from thinking clearly. She decided that if she saw the shape again, she would not talk to it.

Pt/En Emily asked Dorothee for the name of the chevalier.

Pt/En The road was very quiet, with only a few peasants or children playing. This made the scenery seem even more impressive. St. Aubert was so impressed that he decided to travel further into the mountains if he could find a suitable road. He wanted to go south towards Rousillon and then follow the Mediterranean coast towards Languedoc.

Pt/En The song described feelings as soft as moonlight on the sea, or as gentle air. It said that love would be as soft and true as the moonlight on the water, and would rest with the person being sung to.

Pt/En She sat by the window late at night, feeling nervous and watching the dark, quiet castle. She could only see the mountains, woods, and some towers in the moonlight. She heard only the guards calling to each other and the sound of soldiers changing shifts. She went back inside her room when they passed her window. When she returned, it was quiet again. She was tired and started to think she had imagined what she saw the night before. But she stayed at the window because she was too worried to sleep. The moon was bright, and she could see the terrace clearly. She saw one guard walking alone. After waiting, she went to bed because she was tired of waiting.

Pt/En Dorothee refused to tell Emily the chevalier's name, fearing it could cause trouble. She mentioned hearing from someone who had died that the Marchioness might have been secretly married to the man she liked before marrying the Marquis. This was because her father was very

strict and she was afraid to tell him. However, Dorothee did not believe this story. She repeated that the Marquis was most unhappy when the chevalier visited. Eventually, his bad treatment made the Marchioness very miserable. He did not want many visitors and made her live almost alone. Dorothee was her constant companion and saw her suffering, but the Marchioness never complained.

Pt/En Soon after noon, they reached the top of a high cliff. This cliff was covered in green palm trees and looked beautiful against the rocks. From there, they could see most of Gascony and part of Languedoc. There was shade and fresh water from a spring that flowed down the rocks, making a sound that disappeared into the valley below, while its white foam could be seen among the dark pine trees.

Pt/En The Count sang with great skill. When he finished, he gave the lute to Emily. She sang a sad song from her home. It was simple and touching, but it made her remember people and places from her past. This made her sad, her voice shook, and she stopped singing. She felt embarrassed by her emotion, so she quickly started singing a very happy and lively song. The listeners shouted "BRAVISSIMO!" and asked her to sing it again. The Count praised her singing. After Emily, Signora Livona sang with the lute, showing her Italian musical style.

Pt/En Because of the music, the sad sounds she heard before, and the figure she thought she saw, she decided to watch again the next night.

Pt/En After nearly a year of this situation, the Marchioness became ill. Dorothee thought her illness was caused by her long sadness, but she feared it was something more serious.

Pt/En It was a perfect place to rest. The travellers stopped to eat their meal. They also took the harnesses off their mules so the animals could eat the tasty herbs growing on the high ground.

Pt/En Later, the Count, Emily, Cavigni, and Signora Livona sang short songs. They were accompanied by lutes and other instruments. Sometimes the music stopped, and the voices sang softly like a chant. After a quiet moment, the instruments slowly started playing again, one by one, until a loud chorus filled the air.

Pt/En The next day, Montoni did not mention her planned visit. Emily was more eager than before to see him, so she sent Annette to ask when he would see her. He said eleven o'clock, and Emily arrived on time. She gathered her courage to face him and remember the terrible things that happened. Montoni was in a room with officers. Emily stopped when she saw them, and she became more *nervous*. He talked with them and did not seem to notice her until some officers saw her and made a sound. She quickly tried to leave, but Montoni's voice stopped her. She spoke with a *shaky* voice and asked if he had time to speak with her.

Pt/En Emily asked Dorothee if it was possible for things to be worse.

Pt/En St. Aubert and Emily stopped to eat. St. Aubert showed Emily rivers, towns, and provinces. He became quiet and sad, and Emily saw tears in his eyes. She understood he was thinking about his late wife, Madame St. Aubert. They remembered a place they liked with his wife. They thought she would have loved the view but knew she was gone. St. Aubert remembered visiting that place with her and feeling sad thoughts that came true. The memories made him very sad, so he got up and walked away to cry alone.

Pt/En Montoni was tired of the music. He thought about how he could leave or take some people to a Casino. He suggested going back to shore. Orsino agreed quickly, but the Count and other men strongly disagreed.

Pt/En Montoni answered that they were his friends and could hear anything she wanted to say.

Pt/En Dorothee replied that she feared it was true and that there were strange things. She said she would tell what happened and mentioned the Marquis.

Pt/En When St. Aubert returned, he looked calm. He asked the muleteer about roads towards Rousillon. The muleteer said there were roads but he was not sure if they were good. St. Aubert asked what village they could reach before dark. The muleteer thought they could reach Mateau, which was on their current road. Or, if they took a road south towards Rousillon, there was a small village they might reach before evening.

Pt/En Montoni wanted to leave the Count. He saw an empty boat going back to Venice and took this chance to go. He asked his friends to look after the ladies. Emily was sad to see him go because she felt safer with him, though she did not know what she feared. Montoni arrived at St. Mark's and went to a gambling club.

Pt/En Emily did not answer the knights. Montoni took her to a small room and closed the door loudly. Looking at his angry face, Emily thought he might have killed her aunt. She was so scared that she could not explain why she was there or even say Madame Montoni's name.

Pt/En Emily told Dorothee to be quiet and asked what sounds they had heard.

Pt/En St. Aubert decided to take the road towards Rousillon. The muleteer finished his food and started the mules again. Soon, he stopped to pray at a cross on a rock. After praying, he quickly drove the mules along a dangerous, steep road. Emily was very scared. St. Aubert was afraid to stop the driver suddenly, so he had to stay still and trust the mules. The mules were careful and brought them safely down into the valley, stopping by a small river.

Pt/En The Count secretly sent for his own boat and musicians. Emily heard music and saw the moonlight on the water. The boats met, and the Count invited everyone to his beautifully decorated gondola.

Pt/En Montoni asked Emily impatiently what she wanted. He said he did not have time for unimportant things because his moments were valuable.

Pt/En Dorothee looked worried. While they both listened, they heard very sweet music in the quiet night.

Pt/En They left the wide, open views and entered a narrow valley. This valley was hidden by tall rocks.

Pt/En While they ate fruit and ice, music played from another boat. The Count sat with Emily and spoke to her in a low voice, saying nice things. To avoid him, Emily talked to Signora Livona. She tried to be polite but distant with the Count. He only paid attention to Emily. Cavigni watched him with dislike, and Emily felt worried. She wanted to go back to Venice. It was late when they reached St. Mark's Place, where many people were celebrating.

Pt/En Emily told Montoni she wanted to go back to France and asked him to let her leave. When he looked surprised and asked why, she became pale, trembled, and almost fell. He noticed her fear but seemed not to care. He said he had to leave. Emily found enough courage to ask again. When Montoni refused completely, Emily felt more awake and determined.

Pt/En Emily finally said that she was sure she had heard that voice before.

Pt/En The rocks were piled high, looking like magic. Some rocks were burned by lightning, while others were covered in green ivy.

Pt/En They arrived at St. Mark's. The lively atmosphere and the beautiful night made Madame Montoni agree to walk with the Count and then have supper at his club. Emily might have forgotten her worries because of the grand and exciting scene with its beautiful buildings and many people in costumes.

Pt/En Emily told him that she could not stay there properly anymore. She asked by what right he was keeping her there.

Pt/En Dorothee said seriously that she had heard the music before at this time. She thought it was music from a spirit.

Pt/En The area was mostly empty, but some larch and cedar trees had branches that made the cliffs and the river below look dark. The only animals seen were mountain goats, called izards, climbing on very dangerous rocks. St. Aubert thought the wild place looked like a painting and imagined he might see bandits hiding.

Pt/En They went to the club, which was nicely decorated and had a big meal ready. Emily's quietness made the Count realize he needed Madame Montoni's support. He started talking more to her aunt, who was very pleased. By the end of the evening, he had gained Madame Montoni's trust. She smiled when he spoke to her and agreed to his suggestions. He invited her to the opera the next night, and Emily was worried about how she would avoid going.

Pt/En Montoni, putting his hand on the door to leave, told her that it was his wish for her to stay and that this should be enough for her.

Pt/En As the sounds came closer, Emily knew they were the same sounds she had heard before when her father died. The memory of this sad event, or a feeling of fear, made her feel very weak, and she almost fainted.

Pt/En As they moved forward, the valley became wider and less wild. By evening, they were in mountains with grass and heather. They heard a sheep-bell and a shepherd calling his sheep. They saw a shepherd's small house, with cork and ilex trees nearby. These trees grew higher than most others, except fir trees. The valley floor was very green, with cattle eating grass in shady spots under oak and chestnut trees. Some cattle were resting by the stream or drinking from it.

Pt/En It was very late when their boat was ready. Emily was very surprised to see the sun rising over the sea when they left the Casino. Many people were still in St. Mark's Place. Emily was tired, but the fresh sea air made her feel better. She would have been sad to leave, but the Count was there to take them home. At home, they learned Montoni had not returned. His wife went to her room, and Emily was finally free from her duties.

Pt/En Emily knew she could not argue with his decision. She asked him to be fair. She explained that while her aunt was alive, it was fine for her to stay. But now that her aunt was dead, she should be allowed to leave. She said her staying would not help him and would only make her unhappy.

Pt/En Dorothee told Emily that she first heard this music soon after her lady died, and she remembered the night well. Emily said she heard it again and suggested they open the window to listen.

Pt/En The sun was setting, and its last light made the water shine and the heather on the mountains look colourful. St. Aubert asked Michael how far it was to the village he had mentioned, but Michael was not sure. Emily worried they had taken the wrong path. There was no one to help them. They had passed the shepherd's house, and it was getting dark, so they could not see far into the valley to find a village. A light in the west helped them know where to go. Michael tried to stay cheerful by singing, but he sang a very sad song, which St. Aubert realised was a prayer to his favourite saint.

Pt/En Montoni came home late in the morning. He was in a bad mood because he had lost a lot of money gambling. Before he went to sleep, he had a private meeting with Cavigni. The next day, Cavigni's behaviour suggested that the talk had not been good for him.

Pt/En Montoni asked Emily who told her that Madame Montoni was dead. He looked at her with curiosity. Emily did not answer because nobody had told her. She was afraid to say that she had seen something in the portal-chamber that made her believe it.

Pt/En They opened the window, but the sounds slowly moved away into the distance and became quiet again. They seemed to go into the woods, whose tops could be seen against the clear sky. The rest of the scene was dark, but they could still see some things in the garden below.

Pt/En They continued travelling, feeling thoughtful and a little sad in the quiet evening. Michael finished his song, and they only heard the wind in the trees. Suddenly, they heard gunshots. St. Aubert told the driver to stop, and they listened. The noise stopped, but then they heard something moving in the bushes. St. Aubert took out a pistol and told Michael to drive faster. Soon after, a horn sounded loudly. St. Aubert looked out the window and saw a young man jump out of the bushes onto the road, with two dogs. The man was dressed as a hunter, with a gun on his back, a horn on his belt, and a small spear in his hand. He looked strong and moved quickly.

Pt/En In the evening, Madame Montoni, who had been quiet with her husband all day, had visitors. Emily liked the Venetian ladies very much. They were friendly and kind, like old friends. Their talk was interesting and happy. Madame Montoni did not enjoy this kind of talk, and she was often rough and selfish, which was very different from the ladies' polite ways. However, she could not help liking their charming manners.

Pt/En Montoni asked her again, more seriously, who had told her that.

Pt/En Emily looked out the window at the dark area below and the starry sky above. While she was looking, Dorothee quietly began to tell her story again.

Pt/En After a short wait, St. Aubert stopped the carriage again to ask the hunter about the village. The stranger said the village was only a short distance away and offered to show them the way. St. Aubert

thanked him and, liking the man's friendly look, invited him to ride in the carriage. The stranger politely refused, saying he would walk with the mules. He warned them that the people in the mountains were simple and did not have many things that others considered necessary for life.

Pt/En During a break in the conversation, a lady named Signora Herminia played and sang. She seemed happy and relaxed, as if she were alone. Her voice was beautiful and expressive, but she did not seem to know how good she was. She sang because she was happy. Emily moved back a little and drew a picture of her and the plants around her. The drawing was interesting and showed good taste. Emily gave the picture to Signora Herminia, who was very pleased. She said she would keep it as a sign of their friendship.

Pt/En Emily replied that she knew it was true. She asked him to stop talking about the terrible subject.

Pt/En Dorothee told them she remembered the first time she heard the music. It was late one night, not long after her lady had died. She was alone and thinking a lot about her mistress and a sad event she had seen. The house was very quiet, and she felt lonely and a little scared. She wanted to hear a sound, because it made her feel less afraid. All the other servants were asleep. She was thinking so much that she was almost afraid to look around. She remembered her lady's face when she was dying, and she thought she almost saw her. Then, suddenly, she heard beautiful music. It sounded like it was right by her window. She could not move from her chair. When she thought it was her dear lady's voice, she started to cry. She remembered her lady often sang with her lute, playing sad songs that made her cry. Her lady would sing for hours, even when it was dark. Dorothee said that when she first heard the music, she thought it was her late lady singing. She has often thought this when she has heard the music since, even after many months.

Pt/En St. Aubert told the person that he thought they were not from that area.

Pt/En Later that evening, Cavigni joined the ladies, but Montoni had other plans. They went by boat to St. Mark's, where the same lively crowd was present as the night before. Emily enjoyed the cool air, the calm sea, the soft sounds of the waves and music, and the beautiful buildings. She was also happy because Count Morano was not bothering her. Looking

at the sea in the moonlight, Emily thought about her home and friends in her own country.

Pt/En She sat on a bench to get some support.

Pt/En Emily said it was strange that no one had found the musician yet.

Pt/En The person answered that they were not from there, but were just travelling.

Pt/En Emily and her group sat outside a Casino. While they were served coffee and ice, Count Morano arrived. He was very happy to see Emily. Emily remembered how he had paid attention to her the night before. Because of this, she felt shy and quiet, only talking to her friends.

Pt/En Montoni said that she could see the woman if she wanted to, and that the woman was in the east turret.

Pt/En Dorothee replied that if it were a *normal* person, they would have found them by now. But she asked who would have the courage to follow a spirit. She explained that spirits can change their shape or have no shape, and they can appear and disappear very quickly.

Pt/En As the carriage continued, it became darker, and the travellers were happy to have a guide. They also saw many valleys between the mountains, which could have made them confused. Emily saw something far away that looked like a bright cloud and asked what the light was.

Pt/En They went to the opera late at night. Emily did not enjoy it as much as she expected. She thought about the beautiful nature she had seen earlier. She felt that the art and luxury of the opera were not as impressive as the ocean, the sky, and the sounds of nature. Remembering these, the opera seemed less important.

Pt/En He left the room without waiting for an answer and went back to the cedar chamber. There, some knights who had not met Emily before started to tease him about what they had found out. However, Montoni did not seem happy about their jokes, so they changed the topic.

Pt/En Emily asked Dorothee to continue her story about the Marchioness and to explain how she died.

Pt/En St. Aubert looked and saw it was the top of a snowy mountain. This mountain was much higher than the others, so its peak still reflected the sun's light, while the lower mountains were in shadow.

Pt/En The evening passed without anything special happening. Emily wanted it to end so she could get away from Count Morano's attention. When she looked at Count Morano, she thought of Valancourt. Sometimes, she sighed when she remembered Valancourt.

Pt/En Montoni discussed a future trip with Orsino. Orsino suggested they should wait and watch for the enemy. Verezzi strongly disagreed, saying Orsino lacked courage. Verezzi promised that if Montoni let him lead fifty men, he would defeat anyone who opposed them.

Pt/En Dorothee agreed to tell the story but asked if they could move away from the window.

Pt/En Finally, the travellers saw village lights appearing in the dim light. Soon after, they saw some houses in the valley. These houses were next to a stream that still shone with the evening light, and the houses could be seen reflected in the water.

Pt/En Several weeks went by with usual visits. Nothing important happened. Emily found the new places and people interesting, as they were very different from France. However, Count Morano often appeared, which bothered her. She might have liked his appearance and skills, but she was in love with Valancourt. Also, the Count paid too much attention to her, and she noticed things about his character that she did not like.

Pt/En Orsino and Montoni smiled. Verezzi continued speaking loudly, but Orsino stopped him with a point he could not answer, so Verezzi insulted him. Verezzi disliked Orsino's careful and quiet way of acting and had often argued with him. Montoni watched them both, understanding their different skills and how to use them for his plans. Verezzi, angry, called Orsino a coward. Orsino became very pale but said nothing, though Montoni saw him quickly put his hand inside his coat. Verezzi, whose face was red, did not notice this and kept talking about cowards to Cavigni, who was quietly laughing at Verezzi and Orsino's silent anger. Orsino moved back and took a dagger from his coat to stab Verezzi from behind. Montoni stopped his arm and, with a meaningful look, made him put the dagger away without anyone else seeing. Most of the others were busy talking by a window about a place for an ambush.

Pt/En Emily said that the cool air felt refreshing. She enjoyed the sounds of the wind in the woods and looking at the dark landscape. She also mentioned that they were talking about the Marquis when the music started.

Pt/En A stranger approached St. Aubert. St. Aubert asked more questions and learned there was no hotel or place for visitors. The stranger offered to look for a cottage for them. St. Aubert thanked him and decided to get off his carriage and walk with the stranger because the village was close. Emily followed in the carriage.

Pt/En Soon after arriving in Venice, Montoni got a letter from M. Quesnel. M. Quesnel wrote that his wife's uncle had died at his house. Because of this, M. Quesnel would soon take over the uncle's property and other things. Montoni was related to M. Quesnel's wife's family. Even though Montoni had no right to this property, he felt very envious when he read the letter.

Pt/En When Verezzi turned around, he saw the strong hatred on Orsino's face. This made him suspect Orsino's intention for the first time. Verezzi put his hand on his sword, but then seemed to change his mind and walked towards Montoni.

Pt/En The speaker explained that the Marquis became sadder and sadder, and his wife became sicker and sicker. One night, she became very ill. The speaker was called and was shocked by how much her face had changed. The lady asked for the Marquis to be called again, as she had something important to say to him. When he arrived, he seemed sorry but said little. The lady told him she felt she was dying and wanted to speak to him alone. The speaker left the room, remembering the Marquis's look.

Pt/En While walking, St. Aubert asked the stranger about his hunting. The stranger said he did not hunt much and was happy just to enjoy the countryside for a few weeks. He explained that his dogs were more for company than for hunting. He also said his clothes made him look like he had a purpose, which helped people respect him as a stranger.

Pt/En Emily noticed that Montoni was not kind to her aunt after they left France. He first ignored her aunt, and then he was always unfriendly and distant. Emily was very surprised by the marriage because she did not think Montoni would notice her aunt's faults or find

her interesting. She was shocked that he showed he disliked her aunt so openly. Montoni had been interested in Madame Cheron because he thought she was rich, but he was very disappointed by her actual, smaller fortune. He was also angry that she had hidden the truth about her money. He had tried to trick others, but he was tricked by a woman he thought was not very clever. He had given up his pride and freedom for her, but he was still in danger of ruin. Madame Montoni had arranged to keep most of her money for herself. Montoni took the rest, which was not enough for what he expected or needed. He sold it for cash to continue deceiving people in Venice and try to get back the money he had lost.

Pt/En A man spoke to the Signor, looking at Orsino. He said that they were not assassins. He offered his help for a dangerous mission, saying he would give his last drop of blood. He added that if the job was only for cowards, they should keep Orsino and let him leave Udolpho.

Pt/En When the speaker returned, she asked the Marquis about sending for a doctor, thinking he had forgotten. But the lady said it was too late. The Marquis did not seem to think her illness was serious until she had terrible pains and cried out. Then, the Marquis sent for a doctor and walked around the chateau in great distress. The speaker stayed with the lady, trying to help her. The lady had moments of relief and asked for the Marquis again. This time, she asked the speaker to stay. The speaker recalled a difficult scene where the lady acted with great kindness and tried to comfort the Marquis. This made him realize he had been wrong about her. He seemed very upset about how he had treated her, which caused her to faint.

Pt/En St. Aubert told the stranger he liked his idea and would enjoy spending a few weeks like that if he were younger. St. Aubert said he was also travelling, but he was looking for health and fun. He then asked the stranger if he knew a good road that had places to stay, as he planned to travel into Rousillon and along the coast to Languedoc.

Pt/En The information given to Valancourt about Montoni's character and financial situation was true. However, it would take more time and events to reveal all the details that were hinted at or not mentioned.

Pt/En Orsino became very angry and took out his dagger again. He ran towards Verezzi, who also moved forward with his sword. At that moment, Montoni and others stopped them and pulled them apart.

Pt/En They took the Marquis out of the room, and he went to his library, where he lay on the floor, refusing to listen to anyone. When the lady recovered consciousness, she asked for him. Later, she said she could not bear to see his sadness and wanted to die peacefully. She died in the speaker's arms, calmly, as the worst of her illness had passed.

Pt/En The stranger said he would help with any information he could. He suggested a road that went more to the east, leading to a town from where it would be easy to get to Rousillon.

Pt/En Madame Montoni did not accept insults calmly or react with dignity. Her wounded pride caused her to behave with great anger and bitterness, showing a lack of self-control. She refused to admit that her own dishonesty had caused Montoni to look down on her. Instead, she wrongly believed that she was the only one to be pitied and that Montoni was entirely to blame. Because she did not often think about what was right or wrong, she only understood moral rules when they were broken towards her. Montoni's contempt had already hurt her pride, and learning about his financial problems would hurt it even more. Although the furniture in their Venice house suggested the truth to some people, Madame Montoni, who refused to see reality, did not understand. She still thought of herself as very important, like a princess with a palace in Venice and a castle in the Apennine mountains. Montoni mentioned going to the castle di Udolpho for a short time to check its condition and collect rent. It seemed he had not visited for two years, and only an old servant, whom he called his steward, had lived there.

Pt/En Montoni told Verezzi that his actions were like a boy's, not a man's. He advised Verezzi to speak more calmly.

Pt/En Dorothee stopped speaking and cried, and Emily cried with her. Emily was very moved by the late Marchioness's kindness and her quiet patience while she suffered.

Pt/En They reached the village and looked for a place to sleep for the night. In many houses, they found people who were poor and seemed to have fun, but there were no beds. St. Aubert was tired of looking when Emily arrived. She saw her father was not well and was sad they had come to a place with no comforts for someone who was sick. Some other houses were basic, with animals in one room and a family of many children and parents sleeping on the floor in the second room. The air

was smoky and smelled of alcohol, as smugglers often visited. Emily was upset by these conditions. The stranger noticed St. Aubert's tiredness and offered his own bed. He said it was decent compared to the other places, but he would be embarrassed to offer it in different circumstances. St. Aubert was grateful but refused. The stranger insisted, saying he did not want St. Aubert, who was unwell, to sleep on skins while he slept in a bed. He also said St. Aubert's refusal hurt his pride, making him think his offer was not good enough. He offered to show St. Aubert the way and said he was sure his landlady could also find a place for Emily.

Pt/En Emily was happy to hear about the planned journey. She hoped it would give her new experiences and also allow her to escape Count Morano's constant attention. In the countryside, she would have time to think about Valancourt and feel sad when remembering him and the happy times at La Vallee, which reminded her of her parents. These memories were more comforting to her than fancy parties. They helped her forget her current problems and gave her hope for the future. They were like a beautiful, sunny scene seen through dark, rocky mountains.

Pt/En Verezzi replied that calmness was for cowards. He said that cowards were moderate in everything, except when they were afraid.

Pt/En Dorothee explained that the doctor arrived too late after the Marchioness died. He was shocked by her death and a dark colour that spread on her face. The doctor asked Dorothee questions about the Marchioness's illness and seemed to understand more than he said. Dorothee told her husband, but he advised her to stay silent. Other servants suspected something, and rumours circulated, but no one spoke openly. The Marquis was very sad after his wife's death and spent time alone with the doctor. The Marchioness was buried, and many people who had benefited from her kindness followed her funeral. The Marquis became very unhappy and sometimes acted violently. He soon left for the army, and most servants were dismissed. The chateau was left unfinished and closed up until the Count came.

Pt/En St. Aubert agreed to accept the stranger's help. He was a little surprised because the stranger offered the room to him, an old man, instead of Emily, a young woman. But Emily didn't think about herself. She smiled happily and showed she was very thankful that her father was chosen.

Pt/En Count Morano soon stopped being just politely attentive. He told Emily he loved her and proposed marriage to Montoni. Montoni agreed, but Emily refused him. With Montoni's support and his own strong belief in himself, Count Morano did not give up hope. Emily was shocked and very unhappy with his persistence, especially after she had clearly explained her feelings in a way that he could not misunderstand.

Pt/En Montoni told Verezzi that he accepted his words. He turned to Verezzi with an angry and proud look and took his sword out of its cover.

Pt/En Emily thought the Marchioness's death was strange and wanted to learn more, but she was hesitant to ask directly.

Pt/En On their way, the stranger, whose name was Valancourt, went ahead to speak to the hostess. She welcomed St. Aubert to a cottage that was better than others he had seen. The woman was happy to help the travellers, who soon had to take the only two beds available. They ate eggs and milk, but St. Aubert had brought extra food. He asked Valancourt to stay and eat with him, and Valancourt quickly agreed. They talked for an hour. St. Aubert was very pleased with Valancourt's honest and simple character, and his strong love for nature.

Pt/En Emily spent most of her time at Montoni's house. She ate dinner there often and went with Madame Montoni everywhere they went. This happened even though Emily was usually quiet. Her aunt and Montoni seemed very eager to arrange a marriage for her with the Count. Madame Montoni always insisted that Emily attend any event where the Count planned to be.

Pt/En Verezzi said he agreed with all his heart, but he explained that he did not mean his words for the person he was speaking to.

Pt/En Dorothee confirmed that the death was unusual. She said she had told Emily everything she saw and that Emily could guess her thoughts. Dorothee explained she could not say more to avoid upsetting the Count.

Pt/En Their conversation was stopped by a loud noise outside. Valancourt went to see what was happening. St. Aubert also went to check and found the muleteer arguing with the hostess. The hostess had refused to let the muleteer's mules sleep in a small room where she and her sons were going to sleep. The room was not very nice, but it was the

only place for these people. The hostess did not want the animals to sleep in the same room as her children. The muleteer was very upset. He felt his animals were not being treated well. He said his mules were good animals and deserved good treatment. He explained that they were usually calm, but once they had kicked a boy in the leg and broken it because they were provoked.

Pt/En Montoni did not mention his planned trip, which Emily was waiting to hear about. He was rarely home unless the Count or Signor Orsino visited. Montoni and Cavigni seemed to have a disagreement, even though Cavigni was still staying at his house. Montoni often met with Orsino privately for long discussions. These meetings seemed important because Montoni sometimes missed his favourite gambling time to stay home all night. Orsino's visits were more private than usual, which surprised and worried Emily. She had already seen parts of his character that he tried to hide. After these meetings, Montoni often seemed more thoughtful, sometimes lost in his thoughts, which made him look serious and even frightening. At other times, he seemed very energetic, as if preparing for a big plan. Emily watched these signs of his thoughts with great interest and some fear, knowing she was completely under his control. However, she did not tell Madame Montoni about her worries, as her aunt only saw her husband's usual sternness.

Pt/En Verezzi made a move towards Montoni. While they were fighting, the bad man Orsino tried to stab Verezzi again, but someone stopped him.

Pt/En Emily agreed that Dorothee was right to be careful. Dorothee mentioned the Marquis died in northern France. She was happy the Count was coming because the chateau had been sad and quiet for years. Strange noises were heard after the Marchioness died, so Dorothee and her husband moved to a nearby cottage. Dorothee reminded Emily of her promise to keep their conversation secret. Emily promised to be faithful and said she was very interested in the story. She asked Dorothee to name the man she thought was worthy of the Marchioness.

Pt/En The muleteer finished speaking by saying that his animals would share his food wherever he went.

Pt/En M. Quesnel sent a second letter. He announced that he and his wife had arrived at Villa Miarenti. He wrote about his success with a business matter in Italy and asked Montoni, his wife, and niece to visit his new property.

Pt/En The *fighters* were separated and, after a long and angry argument, they made peace. Then Montoni left the room with Orsino and they talked privately for a long time.

Pt/En Dorothee refused to name the man. She then pointed out Emily's resemblance to the late Marchioness. Dorothee mentioned another portrait of the Marchioness, painted before she married, which was in a closed-off part of the chateau and looked more like Emily. Emily wanted to see it. Dorothee was reluctant to open those rooms, but Emily reminded her the Count had considered opening them. Dorothee thought about this and agreed she would feel better going into the rooms with Emily first. She finally promised to show Emily the picture.

Pt/En Valancourt ended the argument. He spoke to the hostess privately and asked her to let the muleteer and his animals use the room. He said that her sons could use the bed made of skins, and he would sleep on a bench outside wrapped in his cloak. The hostess did not want to agree, but Valancourt was firm. Finally, the long argument was settled.

Pt/En Around the same time, Emily received a more important letter that made her feel better. Valancourt had sent a letter by regular post, hoping she was still in Venice. He wrote about his health and his constant, *worried* love for her. He had stayed in *Toulouse* after she left to sadly walk through places where he used to see her. Then he went to his brother's castle, which was near La Vallee. He explained that he would have stayed longer near La Vallee if his army duties *hadn't* required him to leave. He often rode there in the morning to spend the day walking around the places that were once her home, where he remembered seeing and talking to her. He had met the kind old Theresa again, who was happy to talk about Emily. Valancourt admitted he wanted to visit the castle and gardens where Emily had lived. He said he imagined her image everywhere there. He especially liked sitting under their favourite plane tree, where they had sat together and where he first told her he loved her. He remembered those moments with deep emotion, trying to see her through his tears, as peaceful and innocent as she seemed then. He wanted to hear her voice again, which had filled his heart with hope.

He leaned on the terrace wall, where they watched the river below, while he talked about the scenery but thought only of her. He wondered if those happy times were gone forever.

Pt/En Meanwhile, Emily was shocked by Montoni's last words. She forgot that he had said she must stay in the castle. She thought about her aunt, who Montoni had said was buried in the east turret. It seemed very cruel to her that Montoni had not buried his wife's body for so long.

Pt/En It was late at night, and Emily was too sad after hearing the story to visit the rooms. She asked Dorothee to come back the next night when they would not be seen. Emily wanted to see the portrait and the room where the Marchioness had died. Dorothee had said the room, including the bed and furniture, was still the same. Emily felt serious emotions because she was going to see the room. Her mood was sad because of a big disappointment. Happy things made her feel even sadder. She thought she was too sad about her bad luck, which she could not have prevented, and she felt unhappy about the man she once liked.

Pt/En It was late when St. Aubert and Emily went to their rooms. Valancourt stayed near the door outside because the weather was nice, and he liked it better than being inside. St. Aubert was surprised to find books by Homer, Horace, and Petrarch in his room. He saw Valancourt's name written inside them, so he knew they belonged to Valancourt.

Pt/En In another part of his letter, Valancourt explained that he had written it over several days, starting soon after Emily left France. He said writing was the only thing that helped him deal with his sadness and made her absence bearable. When he wrote to her, it felt like she was there. This writing was his main comfort, and he delayed sending the letter just to continue writing, even though it was useless until she received it. Whenever he felt very sad, he wrote to her and found comfort. When something happy happened, he shared it with her and felt happier himself. He described his letter as a picture of his life and thoughts for the past month. He believed it was interesting to him and hoped it would be to her, but others might find it unimportant. He explained that the deep feelings of the heart are hard to describe and can only be understood by experiencing them. Indifferent people miss these feelings, while those who care understand that descriptions are never perfect but show the

writer's sincerity and help ease their own pain. He asked Emily to forgive his self-focus because he was a lover.

Pt/En After thinking for a long time, Emily decided to ask for permission to visit the turret and see her aunt one last time. She went back to her room to wait for Annette to come with her. She tried to be brave for the difficult moment ahead, because she knew that remembering this last duty would make her feel better later, even though she was afraid.

Pt/En Dorothee promised to return the next night with the keys and wished Emily good sleep. Emily stayed by the window, thinking about the Marchioness's sad end and listening for music. But it was quiet, except for the wind in the trees and the convent bell. Emily left the window and sat by her bed, feeling sad and lonely. Suddenly, she heard strange noises from a nearby room or a room downstairs. The terrible story and the strange events at the castle had frightened her, and she felt superstitious for a moment. The noises stopped, and she went to sleep to forget the sad story.

Pt/En Valancourt wrote that he had heard some news that ruined his happy dreams. He said this news would make him want to return to his army regiment. He explained that La Vallee had been rented out. He believed the person he was writing to did not know about this. Theresa had told him she was sad to leave her mistress and the house where she had lived happily for many years. She said she was leaving without any letter from Mademoiselle to make the news easier. She thought that M. Quesnel was responsible and that Mademoiselle might not even know what was happening.

Pt/En Annette arrived, and Emily told her why she was there. Annette tried to stop Emily, but she did not succeed. It was difficult to convince Annette to go with Emily to the turret, but Annette still refused to enter the room where someone had died.

Pt/En Theresa also said that she had received a letter from M. Quesnel. The letter told her that the house was rented and that her job was finished. She had to leave the place one week later, when the new renters would arrive.

Pt/En They left the corridor and reached the stairs Emily had climbed before. Annette said she would not go any further, so Emily continued

alone. When Emily saw the [bloodstain](#) again, she felt weak and had to rest on the stairs. She almost decided not to go on, but after a short rest, she felt determined again and kept going.

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CHAPTER I

PT home is the resort Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends And dear relations mingle into
bliss.* *Thomson

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

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

PT 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 rend our ancient love asunder? MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM

PT On the pleasant banks of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony,
stood, in the year 1584, the chateau of Monsieur St. Aubert. From its
windows were seen the pastoral landscapes of Guienne and Gascony
stretching along the river, gay with luxuriant woods and vine, and
plantations of olives. To the south, the view was bounded by the majestic
Pyrenees, whose summits, veiled in clouds, or exhibiting awful forms,
seen, and lost again, as the partial vapours rolled along, were sometimes
barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes
frowned with forests of gloomy pine, that swept downward to their base.
These tremendous precipices were contrasted by the soft green of the
pastures and woods that hung upon their skirts; among whose flocks, and
herds, and simple cottages, the eye, after having scaled the cliffs above,
delighted to repose. To the north, and to the east, the plains of Guienne
and Languedoc were lost in the mist of distance; on the west, Gascony
was bounded by the waters of Biscay.

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

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

PT Emily was somewhat surprised, on the following day, to find that Annette had heard of Madame Montoni's confinement in the chamber over the portal, as well as of her purposed visit there, on the approaching night. That the circumstance, which Barnardine had so solemnly enjoined her to conceal, he had himself told to so indiscreet an hearer as Annette, appeared very improbable, though he had now charged her with a message, concerning the intended interview. He requested, that Emily would meet him, unattended, on the terrace, at a little after midnight, when he himself would lead her to the place he had promised; a proposal, from which she immediately shrunk, for a thousand vague fears darted athwart her mind, such as had tormented her on the preceding night, and which she neither knew how to trust, or to dismiss. It frequently occurred to her, that Barnardine might have deceived her, concerning Madame Montoni, whose murderer, perhaps, he really was; and that he had deceived her by order of Montoni, the more easily to draw her into some of the desperate designs of the latter. The terrible suspicion, that Madame Montoni no longer lived, thus came, accompanied by one not less dreadful for herself. Unless the crime, by which the aunt had suffered, was instigated merely by resentment, unconnected with profit, a motive, upon which Montoni did not appear very likely to act, its object must be unattained, till the niece was also dead, to whom Montoni knew that his wife's estates must descend. Emily remembered the words, which had informed her, that the contested estates in France would devolve to her, if Madame Montoni died, without consigning them to her

husband, and the former obstinate perseverance of her aunt made it too probable, that she had, to the last, withheld them. At this instant, recollecting Barnardine's manner, on the preceding night, she now believed, what she had then fancied, that it expressed malignant triumph. She shuddered at the recollection, which confirmed her fears, and determined not to meet him on the terrace. Soon after, she was inclined to consider these suspicions as the extravagant exaggerations of a timid and harassed mind, and could not believe Montoni liable to such preposterous depravity as that of destroying, from one motive, his wife and her niece. She blamed herself for suffering her romantic imagination to carry her so far beyond the bounds of probability, and determined to endeavour to check its rapid flights, lest they should sometimes extend into madness. Still, however, she shrunk from the thought of meeting Barnardine, on the terrace, at midnight; and still the wish to be relieved from this terrible suspense, concerning her aunt, to see her, and to sooth her sufferings, made her hesitate what to do.

PT 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 imagined 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.

PT M. St. Aubert loved to wander, with his wife and daughter, on the margin of the Garonne, and to listen to the music that floated on its waves. He had known life in other forms than those of pastoral simplicity, having mingled in the gay and in the busy scenes of the world; but the flattering portrait of mankind, which his heart had delineated in early youth, his experience had too sorrowfully corrected. Yet, amidst the changing visions of life, his principles remained unshaken, his benevolence unchilled; and he retired from the multitude 'more in PITY than in anger,' to scenes of simple nature, to the pure delights of literature, and to the exercise of domestic virtues.

PT The windows of this room opened upon the garden. As Emily passed them, she saw the spot where she had parted with Valancourt on

the preceding night: the remembrance pressed heavily on her heart, and she turned hastily away from the object that had awakened it.

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

PT 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.

PT He was a descendant from the younger branch of an illustrious family, and it was designed, that the deficiency of his patrimonial wealth should be supplied either by a splendid alliance in marriage, or by success in the intrigues of public affairs. But St. Aubert had too nice a sense of honour to fulfil the latter hope, and too small a portion of ambition to sacrifice what he called happiness, to the attainment of wealth. After the death of his father he married a very amiable woman, his equal in birth, and not his superior in fortune. The late Monsieur St. Aubert's liberality, or extravagance, had so much involved his affairs, that his son found it necessary to dispose of a part of the family domain, and, some years after his marriage, he sold it to Monsieur Quesnel, the brother of his wife, and retired to a small estate in Gascony, where conjugal felicity, and parental duties, divided his attention with the treasures of knowledge and the illuminations of genius.

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

PT 'O ma'amselle! that is well thought of,' replied Annette. 'That is what Barnardine told me about. He gave me this key, and bade me say it unlocks the door at the end of the vaulted gallery, that opens near the end of the east rampart, so that you need not pass any of the men on watch. He bade me say, too, that his reason for requesting you to come to the terrace was, because he could take you to the place you want to go to, without opening the great doors of the hall, which grate so heavily.'

PT 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 emotions, with which he was agitated.

PT To this spot he had been attached from his infancy. He had often made excursions to it when a boy, and the impressions of delight given to his mind by the homely kindness of the grey-headed peasant, to whom it was intrusted, and whose fruit and cream never failed, had not been obliterated by succeeding circumstances. The green pastures along which he had so often bounded in the exultation of health, and youthful freedom—the woods, under whose refreshing shade he had first indulged that pensive melancholy, which afterwards made a strong feature of his character—the wild walks of the mountains, the river, on whose waves he had floated, and the distant plains, which seemed boundless as his early hopes—were never after remembered by St. Aubert but with enthusiasm and regret. At length he disengaged himself from the world, and retired hither, to realize the wishes of many years.

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

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

PT 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 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.'

PT The building, as it then stood, was merely a summer cottage, rendered interesting to a stranger by its neat simplicity, or the beauty of the surrounding scene; and considerable additions were necessary to make it a comfortable family residence. St. Aubert felt a kind of affection for every part of the fabric, which he remembered in his youth, and would not suffer a stone of it to be removed, so that the new building, adapted to the style of the old one, formed with it only a simple and elegant residence. The taste of Madame St. Aubert was conspicuous in its internal finishing, where the same chaste simplicity was observable in the furniture, and in the few ornaments of the apartments, that characterized the manners of its inhabitants.

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

PT 'Why that was what I asked him myself, ma'amselle. Says I, Why is my young lady to come alone?—Surely I may come with her!—What harm can I do? But he said "No—no—I tell you not," in his gruff way. Nay, says I, I have been trusted in as great affairs as this, I warrant, and it's a hard matter if I can't keep a secret now. Still he would say nothing but—"No—no—no." Well, says I, if you will only trust me, I will tell you a great secret, that was told me a month ago, and I have never opened my lips about it yet—so you need not be afraid of telling me. But all would not do. Then, ma'amselle, I went so far as to offer him a beautiful new sequin, that Ludovico gave me for a keep sake, and I would not have parted with it for all St. Marco's Place; but even that would not do! Now what can be the reason of this? But I know, you know, ma'am, who you are going to see.'

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

PT The library occupied the west side of the chateau, and was enriched by a collection of the best books in the ancient and modern languages. This room opened upon a grove, which stood on the brow of a gentle declivity, that fell towards the river, and the tall trees gave it a melancholy and pleasing shade; while from the windows the eye caught, beneath the spreading branches, the gay and luxuriant landscape

stretching to the west, and overlooked on the left by the bold precipices of the Pyrenees. Adjoining the library was a green-house, stored with scarce and beautiful plants; for one of the amusements of St. Aubert was the study of botany, and among the neighbouring mountains, which afforded a luxurious feast to the mind of the naturalist, he often passed the day in the pursuit of his favourite science. He was sometimes accompanied in these little excursions by Madame St. Aubert, and frequently by his daughter; when, with a small osier basket to receive plants, and another filled with cold refreshments, such as the cabin of the shepherd did not afford, they wandered away among the most romantic and magnificent scenes, nor suffered the charms of Nature's lowly children to abstract them from the observance of her stupendous works. When weary of sauntering among cliffs that seemed scarcely accessible but to the steps of the enthusiast, and where no track appeared on the vegetation, but what the foot of the izard had left; they would seek one of those green recesses, which so beautifully adorn the bosom of these mountains, where, under the shade of the lofty larch, or cedar, they enjoyed their simple repast, made sweeter by the waters of the cool stream, that crept along the turf, and by the breath of wild flowers and aromatic plants, that fringed the rocks, and inlaid the grass.

PT Another object soon caught her attention. She had scarcely looked at a person who walked along the bank, with his hat, in which was the military feather, drawn over his eyes, before, at the sound of wheels, he suddenly turned, and she perceived that it was Valancourt himself, who waved his hand, sprung into the road, and through the window of the carriage put a letter into her hand. He endeavoured to smile through the despair that overspread his countenance as she passed on. The remembrance of that smile seemed impressed on Emily's mind for ever. She leaned from the window, and saw him on a knoll of the broken bank, leaning against the high trees that waved over him, and pursuing the carriage with his eyes. He waved his hand, and she continued to gaze till distance confused his figure, and at length another turn of the road entirely separated him from her sight.

PT 'Pray did Barnardine tell you this?'

PT '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?'

PT Adjoining the eastern side of the green-house, looking towards the plains of Languedoc, was a room, which Emily called hers, and which contained her books, her drawings, her musical instruments, with some favourite birds and plants. Here she usually exercised herself in elegant arts, cultivated only because they were congenial to her taste, and in which native genius, assisted by the instructions of Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert, made her an early proficient. The windows of this room were particularly pleasant; they descended to the floor, and, opening upon the little lawn that surrounded the house, the eye was led between groves of almond, palm-trees, flowering-ash, and myrtle, to the distant landscape, where the Garonne wandered.

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

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

PT 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 raised his eyes 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!'

PT The peasants of this gay climate were often seen on an evening, when the day's labour was done, dancing in groups on the margin of the river. Their sprightly melodies, debonnaire steps, the fanciful figure of their dances, with the tasteful and capricious manner in which the girls adjusted their simple dress, gave a character to the scene entirely French.

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

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

PT 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.'

PT The front of the chateau, which, having a southern aspect, opened upon the grandeur of the mountains, was occupied on the ground floor by a rustic hall, and two excellent sitting rooms. The first floor, for the cottage had no second story, was laid out in bed-chambers, except one apartment that opened to a balcony, and which was generally used for a breakfast-room.

PT It is unnecessary to say with what emotion Emily, on this evening, watched the declining sun, over a long extent of plains, on which she saw it set without interruption, and sink towards the province which Valancourt

inhabited. After this hour her mind became far more tranquil and resigned, than it had been since the marriage of Montoni and her aunt.

PT During the remainder of the day, Emily's mind was agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the subject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and submitting herself to his guidance, she scarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt and anxiety for herself alternately swayed her determination, and night came, before she had decided upon her conduct. She heard the castle clock strike eleven—twelve—and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come, when she could hesitate no longer: and then the interest she felt for her aunt overcame other considerations, and, bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, she descended from her chamber. The castle was perfectly still, and the great hall, where so lately she had witnessed a scene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whispering footsteps of the two solitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long shadows of the pillars and by the catching lights between, often stopped, imagining she saw some person, moving in the distant obscurity of the perspective; and, as she passed these pillars, she feared to turn her eyes toward them, almost expecting to see a figure start out from behind their broad shaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery, without interruption, but unclosed its outer door with a trembling hand, and, charging Annette not to quit it and to keep it a little open, that she might be heard if she called, she delivered to her the lamp, which she did not dare to take herself because of the men on watch, and, alone, stepped out upon the dark terrace. Every thing was so still, that she feared, lest her own light steps should be heard by the distant sentinels, and she walked cautiously towards the spot, where she had before met Barnardine, listening for a sound, and looking onward through the gloom in search of him. At length, she was startled by a deep voice, that spoke near her, and she paused, uncertain whether it was his, till it spoke again, and she then recognized the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place, resting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming sooner, and saying, that he had been waiting nearly half an hour, he desired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door, through which he had entered the terrace.

PT 'Once loved!'cried he,—'the same—the same!'He paused in extreme emotion, 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!'

PT In the surrounding ground, St. Aubert had made very tasteful improvements; yet, such was his attachment to objects he had remembered from his boyish days, that he had in some instances sacrificed taste to sentiment. There were two old larches that shaded the building, and interrupted the prospect; St. Aubert had sometimes declared that he believed he should have been weak enough to have wept at their fall. In addition to these larches he planted a little grove of beech, pine, and mountain-ash. On a lofty terrace, formed by the swelling bank of the river, rose a plantation of orange, lemon, and palm-trees, whose fruit, in the coolness of evening, breathed delicious fragrance. With these were mingled a few trees of other species. Here, under the ample shade of a plane-tree, that spread its majestic canopy towards the river, St. Aubert loved to sit in the fine evenings of summer, with his wife and children, watching, beneath its foliage, the setting sun, the mild splendour of its light fading from the distant landscape, till the shadows of twilight melted its various features into one tint of sober grey. Here, too, he loved to read, and to converse with Madame St. Aubert; or to play with his children, resigning himself to the influence of those sweet affections, which are ever attendant on simplicity and nature. He has often said, while tears of pleasure trembled in his eyes, that these were moments infinitely more delightful than any passed amid the brilliant and tumultuous scenes that are courted by the world. His heart was occupied; it had, what can be so rarely said, no wish for a happiness beyond what it experienced. The consciousness of acting right diffused a serenity over his manners, which nothing else could impart to a man of moral perceptions like his, and which refined his sense of every surrounding blessing.

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

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

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

PT 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.

PT The deepest shade of twilight did not send him from his favourite plane-tree. He loved the soothing hour, when the last tints of light die away; when the stars, one by one, tremble through aether, and are reflected on the dark mirror of the waters; that hour, which, of all others, inspires the mind with pensive tenderness, and often elevates it to sublime contemplation. When the moon shed her soft rays among the foliage, he still lingered, and his pastoral supper of cream and fruits was

often spread beneath it. Then, on the stillness of night, came the song of the nightingale, breathing sweetness, and awakening melancholy.

PT With what emotions of sublimity, softened by tenderness, did she meet Valancourt in thought, at the customary hour of sun-set, when, wandering among the Alps, she watched the glorious orb sink amid their summits, his last tints die away on their snowy points, and a solemn obscurity steal over the scene! And when the last gleam had faded, she turned her eyes from the west with somewhat of the melancholy regret that is experienced after the departure of a beloved friend; while these lonely feelings were heightened by the spreading gloom, and by the low sounds, heard only when darkness confines attention, which make the general stillness more impressive—leaves shook by the air, the last sigh of the breeze that lingers after sun-set, or the murmur of distant streams.

PT He then took up the torch, and led her along the passage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they descended, a few steps, into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily observed to be in ruins, and she immediately recollected a former conversation of Annette, concerning it, with very unpleasant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almost roofless walls, green with damps, and on the gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and the briony had long supplied the place of glass, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of some columns, that had once supported the roof. Barnardine stumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a sudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes, that made it more terrific. Emily's heart sunk; but she still followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal aisle of the chapel. 'Down these steps, lady,' said Barnardine, as he descended a flight, which appeared to lead into the vaults; but Emily paused on the top, and demanded, in a tremulous tone, whither he was conducting her.

PT Valancourt, meanwhile, lost in emotions 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.

PT The first interruptions to the happiness he had known since his retirement, were occasioned by the death of his two sons. He lost them at that age when infantine simplicity is so fascinating; and though, in consideration of Madame St. Aubert's distress, he restrained the

expression of his own, and endeavoured to bear it, as he meant, with philosophy, he had, in truth, no philosophy that could render him calm to such losses. One daughter was now his only surviving child; and, while he watched the unfolding of her infant character, with anxious fondness, he endeavoured, with unremitting effort, to counteract those traits in her disposition, which might hereafter lead her from happiness. She had discovered in her early years uncommon delicacy of mind, warm affections, and ready benevolence; but with these was observable a degree of susceptibility too exquisite to admit of lasting peace. As she advanced in youth, this sensibility gave a pensive tone to her spirits, and a softness to her manner, which added grace to beauty, and rendered her a very interesting object to persons of a congenial disposition. But St. Aubert had too much good sense to prefer a charm to a virtue; and had penetration enough to see, that this charm was too dangerous to its possessor to be allowed the character of a blessing. He endeavoured, therefore, to strengthen her mind; to enure her to habits of self-command; to teach her to reject the first impulse of her feelings, and to look, with cool examination, upon the disappointments he sometimes threw in her way. While he instructed her to resist first impressions, and to acquire that steady dignity of mind, that can alone counterbalance the passions, and bear us, as far as is compatible with our nature, above the reach of circumstances, he taught himself a lesson of fortitude; for he was often obliged to witness, with seeming indifference, the tears and struggles which his caution occasioned her.

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

PT 'To the portal,' said Barnardine.

PT '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 forever.—We must part, I now see you for the last time.'

PT In person, Emily resembled her mother; having the same elegant symmetry of form, the same delicacy of features, and the same blue eyes, full of tender sweetness. But, lovely as was her person, it was the varied expression of her countenance, as conversation awakened the nicer emotions of her mind, that threw such a captivating grace around her:

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

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

PT 'Impossible!' cried Valancourt, roused from his deep silence, 'You cannot mean what you say!—you cannot mean to throw me from you forever!'

PT Those tend'rer tints, that shun the careless eye, And, in the world's contagious circle, die.

PT As she descended on the Italian side, the precipices became still more tremendous, and the prospects still more wild and majestic, over which the shifting lights threw all the pomp of colouring. Emily delighted to observe the snowy tops of the mountains under the passing influence of the day, blushing with morning, glowing with the brightness of noon, or just tinted with the purple evening. The haunt of man could now only be discovered by the simple hut of the shepherd and the hunter, or by the rough pine bridge thrown across the torrent, to assist the latter in his chase of the chamois over crags where, but for this vestige of man, it would have been believed only the chamois or the wolf dared to venture. As Emily gazed upon one of these perilous bridges, with the cataract foaming beneath it, some images came to her mind, which she afterwards combined in the following

PT 'No, Signora, that leads to the inner court, which I don't choose to unlock. This way, and we shall reach the outer court presently.'

PT 'We must part,' repeated Emily, with emphasis, —'and that forever! Your own conduct has made this necessary.'

PT St. Aubert cultivated her understanding with the most scrupulous care. He gave her a general view of the sciences, and an exact acquaintance with every part of elegant literature. He taught her Latin and English, chiefly that she might understand the sublimity of their best poets. She discovered in her early years a taste for works of genius; and it was St. Aubert's principle, as well as his inclination, to promote every innocent means of happiness. 'A well-informed mind,' he would say, 'is the best security against the contagion of folly and of vice. The vacant mind is ever on the watch for relief, and ready to plunge into error, to escape from the languor of idleness. Store it with ideas, teach it the pleasure of thinking; and the temptations of the world without, will be counteracted by the gratifications derived from the world within. Thought, and cultivation, are necessary equally to the happiness of a country and a city life; in the first they prevent the uneasy sensations of indolence, and afford a sublime pleasure in the taste they create for the beautiful, and the grand; in the latter, they make dissipation less an object of necessity, and consequently of interest.'

PT STORIED SONNET The weary traveller, who, all night long, Has climb'd among the Alps'tremendous steeps, Skirting the pathless precipice, where throng Wild forms of danger; as he onward creeps If, chance, his anxious eye at distance sees The mountain-shepherd's solitary home, Peeping from forth the moon-illumin'd trees, What sudden transports to his bosom come! But, if between some hideous chasm yawn, Where the cleft pine a doubtful bridge displays, In dreadful silence, on the brink, forlorn He stands, and views in the faint rays Far, far below, the torrent's rising surge, And listens to the wild impetuous roar; Still eyes the depth, still shudders on the verge, Fears to return, nor dares to venture o'er. Desperate, at length the tottering plank he tries, His weak steps slide, he shrieks, he sinks—he dies!

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

PT '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.

PT It was one of Emily's earliest pleasures to ramble among the scenes of nature; nor was it in the soft and glowing landscape that she most delighted; she loved more the wild wood-walks, that skirted the mountain; and still more the mountain's stupendous recesses, where the silence and grandeur of solitude impressed a sacred awe upon her heart, and lifted her thoughts to the GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH. In scenes like these she would often linger along, wrapt in a melancholy charm, till the last gleam of day faded from the west; till the lonely sound of a sheep-bell, or the distant bark of a watch-dog, were all that broke on the stillness of the evening. Then, the gloom of the woods; the trembling of their leaves, at intervals, in the breeze; the bat, flitting on the twilight; the cottage-lights, now seen, and now lost—were circumstances that awakened her mind into effort, and led to enthusiasm and poetry.

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

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

PT '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.'

PT Her favourite walk was to a little fishing-house, belonging to St. Aubert, in a woody glen, on the margin of a rivulet that descended from the Pyrenees, and, after foaming among their rocks, wound its silent way beneath the shades it reflected. Above the woods, that screened this glen, rose the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, which often burst boldly on the eye through the glades below. Sometimes the shattered face of a rock only was seen, crowned with wild shrubs; or a shepherd's cabin seated on a cliff, overshadowed by dark cypress, or waving ash. Emerging from the deep recesses of the woods, the glade opened to the distant landscape, where the rich pastures and vine-covered slopes of Gascony gradually declined to the plains; and there, on the winding shores of the Garonne, groves, and hamlets, and villas—their outlines softened by distance, melted from the eye into one rich harmonious tint.

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

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

PT 'Your future peace requires, that we should part—part forever!' said Valancourt, 'How little did I ever expect to hear you say so!'

PT This, too, was the favourite retreat of St. Aubert, to which he frequently withdrew from the fervour of noon, with his wife, his daughter, and his books; or came at the sweet evening hour to welcome the silent dusk, or to listen for the music of the nightingale. Sometimes, too, he brought music of his own, and awakened every fairy echo with the tender accents of his oboe; and often have the tones of Emily's voice drawn sweetness from the waves, over which they trembled.

PT Madame Montoni only shuddered as she looked down precipices near whose edge the chairmen trotted lightly and swiftly, almost, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears

were mingled such various emotions of delight, such admiration, astonishment, and awe, as she had never experienced before.

PT 'To the portal,' repeated Barnardine, in an angry tone, 'I will wait no longer.' As he said this, he moved on with the light, and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the steps, they proceeded through a passage, adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholesome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn so dimly, that Emily expected every moment to see it extinguished, and Barnardine could scarcely find his way. As they advanced, these vapours thickened, and Barnardine, believing the torch was expiring, stopped for a moment to trim it. As he then rested against a pair of iron gates, that opened from the passage, Emily saw, by uncertain flashes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that seemed to surround an open grave. Such an object, in such a scene, would, at any time, have disturbed her; but now she was shocked by an instantaneous presentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herself to destruction. The obscure and terrible place, to which he had conducted her, seemed to justify the thought; it was a place suited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no vestige appear to proclaim it. Emily was so overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, she was unable to determine what conduct to pursue. She then considered, that it would be vain to attempt an escape from Barnardine, by flight, since the length and the intricacy of the way she had passed would soon enable him to overtake her, who was unacquainted with the turnings, and whose feebleness would not suffer her to run long with swiftness. She feared equally to irritate him by a disclosure of her suspicions, which a refusal to accompany him further certainly would do; and, since she was already as much in his power as it was possible she could be, if she proceeded, she, at length, determined to suppress, as far as she could, the appearance of apprehension, and to follow silently whither he designed to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, she now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and, as her sight glanced again upon the grave, she could not forbear enquiring, for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without speaking. She faintly repeated the question, but the man, shaking the torch, passed on; and she followed, trembling, to a second flight of steps, having ascended

which, a door delivered them into the first court of the castle. As they crossed it, the light shewed the high black walls around them, fringed with long grass and dank weeds, that found a scanty soil among the mouldering stones; the heavy buttresses, with, here and there, between them, a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court, the massy iron gates, that led to the castle, whose clustering turrets appeared above, and, opposite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itself. In this scene the large, uncouth person of Barnardine, bearing the torch, formed a characteristic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which scarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or sandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and shewed only the point of a broad sword, which he usually wore, slung in a belt across his shoulders. On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, somewhat resembling a turban, in which was a short feather; the visage beneath it shewed strong features, and a countenance furrowed with the lines of cunning and darkened by habitual discontent.

PT '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!'

PT It was in one of these excursions to this spot, that she observed the following lines written with a pencil on a part of the wainscot:

PT Meanwhile the carriers, having come to a landing-place, stopped to rest, and the travellers being seated on the point of a cliff, Montoni and Cavigni renewed a dispute concerning Hannibal's passage over the Alps, Montoni contending that he entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis, and Cavigni, that he passed over Mount St. Bernard. The subject brought to Emily's imagination the disasters he had suffered in this bold and perilous adventure. She saw his vast armies winding among the defiles, and over the tremendous cliffs of the mountains, which at night were lighted up by his fires, or by the torches which he caused to be carried when he pursued his indefatigable march. In the eye of fancy, she perceived the gleam of arms through the duskiness of night, the glitter of spears and helmets, and the banners floating dimly on the twilight; while now and then the blast of a distant trumpet echoed along the defile, and the signal was answered by a momentary clash of arms. She looked with horror upon the mountaineers, perched on the higher cliffs, assailing the troops

below with broken fragments of the mountain; on soldiers and elephants tumbling headlong down the lower precipices; and, as she listened to the rebounding rocks, that followed their fall, the terrors of fancy yielded to those of reality, and she shuddered to behold herself on the dizzy height, whence she had pictured the descent of others.

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

PT 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.

PT SONNET Go, pencil! faithful to thy master's sighs! Go—tell the Goddess of the fairy scene, When next her light steps wind these wood-walks green, Whence all his tears, his tender sorrows, rise; Ah! paint her form, her soul-illumin'd eyes, The sweet expression of her pensive face, The light'ning smile, the animated grace— The portrait well the lover's voice supplies; Speaks all his heart must feel, his tongue would say: Yet ah! not all his heart must sadly feel! How oft the flow'ret's silken leaves conceal The drug that steals the vital spark away! And who that gazes on that angel-smile, Would fear its charm, or think it could beguile!

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

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

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

PT 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.

PT These lines were not inscribed to any person; Emily therefore could not apply them to herself, though she was undoubtedly the nymph of these shades. Having glanced round the little circle of her acquaintance without being detained by a suspicion as to whom they could be addressed, she was compelled to rest in uncertainty; an uncertainty which would have been more painful to an idle mind than it was to hers. She had no leisure to suffer this circumstance, trifling at first, to swell into importance by frequent remembrance. The little vanity it had excited (for the incertitude which forbade her to presume upon having inspired the sonnet, forbade her also to disbelieve it) passed away, and the incident was dismissed from her thoughts amid her books, her studies, and the exercise of social charities.

PT The travellers, as they descended, gradually, exchanged the region of winter for the genial warmth and beauty of spring. The sky began to assume that serene and beautiful tint peculiar to the climate of Italy; patches of young verdure, fragrant shrubs and flowers looked gaily among the rocks, often fringing their rugged brows, or hanging in tufts

from their broken sides; and the buds of the oak and mountain ash were expanding into foliage. Descending lower, the orange and the myrtle, every now and then, appeared in some sunny nook, with their yellow blossoms peeping from among the dark green of their leaves, and mingling with the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate and the paler ones of the arbutus, that ran mantling to the crags above; while, lower still, spread the pastures of Piedmont, where early flocks were cropping the luxuriant herbage of spring.

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

PT Valancourt, returning to the chair beside her, at length, said, in a calm 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.'

PT Soon after this period, her anxiety was awakened by the indisposition of her father, who was attacked with a fever; which, though not thought to be of a dangerous kind, gave a severe shock to his constitution. Madame St. Aubert and Emily attended him with unremitting care; but his recovery was very slow, and, as he advanced towards health, Madame seemed to decline.

PT The river Doria, which, rising on the summit of Mount Cenis, had dashed for many leagues over the precipices that bordered the road, now began to assume a less impetuous, though scarcely less romantic character, as it approached the green vallies of Piedmont, into which the travellers descended with the evening sun; and Emily found herself once more amid the tranquil beauty of pastoral scenery; among flocks and herds, and slopes tufted with woods of lively verdure and with beautiful shrubs, such as she had often seen waving luxuriantly over the alps above. The verdure of the pasturage, now varied with the hues of early flowers, among which were yellow ranunculuses and pansy violets of delicious fragrance, she had never seen excelled.—Emily almost wished to become a peasant of Piedmont, to inhabit one of the pleasant embowered cottages which she saw peeping beneath the cliffs, and to

pass her careless hours among these romantic landscapes. To the hours, the months, she was to pass under the dominion of Montoni, she looked with apprehension; while those which were departed she remembered with regret and sorrow.

PT 'She lies in the upper chamber,' said Barnardine.

PT 'There are too many probabilities against that hope,' said Emily, 'to justify 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?'

PT The first scene he visited, after he was well enough to take the air, was his favourite fishing-house. A basket of provisions was sent thither, with books, and Emily's lute; for fishing-tackle he had no use, for he never could find amusement in torturing or destroying.

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

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

PT '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!'

PT After employing himself, for about an hour, in botanizing, dinner was served. It was a repast, to which gratitude, for being again permitted to visit this spot, gave sweetness; and family happiness once more smiled beneath these shades. Monsieur St. Aubert conversed with unusual cheerfulness; every object delighted his senses. The refreshing pleasure from the first view of nature, after the pain of illness, and the confinement of a sick-chamber, is above the conceptions, as well as the descriptions, of those in health. The green woods and pastures; the flowery turf; the blue concave of the heavens; the balmy air; the murmur of the limpid stream; and even the hum of every little insect of the shade, seem to revivify the soul, and make mere existence bliss.

PT The travellers, passing Novalesa, reached, after the evening had closed, the small and antient town of Susa, which had formerly guarded this pass of the Alps into Piedmont. The heights which command it had, since the invention of artillery, rendered its fortifications useless; but these romantic heights, seen by moon-light, with the town below, surrounded by its walls and watchtowers, and partially illumined, exhibited an interesting picture to Emily. Here they rested for the night at an inn, which had little accommodation to boast of; but the travellers brought with them the hunger that gives delicious flavour to the coarsest viands, and the weariness that ensures repose; and here Emily first caught a strain of Italian music, on Italian ground. As she sat after supper at a little window, that opened upon the country, observing an effect of the moon-light on the broken surface of the mountains, and remembering that on such a night as this she once had sat with her father and Valancourt, resting upon a cliff of the Pyrenees, she heard from below the long-drawn notes of a violin, of such tone and delicacy of expression, as harmonized exactly with the tender emotions she was indulging, and both charmed and surprised her. Cavigni, who approached the window, smiled at her surprise. 'This is nothing extraordinary,' said he, 'you will hear the same, perhaps, at every inn on our way. It is one of our landlord's family who plays, I doubt not,' Emily, as she listened, thought he could be scarcely less than a professor of music whom she heard; and the sweet and plaintive strains soon lulled her into a reverie, from which she was

very unwillingly roused by the raillery of Cavigni, and by the voice of Montoni, who gave orders to a servant to have the carriages ready at an early hour on the following morning; and added, that he meant to dine at Turin.

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

PT '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.'

PT Madame St. Aubert, reanimated by the cheerfulness and recovery of her husband, was no longer sensible of the indisposition which had lately oppressed her; and, as she sauntered along the wood-walks of this romantic glen, and conversed with him, and with her daughter, she often looked at them alternately with a degree of tenderness, that filled her eyes with tears. St. Aubert observed this more than once, and gently reproved her for the emotion; but she could only smile, clasp his hand, and that of Emily, and weep the more. He felt the tender enthusiasm stealing upon himself in a degree that became almost painful; his features assumed a serious air, and he could not forbear secretly sighing—'Perhaps I shall some time look back to these moments, as to the summit of my happiness, with hopeless regret. But let me not misuse them by useless anticipation; let me hope I shall not live to mourn the loss of those who are dearer to me than life.'

PT Madame Montoni was exceedingly rejoiced to be once more on level ground; and, after giving a long detail of the various terrors she had suffered, which she forgot that she was describing to the companions of her dangers, she added a hope, that she should soon be beyond the view of these horrid mountains, 'which all the world,' said she, 'should not tempt

me to cross again.' Complaining of fatigue she soon retired to rest, and Emily withdrew to her own room, when she understood from Annette, her aunt's woman, that Cavigni was nearly right in his conjecture concerning the musician, who had awakened the violin with so much taste, for that he was the son of a peasant inhabiting the neighbouring valley. 'He is going to the Carnival at Venice,' added Annette, 'for they say he has a fine hand at playing, and will get a world of money; and the Carnival is just going to begin: but for my part, I should like to live among these pleasant woods and hills, better than in a town; and they say Ma'moiselle, we shall see no woods, or hills, or fields, at Venice, for that it is built in the very middle of the sea.'

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

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

PT To relieve, or perhaps to indulge, the pensive temper of his mind, he bade Emily fetch the lute she knew how to touch with such sweet pathos. As she drew near the fishing-house, she was surprised to hear the tones of the instrument, which were awakened by the hand of taste, and uttered a plaintive air, whose exquisite melody engaged all her attention. She listened in profound silence, afraid to move from the spot, lest the sound of her steps should occasion her to lose a note of the music, or should disturb the musician. Every thing without the building was still, and no person appeared. She continued to listen, till timidity

succeeded to surprise and delight; a timidity, increased by a remembrance of the pencilled lines she had formerly seen, and she hesitated whether to proceed, or to return.

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

PT 'I am not so sure of that,' said Barnardine, pointing to the room he had opened: 'Come in here, lady, while I step up.'

PT 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.

PT While she paused, the music ceased; and, after a momentary hesitation, she re-collected courage to advance to the fishing-house, which she entered with faltering steps, and found unoccupied! Her lute lay on the table; every thing seemed undisturbed, and she began to believe it was another instrument she had heard, till she remembered, that, when she followed M. and Madame St. Aubert from this spot, her lute was left on a window seat. She felt alarmed, yet knew not wherefore; the melancholy gloom of evening, and the profound stillness of the place, interrupted only by the light trembling of leaves, heightened her fanciful apprehensions, and she was desirous of quitting the building, but perceived herself grow faint, and sat down. As she tried to recover herself, the pencilled lines on the wainscot met her eye; she started, as if she had seen a stranger; but, endeavouring to conquer the tremor of her spirits, rose, and went to the window. To the lines before noticed she now perceived that others were added, in which her name appeared.

PT When she was alone, unable to sleep, the landscapes of her native home, with Valancourt, and the circumstances of her departure, haunted her fancy; she drew pictures of social happiness amidst the grand simplicity of nature, such as she feared she had bade farewell to for ever; and then, the idea of this young Piedmontese, thus ignorantly sporting with his happiness, returned to her thoughts, and, glad to escape awhile from the pressure of nearer interests, she indulged her fancy in composing the following lines.

PT Emily, surprised and somewhat shocked, did not dare to oppose him further, but, as he was turning away with the torch, desired he would not leave her in darkness. He looked around, and, observing a tripod lamp, that stood on the stairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who stepped forward into a large old chamber, and he closed the door. As she listened anxiously to his departing steps, she thought he descended, instead of ascending, the stairs; but the gusts of wind, that whistled round the portal, would not allow her to hear distinctly any other sound. Still, however, she listened, and, perceiving no step in the room above, where he had affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increased, though she considered, that the thickness of the floor in this strong building might prevent any sound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pause of the wind, she distinguished Barnardine's step descending to the court, and then thought she heard his voice; but, the rising gust again overcoming other sounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved softly to the door, which, on attempting to open it, she discovered was fastened. All the horrid apprehensions, that had lately assailed her, returned at this instant with redoubled force, and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid spirit, but seemed to have been sent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt, that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber; or that she herself was brought hither for the same purpose. The countenance, the manners and the recollected words of Barnardine, when he had spoken of her aunt, confirmed her worst fears. For some moments, she was incapable of considering of any means, by which she might attempt an escape. Still she listened, but heard footsteps neither on the stairs, or in the room above; she thought, however, that she again distinguished Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to enquire further. Here, she plainly heard his hoarse accents, mingling with the blast, that swept by, but they were lost again so quickly, that their meaning could not be interpreted; and then the light of a torch, which seemed to issue from the portal below, flashed across the court, and the long shadow of a man, who was under the arch-way, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeness of this sudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine; but other deep tones, which passed in the wind, soon convinced her he was not alone, and that his companion was not a person very liable to pity.

PT '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 frenzy 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 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?'

PT Though no longer suffered to doubt that they were addressed to herself, she was as ignorant, as before, by whom they could be written. While she mused, she thought she heard the sound of a step without the building, and again alarmed, she caught up her lute, and hurried away. Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert she found in a little path that wound along the sides of the glen.

PT THE PIEDMONTESE Ah, merry swain, who laugh'd along the vales, And with your gay pipe made the mountains ring, Why leave your cot, your woods, and thymy gales, And friends belov'd, for aught that wealth can bring? He goes to wake o'er moon-light seas the string, Venetian gold his untaught fancy hails! Yet oft of home his simple carols sing, And his steps pause, as the last Alp he scales. Once more he turns to view his native scene— Far, far below, as roll the clouds away, He spies his cabin 'mid the pine-tops green, The well-known woods, clear brook, and pastures gay; And thinks of friends and parents left behind, Of sylvan revels, dance, and festive song; And hears the faint reed swelling in the wind; And his sad sighs the distant notes prolong! Thus went the swain, till mountain-shadows fell, And dimm'd the landscape to his aching sight; And must he leave the vales he loves so well! Can foreign wealth, and shows, his heart delight? No, happy vales! your wild rocks still shall hear His pipe, light sounding on the morning breeze; Still shall he lead the

flocks to streamlet clear, And watch at eve beneath the western trees. Away, Venetian gold—your charm is o'er! And now his swift step seeks the lowland bow'rs, Where, through the leaves, his cottage light ONCE MORE Guides him to happy friends, and jocund hours. Ah, merry swain! that laugh along the vales, And with your gay pipe make the mountains ring, Your cot, your woods, your thymy-scented gales— And friends below'd—more joy than wealth can bring!

PT When her spirits had overcome the first shock of her situation, she held up the lamp to examine, if the chamber afforded a possibility of an escape. It was a spacious room, whose walls, wainscoted with rough oak, shewed no casement but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other door than that, by which she had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to see at once its full extent; she perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair, fastened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon these, for some time, with wonder and horror, she next observed iron bars below, made for the purpose of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the same metal. As she continued to survey them, she concluded, that they were instruments of torture, and it struck her, that some poor wretch had once been fastened in this chair, and had there been starved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but, what was her agony, when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of these victims, and that she herself might be the next! An acute pain seized her head, she was scarcely able to hold the lamp, and, looking round for support, was seating herself, unconsciously, in the iron chair itself; but suddenly perceiving where she was, she started from it in horror, and sprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again she looked round for a seat to sustain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which, descending from the ceiling to the floor, was drawn along the whole side of the chamber. Ill as she was, the appearance of this curtain struck her, and she paused to gaze upon it, in wonder and apprehension.

PT 'O do not lead me to the remembrance of those days,' said Emily, 'unless you can teach me to forget 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?'

PT Having reached a green summit, shadowed by palm-trees, and overlooking the vallies and plains of Gascony, they seated themselves on the turf; and while their eyes wandered over the glorious scene, and they inhaled the sweet breath of flowers and herbs that enriched the grass, Emily played and sung several of their favourite airs, with the delicacy of expression in which she so much excelled.

PT It seemed to conceal a recess of the chamber; she wished, yet dreaded, to lift it, and to discover what it veiled: twice she was withheld by a recollection of the terrible spectacle her daring hand had formerly unveiled in an apartment of the castle, till, suddenly conjecturing, that it concealed the body of her murdered aunt, she seized it, in a fit of desperation, and drew it aside. Beyond, appeared a corpse, stretched on a kind of low couch, which was crimsoned with human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghastly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. Emily, bending over the body, gazed, for a moment, with an eager, frenzied eye; but, in the next, the lamp dropped from her hand, and she fell senseless at the foot of the couch.

PT '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 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, forever!' 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.

PT Music and conversation detained them in this enchanting spot, till the sun's last light slept upon the plains; till the white sails that glided beneath the mountains, where the Garonne wandered, became dim, and

the gloom of evening stole over the landscape. It was a melancholy but not unpleasing gloom. St. Aubert and his family rose, and left the place with regret; alas! Madame St. Aubert knew not that she left it for ever.

PT When her senses returned, she found herself surrounded by men, among whom was Barnardine, who were lifting her from the floor, and then bore her along the chamber. She was sensible of what passed, but the extreme languor of her spirits did not permit her to speak, or move, or even to feel any distinct fear. They carried her down the stair-case, by which she had ascended; when, having reached the arch-way, they stopped, and one of the men, taking the torch from Barnardine, opened a small door, that was cut in the great gate, and, as he stepped out upon the road, the light he bore shewed several men on horseback, in waiting. Whether it was the freshness of the air, that revived Emily, or that the objects she now saw roused the spirit of alarm, she suddenly spoke, and made an ineffectual effort to disengage herself from the grasp of the ruffians, who held her.

PT '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.

PT When they reached the fishing-house she missed her bracelet, and recollected that she had taken it from her arm after dinner, and had left it on the table when she went to walk. After a long search, in which Emily was very active, she was compelled to resign herself to the loss of it. What made this bracelet valuable to her was a miniature of her daughter to which it was attached, esteemed a striking resemblance, and which had been painted only a few months before. When Emily was convinced that the bracelet was really gone, she blushed, and became thoughtful. That some stranger had been in the fishing-house, during her absence, her lute, and the additional lines of a pencil, had already informed her:

from the purport of these lines it was not unreasonable to believe, that the poet, the musician, and the thief were the same person. But though the music she had heard, the written lines she had seen, and the disappearance of the picture, formed a combination of circumstances very remarkable, she was irresistibly restrained from mentioning them; secretly determining, however, never again to visit the fishing-house without Monsieur or Madame St. Aubert.

PT Barnardine, meanwhile, called loudly for the torch, while distant voices answered, and several persons approached, and, in the same instant, a light flashed upon the court of the castle. Again he vociferated for the torch, and the men hurried Emily through the gate. At a short distance, under the shelter of the castle walls, she perceived the fellow, who had taken the light from the porter, holding it to a man, busily employed in altering the saddle of a horse, round which were several horsemen, looking on, whose harsh features received the full glare of the torch; while the broken ground beneath them, the opposite walls, with the tufted shrubs, that overhung their summits, and an embattled watch-tower above, were reddened with the gleam, which, fading gradually away, left the remoter ramparts and the woods below to the obscurity of night.

PT 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 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 dispositions, 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.

PT They returned pensively to the chateau, Emily musing on the incident which had just occurred; St. Aubert reflecting, with placid gratitude, on the blessings he possessed; and Madame St. Aubert somewhat disturbed, and perplexed, by the loss of her daughter's picture. As they drew near the house, they observed an unusual bustle about it; the sound of voices was distinctly heard, servants and horses were seen passing between the trees, and, at length, the wheels of a carriage rolled along. Having come within view of the front of the chateau, a landau, with smoking horses, appeared on the little lawn before it. St. Aubert perceived the liveries of his brother-in-law, and in the parlour he found Monsieur and Madame Quesnel already entered. They had left Paris some days before, and were on the way to their estate, only ten leagues distant from La Vallee, and which Monsieur Quesnel had purchased several years before of St. Aubert. This gentleman was the only brother of Madame St. Aubert; but the ties of relationship having never been strengthened by congeniality of character, the intercourse between them had not been frequent. M. Quesnel had lived altogether in the world; his aim had been consequence; splendour was the object of his taste; and his address and knowledge of character had carried him forward to the attainment of almost all that he had courted. By a man of such a disposition, it is not surprising that the virtues of St. Aubert should be overlooked; or that his pure taste, simplicity, and moderated wishes, were considered as marks of a weak intellect, and of confined views. The marriage of his sister with St. Aubert had been mortifying to his ambition, for he had designed that the matrimonial connection she formed should

assist him to attain the consequence which he so much desired; and some offers were made her by persons whose rank and fortune flattered his warmest hope. But his sister, who was then addressed also by St. Aubert, perceived, or thought she perceived, that happiness and splendour were not the same, and she did not hesitate to forego the last for the attainment of the former. Whether Monsieur Quesnel thought them the same, or not, he would readily have sacrificed his sister's peace to the gratification of his own ambition; and, on her marriage with St. Aubert, expressed in private his contempt of her spiritless conduct, and of the connection which it permitted. Madame St. Aubert, though she concealed this insult from her husband, felt, perhaps, for the first time, resentment lighted in her heart; and, though a regard for her own dignity, united with considerations of prudence, restrained her expression of this resentment, there was ever after a mild reserve in her manner towards M. Quesnel, which he both understood and felt.

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

PT 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 Dorothee 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 scenes 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.

PT In his own marriage he did not follow his sister's example. His lady was an Italian, and an heiress by birth; and, by nature and education, was a vain and frivolous woman.

PT 'The saddle will be ready in a minute,'replied the man who was buckling it, at whom Barnardine now swore again, for his negligence, and Emily, calling feebly for help, was hurried towards the horses, while the ruffians disputed on which to place her, the one designed for her not being ready. At this moment a cluster of lights issued from the great gates, and she immediately heard the shrill voice of Annette above those of several other persons, who advanced. In the same moment, she distinguished Montoni and Cavigni, followed by a number of ruffian-faced fellows, to whom she no longer looked with terror, but with hope, for, at this instant, she did not tremble at the thought of any dangers, that might await her within the castle, whence so lately, and so anxiously she had wished to escape. Those, which threatened her from without, had engrossed all her apprehensions.

PT 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.

PT They now determined to pass the night with St. Aubert; and as the chateau was not large enough to accommodate their servants, the latter were dismissed to the neighbouring village. When the first compliments were over, and the arrangements for the night made M. Quesnel began the display of his intelligence and his connections; while St. Aubert, who had been long enough in retirement to find these topics recommended by their novelty, listened, with a degree of patience and attention, which his guest mistook for the humility of wonder. The latter, indeed, described the few festivities which the turbulence of that period permitted to the court of Henry the Third, with a minuteness, that somewhat recompensed for his ostentation; but, when he came to speak of the character of the Duke de Joyeuse, of a secret treaty, which he knew to be negotiating with the Porte, and of the light in which Henry of Navarre was received, M. St. Aubert recollected enough of his former experience to be assured, that his guest could be only of an inferior class of politicians; and that, from the importance of the subjects upon which he committed himself, he could not be of the rank to which he pretended to belong. The opinions delivered by M. Quesnel, were such as St. Aubert forebore to reply to, for he knew that his guest had neither humanity to feel, nor discernment to perceive, what is just.

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

PT Madame Quesnel, meanwhile, was expressing to Madame St. Aubert her astonishment, that she could bear to pass her life in this remote corner of the world, as she called it, and describing, from a wish, probably, of exciting envy, the splendour of the balls, banquets, and processions which had just been given by the court, in honour of the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse with Margaretta of Lorraine, the sister of the Queen. She described with equal minuteness the magnificence she had seen, and that from which she had been excluded; while Emily's vivid fancy, as she listened with the ardent curiosity of youth, heightened the scenes she heard of; and Madame St. Aubert, looking on her family, felt, as a tear stole to her eye, that though splendour may grace happiness, virtue only can bestow it.

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

PT 'It is now twelve years, St. Aubert,' said M. Quesnel, 'since I purchased your family estate.'—'Somewhere thereabout,' replied St. Aubert, suppressing a sigh. 'It is near five years since I have been there,' resumed Quesnel; 'for Paris and its neighbourhood is the only place in the world to live in, and I am so immersed in politics, and have so

many affairs of moment on my hands, that I find it difficult to steal away even for a month or two.' St. Aubert remaining silent, M. Quesnel proceeded: 'I have sometimes wondered how you, who have lived in the capital, and have been accustomed to company, can exist elsewhere;—especially in so remote a country as this, where you can neither hear nor see any thing, and can in short be scarcely conscious of life.'

PT Emily had been some time in her apartment, before the tumult of her mind allowed her to remember several of the past circumstances. Then, again, the dead form, which the curtain in the portal-chamber had disclosed, came to her fancy, and she uttered a groan, which terrified Annette the more, as Emily forbore to satisfy her curiosity, on the subject of it, for she feared to trust her with so fatal a secret, lest her indiscretion should call down the immediate vengeance of Montoni on herself.

PT 'I live for my family and myself,' said St. Aubert; 'I am now contented to know only happiness;—formerly I knew life.'

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

PT 'I mean to expend thirty or forty thousand livres on improvements,' said M. Quesnel, without seeming to notice the words of St. Aubert; 'for I design, next summer, to bring here my friends, the Duke de Durefort and the Marquis Ramont, to pass a month or two with me.' To St. Aubert's enquiry, as to these intended improvements, he replied, that he should take down the whole east wing of the chateau, and raise upon the site a set of stables. 'Then I shall build,' said he, 'a SALLE A MANGER, a SALON, a SALLE AU COMMUNE, and a number of rooms for servants; for at present there is not accommodation for a third part of my own people.'

PT Terrified at her condition, Annette, at length, left the room, to inform Montoni of it, who had just dismissed his servants, without having made

any discoveries on the subject of his enquiry. The wild description, which this girl now gave of Emily, induced him to follow her immediately to the chamber.

PT 'It accommodated our father's household,'said St. Aubert, grieved that the old mansion was to be thus improved, 'and that was not a small one.'

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

PT 'Our notions are somewhat enlarged since those days,'said M. Quesnel;—'what was then thought a decent style of living would not now be endured.'Even the calm St. Aubert blushed at these words, but his anger soon yielded to contempt. 'The ground about the chateau is encumbered with trees; I mean to cut some of them down.'

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

PT 'Cut down the trees too!'said St. Aubert.

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

PT 'Certainly. Why should I not? they interrupt my prospects. There is a chesnut which spreads its branches before the whole south side of the chateau, and which is so ancient that they tell me the hollow of its trunk will hold a dozen men. Your enthusiasm will scarcely contend that there can be either use, or beauty, in such a sapless old tree as this.'

PT With some difficulty, Annette led her to the bed, which Emily examined with an eager, frenzied eye, before she lay down, and then,

pointing, turned with shuddering emotion, to Annette, who, now more terrified, went towards the door, that she might bring one of the female servants to pass the night with them; but Emily, observing her going, called her by name, and then in the naturally soft and plaintive tone of her voice, begged, that she, too, would not forsake her.—'For since my father died,' added she, sighing, 'every body forsakes me.'

PT 'Good God!' exclaimed St. Aubert, 'you surely will not destroy that noble chesnut, which has flourished for centuries, the glory of the estate! It was in its maturity when the present mansion was built. How often, in my youth, have I climbed among its broad branches, and sat embowered amidst a world of leaves, while the heavy shower has pattered above, and not a rain drop reached me! How often I have sat with a book in my hand, sometimes reading, and sometimes looking out between the branches upon the wide landscape, and the setting sun, till twilight came, and brought the birds home to their little nests among the leaves! How often—but pardon me,' added St. Aubert, recollecting that he was speaking to a man who could neither comprehend, nor allow his feelings, 'I am talking of times and feelings as old-fashioned as the taste that would spare that venerable tree.'

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

PT 'It will certainly come down,' said M. Quesnel; 'I believe I shall plant some Lombardy poplars among the clumps of chesnut, that I shall leave of the avenue; Madame Quesnel is partial to the poplar, and tells me how much it adorns a villa of her uncle, not far from Venice.'

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

PT 'On the banks of the Brenta, indeed,' continued St. Aubert, 'where its spiry form is intermingled with the pine, and the cypress, and where it plays over light and elegant porticos and colonnades, it, unquestionably, adorns the scene; but among the giants of the forest, and near a heavy gothic mansion—'

PT 'Well, my good sir,' said M. Quesnel, 'I will not dispute with you. You must return to Paris before our ideas can at all agree. But A-PROPOS of Venice, I have some thoughts of going thither, next summer; events may call me to take possession of that same villa, too, which they tell me is the most charming that can be imagined. In that case I shall leave the improvements I mention to another year, and I may, perhaps, be tempted to stay some time in Italy.'

PT Emily was somewhat surprised to hear him talk of being tempted to remain abroad, after he had mentioned his presence to be so necessary at Paris, that it was with difficulty he could steal away for a month or two; but St. Aubert understood the self-importance of the man too well to wonder at this trait; and the possibility, that these projected improvements might be deferred, gave him a hope, that they might never take place.

PT Before they separated for the night, M. Quesnel desired to speak with St. Aubert alone, and they retired to another room, where they remained a considerable time. The subject of this conversation was not known; but, whatever it might be, St. Aubert, when he returned to the supper-room, seemed much disturbed, and a shade of sorrow sometimes fell upon his features that alarmed Madame St. Aubert. When they were alone she was tempted to enquire the occasion of it, but the delicacy of mind, which had ever appeared in his conduct, restrained her: she considered that, if St. Aubert wished her to be acquainted with the subject of his concern, he would not wait on her enquiries.

PT On the following day, before M. Quesnel departed, he had a second conference with St. Aubert.

PT The guests, after dining at the chateau, set out in the cool of the day for Epourville, whither they gave him and Madame St. Aubert a pressing invitation, prompted rather by the vanity of displaying their splendour, than by a wish to make their friends happy.

PT Emily returned, with delight, to the liberty which their presence had restrained, to her books, her walks, and the rational conversation of M. and Madame St. Aubert, who seemed to rejoice, no less, that they were delivered from the shackles, which arrogance and frivolity had imposed.

PT Madame St. Aubert excused herself from sharing their usual evening walk, complaining that she was not quite well, and St. Aubert and Emily went out together.

PT They chose a walk towards the mountains, intending to visit some old pensioners of St. Aubert, which, from his very moderate income, he contrived to support, though it is probable M. Quesnel, with his very large one, could not have afforded this.

PT After distributing to his pensioners their weekly stipends, listening patiently to the complaints of some, redressing the grievances of others, and softening the discontents of all, by the look of sympathy, and the smile of benevolence, St. Aubert returned home through the woods,

PT where At fall of eve the fairy-people throng, In various games and revelry to pass The summer night, as village stories tell.* *Thomson

PT 'The evening gloom of woods was always delightful to me,'said St. Aubert, whose mind now experienced the sweet calm, which results from the consciousness of having done a beneficent action, and which disposes it to receive pleasure from every surrounding object. 'I remember that in my youth this gloom used to call forth to my fancy a thousand fairy visions, and romantic images; and, I own, I am not yet wholly insensible of that high enthusiasm, which wakes the poet's dream: I can linger, with solemn steps, under the deep shades, send forward a transforming eye into the distant obscurity, and listen with thrilling delight to the mystic murmuring of the woods.'

PT 'O my dear father,'said Emily, while a sudden tear started to her eye, 'how exactly you describe what I have felt so often, and which I thought nobody had ever felt but myself! But hark! here comes the sweeping sound over the wood-tops;—now it dies away;—how solemn the stillness that succeeds! Now the breeze swells again. It is like the voice of some supernatural being—the voice of the spirit of the woods, that watches over them by night. Ah! what light is yonder? But it is gone. And now it gleams again, near the root of that large chestnut: look, sir!'

PT 'Are you such an admirer of nature,'said St. Aubert, 'and so little acquainted with her appearances as not to know that for the glow-worm? But come,'added he gaily, 'step a little further, and we shall see fairies, perhaps; they are often companions. The glow-worm lends his light, and they in return charm him with music, and the dance. Do you see nothing tripping yonder?'

PT Emily laughed. 'Well, my dear sir,' said she, 'since you allow of this alliance, I may venture to own I have anticipated you; and almost dare venture to repeat some verses I made one evening in these very woods.'

PT 'Nay,' replied St. Aubert, 'dismiss the ALMOST, and venture quite; let us hear what vagaries fancy has been playing in your mind. If she has given you one of her spells, you need not envy those of the fairies.'

PT 'If it is strong enough to enchant your judgment, sir,' said Emily, 'while I disclose her images, I need NOT envy them. The lines go in a sort of tripping measure, which I thought might suit the subject well enough, but I fear they are too irregular.'

PT THE GLOW-WORM How pleasant is the green-wood's deep-matted shade On a mid-summer's eve, when the fresh rain is o'er; When the yellow beams slope, and sparkle thro'the glade, And swiftly in the thin air the light swallows soar! But sweeter, sweeter still, when the sun sinks to rest, And twilight comes on, with the fairies so gay Tripping through the forest-walk, where flow'rs, unprest, Bow not their tall heads beneath their frolic play. To music's softest sounds they dance away the hour, Till moon-light steals down among the trembling leaves, And chequers all the ground, and guides them to the bow'r, The long haunted bow'r, where the nightingale grieves. Then no more they dance, till her sad song is done, But, silent as the night, to her mourning attend; And often as her dying notes their pity have won, They vow all her sacred haunts from mortals to defend. When, down among the mountains, sinks the ev'ning star, And the changing moon forsakes this shadowy sphere, How cheerless would they be, tho'they fairies are, If I, with my pale light, came not near! Yet cheerless tho'they'd be, they're ungrateful to my love! For, often when the traveller's benighted on his way, And I glimmer in his path, and would guide him thro'the grove, They bind me in their magic spells to lead him far astray; And in the mire to leave him, till the stars are all burnt out, While, in strange-looking shapes, they frisk about the ground, And, afar in the woods, they raise a dismal shout, Till I shrink into my cell again for terror of the sound! But, see where all the tiny elves come dancing in a ring, With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the horn, And the timbrel so clear, and the lute with dulcet string; Then round about the oak they go till peeping of the morn. Down yonder glade two lovers steal, to shun the fairy-queen, Who frowns upon their plighted vows, and jealous is of me, That yester-eve I lighted them, along the

dewy green, To seek the purple flow'r, whose juice from all her spells can free. And now, to punish me, she keeps afar her jocund band, With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the lute; If I creep near yonder oak she will wave her fairy wand, And to me the dance will cease, and the music all be mute. O! had I but that purple flow'r whose leaves her charms can foil, And knew like fays to draw the juice, and throw it on the wind, I'd be her slave no longer, nor the traveller beguile, And help all faithful lovers, nor fear the fairy kind! But soon the VAPOUR OF THE WOODS will wander afar, And the fickle moon will fade, and the stars disappear, Then, cheerless will they be, tho'they fairies are, If I, with my pale light, come not near!

PT Whatever St. Aubert might think of the stanzas, he would not deny his daughter the pleasure of believing that he approved them; and, having given his commendation, he sunk into a reverie, and they walked on in silence.

PT A faint erroneous ray Glanc'd from th'imperfect surfaces of things, Flung half an image on the straining eye; While waving woods, and villages, and streams, And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene, Uncertain if beheld.*
*Thomson.

PT St. Aubert continued silent till he reached the chateau, where his wife had retired to her chamber. The languor and dejection, that had lately oppressed her, and which the exertion called forth by the arrival of her guests had suspended, now returned with increased effect. On the following day, symptoms of fever appeared, and St. Aubert, having sent for medical advice, learned, that her disorder was a fever of the same nature as that, from which he had lately recovered. She had, indeed, taken the infection, during her attendance upon him, and, her constitution being too weak to throw out the disease immediately, it had lurked in her veins, and occasioned the heavy languor of which she had complained. St. Aubert, whose anxiety for his wife overcame every other consideration, detained the physician in his house. He remembered the feelings and the reflections that had called a momentary gloom upon his mind, on the day when he had last visited the fishing-house, in company with Madame St. Aubert, and he now admitted a presentiment, that this illness would be a fatal one. But he effectually concealed this from her, and from his daughter, whom he endeavoured to re-animate with hopes

that her constant assiduities would not be unavailing. The physician, when asked by St. Aubert for his opinion of the disorder, replied, that the event of it depended upon circumstances which he could not ascertain. Madame St. Aubert seemed to have formed a more decided one; but her eyes only gave hints of this. She frequently fixed them upon her anxious friends with an expression of pity, and of tenderness, as if she anticipated the sorrow that awaited them, and that seemed to say, it was for their sakes only, for their sufferings, that she regretted life. On the seventh day, the disorder was at its crisis. The physician assumed a graver manner, which she observed, and took occasion, when her family had once quitted the chamber, to tell him, that she perceived her death was approaching. 'Do not attempt to deceive me,' said she, 'I feel that I cannot long survive. I am prepared for the event, I have long, I hope, been preparing for it. Since I have not long to live, do not suffer a mistaken compassion to induce you to flatter my family with false hopes. If you do, their affliction will only be the heavier when it arrives: I will endeavour to teach them resignation by my example.'

PT The physician was affected; he promised to obey her, and told St. Aubert, somewhat abruptly, that there was nothing to expect. The latter was not philosopher enough to restrain his feelings when he received this information; but a consideration of the increased affliction which the observance of his grief would occasion his wife, enabled him, after some time, to command himself in her presence. Emily was at first overwhelmed with the intelligence; then, deluded by the strength of her wishes, a hope sprung up in her mind that her mother would yet recover, and to this she pertinaciously adhered almost to the last hour.

PT The progress of this disorder was marked, on the side of Madame St. Aubert, by patient suffering, and subjected wishes. The composure, with which she awaited her death, could be derived only from the retrospect of a life governed, as far as human frailty permits, by a consciousness of being always in the presence of the Deity, and by the hope of a higher world. But her piety could not entirely subdue the grief of parting from those whom she so dearly loved. During these her last hours, she conversed much with St. Aubert and Emily, on the prospect of futurity, and on other religious topics. The resignation she expressed, with the firm hope of meeting in a future world the friends she left in this, and the effort which sometimes appeared to conceal her sorrow at this temporary separation, frequently affected St. Aubert so much as to oblige

him to leave the room. Having indulged his tears awhile, he would dry them and return to the chamber with a countenance composed by an endeavour which did but increase his grief.

PT Never had Emily felt the importance of the lessons, which had taught her to restrain her sensibility, so much as in these moments, and never had she practised them with a triumph so complete. But when the last was over, she sunk at once under the pressure of her sorrow, and then perceived that it was hope, as well as fortitude, which had hitherto supported her. St. Aubert was for a time too devoid of comfort himself to bestow any on his daughter.

CHAPTER II

PT I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul.
SHAKESPEARE

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

PT unfold What worlds, or what vast regions, hold Th'*immortal* mind, that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook! IL PENSEROSO

PT Come, weep with me;—past hope, past cure, past help! ROMEO AND JULIET

PT Madame St. Aubert was interred in the neighbouring village church; her husband and daughter attended her to the grave, followed by a long train of the peasantry, who were sincere mourners of this excellent woman.

PT Early on the following morning, the travellers set out for Turin. The luxuriant plain, that extends from the feet of the Alps to that magnificent city, was not then, as now, shaded by an avenue of trees nine miles in length; but plantations of olives, mulberry and palms, festooned with vines, mingled with the pastoral scenery, through with the rapid Po, after its descent from the mountains, wandered to meet the humble Doria at Turin. As they advanced towards this city, the Alps, seen at some distance, began to appear in all their awful sublimity; chain rising over chain in long succession, their higher points darkened by the hovering clouds, sometimes hid, and at others seen shooting up far above them; while their lower steepes, broken into fantastic forms, were touched with blue and purplish tints, which, as they changed in light and shade, seemed to open new scenes to the eye. To the east stretched the plains of Lombardy, with the towers of Turin rising at a distance; and beyond, the Apennines, bounding the horizon.

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

PT 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 forever. While the prospect of this separation overwhelmed his mind, before stung with self-reproach, he awaited their second interview, 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.

PT On his return from the funeral, St. Aubert shut himself in his chamber. When he came forth, it was with a serene countenance, though pale in sorrow. He gave orders that his family should attend him. Emily only was absent; who, overcome with the scene she had just witnessed, had retired to her closet to weep alone. St. Aubert followed her thither: he took her hand in silence, while she continued to weep; and it was some moments before he could so far command his voice as to speak. It trembled while he said, 'My Emily, I am going to prayers with my family; you will join us. We must ask support from above. Where else ought we to seek it—where else can we find it?'

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

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

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

PT Emily checked her tears, and followed her father to the parlour, where, the servants being assembled, St. Aubert read, in a low and solemn voice, the evening service, and added a prayer for the soul of the departed. During this, his voice often faltered, his tears fell upon the book, and at length he paused. But the sublime emotions of pure devotion gradually elevated his views above this world, and finally brought comfort to his heart.

PT Montoni, who had been often at Turin, and cared little about views of any kind, did not comply with his wife's request, that they might survey some of the palaces; but staying only till the necessary refreshments could be obtained, they set forward for Venice with all possible rapidity. Montoni's manner, during this journey, was grave, and even haughty; and towards Madame Montoni he was more especially reserved; but it was not the reserve of respect so much as of pride and discontent. Of Emily he took little notice. With Cavigni his conversations were commonly on political or military topics, such as the convulsed state of their country rendered at this time particularly interesting, Emily observed, that, at the mention of any daring exploit, Montoni's eyes lost their sullenness, and seemed instantaneously to gleam with fire; yet they still retained somewhat of a lurking cunning, and she sometimes thought that their fire partook more of the glare of malice than the brightness of valour, though the latter would well have harmonized with the high chivalric air of his

figure, in which Cavigni, with all his gay and gallant manners, was his inferior.

PT 'Know you! Certainly,'replied Emily, 'you are Annette; but why are you sitting by me thus?'

PT 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 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.'

PT When the service was ended, and the servants were withdrawn, he tenderly kissed Emily, and said, 'I have endeavoured to teach you, from your earliest youth, the duty of self-command; I have pointed out to you the great importance of it through life, not only as it preserves us in the various and dangerous temptations that call us from rectitude and virtue, but as it limits the indulgences which are termed virtuous, yet which, extended beyond a certain boundary, are vicious, for their consequence is evil. All excess is vicious; even that sorrow, which is amiable in its origin, becomes a selfish and unjust passion, if indulged at the expence of our duties—by our duties I mean what we owe to ourselves, as well as to others. The indulgence of excessive grief enervates the mind, and almost incapacitates it for again partaking of those various innocent enjoyments which a benevolent God designed to be the sun-shine of our lives. My dear Emily, recollect and practise the precepts I have so often given you, and which your own experience has so often shewn you to be wise.

PT On entering the Milanese, the gentlemen exchanged their French hats for the Italian cap of scarlet cloth, embroidered; and Emily was somewhat surprised to observe, that Montoni added to his the military

plume, while Cavigni retained only the feather: which was usually worn with such caps: but she at length concluded, that Montoni assumed this ensign of a soldier for convenience, as a means of passing with more safety through a country over-run with parties of the military.

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

PT 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 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 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.'

PT 'Your sorrow is useless. Do not receive this as merely a commonplace remark, but let reason THEREFORE restrain sorrow. I would not annihilate your feelings, my child, I would only teach you to command them; for whatever may be the evils resulting from a too susceptible heart, nothing can be hoped from an insensible one; that, on the other hand, is all vice—vice, of which the deformity is not softened, or the effect consoled for, by any semblance or possibility of good. You

know my sufferings, and are, therefore, convinced that mine are not the light words which, on these occasions, are so often repeated to destroy even the sources of honest emotion, or which merely display the selfish ostentation of a false philosophy. I will shew my Emily, that I can practise what I advise. I have said thus much, because I cannot bear to see you wasting in useless sorrow, for want of that resistance which is due from mind; and I have not said it till now, because there is a period when all reasoning must yield to nature; that is past: and another, when excessive indulgence, having sunk into habit, weighs down the elasticity of the spirits so as to render conquest nearly impossible; this is to come. You, my Emily, will shew that you are willing to avoid it.'

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

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

PT 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.

PT Emily smiled through her tears upon her father: 'Dear sir,' said she, and her voice trembled; she would have added, 'I will shew myself worthy of being your daughter;' but a mingled emotion of gratitude, affection, and grief overcame her. St. Aubert suffered her to weep without interruption, and then began to talk on common topics.

PT The travellers frequently distinguished troops of soldiers moving at a distance; and they experienced, at the little inns on the road, the scarcity of provision and other inconveniences, which are a part of the consequence of intestine war; but they had never reason to be much

alarmed for their immediate safety, and they passed on to Milan with little interruption of any kind, where they staid not to survey the grandeur of the city, or even to view its vast cathedral, which was then building.

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

PT 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.

PT The first person who came to condole with St. Aubert was a M. Barreaux, an austere and seemingly unfeeling man. A taste for botany had introduced them to each other, for they had frequently met in their wanderings among the mountains. M. Barreaux had retired from the world, and almost from society, to live in a pleasant chateau, on the skirts of the woods, near La Vallee. He also had been disappointed in his opinion of mankind; but he did not, like St. Aubert, pity and mourn for them; he felt more indignation at their vices, than compassion for their weaknesses.

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

PT 'She IS murdered, then!' said Emily in an inward voice, and shuddering instantaneously. Annette screamed; for, being ignorant of the circumstance to which Emily referred, she attributed her manner to a disordered fancy; but, when she had explained to what her own speech alluded, Emily, recollecting the attempt that had been made to carry her off, asked if the contriver of it had been discovered. Annette replied, that he had not, though he might easily be guessed at; and then told Emily she might thank her for her deliverance, who, endeavouring to command the emotion, which the remembrance of her aunt had occasioned,

appeared calmly to listen to Annette, though, in truth, she heard scarcely a word that was said.

PT St. Aubert was somewhat surprised to see him; for, though he had often pressed him to come to the chateau, he had never till now accepted the invitation; and now he came without ceremony or reserve, entering the parlour as an old friend. The claims of misfortune appeared to have softened down all the ruggedness and prejudices of his heart. St. Aubert unhappy, seemed to be the sole idea that occupied his mind. It was in manners, more than in words, that he appeared to sympathize with his friends: he spoke little on the subject of their grief; but the minute attention he gave them, and the modulated voice, and softened look that accompanied it, came from his heart, and spoke to theirs.

PT It was not till they had passed the eastern limits of the Milanese, that the travellers saw any troops since they had left Milan, when, as the evening was drawing to a close, they descried what appeared to be an army winding onward along the distant plains, whose spears and other arms caught the last rays of the sun. As the column advanced through a part of the road, contracted between two hillocks, some of the commanders, on horseback, were distinguished on a small eminence, pointing and making signals for the march; while several of the officers were riding along the line directing its progress, according to the signs communicated by those above; and others, separating from the vanguard, which had emerged from the pass, were riding carelessly along the plains at some distance to the right of the army.

PT 'And so, ma'amselle,' continued the latter, 'I was determined to be even with Barnardine for refusing to tell me the secret, by finding it out myself; so I watched you, on the terrace, and, as soon as he had opened the door at the end, I stole out from the castle, to try to follow you; for, says I, I am sure no good can be planned, or why all this secrecy? So, sure enough, he had not bolted the door after him, and, when I opened it, I saw, by the glimmer of the torch, at the other end of the passage, which way you were going. I followed the light, at a distance, till you came to the vaults of the chapel, and there I was afraid to go further, for I had heard strange things about these vaults. But then, again, I was afraid to go back, all in darkness, by myself; so by the time Barnardine had trimmed the light, I had resolved to follow you, and I did so, till you came to the great court, and there I was afraid he would see me; so I stopped at the

door again, and watched you across to the gates, and, when you was gone up the stairs, I whipt after. There, as I stood under the gate-way, I heard horses'feet without, and several men talking; and I heard them swearing at Barnardine for not bringing you out, and just then, he had like to have caught me, for he came down the stairs again, and I had hardly time to get out of his way. But I had heard enough of his secret now, and I determined to be even with him, and to save you, too, ma'amselle, for I guessed it to be some new scheme of Count Morano, though he was gone away. I ran into the castle, but I had hard work to find my way through the passage under the chapel, and what is very strange, I quite forgot to look for the ghosts they had told me about, though I would not go into that place again by myself for all the world! Luckily the Signor and Signor Cavigni were up, so we had soon a train at our heels, sufficient to frighten that Barnardine and his rogues, all together.'

PT At this melancholy period St. Aubert was likewise visited by Madame Cheron, his only surviving sister, who had been some years a widow, and now resided on her own estate near Tholouse. The intercourse between them had not been very frequent. In her condolences, words were not wanting; she understood not the magic of the look that speaks at once to the soul, or the voice that sinks like balm to the heart: but she assured St. Aubert that she sincerely sympathized with him, praised the virtues of his late wife, and then offered what she considered to be consolation. Emily wept unceasingly while she spoke; St. Aubert was tranquil, listened to what she said in silence, and then turned the discourse upon another subject.

PT As they drew nearer, Montoni, distinguishing the feathers that waved in their caps, and the banners and liveries of the bands that followed them, thought he knew this to be the small army commanded by the famous captain Utaldo, with whom, as well as with some of the other chiefs, he was personally acquainted. He, therefore, gave orders that the carriages should draw up by the side of the road, to await their arrival, and give them the pass. A faint strain of martial music now stole by, and, gradually strengthening as the troops approached, Emily distinguished the drums and trumpets, with the clash of cymbals and of arms, that were struck by a small party, in time to the march.

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

PT At parting she pressed him and her niece to make her an early visit. 'Change of place will amuse you,' said she, 'and it is wrong to give way to grief.' St. Aubert acknowledged the truth of these words of course; but, at the same time, felt more reluctant than ever to quit the spot which his past happiness had consecrated. The presence of his wife had sanctified every surrounding scene, and, each day, as it gradually softened the acuteness of his suffering, assisted the tender enchantment that bound him to home.

PT Montoni being now certain that these were the bands of the victorious Utaido, leaned from the carriage window, and hailed their general by waving his cap in the air; which compliment the chief returned by raising his spear, and then letting it down again suddenly, while some of his officers, who were riding at a distance from the troops, came up to the carriage, and saluted Montoni as an old acquaintance. The captain himself soon after arriving, his bands halted while he conversed with Montoni, whom he appeared much rejoiced to see; and from what he said, Emily understood that this was a victorious army, returning into their own principality; while the numerous waggons, that accompanied them, contained the rich spoils of the enemy, their own wounded soldiers, and the prisoners they had taken in battle, who were to be ransomed when the peace, then negotiating between the neighbouring states, should be ratified. The chiefs on the following day were to separate, and each, taking his share of the spoil, was to return with his own band to his castle. This was therefore to be an evening of uncommon and general festivity, in commemoration of the victory they had accomplished together, and of the farewell which the commanders were about to take of each other.

PT Annette asked who was meant.

PT But there were calls which must be complied with, and of this kind was the visit he paid to his brother-in-law M. Quesnel. An affair of an interesting nature made it necessary that he should delay this visit no longer, and, wishing to rouse Emily from her dejection, he took her with him to Epourville.

PT Emily, as these officers conversed with Montoni, observed with admiration, tinged with awe, their high martial air, mingled with the haughtiness of the nobles of those days, and heightened by the gallantry of their dress, by the plumes towering on their caps, the armorial coat, Persian sash, and ancient Spanish cloak. Utaido, telling Montoni

that his army were going to encamp for the night near a village at only a few miles distance, invited him to turn back and partake of their festivity, assuring the ladies also, that they should be pleasantly accommodated; but Montoni excused himself, adding, that it was his design to reach Verona that evening; and, after some conversation concerning the state of the country towards that city, they parted.

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

PT As the carriage entered upon the forest that adjoined his paternal domain, his eyes once more caught, between the chesnut avenue, the turreted corners of the chateau. He sighed to think of what had passed since he was last there, and that it was now the property of a man who neither revered nor valued it. At length he entered the avenue, whose lofty trees had so often delighted him when a boy, and whose melancholy shade was now so congenial with the tone of his spirits. Every feature of the edifice, distinguished by an air of heavy grandeur, appeared successively between the branches of the trees—the broad turret, the arched gate-way that led into the courts, the drawbridge, and the dry fosse which surrounded the whole.

PT The travellers proceeded without any interruption; but it was some hours after sun-set before they arrived at Verona, whose beautiful environs were therefore not seen by Emily till the following morning; when, leaving that pleasant town at an early hour, they set off for Padua, where they embarked on the Brenta for Venice. Here the scene was entirely changed; no vestiges of war, such as had deformed the plains of the Milanese, appeared; on the contrary, all was peace and elegance. The verdant banks of the Brenta exhibited a continued landscape of beauty, gaiety, and splendour. Emily gazed with admiration on the villas of the Venetian noblesse, with their cool porticos and colonnades, overhung with poplars and cypresses of majestic height and lively verdure; on their rich orangeries, whose blossoms perfumed the air, and on the luxuriant willows, that dipped their light leaves in the wave, and sheltered from the sun the gay parties whose music came at intervals on the breeze. The Carnival did, indeed, appear to extend from Venice along the whole line of these enchanting shores; the river was gay with boats

passing to that city, exhibiting the fantastic diversity of a masquerade in the dresses of the people within them; and, towards evening, groups of dancers frequently were seen beneath the trees.

PT This honest girl's suspicions of Count Morano were perfectly just; Emily, too, when she thought on the scheme, had attributed it to him; and Montoni, who had not a doubt on this subject, also, began to believe, that it was by the direction of Morano, that poison had formerly been mingled with his wine.

PT The sound of carriage wheels brought a troop of servants to the great gate, where St. Aubert alighted, and from which he led Emily into the gothic hall, now no longer hung with the arms and ancient banners of the family. These were displaced, and the oak wainscoting, and beams that crossed the roof, were painted white. The large table, too, that used to stretch along the upper end of the hall, where the master of the mansion loved to display his hospitality, and whence the peal of laughter, and the song of conviviality, had so often resounded, was now removed; even the benches that had surrounded the hall were no longer there. The heavy walls were hung with frivolous ornaments, and every thing that appeared denoted the false taste and corrupted sentiments of the present owner.

PT Cavigni, meanwhile, informed her of the names of the noblemen to whom the several villas they passed belonged, adding light sketches of their characters, such as served to amuse rather than to inform, exhibiting his own wit instead of the delineation of truth. Emily was sometimes diverted by his conversation; but his gaiety did not entertain Madame Montoni, as it had formerly done; she was frequently grave, and Montoni retained his usual reserve.

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

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

PT St. Aubert followed a gay Parisian servant to a parlour, where sat Mons. and Madame Quesnel, who received him with a stately politeness, and, after a few formal words of condolence, seemed to have forgotten that they ever had a sister.

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

PT Annette having made her report to Montoni of Emily's health and of her request to see him, he replied, that she might attend him in the cedar room, in about an hour. It was on the subject, that pressed so heavily on her mind, that Emily wished to speak to him, yet she did not distinctly know what good purpose this could answer, and sometimes she even recoiled in horror from the expectation of his presence. She wished, also, to petition, though she scarcely dared to believe the request would be granted, that he would permit her, since her aunt was no more, to return to her native country.

PT Emily felt tears swell into her eyes, and then resentment checked them. St. Aubert, calm and deliberate, preserved his dignity without assuming importance, and Quesnel was depressed by his presence without exactly knowing wherefore.

PT The sun, soon after, sinking to the lower world, the shadow of the earth stole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering sides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguished even the last upward beams that had lingered on their summits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them, like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the scene! All nature seemed to repose; the finest emotions of the soul were alone awake. Emily's eyes filled with tears of admiration and sublime devotion, as she raised them over the sleeping world to the vast heavens, and heard the notes of solemn music, that stole over the waters from a distance. She listened in still rapture, and no person of the party broke the charm by an enquiry. The sounds seemed to grow on the air; for so smoothly did the barge glide along, that its motion was not perceivable, and the fairy city appeared approaching to welcome the strangers. They now distinguished a female voice, accompanied by a few instruments, singing a soft and mournful air; and its fine expression, as sometimes it seemed pleading with the impassioned tenderness of love, and then languishing into the cadence of hopeless grief, declared, that it flowed from no feigned sensibility. Ah! thought Emily, as she sighed and remembered Valancourt, those strains come from the heart!

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

PT After some general conversation, St. Aubert requested to speak with him alone; and Emily, being left with Madame Quesnel, soon learned that a large party was invited to dine at the chateau, and was compelled to hear that nothing which was past and irremediable ought to prevent the festivity of the present hour.

PT She looked round, with anxious enquiry; the deep twilight, that had fallen over the scene, admitted only imperfect images to the eye, but, at some distance on the sea, she thought she perceived a gondola: a

chorus of voices and instruments now swelled on the air—so sweet, so solemn! it seemed like the hymn of angels descending through the silence of night! Now it died away, and fancy almost beheld the holy choir reascending towards heaven; then again it swelled with the breeze, trembled awhile, and again died into silence. It brought to Emily's recollection some lines of her late father, and she repeated in a low voice,

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

PT St. Aubert, when he was told that company were expected, felt a mixed emotion of disgust and indignation against the insensibility of Quesnel, which prompted him to return home immediately. But he was informed, that Madame Cheron had been asked to meet him; and, when he looked at Emily, and considered that a time might come when the enmity of her uncle would be prejudicial to her, he determined not to incur it himself, by conduct which would be resented as indecorous, by the very persons who now showed so little sense of decorum.

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

PT Annette might have continued thus talking for hours for any interruption she would have received from Emily, who was silent, inattentive, absorbed in thought, and passed the whole of this day in a kind of solemn tranquillity, such as is often the result of faculties overstrained by suffering.

PT Among the visitors assembled at dinner were two Italian gentlemen, of whom one was named Montoni, a distant relation of Madame Quesnel, a man about forty, of an uncommonly handsome person, with features manly and expressive, but whose countenance exhibited, upon the whole, more of the haughtiness of command, and the quickness of discernment, than of any other character.

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

PT When night returned, Emily recollected the mysterious strains of music, that she had lately heard, in which she still felt some degree of interest, and of which she hoped to hear again the soothing sweetness. The influence of superstition now gained on the weakness of her long-harassed mind; she looked, with enthusiastic expectation, to the guardian spirit of her father, and, having dismissed Annette for the night, determined to watch alone for their return. It was not yet, however, near the time when she had heard the music on a former night, and anxious to call off her thoughts from distressing subjects, she sat down with one of the few books, that she had brought from France; but her mind, refusing controul, became restless and agitated, and she went often to the casement to listen for a sound. Once, she thought she heard a voice, but then, every thing without the casement remaining still, she concluded, that her fancy had deceived her.

PT Signor Cavigni, his friend, appeared to be about thirty—inferior in dignity, but equal to him in penetration of countenance, and superior in insinuation of manner.

PT The music they heard before now passed Montoni's barge, in one of the gondolas, of which several were seen skimming along the moon-light sea, full of gay parties, catching the cool breeze. Most of these had music, made sweeter by the waves over which it floated, and

by the measured sound of oars, as they dashed the sparkling tide. Emily gazed, and listened, and thought herself in a fairy scene; even Madame Montoni was pleased; Montoni congratulated himself on his return to Venice, which he called the first city in the world, and Cavigni was more gay and animated than ever.

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

PT Emily was shocked by the salutation with which Madame Cheron met her father—'Dear brother,' said she, 'I am concerned to see you look so very ill; do, pray, have advice!' St. Aubert answered, with a melancholy smile, that he felt himself much as usual; but Emily's fears made her now fancy that her father looked worse than he really did.

PT The barge passed on to the grand canal, where Montoni's mansion was situated. And here, other forms of beauty and of grandeur, such as her imagination had never painted, were unfolded to Emily in the palaces of Sansovino and Palladio, as she glided along the waves. The air bore no sounds, but those of sweetness, echoing along each margin of the canal, and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moon-light terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairyland.

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

PT Emily would have been amused by the new characters she saw, and the varied conversation that passed during dinner, which was served in a style of splendour she had seldom seen before, had her spirits been less oppressed. Of the guests, Signor Montoni was lately come from Italy, and he spoke of the commotions which at that period agitated the country; talked of party differences with warmth, and then lamented the probable consequences of the tumults. His friend spoke with equal ardour, of the politics of his country; praised the government and prosperity of Venice, and boasted of its decided superiority over all the other Italian states. He then turned to the ladies, and talked with the same eloquence, of Parisian fashions, the French opera, and French manners; and on the latter subject he did not fail to mingle what is so particularly agreeable to French taste. The flattery was not detected by those to whom it was addressed, though its effect, in producing submissive attention, did not escape his observation. When he could disengage himself from the assiduities of the other ladies, he sometimes addressed Emily: but she knew nothing of Parisian fashions, or Parisian operas; and her modesty, simplicity, and correct manners formed a decided contrast to those of her female companions.

PT The barge stopped before the portico of a large house, from whence a servant of Montoni crossed the terrace, and immediately the party disembarked. From the portico they passed a noble hall to a stair-case of marble, which led to a saloon, fitted up in a style of magnificence that surprised Emily. The walls and ceilings were adorned with historical and allegorical paintings, in fresco; silver tripods, depending from chains of the same metal, illumined the apartment, the floor of which was covered with Indian mats painted in a variety of colours and devices; the couches and drapery of the lattices were of pale green silk, embroidered and fringed with green and gold. Balcony lattices opened upon the grand canal, whence rose a confusion of voices and of musical instruments, and the breeze that gave freshness to the apartment. Emily, considering the gloomy temper of Montoni, looked upon the splendid furniture of this house with surprise, and remembered the report of his being a man of broken fortune, with astonishment. 'Ah!' said she to herself, 'if Valancourt could but see this mansion, what peace would it give him! He would then be convinced that the report was groundless.'

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

PT After dinner, St. Aubert stole from the room to view once more the old chesnut which Quesnel talked of cutting down. As he stood under its shade, and looked up among its branches, still luxuriant, and saw here and there the blue sky trembling between them; the pursuits and events of his early days crowded fast to his mind, with the figures and characters of friends—long since gone from the earth; and he now felt himself to be almost an insulated being, with nobody but his Emily for his heart to turn to.

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

PT While she paused, the figure came opposite to her casement, and was stationary. Every thing remained quiet; she had not heard even a foot-fall; and the solemnity of this silence, with the mysterious form she saw, subdued her spirits, so that she was moving from the casement, when, on a sudden, she observed the figure start away, and glide down the rampart, after which it was soon lost in the obscurity of night. Emily continued to gaze, for some time, on the way it had passed, and then retired within her chamber, musing on this strange circumstance, and scarcely doubting, that she had witnessed a supernatural appearance.

PT He stood lost amid the scenes of years which fancy called up, till the succession closed with the picture of his dying wife, and he started away, to forget it, if possible, at the social board.

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

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

PT When her spirits recovered composure, she looked round for some other explanation. Remembering what she had heard of the daring enterprises of Montoni, it occurred to her, that she had just seen some unhappy person, who, having been plundered by his banditti, was brought hither a captive; and that the music she had formerly heard, came from him. Yet, if they had plundered him, it still appeared improbable, that they should have brought him to the castle, and it was also more consistent with the manners of banditti to murder those they rob, than to make them prisoners. But what, more than any other circumstance, contradicted the supposition, that it was a prisoner, was that it wandered on the terrace, without a guard: a consideration, which made her dismiss immediately her first surmise.

PT St. Aubert ordered his carriage at an early hour, and Emily observed, that he was more than usually silent and dejected on the way home; but she considered this to be the effect of his visit to a place which spoke so eloquently of former times, nor suspected that he had a cause of grief which he concealed from her.

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

PT Afterwards, she was inclined to believe, that Count Morano had obtained admittance into the castle; but she soon recollected the difficulties and dangers, that must have opposed such an enterprise, and that, if he had so far succeeded, to come alone and in silence to her

casement at midnight was not the conduct he would have adopted, particularly since the private stair-case, communicating with her apartment, was known to him; neither would he have uttered the dismal sounds she had heard.

PT On entering the chateau she felt more depressed than ever, for she more than ever missed the presence of that dear parent, who, whenever she had been from home, used to welcome her return with smiles and fondness; now, all was silent and forsaken.

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

PT Another suggestion represented, that this might be some person, who had designs upon the castle; but the mournful sounds destroyed, also, that probability. Thus, enquiry only perplexed her. Who, or what, it could be that haunted this lonely hour, complaining in such doleful accents and in such sweet music (for she was still inclined to believe, that the former strains and the late appearance were connected,) she had no means of ascertaining; and imagination again assumed her empire, and roused the mysteries of superstition.

PT But what reason and effort may fail to do, time effects. Week after week passed away, and each, as it passed, stole something from the harshness of her affliction, till it was mellowed to that tenderness which the feeling heart cherishes as sacred. St. Aubert, on the contrary, visibly declined in health; though Emily, who had been so constantly with him, was almost the last person who observed it. His constitution had never recovered from the late attack of the fever, and the succeeding shock it received from Madame St. Aubert's death had produced its present infirmity. His physician now ordered him to travel; for it was perceptible

that sorrow had seized upon his nerves, weakened as they had been by the preceding illness; and variety of scene, it was probable, would, by amusing his mind, restore them to their proper tone.

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

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

PT For some days Emily was occupied in preparations to attend him; and he, by endeavours to diminish his expences at home during the journey—a purpose which determined him at length to dismiss his domestics. Emily seldom opposed her father's wishes by questions or remonstrances, or she would now have asked why he did not take a servant, and have represented that his infirm health made one almost necessary. But when, on the eve of their departure, she found that he had dismissed Jacques, Francis, and Mary, and detained only Theresa the old housekeeper, she was extremely surprised, and ventured to ask his reason for having done so. 'To save expences, my dear,' he replied—'we are going on an expensive excursion.'

PT 'How delightful,' said she, 'to live amidst the coral bowers and crystal caverns of the ocean, with my sister nymphs, and listen to the sounding waters above, and to the soft shells of the tritons! and then, after sun-set, to skim on the surface of the waves round wild rocks and

along sequestered shores, where, perhaps, some pensive wanderer comes to weep! Then would I soothe his sorrows with my sweet music, and offer him from a shell some of the delicious fruit that hangs round Neptune's palace.'

PT The physician had prescribed the air of Languedoc and Provence; and St. Aubert determined, therefore, to travel leisurely along the shores of the Mediterranean, towards Provence.

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

PT They retired early to their chamber on the night before their departure; but Emily had a few books and other things to collect, and the clock had struck twelve before she had finished, or had remembered that some of her drawing instruments, which she meant to take with her, were in the parlour below. As she went to fetch these, she passed her father's room, and, perceiving the door half open, concluded that he was in his study—for, since the death of Madame St. Aubert, it had been frequently his custom to rise from his restless bed, and go thither to compose his mind. When she was below stairs she looked into this room, but without finding him; and as she returned to her chamber, she tapped at his door, and receiving no answer, stepped softly in, to be certain whether he was there.

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

throw her fanciful ideas into a train, and concluded the hour with composing the following lines:

PT The room was dark, but a light glimmered through some panes of glass that were placed in the upper part of a closet-door. Emily believed her father to be in the closet, and, surprised that he was up at so late an hour, apprehended he was unwell, and was going to enquire; but, considering that her sudden appearance at this hour might alarm him, she removed her light to the stair-case, and then stepped softly to the closet. On looking through the panes of glass, she saw him seated at a small table, with papers before him, some of which he was reading with deep attention and interest, during which he often wept and sobbed aloud. Emily, who had come to the door to learn whether her father was ill, was now detained there by a mixture of curiosity and tenderness. She could not witness his sorrow, without being anxious to know the subject of; and she therefore continued to observe him in silence, concluding that those papers were letters of her late mother. Presently he knelt down, and with a look so solemn as she had seldom seen him assume, and which was mingled with a certain wild expression, that partook more of horror than of any other character, he prayed silently for a considerable time.

PT THE SEA-NYMPH Down, down a thousand fathom deep, Among the sounding seas I go; Play round the foot of ev'ry steep Whose cliffs above the ocean grow. There, within their secret cares, I hear the mighty rivers roar; And guide their streams through Neptune's waves To bless the green earth's inmost shore: And bid the freshen'd waters glide, For fern-crown'd nymphs of lake, or brook, Through winding woods and pastures wide, And many a wild, romantic nook. For this the nymphs, at fall of eave, Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks, And sing my name, and garlands weave To bear beneath the wave their thanks. In coral bow'rs I love to lie, And hear the surges roll above, And through the waters view on high The proud ships sail, and gay clouds move. And oft at midnight's stillest hour, When summer seas the vessel lave, I love to prove my charming pow'r While floating on the moon-light wave. And when deep sleep the crew has bound, And the sad lover musing leans O'er the ship's side, I breathe around Such strains as speak no mortal means! O'er the dim waves his searching eye Sees but the vessel's lengthen'd shade; Above—the moon and azure sky; Entranc'd he hears, and half afraid! Sometimes, a single note I swell, That, softly sweet, at distance dies;

Then wake the magic of my shell, And choral voices round me rise! The trembling youth, charm'd by my strain, Calls up the crew, who, silent, bend O'er the high deck, but list in vain; My song is hush'd, my wonders end! Within the mountain's woody bay, Where the tall bark at anchor rides, At twilight hour, with tritons gay, I dance upon the lapsing tides: And with my sister-nymphs I sport, Till the broad sun looks o'er the floods; Then, swift we seek our crystal court, Deep in the wave, 'mid Neptune's woods. In cool arcades and glassy halls We pass the sultry hours of noon, Beyond wherever sun-beam falls, Weaving sea-flowers in gay festoon. The while we chant our ditties sweet To some soft shell that warbles near; Join'd by the murmuring currents, fleet, That glide along our halls so clear. There, the pale pearl and sapphire blue, And ruby red, and em'rald green, Dart from the domes a changing hue, And sparry columns deck the scene. When the dark storm scowls o'er the deep, And long, long peals of thunder sound, On some high cliff my watch I keep O'er all the restless seas around: Till on the ridgy wave afar Comes the lone vessel, labouring slow, Spreading the white foam in the air, With sail and top-mast bending low. Then, plunge I 'mid the ocean's roar, My way by quiv'ring lightnings shewn, To guide the bark to peaceful shore, And hush the sailor's fearful groan. And if too late I reach its side To save it from the 'whelming surge, I call my dolphins o'er the tide, To bear the crew where isles emerge. Their mournful spirits soon I cheer, While round the desert coast I go, With warbled songs they faintly hear, Oft as the stormy gust sinks low. My music leads to lofty groves, That wild upon the sea-bank wave; Where sweet fruits bloom, and fresh spring roves, And closing boughs the tempest brave. Then, from the air spirits obey My potent voice they love so well, And, on the clouds, paint visions gay, While strains more sweet at distance swell. And thus the lonely hours I cheat, Soothing the ship-wreck'd sailor's heart, Till from the waves the storms retreat, And o'er the east the day-beams dart. Neptune for this oft binds me fast To rocks below, with coral chain, Till all the tempest's over-past, And drowning seamen cry in vain. Whoe'er ye are that love my lay, Come, when red sun-set tints the wave, To the still sands, where fairies play; There, in cool seas, I love to lave.

PT When he rose, a ghastly paleness was on his countenance. Emily was hastily retiring; but she saw him turn again to the papers, and she stopped. He took from among them a small case, and from thence a

miniature picture. The rays of light fell strongly upon it, and she perceived it to be that of a lady, but not of her mother.

PT St. Aubert gazed earnestly and tenderly upon his portrait, put it to his lips, and then to his heart, and sighed with a convulsive force. Emily could scarcely believe what she saw to be real. She never knew till now that he had a picture of any other lady than her mother, much less that he had one which he evidently valued so highly; but having looked repeatedly, to be certain that it was not the resemblance of Madame St. Aubert, she became entirely convinced that it was designed for that of some other person.

PT At length St. Aubert returned the picture to its case; and Emily, recollecting that she was intruding upon his private sorrows, softly withdrew from the chamber.

CHAPTER III

PT O how canst thou renounce the boundless store Of charms which nature to her vot'ry yields! The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields; All that the genial ray of morning gilds, And all that echoes to the song of even; All that the mountain's shell'ring bosom shields, And all the dread magnificence of heaven; O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!..... These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health, And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart. THE MINSTREL

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

PT Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp, Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres, Lingerin', and sitting, by a new-made grave. MILTON

PT This is no mortal business, nor no sound That the earth owes! SHAKESPEARE

PT St. Aubert, instead of taking the more direct road, that ran along the feet of the Pyrenees to Languedoc, chose one that, winding over the heights, afforded more extensive views and greater variety of romantic scenery. He turned a little out of his way to take leave of M. Barreaux, whom he found botanizing in the wood near his chateau, and who, when he was told the purpose of St. Aubert's visit, expressed a degree of concern, such as his friend had thought it was scarcely possible for him to feel on any similar occasion. They parted with mutual regret.

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

capable. Without some object of strong interest, life was to him little more than a sleep; and, when pursuits of real interest failed, he substituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceased to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming, which he had adopted, first, for the purpose of relieving him from the languor of inaction, but had since pursued with the ardour of passion. In this occupation he had passed the night with Cavigni and a party of young men, who had more money than rank, and more vice than either. Montoni despised the greater part of these for the inferiority of their talents, rather than for their vicious inclinations, and associated with them only to make them the instruments of his purposes. Among these, however, were some of superior abilities, and a few whom Montoni admitted to his intimacy, but even towards these he still preserved a decisive and haughty air, which, while it imposed submission on weak and timid minds, roused the fierce hatred of strong ones. He had, of course, many and bitter enemies; but the rancour of their hatred proved the degree of his power; and, as power was his chief aim, he gloried more in such hatred, than it was possible he could in being esteemed. A feeling so tempered as that of esteem, he despised, and would have despised himself also had he thought himself capable of being flattered by it.

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

PT 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 resentment, 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 approaching 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.

PT 'If any thing could have tempted me from my retirement,' said M. Barreaux, 'it would have been the pleasure of accompanying you on this little tour. I do not often offer compliments; you may, therefore, believe me, when I say, that I shall look for your return with impatience.'

PT Among the few whom he distinguished, were the Signors Bertolini, Orsino, and Verezzi. The first was a man of gay temper, strong passions, dissipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unsuspecting. Orsino was reserved, and haughty; loving power more than ostentation; of a cruel and suspicious temper; quick to feel an injury, and relentless in avenging it; cunning and unsearchable in contrivance, patient and indefatigable in the execution of his schemes. He had a perfect command of feature and of his passions, of which he had scarcely any, but pride, revenge and avarice; and, in the gratification of these, few considerations had power to restrain him, few obstacles to withstand the depth of his stratagems. This man was the chief favourite of Montoni. Verezzi was a man of some talent, of fiery imagination, and the slave of alternate passions. He was gay, voluptuous, and daring; yet had neither perseverance or true courage, and was meanly selfish in all his aims. Quick to form schemes, and sanguine in his hope of success, he was the first to undertake, and to abandon, not only his own plans, but those adopted from other persons. Proud and impetuous, he revolted against

all subordination; yet those who were acquainted with his character, and watched the turn of his passions, could lead him like a child.

PT Towards evening, the second part of the band, which had made the first excursion among the mountains, returned to the castle, where, as they entered the courts, Emily, in her remote chamber, heard their loud shouts and strains of exultation, like the orgies of furies over some horrid sacrifice. She even feared they were about to commit some barbarous deed; a conjecture from which, however, Annette soon relieved her, by telling, that the people were only exulting over the plunder they had brought with them. This circumstance still further confirmed her in the belief, that Montoni had really commenced to be a captain of banditti, and meant to retrieve his broken fortunes by the plunder of travellers! Indeed, when she considered all the circumstances of his situation—in an armed, and almost inaccessible castle, retired far among the recesses of wild and solitary mountains, along whose distant skirts were scattered towns, and cities, whither wealthy travellers were continually passing—this appeared to be the situation of all others most suited for the success of schemes of rapine, and she yielded to the strange thought, that Montoni was become a captain of robbers. His character also, unprincipled, dauntless, cruel and enterprising, seemed to fit him for the situation. Delighting in the tumult and in the struggles of life, he was equally a stranger to pity and to fear; his very courage was a sort of animal ferocity; not the noble impulse of a principle, such as inspirits the mind against the oppressor, in the cause of the oppressed; but a constitutional hardness of nerve, that cannot feel, and that, therefore, cannot fear.

PT 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.

PT The travellers proceeded on their journey. As they ascended the heights, St. Aubert often looked back upon the chateau, in the plain below; tender images crowded to his mind; his melancholy imagination suggested that he should return no more; and though he checked this wandering thought, still he continued to look, till the haziness of distance blended his home with the general landscape, and St. Aubert seemed to

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

PT Emily's supposition, however natural, was in part erroneous, for she was a stranger to the state of this country and to the circumstances, under which its frequent wars were partly conducted. The revenues of the many states of Italy being, at that time, insufficient to the support of standing armies, even during the short periods, which the turbulent habits both of the governments and the people permitted to pass in peace, an order of men arose not known in our age, and but faintly described in the history of their own. Of the soldiers, disbanded at the end of every war, few returned to the safe, but unprofitable occupations, then usual in peace. Sometimes they passed into other countries, and mingled with armies, which still kept the field. Sometimes they formed themselves into bands of robbers, and occupied remote fortresses, where their desperate

character, the weakness of the governments which they offended, and the certainty, that they could be recalled to the armies, when their presence should be again wanted, prevented them from being much pursued by the civil power; and, sometimes, they attached themselves to the fortunes of a popular chief, by whom they were led into the service of any state, which could settle with him the price of their valour. From this latter practice arose their name—CONDOTTIERI; a term formidable all over Italy, for a period, which concluded in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, but of which it is not so easy to ascertain the commencement.

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

PT Drag at each remove a lengthening chain.

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

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

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

PT Still her thoughts were employed by considerations, which weakened her curiosity, and Dorothee'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 Dorothee, '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 me, that I almost fancied I saw her, as she appeared upon her death-bed.'

PT He and Emily continued sunk in musing silence for some leagues, from which melancholy reverie Emily first awoke, and her young fancy, struck with the grandeur of the objects around, gradually yielded to

delightful impressions. The road now descended into glens, confined by stupendous walls of rock, grey and barren, except where shrubs fringed their summits, or patches of meagre vegetation tinted their recesses, in which the wild goat was frequently browsing. And now, the way led to the lofty cliffs, from whence the landscape was seen extending in all its magnificence.

PT In the cool of the evening the party embarked in Montoni's gondola, and rowed out upon the sea. The red glow of sun-set still touched the waves, and lingered in the west, where the melancholy gleam seemed slowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper aether began to twinkle with stars. Emily sat, given up to pensive and sweet emotions. The smoothness of the water, over which she glided, its reflected images—a new heaven and trembling stars below the waves, with shadowy outlines of towers and porticos, conspired with the stillness of the hour, interrupted only by the passing wave, or the notes of distant music, to raise those emotions to enthusiasm. As she listened to the measured sound of the oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her softened mind returned to the memory of St. Aubert and to Valancourt, and tears stole to her eyes. The rays of the moon, strengthening as the shadows deepened, soon after threw a silvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly shaded by a thin black veil, and touched it with inimitable softness. Hers was the CONTOUR of a Madona, with the sensibility of a Magdalen; and the pensive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her cheek, confirmed the expression of the character.

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

gaming parties of Venice and Padua, conceived a desire to emulate their characters, before his ruined fortunes tempted him to adopt their practices. It was for the arrangement of his present plan of life, that the midnight councils were held at his mansion in Venice, and at which Orsino and some other members of the present community then assisted with suggestions, which they had since executed with the wreck of their fortunes.

PT Emily now drew her chair near to Dorothee, 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 at 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!—

PT Emily could not restrain her transport as she looked over the pine forests of the mountains upon the vast plains, that, enriched with woods, towns, blushing vines, and plantations of almonds, palms, and olives, stretched along, till their various colours melted in distance into one harmonious hue, that seemed to unite earth with heaven. Through the whole of this glorious scene the majestic Garonne wandered; descending from its source among the Pyrenees, and winding its blue waves towards the Bay of Biscay.

PT The last strain of distant music now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have music of their own. The Count Morano, who sat next to Emily, and who had been observing her for some time in silence, snatched up a lute, and struck the chords

with the finger of harmony herself, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender sadness. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exhortation of an English poet, had it then existed:

PT On the return of night, Emily resumed her station at the casement. There was now a moon; and, as it rose over the tufted woods, its yellow light served to shew the lonely terrace and the surrounding objects, more distinctly, than the twilight of the stars had done, and promised Emily to assist her observations, should the mysterious form return. On this subject, she again wavered in conjecture, and hesitated whether to speak to the figure, to which a strong and almost irresistible interest urged her; but terror, at intervals, made her reluctant to do so.

PT 'But the Marchioness, Dorothee,' said Emily, 'you was telling me of her.'

PT The ruggedness of the unfrequented road often obliged the wanderers to alight from their little carriage, but they thought themselves amply repaid for this inconvenience by the grandeur of the scenes; and, while the muleteer led his animals slowly over the broken ground, the travellers had leisure to linger amid these solitudes, and to indulge the sublime reflections, which soften, while they elevate, the heart, and fill it with the certainty of a present God! Still the enjoyment of St. Aubert was touched with that pensive melancholy, which gives to every object a mellower tint, and breathes a sacred charm over all around.

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

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

PT '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 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.'

PT They had provided against part of the evil to be encountered from a want of convenient inns, by carrying a stock of provisions in the carriage, so that they might take refreshment on any pleasant spot, in the open air, and pass the nights wherever they should happen to meet with a comfortable cottage. For the mind, also, they had provided, by a work on botany, written by M. Barreaux, and by several of the Latin and Italian poets; while Emily's pencil enabled her to preserve some of those combinations of forms, which charmed her at every step.

PT With such powers of expression the Count sung the following

PT She then thought of her unfortunate aunt, and, shuddering with grief and horror, the suggestions of imagination seized her mind with all the force of truth, and she believed, that the form she had seen was supernatural. She trembled, breathed with difficulty, an icy coldness touched her cheeks, and her fears for a while overcame her judgment.

Her resolution now forsook her, and she determined, if the figure should appear, not to speak to it.

PT 'What was the chevalier's name, Dorothee?' said Emily.

PT The loneliness of the road, where, only now and then, a peasant was seen driving his mule, or some mountaineer-children at play among the rocks, heightened the effect of the scenery. St. Aubert was so much struck with it, that he determined, if he could hear of a road, to penetrate further among the mountains, and, bending his way rather more to the south, to emerge into Rousillon, and coast the Mediterranean along part of that country to Languedoc.

PT RONDEAU Soft as yon silver ray, that sleeps Upon the ocean's trembling tide; Soft as the air, that lightly sweeps Yon sad, that swells in stately pride: Soft as the surge's stealing note, That dies along the distant shores, Or warbled strain, that sinks remote— So soft the sigh my bosom pours! True as the wave to Cynthia's ray, True as the vessel to the breeze, True as the soul to music's sway, Or music to Venetian seas: Soft as yon silver beams, that sleep Upon the ocean's trembling breast; So soft, so true, fond Love shall weep, So soft, so true, with THEE shall rest.

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

PT '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 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.

PT Soon after mid-day, they reached the summit of one of those cliffs, which, bright with the verdure of palm-trees, adorn, like gems, the tremendous walls of the rocks, and which overlooked the greater part of Gascony, and part of Languedoc. Here was shade, and the fresh water of a spring, that, gliding among the turf, under the trees, thence precipitated itself from rock to rock, till its dashing murmurs were lost in the abyss, though its white foam was long seen amid the darkness of the pines below.

PT The cadence with which he returned from the last stanza to a repetition of the first; the fine modulation in which his voice stole upon the first line, and the pathetic energy with which it pronounced the last, were such as only exquisite taste could give. When he had concluded, he gave the lute with a sigh to Emily, who, to avoid any appearance of affectation, immediately began to play. She sung a melancholy little air, one of the popular songs of her native province, with a simplicity and pathos that made it enchanting. But its well-known melody brought so forcibly to her fancy the scenes and the persons, among which she had often heard it, that her spirits were overcome, her voice trembled and ceased—and the strings of the lute were struck with a disordered hand; till, ashamed of the emotion she had betrayed, she suddenly passed on to a song so gay and airy, that the steps of the dance seemed almost to echo to the notes. BRAVISSIMO! burst instantly from the lips of her delighted auditors, and she was compelled to repeat the air. Among the compliments that followed, those of the Count were not the least audible, and they had not concluded, when Emily gave the instrument to Signora Livona, whose voice accompanied it with true Italian taste.

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

PT '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.'

PT This was a spot well suited for rest, and the travellers alighted to dine, while the mules were unharnessed to browse on the savoury herbs that enriched this summit.

PT Afterwards, the Count, Emily, Cavigni, and the Signora, sung canzonettes, accompanied by a couple of lutes and a few other instruments. Sometimes the instruments suddenly ceased, and the voices dropped from the full swell of harmony into a low chant; then, after a deep pause, they rose by degrees, the instruments one by one striking up, till the loud and full chorus soared again to heaven!

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

PT 'Worse! Dorothee,' said Emily, 'can that be possible?'

PT It was some time before St. Aubert or Emily could withdraw their attention from the surrounding objects, so as to partake of their little repast. Seated in the shade of the palms, St. Aubert pointed out to her observation the course of the rivers, the situation of great towns, and the boundaries of provinces, which science, rather than the eye, enabled him to describe. Notwithstanding this occupation, when he had talked awhile he suddenly became silent, thoughtful, and tears often swelled to his

eyes, which Emily observed, and the sympathy of her own heart told her their cause. The scene before them bore some resemblance, though it was on a much grander scale, to a favourite one of the late Madame St. Aubert, within view of the fishing-house. They both observed this, and thought how delighted she would have been with the present landscape, while they knew that her eyes must never, never more open upon this world. St. Aubert remembered the last time of his visiting that spot in company with her, and also the mournfully presaging thoughts which had then arisen in his mind, and were now, even thus soon, realized! The recollections subdued him, and he abruptly rose from his seat, and walked away to where no eye could observe his grief.

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

PT 'These are my friends,' he replied, 'whatever you would say, they may hear.'

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

PT When he returned, his countenance had recovered its usual serenity; he took Emily's hand, pressed it affectionately, without speaking, and soon after called to the muleteer, who sat at a little distance, concerning a road among the mountains towards Rousillon. Michael said, there were several that way, but he did not know how far they extended, or even whether they were passable; and St. Aubert, who did not intend to travel after sun-set, asked what village they could reach about that time. The muleteer calculated that they could easily reach Mateau, which was in their present road; but that, if they took a road that sloped more to the south, towards Rousillon, there was a hamlet, which he thought they could gain before the evening shut in.

PT Montoni still meditated how he might excuse himself from longer attendance upon the Count, for to him only he thought excuse necessary, and how he might get to land, till the gondolieri of an empty boat, returning to Venice, hailed his people. Without troubling himself longer

about an excuse, he seized this opportunity of going thither, and, committing the ladies to the care of his friends, departed with Orsino, while Emily, for the first time, saw him go with regret; for she considered his presence a protection, though she knew not what she should fear. He landed at St. Mark's, and, hurrying to a Casino, was soon lost amidst a crowd of gamesters.

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

PT 'Hush, Dorothee, what sounds were those?' said Emily.

PT St. Aubert, after some hesitation, determined to take the latter course, and Michael, having finished his meal, and harnessed his mules, again set forward, but soon stopped; and St. Aubert saw him doing homage to a cross, that stood on a rock impending over their way. Having concluded his devotions, he smacked his whip in the air, and, in spite of the rough road, and the pain of his poor mules, which he had been lately lamenting, rattled, in a full gallop, along the edge of a precipice, which it made the eye dizzy to look down. Emily was terrified almost to fainting; and St. Aubert, apprehending still greater danger from suddenly stopping the driver, was compelled to sit quietly, and trust his fate to the strength and discretion of the mules, who seemed to possess a greater portion of the latter quality than their master; for they carried the travellers safely into the valley, and there stopped upon the brink of the rivulet that watered it.

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

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

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

PT Leaving the splendour of extensive prospects, they now entered this narrow valley screened by

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

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

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

PT Rocks on rocks piled, as if by magic spell, Here scorch'd by lightnings, there with ivy green.

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

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

PT 'I have often heard it, and at this same hour,' said Dorothee, solemnly, 'and, if spirits ever bring music—that is surely the music of one!'

PT The scene of barrenness was here and there interrupted by the spreading branches of the larch and cedar, which threw their gloom over the cliff, or athwart the torrent that rolled in the vale. No living creature appeared, except the izard, scrambling among the rocks, and often hanging upon points so dangerous, that fancy shrunk from the view of them. This was such a scene as SALVATOR would have chosen, had he then existed, for his canvas; St. Aubert, impressed by the romantic character of the place, almost expected to see banditti start from behind some projecting rock, and he kept his hand upon the arms with which he always travelled.

PT At length they withdrew to the Casino, which was fitted up with infinite taste, and where a splendid banquet was prepared; but here Emily's reserve made the Count perceive, that it was necessary for his interest to win the favour of Madame Montoni, which, from the condescension she had already shewn to him, appeared to be an achievement of no great difficulty. He transferred, therefore, part of his attention from Emily to her aunt, who felt too much flattered by the distinction even to disguise her emotion; and before the party broke up, he had entirely engaged the esteem of Madame Montoni. Whenever he addressed her, her ungracious countenance relaxed into smiles, and to whatever he proposed she assented. He invited her, with the rest of the party, to take coffee, in his box at the opera, on the following evening, and Emily heard the invitation accepted, with strong anxiety, concerning the means of excusing herself from attending Madame Montoni thither.

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

PT 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.

PT As they advanced, the valley opened; its savage features gradually softened, and, towards evening, they were among heathy mountains, stretched in far perspective, along which the solitary sheep-bell was heard, and the voice of the shepherd calling his wandering flocks to the nightly fold. His cabin, partly shadowed by the cork-tree and the ilex, which St. Aubert observed to flourish in higher regions of the air than any other trees, except the fir, was all the human habitation that yet appeared. Along the bottom of this valley the most vivid verdure was spread; and, in the little hollow recesses of the mountains, under the shade of the oak and chestnut, herds of cattle were grazing. Groups of them, too, were often seen reposing on the banks of the rivulet, or laving their sides in the cool stream, and sipping its wave.

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

PT Emily, considering that she had no appeal from this will, forbore to dispute his right, and made a feeble effort to persuade him to be just. 'While my aunt lived, sir,' said she, in a tremulous voice, 'my residence here was not improper; but now, that she is no more, I may surely be permitted to depart. My stay cannot benefit you, sir, and will only distress me.'

PT 'I think I once told you, madam,' said Dorothee, '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.'

PT The sun was now setting upon the valley; its last light gleamed upon the water, and heightened the rich yellow and purple tints of the heath and broom, that overspread the mountains. St. Aubert enquired of Michael the distance to the hamlet he had mentioned, but the man could not with certainty tell; and Emily began to fear that he had mistaken the road. Here was no human being to assist, or direct them; they had left the shepherd and his cabin far behind, and the scene became so obscured in twilight, that the eye could not follow the distant perspective of the valley in search of a cottage, or a hamlet. A glow of the horizon still marked the west, and this was of some little use to the travellers. Michael seemed endeavouring to keep up his courage by singing; his music, however, was not of a kind to disperse melancholy; he sung, in a sort of chant, one of the most dismal ditties his present auditors had ever heard, and St. Aubert at length discovered it to be a vesper-hymn to his favourite saint.

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

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

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

PT They travelled on, sunk in that thoughtful melancholy, with which twilight and solitude impress the mind. Michael had now ended his ditty, and nothing was heard but the drowsy murmur of the breeze among the woods, and its light flutter, as it blew freshly into the carriage. They were at length roused by the sound of fire-arms. St. Aubert called to the

muleteer to stop, and they listened. The noise was not repeated; but presently they heard a rustling among the brakes. St. Aubert drew forth a pistol, and ordered Michael to proceed as fast as possible; who had not long obeyed, before a horn sounded, that made the mountains ring. He looked again from the window, and then saw a young man spring from the bushes into the road, followed by a couple of dogs. The stranger was in a hunter's dress. His gun was slung across his shoulders, the hunter's horn hung from his belt, and in his hand was a small pike, which, as he held it, added to the manly grace of his figure, and assisted the agility of his steps.

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

PT 'Who told you so?' he repeated, more sternly.

PT 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, Dorothee, in a low voice, resumed her narrative.

PT After a moment's hesitation, St. Aubert again stopped the carriage, and waited till he came up, that they might enquire concerning the hamlet they were in search of. The stranger informed him, that it was only half a league distant, that he was going thither himself, and would readily shew the way. St. Aubert thanked him for the offer, and, pleased with his chevalier-like air and open countenance, asked him to take a seat in the carriage; which the stranger, with an acknowledgment, declined, adding that he would keep pace with the mules. 'But I fear you will be wretchedly accommodated,' said he: 'the inhabitants of these mountains are a simple people, who are not only without the luxuries of life, but almost destitute of what in other places are held to be its necessities.'

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

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

PT '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 the 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, to shut it, she has hardly seemed to know what hour it was. But, as I said, madam,'continued Dorothee, '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.'

PT 'I perceive you are not one of its inhabitants, sir,'said St. Aubert.

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

PT She sat down on a bench to support herself.

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

PT 'No, sir, I am only a wanderer here.'

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

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

PT '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!'

PT The carriage drove on, and the increasing dusk made the travellers very thankful that they had a guide; the frequent glens, too, that now opened among the mountains, would likewise have added to their perplexity. Emily, as she looked up one of these, saw something at a great distance like a bright cloud in the air. 'What light is yonder, sir?' said she.

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

PT He now left the room, without awaiting her reply, and returned to the cedar chamber, where such of the chevaliers as had not before seen Emily, began to rally him, on the discovery they had made; but Montoni did not appear disposed to bear this mirth, and they changed the subject.

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

PT St. Aubert looked, and perceived that it was the snowy summit of a mountain, so much higher than any around it, that it still reflected the sun's rays, while those below lay in deep shade.

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

PT Having talked with the subtle Orsino, on the plan of an excursion, which he meditated for a future day, his friend advised, that they should

lie in wait for the enemy, which Verezzi impetuously opposed, reproached Orsino with want of spirit, and swore, that, if Montoni would let him lead on fifty men, he would conquer all that should oppose him.

PT 'I will, ma'am,' said Dorothee, 'but shall we leave the window?'

PT At length, the village lights were seen to twinkle through the dusk, and, soon after, some cottages were discovered in the valley, or rather were seen by reflection in the stream, on whose margin they stood, and which still gleamed with the evening light.

PT Several weeks passed in the course of customary visits, during which nothing remarkable occurred. Emily was amused by the manners and scenes that surrounded her, so different from those of France, but where Count Morano, too frequently for her comfort, contrived to introduce himself. His manner, figure and accomplishments, which were generally admired, Emily would, perhaps, have admired also, had her heart been disengaged from Valancourt, and had the Count forborne to persecute her with officious attentions, during which she observed some traits in his character, that prejudiced her against whatever might otherwise be good in it.

PT Orsino smiled contemptuously; Montoni smiled too, but he also listened. Verezzi then proceeded with vehement declamation and assertion, till he was stopped by an argument of Orsino, which he knew not how to answer better than by invective. His fierce spirit detested the cunning caution of Orsino, whom he constantly opposed, and whose inveterate, though silent, hatred he had long ago incurred. And Montoni was a calm observer of both, whose different qualifications he knew, and how to bend their opposite character to the perfection of his own designs. But Verezzi, in the heat of opposition, now did not scruple to accuse Orsino of cowardice, at which the countenance of the latter, while he made no reply, was overspread with a livid paleness; and Montoni, who watched his lurking eye, saw him put his hand hastily into his bosom. But Verezzi, whose face, glowing with crimson, formed a striking contrast to the complexion of Orsino, remarked not the action, and continued boldly declaiming against cowards to Cavigni, who was slyly laughing at his vehemence, and at the silent mortification of Orsino, when the latter, retiring a few steps behind, drew forth a stiletto to stab his adversary in the back. Montoni arrested his half-extended arm, and, with a significant look, made him return the poinard into his bosom, unseen by all except

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

PT '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.'

PT The stranger now came up, and St. Aubert, on further enquiry, found not only that there was no inn in the place, but not any sort of house of public reception. The stranger, however, offered to walk on, and enquire for a cottage to accommodate them; for which further civility St. Aubert returned his thanks, and said, that, as the village was so near, he would alight, and walk with him. Emily followed slowly in the carriage.

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

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

PT '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 bedside, 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.'

PT On the way, St. Aubert asked his companion what success he had had in the chase. 'Not much, sir,'he replied, 'nor do I aim at it. I am pleased with the country, and mean to saunter away a few weeks among

its scenes. My dogs I take with me more for companionship than for game. This dress, too, gives me an ostensible business, and procures me that respect from the people, which would, perhaps, be refused to a lonely stranger, who had no visible motive for coming among them.'

PT Emily had observed with concern, that, since they left France, Montoni had not even affected kindness towards her aunt, and that, after treating her, at first, with neglect, he now met her with uniform ill-humour and reserve. She had never supposed, that her aunt's foibles could have escaped the discernment of Montoni, or that her mind or figure were of a kind to deserve his attention. Her surprise, therefore, at this match, had been extreme; but since he had made the choice, she did not suspect that he would so openly have discovered his contempt of it. But Montoni, who had been allured by the seeming wealth of Madame Cheron, was now severely disappointed by her comparative poverty, and highly exasperated by the deceit she had employed to conceal it, till concealment was no longer necessary. He had been deceived in an affair, wherein he meant to be the deceiver; out-witted by the superior cunning of a woman, whose understanding he despised, and to whom he had sacrificed his pride and his liberty, without saving himself from the ruin, which had impended over his head. Madame Montoni had contrived to have the greatest part of what she really did possess, settled upon herself: what remained, though it was totally inadequate both to her husband's expectations, and to his necessities, he had converted into money, and brought with him to Venice, that he might a little longer delude society, and make a last effort to regain the fortunes he had lost.

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

PT '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; but my lady said it was then too late; but my lord, so far from thinking so, seemed to think light 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.

PT 'I admire your taste,' said St. Aubert, 'and, if I was a younger man, should like to pass a few weeks in your way exceedingly. I, too, am a wanderer, but neither my plan nor pursuits are exactly like yours—I go in search of health, as much as of amusement.' St. Aubert sighed, and paused; and then, seeming to recollect himself, he resumed: 'If I can hear of a tolerable road, that shall afford decent accommodation, it is my intention to pass into Rousillon, and along the sea-shore to Languedoc. You, sir, seem to be acquainted with the country, and can, perhaps, give me information on the subject.'

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

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

PT '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.'

PT The stranger said, that what information he could give was entirely at his service; and then mentioned a road rather more to the east, which led to a town, whence it would be easy to proceed into Rousillon.

PT Madame Montoni was not of a nature to bear injuries with meekness, or to resent them with dignity: her exasperated pride displayed itself in all the violence and acrimony of a little, or at least of an ill-regulated mind. She would not acknowledge, even to herself, that she had in any degree provoked contempt by her duplicity, but weakly persisted in believing, that she alone was to be pitied, and Montoni alone to be censured; for, as her mind had naturally little perception of moral obligation, she seldom understood its force but when it happened to be violated towards herself: her vanity had already been severely shocked by a discovery of Montoni's contempt; it remained to be farther reprov'd by a discovery of his circumstances. His mansion at Venice, though its furniture discovered a part of the truth to unprejudiced persons, told nothing to those who were blinded by a resolution to believe whatever they wished. Madame Montoni still thought herself little less than a princess, possessing a palace at Venice, and a castle among the Apennines. To the castle di Udolpho, indeed, Montoni sometimes talked of going for a few weeks to examine into its condition, and to receive some rents; for it appeared that he had not been there for two years, and that, during this period, it had been inhabited only by an old servant, whom he called his steward.

PT 'This is the conduct of a boy,' said Montoni to Verezzi, 'not of a man: be more moderate in your speech.'

PT Dorothee 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.

PT They now arrived at the village, and commenced their search for a cottage, that would afford a night's lodging. In several, which they entered, ignorance, poverty, and mirth seemed equally to prevail; and the owners eyed St. Aubert with a mixture of curiosity and timidity. Nothing like a bed could be found, and he had ceased to enquire for one, when Emily joined him, who observed the languor of her father's countenance, and lamented, that he had taken a road so ill provided with the comforts necessary for an invalid. Other cottages, which they examined, seemed somewhat less savage than the former, consisting of two rooms, if such they could be called; the first of these occupied by mules and pigs, the second by the family, which generally consisted of six or eight children, with their parents, who slept on beds of skins and dried beech leaves,

spread upon a mud floor. Here, light was admitted, and smoke discharged, through an aperture in the roof; and here the scent of spirits (for the travelling smugglers, who haunted the Pyrenees, had made this rude people familiar with the use of liquors) was generally perceptible enough. Emily turned from such scenes, and looked at her father with anxious tenderness, which the young stranger seemed to observe; for, drawing St. Aubert aside, he made him an offer of his own bed. 'It is a decent one,' said he, 'when compared with what we have just seen, yet such as in other circumstances I should be ashamed to offer you.' St. Aubert acknowledged how much he felt himself obliged by this kindness, but refused to accept it, till the young stranger would take no denial. 'Do not give me the pain of knowing, sir,' said he, 'that an invalid, like you, lies on hard skins, while I sleep in a bed. Besides, sir, your refusal wounds my pride; I must believe you think my offer unworthy your acceptance. Let me shew you the way. I have no doubt my landlady can accommodate this young lady also.'

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

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

PT 'When the doctor came,' resumed Dorothee, '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 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 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.'

PT St. Aubert at length consented, that, if this could be done, he would accept his kindness, though he felt rather surprised, that the stranger had proved himself so deficient in gallantry, as to administer to the repose of an infirm man, rather than to that of a very lovely young woman, for he had not once offered the room for Emily. But she thought not of herself, and the animated smile she gave him, told how much she felt herself obliged for the preference of her father.

PT But Count Morano did not long confine himself to silent assiduities; he declared his passion to Emily, and made proposals to Montoni, who encouraged, though Emily rejected, him: with Montoni for his friend, and an abundance of vanity to delude him, he did not despair of success. Emily was astonished and highly disgusted at his perseverance, after she had explained her sentiments with a frankness that would not allow him to misunderstand them.

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

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

PT On their way, the stranger, whose name was Valancourt, stepped on first to speak to his hostess, and she came out to welcome St. Aubert into a cottage, much superior to any he had seen. This good woman seemed very willing to accommodate the strangers, who were soon compelled to accept the only two beds in the place. Eggs and milk were the only food the cottage afforded; but against scarcity of provisions St. Aubert had provided, and he requested Valancourt to stay, and partake with him of less homely fare; an invitation, which was readily accepted, and they passed an hour in intelligent conversation. St. Aubert was much pleased with the manly frankness, simplicity, and keen susceptibility to the grandeur of nature, which his new acquaintance discovered; and, indeed, he had often been heard to say, that, without a certain simplicity of heart, this taste could not exist in any strong degree.

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

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

PT 'Yes, madam,' replied Dorothee, '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.'

PT The conversation was interrupted by a violent uproar without, in which the voice of the muleteer was heard above every other sound. Valancourt started from his seat, and went to enquire the occasion; but the dispute continued so long afterwards, that St. Aubert went himself, and found Michael quarrelling with the hostess, because she had refused to let his mules lie in a little room where he and three of her sons were to pass the night. The place was wretched enough, but there was no other for these people to sleep in; and, with somewhat more of delicacy than was usual among the inhabitants of this wild tract of country, she persisted in refusing to let the animals have the same BED-CHAMBER with her children. This was a tender point with the muleteer; his honour was wounded when his mules were treated with disrespect, and he would have received a blow, perhaps, with more meekness. He declared that

his beasts were as honest beasts, and as good beasts, as any in the whole province; and that they had a right to be well treated wherever they went. 'They are as harmless as lambs,' said he, 'if people don't affront them. I never knew them behave themselves amiss above once or twice in my life, and then they had good reason for doing so. Once, indeed, they kicked at a boy's leg that lay asleep in the stable, and broke it; but I told them they were out there, and by St. Anthony! I believe they understood me, for they never did so again.'

PT Montoni now said nothing of his intended journey, of which Emily waited impatiently to hear; and he was seldom at home but when the Count, or Signor Orsino, was there, for between himself and Cavigni a coolness seemed to subsist, though the latter remained in his house. With Orsino, Montoni was frequently closeted for hours together, and, whatever might be the business, upon which they consulted, it appeared to be of consequence, since Montoni often sacrificed to it his favourite passion for play, and remained at home the whole night. There was somewhat of privacy, too, in the manner of Orsino's visits, which had never before occurred, and which excited not only surprise, but some degree of alarm in Emily's mind, who had unwillingly discovered much of his character when he had most endeavoured to disguise it. After these visits, Montoni was often more thoughtful than usual; sometimes the deep workings of his mind entirely abstracted him from surrounding objects, and threw a gloom over his visage that rendered it terrible; at others, his eyes seemed almost to flash fire, and all the energies of his soul appeared to be roused for some great enterprise. Emily observed these written characters of his thoughts with deep interest, and not without some degree of awe, when she considered that she was entirely in his power; but forbore even to hint her fears, or her observations, to Madame Montoni, who discerned nothing in her husband, at these times, but his usual sternness.

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

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

PT He concluded this eloquent harangue with protesting, that they should share with him, go where he would.

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

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

PT Dorothee, 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 like you than the miniature.' When Emily expressed a strong desire to see this, Dorothee replied, that she did not like to open those rooms; but Emily reminded her, that the Count had talked the other day of ordering them to be opened; of which Dorothee 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.

PT The dispute was at length settled by Valancourt, who drew the hostess aside, and desired she would let the muleteer and his beasts have the place in question to themselves, while her sons should have the bed of skins designed for him, for that he would wrap himself in his cloak, and sleep on the bench by the cottage door. But this she thought it her duty to oppose, and she felt it to be her inclination to disappoint the muleteer. Valancourt, however, was positive, and the tedious affair was at length settled.

PT Emily received, about the same period, a much more interesting letter, and which soothed for a while every anxiety of her heart. Valancourt, hoping she might be still at Venice, had trusted a letter to the ordinary post, that told her of his health, and of his unceasing and anxious affection. He had lingered at Tholouse for some time after her departure, that he might indulge the melancholy pleasure of wandering through the scenes where he had been accustomed to behold her, and had thence gone to his brother's chateau, which was in the neighbourhood of La Vallee. Having mentioned this, he added, 'If the duty of attending my regiment did not require my departure, I know not when I should have resolution enough to quit the neighbourhood of a place which is endeared by the remembrance of you. The vicinity to La Vallee has alone detained me thus long at Estuviere: I frequently ride thither early in the morning, that I may wander, at leisure, through the day, among scenes, which were once your home, where I have been accustomed to see you, and to hear you converse. I have renewed my acquaintance with the good old Theresa, who rejoiced to see me, that she might talk of you: I need not say how much this circumstance attached me to her, or how eagerly I listened to her upon her favourite subject. You will guess the motive that first induced me to make myself known to Theresa: it was, indeed, no other than that of gaining admittance into the chateau and gardens, which my Emily had so lately inhabited: here, then, I wander, and meet your image under every shade: but chiefly I love to sit beneath the spreading branches of your favourite plane, where once, Emily, we sat together; where I first ventured to tell you, that I loved. O Emily! the remembrance of those moments overcomes me—I sit lost in reverie—I endeavour to see you dimly through my tears, in all the heaven of peace and innocence, such as you then appeared to me; to hear again the accents of that voice, which then thrilled my heart with tenderness and hope. I lean on the wall of the terrace, where we together watched the rapid current of the Garonne below, while I described the wild scenery about its source, but thought only of you. O Emily! are these moments passed for ever—will they never more return?'

PT Emily, meanwhile, stunned by the last words of Montoni, forgot, for the moment, his declaration, that she should continue in the castle, while she thought of her unfortunate aunt, who, he had said, was laid in the east turret. In suffering the remains of his wife to lie thus long unburied,

there appeared a degree of brutality more shocking than she had suspected even Montoni could practise.

PT 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 wish to visit them at this hour, but she requested that Dorothee 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 Dorothee had said remained, with the bed and furniture, just as when the corpse was 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.

PT It was late when St. Aubert and Emily retired to their rooms, and Valancourt to his station at the door, which, at this mild season, he preferred to a close cabin and a bed of skins. St. Aubert was somewhat surprised to find in his room volumes of Homer, Horace, and Petrarch; but the name of Valancourt, written in them, told him to whom they belonged.

PT In another part of his letter he wrote thus. 'You see my letter is dated on many different days, and, if you look back to the first, you will perceive, that I began to write soon after your departure from France. To write was, indeed, the only employment that withdrew me from my own melancholy, and rendered your absence supportable, or rather, it seemed to destroy absence; for, when I was conversing with you on paper, and telling you every sentiment and affection of my heart, you almost appeared to be present. This employment has been from time to time my chief consolation, and I have deferred sending off my packet, merely for the comfort of prolonging it, though it was certain, that what I had written, was written to no purpose till you received it. Whenever my mind has been more than usually depressed I have come to pour forth its sorrows to you, and have always found consolation; and, when any little

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

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

PT Dorothee 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.

PT 'I have just heard of a circumstance, which entirely destroys all my fairy paradise of ideal delight, and which will reconcile me to the necessity of returning to my regiment, for I must no longer wander beneath the beloved shades, where I have been accustomed to meet you in thought.—La Vallee is let! I have reason to believe this is without your knowledge, from what Theresa told me this morning, and, therefore, I mention the circumstance. She shed tears, while she related, that she was going to leave the service of her dear mistress, and the chateau where she had lived so many happy years; and all this, added she, without even a letter from Mademoiselle to soften the news; but it is all Mons. Quesnel's doings, and I dare say she does not even know what is going forward.'

PT Annette came, and Emily mentioned her purpose, from which the former endeavoured to dissuade her, though without effect, and Annette was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to accompany her to the turret; but no consideration could make her promise to enter the chamber of death.

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

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

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CAPÍTULO I

En Lar é um lugar onde amor, alegria, paz e abundância se encontram. Lá, amigos refinados e familiares próximos se apoiam mutuamente e compartilham felicidade.

En Onde quer que eu vague, quaisquer terras que veja, meu coração, embora não tenha viajado, sempre se voltará para você. GOLDSMITH

En Macbeth declarou que os instruiria sobre onde se posicionar e revelaria o momento exato, pois o feito deveria ser realizado naquela mesma noite.

En A passagem de Sonho de uma Noite de Verão questiona se todos os conselhos compartilhados e o tempo passado juntos foram esquecidos, e se seu amor de longa data será despedido.

En Em 1584, o castelo do Senhor St. Aubert ficava nas agradáveis margens do Garona, na Gasconha. De suas janelas, via-se as paisagens pastoris da Guiana e da Gasconha, com ricas florestas, vinhedos e plantações de oliveiras. Ao sul, a vista era limitada pelos majestosos Pirineus, cujos picos muitas vezes estavam escondidos nas nuvens ou revelados em formas inspiradoras. Às vezes áridos, brilhavam através do ar azul; outras vezes, escureciam com florestas de pinheiros sombrios que desciam até a base. Esses penhascos íngremes contrastavam com o verde suave das pastagens e bosques a seus pés, onde rebanhos, manadas e simples cabanas descansavam. Ao norte e ao leste, as planícies da Guiana e do Languedoque desapareciam na névoa; a oeste, a Gasconha era banhada pelas águas do Golfo da Biscaia.

En As carruagens estavam nos portões cedo; a agitação dos criados nas galerias acordou Emily de um sono agitado. Sua mente perturbada lhe apresentara imagens aterrorizantes e circunstâncias vagas sobre seu afeto e futuro. Ela tentou banir essas impressões, mas ao despertar dos males imaginários, enfrentou os reais. Lembrando que se separara de Valancourt talvez para sempre, seu coração ficou doente. Ela tentou afastar seus pressentimentos e conter sua tristeza; esses esforços deram à sua expressão melancólica um ar de resignação temperada, como um véu fino que torna a beleza mais interessante. No entanto, Madame Montoni viu apenas sua palidez habitual e a repreendeu por se entregar a tristezas fantasiosas, dizendo-lhe que tivesse mais respeito ao

decoro do que mostrar ao mundo que não conseguia abandonar um apego impróprio. A face pálida de Emily corou de orgulho, mas ela não disse nada. Logo depois, Montoni entrou, falou pouco e pareceu impaciente para partir.

En No dia seguinte, Emily ficou surpresa ao saber que Annette ouvira falar do confinamento de Madame Montoni e da visita noturna planejada. Achou improvável que Barnardine, que lhe havia jurado segredo, confidenciasse a um ouvinte tão indiscreto, mas ele agora enviara uma mensagem pedindo um encontro particular no terraço logo após a meia-noite, prometendo levá-la ao local que mencionara. Emily recuou, assaltada por medos vagos. Suspeitou que Barnardine pudesse tê-la enganado, possivelmente a mando de Montoni, para atraí-la a algum plano desesperado. O terrível pensamento de que Madame Montoni já poderia estar morta veio acompanhado de temor por sua própria segurança, pois se sua tia fora assassinada por razões de ganho, a própria Emily seria o próximo alvo, já que as propriedades contestadas passariam para ela com a morte da tia. Lembrou-se da expressão triunfante de Barnardine na noite anterior, o que confirmou seus medos, e resolveu não encontrá-lo. No entanto, logo descartou essas suspeitas como exageros de uma mente perturbada, incapaz de acreditar que Montoni fosse capaz de crimes tão hediondos. Repreendeu-se por deixar sua imaginação romântica desviar-se para a loucura, mas ainda assim recuou diante do encontro noturno, dividida entre o desejo de acabar com sua suspense e confortar sua tia.

En Naquela noite, quando finalmente disseram a Emily que o Conde De Villefort desejava vê-la, ela imaginou que Valancourt estava lá embaixo. Ela tentou se recompor e reunir coragem, então se levantou e saiu do quarto. No entanto, ao chegar à porta da biblioteca, onde pensava que Valancourt estava, suas emoções a dominaram novamente. Com medo de entrar, ela voltou para o saguão, onde permaneceu por muito tempo, incapaz de controlar sua agitação.

En O Senhor St. Aubert gostava de passear com sua esposa e filha ao longo do Garona, ouvindo música flutuando sobre a água. Ele havia experimentado a vida além de simples cenas pastoris, tendo participado do mundo alegre e movimentado. Mas sua visão idealista inicial da humanidade havia sido tristemente corrigida pela experiência. No entanto, em meio às visões mutáveis da vida, seus princípios

permaneceram firmes e sua bondade inalterada. Ele se afastou da multidão mais por piedade do que por raiva, em direção à natureza, à literatura e às virtudes domésticas.

En As janelas do quarto davam para o jardim. Ao passar por elas, Emily viu o local onde se despedira de Valancourt na noite anterior. A lembrança pesou fortemente em seu coração, e ela se virou rapidamente do objeto que a havia despertado.

En Emily perguntou em voz alta como poderia chegar ao terraço naquela hora, lembrando que os sentinelas a interceptariam e Montoni saberia de suas ações.

En Ela foi à biblioteca e encontrou Valancourt sentado com o Conde. Ambos se levantaram quando ela entrou. Ela não ousou encontrar o olhar de Valancourt. O Conde a conduziu a uma cadeira e então saiu da sala imediatamente.

En St. Aubert vinha de um ramo mais jovem de uma família nobre. Esperava-se que sua falta de herança fosse compensada por um casamento brilhante ou sucesso nos assuntos públicos. Mas ele tinha honra demais para a segunda opção e ambição de menos para sacrificar a felicidade pela riqueza. Após a morte de seu pai, casou-se com uma mulher muito amável, de igual nascimento, mas fortuna semelhante. A generosidade ou extravagância de seu pai havia complicado tanto seus negócios que St. Aubert teve que vender parte da propriedade da família. Vendeu-a para seu cunhado, o Senhor Quesnel, e se aposentou em uma pequena propriedade na Gasconha, onde dividia seu tempo entre a felicidade familiar, o aprendizado e as atividades intelectuais.

En Depois que a bagagem foi finalmente arrumada, os viajantes subiram em suas carruagens. Emily teria deixado o castelo sem nenhum arrependimento se ele não estivesse localizado perto da casa de Valancourt.

En Annette explicou que Barnardine antecipara esse obstáculo. Ele lhe dera uma chave para a porta no fim da galeria abobadada, que abria perto do baluarte leste, permitindo que Emily evitasse os guardas. Ele também desejava evitar as barulhentas portas principais do salão.

En Emily manteve os olhos no chão, tão oprimida que mal conseguia respirar ou falar. Valancourt sentou-se pesadamente ao lado dela,

suspirando profundamente, e permaneceu em silêncio. Se ela tivesse olhado para cima, teria visto as emoções intensas que o atormentavam.

En St. Aubert era apegado a este lugar desde a infância. Quando menino, visitava-o com frequência e lembrava-se da bondade do camponês de cabelos grisalhos que o administrava, que sempre oferecia frutas e creme. As pastagens verdes onde corria com saúde e liberdade juvenis, os bosques onde experimentou pela primeira vez uma melancolia pensativa, os caminhos selvagens das montanhas, o rio e as planícies distantes que pareciam tão ilimitadas quanto suas primeiras esperanças — essas memórias ele recordava com entusiasmo e pesar. Por fim, deixou o mundo e se aposentou aqui para realizar seus desejos de longa data.

En De uma pequena colina, Emily olhou para trás, para Tholouse e as vastas planícies de Gasconha. Além delas, os picos quebrados dos Pireneus apareciam no horizonte distante, iluminados pelo sol da manhã. Ela pensou consigo mesma que talvez não visse aquelas queridas montanhas novamente por muito tempo, e que muita coisa poderia acontecer para deixá-la infeliz nesse meio tempo. Ela desejou poder ter certeza de que voltaria e encontraria Valancourt ainda a amando, para que pudesse partir em paz. Ela sabia que ele ainda contemplaria aquelas montanhas mesmo quando ela estivesse longe.

En A ansiedade de Emily diminuiu um pouco com essa explicação aparentemente sincera, mas ela questionou Annette sobre a insistência de Barnardine para que fosse sozinha.

En Finalmente, com uma voz trêmula, ele explicou que havia pedido para vê-la naquela noite para acabar com a agonia da incerteza causada por sua mudança de comportamento—que as insinuações do Conde haviam parcialmente esclarecido. Ele percebeu que tinha inimigos que invejavam sua felicidade recente e buscavam destruí-la. Ele também sentiu que o tempo e a distância haviam enfraquecido o amor que ela um dia sentira por ele, e que agora ela poderia ser facilmente persuadida a esquecê-lo.

En O edifício era originalmente uma casa de veraneio, cujo charme simples e cenário belo o tornavam interessante para os visitantes. No entanto, para se tornar uma confortável residência familiar, precisava de acréscimos substanciais. St. Aubert sentia um profundo apego a cada

parte da estrutura antiga, que lembrava de sua juventude, e se recusava a deixar que uma única pedra fosse removida. Consequentemente, a nova construção foi projetada para combinar com a antiga, criando uma residência simples, porém elegante. O gosto de Madame St. Aubert era evidente no interior, onde os móveis e as decorações mantinham a mesma simplicidade refinada que caracterizava os modos da família.

En As árvores que pendiam sobre as margens altas da estrada formavam uma linha com o país distante, e agora ameaçavam bloquear a vista. Mas as montanhas azuis ainda apareciam além das folhas escuras, e Emily continuou a se inclinar para fora da janela da carruagem até que os galhos que se fechavam finalmente as esconderam de sua vista.

En A serva contou a Emily que havia perguntado ao homem por que sua jovem senhora precisava vir sozinha e por que ela não poderia acompanhá-la. Ela afirmou já ter sido confiada em assuntos importantes antes e insistiu que poderia guardar um segredo. No entanto, o homem recusou repetidamente, falando em tom áspero. Ela chegou a oferecer-lhe uma moeda nova dada por Ludovico, que ela valorizava muito, mas ele ainda assim não lhe contou. Irritada, ela se perguntou qual poderia ser o motivo, insinuando que Emily já sabia quem iria encontrar.

En Suas palavras finais vacilaram, e Emily, ainda menos capaz de falar do que antes, permaneceu em silêncio.

En A biblioteca, localizada no lado oeste do castelo, abrigava uma extensa coleção das melhores obras em línguas antigas e modernas. Abria-se para um bosque na borda de uma suave encosta que descia até o rio; as árvores altas projetavam uma sombra melancólica, porém agradável. Pelas janelas, sob os galhos que se espalhavam, via-se uma paisagem vibrante que se estendia para oeste, limitada à esquerda pelos íngremes precipícios dos Pireneus. Adjacente à biblioteca havia uma estufa cheia de plantas raras e belas, pois St. Aubert gostava de botânica. Ele passava dias inteiros explorando as montanhas vizinhas, que ofereciam um rico banquete para um naturalista. Às vezes, Madame St. Aubert e sua filha o acompanhavam nessas excursões, carregando um pequeno cesto para plantas e outro com refrescos frios. Eles vagavam por cenários românticos e magníficos, apreciando tanto os aspectos delicados quanto os grandiosos da natureza. Quando

cansados de escalar penhascos que pareciam acessíveis apenas ao entusiasta, onde nenhum caminho era visível exceto o deixado pelo íbex, procuravam recantos verdes nas montanhas. Ali, sob a sombra de altos lariços ou cedros, desfrutavam de sua refeição simples, adoçada pelo riacho fresco que serpenteava pelo gramado e pela fragrância de flores silvestres e plantas aromáticas que bordejavam as rochas.

En Outra figura logo chamou sua atenção. Ela mal tinha notado uma pessoa caminhando ao longo da margem, com um chapéu de pena militar puxado sobre os olhos, quando, ao som das rodas, ele se virou de repente, e ela viu que era o próprio Valancourt. Ele acenou com a mão, pulou na estrada e colocou uma carta pela janela da carruagem na mão dela. Ele tentou sorrir, mas havia desespero em seu rosto quando ela passou. A lembrança daquele sorriso parecia ficar com Emily para sempre. Ela se inclinou para fora da janela e o viu em um montículo da margem quebrada, encostado nas altas árvores que se curvavam sobre ele, observando a carruagem. Ele acenou novamente, e ela continuou olhando até que a distância embaçou sua figura, e finalmente outra curva da estrada o escondeu de sua vista.

En Emily perguntou se Barnardine lhe havia contado essa informação.

En Valancourt levantou-se de repente e andou pela sala, exclamando que era um encontro terrível após sua longa separação. Ele sentou-se novamente e, após um momento de luta, declarou em um tom firme, mas desesperado, que não aguentava mais, e perguntou a Emily por que ela não falava com ele.

En No lado leste da estufa, de frente para as planícies de Languedoc, havia um cômodo que Emily considerava seu. Continha seus livros, desenhos, instrumentos musicais e alguns pássaros e plantas favoritos. Ali ela praticava as artes elegantes, que seguia porque combinavam com seu gosto, e com talento natural aprimorado pela orientação de Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert, tornou-se habilidosa desde cedo. As janelas deste cômodo eram especialmente agradáveis; alcançavam o chão e se abriam para o pequeno gramado que cercava a casa, levando o olhar entre bosques de amendoeiras, palmeiras, freixos floridos e murtas em direção à paisagem distante onde o rio Garona serpenteava.

En Os viajantes pararam para pegar o Signor Cavigni em um castelo na estrada. Emily, que estava sentada desrespeitosamente em uma

segunda carruagem com a criada de Madame Montoni, continuou a viagem pelas planícies de Languedoc. A presença da criada impediu Emily de ler a carta de Valancourt, pois ela não queria que ninguém observasse as emoções que ela poderia causar. No entanto, seu desejo de ler sua última comunicação era tão forte que sua mão trêmula estava quase pronta para quebrar o selo.

En A serva respondeu que Barnardine não lhe havia contado.

En Ele cobriu o rosto com a mão, como se para esconder sua emoção, e pegou a mão de Emily, que ela não retirou. Suas lágrimas não podiam mais ser contidas. Quando ele ergueu os olhos e viu que ela estava chorando, toda a sua ternura retornou, e um lampejo de esperança cruzou sua mente. Ele exclamou que ela tinha pena dele, que ela o amava e que ela ainda era sua própria Emily. Ele queria acreditar que as lágrimas dela confirmavam isso.

En À noite, depois do trabalho do dia, os camponeses desta região ensolarada podiam ser vistos dançando em grupos ao longo da margem do rio. Suas melodias animadas, passos graciosos e os padrões imaginativos de suas danças, juntamente com a maneira elegante e caprichosa com que as moças arrumavam suas roupas simples, davam à cena um caráter distintamente francês.

En Quando finalmente chegaram à vila, pararam apenas para trocar cavalos sem descer. Foi só quando pararam para jantar que Emily teve a chance de ler a carta. Ela nunca duvidara do afeto sincero de Valancourt, mas as novas garantias na carta reanimaram seu ânimo. Ela chorou sobre a carta com ternura e depois a guardou para reler quando se sentisse particularmente abatida. Pensar nele causava menos dor do que desde que se separaram. Entre outros pedidos que a tocavam por mostrarem sua ternura e parecerem diminuir a dor da separação, ele lhe pediu que pensasse nele todos os dias ao pôr do sol. Disse que então se encontrariam em pensamento; ele sempre observaria o pôr do sol e encontraria conforto em acreditar que os olhos dela estavam fixos no mesmo objeto e que suas mentes estavam se comunicando. Ela ainda não sabia quanto conforto ele prometia a si mesmo naqueles momentos, mas ele confiava que ela viria a sentir isso.

En Emily perguntou quem lhe havia contado, mas Annette demonstrou que realmente sabia guardar um segredo.

En Emily fez um esforço para recuperar sua firmeza e secou rapidamente as lágrimas. Ela disse que tinha pena dele e chorava por ele, mas perguntou se deveria pensar nele com afeto. Lembrou-lhe que havia confiado em sua sinceridade o suficiente para acreditar que ele explicaria suas palavras se ela pedisse. Agora ela as entendia muito bem. Pediu-lhe que provasse sua sinceridade confessando se ele ainda era o mesmo estimado Valancourt que ela um dia amou.

En A frente do castelo, voltada para o sul, abria-se para a grandiosidade das montanhas. No térreo, continha um salão rústico e duas excelentes salas de estar. O primeiro andar, como a casa não tinha segundo andar, consistia em quartos, exceto por um cômodo que se abria para uma sacada e era geralmente usado como sala de café da manhã.

En Naquela tarde, Emily observou o sol poente com profunda emoção. Ela o viu se pôr sem interrupção sobre uma vasta extensão de planícies, descendo em direção à província onde Valancourt vivia. Depois daquela hora, sua mente ficou muito mais calma e resignada do que estivera desde que Montoni se casou com sua tia.

En Emily passou o resto do dia em dúvida, dividida entre a pena pela tia e o medo por si mesma. A noite caiu antes que ela pudesse decidir. Quando o relógio bateu meia-noite, ela soube que não podia mais adiar. A preocupação com a tia prevaleceu, e ela desceu de seu quarto, pedindo a Annette que a seguisse até a porta externa da galeria abobadada e esperasse ali. O castelo estava silencioso; o grande salão, antes cheio de conflitos, agora ecoava apenas seus passos suaves. As longas sombras e a lamparina bruxuleante faziam Emily estremecer, pensando ver figuras na escuridão. Ela alcançou a porta da galeria sem ser molestada, abriu-a com mão trêmula, instruiu Annette a manter a porta entreaberta e segurar a lamparina, e saiu sozinha para a escura varanda. Caminhou cautelosamente, temendo que os sentinelas a ouvissem. Uma voz grave falou perto dela; era Barnardine, pontual no local combinado. Ele a repreendeu por estar atrasada e pediu que o seguisse até a porta por onde havia entrado.

En Ele exclamou 'Um dia amado!' e disse que era o mesmo. Fez uma pausa, dominado pela emoção, e então acrescentou em voz solene e abatida que não era o mesmo; estava perdido e não era mais digno dela.

En St. Aubert havia melhorado sua propriedade com muito bom gosto, mas valorizava tanto as memórias de infância que às vezes escolhia o sentimento em vez da estética. Por exemplo, ele poupou dois larícios antigos que bloqueavam a vista porque choraria ao vê-los cortados. Plantou um pequeno bosque de faias, pinheiros e freixos-da-montanha, e em um terraço junto ao rio cultivou laranjeiras, limoeiros e palmeiras que enchiam o ar noturno com fragrância. Ali gostava de se sentar sob um grande plátano com sua esposa e filhos, vendo o pôr do sol, lendo ou brincando. Frequentemente dizia que esses momentos tranquilos eram muito mais felizes do que qualquer grande evento social. Seu coração estava contente, e ele não desejava mais felicidade do que já sentia. Sua consciência limpa lhe dava uma calma que o fazia apreciar todas as bênçãos ao seu redor.

En Durante vários dias, os viajantes percorreram as planícies do Languedoc. Depois entraram em Dauphiny e, serpentando pelas montanhas daquela província romântica, deixaram suas carruagens para começar a subir os Alpes. Ali, cenas tão sublimes se abriram diante deles que nenhuma linguagem poderia descrever adequadamente. A mente de Emily estava tão absorvida por essas imagens novas e maravilhosas que, às vezes, afastavam os pensamentos de Valancourt, mas mais frequentemente os traziam de volta. A paisagem lembrava as vistas dos Pireneus que eles haviam admirado juntos, acreditando que nada poderia superá-las em grandiosidade. Quantas vezes ela desejou poder compartilhar seus novos sentimentos com ele e que ele pudesse experimentá-los também! Às vezes, ela tentava imaginar o que ele diria e quase sentia sua presença. Parecia que ela havia ascendido a outro mundo, deixando para trás todos os pensamentos e sentimentos triviais; apenas a grandeza e a sublimidade agora preenchiam sua mente e elevavam as afeições de seu coração.

En Ao destrancar o portão, Emily notou luz saindo de uma pequena abertura e soube que Annette ainda estava lá. Mas sua localização distante não ajudava. Quando Barnardine abriu o portão, a passagem escura iluminada por uma tocha a fez hesitar. Ela se recusou a ir a menos que Annette fosse também. Barnardine recusou, mas acrescentou detalhes astuciosamente para aumentar a preocupação e a curiosidade de Emily sobre sua tia. Eventualmente, Emily concordou em segui-lo sozinha até o portal.

En Ele novamente escondeu o rosto. Emily ficou muito afetada pela confissão honesta dele para responder imediatamente. Ela lutou para superar os apelos do coração e agir com firmeza decisiva para sua paz futura. Reconheceu o perigo de confiar em sua resolução na presença de Valancourt e estava ansiosa para terminar a entrevista que torturava a ambos. No entanto, quando considerou que esta era provavelmente a última vez que se viam, sua coragem se desfez, e ela sentiu apenas ternura e desânimo.

En Mesmo no crepúsculo mais profundo, St. Aubert não deixava seu plátano favorito. Ele adorava a hora pacífica em que a última luz se apagava, as estrelas apareciam uma a uma e seus reflexos tremeluziam na água escura. Essa hora inspirava pensamentos ternos e, às vezes, contemplação elevada. Quando o luar filtrava pelas folhas, ele ficava mais tempo, muitas vezes comendo uma ceia simples de creme e frutas debaixo da árvore. Então, no silêncio, ouvia o canto doce do rouxinol, que trazia beleza e melancolia.

En Com que emoções de sublimidade suavizadas pela ternura ela encontrava Valancourt em pensamento na hora habitual do pôr do sol, enquanto vagava pelos Alpes! Ela observava o glorioso sol se afundar entre os cumes das montanhas, seus últimos tons se desvanecendo nos picos nevados, e uma escuridão solene invadindo a cena. Quando o último clarão desaparecia, ela desviava os olhos do oeste com um pesar melancólico semelhante ao sentido após a partida de um amigo amado. Esses sentimentos solitários eram intensificados pela escuridão crescente e pelos sons baixos ouvidos apenas quando a escuridão concentra a atenção — sons que tornavam o silêncio geral mais impressionante: folhas agitadas pelo ar, o último suspiro da brisa que persiste após o pôr do sol, ou o murmúrio de riachos distantes.

En Barnardine pegou a tocha e a conduziu pelo corredor. No final, ele destrancou outra porta e desceram alguns degraus até uma capela em ruínas. Emily lembrou-se com desconforto da conversa anterior de Annette sobre o local. Ela olhou com medo para as paredes úmidas, janelas quebradas cobertas de hera e brionia, e colunas caídas. Barnardine tropeçou no pavimento e praguejou, sua voz ecoando oca. O coração de Emily se apertou, mas ela o seguiu para fora da nave principal. Ele começou a descer degraus que pareciam levar a criptas.

Emily parou no topo e perguntou com voz trêmula para onde ele a estava levando.

En Valancourt, entretanto, estava perdido em emoções de remorso e tristeza que não conseguia expressar. Ele se sentou quase sem perceber Emily, com as feições ainda ocultas, o peito sacudido por suspiros convulsivos.

En O primeiro golpe na felicidade de St. Aubert após sua aposentadoria veio com a morte de seus dois filhos pequenos. Ele tentou esconder sua dor para apoiar a esposa, mas não conseguia ficar calmo diante de tais perdas. Restava apenas uma filha, Emily. Ele a via crescer com cuidado ansioso, tentando corrigir quaisquer traços que pudessem afastá-la da felicidade. Ela era naturalmente delicada, afetuosa e bondosa, mas também extremamente sensível, o que impediria uma paz duradoura. Conforme crescia, sua sensibilidade lhe dava um humor pensativo e um jeito suave que acrescentava graça à sua beleza. St. Aubert sabia que esse encanto era perigoso, então trabalhou para fortalecer sua mente, ensinando-lhe autocontrole e a questionar seus primeiros impulsos. Às vezes criava decepções para treiná-la a examiná-las com calma. Ao instruí-la a resistir às primeiras impressões e desenvolver dignidade constante, ele também teve que aprender fortaleza, muitas vezes observando suas lágrimas e lutas com indiferença fingida.

En Durante os primeiros dias desta jornada pelos Alpes, a paisagem exibía uma mistura maravilhosa de solidão e habitação, cultivo e aridez. Nas bordas de precipícios tremendos e dentro de falésias ocas, abaixo das quais nuvens frequentemente flutuavam, podiam-se ver vilarejos, torres de igrejas e torres de conventos. Pastos verdes e vinhedos espalhavam suas cores aos pés de rochas perpendiculares de mármore ou granito. Os pontos rochosos, alguns tufados com arbustos alpinos e outros mostrando apenas rochedos maciços, erguiam-se uns sobre os outros até terminarem na montanha coberta de neve, de onde caía a torrente que trovejava ao longo do vale.

En Barnardine respondeu que a estava levando ao portal.

En Emily, reunindo sua coragem, pediu a Valancourt que não a forçasse a explicar por que a conduta dele exigia que ela terminasse o

relacionamento. Ela afirmou que eles deveriam se separar e que estava vendo-o pela última vez.

En Na aparência, Emily se parecia com sua mãe: tinha a mesma figura elegante, traços delicados e olhos azuis ternos. No entanto, o que a tornava verdadeiramente encantadora era a maneira como sua expressão mudava à medida que a conversa agitava seus sentimentos mais profundos, lançando uma graça cativante ao seu redor.

En Emily olhou para a montanha nevada e o lago. Ela imaginou como seria bonito no verão, quando os pastores trouxessem suas ovelhas ao cume florido.

En Emily perguntou se poderiam ir ao portal através da capela.

En Valancourt, despertado de seu longo silêncio, exclamou incrédulo. Ele insistiu que não podia acreditar que ela pretendia rejeitá-lo para sempre.

En Aqueles tons ternos de sentimento que escapam ao olhar desatento murcham na atmosfera contagiosa do mundo.

En Ao descer para a Itália, Emily viu os penhascos ficarem mais íngremes e a paisagem mais majestosa. A luz mutante coloria os picos nevados ao longo do dia. Ela viu cabanas de pastores e pontes de pinho sobre torrentes. Ao olhar para uma dessas pontes, pensou em imagens que mais tarde transformou em um poema.

En Barnardine disse que não, porque a capela levava ao pátio interno, o qual ele não queria destrancar. Ele indicou que por este caminho chegariam ao pátio externo em breve.

En Emily repetiu firmemente que eles deveriam se separar para sempre e atribuiu essa necessidade às próprias ações dele.

En St. Aubert educou sua filha com grande cuidado. Deu-lhe conhecimento das ciências e uma profunda apreciação pela literatura. Ensinou-lhe latim e inglês para que ela pudesse apreciar a grandiosidade dos melhores poetas. Desde cedo, Emily mostrou amor por obras de gênio, e St. Aubert acreditava ser importante incentivar toda fonte inocente de felicidade. Ele costumava dizer que uma mente bem informada é a melhor proteção contra a tolice e o vício. Uma mente vazia, argumentava ele, busca constantemente distração e está pronta

para cair em erro para evitar o tédio. Ele aconselhava preencher a mente com ideias e ensiná-la a gostar de pensar, para que as tentações do mundo exterior fossem equilibradas pelas satisfações encontradas interiormente. O pensamento e o cultivo são essenciais para a felicidade tanto no campo quanto na cidade. No campo, previnem a inquietação da ociosidade e criam um gosto pela beleza e pela grandeza. Na cidade, tornam a dissipação menos necessária e, portanto, menos atraente.

En O poema descreve um viajante cansado escalando os perigosos Alpes. Ele vê a casa de um pastor e sente alegria. Mas quando chega a um desfiladeiro profundo com uma ponte instável, fica aterrorizado. Hesita, então tenta atravessar, mas escorrega e cai para a morte.

En Emily ainda hesitava. Ela tinha medo não apenas de prosseguir, mas também, tendo chegado tão longe, de irritar Barnardine ao se recusar a ir mais adiante.

En Valancourt respondeu arrogantemente que a decisão era do Conde, não de Emily, e que exigiria saber com que autoridade o Conde interferia. Em seguida, levantou-se e andou pela sala, visivelmente agitado.

En Uma das primeiras alegrias de Emily era vagar por cenários naturais. Ela não se deleitava apenas com paisagens suaves e luminosas; amava ainda mais os caminhos selvagens ao longo das encostas das montanhas e, acima de tudo, os imensos e silenciosos recessos das próprias montanhas. Lá, o silêncio e a grandeza da solidão inspiravam um temor sagrado em seu coração e elevavam seus pensamentos a Deus. Em tais lugares, ela frequentemente permanecia, envolta em um encanto melancólico, até que a última luz do dia se apagasse no oeste. Apenas o som solitário de um sino de ovelha ou o latido distante de um cão de guarda quebravam o silêncio da noite. Então, a escuridão dos bosques, as folhas trêmulas na brisa, o morcego esvoaçando no crepúsculo e as luzes das cabanas aparecendo e desaparecendo agitavam sua mente e a levavam ao entusiasmo e à poesia.

En Viajando alto entre as nuvens, Emily as observava rolar abaixo. Às vezes escondiam tudo, às vezes se abriam para revelar a paisagem. Quando as nuvens se dissiparam, ela viu a Itália pela primeira vez: os

vales do Piemonte, as planícies da Lombardia e as torres distantes de Turim. Ela ficou extasiada.

En O homem, agora quase no final da escada, instou Emily a se apressar, dizendo que não podia esperar ali a noite toda.

En Emily, igualmente agitada, corrigiu o erro dele, explicando que era sua própria determinação. Ela disse que, se ele refletisse sobre seu comportamento recente, veria que a paz dela exigia a separação.

En Sua caminhada favorita era até uma pequena casa de pesca pertencente a St. Aubert, situada em um vale arborizado junto a um riacho que descia dos Pireneus. Depois de espumar entre as rochas, o riacho serpenteava silenciosamente pelas sombras que refletia. Acima dos bosques que escondiam o vale erguiam-se os altos cumes dos Pireneus, muitas vezes vislumbrados audaciosamente através das clareiras abaixo. Às vezes, apenas uma face rochosa fragmentada coroada com arbustos selvagens era visível, ou uma cabana de pastor em um penhasco, sombreada por ciprestes escuros ou freixos ondulantes. Emergindo das profundezas da floresta, a clareira se abria para uma paisagem distante onde os pastos ricos e as encostas cobertas de vinhedos da Gasconha desciam gradualmente até as planícies. Lá, ao longo das margens sinuosas do Garonne, apareciam bosques, aldeias e vilas, seus contornos suavizados pela distância e mesclando-se em uma rica cor harmoniosa.

En As grandes montanhas, os precipícios profundos, as florestas escuras e as torrentes impetuosas ao redor de Emily adquiriram uma sublimidade ainda maior quando contrastados com a beleza calma da paisagem italiana se estendendo até o horizonte, onde o céu azul e a terra pareciam se fundir.

En Emily parou novamente e perguntou para onde esses degraus levavam.

En Valancourt disse que, para a paz futura de Emily, eles precisavam se separar para sempre, e Emily respondeu o quão pouco esperava ouvi-lo dizer aquilo.

En Este lugar também era o retiro favorito de St. Aubert. Ele frequentemente se retirava para lá do calor do meio-dia com sua esposa, sua filha e seus livros, ou vinha na doce hora da tarde para acolher o

crepúsculo silencioso ou ouvir o rouxinol. Às vezes, ele trazia sua própria música e despertava cada eco de fada com as notas ternas de seu oboé. Frequentemente, também, a voz de Emily parecia extrair doçura das ondas sobre as quais suas canções tremiam.

En Madame Montoni tremeu ao olhar para os penhascos íngremes próximos dos quais os carregadores se moviam leve e rapidamente, quase como uma camurça. Emily também recuou, mas seu medo se misturou com emoções de deleite, admiração e admiração que ela nunca havia sentido antes.

En Barnardine repetiu com raiva que levava ao portal e que não esperaria mais. Enquanto falava, ele avançou com a luz, e Emily, com medo de provocá-lo com mais demora, seguiu relutantemente. Das escadas, eles passaram por um corredor adjacente às abóbadas. As paredes pingavam orvalho insalubre e os vapores que rastejavam pelo chão faziam a tocha queimar tão fracamente que Emily esperava que ela se apagasse a qualquer momento, e Barnardine mal conseguia encontrar o caminho. Conforme avançavam, os vapores engrossaram, e Barnardine, pensando que a tocha estava se apagando, parou para apará-la. Apoiando-se contra um par de portões de ferro que se abriam do corredor, Emily viu por flashes incertos as abóbadas além e, perto dela, montes de terra que pareciam cercar uma cova aberta. Tal objeto em tal cena a teria perturbado a qualquer momento, mas agora ela ficou chocada com uma intuição instantânea de que aquela era a cova de sua infeliz tia e que o traiçoeiro Barnardine a estava levando à destruição. O lugar obscuro e terrível parecia justificar o pensamento; era um lugar adequado para assassinio, um receptáculo para os mortos, onde um ato horrível poderia ser cometido sem vestígio algum para proclamá-lo. Emily ficou tão dominada pelo terror que por um momento não conseguiu decidir o que fazer. Ela considerou que seria inútil tentar escapar de Barnardine fugindo, já que a extensão e a complexidade do caminho que percorreria logo permitiriam que ele a alcançasse, pois ela não conhecia as curvas e era fraca demais para correr rapidamente. Ela igualmente temia irritá-lo ao revelar suas suspeitas, o que uma recusa em acompanhá-lo certamente faria, e como já estava tanto em seu poder quanto possível se prosseguisse, ela finalmente decidiu suprimir seu medo o máximo que pôde e seguir em silêncio para onde quer que ele a levasse. Pálida de horror e ansiedade, ela esperou enquanto Barnardine aparava a tocha, e quando sua visão caiu novamente sobre a cova, ela

não pôde deixar de perguntar para quem ela estava preparada. Ele tirou os olhos da tocha e os fixou no rosto dela sem falar. Ela repetiu a pergunta fracamente, mas o homem balançou a tocha e seguiu em frente; ela seguiu trêmula até um segundo lance de escadas e, após subi-las, uma porta os levou ao primeiro pátio do castelo. Ao atravessá-lo, a luz mostrou as altas paredes negras ao redor, franjadas de grama longa e ervas úmidas que encontravam solo escasso entre as pedras em ruínas; os contrafortes pesados com aqui e ali uma grade estreita que permitia ar mais livre ao pátio; os maciços portões de ferro que levavam ao castelo, cujas torres aglomeradas apareciam acima; e, em frente, as enormes torres e o arco do próprio portal. Nesta cena, a figura grande e desajeitada de Barnardine segurando a tocha formava uma imagem característica. Ele estava envolto em uma longa capa escura que mal deixava ver as botas ou sandálias atadas em suas pernas e mostrava apenas a ponta de uma espada larga pendurada em um cinto sobre os ombros. Na cabeça, usava um gorro aveludado pesado e chato, meio parecido com um turbante, com uma pena curta; seu rosto mostrava traços fortes e uma fisionomia sulcada por linhas de astúcia e escurecida por descontentamento habitual.

En Emily replicou, com a voz se suavizando de ternura e lágrimas fluindo novamente, que pouco esperava ter que dizer tal coisa, expressando sua descrença de que Valancourt havia caído de sua estima.

En Durante uma dessas excursões a este local, ela notou algumas linhas escritas a lápis em parte do painel de madeira.

En Os carregadores pararam em um descanso, e enquanto descansavam, Montoni e Cavigni discutiam sobre qual rota Aníbal havia tomado através dos Alpes. Montoni afirmava que ele entrou na Itália pelo Monte Cenis, enquanto Cavigni insistia que era o Monte São Bernardo. Essa disputa fez Emily imaginar os desastres que Aníbal sofreu. Ela visualizou seus vastos exércitos marchando por passagens estreitas e sobre enormes penhascos, suas fogueiras iluminando a noite e tochas carregadas durante a marcha incansável. Em sua mente, ela viu o brilho das armas na escuridão, o brilho das lanças e capacetes, e bandeiras flutuando vagamente. Ela ouviu trombetas distantes ecoando pelo desfiladeiro, respondidas por um choque de armas. Horrorizada, imaginou montanhesees em penhascos mais altos jogando pedras nas

tropas abaixo, com soldados e elefantes caindo. Enquanto ouvia as rochas ricocheteando, seus medos imaginários se transformaram em terror real, e ela estremeceu ao se encontrar em uma altura tão vertiginosa, assim como havia imaginado outros caindo.

En A vista do pátio, no entanto, reanimou o espírito de Emily. Enquanto ela cruzava silenciosamente em direção ao portal, começou a esperar que seus próprios medos, e não a traição de Barnardine, a tivessem enganado. Ela olhou ansiosamente para a primeira janela acima do alto arco do portão levadiço, mas estava escura, e perguntou se pertencia ao cômodo onde Madame Montoni estava confinada. Emily falou baixo, e talvez Barnardine não tenha ouvido sua pergunta, pois não respondeu. Logo entraram pela porta secundária do portão, que os levou ao pé de uma escada estreita que subia por uma das torres.

En Ele ficou em silêncio por um momento, sobrecarregado pela consciência de que não merecia mais a estima dela e a havia perdido. Então, com pesar apaixonado, lamentou a criminalidade de sua conduta recente e a miséria que isso lhe trouxera, até que, dominado pela lembrança do passado e pela convicção do futuro, irrompeu em lágrimas, proferindo apenas suspiros profundos e entrecortados.

En O poeta se dirige ao seu lápis, pedindo-lhe que transmita suas mágoas à deusa da floresta. Instrui-o a explicar a fonte de suas lágrimas e sentimentos ternos quando ela próxima vez caminhar pelos verdes bosques. Ele quer que o lápis retrate sua forma, seus olhos iluminados pela alma, seu rosto pensativo, sua graça sorridente e seu encanto animado. O retrato expressará o que seu coração sente, mas sua língua não consegue dizer. No entanto, ele observa tristemente que nem tudo o que seu coração sente pode ser expresso. Muitas vezes, as folhas sedosas de uma flor escondem veneno que rouba a vida. Quem suspeitaria que um sorriso tão angelical pudesse ser enganoso?

En Enquanto Madame Montoni olhava para a Itália, imaginava o esplendor dos palácios e a grandiosidade dos castelos que possuiria em Veneza e nos Apeninos, sentindo-se quase uma princesa. Sem mais medo, decidiu organizar concertos, embora não tivesse ouvido musical, e conversazioni, embora não tivesse habilidades para conversação. Ela queria superar toda a nobreza veneziana na alegria de suas festas e na magnificência das librés de seus criados. Esse sonho feliz foi perturbado quando ela se lembrou do marido, que, embora não fosse contra o lucro,

desprezava a exibição frívola. No entanto, ela pensou que o orgulho dele poderia ser gratificado ao mostrar sua riqueza aos amigos em sua cidade natal, então ela retornou às suas ilusões esplêndidas.

En Barnardine indicou que a Signora estava localizada naquela escadaria.

En Emily não pôde testemunhar seu remorso e angústia com indiferença. Se não tivesse se lembrado das informações do Conde De Villefort e de seus avisos sobre confiar no arrependimento formado sob a influência da paixão, ela poderia ter acreditado em sua mudança e esquecido sua má conduta na ternura que isso despertava.

En O soneto não era dirigido a ninguém, então Emily não podia aplicá-lo a si mesma, embora fosse o espírito daqueles bosques. Ela percorreu seus conhecidos sem suspeitar de nenhum, deixando-a na incerteza. Para uma mente menos ocupada, isso poderia ter sido mais perturbador, mas Emily não tinha lazer para se deter nisso. A ligeira vaidade que isso despertou (já que a incerteza a impedia de presumir que o havia inspirado, mas também lhe permitia não desacreditar) passou rapidamente, e o incidente foi esquecido entre seus livros, estudos e atividades de caridade.

En À medida que os viajantes desciam, gradualmente deixavam o inverno para trás e entravam no calor suave e na beleza da primavera. O céu assumiu o azul sereno e adorável típico da Itália. Manchas de vegetação jovem, arbustos perfumados e flores brilhantes apareciam entre as rochas, muitas vezes franzindo bordas ásperas ou pendendo em tufo de lados quebrados. Botões de carvalho e freixo-da-montanha estavam se abrindo em folhas. Mais abaixo, laranjeiras e murtas apareciam em locais ensolarados, suas flores amarelas espiando por entre folhas verdes escuras, misturando-se com as flores escarlates da romã e as flores pálidas do medronheiro que se espalhavam sobre os penhascos. Ainda mais abaixo, espalhavam-se os pastos do Piemonte, onde rebanhos precoces comiam a rica grama da primavera.

En Emily repetiu a palavra fracamente enquanto começava a subir.

En Valancourt voltou à cadeira ao lado dela e disse em voz mais calma que de fato havia caído de sua própria estima. Ele perguntou a Emily se ela poderia desistir tão de repente e se resignar se já não tivesse deixado de amá-lo, ou se sua conduta não era governada pelos

desígnios egoístas de outra pessoa. Ele questionou se ela não esperaria de outra forma por sua reforma, e se poderia suportar abandoná-lo à miséria. Emily chorou alto. Ele insistiu que, se ela ainda o amasse, encontraria sua própria felicidade em salvar a dele.

En Pouco depois, a ansiedade de Emily foi despertada pela doença de seu pai. Ele sofreu uma febre que, embora não considerada perigosa, enfraqueceu severamente sua constituição. Madame St. Aubert e Emily cuidaram dele incansavelmente. No entanto, sua recuperação foi muito lenta e, à medida que ele melhorava, a saúde de Madame parecia declinar.

En O rio Doria, que havia corrido por muitos precipícios desde o topo do Monte Cenis, agora se tornava mais calmo à medida que se aproximava dos vales verdes do Piemonte. Os viajantes desceram com o sol da tarde, e Emily se encontrou novamente na beleza pacífica da paisagem pastoral: rebanhos, encostas cobertas por bosques verdejantes e arbustos adoráveis. O pasto, agora variado com flores precoces como ranúnculos amarelos e amores-perfeitos perfumados, era o melhor que ela já havia visto. Emily quase desejou se tornar uma camponesa do Piemonte, vivendo em uma das agradáveis cabanas que espreguiçavam sob os penhascos, passando suas horas despreocupadas nessas paisagens românticas. Em contraste, ela olhava com apreensão para os meses que passaria sob o domínio de Montoni, enquanto o passado ela lembrava com arrependimento e tristeza.

En Barnardine disse que ela estava no quarto lá em cima.

En Emily argumentou que havia muitas razões contra a esperança, portanto ela não podia basear a felicidade de sua vida nisso. Ela então perguntou se ele realmente gostaria que ela fizesse tal coisa se ele genuinamente a amasse.

En Assim que ele estava bem o suficiente para sair, sua primeira visita foi à sua amada casa de pesca. Uma cesta de provisões, junto com livros e o alaúde de Emily, foi enviada para lá. Ele não tinha utilidade para os apetrechos de pesca, pois nunca encontrava diversão em torturar ou destruir.

En Em sua imaginação, Emily frequentemente via Valancourt parado em um penhasco, contemplando a paisagem com admiração, ou vagando pensativamente pelo vale, fazendo pausas para olhar para trás.

Seu rosto brilhava com inspiração poética. Mas quando ela refletia sobre o tempo e a distância que em breve os separariam, seu ânimo caía e a paisagem perdia seu encanto.

En Enquanto subiam, o vento assobiava pelas rachaduras nas paredes, fazendo a tocha tremeluzir. A luz revelou o rosto pálido de Barnardine e a decadência do ambiente: paredes de pedra áspera, escadas em espiral enegrecidas pela idade e uma antiga armadura com viseira de ferro pendurada como troféu de uma vitória passada.

En Valancourt exclamou que era impossível ela duvidar de seu amor, mas compreendia sua dúvida, já que ele estava menos disposto a se separar dela do que a arrastá-la para sua ruína. Ele confessou que estava arruinado, com dívidas que nunca poderia pagar. Seu rosto mostrava desespero selvagem, e Emily, admirando sua honestidade, sentiu novos medos pela intensidade repentina de suas emoções e pela miséria potencial que poderiam causar. Após um momento, ela reuniu forças para encerrar a conversa, dizendo que prolongá-la não serviria a nenhum propósito, e despediu-se dele.

En Depois de passar cerca de uma hora botanizando, o jantar foi servido. Era uma refeição adocada pela gratidão por poder visitar aquele local novamente, e a felicidade familiar mais uma vez florescia naquelas sombras. Monsieur St. Aubert conversava com uma alegria incomum; cada objeto deliciava seus sentidos. O prazer refrescante de ver a natureza novamente após a doença e o confinamento está além da concepção ou descrição das pessoas saudáveis. Os bosques verdes, o gramado florido, o céu azul, o ar bálsamo, o riacho murmurante e até mesmo o zumbido dos insetos pareciam reviver a alma e tornar a mera existência uma felicidade.

En Os viajantes chegaram à antiga cidade de Susa após o anoitecer. Ela um dia guardara a passagem dos Alpes, mas suas fortificações agora estavam obsoletas. Vista à luz do luar, a cidade com suas muralhas e torres formava uma cena pitoresca. Na estalagem, Emily ouviu pela primeira vez música italiana em solo italiano. As notas ternas do violino lembraram-na de quando estava sentada com seu pai e Valancourt nos Pireneus. Cavigni disse que essa música era comum, mas Emily ficou encantada. Montoni então ordenou que as carruagens estivessem prontas para uma partida antecipada para Turim.

En Quando chegaram a um patamar, ele destrancou uma porta e disse à senhora que ela poderia esperar naquele cômodo enquanto ele subia para anunciar sua chegada à Signora.

En Valancourt a interrompeu desesperadamente, perguntando se ela o deixaria sem oferecer qualquer compromisso entre seu desespero e sua perda. Emily, assustada com seu olhar severo, lembrou-lhe que ele havia reconhecido que precisavam se separar, e pediu que ele repetisse isso se quisesse que ela acreditasse em seu amor. Ele gritou que estava distraído quando disse aquilo, e que o Conde era a barreira entre eles, mas não permaneceria assim.

En Madame St. Aubert, reanimada pela alegria e recuperação do marido, não sentia mais a doença que a afligira recentemente. Enquanto passeava pelos caminhos arborizados daquele vale romântico, conversando com ele e com a filha, olhava para eles com tanta ternura que lágrimas enchiam seus olhos. St. Aubert percebeu isso e a repreendeu gentilmente, mas ela apenas sorria, apertava a mão dele e chorava mais. Ele sentia um entusiasmo terno crescendo dentro de si até se tornar quase doloroso; sua expressão ficou séria, e ele refletiu silenciosamente que talvez um dia olhasse para trás para aqueles momentos como o auge de sua felicidade, com arrependimento sem esperança. No entanto, ele resolveu não estragar o presente com antecipação inútil, esperando não viver para lamentar a perda daqueles que lhe eram mais caros que a vida.

En Madame Montoni ficou encantada por estar novamente em terreno plano. Ela narrou seus muitos medos e declarou que nunca mais cruzaria aquelas montanhas. Depois de reclamar de cansaço, foi descansar. Emily soube por Annette que o talentoso músico era filho de um camponês de um vale próximo, indo para o carnaval de Veneza para ganhar dinheiro. Annette observou que preferia viver entre os bosques e colinas agradáveis do que em uma cidade, especialmente porque Veneza era construída sobre o mar, sem campo.

En Emily respondeu que a cerimônia era desnecessária, já que sua tia ficaria encantada em vê-la.

En Emily disse a Valancourt que ele estava realmente perturbado, explicando que o Conde não era seu inimigo, mas amigo dela, o que deveria fazê-lo considerar o Conde também como amigo. Valancourt

retrucou perguntando há quanto tempo o Conde era amigo dela para fazê-la esquecer seu amante, e se foi o Conde quem recomendou Monsieur Du Pont, que, segundo ele, havia roubado as afeições dela. Disse que não tinha o direito de questioná-la, mas que Du Pont poderia não triunfar sobre sua sorte decaída por muito tempo. Emily, mais assustada, implorou que ele fosse razoável, insistindo que Du Pont não era seu rival nem o Conde seu advogado, que ele não tinha rival a não ser ele mesmo. Seu coração estava angustiado com seu comportamento frenético, que mostrava que ele não era mais o Valancourt que ela amava.

En Para aliviar ou talvez satisfazer seu humor pensativo, St. Aubert pediu que Emily buscasse seu alaúde, que ela tocava com tanta emoção doce. Ao se aproximar da casa de pesca, ela se surpreendeu ao ouvir o instrumento sendo tocado, produzindo uma melodia plangente de melodia requintada que a cativou. Ela ouviu em silêncio profundo, com medo de se mover para não perder uma nota ou perturbar o músico. Os arredores estavam calmos, e ninguém apareceu. Seu deleite inicial deu lugar à timidez, intensificada pela lembrança das linhas a lápis que vira antes, e ela hesitou entre prosseguir ou voltar.

En Emily concordou silenciosamente com Annette que o jovem estava fazendo uma escolha ruim. Lamentou que ele estivesse deixando a beleza inocente da natureza pelas corrupções da cidade.

En Barnardine expressou dúvida e apontou para uma sala que havia aberto, pedindo que a senhora entrasse enquanto ele subia as escadas.

En Ele não respondeu; em vez disso, sentou-se com os braços sobre a mesa e o rosto escondido entre as mãos. Emily ficou por perto, silenciosa e trêmula, sentindo-se miserável por si mesma e com medo de deixá-lo em um estado tão perturbado.

En Quando a música parou, Emily hesitou por um momento, então reuniu coragem para entrar na casa de pesca com passos vacilantes. Estava vazia. Seu alaúde estava sobre a mesa, e tudo parecia intacto. Ela começou a pensar que tinha ouvido um instrumento diferente, mas então lembrou-se de ter deixado seu alaúde no assento da janela. Ela se sentiu alarmada sem saber por quê; a melancólica escuridão da noite e o silêncio profundo, interrompido apenas pelo tremor das folhas, aumentaram seus medos fantasiosos. Ela queria sair, mas sentiu-se

fraca e sentou-se. Enquanto se recuperava, as linhas a lápis no lambril chamaram sua atenção; ela estremeceu como se visse um estranho. Tentando vencer o tremor, levantou-se e foi até a janela, onde viu que novas linhas haviam sido adicionadas, contendo seu nome.

En Sem conseguir dormir, a mente de Emily se encheu de imagens de sua casa, Valancourt e sua partida. Ela imaginou a felicidade simples que poderia ter encontrado na natureza, que temia ter perdido para sempre. Voltando seus pensamentos para o jovem músico piemontês que parecia estar arriscando sua felicidade, ela tentou escapar de sua própria tristeza compondo poesia.

En Emily, assustada e inquieta, não ousou discutir mais. Enquanto Barnardine se virava com a tocha, ela implorou que ele não a deixasse no escuro. Ele olhou para trás, acendeu um lampadário de tripé que estava na escada e o entregou a ela. Ela entrou em um grande aposento antigo, e ele fechou a porta. Escutando ansiosamente seus passos se afastando, ela pensou que ele descia, em vez de subir as escadas, mas as rajadas de vento assobiando ao redor do portal a impediram de ouvir claramente. Ainda assim, ela escutou e, não ouvindo nenhum passo no quarto acima, onde ele havia dito que Madame Montoni estava, sua ansiedade aumentou, embora ela considerasse que o piso grosso pudesse bloquear o som. Então, numa pausa do vento, ela ouviu distintamente o passo de Barnardine descendo para o pátio e pensou ter ouvido sua voz, mas a rajada crescente novamente abafou outros sons. Para ter certeza, ela se moveu suavemente até a porta e a encontrou trancada. Todos os seus horríveis medos retornaram com força dobrada, não parecendo mais exageros de um espírito tímido, mas sim avisos de seu destino. Ela agora acreditava que Madame Montoni havia sido assassinada, talvez naquele mesmo cômodo, ou que ela própria havia sido trazida ali para o mesmo propósito. A expressão, os modos e as palavras lembradas de Barnardine sobre sua tia confirmaram seus piores medos. Por um momento, ela não conseguiu pensar em nenhum meio de fuga. Ainda escutando, ela não ouviu passos nas escadas ou no quarto acima, mas novamente distinguiu a voz de Barnardine lá embaixo. Ela foi até uma janela gradeada que dava para o pátio para investigar mais. Lá, ela ouviu claramente seus sotaques roucos se misturando ao vento, mas eles se perderam novamente muito rapidamente para serem interpretados. Então, a luz de uma tocha vinda do portal abaixo brilhou pelo pátio, e a longa sombra de um homem sob o arco apareceu no

calçamento. Pela imensidão desse retrato súbito, ela concluiu que era Barnardine, mas outros tons graves no vento logo a convenceram de que ele não estava sozinho e que seu companheiro não era uma pessoa misericordiosa.

En Ele exclamou de angústia, dizendo que não podia lamentar seu sofrimento sem se acusar, nem lembrar dela sem recordar a loucura e o vício que o haviam perdido. Perguntou por que fora forçado a ir a Paris e por que cedera às tentações que o tornaram para sempre desprezível. Desejava olhar para trás sem interrupção para os dias de inocência e paz, quando eles primeiro se amaram. A lembrança parecia derreter seu coração, e seu desespero cedeu às lágrimas. Após uma longa pausa, ele se virou para ela, pegou sua mão e falou com voz suavizada. Perguntou se ela poderia suportar se separar de um coração que a amava como o dele — um coração que havia errado amplamente, mas não estava além da recuperação do erro, e nunca poderia ser recuperado do amor. Emily não respondeu, apenas chorou. Ele continuou, perguntando se ela poderia esquecer os dias anteriores de felicidade e confiança, quando ele não tinha pensamento que desejasse esconder dela, quando não tinha prazeres dos quais ela não compartilhasse.

En Embora não pudesse mais duvidar que as palavras eram dirigidas a ela, ainda assim não sabia quem as havia escrito. Enquanto refletia, pensou ouvir passos do lado de fora do edifício. Alarmada novamente, pegou seu alaúde e saiu apressadamente. Encontrou Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert em um pequeno caminho que serpenteava pelas laterais do desfiladeiro.

En Um jovem alegre da montanha, um camponês piemontês, deixou sua amada casa e família para buscar riquezas no ouro veneziano. Enquanto viajava, pensava frequentemente em sua simples cabana, nas florestas familiares e nas pastagens alegres. Lembrava-se das danças e canções com seus amigos. Às vezes, parecia ouvir sua própria música de flauta carregada pelo vento, e suspirava de tristeza. Ele se perguntava se as riquezas estrangeiras poderiam realmente lhe trazer felicidade. Por fim, decidiu que seus vales nativos eram mais preciosos do que qualquer tesouro. Voltou atrás, e a luz de sua cabana o guiou de volta para casa, para reencontros felizes.

En Depois de se recuperar do choque inicial de sua situação, Emily ergueu a lamparina para ver se o quarto oferecia algum meio de fuga.

Era um cômodo espaçoso com paredes revestidas de carvalho rústico, não mostrando nenhuma janela além da gradeada que ela havia deixado e nenhuma outra porta senão a que ela havia entrado. Os raios fracos da lamparina não permitiam que ela visse toda a sua extensão de uma vez. Ela não percebeu nenhum móvel, exceto uma cadeira de ferro presa no centro do cômodo, com um anel de ferro pendurado em uma corrente acima. Olhando para isso com espanto e horror, ela observou em seguida barras de ferro abaixo para prender os pés e anéis semelhantes nos braços da cadeira. Ela concluiu que eram instrumentos de tortura e imaginou que algum pobre infeliz uma vez havia sido preso ali e morto de fome. Fria com o pensamento, sua agonia se intensificou quando lhe ocorreu que sua tia poderia ter sido uma vítima e que ela mesma poderia ser a próxima. Uma dor aguda tomou sua cabeça; ela mal conseguia segurar a lamparina e, procurando apoio, inconscientemente começou a se sentar na cadeira de ferro. Mas, de repente, percebendo onde estava, ela se levantou horrorizada e saltou para um extremo distante do cômodo. Lá, ela novamente procurou um assento e percebeu apenas uma cortina escura descendo do teto ao chão ao longo de todo o lado do cômodo. Doente como estava, a aparência da cortina a impressionou, e ela parou para olhá-la com espanto e apreensão.

En Emily implorou que ele não a lembrasse daqueles dias, a menos que pudesse ajudá-la a esquecer o presente. Ela não pretendia repreendê-lo; se o fizesse, não estaria chorando. Perguntou por que ele tornava sua dor atual mais intensa ao compará-la com suas virtudes passadas.

En Eles alcançaram um cume verdejante sombreado por palmeiras, com vista para os vales e planícies da Gasconha. Sentiram-se na grama e, enquanto seus olhos passeavam pela cena gloriosa e inalavam o doce perfume das flores e ervas, Emily tocou e cantou várias de suas árias favoritas com a delicada expressão na qual ela se destacava.

En A cortina parecia ocultar um recesso do cômodo. Ela desejava e temia ao mesmo tempo levantá-la e descobrir o que velava, sendo duas vezes detida pela lembrança de um espetáculo terrível que sua mão ousada havia anteriormente desvelado em um aposento do castelo. Então, de repente, conjecturando que ocultava o corpo de sua tia assassinada, ela agarrou a cortina em desespero e a puxou de lado. Além, apareceu um cadáver estirado em um sofá baixo, tingido de

sangue humano, assim como o chão abaixo. As feições, deformadas pela morte, eram lúgubres e horríveis, e mais de um ferimento lívido era visível no rosto. Emily se inclinou sobre o corpo, olhando por um momento com um olhar ávido e frenético, mas no instante seguinte a lâmpada caiu de sua mão e ela desmaiou ao pé do sofá.

En Valancourt disse que suas virtudes poderiam retornar se o amor dela, que as havia nutrido, permanecesse inalterado. Mas ele temia que ela não pudesse mais amá-lo; caso contrário, a felicidade passada deles falaria por ele. No entanto, ele se perguntava por que se torturava com lembranças e por que demorava. Ele estava arruinado, e seria loucura envolvê-la em sua desgraça, mesmo que o coração dela ainda fosse seu. Ele não a angustiará mais. Mas antes de partir, declarou solenemente que, qualquer que fosse seu destino, ele sempre a amaria. Disse que a deixava para sempre. Sua voz tremeu enquanto falava, e ele se sentou novamente. Emily não conseguiu sair nem se despedir. Toda memória de sua má conduta e loucuras desapareceu; ela sentiu apenas pena e tristeza.

En Música e conversa os mantiveram naquele lugar encantador até que a última luz do sol se apagou nas planícies, até que as velas brancas no Garonne se tornaram turvas e as sombras da noite se espalharam pela paisagem. A melancolia era triste, mas não desagradável. St. Aubert e sua família se levantaram e partiram com pesar; infelizmente, a Sra. St. Aubert não sabia que o deixava para sempre.

En Quando Emily recuperou a consciência, viu-se cercada por homens, incluindo Barnardine, que a ergueram do chão e a carregaram pela sala. Ela estava ciente do que acontecia, mas se sentia muito fraca para falar ou se mover, ou mesmo para sentir qualquer medo claro. Eles a carregaram pela mesma escada que ela havia subido. Ao chegarem ao arco, pararam, e um dos homens pegou a tocha de Barnardine e abriu uma pequena porta cortada no portão principal. Quando ele saiu para a estrada, a luz revelou vários homens a cavalo esperando. Fosse o ar fresco que reviveu Emily ou a visão dessas novas figuras que a alarmou, ela de repente falou e tentou fracamente se libertar dos homens que a seguravam.

En Valancourt finalmente falou, dizendo que sua coragem se fora e ele não podia deixá-la. Pediu que ela ao menos concordasse em vê-lo

mais uma vez. O coração de Emily aliviou-se com esse pedido, e ela pensou que não deveria recusar. No entanto, sentiu-se envergonhada, lembrando que era hóspede na casa do Conde, que não ficaria satisfeito com o retorno de Valancourt. Outras considerações logo superaram isso, e ela atendeu ao pedido sob condição de que ele não considerasse o Conde como inimigo nem Du Pont como rival. Então ele a deixou, com o coração tão aliviado por essa breve trégua que quase esqueceu sua antiga desgraça.

En Quando voltaram à casa de pesca, a Sra. St. Aubert sentiu falta de sua pulseira e lembrou-se de tê-la deixado na mesa após o jantar. Apesar de uma longa busca, na qual Emily foi muito ativa, ela teve que aceitar a perda. A pulseira era valiosa porque continha uma miniatura de sua filha, pintada apenas alguns meses antes e considerada uma semelhança marcante. Quando Emily percebeu que a pulseira realmente havia sumido, corou e ficou pensativa. Ela já tinha visto sinais de que alguém estivera na casa de pesca durante sua ausência: seu alaúde e novas linhas escritas a lápis. Pelas linhas, parecia razoável acreditar que o poeta, o músico e o ladrão eram a mesma pessoa. Embora essa combinação de circunstâncias fosse notável, ela se sentiu fortemente impedida de mencioná-las, decidindo secretamente nunca mais visitar a casa de pesca sem seus pais.

En Barnardine gritou alto pela tocha. Vozes distantes responderam, e várias pessoas se aproximaram. No mesmo instante, uma luz brilhou no pátio do castelo. Barnardine chamou pela tocha novamente, e os homens apressaram Emily através do portão. A pouca distância, sob a proteção das muralhas do castelo, ela viu o homem que havia pegado a luz do porteiro segurando-a para outro homem que estava ocupado ajustando a sela de um cavalo. Ao redor deles estavam vários cavaleiros de feições duras, seus rostos totalmente iluminados pela tocha. O chão irregular, as muralhas opostas com arbustos pendentes e uma torre de vigia ameaçada acima estavam todos avermelhados pela luz, que gradualmente se apagou, deixando as muralhas distantes e as florestas abaixo na escuridão da noite.

En Emily retirou-se para seu quarto para se recompor e esconder as lágrimas, evitando as críticas da Condessa e de sua favorita, bem como a curiosidade da família. Mas não conseguia tranquilizar a mente; não podia esquecer a cena recente com Valancourt nem o fato de que o veria

novamente no dia seguinte. Esse encontro agora parecia mais terrível que o anterior, pois sua confissão honesta de sua má conduta e de suas circunstâncias difíceis, junto com a força de seu afeto, a impressionara profundamente. Apesar de tudo que ouvira contra ele, sua estima começava a retornar. Parecia impossível que ele pudesse ter sido culpado das depravações relatadas, que eram inconsistentes com sua sinceridade e sensibilidade. Ela não podia acreditar que os relatos fossem totalmente verdadeiros, nem que seu coração estivesse fechado para a virtude. Sua profunda consciência de seus erros parecia apoiar essa opinião. No entanto, ela não compreendia a instabilidade das disposições juvenis quando opostas ao hábito, nem que as declarações frequentemente enganam tanto quem as faz quanto quem as ouve. Ela poderia ter cedido ao seu próprio coração e aos apelos de Valancourt, se não tivesse sido guiada pela prudência superior do Conde. Ele explicou o perigo de sua situação: ouvir promessas feitas sob forte paixão, e a tênue esperança de felicidade ao confiar na recuperação de circunstâncias arruinadas e na reforma de hábitos corrompidos. Por essas razões, ele lamentou que Emily tivesse concordado com um segundo encontro, pois isso abalaria sua determinação e tornaria sua conquista mais difícil.

En Eles voltaram pensativamente ao castelo, Emily refletindo sobre o incidente, St. Aubert meditando com calma gratidão sobre suas bênçãos e a Sra. St. Aubert perturbada pela perda do retrato de sua filha. Ao se aproximarem da casa, notaram uma agitação incomum: vozes, criados, cavalos se movendo entre as árvores e, finalmente, as rodas de uma carruagem. Em frente ao castelo, uma landau com cavalos fumegantes apareceu no gramado. St. Aubert reconheceu as librés de seu cunhado e, na sala de estar, encontrou o Sr. e a Sra. Quesnel já chegados. Eles haviam partido de Paris dias antes e estavam a caminho de sua propriedade, a apenas dez léguas de La Vallée, que o Sr. Quesnel havia comprado de St. Aubert anos antes. O Sr. Quesnel era o único irmão da Sra. St. Aubert, mas eles nunca foram próximos devido a diferenças de caráter. Ele vivia para o mundo, buscando status e esplendor, e seu sucesso nessas buscas o fazia ignorar as virtudes de St. Aubert. Ele via o gosto simples e os desejos moderados de St. Aubert como sinais de fraqueza. O casamento de sua irmã com St. Aubert decepcionou sua ambição, pois ele esperava que ela se casasse com alguém de posição para ajudar sua própria ascensão. Ela, no entanto, escolhera a felicidade

em vez do esplendor, e o Sr. Quesnel expressou em particular desprezo por sua escolha. A Sra. St. Aubert, embora magoada, escondeu seu ressentimento do marido, mas a partir de então manteve uma reserva educada em relação ao irmão.

En Barnardine perguntou com raiva aos cavaleiros por que estavam perdendo tempo e disse-lhes para se apressarem.

En A mente de Emily estava agora tão absorvida por suas próprias preocupações que ela se esqueceu da velha governanta e da história prometida, que antes despertara sua curiosidade. A noite caiu e passou, e Doroteia não apareceu em seu quarto. Emily suportou uma noite insone e miserável. Quanto mais ela refletia sobre seus encontros recentes com Valancourt, mais sua determinação enfraquecia. Ela teve que recordar todos os argumentos do Conde e os ensinamentos de seu pai sobre autocontrole para agir com prudência e dignidade durante esta prova mais severa de sua vida. Às vezes, toda a sua coragem a abandonava e, lembrando-se da intimidade passada, ela sentia ser impossível renunciar a Valancourt. Ela então via sua reforma como certa, esquecia o raciocínio do Conde, acreditava no que desejava e estava pronta para enfrentar qualquer mal em vez de uma separação imediata.

En Em seu próprio casamento, o Sr. Quesnel não seguiu o exemplo de sua irmã. Sua esposa era uma herdeira italiana de nascimento e, por natureza e educação, era vaidosa e frívola.

En O homem que apertava a sela disse que ficaria pronta em um minuto. Barnardine xingou-o novamente por sua lentidão. Emily chamou fracamente por ajuda, mas foi apressada em direção aos cavalos enquanto os homens discutiam em qual cavalo colocá-la, já que o destinado a ela não estava pronto. Naquele momento, um aglomerado de luzes saiu dos grandes portões, e ela ouviu a voz aguda de Annette acima de várias outras vozes que se aproximavam. No mesmo instante, ela reconheceu Montoni e Cavigni, seguidos por vários homens de aparência rude. Agora ela os olhava não com medo, mas com esperança, pois já não temia os perigos dentro do castelo, dos quais tão recentemente e desesperadamente quisera escapar. Os perigos externos agora preenchiam todos os seus temores.

En Assim a noite passou em conflito inútil entre amor e razão. Pela manhã, ela se levantou com a mente enfraquecida e indecisa, e o corpo tremendo de doença.

En Os Quesnells decidiram passar a noite com St. Aubert; o castelo era pequeno demais para seus criados, então eles foram enviados a uma aldeia vizinha. Após as cortesias e arranjos iniciais, o Sr. Quesnel começou a exibir sua inteligência e conexões. St. Aubert, há muito aposentado, achou esses tópicos novos e ouviu com paciência e atenção, o que seu hóspede confundiu com admiração humilde. O Sr. Quesnel descreveu em minúcias as poucas festividades permitidas pelos tempos turbulentos de Henrique III, compensando um pouco sua ostentação. Mas quando falou sobre o caráter do Duque de Joyeuse, um tratado secreto com a Porta e como Henrique de Navarra foi recebido, St. Aubert lembrou-se o suficiente de sua própria experiência para ter certeza de que seu hóspede era apenas um político inferior e não da posição que alegava. St. Aubert se absteve de responder às opiniões do Sr. Quesnel, sabendo que seu hóspede carecia tanto de humanidade para sentir quanto de discernimento para perceber o que é justo.

En Uma breve luta se seguiu entre os grupos, mas os homens de Montoni venceram rapidamente. Os cavaleiros, vendo que estavam em desvantagem numérica e talvez não profundamente comprometidos com sua tarefa, galoparam para longe. Barnardine correu o suficiente para desaparecer na escuridão. Emily foi levada de volta ao castelo. Ao passar novamente pelos pátios, a memória do que vira na casa do portão voltou a ela com todo o seu horror. Pouco depois, ela ouviu o portão se fechar, trancando-a mais uma vez dentro das muralhas do castelo. Ela estremeceu por si mesma e, quase esquecendo o perigo do qual acabara de escapar, mal conseguia pensar que algo menos precioso do que liberdade e paz poderia ser encontrado além daquelas muralhas.

En Madame Quesnel expressou surpresa que Madame St. Aubert pudesse suportar viver em um lugar tão remoto. Ela descreveu o esplendor dos bailes, banquetes e procissões realizados pela corte para o casamento do Duque de Joyeuse com Margaretta de Lorrain, esperando talvez provocar inveja. Emily, ouvindo com curiosidade juvenil, deixou sua imaginação vívida intensificar as cenas. Madame St. Aubert, com uma lágrima no olho, refletiu que, embora o esplendor

possa acompanhar a felicidade, apenas a virtude pode verdadeiramente concedê-la.

En Montoni ordenou que Emily o esperasse no salão de cedro. Ele logo a seguiu e a interrogou asperamente sobre o misterioso acontecimento. Emily agora o via com horror, acreditando que ele era o assassino de sua tia. Ela mal sabia o que dizia em resposta, mas suas respostas e seu comportamento o convenceram de que ela não havia participado voluntariamente do plano. Ele a dispensou quando seus servos apareceram, com a intenção de interrogá-los mais a fundo para descobrir os cúmplices.

En M. Quesnel observou que já fazia doze anos desde que comprou a propriedade da família. St. Aubert concordou com um suspiro contido. Quesnel continuou dizendo que não a visitava há quase cinco anos, pois Paris e seus arredores eram o único lugar para se viver; ele estava tão imerso em política e assuntos importantes que mal conseguia se ausentar por um mês. Ele se perguntava como St. Aubert, que havia vivido na capital e se acostumado com a companhia, podia existir em um país tão remoto, onde não se podia ouvir nem ver nada e mal se sentia vivo.

En Emily permaneceu em seu aposento por algum tempo antes que sua mente se acalmasse o suficiente para relembrar os eventos recentes. A imagem do corpo morto que ela vislumbrou atrás da cortina na câmara do portal voltou à sua imaginação, e ela soltou um gemido que assustou Annette ainda mais porque Emily se recusou a satisfazer sua curiosidade. Emily temia compartilhar um segredo tão perigoso, para que a indiscrição de Annette não provocasse a vingança imediata de Montoni sobre ela.

En St. Aubert respondeu que vivia para sua família e para si mesmo. Agora se contentava em conhecer apenas a felicidade, enquanto antes conhecia a vida.

En Forçada a suportar sozinha todo o horror do segredo, sua razão parecia vacilar sob o peso insuportável. Ela frequentemente olhava fixamente para Annette com uma expressão selvagem e vazia. Quando lhe falavam, ela ou não ouvia ou respondia de forma incoerente. Longos períodos de abstração se seguiram; Annette falou repetidamente, mas sua voz parecia não ter efeito sobre a profundamente agitada Emily, que

permanecia imóvel e silenciosa, ocasionalmente soltando um suspiro pesado, mas sem derramar lágrimas.

En Sem parecer notar as palavras de St. Aubert, M. Quesnel anunciou que gastaria trinta ou quarenta mil libras em melhorias. Ele planejava convidar seus amigos, o Duque de Durefort e o Marquês Ramont, por um mês ou dois no próximo verão. Quando St. Aubert perguntou sobre as melhorias, Quesnel explicou que demoliria toda a ala leste do castelo para construir estábulos. Também construiria uma sala de jantar, uma sala de estar, uma sala comum e muitos cômodos para criados, já que a acomodação atual não podia abrigar nem um terço de seu pessoal.

En Alarmada com o estado de Emily, Annette finalmente saiu do quarto para informar Montoni. Ele acabara de dispensar seus servos sem descobrir nada sobre sua investigação. A descrição selvagem que Annette fez de Emily o levou a segui-la imediatamente até o aposento.

En St. Aubert, pesaroso que a velha mansão fosse tão alterada, observou que ela havia acomodado a casa de seu pai, que não era pequena.

En Ao som de sua voz, Emily desviou o olhar, e um lampejo de reconhecimento pareceu cruzar sua mente. Ela se levantou e moveu-se lentamente para uma parte distante do quarto. Ele falou com ela em um tom um pouco mais suave que sua aspereza habitual, mas ela o olhou com uma mistura de curiosidade e terror, respondendo apenas sim a tudo o que ele dizia. Sua mente ainda parecia reter nada além de medo.

En M. Quesnel comentou que as noções de viver haviam se expandido desde tempos anteriores; o que antes era considerado decente já não bastava. St. Aubert corou com isso, mas sua raiva rapidamente se transformou em desprezo. Quesnel reclamou que as árvores ao redor do castelo obstruíam a vista e anunciou que pretendia cortar algumas.

En Annette não conseguiu explicar a perturbação de Emily, e Montoni, após tentar persuadir Emily a falar por algum tempo, acabou saindo, ordenando que Annette ficasse com ela durante toda a noite e relatasse sua condição pela manhã.

En St. Aubert exclamou surpreso, perguntando se Quesnel pretendia cortar as árvores também.

En Depois que Montoni foi embora, Emily se adiantou novamente e perguntou quem a havia perturbado. Annette respondeu que era o Signor Montoni. Emily repetiu o nome várias vezes, como se não o reconhecesse, e então gemeu de repente e caiu de volta em seu estado de recolhimento.

En Quesnel confirmou que sim, insistindo que as árvores obstruíam suas perspectivas. Ele apontou para um castanheiro tão antigo que seu tronco oco podia abrigar uma dúzia de homens e questionou se o entusiasmo de St. Aubert podia encontrar alguma utilidade ou beleza em uma árvore tão velha e sem seiva.

En Com alguma dificuldade, Annette levou Emily até a cama, que Emily examinou com um olhar febril e frenético antes de se deitar. Então, apontando, ela se virou para Annette com um estremecimento de medo. Annette, agora mais assustada, moveu-se em direção à porta para buscar outra criada para ficar com elas, mas Emily percebeu que ela ia e a chamou pelo nome, implorando em sua voz naturalmente suave e lastimosa que ela também não a abandonasse. Desde a morte de seu pai, ela acrescentou com um suspiro, todos a haviam abandonado.

En St. Aubert, horrorizado, implorou a Quesnel que não destruísse o nobre castanheiro que estava há séculos, a glória da propriedade. Ele se lembrou de escalar seus vastos galhos quando jovem, ler e ver o pôr do sol em seu abrigo, e como os pássaros voltavam para seus ninhos entre as folhas. Então, lembrando-se de que Quesnel não podia compreender nem compartilhar tais sentimentos, ele se desculpou, admitindo que falava de sentimentos tão antiquados quanto o gosto que pouparia a venerável árvore.

En Annette respondeu: "Seu pai, mademoiselle, morreu antes de você me conhecer."

En Quesnel declarou que a árvore seria de fato removida. Ele planejava plantar choupos-lombardos entre os castanheiros restantes na alameda, já que Madame Quesnel preferia o choupo e apontava como ele adornava a vila de seu tio perto de Veneza.

En Emily concordou que ele realmente havia morrido, e suas lágrimas começaram a fluir. Ela chorou silenciosamente por um longo tempo, depois ficou bastante calma e finalmente adormeceu. Annette teve a sensatez de não interromper suas lágrimas. Essa garota, tão afetuosa

quanto simples, esqueceu seus medos anteriores de ficar no quarto e velou por Emily sozinha durante toda a noite.

En St. Aubert continuou que, nas margens do Brenta, onde a árvore com sua forma de torre se misturava com pinheiros e ciprestes, e onde ela brincava sobre pórticos e colunatas leves e elegantes, certamente adornava a cena. No entanto, entre os gigantes da floresta e perto de uma pesada mansão gótica, não teria o mesmo efeito.

En M. Quesnel respondeu que não iria discutir. Ele disse que St. Aubert teria que voltar a Paris antes que suas ideias pudessem concordar. Falando de Veneza, ele mencionou que pensava em ir para lá no próximo verão; eventos poderiam chamá-lo a tomar posse daquela vila, que ele ouviu ser a mais charmosa imaginável. Nesse caso, ele adiaría as melhorias que mencionou, e poderia ser tentado a ficar algum tempo na Itália.

En Emily ficou um tanto surpresa ao ouvir M. Quesnel falar em ser tentado a permanecer no exterior, depois de ter dito que sua presença era tão necessária em Paris que mal podia se ausentar por um ou dois meses. Mas St. Aubert conhecia bem demais a autoimportância do homem para se admirar com isso. A possibilidade de que aquelas melhorias projetadas pudessem ser adiadas lhe deu esperança de que nunca se realizassem.

En Antes de se separarem para a noite, M. Quesnel pediu para falar a sós com St. Aubert. Eles se retiraram para outro cômodo e ficaram lá um tempo considerável. O assunto da conversa não era conhecido. Mas fosse o que fosse, quando St. Aubert voltou à sala de jantar, parecia muito perturbado, e uma sombra de tristeza às vezes caía sobre suas feições, alarmando Madame St. Aubert. Quando ficaram sozinhos, ela foi tentada a perguntar o motivo, mas sua delicadeza a conteve; ela considerou que, se St. Aubert desejasse que ela soubesse, não esperaria suas perguntas.

En No dia seguinte, antes de M. Quesnel partir, ele teve uma segunda conferência com St. Aubert.

En Após jantarem no castelo, os convidados partiram para Epourville no frescor da noite. Eles estenderam um forte convite a Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert, mas seu motivo era mais sobre orgulho em ostentar sua riqueza do que um desejo genuíno de trazer felicidade aos amigos.

En Emily ficou encantada por recuperar a liberdade que havia sido restringida pelos convidados. Ela retornou alegremente aos seus livros, suas caminhadas e às conversas ponderadas com Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert. Eles também pareciam aliviados por estarem livres das amarras da arrogância e da frivolidade.

En Madame St. Aubert alegou um leve mal-estar e recusou-se a participar da caminhada noturna habitual. St. Aubert e Emily então partiram juntos.

En Eles decidiram caminhar em direção às montanhas, planejando visitar alguns idosos pensionistas que St. Aubert conseguia sustentar com sua modesta renda. Parecia provável que Monsieur Quesnel, apesar de sua fortuna muito maior, não teria sido capaz de fazer o mesmo.

En Após pagar aos seus pensionistas o subsídio semanal, St. Aubert ouviu pacientemente suas queixas, resolveu alguns problemas e amenizou as frustrações de todos com uma expressão solidária e um sorriso gentil. Ele então seguiu para casa através da floresta.

En Histórias da aldeia contam que, ao entardecer, o povo das fadas se reúne para brincar e celebrar durante a noite de verão.

En St. Aubert disse que a escuridão vespertina das matas sempre o encantara. Sua mente agora sentia a doce calma que vem de ter feito uma boa ação, o que o tornava receptivo ao prazer de tudo ao redor. Ele lembrava como em sua juventude essa escuridão inspirava visões de fadas e imagens românticas, e admitiu que ainda não era totalmente insensível ao alto entusiasmo que desperta o sonho de um poeta. Ele podia demorar-se sob sombras profundas, olhar para a obscuridade distante com um olhar transformador e ouvir com deleite emocionante o misterioso murmúrio das matas.

En Emily, com uma lágrima repentina, disse ao pai que ele descrevera exatamente o que ela frequentemente sentira, e que ela pensava que ninguém mais sentira. Ela então chamou a atenção para um som varrendo sobre as copas das árvores, que se extinguiu, deixando uma solene quietude. A brisa aumentou novamente, e ela comparou à voz de um ser sobrenatural, o espírito das matas que as vigiava à noite. Ela então apontou para uma luz que aparecia e desaparecia perto da raiz de um grande castanheiro, pedindo ao pai que olhasse.

En St. Aubert perguntou a Emily se ela era tão admiradora da natureza e tão pouco familiarizada com suas aparências que não reconhecia a luz do vaga-lume. Ele então sugeriu alegremente que andassem um pouco mais para ver fadas, que são frequentemente companheiras do vaga-lume; o vaga-lume empresta sua luz, e as fadas o encantam com música e dança. Ele perguntou se ela via algo saltitando ali adiante.

En Emily riu e disse que, já que seu pai permitia essa aliança, ela ousaria admitir que o havia antecipado, e quase ousaria repetir alguns versos que fizera numa noite naquelas mesmas matas.

En St. Aubert incentivou sua filha a falar livremente e deixar de lado qualquer hesitação. Ele disse a ela que, se sua imaginação tivesse lançado seu feitiço sobre ela, ela não precisaria invejar as fadas.

En Emily respondeu que, se sua imaginação fosse forte o suficiente para influenciar o julgamento dele enquanto ela compartilhava suas imagens, ela não precisaria invejar as fadas. Ela explicou que seu poema tinha um ritmo leve e rápido que ela achava adequado ao assunto, mas se preocupava que os versos fossem muito irregulares.

En O poema 'The Glow-Worm' descreve uma agradável noite de meio de verão na floresta verde. O vaga-lume reflete sobre a beleza da cena e a folia das fadas. No entanto, as fadas são ingratas; elas frequentemente usam sua magia para forçar o vaga-lume a desviar viajantes. O vaga-lume então observa dois amantes tentando evitar a rainha das fadas ciumenta, e deseja ter o poder da flor roxa para quebrar feitiços e ajudar amantes fiéis. À medida que a noite termina, o vaga-lume teme ficar na escuridão e conclui que até as fadas ficariam tristes sem sua luz pálida.

En St. Aubert, independentemente de sua verdadeira opinião sobre o poema, escolheu não tirar o prazer de sua filha negando sua aprovação. Depois de oferecer elogios, ele caiu em profunda reflexão, e eles continuaram a andar sem falar.

En Um raio de luz fraco e enganoso refletido de superfícies imperfeitas, projetando apenas uma imagem parcial no olho que se esforça. Enquanto isso, florestas ondulantes, aldeias, riachos, rochas e picos de montanhas — ainda retendo a luz que desvanece — tudo se fundiu em uma única cena cintilante, incerta se foi realmente vista.

En St. Aubert permaneceu em silêncio até chegarem ao castelo, onde sua esposa havia ido para o quarto. O cansaço e a tristeza que recentemente a perturbavam voltaram ainda mais fortes após entreter os convidados. No dia seguinte, ela desenvolveu febre, e St. Aubert chamou um médico, que disse ser a mesma febre da qual St. Aubert havia se recuperado recentemente. Ela a tinha contraído enquanto cuidava dele, mas sua constituição fraca não conseguia combatê-la imediatamente. St. Aubert, profundamente preocupado, manteve o médico em casa. Lembrou-se de um pressentimento sombrio que tivera antes e agora temia que essa doença fosse fatal, mas escondeu isso de sua esposa e de sua filha Emily, a quem incentivava a ter esperança. O médico disse que o desfecho era incerto. Madame St. Aubert parecia saber que estava morrendo; ela os olhava com pena. No sétimo dia, quando chegou a crise, ela disse ao médico para não enganar sua família, mas prepará-los, para que pudesse ensiná-los a resignação com seu exemplo.

En O médico ficou comovido; prometeu obedecê-la e disse a St. Aubert, de forma bastante direta, que não havia esperança. St. Aubert não era filósofo o suficiente para esconder seus sentimentos imediatamente, mas, pensando na tristeza de sua esposa, conseguiu se controlar na presença dela. Emily ficou inicialmente arrasada, mas depois se apegou à esperança até o fim.

En A doença de Madame St. Aubert progrediu com sofrimento paciente e desejos contidos. Sua calma aceitação da morte vinha de uma vida vivida na consciência de Deus e na esperança de um mundo superior. No entanto, sua piedade não conseguia superar completamente a dor de se separar dos entes queridos. Em suas últimas horas, ela conversou com St. Aubert e Emily sobre o futuro e a religião. Sua resignação e esperança de reencontro afetaram tanto St. Aubert que ele frequentemente precisava sair do quarto para chorar, depois retornava com o rosto composto, o que só aumentava sua tristeza.

En Emily nunca havia valorizado tanto as lições de conter seus sentimentos como naqueles momentos, e ela conseguiu completamente. Mas após a morte de sua mãe, ela desabou sob a tristeza e percebeu que a esperança e a fortaleza a haviam apoiado. St. Aubert estava muito aflito para confortar sua filha.

CAPÍTULO II

En Uma linha de Hamlet de Shakespeare, sugerindo que contar uma certa história perturbaria profundamente o ouvinte.

En Titânia convidou o ouvinte a se juntar voluntariamente às suas festividades iluminadas pela lua e a dançar em seu círculo, se participasse com paciência.

En O poema reflete sobre os mundos desconhecidos ou vastas regiões que a alma imortal percorre após deixar seu corpo terreno.

En Esta é uma citação de Romeu e Julieta, que expressa um estado de profundo desespero e falta de esperança.

En Madame St. Aubert foi enterrada na igreja de uma aldeia próxima. Seu marido e filha a acompanharam até o túmulo, seguidos por muitos moradores locais que genuinamente lamentaram a perda dessa boa mulher.

En Na manhã seguinte, os viajantes partiram em direção a Turim. A planície fértil que se estende dos Alpes até a cidade ainda não era ladeada por uma longa avenida de árvores. Em vez disso, bosques de oliveiras, amoreiras e palmeiras, entrelaçados com vinhas, misturavam-se à paisagem pastoril. O rápido rio Pó serpenteava por essa terra após descer das montanhas. Ao se aproximarem de Turim, os distantes Alpes tornaram-se visíveis em toda a sua grandiosidade: cadeia sobre cadeia, com picos mais altos ora escondidos por nuvens, ora erguendo-se acima delas. As encostas mais baixas, recortadas em formas estranhas, exibiam tons azuis e roxos que mudavam com a luz e a sombra, revelando novas paisagens. A leste, estendiam-se as planícies da Lombardia, com as torres de Turim surgindo ao longe; além delas, os Apeninos marcavam o horizonte.

En A mente de Emily foi revigorada pelo sono. Ao acordar, ela ficou surpresa ao ver Annette dormindo em uma cadeira. Tentou se lembrar da noite anterior, mas não conseguiu recordar nada. Annette acordou enquanto Emily a observava.

En Valancourt, enquanto isso, sofria as angústias do remorso e do desespero. Ver Emily reacendeu toda a paixão de seu primeiro amor, que a ausência e as distrações de uma vida ocupada haviam

temporariamente diminuído. Quando partiu para Languedoc após receber a carta dela, ele sabia que sua própria tolice o havia arruinado e planejava não esconder nada dela. No entanto, ele lamentava apenas o atraso que sua má conduta causaria ao casamento, sem prever que a revelação poderia romper a conexão para sempre. A perspectiva da separação o dominava, já ferido pela autorrecreminação. Ele aguardava a segunda entrevista quase transtornado, mas ainda esperava que seus apelos pudessem persuadi-la a evitá-la. Pela manhã, enviou um bilhete perguntando quando ela o veria, e ele chegou enquanto ela estava com o Conde, que havia buscado outra conversa sobre Valancourt, temendo que sua angústia enfraquecesse sua determinação. Depois que Emily dispensou o mensageiro, o Conde reiterou seus avisos, instando-a a evitar as súplicas de Valancourt e apontando a miséria prolongada que se seguiria se ela se recusasse a enfrentar um desconforto temporário. Seus argumentos repetidos sozinhos a protegeram do afeto que ainda sentia, e ela resolveu ser guiada por eles.

En Após voltar do funeral, St. Aubert trancou-se em seu quarto. Quando saiu, parecia calmo, embora pálido de tristeza. Pediu que sua família se reunisse, mas Emily não estava lá; ela havia ido para seu quarto particular chorar sozinha. St. Aubert a seguiu e pegou sua mão silenciosamente enquanto ela chorava. Após um momento, ele falou com voz trêmula, dizendo que iriam rezar com a família e que ela deveria se juntar a eles. Disse que deviam buscar apoio do alto, pois não havia outro lugar para encontrá-lo.

En A magnífica cidade, com suas vistas de igrejas e palácios que se abriam a partir da praça principal, cada uma levando a uma paisagem dos distantes Alpes ou Apeninos, era algo que Emily nunca vira na França nem sequer imaginara.

En Annette perguntou a Emily se ela a reconhecia.

En A hora da entrevista finalmente chegou. Emily veio com pelo menos uma compostura aparente, mas Valancourt estava tão agitado que não pôde falar por vários minutos. Suas primeiras palavras foram alternadamente lamentação, súplica e autorrecreminação. Então ele disse a Emily que a amara e ainda a amava mais que sua vida, mas sua própria conduta o havia arruinado. Ele não a envolveria em uma conexão miserável, nem tentaria abalar sua resolução com paixão egoísta. Ele a renunciava, disse, e buscaria consolo no pensamento de que, embora

estivesse miserável, ela ao menos poderia ser feliz. O mérito do sacrifício não era seu, pois ele nunca teria encontrado forças para abandoná-la se a prudência dela não o tivesse exigido.

En Emily parou de chorar e seguiu seu pai até a sala de estar, onde os criados se haviam reunido. St. Aubert leu as orações noturnas em voz baixa e séria e acrescentou uma oração pela alma da falecida. Sua voz falhou várias vezes, e lágrimas caíram sobre o livro, até que ele fez uma pausa. No entanto, os profundos sentimentos de devoção sincera gradualmente elevaram seus pensamentos acima das questões mundanas e, por fim, trouxeram paz ao seu coração.

En Montoni, que já visitara Turim várias vezes e se importava pouco com vistas panorâmicas, recusou o pedido da esposa de visitar alguns palácios. Pararam apenas para refrescos e depois seguiram apressados para Veneza. Durante a viagem, Montoni estava sério e arrogante, especialmente reservado com Madame Montoni — não por respeito, mas por orgulho e descontentamento. Prestava pouca atenção a Emily. Suas conversas com Cavigni frequentemente abordavam tópicos políticos ou militares, particularmente a condição instável do país. Emily notou que, ao mencionarem feitos ousados, os olhos de Montoni perdiam a melancolia e brilhavam com fogo, mas ainda mostravam uma astúcia sutil; ela às vezes pensava que o brilho refletia mais malícia do que valor, embora o valor tivesse combinado com sua aparência cavalheiresca. Cavigni, com toda a sua alegria e boas maneiras, era menos impressionante.

En Emily respondeu que certamente conhecia Annette e perguntou por que ela estava sentada ao seu lado.

En Valancourt fez uma pausa. Emily tentou esconder as lágrimas. Quase disse que ele falava como costumava falar, mas se conteve. Valancourt pediu perdão por todo o sofrimento que havia causado e disse que seu único consolo seria acreditar que ela não estava mais infeliz por causa de sua loucura. As lágrimas de Emily caíam rapidamente. Ele estava prestes a cair no desespero novamente quando ela reuniu coragem para encerrar o doloroso encontro. Ao ver suas lágrimas, Valancourt tentou controlar suas emoções e confortá-la. Disse que a lembrança da tristeza dela o protegeria no futuro, e que a recordação do luto dela por ele o impediria de ser seduzido por maus exemplos ou tentações.

En Após o término do serviço e a saída dos criados, St. Aubert beijou Emily gentilmente. Lembrou-lhe que sempre lhe ensinara a importância do autocontrole. O autocontrole ajuda as pessoas a evitar tentações perigosas e as mantém no caminho da virtude. Explicou que mesmo sentimentos virtuosos, como a tristeza, tornam-se egoístas e prejudiciais se indulgentes em excesso. A tristeza excessiva enfraquece a mente e impede a pessoa de desfrutar dos prazeres inocentes que Deus destinou à vida. Exortou Emily a lembrar e seguir os sábios conselhos que lhe dera, os quais sua própria experiência mostrara serem verdadeiros.

En Ao entrar na região milanesa, os homens trocaram seus chapéus franceses por gorros italianos bordados de tecido escarlate. Emily notou que Montoni adicionou uma pluma militar ao seu gorro, enquanto Cavigni manteve apenas a pena habitual. Ela eventualmente concluiu que Montoni adotou esse emblema de soldado por segurança, como uma forma de viajar mais seguramente por um país cheio de grupos militares.

En Annette disse a Emily que ela havia estado muito doente e que ela mesma estivera muito preocupada.

En Emily sentiu-se um tanto consolada. Ela disse que eles estavam se separando para sempre, mas se a felicidade dela era importante para ele, ele deveria lembrar que nada poderia contribuir mais para isso do que saber que ele havia recuperado o próprio respeito. Valancourt pegou a mão dela; lágrimas cobriram seus olhos, e sua despedida se perdeu em suspiros. Emily, com dificuldade, disse adeus e desejou-lhe felicidade. Ela repetiu o adeus e tentou retirar a mão, mas ele a segurou e molhou-a com suas lágrimas. Ela perguntou por que prolongar os momentos dolorosos. Valancourt exclamou que era demais, soltou a mão dela e caiu em uma cadeira, dominado por suspiros convulsivos. Após um longo silêncio, Emily levantou-se para ir embora. Ele lutou para se recompor, disse que sua angústia deveria falar por ele, e em uma voz solene e trêmula declarou que ela sempre seria o único objeto de sua ternura. Ele pediu que ela pensasse nele com piedade, se não com estima. Ele então se conteve, dizendo que não deveria se intrometer mais ou cairia novamente em desespero.

En Ele continuou, dizendo a Emily que sua tristeza era inútil e que ela deveria usar a razão para controlá-la. Não queria destruir seus sentimentos, mas ensiná-la a comandá-los. Um coração sensível não era ruim, mas um insensível era inteiramente vício. Apontou que seu próprio

sofrimento provava que suas palavras não eram vazias. Falara porque não suportava vê-la definhar em tristeza inútil. Esperara até agora porque o tempo do luto natural já havia passado, e ele não queria que ela caísse no hábito da tristeza excessiva, o que tornaria a recuperação quase impossível. Expressou confiança de que Emily mostraria sua disposição para evitar tal destino.

En Sinais frequentes de guerra eram visíveis através das belas planícies. Onde os campos não tinham sido abandonados, estavam frequentemente marcados pelas pegadas do destruidor; videiras foram arrancadas de seus suportes, azeitonas pisoteadas no chão, e até mesmo bosques de amoreiras derrubados pelo inimigo para alimentar fogueiras que queimavam os povoados dos proprietários. Emily suspirou e desviou o olhar dessas dolorosas lembranças de conflito para os Alpes do Grisão ao norte, cujas solidões assustadoras pareciam oferecer um refúgio seguro para pessoas perseguidas.

En Emily exclamou que aquilo era muito estranho, e ela tentou se lembrar do passado. Ela recordou que sua mente havia sido perturbada por sonhos assustadores. Então, com um sobressalto, ela se perguntou se aquilo tinha sido apenas um sonho.

En Valancourt se despediu mais uma vez, levou a mão dela aos lábios, olhou para ela pela última vez e saiu rapidamente do quarto.

En Emily sorriu para seu pai através das lágrimas. Ela tentou falar, com a voz trêmula, mas foi tomada por uma mistura de gratidão, afeto e tristeza. St. Aubert permitiu que ela chorasse sem interrupção antes de começar a falar de assuntos comuns.

En Os viajantes frequentemente viam grupos de soldados se movendo à distância. Nas pequenas estalagens ao longo do caminho, eles experimentaram escassez de comida e outras dificuldades resultantes da guerra civil. No entanto, nunca ficaram seriamente alarmados com sua segurança imediata, e prosseguiram para Milão com pouca interrupção. Eles não pararam para admirar a grandeza da cidade ou mesmo para ver sua vasta catedral, que estava então em construção.

En Emily encarou Annette com terror. Annette, tentando acalmá-la, disse que aquilo tinha sido mais do que um sonho, mas que agora estava terminado.

En Emily permaneceu na cadeira onde ele a havia deixado, com o coração pesado, o que dificultava sua respiração. Ela ouviu seus passos se tornando mais fracos enquanto ele atravessava o saguão. Foi despertada pela voz da Condessa no jardim, e a primeira coisa que viu foi a cadeira vazia onde Valancourt estivera sentado. As lágrimas, contidas pelo choque de sua partida, finalmente vieram. Ela por fim se recompôs o suficiente para voltar ao seu quarto.

En O primeiro visitante a oferecer condolências foi M. Barreaux, um homem austero que parecia carecer de sentimentos. Eles haviam se conhecido através de um interesse compartilhado por botânica, encontrando-se frequentemente durante caminhadas nas montanhas. Barreaux havia se retirado da sociedade para viver em um agradável castelo na orla dos bosques perto de La Vallee. Ele também havia se decepcionado com a humanidade, mas, em vez de sentir pena como St. Aubert, sentia raiva dos vícios alheios, e não simpatia por suas fraquezas.

En Além de Milão, o campo mostrava sinais de destruição ainda mais severa. Embora tudo agora parecesse pacífico, a quietude se assemelhava à da morte, espalhada sobre uma paisagem que ainda carregava as marcas de suas últimas lutas violentas.

En Emily estremeceu e sussurrou que sua tia havia sido assassinada. Annette gritou, interpretando mal o que Emily queria dizer. Quando Annette explicou, Emily lembrou-se da tentativa de sequestro anterior e perguntou se o planejador havia sido pego. Annette disse que não, embora sua identidade pudesse ser adivinhada, e atribuiu a si mesma o mérito pelo resgate de Emily. Emily, lutando com suas emoções, fingiu ouvir calmamente, mas mal ouviu o que foi dito.

En St. Aubert ficou um tanto surpreso ao vê-lo; embora o tivesse convidado muitas vezes, Barreaux nunca havia aceitado até então, e ele entrou na sala sem formalidades, como um velho amigo. As reivindicações da infelicidade pareciam ter suavizado a aspereza e os preconceitos de seu coração. O único pensamento que ocupava sua mente parecia ser que St. Aubert estava infeliz. Ele demonstrava simpatia mais por suas maneiras do que por suas palavras, falando pouco sobre sua dor, mas prestando muita atenção, com voz e olhar suavizados que vinham do coração.

En Os viajantes não tinham visto tropas desde que saíram de Milão até passarem os limites orientais da região milanese. Ao cair da noite, eles viram o que parecia ser um exército serpenteando pelas planícies distantes, suas lanças e outras armas capturando os últimos raios de sol. À medida que a coluna avançava por uma parte estreita da estrada entre duas colinas, alguns comandantes a cavalo eram visíveis em uma pequena elevação, dando sinais para a marcha. Vários oficiais cavalgavam ao longo da linha dirigindo seu progresso de acordo com esses sinais, enquanto outros se separavam da vanguarda, que havia emergido do desfiladeiro, e cavalgavam descuidadamente pelas planícies à direita do exército.

En Annette continuou sua história. Ela disse que queria descobrir o segredo que Barnardine se recusara a contar, então observou Emily no terraço. Quando Barnardine abriu uma porta, Annette saiu do castelo para segui-la. Enquanto seguia, viu à luz de tocha para onde Emily ia. Ela seguiu até as abóbadas da capela, mas hesitou por causa de histórias estranhas sobre o lugar. Com medo de voltar sozinha no escuro, decidiu continuar. Ela observou Emily atravessar o pátio e subir as escadas. Então ouviu cavalos e homens do lado de fora xingando Barnardine por não trazer Emily. Barnardine quase a pegou, mas ela escapou. Ela percebeu que fazia parte do plano do Conde Morano, embora ele tivesse partido. Ela correu de volta pelo corredor da capela, esquecendo-se de procurar fantasmas, e deu o alarme. O Signor e o Signor Cavigni estavam acordados, e logo um grupo se reuniu para confrontar Barnardine e seus homens.

En Durante esse período triste, St. Aubert também foi visitado por Madame Cheron, sua única irmã sobrevivente, que era viúva há alguns anos e vivia em sua propriedade perto de Tholouse. Eles não se viam com frequência. Ao oferecer condolências, ela não lhe faltaram palavras, mas ela não compreendia o poder de um olhar que fala diretamente à alma ou de uma voz que traz conforto ao coração. Ela assegurou a St. Aubert sua sincera simpatia, elogiou as virtudes de sua falecida esposa e ofereceu o que considerava consolo. Emily chorou continuamente enquanto ela falava; St. Aubert permaneceu calmo, ouviu em silêncio e então mudou de assunto.

En À medida que se aproximavam, Montoni viu as penas nos chapéus dos soldados e as bandeiras e librés dos grupos que os seguiam. Ele

acreditava que este era o pequeno exército comandado pelo famoso capitão Ualdo, a quem conhecia pessoalmente, junto com alguns outros líderes. Ele ordenou que as carruagens parassem no acostamento da estrada para esperá-los e deixá-los passar. Um som fraco de música marcial passou vagarosamente, ficando mais forte à medida que as tropas se aproximavam, e Emily pôde ouvir tambores, trompetes e o choque de címbalos e armas, que um pequeno grupo batia no ritmo da marcha.

En Annette terminou de falar, mas Emily parecia ainda estar ouvindo. Finalmente, ela disse abruptamente que iria até ele pessoalmente e perguntou onde ele estava.

En Ao partir, ela insistiu para que ele e Emily a visitassem em breve, dizendo que uma mudança de cenário os distrairia e que era errado ceder à tristeza. St. Aubert naturalmente reconheceu a verdade de suas palavras, mas sentiu-se mais relutante do que nunca em deixar o lugar tornado sagrado por sua felicidade passada. A presença de sua esposa havia consagrado cada cena ao redor, e a cada dia, à medida que seu sofrimento gradualmente diminuía, isso aprofundava o terno encantamento que o ligava ao seu lar.

En Agora certo de que estas eram as tropas do vitorioso Ualdo, Montoni inclinou-se da janela da carruagem e saudou o general agitando seu chapéu no ar. O chefe retribuiu o cumprimento erguendo sua lança e depois abaixando-a de repente, enquanto alguns de seus oficiais, que cavalgavam separados das tropas, aproximaram-se da carruagem e saudaram Montoni como velho conhecido. Quando o próprio capitão chegou pouco depois, suas tropas pararam enquanto ele falava com Montoni, parecendo muito feliz em vê-lo. Pelas suas palavras, Emily deduziu que este era um exército vitorioso retornando ao seu próprio principado; os muitos vagões que os acompanhavam carregavam os ricos despojos do inimigo, seus próprios soldados feridos e prisioneiros feitos em batalha, que seriam resgatados quando a paz, então negociada entre os estados vizinhos, fosse ratificada. Os chefes deveriam se separar no dia seguinte, cada um levando sua parte do espólio e retornando com sua própria tropa ao seu castelo. Assim, aquela noite seria de uma festividade incomum e geral, em comemoração à vitória que haviam conquistado juntos e à despedida que os comandantes estavam prestes a fazer uns dos outros.

En Annette perguntou sobre a identidade da pessoa em questão.

En St. Aubert precisava fazer uma visita ao seu cunhado, Sr. Quesnel, que não podia ser adiada. Na esperança de animar Emily, ele a levou consigo para Epourville.

En Enquanto esses oficiais conversavam com Montoni, Emily os observava com admiração misturada a temor. Ela notou seu forte ar marcial, combinado com a arrogância da nobreza daqueles dias, e realçado por seus trajes galantes, as plumas em seus chapéus, seus brasões, faixas persas e antigas capas espanholas. Ubaldo disse a Montoni que seu exército iria acampar durante a noite perto de uma vila a apenas alguns quilômetros de distância, e o convidou a voltar e participar de sua festividade, assegurando às senhoras que elas seriam confortavelmente acomodadas. Mas Montoni se desculpou, dizendo que planejava chegar a Verona naquela noite. Depois de alguma conversa sobre as condições do país em direção àquela cidade, eles se separaram.

En Emily respondeu que desejava falar com o Signor Montoni. Lembrando-se das ordens de Montoni da noite anterior sobre Emily, Annette levantou-se e se ofereceu para encontrá-lo pessoalmente.

En Quando a carruagem entrou na floresta perto de sua casa de infância, St. Aubert avistou as torres do castelo entre as castanheiras. Ele suspirou, refletindo sobre tudo o que havia mudado e que o lugar agora pertencia a alguém que não o respeitava nem o apreciava. Ele entrou na avenida, cujas árvores altas outrora o encantaram quando menino; agora sua sombra sombria combinava com seu humor. A grandiosidade pesada do castelo revelava-se peça por peça: a torre larga, o portal arqueado que levava aos pátios, a ponte levadiça e o fosso seco que o cercava.

En Os viajantes continuaram sem interrupção, mas foi várias horas após o pôr do sol antes de chegarem a Verona. Suas belas redondezas não foram vistas por Emily até a manhã seguinte, quando deixaram aquela agradável cidade cedo e partiram para Pádua. Lá embarcaram no rio Brenta em direção a Veneza. O cenário havia mudado completamente; nenhum sinal de guerra, como os que haviam desfigurado as planícies milanesas, aparecia. Em vez disso, tudo era paz e elegância. As margens verdes do Brenta apresentavam uma paisagem

contínua de beleza, alegria e esplendor. Emily contemplou com admiração as vilas da nobreza veneziana, com seus pórticos e colunatas frescos, cobertos por choupos e ciprestes de altura majestosa e vegetação viva. Ela admirou seus ricos laranjais, cujas flores perfumavam o ar, e os salgueiros luxuriantes que mergulhavam suas folhas leves na água e protegiam do sol os grupos felizes cuja música vinha na brisa em intervalos. O Carnaval de fato parecia se estender de Veneza por toda a linha destas margens encantadoras; o rio estava animado com barcos indo para a cidade, exibindo a diversidade fantástica de um baile de máscaras nos trajes das pessoas dentro deles. No fim da tarde, grupos de dançarinos eram frequentemente vistos sob as árvores.

En As suspeitas de Annette sobre o Conde Morano eram bem fundamentadas. Emily também o suspeitava do esquema. Montoni, igualmente convencido, começou a acreditar que Morano havia ordenado anteriormente que veneno fosse misturado em seu vinho.

En O som da carruagem trouxe criados ao portão, onde St. Aubert desceu e levou Emily ao salão gótico. Já não estava decorado com as armas e antigos estandartes da família; em vez disso, os painéis de carvalho e as vigas do teto estavam pintados de branco. A longa mesa que antes se estendia pelo salão, onde o mestre entreteinha os convidados com risos e canções, havia desaparecido. Até os bancos que alinhavam as paredes tinham sido removidos. As paredes pesadas agora estavam cobertas de ornamentos frívolos, revelando o gosto superficial e os valores corrompidos do novo proprietário.

En Enquanto isso, Cavigni contou a Emily os nomes dos nobres a quem pertenciam as várias vilas pelas quais passavam, acrescentando leves esboços de seus personagens que serviam mais para divertir do que para informar, exibindo seu próprio engenho em vez de uma descrição verdadeira. Emily às vezes se divertia com sua conversa, mas sua alegria não divertia Madame Montoni como antes; ela estava frequentemente séria, e Montoni mantinha sua habitual reserva.

En As expressões de arrependimento do Conde Morano foram genuínas apenas enquanto ele sofria com seu ferimento; mas depois, à medida que se recuperava, suas intenções anteriores retornaram. Ele subornou novamente o porteiro do castelo e, após deixar o vilarejo, estabeleceu-se em uma aldeia distante. Usando informações de Annette,

Barnardine arquitetou um plano para atrair Emily até os portões. Morano enviou seus servos de volta ao castelo e esperou para levar Emily a Veneza. Seu segundo esquema, no entanto, foi frustrado. As intensas e variadas emoções que ele experimentou ao retornar a Veneza só podem ser imaginadas.

En St. Aubert seguiu um criado parisiense elegante até uma sala onde Monsieur e Madame Quesnel estavam sentados. Eles o cumprimentaram com polidez formal e, após algumas breves palavras de pesar, pareciam ter esquecido que alguma vez tiveram uma irmã.

En Emily ficou maravilhada com sua primeira visão de Veneza. As ilhas, palácios e torres pareciam emergir do mar, cujas águas cristalinas refletiam perfeitamente a cena colorida. Enquanto o sol se punha no oeste, lançava um brilho dourado sobre as ondas e as altas montanhas de Friuli que margeiam as costas setentrionais do Adriático. A luz da noite criava ricos contrastes nos pórticos de mármore e nas colunatas de São Marcos. Conforme deslizavam adiante, as características mais grandiosas da cidade se tornavam mais nítidas: seus terraços, encimados por construções etéreas, porém magníficas, pareciam ter sido convocados do oceano por magia, e não construídos por mãos humanas.

En Annette relatou a saúde de Emily e seu desejo de ver Montoni. Ele disse que ela poderia ir à sala de cedro em cerca de uma hora. Emily queria discutir o fardo que pesava em sua mente, mas estava incerta sobre o benefício e temia sua presença. Ela também esperava pedir permissão para retornar à sua terra natal, agora que sua tia estava morta, embora duvidasse que ele a concedesse.

En Emily sentiu as lágrimas subirem, mas o ressentimento as conteve. St. Aubert permaneceu calmo e ponderado, mantendo sua dignidade sem parecer arrogante. Quesnel, por outro lado, sentiu-se desconfortável sob sua presença sem entender completamente o porquê.

En Pouco depois, o sol afundou abaixo do horizonte, e a sombra da terra rastejou lentamente sobre as ondas e subiu pelas encostas imponentes das montanhas de Friuli, até extinguir os últimos raios que ainda pairavam sobre os picos. O roxo melancólico do entardecer espalhou-se sobre tudo como um véu fino. A tranquilidade que envolvia a

cena era profunda e bela; toda a natureza parecia em repouso, enquanto as mais nobres emoções da alma estavam despertas. Os olhos de Emily se encheram de lágrimas de admiração e devoção sublime enquanto ela olhava do mundo adormecido para o vasto céu e ouvia uma música solene flutuando sobre a água ao longe. Ela ouviu em êxtase silencioso, e ninguém no grupo quebrou o encanto. Os sons pareciam crescer no ar, pois a barca deslizava tão suavemente que seu movimento era imperceptível, e a cidade de conto de fadas parecia aproximar-se para recebê-los. Então distinguiram uma voz feminina, acompanhada por alguns instrumentos, cantando uma melodia suave e triste. Sua expressão, ora suplicando com ternura apaixonada, ora definhando em desespero sem esperança, mostrava que vinha de um sentimento genuíno. Emily suspirou, lembrando-se de Valancourt, e pensou que aquelas notas vinham do coração.

En À medida que o momento da entrevista se aproximava, a agitação de Emily aumentou tanto que ela quase decidiu se desculpar sob o que dificilmente poderia ser chamado de pretexto de doença. Quando considerou o que poderia ser dito sobre si mesma ou sobre o destino de sua tia, sentiu-se igualmente sem esperança quanto ao resultado de seu pedido e aterrorizada com seu efeito sobre a natureza vingativa de Montoni. No entanto, fingir ignorância sobre a morte de sua tia parecia compartilhar de sua criminalidade, e de fato esse evento era a única razão que Emily podia dar para pedir para deixar Udolpho.

En Após alguma conversa geral, St. Aubert pediu para falar com ele em particular. Deixada sozinha com Madame Quesnel, Emily logo descobriu que um grande grupo havia sido convidado para jantar no castelo. Ela foi obrigada a ouvir a opinião de Madame Quesnel de que eventos passados, que não podiam ser mudados, não deveriam interferir no prazer do momento presente.

En Ela olhou ao redor com curiosidade ansiosa. O crepúsculo profundo permitia apenas imagens indistintas, mas ela pensou ter visto uma gôndola ao longe. Um coro de vozes e instrumentos inflou pelo ar – tão doce e solene que parecia o hino de anjos descendo pelo silêncio da noite. Então ele se desvaneceu, e quase se podia imaginar o santo coro subindo de volta ao céu; novamente ele se inflou com a brisa, tremeu por um momento e então morreu em silêncio. Essa música lembrou Emily de

alguns versos de seu falecido pai, que ela repetiu baixinho para si mesma.

En Enquanto os pensamentos de Emily vacilavam, chegou uma mensagem dizendo que Montoni não poderia vê-la até o dia seguinte. Seu espírito se aliviou por um momento de um peso de medo quase insuportável. Annette disse que achava que os cavaleiros estavam indo para a guerra novamente porque o pátio estava cheio de cavalos, e ouviu que o resto do grupo que havia saído antes era esperado de volta ao castelo. Annette acrescentou que tinha ouvido um soldado dizer a seu camarada que eles trariam bastante butim. Ela pensou que, se Montoni podia enviar seus homens para roubar com a consciência limpa, isso não era problema dela. Ela desejava estar a salvo fora do castelo. Se não fosse pelo pobre Ludovico, ela teria deixado o pessoal do Conde Morano fugir com ambos, o que teria sido bom para Emily e para ela mesma.

En Quando St. Aubert soube que convidados eram esperados, sentiu desgosto e indignação pela falta de sensibilidade de Quesnel, e quis voltar para casa imediatamente. No entanto, foi informado de que Madame Cheron havia sido convidada para vê-lo. Olhando para Emily, ele percebeu que um dia a hostilidade do tio dela poderia prejudicá-la. Para evitar provocar essa hostilidade ele mesmo, decidiu não agir de uma maneira que as próprias pessoas que agora mostravam tão pouca propriedade considerariam imprópria.

En Emily recordou um verso da poesia de seu pai: 'Muitas vezes ouço, no silêncio do ar da meia-noite, vozes celestiais que se elevam em santo coro que leva a alma ao céu.'

En Annette poderia ter continuado falando por horas sem qualquer interrupção de Emily, que estava silenciosa, desatenta e perdida em pensamentos. Ela passou o dia inteiro em uma espécie de tranquilidade solene, que muitas vezes resulta de faculdades excessivamente tensionadas pelo sofrimento.

En Entre os convidados do jantar estavam dois cavalheiros italianos. Um, chamado Montoni, era parente distante de Madame Quesnel. Tinha cerca de quarenta anos, extraordinariamente bonito, com traços viris e expressivos. Seu rosto, no geral, mostrava mais do orgulho de comando e do discernimento rápido do que qualquer outra qualidade.

En O profundo silêncio que se seguiu foi tão expressivo quanto a própria música. Continuou ininterrupto por vários minutos até que um suspiro geral pareceu libertar o grupo de seu encantamento. No entanto, Emily continuou a se entregar à tristeza prazerosa que a tinha tomado. Mas, à medida que a barca se aproximava da Praça de São Marcos, uma cena animada e movimentada apareceu, finalmente atraindo sua atenção. A lua nascente lançava uma luz sombreada sobre os terraços e iluminava os pórticos e magníficas arcadas acima. Ela podia ver várias pessoas, seus passos leves, violões suaves e vozes ainda mais suaves ecoando pelas colonatas.

En Quando a noite voltou, Emily lembrou-se das misteriosas notas musicais que ouvira recentemente, nas quais ainda sentia algum interesse e cuja doçura calmante esperava ouvir novamente. A influência da superstição agora ganhava poder sobre sua mente há muito perturbada. Com expectativa entusiástica, ela olhou para o espírito guardião de seu pai. Depois de dispensar Annette para a noite, decidiu vigiar sozinha seu retorno. Ainda não era a hora em que ouvira a música na noite anterior. Ansiosa para distrair seus pensamentos de assuntos angustiantes, sentou-se com um dos poucos livros que trouxera da França. Mas sua mente se recusou a ser controlada; tornou-se inquieta e agitada, e ela frequentemente ia à janela para ouvir algum som. Uma vez pensou ter ouvido uma voz, mas então tudo do lado de fora permaneceu quieto, e ela concluiu que sua imaginação a enganara.

En Seu amigo, Signor Cavigni, parecia ter cerca de trinta anos. Era menos digno que Montoni, mas igualmente perspicaz na expressão, e mais habilidoso em maneiras sutis e insinuantes.

En Da barca de Montoni, eles ouviram música de gôndolas que passavam, cheias de grupos alegres aproveitando a brisa fresca da noite. A música parecia mais doce ao ser carregada pelas ondas e acompanhada pelo respingo rítmico dos remos. Emily sentiu como se estivesse em um conto de fadas; até mesmo Madame Montoni estava satisfeita. Montoni expressou sua satisfação por retornar a Veneza, que declarou ser a cidade mais bonita do mundo, enquanto Cavigni estava mais animado do que nunca.

En Assim o tempo passou até a meia-noite. Logo depois, os sons distantes que murmuravam pelo castelo cessaram, e o sono parecia reinar sobre todos. Emily então se sentou na janela, onde logo foi

chamada de volta de seu devaneio por sons muito incomuns – não de música, mas como o baixo lamento de alguém em aflição. Enquanto ouvia, seu coração vacilou de terror, e ela se convenceu de que o som anterior não era imaginário. Ainda assim, em intervalos, ouvia uma espécie de lamentação fraca e tentava descobrir de onde vinha. Havia vários cômodos embaixo, adjacentes à muralha, que estavam há muito fechados. Como o som provavelmente subia de um deles, ela se inclinou da janela para ver se alguma luz era visível ali. Os aposentos, até onde podia ver, estavam bastante escuros, mas a uma pequena distância na muralha abaixo, ela pensou ter visto algo se movendo.

En Emily ficou chocada com a forma como Madame Cheron saudou seu pai. Ela disse que estava preocupada em vê-lo com aparência tão doente e o instou a procurar aconselhamento médico. St. Aubert respondeu com um sorriso melancólico que se sentia como de costume. No entanto, os próprios medos de Emily a fizeram imaginar que seu pai parecia pior do que realmente estava.

En A barca continuou ao longo do Grande Canal em direção à mansão de Montoni. Emily viu palácios projetados por Sansovino e Palladio, superando tudo que havia imaginado. Sons doces ecoavam ao longo do canal, vindos das gôndolas e dos terraços, onde dançarinos mascarados se moviam ao luar, criando uma cena que parecia saída de um conto de fadas.

En A luz fraca das estrelas era insuficiente para que ela visse claramente. Ela supôs que era um guarda de vigia. Para evitar ser detectada enquanto continuava observando, ela moveu sua lâmpada para um canto distante do quarto.

En O ânimo de Emily estava baixo demais para que ela pudesse apreciar o jantar esplêndido e os novos convidados. Entre eles, o senhor Montoni falava veementemente sobre a agitação na Itália, enquanto um amigo elogiava Veneza e depois passava a tópicos franceses, lisonjeando as senhoras. Emily, no entanto, sabia pouco sobre modas parisienses ou óperas, e seu jeito modesto e correto contrastava com as outras mulheres.

En A barca parou em uma casa grande, e um servo atravessou o terraço para recebê-los. Eles entraram por um pórtico, passaram por um salão nobre e subiram uma escadaria de mármore até um salão

decorado com magníficos afrescos. Lâmpadas de prata pendiam de correntes, e o chão era coberto por tapetes indianos coloridos. Os sofás e as cortinas das janelas eram de seda verde-clara com bordados dourados. Sacadas davam para o Grande Canal, de onde vinha uma mistura de vozes e música, junto com uma brisa refrescante. Emily, conhecendo a natureza sombria de Montoni, ficou surpresa com os móveis luxuosos, especialmente devido aos boatos sobre suas dificuldades financeiras. Pensou que, se Valancourt pudesse ver isso, perceberia que os boatos eram falsos.

En A forma permaneceu visível. Logo se moveu ao longo da muralha em direção à sua janela, e ela conseguiu distinguir uma figura semelhante a um humano. Seu movimento silencioso a convenceu de que não era um guarda. Conforme se aproximava, ela hesitou em recuar; estava dividida entre uma curiosidade convincente e um medo indefinido que a instava a se retirar.

En Após o jantar, St. Aubert escapou para contemplar mais uma vez o velho castanheiro que Quesnel planejava cortar. De pé sob sua sombra, memórias de sua juventude e de amigos há muito perdidos o dominaram, fazendo-o sentir-se quase sozinho no mundo, com apenas Emily em seu coração.

En Madame Montoni adotou a postura de uma princesa, mas Montoni parecia inquieto e descontente, deixando até mesmo de lhe oferecer uma recepção educada em casa.

En Enquanto ela parava, a figura parou diretamente diante de sua janela. Tudo permaneceu imóvel; ela não ouviu nenhum passo. O silêncio solene e a forma misteriosa a desnortearam. Ela estava prestes a se virar quando, de repente, a figura se sobressaltou e deslizou pela muralha, logo desaparecendo na noite. Emily observou por um tempo, depois voltou para dentro, refletindo sobre o estranho evento e quase convencida de que havia visto um ser sobrenatural.

En Ele permaneceu perdido nas cenas de seu passado até que a imagem de sua esposa moribunda apareceu, levando-o a voltar depressa para a mesa de jantar, na esperança de esquecer a tristeza.

En Pouco depois de chegar, Montoni ordenou sua gôndola e saiu com Cavigni para se juntar às festividades noturnas. Madame Montoni ficou séria e pensativa. Emily, encantada com tudo ao seu redor, tentou

animá-la, mas as respostas de Madame Montoni mostraram tanto capricho e mau humor que Emily desistiu e se retirou para uma janela para apreciar a cena encantadora e nova lá fora.

En Depois de recuperar a compostura, ela buscou outra explicação. Lembrando-se do que ouvira sobre as façanhas ousadas de Montoni, ela se perguntou se teria visto uma pessoa infeliz que havia sido roubada por seus bandidos e trazida ao castelo como prisioneira, e que a música que ouvira antes vinha dele. No entanto, parecia improvável que trouxessem um prisioneiro depois de roubá-lo, e bandidos geralmente matavam suas vítimas em vez de aprisioná-las. O argumento mais forte contra essa ideia era que a figura vagava pelo terraço sem guarda, então ela rapidamente descartou seu palpite inicial.

En St. Aubert pediu a carruagem mais cedo, e Emily notou que ele estava mais silencioso e abatido que o normal no caminho de casa. Ela atribuiu isso à visita ter despertado velhas memórias, sem saber que ele carregava uma tristeza oculta.

En Emily primeiro notou um grupo de dançarinos no terraço abaixo, liderados por um violão e outros instrumentos. A garota tocando violão e outra sacudindo um pandeiro se moviam com graça e alegria, o suficiente para encantar até uma pessoa mal-humorada. Atrás deles vinham várias figuras fantásticas, algumas vestidas como gondoleiros, outras como menestrelis, e algumas além da descrição. Cantavam em harmonia, acompanhadas por instrumentos suaves. Pararam perto do pórtico, e Emily reconheceu versos de Ariosto, cantando sobre as guerras entre os mouros e Carlos Magno, e depois sobre as tristezas de Orlando. O clima mudou para a doçura melancólica de Petrarca. A magia de sua tristeza foi realçada pela música e expressão italianas, ampliadas pelo encanto do luar veneziano.

En Em seguida, ela considerou a possibilidade de o Conde Morano ter conseguido entrar no castelo. Mas ela rapidamente lembrou dos perigos e obstáculos que tal tentativa envolveria, e que, se tivesse conseguido, ele não teria vindo sozinho e em silêncio até sua janela à meia-noite, especialmente porque ele conhecia a escada particular para o quarto dela. Além disso, ele não teria feito os sons lamentosos que ela ouvira.

En Ao entrar no castelo, Emily sentiu-se ainda mais triste, pois sentia profundamente falta da mãe que costumava recebê-la com sorrisos e carinho. Agora a casa estava silenciosa e vazia.

En Enquanto Emily ouvia, sentiu um entusiasmo pensativo; lágrimas fluíam silenciosamente enquanto sua imaginação a levava para a França e para Valancourt. Cada soneto, mais triste que o anterior, aprofundava sua melancolia. Ela se arrependeu profundamente quando os músicos seguiram em frente, acompanhando o som até que as últimas notas fracas desaparecessem. Depois, afundou em um estado de calma que a música suave deixa na mente — como ver uma bela paisagem iluminada pela lua ou lembrar de cenas de amigos perdidos e tristezas que o tempo suavizou em um arrependimento suave. Tais memórias são como traços fracos de música passada.

En Emily considerou várias explicações para a música assombrosa. Ela se perguntou se alguém estava conspirando contra o castelo, mas os tons tristes tornavam isso improvável. Incapaz de resolver o mistério, ela recorreu à sua imaginação, que despertou medos supersticiosos.

En O tempo realizou o que a razão e o esforço não podiam. Conforme as semanas passavam, a nitidez da dor de Emily suavizou-se em uma tristeza gentil que um coração sensível guarda como sagrada. Seu pai, no entanto, enfraquecia, embora Emily, que estava sempre com ele, fosse quase a última a perceber. Ele nunca se recuperara totalmente da febre, e a morte de sua esposa o debilitara ainda mais. Seu médico agora o aconselhava a viajar, acreditando que uma mudança de cenário poderia restaurar seus nervos danificados.

En Logo, a solene harmonia das trompas atraiu sua atenção. Ela viu gôndolas alinhadas ao longo das bordas do terraço, jogou seu véu e saiu para a sacada. Ao longe, discerniu uma procissão flutuando na superfície do canal. À medida que se aproximava, trompas e outros instrumentos se misturavam docemente, e então as divindades fabulosas da cidade pareciam surgir do oceano: Netuno, com Veneza como sua rainha, vinha sobre as ondas, cercado por tritões e ninfas do mar. O esplendor fantástico, junto com os grandes palácios, parecia uma visão de poeta tornada real. As imagens fantasiosas permaneceram na mente de Emily muito depois de a procissão passar. Ela imaginou como seria ser uma ninfa do mar, quase desejando abandonar sua forma mortal e mergulhar nas ondas verdes para compartilhar a vida delas.

En Ela resolveu vigiar na noite seguinte, esperando esclarecer suas dúvidas. Ela até considerou falar com a figura se ela reaparecesse.

En Por vários dias, Emily esteve ocupada preparando-se para a viagem, enquanto seu pai procurava reduzir os custos domésticos demitindo os criados. Emily raramente questionava as decisões do pai, mas quando soube, na véspera da partida, que ele havia mandado embora todos, exceto a velha governanta Theresa, ficou surpresa e perguntou o motivo. Ele respondeu que precisavam economizar dinheiro para a cara viagem que teriam pela frente.

En Ela exclamou como seria encantador viver entre os caramanchões de coral e as cavernas de cristal do oceano com suas irmãs ninfas, ouvindo as águas acima e as conchas suaves dos tritões. Após o pôr do sol, ela deslizaria sobre as ondas ao redor de rochas selvagens e praias isoladas, onde talvez um andorilho pensativo viesse chorar. Ela acalmaria suas tristezas com música doce e lhe ofereceria frutas deliciosas do palácio de Netuno, apresentadas em uma concha.

En O médico recomendou o ar de Languedoc e Provença, então St. Aubert decidiu viajar lentamente ao longo da costa do Mediterrâneo em direção à Provença.

En Ela foi chamada de volta de seu devaneio para um jantar mortal e não pôde deixar de sorrir de suas fantasias. Ela sabia que Madame Montoni teria ficado seriamente descontente se tivesse sabido delas.

En Foram para a cama cedo na noite anterior à partida, mas Emily ainda tinha alguns livros e outros itens para reunir. Era meia-noite quando ela terminou, e então ela lembrou que seus instrumentos de desenho ainda estavam na sala de estar. Ao ir buscá-los, passou pelo quarto do pai e, vendo a porta entreaberta, pensou que ele pudesse estar em seu escritório. Ela verificou, mas ele não estava lá. No caminho de volta, bateu na porta dele e, não obtendo resposta, entrou silenciosamente para ver se ele estava dentro.

En Após o jantar, a tia de Emily ficou acordada até tarde, mas Montoni não voltou, e ela acabou indo para a cama. Emily, que havia admirado o grande salão, ficou surpresa com a aparência negligenciada dos cômodos pelos quais passou a caminho de seu quarto. Ela atravessou longas suítes de apartamentos nobres que pareciam, por sua aparência desolada, não serem usados há anos. Algumas paredes tinham restos

desbotados de tapeçaria; em outras, pintadas a fresco, a umidade havia quase removido tanto as cores quanto o desenho. Por fim, ela chegou ao seu próprio quarto, que era espaçoso, desolado e alto como os outros, com janelas altas abertas para o Adriático. A vista trouxe pensamentos sombrios à sua mente, mas logo a visão do mar lhe deu fantasias mais leves, entre elas a imagem de uma ninfa do mar cujos prazeres ela já havia se divertido imaginando. Querendo escapar de reflexões sérias, ela tentou transformar suas ideias imaginativas em um poema e terminou a hora compondo os seguintes versos.

En O quarto estava escuro, mas uma luz brilhava através dos vidros da porta de um armário. Acreditando que seu pai pudesse estar lá dentro e preocupada que ele não estivesse bem, Emily aproximou-se silenciosamente. Através do vidro, viu-o sentado a uma pequena mesa, lendo papéis com profunda emoção, muitas vezes chorando e soluçando alto. Movida por uma mistura de curiosidade e ternura, ela continuou observando, presumindo que os papéis fossem cartas de sua falecida mãe. Em seguida, seu pai ajoelhou-se, com o rosto solene e estranhamente selvagem, e orou silenciosamente por um longo tempo.

En A ninfa do mar fala sobre sua vida nas profundezas do oceano. Ela desce milhares de braças e brinca perto dos penhascos. Dentro de cavernas secretas, ela ouve o rugido de grandes rios e guia suas correntes pelas águas de Netuno para abençoar a terra. Ela direciona água doce para lagos e riachos, onde ninfas dançam e cantam em agradecimento. Em caramanchões de coral, ela se deita, ouvindo as ondas acima e observando navios e nuvens. À meia-noite, quando a tripulação dorme, ela sopra canções encantadoras em torno de um amante triste, que a ouve, mas não pode vê-la. Às vezes, uma única nota desaparece suavemente, então ela desperta a magia de sua concha, e vozes se elevam ao seu redor. O jovem chama a tripulação, mas eles escutam em vão enquanto a canção termina. Ao anoitecer, ela dança com tritões e ninfas irmãs nas marés até o sol aparecer, então eles retornam à sua corte de cristal. Em salões frescos decorados com pérolas e gemas, eles cantam ao som de conchas e correntes fluentes. Durante as tempestades, ela observa de um penhasco, guiando o navio em dificuldade com relâmpagos para a segurança. Se for tarde demais, ela chama golfinhos para levar a tripulação a uma ilha, onde os conforta com canções, conduzindo-os a bosques com frutas. Ela anima os naufragos até a tempestade passar. Netuno às vezes a prende em

rochas até a tempestade terminar, mas ela ainda ajuda. Ela convida quem ama sua canção para vir ao pôr do sol nas areias tranquilas onde ela gosta de se banhar.

En Quando ele se levantou, seu rosto estava mortalmente pálido. Emily estava prestes a sair rapidamente, mas notou que ele se voltava novamente para os papéis e parou. Ele pegou um pequeno estojo entre eles e retirou um retrato em miniatura. A luz incidiu sobre ele, e ela viu que era a imagem de uma senhora, mas não de sua mãe.

En St. Aubert fitou o retrato com profunda afeição, levou-o aos lábios, depois o segurou junto ao coração e suspirou como se sentisse grande dor. Emily mal podia acreditar no que via. Ela nunca soubera que ele possuía um retrato de qualquer mulher que não fosse sua mãe, muito menos um que ele claramente prezava tanto. Depois de verificar várias vezes que não era uma semelhança de Madame St. Aubert, ela ficou certa de que se destinava a representar outra pessoa.

En Finalmente, St. Aubert guardou o retrato em seu estojo. Percebendo que estava invadindo sua dor particular, Emily saiu silenciosamente do quarto.

CAPÍTULO III

En O poema pergunta como alguém poderia rejeitar a beleza infinita que a natureza oferece a seus devotos: as florestas cantantes, a costa ecoante, a majestade dos bosques, o adorno dos campos — tudo o que o sol da manhã doura, tudo o que ecoa no canto da tarde, tudo o que o seio protetor da montanha abriga e toda a grandiosidade inspiradora dos céus. Como alguém poderia renunciar a tais coisas e esperar ser perdoado? Esses encantos trarão saúde eterna à sua alma e transmitirão amor, gentileza e alegria. — O Menestrel.

En Júlio César descreve um homem que observa os outros de perto e entende suas verdadeiras ações. Esse homem não gosta de peças teatrais nem de música. Raramente sorri e, quando o faz, parece estar zombando de si mesmo. Segundo César, tal homem nunca é feliz quando vê alguém maior do que ele.

En Os versos de Milton descrevem as sombras escuras e úmidas frequentemente vistas pairando perto de tumbas e sepulturas recentes, evocando uma sensação de morte e tristeza.

En Isto não é um assunto humano, nem um som que pertence à terra.

En Em vez de pegar a estrada mais direta que corria ao longo da base dos Pireneus até Languedoc, St. Aubert escolheu um caminho que serpenteava pelas alturas, oferecendo vistas mais amplas e cenários românticos mais variados. Ele fez um ligeiro desvio para se despedir do Sr. Barreaux, a quem encontrou botanizando no bosque perto de seu castelo. Quando informado do propósito da visita de St. Aubert, o Sr. Barreaux expressou um grau de tristeza que seu amigo pensara que ele dificilmente seria capaz de sentir em qualquer ocasião semelhante. Eles se separaram com pesar mútuo.

En Montoni e seu companheiro não voltaram para casa até muitas horas depois do amanhecer. Montoni tinha pouco interesse por prazeres leves; ele era atraído por emoções fortes e desafios. Sem um objetivo significativo, a vida parecia monótona para ele, então, quando faltavam interesses reais, ele inventava artificiais, como o jogo. Ele passara a noite jogando com Cavigni e um grupo de jovens ricos, mas de baixo status social, a quem ele desprezava amplamente por sua falta de inteligência, usando-os para seus próprios fins. Mesmo com aqueles de

maior habilidade, Montoni mantinha uma postura orgulhosa e autoritária, que fazia alguns se submeterem e outros o odiarem intensamente. Ele se orgulhava desse ódio porque demonstrava seu poder, que era sua principal ambição. A estima ele considerava fraca, e teria se envergonhado de valorizá-la.

En No dia seguinte, Montoni novamente evitou encontrar Emily. Ela suspeitava que ele estava adiando deliberadamente o encontro porque sabia o que ela queria discutir. Embora pensasse em confrontá-lo, o medo a conteve. O dia passou muito parecido com o anterior, mas agora uma tensa antecipação da noite que se aproximava perturbava a calma terrível que havia se instalado sobre ela.

En A história retorna a Montoni, cuja raiva e decepção foram logo substituídas por preocupações mais urgentes. Seus crimes haviam se tornado tão graves que o governo veneziano, apesar de sua habitual timidez e esperança de usá-lo ocasionalmente, não podia mais ignorá-los. Decidiram enviar uma força forte a Udolpho para destruir seu poder. Antes que as tropas marchassem, um jovem oficial que havia sido prejudicado por Montoni e buscava glória solicitou uma reunião com o ministro responsável. Ele argumentou que Udolpho era forte demais para um ataque direto, que Montoni era um comandante habilidoso que detectaria um grande exército e que um longo cerco prejudicaria a reputação da república. Em vez disso, ele propôs uma mistura de astúcia e força: ou emboscar Montoni fora de seus muros ou, movendo-se secretamente com uma força menor, aproveitar a traição ou descuido entre seus homens para surpreender toda a guarnição dentro do próprio castelo.

En M. Barreaux observou que a única coisa que poderia tê-lo tirado de seu retiro teria sido o prazer de acompanhá-los em seu pequeno passeio. Ele raramente fazia elogios, então eles poderiam acreditar em sua palavra de que aguardaria seu retorno com impaciência.

En Entre aqueles que ele distinguia estavam Bertolini, Orsino e Verezzi. Bertolini era alegre, apaixonado, perdulário e extravagante, mas generoso, corajoso e confiante. Orsino era reservado e orgulhoso, preferindo poder a ostentação. Ele era cruel e desconfiado, rápido em se sentir insultado e implacável na vingança, astuto e paciente na execução de seus planos. Ele controlava bem sua expressão e suas poucas emoções — orgulho, vingança e ganância. Montoni o favorecia acima de

todos. Verezzi era talentoso, com uma imaginação ardente, e era escravo de suas paixões mutáveis. Ele era alegre, amante do prazer e ousado, mas lhe faltavam perseverança e coragem verdadeira, sendo egoísta em seus objetivos. Ele era rápido em formar planos e rápido em abandonar tanto os seus próprios quanto os esquemas alheios. Orgulhoso e impaciente, ele resistia a toda autoridade, mas aqueles que conheciam seu caráter podiam liderá-lo facilmente.

En Naquela noite, o segundo grupo da banda retornou ao castelo, seus gritos e canções ecoando pelos pátios. Emily, de seu quarto distante, ouviu-os e temeu algum ato terrível. Annette a tranquilizou, explicando que eles estavam celebrando o saque que haviam trazido. Isso confirmou a suspeita de Emily de que Montoni realmente se tornara um chefe de bandidos, usando a fortaleza remota para roubar viajantes ricos. Considerando seu caráter – sem princípios, destemido, cruel e aventureiro – ela percebeu que ele era perfeitamente adequado para tal vida. Sua coragem não era nobre, mas sim uma falta de sentimento; ele prosperava no tumulto e não era tocado pela piedade ou pelo medo.

En O conselho do oficial foi levado a sério. Ele recebeu o comando das tropas e iniciou seu plano com estratégia cuidadosa perto de Udolfo. Lá, ele encontrou vários mercenários dispostos a ajudá-lo, pois queriam punir seu mestre severo e obter perdões do senado veneziano. Ele também soube que as forças de Montoni haviam aumentado após suas vitórias recentes. A parte final do plano foi executada rapidamente. Retornando com seus homens, que receberam senhas e assistência de aliados dentro do castelo, ele surpreendeu Montoni e seus oficiais em seus aposentos com uma divisão, enquanto outra divisão cuidou da breve luta que levou à rendição de toda a guarnição. Entre os capturados com Montoni estava Orsino, o assassino, que havia se juntado a ele em sua chegada a Udolfo. O Conde Morano havia revelado o esconderijo de Orsino ao senado após sua tentativa fracassada de raptar Emily. Capturar Orsino, que havia assassinado um senador, era um objetivo principal da missão, e seu sucesso agradou tanto ao senado que Morano foi imediatamente libertado, apesar de quaisquer suspeitas políticas que Montoni havia levantado contra ele. A rapidez e facilidade da operação impediram que ela atraísse atenção pública ou fosse registrada em histórias oficiais; assim, Emily, ainda em Languedoc, permaneceu alheia à derrota e humilhação pública de seu antigo perseguidor.

En Os viajantes prosseguiram. Enquanto subiam as alturas, St. Aubert frequentemente olhava para trás, para o castelo na planície abaixo. Lembranças ternas enchiam sua mente; sua imaginação melancólica sugeria que ele nunca mais voltaria. Embora reprimisse esse pensamento, ele continuou a olhar até que a distância borrasse sua casa na paisagem.

En No dia seguinte à chegada de Montoni a Veneza, ele apresentou seus amigos à sua esposa e os convidou para jantar. Entre os convidados estavam o Conde Morano, um nobre veneziano, e a Senhora Livona, uma mulher que Montoni descreveu como muito talentosa. Ela havia ido visitá-la mais cedo para dar as boas-vindas a Madame Montoni e foi convidada a ficar para a refeição.

En O palpite de Emily estava parcialmente errado porque ela não entendia a situação na Itália. Naquela época, as receitas dos estados italianos eram muito pequenas para manter exércitos permanentes, mesmo durante os curtos períodos de paz. Portanto, surgiu um grupo de soldados desconhecido nos tempos modernos e apenas vagamente descrito na história. Após cada guerra, poucos soldados retornavam a ocupações pacíficas. Alguns iam para outros países e se juntavam a exércitos ativos. Outros formavam bandos de ladrões e ocupavam fortalezas remotas. Eles não eram muito perseguidos pelo poder civil devido ao seu caráter desesperado, à fraqueza dos governos que ofendiam e à possibilidade de serem chamados de volta aos exércitos quando necessário. Às vezes, ligavam-se a um chefe popular que os levava a servir qualquer estado que pudesse pagar por seu valor. Isso lhes deu o nome de Condottieri, um termo temido em toda a Itália até o início do século XVII, mas cujo início é difícil de determinar.

En Emily continuava a lutar contra sua tristeza, e nenhum raciocínio conseguia ainda controlar seus sentimentos. O Conde De Villefort tentava sinceramente aliviar sua dor de todas as formas bondosas que podia. Às vezes ele lhe dava a solidão que ela desejava, outras vezes a levava para companhias amigáveis. Ele também a protegia tanto quanto possível das perguntas afiadas e comentários críticos da Condessa. Frequentemente a convidava para passeios com ele e sua filha, durante os quais ele falava apenas sobre assuntos adequados ao gosto dela, sem parecer considerá-los deliberadamente. Ele esperava gradualmente afastá-la de sua tristeza e despertar novos interesses em sua mente.

Para Emily, ele parecia um amigo sábio e protetor de sua juventude, e logo ela sentiu uma terna afeição filial por ele. Ela também abriu seu coração para sua jovem amiga Blanche, que era como uma irmã para ela, com bondade e simplicidade que compensavam a falta de qualidades mais brilhantes. Levou muito tempo até que ela conseguisse distrair sua mente o suficiente de Valancourt para ouvir a história que a velha Dorothee havia prometido. Sua curiosidade sobre ela já havia sido muito forte. Eventualmente Dorothee a lembrou, e Emily pediu que ela viesse ao seu quarto naquela noite.

En A cada passo que se afastava, ele sentia uma corrente cada vez mais longa puxando-o de volta, prendendo-o ao lugar que deixara.

En Madame Montoni recebeu os convidados com evidente desgosto. Ela não gostava deles por serem amigos de seu marido, ressentia-se por tê-lo mantido fora até tarde na noite anterior e os invejava porque acreditava que ele preferia a companhia deles à dela. Apenas o Conde Morano, devido à sua posição, recebeu uma recepção educada. Sua atitude arrogante e taciturna, juntamente com seu vestido extravagante — ela ainda não havia adotado a moda veneziana — contrastava fortemente com a beleza, modéstia e graça tranquila de Emily. Emily observou a festa com pouco prazer, mas foi involuntariamente atraída pelo charme e pelos modos gentis de Signora Livona, que despertaram sentimentos afetuosos há muito adormecidos.

En Os confrontos entre os estados menores eram, em sua maioria, questões de empreendimento. O sucesso era estimado não pela habilidade, mas pela coragem pessoal do general e dos soldados. A capacidade de conduzir operações longas era pouco valorizada. Bastava saber como liderar um grupo em direção ao inimigo com sigilo ou afastar-se em ordem compacta. O oficial tinha que se lançar em uma situação onde os soldados não teriam se aventurado sem seu exemplo. Como as partes opostas pouco sabiam da força uma da outra, o resultado era frequentemente decidido pela ousadia dos primeiros movimentos. Os condottieri se destacavam nesses serviços e, como o saque sempre seguia o sucesso, seu caráter se tornava uma mistura de intrepidez e devassidão que impunha respeito até mesmo àqueles a quem serviam.

En Emily ainda pensava em coisas que a tornavam menos curiosa, e quando Dorothee bateu à sua porta pouco depois das doze, ela ficou

surpresa, quase como se não tivessem combinado a visita. Dorothee disse que finalmente havia chegado e se perguntou por que seus velhos membros tremiam tanto naquela noite; ela quase caiu algumas vezes no caminho. Emily a sentou em uma cadeira e pediu que ela se acalmasse antes de começar a história. Dorothee admitiu que acreditava que pensar na história a havia perturbado. Ela acrescentou que, no caminho, havia passado pelo quarto onde sua antiga senhora havia morrido, e tudo estava tão quieto e sombrio que ela quase imaginou ter visto a senhora como ela aparecera em seu leito de morte.

En Por várias léguas, ele e Emily permaneceram perdidos em silêncio pensativo. Emily foi a primeira a sair de seu devaneio melancólico, e sua imaginação juvenil, impressionada pela grandeza ao redor, gradualmente cedeu a impressões encantadoras. A estrada descia para desfiladeiros cercados por imensas paredes de rocha cinzenta e estéril, exceto onde arbustos franjavam seus topos ou manchas de vegetação esparsa coloriam as cavidades onde cabras selvagens frequentemente pastavam. O caminho então levava a altos penhascos de onde a paisagem se estendia em toda sua magnificência.

En No frescor da noite, o grupo embarcou na gôndola de Montoni e remou para o mar. O brilho vermelho do pôr do sol ainda tocava as ondas e permanecia no oeste, desvanecendo-se lentamente enquanto o céu azul escuro começava a cintilar com estrelas. Emily ficou imersa em emoções pensativas e doces. A água calma, suas imagens refletidas de um novo céu e estrelas trêmulas, juntamente com contornos sombrios de torres e pórticos, combinados com a quietude – quebrada apenas pela onda passageira ou música distante – elevavam seus sentimentos ao entusiasmo. Enquanto ouvia os remos rítmicos e melodias distantes, sua mente enternecida recordou St. Aubert e Valancourt, e lágrimas encheram seus olhos. A lua, crescendo em brilho à medida que as sombras se aprofundavam, lançava um reflexo prateado em seu rosto, parcialmente velado por um tecido preto fino, conferindo-lhe uma suavidade indescritível. Suas feições tinham o contorno de uma Madona e a sensibilidade de uma Madalena; seus olhos pensativos e erguidos e a lágrima em sua bochecha confirmavam essa expressão.

En Quando não estavam lutando, os condottieri geralmente ficavam na fortaleza de seu chefe, onde desfrutavam de um descanso inquieto. Embora suas necessidades fossem parcialmente supridas pela

propriedade dos habitantes, a distribuição generosa de espólios em outros momentos impedia que fossem odiados. Os camponeses gradualmente compartilhavam o caráter de seus visitantes guerreiros. Os governos vizinhos às vezes professavam, mas raramente tentavam suprimir essas comunidades militares, porque era difícil e porque uma proteção disfarçada garantia um grupo de homens baratos e perfeitamente qualificados para a guerra. Os comandantes às vezes confiavam tanto nessa política que frequentavam as capitais. Montoni, tendo-os conhecido em festas de jogo em Veneza e Pádua, desejou imitá-los antes que sua fortuna arruinada o tentasse a adotar suas práticas. Os conselhos da meia-noite em sua mansão em Veneza serviam para organizar esse plano, com Orsino e outros sugerindo ideias que depois executaram com os restos de suas fortunas.

En Emily aproximou sua cadeira de Dorothee, que continuou sua história. Ela disse que fazia cerca de vinte anos desde que a Marquesa chegara ao castelo como noiva. Dorothee lembrava claramente da aparência da Marquesa quando ela entrou no grande salão, onde todos os servos estavam reunidos para recebê-la, e de como o Marquês parecia feliz. No entanto, Dorothee pensava que, apesar de sua aparência doce, a Marquesa não parecia verdadeiramente feliz por dentro. Dorothee contou ao marido, mas ele descartou como imaginação, então ela guardou suas observações para si. A Marquesa tinha então aproximadamente a idade de Emily e, como Dorothee frequentemente pensava, muito parecida com ela. O Marquês manteve a casa aberta por muito tempo, organizando grandes entretenimentos que não eram vistos desde então. Dorothee, mais jovem na época, era tão alegre quanto qualquer um naquelas festas. Ela se lembrava de dançar com Philip, o mordomo, usando um vestido rosa com fitas amarelas e uma touca alta trançada adornada com fitas. Ficava muito bonito, e o Marquês a notou. Ele era um cavalheiro bondoso naquela época, mas quem diria no que ele se tornaria.

En Emily não conseguia conter sua alegria ao olhar sobre as florestas de pinheiros das montanhas para as vastas planícies, enriquecidas com bosques, cidades, vinhas rosadas e plantações de amêndoas, palmeiras e oliveiras. Elas se estendiam até que suas cores variadas se misturavam ao longe em um tom harmonioso que parecia unir terra e céu. Através dessa cena gloriosa, o majestoso Garonne vagava,

descendo de sua nascente nos Pireneus e serpentando suas ondas azuis em direção ao Golfo da Biscaia.

En Os últimos acordes de música distante desapareceram quando a gôndola se afastou sobre as ondas. O grupo decidiu fazer sua própria música. O conde Morano, sentado ao lado de Emily e tendo-a observado silenciosamente por algum tempo, pegou um alaúde e tocou com perfeita habilidade, acompanhando-se em um rondó terno e triste. Era como se a bela exortação de um poeta inglês se aplicasse a ele, se ela existisse naquela época.

En Quando a noite voltou, Emily retomou sua posição na janela. A lua havia nascido sobre os bosques em tufos, e sua luz amarela mostrava o terraço solitário e os objetos ao redor mais claramente do que a luz das estrelas fizera. Ela esperava que a lua a ajudasse a observar se a figura misteriosa reapareceria. Ela vacilava em suas conjecturas, hesitando em falar com a figura. Um interesse forte e quase irresistível a incitava, mas em intervalos o terror a tornava relutante.

En Emily expressou interesse na Marquesa, lembrando Doroteia de que ela havia falado sobre ela.

En A estrada acidentada frequentemente obrigava os viajantes a deixar sua pequena carruagem, mas eles pensavam que a paisagem magnífica compensava o incômodo. Enquanto o condutor de mulas guiava lentamente os animais sobre o terreno irregular, eles tinham tempo para permanecer na solidão e refletir sobre os sentimentos sublimes que amolecem e elevam o coração, enchendo-o da certeza de um Deus presente. A alegria de St. Aubert era tocada por uma melancolia pensativa que dava um tom suave a tudo ao seu redor.

En O poema exortou o músico a tocar com uma suavidade religiosa, deixando os sons languidecerem pela noite até que a Melancolia se erguesse do seu sofá, e até o Descuido se tornasse um concerto atento.

En Emily pensou que, se essa pessoa tivesse planos contra o castelo, sua curiosidade poderia ser fatal. No entanto, a música misteriosa e as lamentações que ela ouviu certamente deviam ter vindo dele; se assim fosse, ele não poderia ser um inimigo.

En Doroteia confessou que acreditava que a Marquesa era infeliz. Ela a havia testemunhado chorando em particular logo após o casamento. O

pai da Marquesa a obrigara a se casar com o Marquês por sua riqueza, mas seu coração pertencia a outro homem que a amava profundamente. Ela sofria pela perda desse amor, embora nunca o confessasse abertamente. A Marquesa sempre escondia sua tristeza do Marquês, aparentando calma quando ele entrava. No entanto, o Marquês tornava-se cada vez mais sombrio e rude, causando-lhe grande dor, embora ela nunca reclamasse. Ela tentava acalmá-lo, mas ele respondia com frieza, levando-a a chorar sozinha em seu aposento. Doroteia suspeitava de ciúmes, pois a Marquesa era muito admirada, mas era inocente. Entre os muitos visitantes, um cavalheiro destacava-se como seu verdadeiro par — gracioso e espirituoso. Sempre que ele visitava, o Marquês ficava mais irritado e a Marquesa mais pensativa. Doroteia acreditava que esse era o homem com quem ela deveria ter se casado, embora nunca pudesse confirmar.

En Eles haviam se preparado para a falta de pousadas confortáveis carregando um suprimento de comida na carruagem, para que pudessem comer em qualquer lugar agradável ao ar livre e passar as noites na cabana que encontrassem. Para o alimento mental, trouxeram um livro de botânica de M. Barreaux e vários poetas latinos e italianos. Emily usava seu lápis para preservar as belas formas que encontrava a cada passo.

En O Conde cantou a seguinte canção com grande expressividade.

En Ela então se lembrou de sua infeliz tia e, estremecendo de pesar e horror, sua imaginação tomou conta de sua mente com a força da verdade, levando-a a acreditar que a figura que vira era sobrenatural. Ela tremeu, lutou para respirar, sentiu um calafrio nas bochechas e, por um tempo, o medo superou sua razão. Sua determinação então a abandonou, e ela decidiu que, se a figura aparecesse novamente, não falaria com ela.

En Emily perguntou qual era o nome do cavalheiro.

En A solidão da estrada, onde apenas de vez em quando aparecia um camponês ou algumas crianças da montanha brincando entre as rochas, intensificava o efeito da paisagem. St. Aubert ficou tão impressionado que decidiu, se encontrasse uma estrada, penetrar mais fundo nas montanhas, depois virar para o sul para chegar a Rossilhão e seguir a costa mediterrânea através daquela região até o Languedoc.

En A canção comparou a suavidade e a verdade do amor ao luar sobre o mar, a uma brisa suave e a uma melodia distante. Declarou que o amor seria tão suave e verdadeiro quanto essas imagens naturais e descansaria com o amado.

En O tempo passou enquanto ela se sentava à janela, impressionada pela expectativa e pela escuridão e quietude da meia-noite. Ao luar, ela via apenas as montanhas e bosques, um aglomerado de torres formando o ângulo oeste do castelo e o terraço abaixo. Não ouvia som algum, exceto a ocasional senha passada pelos sentinelas e, mais tarde, os passos dos homens que trocavam a guarda, que ela reconhecia ao longe na muralha pelas suas lanças brilhando ao luar e pelas poucas palavras curtas que trocavam. Emily retirou-se para seu aposento enquanto eles passavam pela janela e, quando voltou, tudo estava quieto novamente. Era muito tarde, ela estava cansada de vigiar e começou a duvidar da realidade do que vira na noite anterior, mas ainda permaneceu na janela, perturbada demais para dormir. A lua brilhava com um clarão límpido, dando-lhe uma visão completa do terraço, mas ela viu apenas um sentinela solitário caminhando em uma das extremidades; finalmente, cansada de esperar, retirou-se para buscar descanso.

En Doroteia recusou-se a revelar o nome, com medo de problemas. Ela ouvira de uma fonte já falecida que a Marquesa poderia não ter se casado legalmente com o Marquês, tendo antes se casado em segredo com seu amado, mas não ousara contar a seu pai severo. Doroteia considerava isso improvável. Ela reiterou que o humor do Marquês piorava após as visitas do cavaleiro, e seu mau tratamento tornava a Marquesa profundamente infeliz. Ele a isolava dos visitantes, e ela vivia quase sozinha. Doroteia, sua acompanhante constante, testemunhava seu sofrimento, mas a Marquesa nunca reclamava.

En Pouco depois do meio-dia, eles alcançaram o topo de um penhasco que era brilhante com palmeiras verdes, adornando as imensas paredes rochosas como joias. De lá, podiam ver a maior parte da Gasconha e parte do Languedoc. Havia sombra e água fresca de uma nascente que deslizava sobre o gramado sob as árvores, depois caía de rocha em rocha até que seu murmúrio se perdia no abismo, embora sua espuma branca ainda fosse visível entre os pinheiros escuros abaixo.

En O Conde cantou com habilidade requintada. Após terminar, ele deu o alaúde a Emily. Ela começou a tocar uma melodia triste e simples de sua terra natal, que mexeu com suas emoções e a lembrou de cenas familiares. Sua voz vacilou e ela parou, envergonhada. Ela rapidamente mudou para uma dança animada, o que encantou os ouvintes, que gritaram 'Bravissimo!' e pediram para ela repetir. O Conde fez elogios. Então Emily passou o alaúde para a Signora Livona, que cantou com verdadeiro estilo italiano.

En No entanto, a impressão deixada em sua mente pela música, pelas queixas que ouvira antes e pela figura que imaginara ter visto a fez decidir repetir a vigília na noite seguinte.

En Após quase um ano desse calvário, a Marquesa adoeceu. Doroteia atribuiu sua doença ao sofrimento prolongado, mas temia uma causa mais sinistra.

En Este era um local perfeito para descansar, então os viajantes desceram para jantar enquanto as mulas eram desatreladas para pastar nas ervas perfumadas que enriqueciam o cume.

En Depois, o Conde, Emily, Cavigni e a Signora Livona cantaram canções, acompanhados por alaúdes e outros instrumentos. Às vezes, os instrumentos silenciavam e as vozes baixavam para um cântico suave; então, após uma pausa, elas gradualmente subiam novamente, com os instrumentos se juntando um a um, até que o coro completo se elevava ao céu.

En No dia seguinte, Montoni não deu atenção à visita planejada de Emily, mas ela, mais ansiosa do que antes, enviou Annette para perguntar quando ele a receberia. Ele disse onze horas, e Emily chegou exatamente na hora, reunindo toda a sua coragem para suportar o choque de sua presença e as terríveis lembranças que ela lhe impunha. Ele estava com vários de seus oficiais na sala de cedro; ela parou ao vê-los, sua agitação aumentando enquanto ele continuava a conversar com eles, aparentemente sem notá-la, até que alguns dos oficiais se viraram, viram Emily e exclamaram. Ela estava prestes a sair às pressas quando a voz de Montoni a deteve. Em um tom vacilante, ela disse que desejava falar com ele se ele estivesse disponível.

En Emily perguntou a Doroteia se realmente poderia ser pior.

En Passou-se um tempo antes que St. Aubert e Emily conseguissem se concentrar o suficiente para fazer sua refeição. Sentados à sombra de palmeiras, St. Aubert apontou os rios, cidades e províncias que seu conhecimento, mais do que seus olhos, lhe permitia descrever. Seu discurso logo deu lugar ao silêncio, e lágrimas vieram aos seus olhos. Emily entendeu a causa, pois a cena os lembrava de um lugar querido para sua falecida mãe. St. Aubert recordou a última vez que visitou aquele local com sua esposa e os pensamentos tristes que teve então, que agora se concretizaram. As memórias o dominaram, então ele se levantou e se afastou para sofrer em particular.

En Enquanto isso, Montoni tinha se cansado da música. Ele considerou como deixar a festa ou levar alguns dispostos a jogar para um cassino. Em uma pausa, ele propôs voltar para a costa, sugestão que Orsino apoiou prontamente, mas o Conde e outros cavalheiros se opuseram fortemente.

En Ele respondeu que os homens eram seus amigos e que tudo o que ela tivesse a dizer poderia ser ouvido por eles.

En Doroteia admitiu que temia que fosse verdade; havia ocorrido aparições estranhas. Ela disse que apenas contaria o que havia acontecido e então mencionou o Marquês.

En Quando St. Aubert voltou, seu rosto estava calmo novamente. Ele pegou a mão de Emily afetuosamente e então perguntou ao condutor de mulas sobre as estradas através das montanhas em direção a Rousillon. O condutor disse que havia várias rotas possíveis, mas não tinha certeza de suas condições ou até onde se estendiam. Não desejando viajar após o pôr do sol, St. Aubert perguntou qual vila eles poderiam alcançar até aquele horário. O condutor calculou que poderiam chegar facilmente a Mateau na estrada atual, mas se tomassem uma estrada mais ao sul em direção a Rousillon, havia um vilarejo que poderiam alcançar antes do anoitecer.

En Montoni continuou a considerar como poderia evitar ficar mais tempo com o Conde, sentindo que só precisava se desculpar com ele. Quando um barco vazio retornando a Veneza chamou seus homens, ele aproveitou a oportunidade para ir à costa sem mais desculpas. Deixou as damas aos cuidados de seus amigos e partiu com Orsino. Emily, pela primeira vez, lamentou sua partida, pois considerava sua presença uma

proteção, embora não tivesse certeza do que temia. Montoni desembarcou em São Marcos, apressou-se para um cassino e logo desapareceu em meio a uma multidão de jogadores.

En Emily não respondeu aos cavaleiros. Ela se afastou dos olhares rudes deles. Montoni a seguiu até o salão e depois a levou para uma pequena sala, fechando a porta violentamente. Olhando para seu rosto escuro, ela novamente suspeitou que ele tivesse assassinado sua tia. Sua mente estava tão abalada pelo horror que ela não conseguia reunir seus pensamentos para explicar por que tinha vindo. Ela nem ousava pronunciar o nome de Madame Montoni.

En Emily pediu silêncio a Doroteia e perguntou que sons eram aqueles.

En Após alguma consideração, St. Aubert decidiu pela última rota. O condutor de mulas terminou sua refeição, atrelou as mulas e partiu novamente, mas logo parou para prestar homenagem a uma cruz sobre uma rocha acima do caminho. Terminadas suas devoções, ele estalou o chicote e, apesar da estrada acidentada e de suas queixas anteriores sobre a dor das mulas, seguiu a galope pela borda de um precipício aterrorizante. Emily quase desmaiou de medo, e St. Aubert, com medo de que parar o condutor subitamente pudesse causar maior perigo, teve que ficar parado e confiar nas mulas. As mulas se mostraram mais sábias que seu dono, levando os viajantes em segurança para o vale, onde pararam junto a um riacho.

En Enquanto isso, o Conde enviou secretamente um criado no barco de Montoni para buscar sua própria gôndola e músicos. Sem saber de seu plano, Emily ouviu a canção alegre dos gondoleiros que se aproximavam e viu o brilho trêmulo do luar na água perturbada por seus remos. Logo ouviu instrumentos e uma sinfonia completa enchendo o ar. Quando os barcos se encontraram, os gondoleiros se saudaram. O Conde então se explicou, e o grupo mudou-se para sua gôndola, que era decorada com tudo o que o bom gosto podia oferecer.

En Montoni finalmente perguntou-lhe impacientemente o que ela tinha a dizer. Ele acrescentou que não tinha tempo para assuntos triviais, pois seus momentos eram valiosos.

En A expressão de Doroteia mudou e, enquanto ambas ouviam, ouviram uma música de doçura extraordinária na noite silenciosa.

En Deixando para trás as vistas amplas e ensolaradas, eles entraram em um vale estreito, abrigado de todos os lados por rochas imponentes.

En Enquanto desfrutavam de uma colação de frutas e gelo, toda a banda, seguindo à distância no outro barco, tocava as mais doces melodias. O Conde, sentado novamente ao lado de Emily, prestava-lhe atenção constante e sussurrava elogios que ela não podia interpretar mal. Para evitá-lo, ela conversou com Signora Livona e adotou uma reserva digna, mas gentil, que não desencorajou seus esforços. Ele parecia não ver nem ouvir mais ninguém, enquanto Cavigni observava com desagrado e Emily com inquietação. Ela não desejava nada mais do que voltar a Veneza, mas já era quase meia-noite quando as gôndolas se aproximaram da Praça de São Marcos, onde os sons de alegria e canções eram altos. O burburinho de vozes misturadas ecoava sobre a água, e não fosse o luar brilhante revelando a cidade e suas torres, um estranho poderia acreditar que o barulho vinha de debaixo das ondas.

En Emily então disse a ele que desejava voltar para a França e implorou que ele permitisse. Quando ele pareceu surpreso e perguntou por quê, ela hesitou, ficou ainda mais pálida, tremeu e quase caiu a seus pés. Ele notou sua emoção, mas pareceu indiferente; ele quebrou o silêncio dizendo que precisava ir. Emily conseguiu reunir coragem e repetiu seu pedido. Quando Montoni recusou terminantemente, seu estado passivo deu lugar à alerta.

En Emily finalmente disse que tinha certeza de que já tinha ouvido aquela voz antes.

En Rochas amontoadas sobre rochas, como que por encantamento — algumas chamuscadas por raios, outras cobertas de hera verde.

En Eles desembarcaram em São Marcos, onde a animação das colunatas e a beleza da noite persuadiram Madame Montoni a aceitar o convite do Conde para se juntar ao passeio e depois jantar com o grupo em seu cassino. Se algo pudesse ter aliviado a ansiedade de Emily, teria sido a grandiosidade, a alegria e a novidade da cena ao seu redor, adornada com palácios de Palladio e cheia de mascarados.

En Ela disse a ele que não podia mais ficar ali adequadamente e perguntou com que direito ele a detinha.

En Dorothee disse solenemente que muitas vezes ouvira aquilo na mesma hora, e se espíritos alguma vez trouxessem música, então essa era certamente a música de um deles.

En Ramos de lariço e cedro interrompiam ocasionalmente a paisagem árida, lançando sombras sobre o penhasco e a torrente abaixo. A única criatura viva era um íbex escalando entre rochas perigosamente altas. St. Aubert pensou que a cena se assemelhava a algo que Salvator teria pintado, e ele quase esperava que bandidos aparecessem por trás das rochas, então manteve a mão em suas armas.

En Por fim, retiraram-se para o cassino, que era decorado com grande bom gosto e onde um banquete esplêndido os esperava. A reserva de Emily fez o Conde perceber que precisava conquistar o favor de Madame Montoni, o que parecia fácil dada sua condescendência anterior. Ele então desviou parte de sua atenção de Emily para a tia, que ficou tão lisonjeada que não conseguia esconder sua emoção. No final da noite, ele havia conquistado completamente a estima de Madame Montoni. Sempre que se dirigia a ela, seu rosto habitualmente severo se relaxava em sorrisos, e ela concordava com tudo o que ele propunha. Ele a convidou, junto com os demais, para um café em seu camarote de ópera na noite seguinte, e Emily ouviu o convite ser aceito, preocupando-se em como poderia evitar acompanhar a tia.

En Montoni, colocando a mão na porta para sair, declarou que era sua vontade que ela ficasse e que isso deveria ser suficiente para ela.

En À medida que os sons se aproximavam, Emily os reconheceu como os mesmos que ouvira quando seu pai morreu. Fosse pela lembrança daquele triste acontecimento ou pelo medo supersticioso, ela ficou tão afetada que quase desmaiou.

En À medida que avançavam, o vale se alargava e se tornava menos selvagem. Ao anoitecer, estavam entre montanhas cobertas de urze, onde ouviam um solitário chocalho de ovelha e um pastor chamando seu rebanho. A cabana do pastor, parcialmente sombreada por sobreiros e azinheiras — que cresciam mais altas que a maioria das árvores, exceto os abetos — era o único sinal de vida humana. O fundo do vale era verdejante, e o gado pastava em recantos sombreados sob carvalhos e castanheiros ou descansava junto ao riacho.

En Era muito tarde quando sua gôndola foi finalmente encomendada, e Emily ficou espantada ao ver o sol nascer sobre o Adriático enquanto saíam do Cassino. A Praça de São Marcos ainda estava lotada de pessoas. Apesar de se sentir pesada de sono, a brisa fresca do mar a reviveu, e ela teria relutado em deixar o local se o Conde não estivesse lá para acompanhá-las em casa. Em casa, souberam que Montoni ainda não havia retornado, e sua esposa se retirou desgostosa, finalmente liberando Emily de mais obrigações.

En Emily, percebendo que não poderia mudar a vontade dele, tentou persuadi-lo a ser justo. Com uma voz trêmula, ela disse que, enquanto sua tia estava viva, sua residência não havia sido imprópria, mas agora que sua tia estava morta, ela acreditava que deveria ter permissão para partir. Ela acrescentou que sua estadia não poderia beneficiá-lo e só a angustiaria.

En Dorothee disse que achava que já contara a Emily que ouvira aquela música logo após a morte de sua senhora, e lembrava-se bem da noite. Emily então exclamou que estava vindo novamente e sugeriu que abrissem a janela para ouvir.

En O sol se pôs sobre o vale, pintando a água e a urze com tons dourados e púrpura. St. Aubert perguntou a Michael a distância até o vilarejo, mas ele não soube dizer. Emily começou a temer que tivessem tomado o caminho errado. Não havia ninguém para guiá-los, e o crepúsculo dificultava a visão. Um leve brilho a oeste era seu único guia. Michael tentou manter o ânimo cantando, mas sua canção era um hino fúnebre ao seu santo padroeiro, o que só aprofundou a melancolia.

En Montoni voltou para casa tarde da manhã de muito mau humor, tendo perdido uma quantia significativa de dinheiro no jogo. Antes de ir descansar, ele teve uma conversa particular com Cavigni, e a maneira de Cavigni no dia seguinte sugeriu que o assunto não havia sido de seu agrado.

En Montoni perguntou a ela, com um olhar perscrutador, quem lhe dissera que Madame Montoni estava morta. Emily hesitou, pois ninguém lhe havia dito, e ela não ousava admitir que vira algo na câmara do portal que a forçara a acreditar nisso.

En Elas abriram a janela, mas logo os sons se afastaram para a distância e então tudo ficou quieto novamente. A música parecia

afundar-se nos bosques, cujos topos eram visíveis contra o horizonte claro. O resto da cena estava coberto pela noite, mas ainda podiam ver vagamente alguns objetos no jardim abaixo.

En Continuaram em silêncio pensativo até que o som de tiros quebrou a quietude. St. Aubert ordenou que a carruagem parasse, mas o barulho não se repetiu. Então ouviram um farfalhar nos arbustos. St. Aubert sacou uma pistola e disse a Michael para se apressar. Logo uma corneta ecoou pelas montanhas, e um jovem saltou dos arbustos para a estrada, seguido por dois cães. Ele estava vestido como um caçador, com uma espingarda no ombro, uma corneta no cinto e uma pequena lança na mão, o que lhe dava uma aparência graciosa e ágil.

En À noite, Madame Montoni, que mantivera um silêncio rancoroso em relação ao marido durante o dia, recebeu visitas de algumas senhoras venezianas. Emily ficou particularmente encantada com seus modos doces; elas se comportavam com uma facilidade e gentileza como se conhecessem as estranhas há anos, e sua conversa variava de terna a sentimental e alegre. Embora Madame não tivesse gosto por conversas tão refinadas, e sua própria grosseria e egoísmo frequentemente apresentassem um contraste ridículo, ela não conseguia ficar totalmente imune ao seu modo cativante.

En Ele repetiu a pergunta, de forma mais severa.

En Enquanto Emily se debruçava na janela, olhando com um temor emocionante para a escuridão abaixo e depois para o céu sem nuvens iluminado apenas pelas estrelas, Dorothee continuou sua história em voz baixa.

En Após um momento de hesitação, St. Aubert parou novamente e esperou que o estranho se aproximasse. O homem lhes disse que o vilarejo ficava a apenas meia légua e se ofereceu para guiá-los. St. Aubert, satisfeito com seus modos corteses e rosto aberto, convidou-o para entrar na carruagem. O estranho recusou educadamente, dizendo que caminharia ao lado das mulas. Ele alertou que o povo da montanha era simples e carecia até mesmo do básico.

En Durante uma pausa na conversa, uma senhora chamada Signora Herminia pegou um alaúde e começou a tocar e cantar com tanta alegria descontraída como se estivesse sozinha. Sua voz era notavelmente rica e expressiva, mas ela parecia inconsciente de seu poder e não estava

tentando exibi-lo. Ela cantava de coração, sentada graciosamente com seu véu meio jogado para trás, segurando o alaúde em meio à folhagem espalhada de plantas que subiam por uma das latadas do salão. Emily, recuando um pouco, esboçou sua figura e o cenário em miniatura, criando uma imagem interessante que, embora talvez não fosse tecnicamente perfeita, tinha espírito e bom gosto suficientes para agitar a imaginação e os sentimentos. Quando terminou, presenteou a bela original, que ficou encantada tanto com o presente quanto com o sentimento que ele transmitia, e garantiu a Emily com um sorriso doce que o guardaria como um penhor de amizade.

En Emily respondeu que sabia disso muito bem e implorou que ele a poupasse daquele assunto terrível.

En Doroteia disse que se lembrava da primeira vez que ouviu aquela música. Foi uma noite, não muito depois da morte de sua senhora. Ela tinha ficado acordada até mais tarde que o normal, pensando profundamente em sua senhora e na triste cena que testemunhara. O castelo estava muito silencioso, e ela se sentia solitária e desanimada. Ela escutava, esperando ouvir algum som, mas todos os criados já tinham ido para a cama. Ela ficou pensando até quase ter medo de olhar ao redor; o rosto de sua senhora veio à mente, como ela a vira morrendo. Então, de repente, ela ouviu uma música doce que parecia vir de sua janela. Ela não conseguia se levantar da cadeira. Quando pensou que era a voz de sua querida senhora, lágrimas vieram aos seus olhos. Ela muitas vezes a ouvira cantar enquanto tocava alaúde na janela do oriel, especialmente nas noites de verão. As canções eram tão tristes que a emocionavam até as lágrimas. Doroteia concluiu que, desde aquela primeira vez, ela acreditou que a música era de sua falecida senhora, e assim pensou sempre que a ouvia novamente, mesmo depois de muitos meses.

En St. Aubert comentou que entendia que o homem não era residente da área.

En À noite, Cavigni juntou-se às senhoras, mas Montoni tinha outros compromissos, então eles embarcaram na gôndola para São Marcos, onde a mesma companhia alegre parecia agitar-se como na noite anterior. A brisa fresca, o mar espelhado, o som suave de suas ondas, o murmúrio mais doce da música distante, os pórticos e arcadas altivos, e os grupos felizes passeando sob eles – todas essas características se

combinaram para encantar Emily, que já não era mais incomodada pelas atenções impertinentes do Conde Morano. No entanto, ao olhar para o mar iluminado pela lua ondulando ao longo dos muros de São Marcos, e ao ouvir a canção doce e melancólica de um gondoleiro esperando por seu mestre, sua mente amolecida retornou à lembrança de seu lar, de seus amigos e de tudo que era querido em sua terra natal.

En Ela sentou-se em um banco para se firmar.

En Emily observou que era extraordinário que ninguém ainda tivesse descoberto o músico.

En O homem respondeu que era apenas um viajante de passagem.

En Após uma caminhada, o grupo sentou-se do lado de fora de um cassino. Enquanto Cavigni trazia café e sorvete, o Conde Morano chegou. Ele procurou Emily com ansiedade. Lembrando-se de quão atencioso ele havia sido na noite anterior, ela se sentiu tímida e manteve distância, relaxando apenas ao falar com Signora Hermínia e as outras mulheres.

En Montoni disse a Emily que, se ela desejasse ver a mulher, poderia, e que a mulher estava na torre leste.

En Doroteia respondeu que, se fosse algo terreno, teria sido descoberto há muito tempo, mas questionou quem teria coragem de seguir um espírito. Mesmo que o fizessem, de que adiantaria? Pois os espíritos, explicou ela, podiam assumir qualquer forma ou nenhuma forma, e podiam estar em um lugar num minuto e em outro no minuto seguinte.

En À medida que a carruagem continuava e a escuridão aumentava, os viajantes agradeciam pelo guia. Emily notou uma nuvem brilhante distante e perguntou o que era.

En Por volta da meia-noite, foram à ópera, mas Emily não ficou cativada. Lembrando-se da cena natural que acabara de deixar, percebeu o quanto a arte é inferior à natureza. Seu coração havia sido tocado pelo vasto oceano, a grandeza do céu e o som das ondas misturado com música distante. Comparado a isso, a ópera parecia insignificante.

En Ele saiu da sala sem esperar uma resposta e voltou para a câmara de cedro. Lá, alguns cavaleiros que não haviam conhecido Emily antes começaram a provocá-lo sobre o que haviam descoberto. No entanto, Montoni parecia não querer tolerar a diversão deles, então mudaram de assunto.

En Emily pediu que Doroteia continuasse sua história sobre a Marquesa e lhe contasse como ela morreu.

En St. Aubert explicou que era o pico nevado de uma montanha imponente, ainda refletindo a luz do sol enquanto os cumes mais baixos estavam em sombra profunda.

En A noite passou sem incidentes, e Emily queria que terminasse para evitar a atenção insistente do Conde. Como acontece frequentemente, qualidades contrastantes atraíram seus pensamentos: ao olhar para o Conde Morano, ela se lembrava de Valancourt, e às vezes suspirava com a lembrança.

En Depois de discutir uma futura excursão com o astuto Orsino, Montoni recebeu conselho de seu amigo para emboscar o inimigo. Verezzi se opôs fortemente a esse plano, acusando Orsino de falta de coragem. Ele jurou que, se Montoni lhe permitisse liderar cinquenta homens, derrotaria qualquer oposição.

En Doroteia concordou, mas perguntou se poderiam sair da janela.

En Eventualmente, as luzes da aldeia cintilavam no crepúsculo, e eles avistaram cabanas refletidas no riacho iluminado pela noite que as margeava.

En Várias semanas se passaram com visitas de rotina. Nada notável aconteceu. Emily achou os novos costumes e arredores divertidos, tão diferentes dos da França. No entanto, o Conde Morano conseguiu aparecer com muita frequência para seu conforto. Sua aparência e realizações eram amplamente admiradas, e talvez Emily também as admirasse se já não tivesse entregado seu coração a Valancourt, e se o Conde não a tivesse perseguido tão insistentemente. Suas atenções persistentes revelaram traços em seu caráter que a voltaram contra quaisquer boas qualidades que ele pudesse ter.

En Orsino sorriu com desprezo, e Montoni também sorriu, mas escutou. Verezzi continuou alto, até que Orsino fez um argumento que

ele não conseguia responder exceto com insultos. Verezzi odiava a astúcia cautelosa de Orsino e há muito havia incorrido em seu ódio silencioso. Montoni observava ambos, sabendo como usar seus traços opostos para seus próprios designios. Verezzi acusou Orsino de covardia, e o rosto de Orsino ficou lívido. Montoni viu Orsino colocar rapidamente a mão no peito, mas Verezzi, de rosto vermelho, não notou e continuou declamando contra covardes para Cavigni, que ria baixinho de ambos. Orsino deu um passo para trás e sacou um punhal para apunhalar Verezzi pelas costas. Montoni parou seu braço e, com um olhar significativo, fez com que ele devolvesse o punhal sem ser visto. A maioria do grupo estava na janela discutindo a localização de uma emboscada.

En Emily respondeu que o ar fresco a refrescava. Ela adorava ouvir o vento se movendo pela floresta e observar a paisagem escura. Ela lembrou que eles estavam discutindo sobre o Marquês quando a música os interrompeu.

En O estranho se aproximou, e St. Aubert descobriu que não havia pousada ou casa pública na vila. O estranho se ofereceu para procurar uma cabana para hospedá-los. St. Aubert agradeceu e decidiu descer e caminhar com ele, já que a vila estava próxima. Emily seguiu lentamente na carruagem.

En Pouco depois de chegar a Veneza, Montoni recebeu uma carta de M. Quesnel. Nela, Quesnel relatava a morte do tio de sua esposa em sua vila no Brenta, e que, portanto, tomaria posse daquela propriedade e de outros bens herdados. Esse tio era irmão da falecida mãe de Madame Quesnel; Montoni era parente dela por parte de pai. Embora Montoni não tivesse direito ou expectativa em relação a esses bens, mal conseguia esconder sua inveja ao ler a carta.

En Quando Verezzi se virou, o ódio mortal no rosto de Orsino fez com que ele, pela primeira vez, suspeitasse da intenção de Orsino. Ele colocou a mão na espada, mas então pareceu se lembrar de si mesmo e caminhou até Montoni.

En O narrador explicou que o Marquês ficou mais deprimido e sua esposa piorou. Uma noite, ela ficou muito doente. O narrador foi chamado e ficou chocado com o quanto seu rosto havia mudado. A senhora pediu que o Marquês fosse chamado novamente porque tinha

algo importante a dizer a ele. Quando ele chegou, pareceu arrependido, mas disse pouco. Ela disse a ele que se sentia morrendo e queria falar a sós. O narrador saiu, mas nunca esqueceu a expressão em seu rosto.

En No caminho, St. Aubert perguntou ao estranho sobre sua caça. O estranho respondeu que teve pouco sucesso e não almejava muito. Ele gostava do campo e planejava vagar por algumas semanas. Ele levava seus cães mais por companhia do que por caça. A roupa de caça lhe dava um propósito visível e lhe garantia respeito dos moradores, que poderiam desconfiar de um estranho solitário sem motivo aparente.

En Emily se preocupou ao ver que, depois de deixar a França, Montoni nem sequer fingia ser gentil com sua tia. No início, ele a ignorava e, depois, a tratava com constante desagrado e distância. Emily nunca pensara que Montoni deixaria de notar as fraquezas de sua tia, nem que a mente ou a aparência dela o atraíam. Ela ficara extremamente surpresa com o casamento, mas, uma vez que ele fizera sua escolha, não esperava que ele demonstrasse seu desprezo tão abertamente. Montoni fora atraído pela aparente riqueza de Madame Cheron, mas agora estava profundamente decepcionado com sua pobreza relativa e furioso com o engano que ela usara para escondê-la até que não fosse mais possível. Ele fora enganado em um assunto em que pretendia ser o enganador; foi superado pela astúcia superior de uma mulher cuja inteligência ele desprezava e pela qual sacrificara seu orgulho e liberdade sem se salvar da ruína que o ameaçava. Madame Montoni conseguira que a maior parte de sua verdadeira fortuna fosse destinada a ela; o que restou, que era completamente inadequado para as expectativas e necessidades de seu marido, ele converteu em dinheiro e trouxe para Veneza para que pudesse continuar a enganar a sociedade um pouco mais e fazer uma última tentativa de recuperar a riqueza que perdera.

En Um homem dirigiu-se ao Signor com um olhar significativo para Orsino, declarando que eles não eram um bando de assassinos. Ele ofereceu seus próprios serviços para qualquer expedição corajosa, jurando dar a última gota de seu sangue. Se a tarefa exigisse apenas trabalho covarde, ele sugeriu que mantivessem Orsino e o deixassem partir de Udolpho.

En Quando a narradora voltou, ela sugeriu chamar um médico, pensando que o Marquês havia se esquecido em sua tristeza. Mas a

senhora disse que já era tarde demais. O Marquês não achou que a doença dela fosse grave até que ela sentiu dores terríveis. Então ele mandou chamar um médico e andou pelo castelo em grande angústia. A narradora ficou com a senhora e fez o que pôde. A senhora teve momentos de alívio e pediu para ver o Marquês novamente, pedindo que a narradora ficasse. A cena foi inesquecível: a senhora agiu com tanta bondade e confortou o Marquês, o que o fez perceber que ele estava errado. Ele ficou sobrecarregado pelo tratamento que deu a ela, e ela desmaiou.

En St. Aubert disse que admirava o gosto do estranho e que teria gostado de passar algumas semanas de maneira semelhante se fosse mais jovem. Ele acrescentou que estava viajando tanto pela saúde quanto pelo entretenimento. Em seguida, perguntou se o estranho conhecia uma boa estrada com acomodações decentes, já que planejava ir para Rousillon e ao longo da costa até Languedoc.

En As insinuações que haviam sido feitas a Valancourt sobre o caráter e a situação financeira de Montoni eram de fato precisas. Mas agora cabia ao tempo e aos acontecimentos revelar todos os detalhes do que havia e do que não havia sido insinuado, e deixamos isso para o tempo e os acontecimentos desenrolarem.

En Ainda mais enfurecido, Orsino mais uma vez sacou seu punhal e avançou contra Verezzi, que no mesmo momento avançou com sua espada. No entanto, Montoni e o resto do grupo intervieram e os separaram.

En Eles tiraram o Marquês do quarto. Ele foi para sua biblioteca, jogou-se no chão e se recusou a ouvir a razão. Quando a senhora se recuperou, ela perguntou por ele, mas depois disse que não suportava a tristeza dele e queria morrer em paz. Ela morreu nos braços do narrador, tão pacificamente quanto uma criança, já que o pior de sua doença havia passado.

En O estranho disse que ficaria feliz em compartilhar qualquer informação que pudesse. Ele sugeriu uma estrada que corria mais para o leste, levando a uma cidade de onde a viagem para Rousillon seria fácil.

En Madame Montoni não era do tipo de pessoa que suporta insultos com docilidade ou os ressentido com dignidade; seu orgulho ferido se manifestava com toda a violência e amargura de uma mente pequena ou

mal regulada. Ela não admitia, nem para si mesma, que seu próprio engano havia de alguma forma provocado desprezo, mas insistia teimosamente que só ela merecia piedade e só Montoni, culpa. Como sua mente tinha pouca percepção natural do dever moral, raramente entendia sua força exceto quando era violada contra si mesma. Sua vaidade já havia sido severamente abalada pelo desprezo de Montoni; restava ser ainda mais ferida pela descoberta de suas dificuldades financeiras. Sua mansão em Veneza, embora seus móveis revelassem parte da verdade a observadores imparciais, não dizia nada àqueles cegados pela determinação de acreditar no que desejassem. Madame Montoni ainda se considerava pouco menos que uma princesa, possuindo um palácio em Veneza e um castelo nos Apeninos. Montoni às vezes falava em ir ao Castelo de Udolpho por algumas semanas para inspecionar suas condições e cobrar alguns aluguéis, pois parecia que ele não estava lá há dois anos e, durante esse tempo, havia sido habitado apenas por um velho servo que ele chamava de seu mordomo.

En Montoni repreendeu Verezzi, dizendo-lhe que seu comportamento era de um menino, não de um homem, e aconselhou-o a ser mais moderado em seu discurso.

En Dorothee parou e chorou, e Emily chorou com ela. Emily ficou profundamente comovida com a bondade da falecida Marquesa e a maneira paciente como ela havia suportado seu sofrimento.

En Eles chegaram ao vilarejo e procuraram uma cabana que pudesse oferecer abrigo para a noite. Várias cabanas demonstravam ignorância, pobreza e alguma alegria; os donos olhavam para St. Aubert com curiosidade e timidez. Nenhuma cama pôde ser encontrada, e ele já havia parado de perguntar quando Emily se juntou a ele. Ela percebeu o cansaço do pai e lamentou terem seguido por uma estrada tão mal provida de confortos para um enfermo. Outras cabanas eram um pouco melhores, mas ainda primitivas: animais ocupavam o primeiro cômodo, e a família, frequentemente com muitos filhos, dormia sobre peles e folhas secas em um chão de barro. O ar cheirava a fumaça e bebidas alcoólicas, já que contrabandistas frequentavam a área. Emily se afastou, olhando para o pai com preocupação. O jovem estranho observou isso e ofereceu a St. Aubert sua própria cama em particular, chamando-a de decente em comparação com as outras. St. Aubert recusou a princípio, mas o estranho insistiu, dizendo que não queria que

um enfermo se deitasse em peles duras enquanto ele dormia confortavelmente, e que a recusa ferira seu orgulho. Ele se ofereceu para mostrar o caminho e acreditava que sua senhoria também poderia acomodar Emily.

En Emily ouviu falar dessa viagem com prazer, pois não apenas antecipava novas experiências, mas também uma fuga das persistentes atenções do Conde Morano. No campo, ela teria tempo para pensar em Valancourt e entregar-se à melancolia que sua imagem, juntamente com as lembranças de La Vallée — sempre abençoadas pela memória de seus pais — despertavam. Aquelas cenas imaginárias eram mais queridas e mais suaves para seu coração do que todo o esplendor de reuniões alegres; eram uma espécie de talismã que expulsava o veneno dos problemas temporários e sustentava suas esperanças de dias felizes. Elas apareciam como uma bela paisagem, iluminada por um raio de sol e vista através de uma perspectiva de rochas escuras e acidentadas.

En Verezzi retrucou que a moderação era uma virtude pertencente aos covardes, que eram moderados em tudo, exceto no medo.

En Doroteia relatou que o médico chegou tarde demais para salvar a Marquesa. Ele ficou profundamente chocado com a morte dela, especialmente com a escuridão que se espalhou pelo rosto dela. Depois de dispensar os criados, ele questionou Doroteia sobre a doença da Marquesa, balançando a cabeça com frequência, como se entendesse mais do que admitia. Doroteia guardou suas suspeitas para si, compartilhando-as apenas com o marido, que aconselhou silêncio. Apesar dos rumores entre os outros criados, ninguém ousou agir. O Marquês, ao saber da morte da esposa, isolou-se e passou longas horas com o médico, que depois nunca mais discutiu o assunto com Doroteia. A Marquesa foi enterrada em uma igreja de convento próxima, e todos os vassalos a lamentaram, pois ela fora generosa com os pobres. O Marquês tornou-se profundamente melancólico, às vezes violento, e logo partiu para se juntar ao regimento. Dispensou a maioria dos criados, deixando apenas Doroteia e o marido. O castelo permaneceu inacabado e praticamente fechado até a chegada do Conde.

En St. Aubert finalmente concordou em aceitar a oferta do estranho, embora estivesse surpreso que o homem tivesse dado o quarto a ele, um homem enfermo, em vez de à jovem e adorável Emily. No entanto,

Emily não pensou em si mesma, e seu sorriso caloroso mostrou o quanto ela estava grata por seu pai ter sido favorecido.

En O Conde Morano não se limitou por muito tempo a atenções silenciosas; declarou seu amor a Emily e fez propostas a Montoni, que o encorajou, embora Emily o rejeitasse. Com Montoni como seu aliado e uma abundância de vaidade para iludi-lo, ele não desistiu do sucesso. Emily ficou surpresa e profundamente enojada com sua persistência depois que ela explicou seus sentimentos com uma franqueza que não deixava espaço para mal-entendidos.

En Montoni declarou que aceitava as palavras de Verezzi. Voltando-se para ele com uma expressão feroz e orgulhosa, ele puxou sua espada da bainha.

En Emily observou que a morte da Marquesa parecia incomum. Ela estava ansiosa para saber mais, mas hesitava em perguntar diretamente.

En No caminho, o estranho, cujo nome era Valancourt, foi à frente para falar com a anfitriã. Ela recebeu St. Aubert em uma cabana superior a qualquer outra que tinham visto. A boa mulher estava disposta a acomodá-los, e logo foram obrigados a ficar com as únicas duas camas. Ovos e leite eram a única comida disponível, mas St. Aubert tinha trazido provisões, e convidou Valancourt para compartilhar sua comida mais substancial, o que foi prontamente aceito. Passaram uma hora em conversa inteligente. St. Aubert ficou muito satisfeito com a franqueza viril, simplicidade e grande apreciação pela grandiosidade da natureza de Valancourt.

En Ele passava a maior parte do tempo na casa de Montoni, jantando lá quase diariamente e acompanhando Madame e Emily onde quer que fossem. Apesar do comportamento quieto e reservado de Emily, sua tia parecia tão ansiosa quanto Montoni para incentivar esse casamento. Madame sempre insistia que Emily comparecesse a qualquer reunião onde o Conde planejasse estar.

En Verezzi declarou que concordava de todo coração, embora não tivesse destinado suas palavras ao seu interlocutor.

En Doroteia concordou que a morte foi extraordinária. Ela afirmou que havia contado a Emily tudo o que testemunhara e que Emily poderia

adivinhar seus pensamentos. No entanto, recusou-se a dizer mais, pois não queria espalhar boatos que pudessem ofender o Conde.

En A conversa foi interrompida por um grande alvoroço do lado de fora, no qual a voz do condutor de mulas era ouvida acima das outras. Valancourt foi investigar, mas a disputa continuou por tanto tempo que St. Aubert foi pessoalmente. Ele encontrou Michael discutindo com a anfitriã porque ela se recusara a deixar suas mulas dormirem em um quartinho onde ele e seus três filhos passariam a noite. O lugar era miserável, mas não havia outra acomodação. A anfitriã, com mais delicadeza do que era comum naquela região selvagem, recusou-se a deixar os animais dividirem o quarto com seus filhos. O condutor ficou muito ofendido, sentindo sua honra ferida. Ele declarou que suas mulas eram tão honestas e boas quanto qualquer outra na província e que mereciam bom tratamento. Ele contou que uma vez elas chutaram a perna de um menino e a quebraram, mas apenas porque foram provocadas, e nunca mais fizeram isso.

En Montoni não falava mais de sua viagem planejada, sobre a qual Emily estava ansiosa para ouvir. Ele raramente ficava em casa, exceto quando o Conde ou o Signor Orsino o visitavam. Parecia haver um distanciamento entre Montoni e Cavigni, embora Cavigni ainda morasse na casa. Montoni passava longas horas a sós com Orsino, e tudo o que discutiam parecia importante, pois Montoni às vezes sacrificava seu amor pelo jogo para ficar em casa a noite toda. As visitas de Orsino eram excepcionalmente reservadas, o que surpreendia e preocupava Emily, pois ela já havia vislumbrado seu verdadeiro caráter, apesar de suas tentativas de escondê-lo. Após esses encontros, Montoni ficava frequentemente mais pensativo, às vezes tão absorto em seus próprios pensamentos que parecia distante e usava uma expressão sombria e terrível; em outras ocasiões, seus olhos faiscavam de energia, como se estivesse se preparando para algum grande empreendimento. Emily observava esses sinais com profundo interesse e algum medo, sabendo que estava completamente em seu poder. No entanto, ela não expressou suas preocupações a Madame Montoni, que não via nada em seu marido além de sua habitual severidade.

En Verezzi investiu contra Montoni. Enquanto lutavam, o perverso Orsino tentou novamente esfaquear Verezzi, mas foi impedido.

En Emily reconheceu a cautela de Doroteia. Quando perguntou onde o Marquês havia morrido, Doroteia respondeu que acreditava que foi no norte da França. Doroteia então expressou alívio pela vinda do Conde, pois o castelo estivera um lugar triste e desolado por anos. Ela mencionou que, após a morte da Marquesa, ouviram barulhos estranhos, o que a levou, junto com o marido, a se mudar para uma cabana vizinha. Ela lembrou Emily de sua promessa de manter a história em segredo. Emily assegurou-lhe que seria fiel e expressou profundo interesse, depois pediu que Doroteia revelasse o nome do cavaleiro que considerava digno da Marquesa.

En Ele concluiu seu discurso eloquente protestando que suas mulas deveriam compartilhar sua sorte onde quer que fosse.

En M. Quesnel escreveu uma segunda carta anunciando que ele e sua esposa haviam chegado à Villa Miarenti. Ele descreveu vários aspectos de seu sucesso em relação ao assunto que o trouxe à Itália, e terminou a carta com um forte pedido para ver Montoni, sua esposa e sua sobrinha em sua nova propriedade.

En Os lutadores foram finalmente separados e, após uma longa e acalorada discussão, reconciliados. Montoni então deixou a sala com Orsino, mantendo-o em conversa particular por um bom tempo.

En Doroteia recusou-se firmemente a nomear o cavaleiro e voltou ao tópico da semelhança de Emily com a falecida Marquesa. Ela mencionou outro retrato, pintado antes do casamento da Marquesa, que ficava em um cômodo lacrado e era ainda mais parecido com Emily. Emily expressou um forte desejo de vê-lo, mas Doroteia relutava em entrar naqueles cômodos. No entanto, depois que Emily lembrou que o Conde falara em abri-los, Doroteia reconsiderou. Ela admitiu que se sentiria menos desconfortável entrando primeiro com Emily e finalmente concordou em mostrar o quadro.

En A disputa foi finalmente resolvida por Valancourt, que puxou a anfitriã de lado e pediu que ela deixasse o condutor e seus animais terem o cômodo para si, enquanto seus filhos ficariam com a cama de peles destinada a ele. Ele se enrolaria em sua capa e dormiria no banco junto à porta da cabana. Embora a anfitriã sentisse que era seu dever se opor e estivesse inclinada a desapontar o condutor, Valancourt foi firme, e o tedioso assunto foi finalmente resolvido.

En Na mesma época, Emily recebeu uma carta muito mais interessante que acalmou suas ansiedades. Valancourt, esperando que ela ainda estivesse em Veneza, havia enviado uma carta pelo correio comum. Ele falou sobre sua saúde e seu amor constante e ansioso. Ele havia permanecido em Toulouse após a partida dela, entregando-se ao prazer melancólico de caminhar pelos cenários onde a havia visto, e depois foi para o castelo de seu irmão perto de La Vallée. Ele mencionou que, não fossem seus deveres regimentais, não deixaria a vizinhança de La Vallée, que lhe era cara por causa de suas lembranças dela. Ele frequentemente cavalgava até lá de manhã cedo para vagar pelos lugares que um dia foram o lar dela, e renovou seu conhecimento com a velha Theresa, que adorava falar sobre ela. Ele confessou que seu motivo era obter entrada no castelo e nos jardins, onde ele a imaginava em toda parte. Ele amava especialmente sentar-se sob os galhos extensos de seu plátano favorito, onde eles haviam se sentado juntos e onde ele lhe disse pela primeira vez que a amava. A memória o dominava; ele se perdia em devaneios, tentando vê-la vagamente através de suas lágrimas, tão pacífica e inocente como ela parecia então. Ele se apoiava no muro do terraço onde eles haviam observado a corrente rápida do Garonne, enquanto ele descrevia a paisagem selvagem, mas pensava apenas nela. Ele se perguntava se aqueles momentos estavam perdidos para sempre.

En Enquanto isso, Emily ficou atordoada com as últimas palavras de Montoni. Por um momento, esqueceu sua declaração de que ela deveria permanecer no castelo, pois pensava apenas em sua infeliz tia, que Montoni dissera estar na torre leste. O fato de ele permitir que o corpo de sua esposa permanecesse sepultado por tanto tempo revelava uma brutalidade mais chocante do que ela jamais imaginara que Montoni fosse capaz.

En Era muito tarde, e Emily, profundamente comovida pela história das cenas que haviam ocorrido naquelas salas, não desejou visitá-las naquela noite. No entanto, pediu a Doroteia que voltasse na noite seguinte, quando teriam menos chance de serem notadas, e a levasse até lá. Além do desejo de examinar o retrato, sentia uma intensa curiosidade de ver o quarto onde a Marquesa havia morrido. Doroteia dissera que o quarto, com sua cama e móveis, permanecia exatamente como estava quando o corpo foi levado para o enterro. As emoções solenes que a antecipação de ver tal lugar despertaram nela

combinavam com seu estado de espírito atual, que estava pesado por uma amarga decepção. Coisas alegres apenas aumentavam sua tristeza, em vez de aliviá-la. Talvez ela cedesse demais à sua tendência melancólica e lamentasse o infortúnio que nenhuma virtude sua poderia ter ajudado a evitar, embora a razão não pudesse fazê-la olhar com calma para a autodegradação do homem que ela um dia respeitara e amara.

En Tarde da noite, St. Aubert e Emily foram para seus quartos. Valancourt optou por ficar perto da porta, preferindo o ar ameno a uma cabine apertada. St. Aubert ficou surpreso ao encontrar volumes de Homero, Horácio e Petrarca em seu aposento; o nome de Valancourt inscrito neles revelou o dono.

En Ele continuou sua carta explicando que foi escrita ao longo de muitos dias, começando logo depois que Emily deixou a França. Escrever era a única atividade que o distraía de sua tristeza e tornava sua ausência suportável; na verdade, parecia apagar a distância, porque quando escrevia para ela e compartilhava seus sentimentos, ela quase se sentia presente. Essa ocupação se tornou seu principal conforto, e ele atrasou o envio da carta apenas para prolongar esse conforto, mesmo sabendo que o que escrevia era inútil até que ela a recebesse. Sempre que se sentia excepcionalmente para baixo, ele derramava suas tristezas para ela no papel e sempre encontrava consolo. Quando pequenos eventos alegres ocorriam, ele se apressava em compartilhá-los e recebia felicidade refletida. Sua carta, ele disse, era uma espécie de retrato de sua vida e pensamentos ao longo do último mês. Enquanto escrevê-la era profundamente interessante para ele, e esperava que fosse igualmente interessante para ela, para outros leitores poderia parecer cheia de assuntos triviais. É sempre assim quando se descrevem os sentimentos mais sutis do coração: eles são delicados demais para serem vistos, apenas experimentados, então o observador indiferente os ignora, enquanto a pessoa interessada sente que a descrição nunca é perfeita, mas pode provar a sinceridade do escritor e aliviar sua própria dor. Ele pediu perdão por todo esse egotismo, porque ele era um amante.

En Após uma longa luta interna, ela resolveu aceitar sua permissão e visitar a torre para dar uma última olhada em sua infeliz tia. Com essa intenção, voltou ao seu quarto e, enquanto esperava Annette

acompanhá-la, tentou reunir coragem suficiente para enfrentar a provação iminente. Embora tremesse só de pensar, sabia que cumprir esse último dever lhe traria paz consoladora mais tarde.

En Dorothee prometeu voltar na noite seguinte com as chaves dos aposentos, desejou a Emily um bom descanso e partiu. Emily, no entanto, permaneceu na janela, pensando no triste destino da Marquesa e ouvindo com temor para que a música voltasse. Mas a quietude da noite permaneceu inalterada por muito tempo, perturbada apenas pelo murmúrio dos bosques enquanto balançavam na brisa e, mais tarde, pelo sino distante do convento batendo uma hora. Ela então se afastou da janela e sentou-se ao lado da cama, entregando-se a pensamentos melancólicos, auxiliada pela solidão da hora. De repente, o silêncio foi interrompido, não por música, mas por sons muito estranhos que pareciam vir do quarto ao lado ou de um abaixo. A terrível história que lhe haviam contado, juntamente com os eventos misteriosos que diziam ter ocorrido no castelo desde então, a perturbaram tanto que por um momento ela cedeu ao medo supersticioso. No entanto, os sons não se repetiram, e ela foi dormir para esquecer a triste história que ouvira.

En Valancourt escreveu que havia aprendido algo que destruiu seus sonhos felizes e o faria aceitar a necessidade de retornar ao seu regimento. Ele não podia mais vagar pelos lugares amados onde costumava encontrá-la em pensamentos. La Vallée havia sido alugada. Ele acreditava que isso aconteceu sem o conhecimento dela, baseado no que Theresa lhe contou naquela manhã. Theresa chorou ao contar que tinha que deixar sua querida patroa e o castelo onde vivera feliz por muitos anos, tudo sem uma carta de Mademoiselle para amenizar a notícia. Ela disse que tudo era obra do Sr. Quesnel, e ousava dizer que Mademoiselle nem sabia o que estava acontecendo.

En Quando Annette chegou, Emily compartilhou seu plano. Annette tentou desencorajá-la, mas Emily não mudou de ideia. Após muita persuasão, Annette concordou em acompanhá-la até a torre, mas nenhum argumento a fez prometer entrar no quarto onde alguém havia morrido.

En Theresa acrescentou que havia recebido uma carta do Sr. Quesnel informando que o castelo estava alugado e seus serviços não seriam mais necessários. Ela tinha que deixar o local em uma semana, quando o novo inquilino chegaria.

En Elas saíram do corredor e chegaram ao pé da escada que Emily havia subido antes. Annette declarou que não iria mais adiante, então Emily continuou sozinha. Quando viu o rastro de sangue que havia notado antes, sua coragem falhou. Ela teve que descansar na escada e quase decidiu voltar. Mas após uma breve pausa, sua determinação retornou e ela seguiu em frente.

CHAPTER I

Pt/En

Português

Lar é um lugar onde amor, alegria, paz e abundância se encontram. Lá, amigos refinados e familiares próximos se apoiam mutuamente e compartilham felicidade.

Original English

home is the resort Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where, Supporting and supported, polish'd friends And dear relations mingle into bliss.*
*Thomson

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Pt/En

Português

Onde quer que eu vague, quaisquer terras que veja, meu coração, embora não tenha viajado, sempre se voltará para você. GOLDSMITH

Original English

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

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Português

Macbeth declarou que os instruiria sobre onde se posicionar e revelaria o momento exato, pois o feito deveria ser realizado naquela mesma noite.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A passagem de Sonho de uma Noite de Verão questiona se todos os conselhos compartilhados e o tempo passado juntos foram esquecidos, e se seu amor de longa data será despedaçado.

Original English

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 rend our ancient love asunder? MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM

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Português

Em 1584, o castelo do Senhor St. Aubert ficava nas agradáveis margens do Garona, na Gasconha. De suas janelas, via-se as paisagens pastoris da Guiana e da Gasconha, com ricas florestas, vinhedos e plantações de oliveiras. Ao sul, a vista era limitada pelos majestosos Pirineus, cujos picos muitas vezes estavam escondidos nas nuvens ou revelados em formas inspiradoras. Às vezes áridos, brilhavam através do ar azul; outras vezes, escureciam com florestas de pinheiros sombrios que desciam até a base. Esses penhascos íngremes contrastavam com o verde suave das pastagens e bosques a seus pés, onde rebanhos, manadas e simples cabanas descansavam. Ao norte e ao leste, as planícies da Guiana e do Languedoque desapareciam na névoa; a oeste, a Gasconha era banhada pelas águas do Golfo da Biscaia.

Original English

On the pleasant banks of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony, stood, in the year 1584, the chateau of Monsieur St. Aubert. From its windows were seen the pastoral landscapes of Guienne and Gascony stretching along the river, gay with luxuriant woods and vine, and plantations of olives. To the south, the view was bounded by the majestic Pyrenees, whose summits, veiled in clouds, or exhibiting awful forms, seen, and lost again, as the partial vapours rolled along, were sometimes barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy pine, that swept downward to their base. These tremendous precipices were contrasted by the soft green of the pastures and woods that hung upon their skirts; among whose flocks, and herds, and simple cottages, the

eye, after having scaled the cliffs above, delighted to repose. To the north, and to the east, the plains of Guienne and Languedoc were lost in the mist of distance; on the west, Gascony was bounded by the waters of Biscay.

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Português

As carruagens estavam nos portões cedo; a agitação dos criados nas galerias acordou Emily de um sono agitado. Sua mente perturbada lhe apresentara imagens aterrorizantes e circunstâncias vagas sobre seu afeto e futuro. Ela tentou banir essas impressões, mas ao despertar dos males imaginários, enfrentou os reais. Lembrando que se separara de Valancourt talvez para sempre, seu coração ficou doente. Ela tentou afastar seus pressentimentos e conter sua tristeza; esses esforços deram à sua expressão melancólica um ar de resignação temperada, como um véu fino que torna a beleza mais interessante. No entanto, Madame Montoni viu apenas sua palidez habitual e a repreendeu por se entregar a tristezas fantasiosas, dizendo-lhe que tivesse mais respeito ao decoro do que mostrar ao mundo que não conseguia abandonar um apego impróprio. A face pálida de Emily corou de orgulho, mas ela não disse nada. Logo depois, Montoni entrou, falou pouco e pareceu impaciente para partir.

Original English

The carriages were at the gates at an early hour; the bustle of the domestics, passing to and fro in the galleries, awakened Emily from harassing slumbers: her unquiet mind had, during the night, presented her with terrific images and obscure circumstances, concerning her affection and her future life. She now endeavoured to chase away the impressions they had left on her fancy; but from imaginary evils she awoke to the consciousness of real ones. Recollecting that she had parted with Valancourt, perhaps for ever, her heart sickened as memory revived. But she tried to dismiss the dismal forebodings that crowded on her mind, and to restrain the sorrow which she could not subdue; efforts which diffused over the settled melancholy of her countenance an expression of tempered resignation, as a thin veil, thrown over the features of beauty, renders them more interesting by a partial concealment. But Madame Montoni observed nothing in this countenance except its usual paleness, which attracted her censure. She told her niece, that she had been indulging in fanciful sorrows, and begged she would have more regard for decorum, than to let the world see that she could not renounce an improper attachment; at which Emily's pale cheek became flushed with crimson, but it was the blush

of pride, and she made no answer. Soon after, Montoni entered the breakfast room, spoke little, and seemed impatient to be gone.

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Português

No dia seguinte, Emily ficou surpresa ao saber que Annette ouvira falar do confinamento de Madame Montoni e da visita noturna planejada. Achou improvável que Barnardine, que lhe havia jurado segredo, confidenciasse a um ouvinte tão indiscreto, mas ele agora enviara uma mensagem pedindo um encontro particular no terraço logo após a meia-noite, prometendo levá-la ao local que mencionara. Emily recuou, assaltada por medos vagos. Suspeitou que Barnardine pudesse tê-la enganado, possivelmente a mando de Montoni, para atraí-la a algum plano desesperado. O terrível pensamento de que Madame Montoni já poderia estar morta veio acompanhado de temor por sua própria segurança, pois se sua tia fora assassinada por razões de ganho, a própria Emily seria o próximo alvo, já que as propriedades contestadas passariam para ela com a morte da tia. Lembrou-se da expressão triunfante de Barnardine na noite anterior, o que confirmou seus medos, e resolveu não encontrá-lo. No entanto, logo descartou essas suspeitas como exageros de uma mente perturbada, incapaz de acreditar que Montoni fosse capaz de crimes tão hediondos. Repreendeu-se por deixar sua imaginação romântica desviar-se para a loucura, mas ainda assim recuou diante do encontro noturno, dividida entre o desejo de acabar com sua suspense e confortar sua tia.

Original English

Emily was somewhat surprised, on the following day, to find that Annette had heard of Madame Montoni's confinement in the chamber over the portal, as well as of her purposed visit there, on the approaching night. That the circumstance, which Barnardine had so solemnly enjoined her to conceal, he had himself told to so indiscreet an hearer as Annette, appeared very improbable, though he had now charged her with a message, concerning the intended interview. He requested, that Emily would meet him, unattended, on the terrace, at a little after midnight, when he himself would lead her to the place he had promised; a proposal, from which she immediately shrunk, for a thousand vague fears darted athwart her mind, such as had tormented her on the preceding night, and which she neither knew how to trust, or to dismiss. It frequently occurred to her, that Barnardine might have deceived her, concerning Madame Montoni,

whose murderer, perhaps, he really was; and that he had deceived her by order of Montoni, the more easily to draw her into some of the desperate designs of the latter. The terrible suspicion, that Madame Montoni no longer lived, thus came, accompanied by one not less dreadful for herself. Unless the crime, by which the aunt had suffered, was instigated merely by resentment, unconnected with profit, a motive, upon which Montoni did not appear very likely to act, its object must be unattained, till the niece was also dead, to whom Montoni knew that his wife's estates must descend. Emily remembered the words, which had informed her, that the contested estates in France would devolve to her, if Madame Montoni died, without consigning them to her husband, and the former obstinate perseverance of her aunt made it too probable, that she had, to the last, withheld them. At this instant, recollecting Barnardine's manner, on the preceding night, she now believed, what she had then fancied, that it expressed malignant triumph. She shuddered at the recollection, which confirmed her fears, and determined not to meet him on the terrace. Soon after, she was inclined to consider these suspicions as the extravagant exaggerations of a timid and harassed mind, and could not believe Montoni liable to such preposterous depravity as that of destroying, from one motive, his wife and her niece. She blamed herself for suffering her romantic imagination to carry her so far beyond the bounds of probability, and determined to endeavour to check its rapid flights, lest they should sometimes extend into madness. Still, however, she shrunk from the thought of meeting Barnardine, on the terrace, at midnight; and still the wish to be relieved from this terrible suspense, concerning her aunt, to see her, and to sooth her sufferings, made her hesitate what to do.

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Pt/En

Português

Naquela noite, quando finalmente disseram a Emily que o Conde De Villefort desejava vê-la, ela imaginou que Valancourt estava lá embaixo. Ela tentou se recompor e reunir coragem, então se levantou e saiu do quarto. No entanto, ao chegar à porta da biblioteca, onde pensava que Valancourt estava, suas emoções a dominaram novamente. Com medo de entrar, ela voltou para o saguão, onde permaneceu por muito tempo, incapaz de controlar sua agitação.

Original English

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 imagined 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.

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Português

O Senhor St. Aubert gostava de passear com sua esposa e filha ao longo do Garona, ouvindo música flutuando sobre a água. Ele havia experimentado a vida além de simples cenas pastoris, tendo participado do mundo alegre e movimentado. Mas sua visão idealista inicial da humanidade havia sido tristemente corrigida pela experiência. No entanto, em meio às visões mutáveis da vida, seus princípios permaneceram firmes e sua bondade inalterada. Ele se afastou da multidão mais por piedade do que por raiva, em direção à natureza, à literatura e às virtudes domésticas.

Original English

M. St. Aubert loved to wander, with his wife and daughter, on the margin of the Garonne, and to listen to the music that floated on its waves. He had known life in other forms than those of pastoral simplicity, having mingled in the gay and in the busy scenes of the world; but the flattering portrait of mankind, which his heart had delineated in early youth, his experience had too sorrowfully corrected. Yet, amidst the changing visions of life, his principles remained unshaken, his benevolence unchilled; and he retired from the multitude 'more in PITY than in anger,' to scenes of simple nature, to the pure delights of literature, and to the exercise of domestic virtues.

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Pt/En

Português

As janelas do quarto davam para o jardim. Ao passar por elas, Emily viu o local onde se despedira de Valancourt na noite anterior. A lembrança pesou fortemente em seu coração, e ela se virou rapidamente do objeto que a havia despertado.

Original English

The windows of this room opened upon the garden. As Emily passed them, she saw the spot where she had parted with Valancourt on the preceding

night: the remembrance pressed heavily on her heart, and she turned hastily away from the object that had awakened it.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou em voz alta como poderia chegar ao terraço naquela hora, lembrando que os sentinelas a interceptariam e Montoni saberia de suas ações.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ela foi à biblioteca e encontrou Valancourt sentado com o Conde. Ambos se levantaram quando ela entrou. Ela não ousou encontrar o olhar de Valancourt. O Conde a conduziu a uma cadeira e então saiu da sala imediatamente.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert vinha de um ramo mais jovem de uma família nobre. Esperava-se que sua falta de herança fosse compensada por um casamento brilhante ou sucesso nos assuntos públicos. Mas ele tinha honra demais para a segunda opção e ambição de menos para sacrificar a felicidade pela riqueza. Após a morte de seu pai, casou-se com uma mulher muito amável, de igual nascimento, mas fortuna semelhante. A

generosidade ou extravagância de seu pai havia complicado tanto seus negócios que St. Aubert teve que vender parte da propriedade da família. Vendeu-a para seu cunhado, o Senhor Quesnel, e se aposentou em uma pequena propriedade na Gasconha, onde dividia seu tempo entre a felicidade familiar, o aprendizado e as atividades intelectuais.

Original English

He was a descendant from the younger branch of an illustrious family, and it was designed, that the deficiency of his patrimonial wealth should be supplied either by a splendid alliance in marriage, or by success in the intrigues of public affairs. But St. Aubert had too nice a sense of honour to fulfil the latter hope, and too small a portion of ambition to sacrifice what he called happiness, to the attainment of wealth. After the death of his father he married a very amiable woman, his equal in birth, and not his superior in fortune. The late Monsieur St. Aubert's liberality, or extravagance, had so much involved his affairs, that his son found it necessary to dispose of a part of the family domain, and, some years after his marriage, he sold it to Monsieur Quesnel, the brother of his wife, and retired to a small estate in Gascony, where conjugal felicity, and parental duties, divided his attention with the treasures of knowledge and the illuminations of genius.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois que a bagagem foi finalmente arrumada, os viajantes subiram em suas carruagens. Emily teria deixado o castelo sem nenhum arrependimento se ele não estivesse localizado perto da casa de Valancourt.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Annette explicou que Barnardine antecipara esse obstáculo. Ele lhe dera uma chave para a porta no fim da galeria abobadada, que abria perto do baluarte leste, permitindo que Emily evitasse os guardas. Ele também desejava evitar as barulhentas portas principais do salão.

Original English

'O ma'amselle! that is well thought of,'replied Annette. 'That is what Barnardine told me about. He gave me this key, and bade me say it unlocks the door at the end of the vaulted gallery, that opens near the end of the east rampart, so that you need not pass any of the men on watch. He bade me say, too, that his reason for requesting you to come to the terrace was, because he could take you to the place you want to go to, without opening the great doors of the hall, which grate so heavily.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily manteve os olhos no chão, tão oprimida que mal conseguia respirar ou falar. Valancourt sentou-se pesadamente ao lado dela, suspirando profundamente, e permaneceu em silêncio. Se ela tivesse olhado para cima, teria visto as emoções intensas que o atormentavam.

Original English

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 emotions, with which he was agitated.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert era apegado a este lugar desde a infância. Quando menino, visitava-o com frequência e lembrava-se da bondade do camponês de cabelos grisalhos que o administrava, que sempre oferecia frutas e creme. As pastagens verdes onde corria com saúde e liberdade juvenis, os bosques onde experimentou pela primeira vez uma melancolia pensativa,

os caminhos selvagens das montanhas, o rio e as planícies distantes que pareciam tão ilimitadas quanto suas primeiras esperanças — essas memórias ele recordava com entusiasmo e pesar. Por fim, deixou o mundo e se aposentou aqui para realizar seus desejos de longa data.

Original English

To this spot he had been attached from his infancy. He had often made excursions to it when a boy, and the impressions of delight given to his mind by the homely kindness of the grey-headed peasant, to whom it was intrusted, and whose fruit and cream never failed, had not been obliterated by succeeding circumstances. The green pastures along which he had so often bounded in the exultation of health, and youthful freedom—the woods, under whose refreshing shade he had first indulged that pensive melancholy, which afterwards made a strong feature of his character—the wild walks of the mountains, the river, on whose waves he had floated, and the distant plains, which seemed boundless as his early hopes—were never after remembered by St. Aubert but with enthusiasm and regret. At length he disengaged himself from the world, and retired hither, to realize the wishes of many years.

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Pt/En

Português

De uma pequena colina, Emily olhou para trás, para Tholouse e as vastas planícies de Gasconha. Além delas, os picos quebrados dos Pireneus apareciam no horizonte distante, iluminados pelo sol da manhã. Ela pensou consigo mesma que talvez não visse aquelas queridas montanhas novamente por muito tempo, e que muita coisa poderia acontecer para deixá-la infeliz nesse meio tempo. Ela desejou poder ter certeza de que voltaria e encontraria Valancourt ainda a amando, para que pudesse partir em paz. Ela sabia que ele ainda contemplaria aquelas montanhas mesmo quando ela estivesse longe.

Original English

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

gaze when I am far away!'

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Pt/En

Português

A ansiedade de Emily diminuiu um pouco com essa explicação aparentemente sincera, mas ela questionou Annette sobre a insistência de Barnardine para que fosse sozinha.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Finalmente, com uma voz trêmula, ele explicou que havia pedido para vê-la naquela noite para acabar com a agonia da incerteza causada por sua mudança de comportamento—que as insinuações do Conde haviam parcialmente esclarecido. Ele percebeu que tinha inimigos que invejavam sua felicidade recente e buscavam destruí-la. Ele também sentiu que o tempo e a distância haviam enfraquecido o amor que ela um dia sentira por ele, e que agora ela poderia ser facilmente persuadida a esquecê-lo.

Original English

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 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

O edifício era originalmente uma casa de veraneio, cujo charme simples e cenário belo o tornavam interessante para os visitantes. No entanto, para se tornar uma confortável residência familiar, precisava de acréscimos substanciais. St. Aubert sentia um profundo apego a cada parte da estrutura antiga, que lembrava de sua juventude, e se recusava a deixar que uma única pedra fosse removida. Consequentemente, a nova construção foi projetada para combinar com a antiga, criando uma residência simples, porém elegante. O gosto de Madame St. Aubert era evidente no interior, onde os móveis e as decorações mantinham a mesma simplicidade refinada que caracterizava os modos da família.

Original English

The building, as it then stood, was merely a summer cottage, rendered interesting to a stranger by its neat simplicity, or the beauty of the surrounding scene; and considerable additions were necessary to make it a comfortable family residence. St. Aubert felt a kind of affection for every part of the fabric, which he remembered in his youth, and would not suffer a stone of it to be removed, so that the new building, adapted to the style of the old one, formed with it only a simple and elegant residence. The taste of Madame St. Aubert was conspicuous in its internal finishing, where the same chaste simplicity was observable in the furniture, and in the few ornaments of the apartments, that characterized the manners of its inhabitants.

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Pt/En

Português

As árvores que pendiam sobre as margens altas da estrada formavam uma linha com o país distante, e agora ameaçavam bloquear a vista. Mas as montanhas azuis ainda apareciam além das folhas escuras, e Emily continuou a se inclinar para fora da janela da carruagem até que os galhos que se fechavam finalmente as esconderam de sua vista.

Original English

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

closing branches shut them from her sight.

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Pt/En

Português

A serva contou a Emily que havia perguntado ao homem por que sua jovem senhora precisava vir sozinha e por que ela não poderia acompanhá-la. Ela afirmou já ter sido confiada em assuntos importantes antes e insistiu que poderia guardar um segredo. No entanto, o homem recusou repetidamente, falando em tom áspero. Ela chegou a oferecer-lhe uma moeda nova dada por Ludovico, que ela valorizava muito, mas ele ainda assim não lhe contou. Irritada, ela se perguntou qual poderia ser o motivo, insinuando que Emily já sabia quem iria encontrar.

Original English

"Why that was what I asked him myself, ma'amselle. Says I, Why is my young lady to come alone?—Surely I may come with her!—What harm can I do? But he said "No—no—I tell you not," in his gruff way. Nay, says I, I have been trusted in as great affairs as this, I warrant, and it's a hard matter if I can't keep a secret now. Still he would say nothing but—"No—no—no." Well, says I, if you will only trust me, I will tell you a great secret, that was told me a month ago, and I have never opened my lips about it yet—so you need not be afraid of telling me. But all would not do. Then, ma'amselle, I went so far as to offer him a beautiful new sequin, that Ludovico gave me for a keep sake, and I would not have parted with it for all St. Marco's Place; but even that would not do! Now what can be the reason of this? But I know, you know, ma'am, who you are going to see.'

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Pt/En

Português

Suas palavras finais vacilaram, e Emily, ainda menos capaz de falar do que antes, permaneceu em silêncio.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A biblioteca, localizada no lado oeste do castelo, abrigava uma extensa coleção das melhores obras em línguas antigas e modernas. Abria-se para um bosque na borda de uma suave encosta que descia até o rio; as árvores altas projetavam uma sombra melancólica, porém agradável. Pelas janelas, sob os galhos que se espalhavam, via-se uma paisagem vibrante que se estendia para oeste, limitada à esquerda pelos íngremes precipícios dos Pireneus. Adjacente à biblioteca havia uma estufa cheia de plantas raras e belas, pois St. Aubert gostava de botânica. Ele passava dias inteiros explorando as montanhas vizinhas, que ofereciam um rico banquete para um naturalista. Às vezes, Madame St. Aubert e sua filha o acompanhavam nessas excursões, carregando um pequeno cesto para plantas e outro com refrescos frios. Eles vagavam por cenários românticos e magníficos, apreciando tanto os aspectos delicados quanto os grandiosos da natureza. Quando cansados de escalar penhascos que pareciam acessíveis apenas ao entusiasta, onde nenhum caminho era visível exceto o deixado pelo íbex, procuravam recantos verdes nas montanhas. Ali, sob a sombra de altos lariços ou cedros, desfrutavam de sua refeição simples, adoçada pelo riacho fresco que serpenteava pelo gramado e pela fragrância de flores silvestres e plantas aromáticas que bordejavam as rochas.

Original English

The library occupied the west side of the chateau, and was enriched by a collection of the best books in the ancient and modern languages. This room opened upon a grove, which stood on the brow of a gentle declivity, that fell towards the river, and the tall trees gave it a melancholy and pleasing shade; while from the windows the eye caught, beneath the spreading branches, the gay and luxuriant landscape stretching to the west, and overlooked on the left by the bold precipices of the Pyrenees. Adjoining the library was a green-house, stored with scarce and beautiful plants; for one of the amusements of St. Aubert was the study of botany, and among the neighbouring mountains, which afforded a luxurious feast to the mind of the naturalist, he often passed the day in the pursuit of his favourite science. He was sometimes accompanied in these little excursions by Madame St. Aubert, and frequently by his daughter; when, with a small osier basket to receive plants, and another filled with cold refreshments, such as the cabin of the shepherd did not afford, they wandered away among the most romantic and magnificent scenes, nor suffered the charms of Nature's lowly children to abstract them from the

observance of her stupendous works. When weary of sauntering among cliffs that seemed scarcely accessible but to the steps of the enthusiast, and where no track appeared on the vegetation, but what the foot of the izard had left; they would seek one of those green recesses, which so beautifully adorn the bosom of these mountains, where, under the shade of the lofty larch, or cedar, they enjoyed their simple repast, made sweeter by the waters of the cool stream, that crept along the turf, and by the breath of wild flowers and aromatic plants, that fringed the rocks, and inlaid the grass.

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Pt/En

Português

Outra figura logo chamou sua atenção. Ela mal tinha notado uma pessoa caminhando ao longo da margem, com um chapéu de pena militar puxado sobre os olhos, quando, ao som das rodas, ele se virou de repente, e ela viu que era o próprio Valancourt. Ele acenou com a mão, pulou na estrada e colocou uma carta pela janela da carruagem na mão dela. Ele tentou sorrir, mas havia desespero em seu rosto quando ela passou. A lembrança daquele sorriso parecia ficar com Emily para sempre. Ela se inclinou para fora da janela e o viu em um montículo da margem quebrada, encostado nas altas árvores que se curvavam sobre ele, observando a carruagem. Ele acenou novamente, e ela continuou olhando até que a distância embaçou sua figura, e finalmente outra curva da estrada o escondeu de sua vista.

Original English

Another object soon caught her attention. She had scarcely looked at a person who walked along the bank, with his hat, in which was the military feather, drawn over his eyes, before, at the sound of wheels, he suddenly turned, and she perceived that it was Valancourt himself, who waved his hand, sprung into the road, and through the window of the carriage put a letter into her hand. He endeavoured to smile through the despair that overspread his countenance as she passed on. The remembrance of that smile seemed impressed on Emily's mind for ever. She leaned from the window, and saw him on a knoll of the broken bank, leaning against the high trees that waved over him, and pursuing the carriage with his eyes. He waved his hand, and she continued to gaze till distance confused his figure, and at length another turn of the road entirely separated him from her sight.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou se Barnardine lhe havia contado essa informação.

Original English

'Pray did Barnardine tell you this?'

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt levantou-se de repente e andou pela sala, exclamando que era um encontro terrível após sua longa separação. Ele sentou-se novamente e, após um momento de luta, declarou em um tom firme, mas desesperado, que não aguentava mais, e perguntou a Emily por que ela não falava com ele.

Original English

'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?'

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Pt/En

Português

No lado leste da estufa, de frente para as planícies de Languedoc, havia um cômodo que Emily considerava seu. Continha seus livros, desenhos, instrumentos musicais e alguns pássaros e plantas favoritos. Ali ela praticava as artes elegantes, que seguia porque combinavam com seu gosto, e com talento natural aprimorado pela orientação de Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert, tornou-se habilidosa desde cedo. As janelas deste cômodo eram especialmente agradáveis; alcançavam o chão e se abriam para o pequeno gramado que cercava a casa, levando o olhar entre bosques de amendoeiras, palmeiras, freixos floridos e murta em direção à paisagem distante onde o rio Garona serpentina.

Original English

Adjoining the eastern side of the green-house, looking towards the plains of Languedoc, was a room, which Emily called hers, and which contained her books, her drawings, her musical instruments, with some favourite birds and plants. Here she usually exercised herself in elegant arts, cultivated only because they were congenial to her taste, and in which native genius, assisted by the instructions of Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert, made her an early proficient. The windows of this room were particularly pleasant; they descended to the floor, and, opening upon the little lawn that surrounded the house, the eye was led between groves of almond, palm-trees, flowering-ash, and myrtle, to the distant landscape, where the Garonne wandered.

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Pt/En

Português

Os viajantes pararam para pegar o Signor Cavigni em um castelo na estrada. Emily, que estava sentada desrespeitosamente em uma segunda carruagem com a criada de Madame Montoni, continuou a viagem pelas planícies de Languedoc. A presença da criada impediu Emily de ler a carta de Valancourt, pois ela não queria que ninguém observasse as emoções que ela poderia causar. No entanto, seu desejo de ler sua última comunicação era tão forte que sua mão trêmula estava quase pronta para quebrar o selo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A serva respondeu que Barnardine não lhe havia contado.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele cobriu o rosto com a mão, como se para esconder sua emoção, e pegou a mão de Emily, que ela não retirou. Suas lágrimas não podiam mais ser contidas. Quando ele ergueu os olhos e viu que ela estava chorando, toda a sua ternura retornou, e um lampejo de esperança cruzou sua mente. Ele exclamou que ela tinha pena dele, que ela o amava e que ela ainda era sua própria Emily. Ele queria acreditar que as lágrimas dela confirmavam isso.

Original English

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 raised his eyes 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!'

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Pt/En

Português

À noite, depois do trabalho do dia, os camponeses desta região ensolarada podiam ser vistos dançando em grupos ao longo da margem do rio. Suas melodias animadas, passos graciosos e os padrões imaginativos de suas danças, juntamente com a maneira elegante e caprichosa com que as moças arrumavam suas roupas simples, davam à cena um caráter distintamente francês.

Original English

The peasants of this gay climate were often seen on an evening, when the day's labour was done, dancing in groups on the margin of the river. Their

sprightly melodies, debonnaire steps, the fanciful figure of their dances, with the tasteful and capricious manner in which the girls adjusted their simple dress, gave a character to the scene entirely French.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando finalmente chegaram à vila, pararam apenas para trocar cavalos sem descer. Foi só quando pararam para jantar que Emily teve a chance de ler a carta. Ela nunca duvidara do afeto sincero de Valancourt, mas as novas garantias na carta reanimaram seu ânimo. Ela chorou sobre a carta com ternura e depois a guardou para reler quando se sentisse particularmente abatida. Pensar nele causava menos dor do que desde que se separaram. Entre outros pedidos que a tocavam por mostrarem sua ternura e parecerem diminuir a dor da separação, ele lhe pediu que pensasse nele todos os dias ao pôr do sol. Disse que então se encontrariam em pensamento; ele sempre observaria o pôr do sol e encontraria conforto em acreditar que os olhos dela estavam fixos no mesmo objeto e que suas mentes estavam se comunicando. Ela ainda não sabia quanto conforto ele prometia a si mesmo naqueles momentos, mas ele confiava que ela viria a sentir isso.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou quem lhe havia contado, mas Annette demonstrou que realmente sabia guardar um segredo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily fez um esforço para recuperar sua firmeza e secou rapidamente as lágrimas. Ela disse que tinha pena dele e chorava por ele, mas perguntou se deveria pensar nele com afeto. Lembrou-lhe que havia confiado em sua sinceridade o suficiente para acreditar que ele explicaria suas palavras se ela pedisse. Agora ela as entendia muito bem. Pediu-lhe que provasse sua sinceridade confessando se ele ainda era o mesmo estimado Valancourt que ela um dia amou.

Original English

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.'

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Pt/En

Português

A frente do castelo, voltada para o sul, abria-se para a grandiosidade das montanhas. No térreo, continha um salão rústico e duas excelentes salas de estar. O primeiro andar, como a casa não tinha segundo andar, consistia em quartos, exceto por um cômodo que se abria para uma sacada e era geralmente usado como sala de café da manhã.

Original English

The front of the chateau, which, having a southern aspect, opened upon the grandeur of the mountains, was occupied on the ground floor by a rustic hall, and two excellent sitting rooms. The first floor, for the cottage had no second story, was laid out in bed-chambers, except one apartment that opened to a balcony, and which was generally used for a breakfast-room.

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Pt/En

Português

Naquela tarde, Emily observou o sol poente com profunda emoção. Ela o viu se pôr sem interrupção sobre uma vasta extensão de planícies, descendo em direção à província onde Valancourt vivia. Depois daquela hora, sua mente ficou muito mais calma e resignada do que estivera desde que Montoni se casou com sua tia.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily passou o resto do dia em dúvida, dividida entre a pena pela tia e o medo por si mesma. A noite caiu antes que ela pudesse decidir. Quando o relógio bateu meia-noite, ela soube que não podia mais adiar. A preocupação com a tia prevaleceu, e ela desceu de seu quarto, pedindo a Annette que a seguisse até a porta externa da galeria abobadada e esperasse ali. O castelo estava silencioso; o grande salão, antes cheio de conflitos, agora ecoava apenas seus passos suaves. As longas sombras e a lamparina bruxuleante faziam Emily estremecer, pensando ver figuras na escuridão. Ela alcançou a porta da galeria sem ser molestada, abriu-a com mão trêmula, instruiu Annette a manter a porta entreaberta e segurar a lamparina, e saiu sozinha para a escura varanda. Caminhou cautelosamente, temendo que os sentinelas a ouvissem. Uma voz grave

falou perto dela; era Barnardine, pontual no local combinado. Ele a repreendeu por estar atrasada e pediu que o seguisse até a porta por onde havia entrado.

Original English

During the remainder of the day, Emily's mind was agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the subject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and submitting herself to his guidance, she scarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt and anxiety for herself alternately swayed her determination, and night came, before she had decided upon her conduct. She heard the castle clock strike eleven—twelve—and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come, when she could hesitate no longer: and then the interest she felt for her aunt overcame other considerations, and, bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, she descended from her chamber. The castle was perfectly still, and the great hall, where so lately she had witnessed a scene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whispering footsteps of the two solitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long shadows of the pillars and by the catching lights between, often stopped, imagining she saw some person, moving in the distant obscurity of the perspective; and, as she passed these pillars, she feared to turn her eyes toward them, almost expecting to see a figure start out from behind their broad shaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery, without interruption, but unclosed its outer door with a trembling hand, and, charging Annette not to quit it and to keep it a little open, that she might be heard if she called, she delivered to her the lamp, which she did not dare to take herself because of the men on watch, and, alone, stepped out upon the dark terrace. Every thing was so still, that she feared, lest her own light steps should be heard by the distant sentinels, and she walked cautiously towards the spot, where she had before met Barnardine, listening for a sound, and looking onward through the gloom in search of him. At length, she was startled by a deep voice, that spoke near her, and she paused, uncertain whether it was his, till it spoke again, and she then recognized the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place, resting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming sooner, and saying, that he had been waiting nearly half an hour, he desired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door, through which he had entered the terrace.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele exclamou 'Um dia amado!' e disse que era o mesmo. Fez uma pausa, dominado pela emoção, e então acrescentou em voz solene e abatida que não era o mesmo; estava perdido e não era mais digno dela.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert havia melhorado sua propriedade com muito bom gosto, mas valorizava tanto as memórias de infância que às vezes escolhia o sentimento em vez da estética. Por exemplo, ele poupou dois larícios antigos que bloqueavam a vista porque choraria ao vê-los cortados. Plantou um pequeno bosque de faias, pinheiros e freixos-da-montanha, e em um terraço junto ao rio cultivou laranjeiras, limoeiros e palmeiras que enchiam o ar noturno com fragrância. Ali gostava de se sentar sob um grande plátano com sua esposa e filhos, vendo o pôr do sol, lendo ou brincando. Frequentemente dizia que esses momentos tranquilos eram muito mais felizes do que qualquer grande evento social. Seu coração estava contente, e ele não desejava mais felicidade do que já sentia. Sua consciência limpa lhe dava uma calma que o fazia apreciar todas as bênçãos ao seu redor.

Original English

In the surrounding ground, St. Aubert had made very tasteful improvements; yet, such was his attachment to objects he had remembered from his boyish days, that he had in some instances sacrificed taste to sentiment. There were two old larches that shaded the building, and interrupted the prospect; St. Aubert had sometimes declared that he believed he should have been weak enough to have wept at their fall. In addition to these larches he planted a little grove of beech, pine, and mountain-ash. On a lofty terrace, formed by the swelling bank of the river, rose a plantation of orange, lemon, and palm-trees, whose fruit, in the coolness of evening, breathed delicious fragrance. With these were mingled a few trees of other species. Here, under the ample shade of a

plane-tree, that spread its majestic canopy towards the river, St. Aubert loved to sit in the fine evenings of summer, with his wife and children, watching, beneath its foliage, the setting sun, the mild splendour of its light fading from the distant landscape, till the shadows of twilight melted its various features into one tint of sober grey. Here, too, he loved to read, and to converse with Madame St. Aubert; or to play with his children, resigning himself to the influence of those sweet affections, which are ever attendant on simplicity and nature. He has often said, while tears of pleasure trembled in his eyes, that these were moments infinitely more delightful than any passed amid the brilliant and tumultuous scenes that are courted by the world. His heart was occupied; it had, what can be so rarely said, no wish for a happiness beyond what it experienced. The consciousness of acting right diffused a serenity over his manners, which nothing else could impart to a man of moral perceptions like his, and which refined his sense of every surrounding blessing.

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Pt/En

Português

Durante vários dias, os viajantes percorreram as planícies do Languedoc. Depois entraram em Dauphiny e, serpentando pelas montanhas daquela província romântica, deixaram suas carruagens para começar a subir os Alpes. Ali, cenas tão sublimes se abriram diante deles que nenhuma linguagem poderia descrever adequadamente. A mente de Emily estava tão absorvida por essas imagens novas e maravilhosas que, às vezes, afastavam os pensamentos de Valancourt, mas mais frequentemente os traziam de volta. A paisagem lembrava as vistas dos Pireneus que eles haviam admirado juntos, acreditando que nada poderia superá-las em grandiosidade. Quantas vezes ela desejou poder compartilhar seus novos sentimentos com ele e que ele pudesse experimentá-los também! Às vezes, ela tentava imaginar o que ele diria e quase sentia sua presença. Parecia que ela havia ascendido a outro mundo, deixando para trás todos os pensamentos e sentimentos triviais; apenas a grandeza e a sublimidade agora preenchiam sua mente e elevavam as afeições de seu coração.

Original English

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

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ao destrancar o portão, Emily notou luz saindo de uma pequena abertura e soube que Annette ainda estava lá. Mas sua localização distante não ajudava. Quando Barnardine abriu o portão, a passagem escura iluminada por uma tocha a fez hesitar. Ela se recusou a ir a menos que Annette fosse também. Barnardine recusou, mas acrescentou detalhes astuciosamente para aumentar a preocupação e a curiosidade de Emily sobre sua tia. Eventualmente, Emily concordou em segui-lo sozinha até o portal.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele novamente escondeu o rosto. Emily ficou muito afetada pela confissão honesta dele para responder imediatamente. Ela lutou para superar os apelos do coração e agir com firmeza decisiva para sua paz futura. Reconheceu o perigo de confiar em sua resolução na presença de Valancourt e estava ansiosa para terminar a entrevista que torturava a ambos. No entanto, quando considerou que esta era provavelmente a última vez que se viam, sua coragem se desfez, e ela sentiu apenas ternura e desânimo.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

Mesmo no crepúsculo mais profundo, St. Aubert não deixava seu plátano favorito. Ele adorava a hora pacífica em que a última luz se apagava, as estrelas apareciam uma a uma e seus reflexos tremeluziam na água escura. Essa hora inspirava pensamentos ternos e, às vezes, contemplação elevada. Quando o luar filtrava pelas folhas, ele ficava mais tempo, muitas vezes comendo uma ceia simples de creme e frutas debaixo da árvore. Então, no silêncio, ouvia o canto doce do rouxinol, que trazia beleza e melancolia.

Original English

The deepest shade of twilight did not send him from his favourite plane-tree. He loved the soothing hour, when the last tints of light die away; when the stars, one by one, tremble through aether, and are reflected on the dark mirror of the waters; that hour, which, of all others, inspires the mind with pensive tenderness, and often elevates it to sublime contemplation. When the moon shed her soft rays among the foliage, he

still lingered, and his pastoral supper of cream and fruits was often spread beneath it. Then, on the stillness of night, came the song of the nightingale, breathing sweetness, and awakening melancholy.

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Português

Com que emoções de sublimidade suavizadas pela ternura ela encontrava Valancourt em pensamento na hora habitual do pôr do sol, enquanto vagava pelos Alpes! Ela observava o glorioso sol se afundar entre os cumes das montanhas, seus últimos tons se desvanecendo nos picos nevados, e uma escuridão solene invadindo a cena. Quando o último clarão desaparecia, ela desviava os olhos do oeste com um pesar melancólico semelhante ao sentido após a partida de um amigo amado. Esses sentimentos solitários eram intensificados pela escuridão crescente e pelos sons baixos ouvidos apenas quando a escuridão concentra a atenção — sons que tornavam o silêncio geral mais impressionante: folhas agitadas pelo ar, o último suspiro da brisa que persiste após o pôr do sol, ou o murmúrio de riachos distantes.

Original English

With what emotions of sublimity, softened by tenderness, did she meet Valancourt in thought, at the customary hour of sun-set, when, wandering among the Alps, she watched the glorious orb sink amid their summits, his last tints die away on their snowy points, and a solemn obscurity steal over the scene! And when the last gleam had faded, she turned her eyes from the west with somewhat of the melancholy regret that is experienced after the departure of a beloved friend; while these lonely feelings were heightened by the spreading gloom, and by the low sounds, heard only when darkness confines attention, which make the general stillness more impressive—leaves shook by the air, the last sigh of the breeze that lingers after sun-set, or the murmur of distant streams.

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine pegou a tocha e a conduziu pelo corredor. No final, ele destrancou outra porta e desceram alguns degraus até uma capela em ruínas. Emily lembrou-se com desconforto da conversa anterior de Annette sobre o local. Ela olhou com medo para as paredes úmidas, janelas quebradas cobertas de hera e brionia, e colunas caídas. Barnardine tropeçou no pavimento e praguejou, sua voz ecoando oca. O coração de Emily se apertou, mas ela o seguiu para fora da nave principal. Ele começou a descer degraus que pareciam levar a criptas. Emily parou no topo e perguntou com voz trêmula para onde ele a estava levando.

Original English

He then took up the torch, and led her along the passage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they descended, a few steps, into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily observed to be in ruins, and she immediately recollected a former conversation of Annette, concerning it, with very unpleasant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almost roofless walls, green with damp, and on the gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and the briony had long supplied the place of glass, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of some columns, that had once supported the roof. Barnardine stumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a sudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes, that made it more terrific. Emily's heart sunk; but she still followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal aisle of the chapel. 'Down these steps, lady,' said Barnardine, as he descended a flight, which appeared to lead into the vaults; but Emily paused on the top, and demanded, in a tremulous tone, whither he was conducting her.

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt, entretanto, estava perdido em emoções de remorso e tristeza que não conseguia expressar. Ele se sentou quase sem perceber Emily, com as feições ainda ocultas, o peito sacudido por suspiros convulsivos.

Original English

Valancourt, meanwhile, lost in emotions 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.

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Pt/En

Português

O primeiro golpe na felicidade de St. Aubert após sua aposentadoria veio com a morte de seus dois filhos pequenos. Ele tentou esconder sua dor para apoiar a esposa, mas não conseguia ficar calmo diante de tais perdas. Restava apenas uma filha, Emily. Ele a via crescer com cuidado ansioso, tentando corrigir quaisquer traços que pudessem afastá-la da felicidade. Ela era naturalmente delicada, afetuosa e bondosa, mas também extremamente sensível, o que impediria uma paz duradoura. Conforme crescia, sua sensibilidade lhe dava um humor pensativo e um jeito suave que acrescentava graça à sua beleza. St. Aubert sabia que esse encanto era perigoso, então trabalhou para fortalecer sua mente, ensinando-lhe autocontrole e a questionar seus primeiros impulsos. Às vezes criava decepções para treiná-la a examiná-las com calma. Ao instruí-la a resistir às primeiras impressões e desenvolver dignidade constante, ele também teve que aprender fortaleza, muitas vezes observando suas lágrimas e lutas com indiferença fingida.

Original English

The first interruptions to the happiness he had known since his retirement, were occasioned by the death of his two sons. He lost them at that age when infantine simplicity is so fascinating; and though, in consideration of Madame St. Aubert's distress, he restrained the expression of his own, and endeavoured to bear it, as he meant, with philosophy, he had, in truth, no philosophy that could render him calm to such losses. One daughter was now his only surviving child; and, while he watched the unfolding of her infant character, with anxious fondness, he endeavoured, with unremitting effort, to counteract those traits in her disposition, which might hereafter lead her from happiness. She had discovered in her early years uncommon delicacy of mind, warm affections, and ready benevolence; but with these was observable a degree of susceptibility too exquisite to admit of lasting peace. As she advanced in youth, this sensibility gave a pensive tone to her spirits, and a softness to her manner, which added grace to beauty, and rendered her a very interesting object to persons of a congenial disposition. But St. Aubert had too much good sense to prefer a charm to a virtue; and had penetration enough to see, that this charm was too dangerous to its possessor to be allowed the character of a blessing. He

endeavoured, therefore, to strengthen her mind; to enure her to habits of self-command; to teach her to reject the first impulse of her feelings, and to look, with cool examination, upon the disappointments he sometimes threw in her way. While he instructed her to resist first impressions, and to acquire that steady dignity of mind, that can alone counterbalance the passions, and bear us, as far as is compatible with our nature, above the reach of circumstances, he taught himself a lesson of fortitude; for he was often obliged to witness, with seeming indifference, the tears and struggles which his caution occasioned her.

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Pt/En

Português

Durante os primeiros dias desta jornada pelos Alpes, a paisagem exibía uma mistura maravilhosa de solidão e habitação, cultivo e aridez. Nas bordas de precipícios tremendos e dentro de falésias ocas, abaixo das quais nuvens frequentemente flutuavam, podiam-se ver vilarejos, torres de igrejas e torres de conventos. Pastos verdes e vinhedos espalhavam suas cores aos pés de rochas perpendiculares de mármore ou granito. Os pontos rochosos, alguns tufados com arbustos alpinos e outros mostrando apenas rochedos maciços, erguiam-se uns sobre os outros até terminarem na montanha coberta de neve, de onde caía a torrente que trovejava ao longo do vale.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine respondeu que a estava levando ao portal.

Original English

'To the portal,'said Barnardine.

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Português

Emily, reunindo sua coragem, pediu a Valancourt que não a forçasse a explicar por que a conduta dele exigia que ela terminasse o relacionamento. Ela afirmou que eles deveriam se separar e que estava vendo-o pela última vez.

Original English

'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 forever.—We must part, I now see you for the last time.'

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Pt/En

Português

Na aparência, Emily se parecia com sua mãe: tinha a mesma figura elegante, traços delicados e olhos azuis ternos. No entanto, o que a tornava verdadeiramente encantadora era a maneira como sua expressão mudava à medida que a conversa agitava seus sentimentos mais profundos, lançando uma graça cativante ao seu redor.

Original English

In person, Emily resembled her mother; having the same elegant symmetry of form, the same delicacy of features, and the same blue eyes, full of tender sweetness. But, lovely as was her person, it was the varied expression of her countenance, as conversation awakened the nicer emotions of her mind, that threw such a captivating grace around her:

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Pt/En

Português

Emily olhou para a montanha nevada e o lago. Ela imaginou como seria bonito no verão, quando os pastores trouxessem suas ovelhas ao cume florido.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou se poderiam ir ao portal através da capela.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt, despertado de seu longo silêncio, exclamou incrédulo. Ele insistiu que não podia acreditar que ela pretendia rejeitá-lo para sempre.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Aqueles tons ternos de sentimento que escapam ao olhar desatento murcham na atmosfera contagiosa do mundo.

Original English

Those tend'rer tints, that shun the careless eye, And, in the world's contagious circle, die.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao descer para a Itália, Emily viu os penhascos ficarem mais íngremes e a paisagem mais majestosa. A luz mutante coloria os picos nevados ao longo do dia. Ela viu cabanas de pastores e pontes de pinho sobre torrentes. Ao olhar para uma dessas pontes, pensou em imagens que mais tarde transformou em um poema.

Original English

As she descended on the Italian side, the precipices became still more tremendous, and the prospects still more wild and majestic, over which the shifting lights threw all the pomp of colouring. Emily delighted to observe the snowy tops of the mountains under the passing influence of the day, blushing with morning, glowing with the brightness of noon, or just tinted with the purple evening. The haunt of man could now only be discovered by the simple hut of the shepherd and the hunter, or by the rough pine bridge thrown across the torrent, to assist the latter in his chase of the chamois over crags where, but for this vestige of man, it would have been believed only the chamois or the wolf dared to venture. As Emily gazed upon one of these perilous bridges, with the cataract foaming beneath it, some images came to her mind, which she afterwards combined in the following

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine disse que não, porque a capela levava ao pátio interno, o qual ele não queria destrancar. Ele indicou que por este caminho chegariam ao pátio externo em breve.

Original English

'No, Signora, that leads to the inner court, which I don't choose to unlock. This way, and we shall reach the outer court presently.'

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Português

Emily repetiu firmemente que eles deveriam se separar para sempre e atribuiu essa necessidade às próprias ações dele.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert educou sua filha com grande cuidado. Deu-lhe conhecimento das ciências e uma profunda apreciação pela literatura. Ensinou-lhe latim e inglês para que ela pudesse apreciar a grandiosidade dos melhores poetas. Desde cedo, Emily mostrou amor por obras de gênio, e St. Aubert acreditava ser importante incentivar toda fonte inocente de felicidade. Ele costumava dizer que uma mente bem informada é a melhor proteção contra a tolice e o vício. Uma mente vazia, argumentava ele, busca constantemente distração e está pronta para cair em erro para evitar o tédio. Ele aconselhava preencher a mente com ideias e ensiná-la a gostar de pensar, para que as tentações do mundo exterior fossem equilibradas pelas satisfações encontradas interiormente. O pensamento e o cultivo são essenciais para a felicidade tanto no campo quanto na cidade. No campo, previnem a inquietação da ociosidade e criam um gosto pela beleza e pela grandeza. Na cidade, tornam a dissipação menos necessária e, portanto, menos atraente.

Original English

St. Aubert cultivated her understanding with the most scrupulous care. He gave her a general view of the sciences, and an exact acquaintance with every part of elegant literature. He taught her Latin and English, chiefly that she might understand the sublimity of their best poets. She discovered in her early years a taste for works of genius; and it was St. Aubert's principle, as well as his inclination, to promote every innocent means of happiness. 'A well-informed mind,' he would say, 'is the best security against the contagion of folly and of vice. The vacant mind is ever on the watch for relief, and ready to plunge into error, to escape from the languor of idleness. Store it with ideas, teach it the pleasure of thinking; and the temptations of the world without, will be counteracted by the gratifications derived from the world within. Thought, and cultivation, are necessary equally to the happiness of a country and a city life; in the first they prevent the uneasy sensations of indolence, and afford a sublime pleasure in the taste they create for the beautiful, and the grand; in the latter, they make dissipation less an object of necessity, and consequently of interest.'

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Pt/En

Português

O poema descreve um viajante cansado escalando os perigosos Alpes. Ele vê a casa de um pastor e sente alegria. Mas quando chega a um desfiladeiro profundo com uma ponte instável, fica aterrorizado. Hesita, então tenta atravessar, mas escorrega e cai para a morte.

Original English

STORIED SONNET The weary traveller, who, all night long, Has climb'd among the Alps'tremendous steeps, Skirting the pathless precipice, where throng Wild forms of danger; as he onward creeps If, chance, his anxious eye at distance sees The mountain-shepherd's solitary home, Peeping from forth the moon-illumin'd trees, What sudden transports to his bosom come! But, if between some hideous chasm yawn, Where the cleft pine a doubtful bridge displays, In dreadful silence, on the brink, forlorn He stands, and views in the faint rays Far, far below, the torrent's rising surge, And listens to the wild impetuous roar; Still eyes the depth, still shudders on the verge, Fears to return, nor dares to venture o'er. Desperate, at length the tottering plank he tries, His weak steps slide, he shrieks, he sinks—he dies!

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ainda hesitava. Ela tinha medo não apenas de prosseguir, mas também, tendo chegado tão longe, de irritar Barnardine ao se recusar a ir mais adiante.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt respondeu arrogantemente que a decisão era do Conde, não de Emily, e que exigiria saber com que autoridade o Conde interferia. Em seguida, levantou-se e andou pela sala, visivelmente agitado.

Original English

'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.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma das primeiras alegrias de Emily era vagar por cenários naturais. Ela não se deleitava apenas com paisagens suaves e luminosas; amava ainda mais os caminhos selvagens ao longo das encostas das montanhas e, acima de tudo, os imensos e silenciosos recessos das próprias montanhas. Lá, o silêncio e a grandeza da solidão inspiravam um temor sagrado em seu coração e elevavam seus pensamentos a Deus. Em tais lugares, ela frequentemente permanecia, envolta em um encanto melancólico, até que a última luz do dia se apagasse no oeste. Apenas o som solitário de um sino de ovelha ou o latido distante de um cão de guarda quebravam o silêncio da noite. Então, a escuridão dos bosques, as folhas trêmulas na brisa, o morcego esvoaçando no crepúsculo e as luzes das cabanas aparecendo e desaparecendo agitavam sua mente e a levavam ao entusiasmo e à poesia.

Original English

It was one of Emily's earliest pleasures to ramble among the scenes of nature; nor was it in the soft and glowing landscape that she most delighted; she loved more the wild wood-walks, that skirted the mountain; and still more the mountain's stupendous recesses, where the silence and grandeur of solitude impressed a sacred awe upon her heart, and lifted her thoughts to the GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH. In scenes like these she would often linger along, wrapt in a melancholy charm, till the last gleam of day faded from the west; till the lonely sound of a sheep-bell, or the distant bark of a watch-dog, were all that broke on the stillness of the evening. Then, the gloom of the woods; the trembling of their leaves, at intervals, in the breeze; the bat, flitting on the twilight; the cottage-lights, now seen, and now lost—were circumstances that awakened her mind into effort, and led to enthusiasm and poetry.

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Pt/En

Português

Viajando alto entre as nuvens, Emily as observava rolar abaixo. Às vezes escondiam tudo, às vezes se abriam para revelar a paisagem. Quando as nuvens se dissiparam, ela viu a Itália pela primeira vez: os vales do Piemonte, as planícies da Lombardia e as torres distantes de Turim. Ela ficou extasiada.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O homem, agora quase no final da escada, instou Emily a se apressar, dizendo que não podia esperar ali a noite toda.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily, igualmente agitada, corrigiu o erro dele, explicando que era sua própria determinação. Ela disse que, se ele refletisse sobre seu comportamento recente, veria que a paz dela exigia a separação.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Sua caminhada favorita era até uma pequena casa de pesca pertencente a St. Aubert, situada em um vale arborizado junto a um riacho que descia dos Pireneus. Depois de espumar entre as rochas, o riacho serpenteava silenciosamente pelas sombras que refletia. Acima dos bosques que escondiam o vale erguiam-se os altos cumes dos Pireneus, muitas vezes vislumbrados audaciosamente através das clareiras abaixo. Às vezes, apenas uma face rochosa fragmentada coroada com arbustos selvagens era visível, ou uma cabana de pastor em um penhasco, sombreada por ciprestes escuros ou freixos ondulantes. Emergindo das profundezas da floresta, a clareira se abria para uma paisagem distante onde os pastos ricos e as encostas cobertas de vinhedos da Gasconha desciam gradualmente até as planícies. Lá, ao longo das margens sinuosas do Garonne, apareciam bosques, aldeias e vilas, seus contornos suavizados pela distância e mesclando-se em uma rica cor harmoniosa.

Original English

Her favourite walk was to a little fishing-house, belonging to St. Aubert, in a woody glen, on the margin of a rivulet that descended from the Pyrenees, and, after foaming among their rocks, wound its silent way beneath the shades it reflected. Above the woods, that screened this glen, rose the lofty summits of the Pyrenees, which often burst boldly on the eye through the glades below. Sometimes the shattered face of a rock only was seen, crowned with wild shrubs; or a shepherd's cabin seated on a cliff, overshadowed by dark cypress, or waving ash. Emerging from the deep recesses of the woods, the glade opened to the distant landscape, where the rich pastures and vine-covered slopes of Gascony gradually declined to the plains; and there, on the winding shores of the Garonne, groves, and hamlets, and villas—their outlines softened by distance, melted from the eye into one rich harmonious tint.

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Pt/En

Português

As grandes montanhas, os precipícios profundos, as florestas escuras e as torrentes impetuosas ao redor de Emily adquiriram uma sublimidade ainda maior quando contrastados com a beleza calma da paisagem italiana se estendendo até o horizonte, onde o céu azul e a terra pareciam se fundir.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily parou novamente e perguntou para onde esses degraus levavam.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt disse que, para a paz futura de Emily, eles precisavam se separar para sempre, e Emily respondeu o quão pouco esperava ouvi-lo dizer aquilo.

Original English

'Your future peace requires, that we should part—part forever!'said Valancourt, 'How little did I ever expect to hear you say so!'

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Pt/En

Português

Este lugar também era o retiro favorito de St. Aubert. Ele frequentemente se retirava para lá do calor do meio-dia com sua esposa, sua filha e seus livros, ou vinha na doce hora da tarde para acolher o crepúsculo silencioso ou ouvir o rouxinol. Às vezes, ele trazia sua própria música e despertava cada eco de fada com as notas ternas de seu oboé. Frequentemente, também, a voz de Emily parecia extrair doçura das ondas sobre as quais suas canções tremiam.

Original English

This, too, was the favourite retreat of St. Aubert, to which he frequently withdrew from the fervour of noon, with his wife, his daughter, and his books; or came at the sweet evening hour to welcome the silent dusk, or to listen for the music of the nightingale. Sometimes, too, he brought music of his own, and awakened every fairy echo with the tender accents of his oboe; and often have the tones of Emily's voice drawn sweetness from the waves, over which they trembled.

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Pt/En

Português

Madame Montoni tremeu ao olhar para os penhascos íngremes próximos dos quais os carregadores se moviam leve e rapidamente, quase como uma camurça. Emily também recuou, mas seu medo se misturou com emoções de deleite, admiração e admiração que ela nunca havia sentido antes.

Original English

Madame Montoni only shuddered as she looked down precipices near whose edge the chairmen trotted lightly and swiftly, almost, as the chamois bounded, and from which Emily too recoiled; but with her fears were mingled such various emotions of delight, such admiration, astonishment, and awe, as she had never experienced before.

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine repetiu com raiva que levava ao portal e que não esperaria mais. Enquanto falava, ele avançou com a luz, e Emily, com medo de provocá-lo com mais demora, seguiu relutantemente. Das escadas, eles passaram por um corredor adjacente às abóbadas. As paredes pingavam orvalho insalubre e os vapores que rastejavam pelo chão faziam a tocha queimar tão fracamente que Emily esperava que ela se apagasse a qualquer momento, e Barnardine mal conseguia encontrar o caminho. Conforme avançavam, os vapores engrossaram, e Barnardine, pensando que a tocha estava se apagando, parou para apará-la. Apoiando-se contra um par de portões de ferro que se abriam do corredor, Emily viu por flashes incertos as abóbadas além e, perto dela, montes de terra que pareciam cercar uma cova aberta. Tal objeto em tal cena a teria perturbado a qualquer momento, mas agora ela ficou chocada com uma intuição instantânea de que aquela era a cova de sua infeliz tia e que o traçoeiro Barnardine a estava levando à destruição. O lugar obscuro e terrível parecia justificar o pensamento; era um lugar adequado para assassinio, um receptáculo para os mortos, onde um ato horrível poderia ser cometido sem vestígio algum para proclamá-lo. Emily ficou tão dominada pelo terror que por um momento não conseguiu decidir o que fazer. Ela considerou que seria inútil tentar escapar de Barnardine fugindo, já que a extensão e a complexidade do caminho que percorrera logo permitiriam que ele a alcançasse, pois ela não conhecia as curvas e era

fraca demais para correr rapidamente. Ela igualmente temia irritá-lo ao revelar suas suspeitas, o que uma recusa em acompanhá-lo certamente faria, e como já estava tanto em seu poder quanto possível se prosseguisse, ela finalmente decidiu suprimir seu medo o máximo que pôde e seguir em silêncio para onde quer que ele a levasse. Pálida de horror e ansiedade, ela esperou enquanto Barnardine aparava a tocha, e quando sua visão caiu novamente sobre a cova, ela não pôde deixar de perguntar para quem ela estava preparada. Ele tirou os olhos da tocha e os fixou no rosto dela sem falar. Ela repetiu a pergunta fracamente, mas o homem balançou a tocha e seguiu em frente; ela seguiu trêmula até um segundo lance de escadas e, após subi-las, uma porta os levou ao primeiro pátio do castelo. Ao atravessá-lo, a luz mostrou as altas paredes negras ao redor, franjadas de grama longa e ervas úmidas que encontravam solo escasso entre as pedras em ruínas; os contrafortes pesados com aqui e ali uma grade estreita que permitia ar mais livre ao pátio; os maciços portões de ferro que levavam ao castelo, cujas torres aglomeradas apareciam acima; e, em frente, as enormes torres e o arco do próprio portal. Nesta cena, a figura grande e desajeitada de Barnardine segurando a tocha formava uma imagem característica. Ele estava envolto em uma longa capa escura que mal deixava ver as botas ou sandálias atadas em suas pernas e mostrava apenas a ponta de uma espada larga pendurada em um cinto sobre os ombros. Na cabeça, usava um gorro aveludado pesado e chato, meio parecido com um turbante, com uma pena curta; seu rosto mostrava traços fortes e uma fisionomia sulcada por linhas de astúcia e escurecida por descontentamento habitual.

Original English

'To the portal,' repeated Barnardine, in an angry tone, 'I will wait no longer.' As he said this, he moved on with the light, and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the steps, they proceeded through a passage, adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholesome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn so dimly, that Emily expected every moment to see it extinguished, and Barnardine could scarcely find his way. As they advanced, these vapours thickened, and Barnardine, believing the torch was expiring, stopped for a moment to trim it. As he then rested against a pair of iron gates, that opened from the passage, Emily saw, by uncertain flashes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that seemed to surround an open grave. Such an object, in such a scene, would, at any time, have disturbed her; but now she was shocked by an instantaneous presentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herself to

destruction. The obscure and terrible place, to which he had conducted her, seemed to justify the thought; it was a place suited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no vestige appear to proclaim it. Emily was so overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, she was unable to determine what conduct to pursue. She then considered, that it would be vain to attempt an escape from Barnardine, by flight, since the length and the intricacy of the way she had passed would soon enable him to overtake her, who was unacquainted with the turnings, and whose feebleness would not suffer her to run long with swiftness. She feared equally to irritate him by a disclosure of her suspicions, which a refusal to accompany him further certainly would do; and, since she was already as much in his power as it was possible she could be, if she proceeded, she, at length, determined to suppress, as far as she could, the appearance of apprehension, and to follow silently whither he designed to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, she now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and, as her sight glanced again upon the grave, she could not forbear enquiring, for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without speaking. She faintly repeated the question, but the man, shaking the torch, passed on; and she followed, trembling, to a second flight of steps, having ascended which, a door delivered them into the first court of the castle. As they crossed it, the light shewed the high black walls around them, fringed with long grass and dank weeds, that found a scanty soil among the mouldering stones; the heavy buttresses, with, here and there, between them, a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court, the massy iron gates, that led to the castle, whose clustering turrets appeared above, and, opposite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itself. In this scene the large, uncouth person of Barnardine, bearing the torch, formed a characteristic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which scarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or sandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and shewed only the point of a broad sword, which he usually wore, slung in a belt across his shoulders. On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, somewhat resembling a turban, in which was a short feather; the visage beneath it shewed strong features, and a countenance furrowed with the lines of cunning and darkened by habitual discontent.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily replicou, com a voz se suavizando de ternura e lágrimas fluindo novamente, que pouco esperava ter que dizer tal coisa, expressando sua descrença de que Valancourt havia caído de sua estima.

Original English

'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!'

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Pt/En

Português

Durante uma dessas excursões a este local, ela notou algumas linhas escritas a lápis em parte do painel de madeira.

Original English

It was in one of these excursions to this spot, that she observed the following lines written with a pencil on a part of the wainscot:

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Português

Os carregadores pararam em um descanso, e enquanto descansavam, Montoni e Cavigni discutiam sobre qual rota Aníbal havia tomado através dos Alpes. Montoni afirmava que ele entrou na Itália pelo Monte Cenis, enquanto Cavigni insistia que era o Monte São Bernardo. Essa disputa fez Emily imaginar os desastres que Aníbal sofreu. Ela visualizou seus vastos exércitos marchando por passagens estreitas e sobre enormes penhascos, suas fogueiras iluminando a noite e tochas carregadas durante a marcha incansável. Em sua mente, ela viu o brilho das armas na escuridão, o brilho das lanças e capacetes, e bandeiras flutuando vagamente. Ela ouviu trombetas distantes ecoando pelo desfiladeiro, respondidas por um choque de armas. Horrorizada, imaginou montanheseiros em penhascos mais altos jogando pedras nas tropas abaixo, com soldados e elefantes caindo. Enquanto ouvia as rochas ricocheteando, seus medos imaginários se transformaram em terror real, e ela estremeceu ao se encontrar em uma

altura tão vertiginosa, assim como havia imaginado outros caindo.

Original English

Meanwhile the carriers, having come to a landing-place, stopped to rest, and the travellers being seated on the point of a cliff, Montoni and Cavigni renewed a dispute concerning Hannibal's passage over the Alps, Montoni contending that he entered Italy by way of Mount Cenis, and Cavigni, that he passed over Mount St. Bernard. The subject brought to Emily's imagination the disasters he had suffered in this bold and perilous adventure. She saw his vast armies winding among the defiles, and over the tremendous cliffs of the mountains, which at night were lighted up by his fires, or by the torches which he caused to be carried when he pursued his indefatigable march. In the eye of fancy, she perceived the gleam of arms through the duskiness of night, the glitter of spears and helmets, and the banners floating dimly on the twilight; while now and then the blast of a distant trumpet echoed along the defile, and the signal was answered by a momentary clash of arms. She looked with horror upon the mountaineers, perched on the higher cliffs, assailing the troops below with broken fragments of the mountain; on soldiers and elephants tumbling headlong down the lower precipices; and, as she listened to the rebounding rocks, that followed their fall, the terrors of fancy yielded to those of reality, and she shuddered to behold herself on the dizzy height, whence she had pictured the descent of others.

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Pt/En

Português

A vista do pátio, no entanto, reanimou o espírito de Emily. Enquanto ela cruzava silenciosamente em direção ao portal, começou a esperar que seus próprios medos, e não a traição de Barnardine, a tivessem enganado. Ela olhou ansiosamente para a primeira janela acima do alto arco do portão levadiço, mas estava escura, e perguntou se pertencia ao cômodo onde Madame Montoni estava confinada. Emily falou baixo, e talvez Barnardine não tenha ouvido sua pergunta, pois não respondeu. Logo entraram pela porta secundária do portão, que os levou ao pé de uma escada estreita que subia por uma das torres.

Original English

The view of the court, however, reanimated Emily, who, as she crossed silently towards the portal, began to hope, that her own fears, and not the treachery of Barnardine, had deceived her. She looked anxiously up at the

first casement, that appeared above the lofty arch of the portcullis; but it was dark, and she enquired, whether it belonged to the chamber, where Madame Montoni was confined. Emily spoke low, and Barnardine, perhaps, did not hear her question, for he returned no answer; and they, soon after, entered the postern door of the gate-way, which brought them to the foot of a narrow stair-case, that wound up one of the towers.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ficou em silêncio por um momento, sobrecarregado pela consciência de que não merecia mais a estima dela e a havia perdido. Então, com pesar apaixonado, lamentou a criminalidade de sua conduta recente e a miséria que isso lhe trouxera, até que, dominado pela lembrança do passado e pela convicção do futuro, irrompeu em lágrimas, proferindo apenas suspiros profundos e entrecortados.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

O poeta se dirige ao seu lápis, pedindo-lhe que transmita suas mágoas à deusa da floresta. Instrui-o a explicar a fonte de suas lágrimas e sentimentos ternos quando ela próxima vez caminhar pelos verdes bosques. Ele quer que o lápis retrate sua forma, seus olhos iluminados pela alma, seu rosto pensativo, sua graça sorridente e seu encanto animado. O retrato expressará o que seu coração sente, mas sua língua não consegue dizer. No entanto, ele observa tristemente que nem tudo o que seu coração sente pode ser expresso. Muitas vezes, as folhas sedosas de uma flor escondem veneno que rouba a vida. Quem suspeitaria que um sorriso tão angelical pudesse ser enganoso?

Original English

SONNET Go, pencil! faithful to thy master's sighs! Go—tell the Goddess of the fairy scene, When next her light steps wind these wood-walks green, Whence all his tears, his tender sorrows, rise; Ah! paint her form, her soul-illumin'd eyes, The sweet expression of her pensive face, The light'ning smile, the animated grace— The portrait well the lover's voice supplies; Speaks all his heart must feel, his tongue would say: Yet ah! not all his heart must sadly feel! How oft the flow'ret's silken leaves conceal The drug that steals the vital spark away! And who that gazes on that angel-smile, Would fear its charm, or think it could beguile!

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Madame Montoni olhava para a Itália, imaginava o esplendor dos palácios e a grandiosidade dos castelos que possuiria em Veneza e nos Apeninos, sentindo-se quase uma princesa. Sem mais medo, decidiu organizar concertos, embora não tivesse ouvido musical, e conversazioni, embora não tivesse habilidades para conversação. Ela queria superar toda a nobreza veneziana na alegria de suas festas e na magnificência das librés de seus criados. Esse sonho feliz foi perturbado quando ela se lembrou do marido, que, embora não fosse contra o lucro, desprezava a exibição frívola. No entanto, ela pensou que o orgulho dele poderia ser gratificado ao mostrar sua riqueza aos amigos em sua cidade natal, então ela retornou às suas ilusões esplêndidas.

Original English

Madame Montoni, meantime, as she looked upon Italy, was contemplating in imagination the splendour of palaces and the grandeur of castles, such as she believed she was going to be mistress of at Venice and in the Apennine, and she became, in idea, little less than a princess. Being no longer under the alarms which had deterred her from giving entertainments to the beauties of Tholouse, whom Montoni had mentioned with more éclat to his own vanity than credit to their discretion, or regard to truth, she determined to give concerts, though she had neither ear nor taste for music; conversazioni, though she had no talents for conversation; and to outvie, if possible, in the gaieties of her parties and the magnificence of her liveries, all the noblesse of Venice. This blissful reverie was somewhat obscured, when she recollected the Signor, her husband, who, though he was not averse to the profit which sometimes results from such parties, had always shewn a contempt of the frivolous parade that sometimes attends them; till she considered that his pride might be gratified by displaying,

among his own friends, in his native city, the wealth which he had neglected in France; and she courted again the splendid illusions that had charmed her before.

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine indicou que a Signora estava localizada naquela escadaria.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily não pôde testemunhar seu remorso e angústia com indiferença. Se não tivesse se lembrado das informações do Conde De Villefort e de seus avisos sobre confiar no arrependimento formado sob a influência da paixão, ela poderia ter acreditado em sua mudança e esquecido sua má conduta na ternura que isso despertava.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

O soneto não era dirigido a ninguém, então Emily não podia aplicá-lo a si mesma, embora fosse o espírito daqueles bosques. Ela percorreu seus conhecidos sem suspeitar de nenhum, deixando-a na incerteza. Para uma mente menos ocupada, isso poderia ter sido mais perturbador, mas Emily não tinha lazer para se deter nisso. A ligeira vaidade que isso despertou (já

que a incerteza a impedia de presumir que o havia inspirado, mas também lhe permitia não desacreditar) passou rapidamente, e o incidente foi esquecido entre seus livros, estudos e atividades de caridade.

Original English

These lines were not inscribed to any person; Emily therefore could not apply them to herself, though she was undoubtedly the nymph of these shades. Having glanced round the little circle of her acquaintance without being detained by a suspicion as to whom they could be addressed, she was compelled to rest in uncertainty; an uncertainty which would have been more painful to an idle mind than it was to hers. She had no leisure to suffer this circumstance, trifling at first, to swell into importance by frequent remembrance. The little vanity it had excited (for the incertitude which forbade her to presume upon having inspired the sonnet, forbade her also to disbelieve it) passed away, and the incident was dismissed from her thoughts amid her books, her studies, and the exercise of social charities.

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que os viajantes desciam, gradualmente deixavam o inverno para trás e entravam no calor suave e na beleza da primavera. O céu assumiu o azul sereno e adorável típico da Itália. Manchas de vegetação jovem, arbustos perfumados e flores brilhantes apareciam entre as rochas, muitas vezes franzindo bordas ásperas ou pendendo em tufo de lados quebrados. Botões de carvalho e freixo-da-montanha estavam se abrindo em folhas. Mais abaixo, laranjeiras e murtas apareciam em locais ensolarados, suas flores amarelas espiando por entre folhas verdes escuras, misturando-se com as flores escarlates da romã e as flores pálidas do medronheiro que se espalhavam sobre os penhascos. Ainda mais abaixo, espalhavam-se os pastos do Piemonte, onde rebanhos precoces comiam a rica grama da primavera.

Original English

The travellers, as they descended, gradually, exchanged the region of winter for the genial warmth and beauty of spring. The sky began to assume that serene and beautiful tint peculiar to the climate of Italy; patches of young verdure, fragrant shrubs and flowers looked gaily among the rocks, often fringing their rugged brows, or hanging in tufts from their broken sides; and the buds of the oak and mountain ash were expanding into foliage. Descending lower, the orange and the myrtle, every now and

then, appeared in some sunny nook, with their yellow blossoms peeping from among the dark green of their leaves, and mingling with the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate and the paler ones of the arbutus, that ran mantling to the crags above; while, lower still, spread the pastures of Piedmont, where early flocks were cropping the luxuriant herbage of spring.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily repetiu a palavra fracamente enquanto começava a subir.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt voltou à cadeira ao lado dela e disse em voz mais calma que de fato havia caído de sua própria estima. Ele perguntou a Emily se ela poderia desistir tão de repente e se resignar se já não tivesse deixado de amá-lo, ou se sua conduta não era governada pelos desígnios egoístas de outra pessoa. Ele questionou se ela não esperaria de outra forma por sua reforma, e se poderia suportar abandoná-lo à miséria. Emily chorou alto. Ele insistiu que, se ela ainda o amasse, encontraria sua própria felicidade em salvar a dele.

Original English

Valancourt, returning to the chair beside her, at length, said, in a calm 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Pouco depois, a ansiedade de Emily foi despertada pela doença de seu pai. Ele sofreu uma febre que, embora não considerada perigosa, enfraqueceu severamente sua constituição. Madame St. Aubert e Emily cuidaram dele incansavelmente. No entanto, sua recuperação foi muito lenta e, à medida que ele melhorava, a saúde de Madame parecia declinar.

Original English

Soon after this period, her anxiety was awakened by the indisposition of her father, who was attacked with a fever; which, though not thought to be of a dangerous kind, gave a severe shock to his constitution. Madame St. Aubert and Emily attended him with unremitting care; but his recovery was very slow, and, as he advanced towards health, Madame seemed to decline.

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Pt/En

Português

O rio Doria, que havia corrido por muitos precipícios desde o topo do Monte Cenis, agora se tornava mais calmo à medida que se aproximava dos vales verdes do Piemonte. Os viajantes desceram com o sol da tarde, e Emily se encontrou novamente na beleza pacífica da paisagem pastoral: rebanhos, encostas cobertas por bosques verdejantes e arbustos adoráveis. O pasto, agora variado com flores precoces como ranúnculos amarelos e amores-perfeitos perfumados, era o melhor que ela já havia visto. Emily quase desejou se tornar uma camponesa do Piemonte, vivendo em uma das agradáveis cabanas que espreitavam sob os penhascos, passando suas horas despreocupadas nessas paisagens românticas. Em contraste, ela olhava com apreensão para os meses que passaria sob o domínio de Montoni, enquanto o passado ela lembrava com arrependimento e tristeza.

Original English

The river Doria, which, rising on the summit of Mount Cenis, had dashed for many leagues over the precipices that bordered the road, now began to assume a less impetuous, though scarcely less romantic character, as it approached the green vallies of Piedmont, into which the travellers descended with the evening sun; and Emily found herself once more amid

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

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine disse que ela estava no quarto lá em cima.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily argumentou que havia muitas razões contra a esperança, portanto ela não podia basear a felicidade de sua vida nisso. Ela então perguntou se ele realmente gostaria que ela fizesse tal coisa se ele genuinamente a amasse.

Original English

'There are too many probabilities against that hope,'said Emily, 'to justify 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?'

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Pt/En

Português

Assim que ele estava bem o suficiente para sair, sua primeira visita foi à sua amada casa de pesca. Uma cesta de provisões, junto com livros e o alaúde de Emily, foi enviada para lá. Ele não tinha utilidade para os apetrechos de pesca, pois nunca encontrava diversão em torturar ou destruir.

Original English

The first scene he visited, after he was well enough to take the air, was his favourite fishing-house. A basket of provisions was sent thither, with books, and Emily's lute; for fishing-tackle he had no use, for he never could find amusement in torturing or destroying.

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Pt/En

Português

Em sua imaginação, Emily frequentemente via Valancourt parado em um penhasco, contemplando a paisagem com admiração, ou vagando pensativamente pelo vale, fazendo pausas para olhar para trás. Seu rosto brilhava com inspiração poética. Mas quando ela refletia sobre o tempo e a distância que em breve os separariam, seu ânimo caía e a paisagem perdia seu encanto.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto subiam, o vento assobiava pelas rachaduras nas paredes, fazendo a tocha tremeluzir. A luz revelou o rosto pálido de Barnardine e a decadência do ambiente: paredes de pedra áspera, escadas em espiral enegrecidas pela idade e uma antiga armadura com viseira de ferro pendurada como troféu de uma vitória passada.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt exclamou que era impossível ela duvidar de seu amor, mas compreendia sua dúvida, já que ele estava menos disposto a se separar dela do que a arrastá-la para sua ruína. Ele confessou que estava arruinado, com dívidas que nunca poderia pagar. Seu rosto mostrava desespero selvagem, e Emily, admirando sua honestidade, sentiu novos medos pela intensidade repentina de suas emoções e pela miséria potencial que poderiam causar. Após um momento, ela reuniu forças para encerrar a conversa, dizendo que prolongá-la não serviria a nenhum propósito, e despediu-se dele.

Original English

'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!'

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de passar cerca de uma hora botanizando, o jantar foi servido. Era uma refeição adocçada pela gratidão por poder visitar aquele local novamente, e a felicidade familiar mais uma vez florescia naquelas sombras. Monsieur St. Aubert conversava com uma alegria incomum; cada objeto deliciava seus sentidos. O prazer refrescante de ver a natureza novamente após a doença e o confinamento está além da concepção ou descrição das pessoas saudáveis. Os bosques verdes, o gramado florido, o céu azul, o ar balsamo, o riacho murmurante e até mesmo o zumbido dos insetos pareciam reviver a alma e tornar a mera existência uma felicidade.

Original English

After employing himself, for about an hour, in botanizing, dinner was served. It was a repast, to which gratitude, for being again permitted to visit this spot, gave sweetness; and family happiness once more smiled beneath these shades. Monsieur St. Aubert conversed with unusual cheerfulness; every object delighted his senses. The refreshing pleasure from the first view of nature, after the pain of illness, and the confinement of a sick-chamber, is above the conceptions, as well as the descriptions, of those in health. The green woods and pastures; the flowery turf; the blue concave of the heavens; the balmy air; the murmur of the limpid stream; and even the hum of every little insect of the shade, seem to revivify the soul, and make mere existence bliss.

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Pt/En

Português

Os viajantes chegaram à antiga cidade de Susa após o anoitecer. Ela um dia guardara a passagem dos Alpes, mas suas fortificações agora estavam obsoletas. Vista à luz do luar, a cidade com suas muralhas e torres formava uma cena pitoresca. Na estalagem, Emily ouviu pela primeira vez música italiana em solo italiano. As notas ternas do violino lembraram-na

de quando estava sentada com seu pai e Valancourt nos Pireneus. Cavigni disse que essa música era comum, mas Emily ficou encantada. Montoni então ordenou que as carruagens estivessem prontas para uma partida antecipada para Turim.

Original English

The travellers, passing Novalesa, reached, after the evening had closed, the small and antient town of Susa, which had formerly guarded this pass of the Alps into Piedmont. The heights which command it had, since the invention of artillery, rendered its fortifications useless; but these romantic heights, seen by moon-light, with the town below, surrounded by its walls and watchtowers, and partially illumined, exhibited an interesting picture to Emily. Here they rested for the night at an inn, which had little accommodation to boast of; but the travellers brought with them the hunger that gives delicious flavour to the coarsest viands, and the weariness that ensures repose; and here Emily first caught a strain of Italian music, on Italian ground. As she sat after supper at a little window, that opened upon the country, observing an effect of the moon-light on the broken surface of the mountains, and remembering that on such a night as this she once had sat with her father and Valancourt, resting upon a cliff of the Pyrenees, she heard from below the long-drawn notes of a violin, of such tone and delicacy of expression, as harmonized exactly with the tender emotions she was indulging, and both charmed and surprised her. Cavigni, who approached the window, smiled at her surprise. 'This is nothing extraordinary,' said he, 'you will hear the same, perhaps, at every inn on our way. It is one of our landlord's family who plays, I doubt not,' Emily, as she listened, thought he could be scarcely less than a professor of music whom she heard; and the sweet and plaintive strains soon lulled her into a reverie, from which she was very unwillingly roused by the raillery of Cavigni, and by the voice of Montoni, who gave orders to a servant to have the carriages ready at an early hour on the following morning; and added, that he meant to dine at Turin.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando chegaram a um patamar, ele destrancou uma porta e disse à senhora que ela poderia esperar naquele cômodo enquanto ele subia para anunciar sua chegada à Signora.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt a interrompeu desesperadamente, perguntando se ela o deixaria sem oferecer qualquer compromisso entre seu desespero e sua perda. Emily, assustada com seu olhar severo, lembrou-lhe que ele havia reconhecido que precisavam se separar, e pediu que ele repetisse isso se quisesse que ela acreditasse em seu amor. Ele gritou que estava distraído quando disse aquilo, e que o Conde era a barreira entre eles, mas não permaneceria assim.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Madame St. Aubert, reanimada pela alegria e recuperação do marido, não sentia mais a doença que a afligira recentemente. Enquanto passeava pelos caminhos arborizados daquele vale romântico, conversando com ele e com a filha, olhava para eles com tanta ternura que lágrimas enchiam seus olhos. St. Aubert percebeu isso e a repreendeu gentilmente, mas ela apenas sorria, apertava a mão dele e chorava mais. Ele sentia um entusiasmo terno crescendo dentro de si até se tornar quase doloroso; sua expressão ficou séria, e ele refletiu silenciosamente que talvez um dia

olhasse para trás para aqueles momentos como o auge de sua felicidade, com arrependimento sem esperança. No entanto, ele resolveu não estragar o presente com antecipação inútil, esperando não viver para lamentar a perda daqueles que lhe eram mais caros que a vida.

Original English

Madame St. Aubert, reanimated by the cheerfulness and recovery of her husband, was no longer sensible of the indisposition which had lately oppressed her; and, as she sauntered along the wood-walks of this romantic glen, and conversed with him, and with her daughter, she often looked at them alternately with a degree of tenderness, that filled her eyes with tears. St. Aubert observed this more than once, and gently reproved her for the emotion; but she could only smile, clasp his hand, and that of Emily, and weep the more. He felt the tender enthusiasm stealing upon himself in a degree that became almost painful; his features assumed a serious air, and he could not forbear secretly sighing—'Perhaps I shall some time look back to these moments, as to the summit of my happiness, with hopeless regret. But let me not misuse them by useless anticipation; let me hope I shall not live to mourn the loss of those who are dearer to me than life.'

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Pt/En

Português

Madame Montoni ficou encantada por estar novamente em terreno plano. Ela narrou seus muitos medos e declarou que nunca mais cruzaria aquelas montanhas. Depois de reclamar de cansaço, foi descansar. Emily soube por Annette que o talentoso músico era filho de um camponês de um vale próximo, indo para o carnaval de Veneza para ganhar dinheiro. Annette observou que preferia viver entre os bosques e colinas agradáveis do que em uma cidade, especialmente porque Veneza era construída sobre o mar, sem campo.

Original English

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

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que a cerimônia era desnecessária, já que sua tia ficaria encantada em vê-la.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily disse a Valancourt que ele estava realmente perturbado, explicando que o Conde não era seu inimigo, mas amigo dela, o que deveria fazê-lo considerar o Conde também como amigo. Valancourt retrucou perguntando há quanto tempo o Conde era amigo dela para fazê-la esquecer seu amante, e se foi o Conde quem recomendou Monsieur Du Pont, que, segundo ele, havia roubado as afeições dela. Disse que não tinha o direito de questioná-la, mas que Du Pont poderia não triunfar sobre sua sorte decaída por muito tempo. Emily, mais assustada, implorou que ele fosse razoável, insistindo que Du Pont não era seu rival nem o Conde seu advogado, que ele não tinha rival a não ser ele mesmo. Seu coração estava angustiado com seu comportamento frenético, que mostrava que ele não era mais o Valancourt que ela amava.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Para aliviar ou talvez satisfazer seu humor pensativo, St. Aubert pediu que Emily buscasse seu alaúde, que ela tocava com tanta emoção doce. Ao se aproximar da casa de pesca, ela se surpreendeu ao ouvir o instrumento sendo tocado, produzindo uma melodia plangente de melodia requintada que a cativou. Ela ouviu em silêncio profundo, com medo de se mover para não perder uma nota ou perturbar o músico. Os arredores estavam calmos, e ninguém apareceu. Seu deleite inicial deu lugar à timidez, intensificada pela lembrança das linhas a lápis que vira antes, e ela hesitou entre prosseguir ou voltar.

Original English

To relieve, or perhaps to indulge, the pensive temper of his mind, he bade Emily fetch the lute she knew how to touch with such sweet pathos. As she drew near the fishing-house, she was surprised to hear the tones of the instrument, which were awakened by the hand of taste, and uttered a plaintive air, whose exquisite melody engaged all her attention. She listened in profound silence, afraid to move from the spot, lest the sound of her steps should occasion her to lose a note of the music, or should disturb the musician. Every thing without the building was still, and no person appeared. She continued to listen, till timidity succeeded to surprise and delight; a timidity, increased by a remembrance of the pencilled lines she had formerly seen, and she hesitated whether to proceed, or to return.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily concordou silenciosamente com Annette que o jovem estava fazendo uma escolha ruim. Lamentou que ele estivesse deixando a beleza inocente da natureza pelas corrupções da cidade.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine expressou dúvida e apontou para uma sala que havia aberto, pedindo que a senhora entrasse enquanto ele subia as escadas.

Original English

'I am not so sure of that,' said Barnardine, pointing to the room he had opened: 'Come in here, lady, while I step up.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele não respondeu; em vez disso, sentou-se com os braços sobre a mesa e o rosto escondido entre as mãos. Emily ficou por perto, silenciosa e trêmula, sentindo-se miserável por si mesma e com medo de deixá-lo em um estado tão perturbado.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a música parou, Emily hesitou por um momento, então reuniu coragem para entrar na casa de pesca com passos vacilantes. Estava vazia. Seu alaúde estava sobre a mesa, e tudo parecia intacto. Ela começou a pensar que tinha ouvido um instrumento diferente, mas então lembrou-se de ter deixado seu alaúde no assento da janela. Ela se sentiu alarmada sem saber por quê; a melancólica escuridão da noite e o silêncio profundo, interrompido apenas pelo tremor das folhas, aumentaram seus medos fantasiosos. Ela queria sair, mas sentiu-se fraca e sentou-se. Enquanto se recuperava, as linhas a lápis no lambril chamaram sua atenção; ela estremeceu como se visse um estranho. Tentando vencer o tremor, levantou-se e foi até a janela, onde viu que novas linhas haviam sido adicionadas, contendo seu nome.

Original English

While she paused, the music ceased; and, after a momentary hesitation, she re-collected courage to advance to the fishing-house, which she entered with faltering steps, and found unoccupied! Her lute lay on the table; every thing seemed undisturbed, and she began to believe it was another instrument she had heard, till she remembered, that, when she followed M. and Madame St. Aubert from this spot, her lute was left on a window seat. She felt alarmed, yet knew not wherefore; the melancholy gloom of evening, and the profound stillness of the place, interrupted only by the light trembling of leaves, heightened her fanciful apprehensions, and she was desirous of quitting the building, but perceived herself grow faint, and sat down. As she tried to recover herself, the pencilled lines on the wainscot met her eye; she started, as if she had seen a stranger; but, endeavouring to conquer the tremor of her spirits, rose, and went to the window. To the lines before noticed she now perceived that others were added, in which her name appeared.

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Pt/En

Português

Sem conseguir dormir, a mente de Emily se encheu de imagens de sua casa, Valancourt e sua partida. Ela imaginou a felicidade simples que poderia ter encontrado na natureza, que temia ter perdido para sempre. Voltando seus pensamentos para o jovem músico piemontês que parecia estar arriscando sua felicidade, ela tentou escapar de sua própria tristeza

compondo poesia.

Original English

When she was alone, unable to sleep, the landscapes of her native home, with Valancourt, and the circumstances of her departure, haunted her fancy; she drew pictures of social happiness amidst the grand simplicity of nature, such as she feared she had bade farewell to for ever; and then, the idea of this young Piedmontese, thus ignorantly sporting with his happiness, returned to her thoughts, and, glad to escape awhile from the pressure of nearer interests, she indulged her fancy in composing the following lines.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily, assustada e inquieta, não ousou discutir mais. Enquanto Barnardine se virava com a tocha, ela implorou que ele não a deixasse no escuro. Ele olhou para trás, acendeu um lampadário de tripé que estava na escada e o entregou a ela. Ela entrou em um grande aposento antigo, e ele fechou a porta. Escutando ansiosamente seus passos se afastando, ela pensou que ele descia, em vez de subir as escadas, mas as rajadas de vento assobiando ao redor do portal a impediram de ouvir claramente. Ainda assim, ela escutou e, não ouvindo nenhum passo no quarto acima, onde ele havia dito que Madame Montoni estava, sua ansiedade aumentou, embora ela considerasse que o piso grosso pudesse bloquear o som. Então, numa pausa do vento, ela ouviu distintamente o passo de Barnardine descendo para o pátio e pensou ter ouvido sua voz, mas a rajada crescente novamente abafou outros sons. Para ter certeza, ela se moveu suavemente até a porta e a encontrou trancada. Todos os seus horríveis medos retornaram com força redobrada, não parecendo mais exageros de um espírito tímido, mas sim avisos de seu destino. Ela agora acreditava que Madame Montoni havia sido assassinada, talvez naquele mesmo cômodo, ou que ela própria havia sido trazida ali para o mesmo propósito. A expressão, os modos e as palavras lembradas de Barnardine sobre sua tia confirmaram seus piores medos. Por um momento, ela não conseguiu pensar em nenhum meio de fuga. Ainda escutando, ela não ouviu passos nas escadas ou no quarto acima, mas novamente distinguiu a voz de Barnardine lá embaixo. Ela foi até uma janela gradeada que dava para o pátio para investigar mais. Lá, ela ouviu claramente seus sotaques roucos se misturando ao vento, mas eles se perderam novamente muito rapidamente para serem interpretados. Então, a luz de uma tocha vinda do

portal abaixo brilhou pelo pátio, e a longa sombra de um homem sob o arco apareceu no calçamento. Pela imensidão desse retrato súbito, ela concluiu que era Barnardine, mas outros tons graves no vento logo a convenceram de que ele não estava sozinho e que seu companheiro não era uma pessoa misericordiosa.

Original English

Emily, surprised and somewhat shocked, did not dare to oppose him further, but, as he was turning away with the torch, desired he would not leave her in darkness. He looked around, and, observing a tripod lamp, that stood on the stairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who stepped forward into a large old chamber, and he closed the door. As she listened anxiously to his departing steps, she thought he descended, instead of ascending, the stairs; but the gusts of wind, that whistled round the portal, would not allow her to hear distinctly any other sound. Still, however, she listened, and, perceiving no step in the room above, where he had affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increased, though she considered, that the thickness of the floor in this strong building might prevent any sound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pause of the wind, she distinguished Barnardine's step descending to the court, and then thought she heard his voice; but, the rising gust again overcoming other sounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved softly to the door, which, on attempting to open it, she discovered was fastened. All the horrid apprehensions, that had lately assailed her, returned at this instant with redoubled force, and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid spirit, but seemed to have been sent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt, that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber; or that she herself was brought hither for the same purpose. The countenance, the manners and the recollected words of Barnardine, when he had spoken of her aunt, confirmed her worst fears. For some moments, she was incapable of considering of any means, by which she might attempt an escape. Still she listened, but heard footsteps neither on the stairs, or in the room above; she thought, however, that she again distinguished Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to enquire further. Here, she plainly heard his hoarse accents, mingling with the blast, that swept by, but they were lost again so quickly, that their meaning could not be interpreted; and then the light of a torch, which seemed to issue from the portal below, flashed across the court, and the long shadow of a man, who was under the arch-way, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeness of this sudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine; but other deep tones, which passed in the wind, soon convinced her he was not alone, and that

his companion was not a person very liable to pity.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele exclamou de angústia, dizendo que não podia lamentar seu sofrimento sem se acusar, nem lembrar dela sem recordar a loucura e o vício que o haviam perdido. Perguntou por que fora forçado a ir a Paris e por que cedera às tentações que o tornaram para sempre desprezível. Desejava olhar para trás sem interrupção para os dias de inocência e paz, quando eles primeiro se amaram. A lembrança parecia derreter seu coração, e seu desespero cedeu às lágrimas. Após uma longa pausa, ele se virou para ela, pegou sua mão e falou com voz suavizada. Perguntou se ela poderia suportar se separar de um coração que a amava como o dele — um coração que havia errado amplamente, mas não estava além da recuperação do erro, e nunca poderia ser recuperado do amor. Emily não respondeu, apenas chorou. Ele continuou, perguntando se ela poderia esquecer os dias anteriores de felicidade e confiança, quando ele não tinha pensamento que desejasse esconder dela, quando não tinha prazeres dos quais ela não compartilhasse.

Original English

'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 frenzy 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 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?'

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Pt/En

Português

Embora não pudesse mais duvidar que as palavras eram dirigidas a ela, ainda assim não sabia quem as havia escrito. Enquanto refletia, pensou ouvir passos do lado de fora do edifício. Alarmada novamente, pegou seu alaúde e saiu apressadamente. Encontrou Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert em um pequeno caminho que serpenteava pelas laterais do desfiladeiro.

Original English

Though no longer suffered to doubt that they were addressed to herself, she was as ignorant, as before, by whom they could be written. While she mused, she thought she heard the sound of a step without the building, and again alarmed, she caught up her lute, and hurried away. Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert she found in a little path that wound along the sides of the glen.

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Português

Um jovem alegre da montanha, um camponês piemontês, deixou sua amada casa e família para buscar riquezas no ouro veneziano. Enquanto viajava, pensava frequentemente em sua simples cabana, nas florestas familiares e nas pastagens alegres. Lembrava-se das danças e canções com seus amigos. Às vezes, parecia ouvir sua própria música de flauta carregada pelo vento, e suspirava de tristeza. Ele se perguntava se as riquezas estrangeiras poderiam realmente lhe trazer felicidade. Por fim, decidiu que seus vales nativos eram mais preciosos do que qualquer tesouro. Voltou atrás, e a luz de sua cabana o guiou de volta para casa, para reencontros felizes.

Original English

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

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

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Português

Depois de se recuperar do choque inicial de sua situação, Emily ergueu a lamparina para ver se o quarto oferecia algum meio de fuga. Era um cômodo espaçoso com paredes revestidas de carvalho rústico, não mostrando nenhuma janela além da gradeada que ela havia deixado e nenhuma outra porta senão a que ela havia entrado. Os raios fracos da lamparina não permitiam que ela visse toda a sua extensão de uma vez. Ela não percebeu nenhum móvel, exceto uma cadeira de ferro presa no centro do cômodo, com um anel de ferro pendurado em uma corrente acima. Olhando para isso com espanto e horror, ela observou em seguida barras de ferro abaixo para prender os pés e anéis semelhantes nos braços da cadeira. Ela concluiu que eram instrumentos de tortura e imaginou que algum pobre infeliz uma vez havia sido preso ali e morto de fome. Fria com o pensamento, sua agonia se intensificou quando lhe ocorreu que sua tia poderia ter sido uma vítima e que ela mesma poderia ser a próxima. Uma dor aguda tomou sua cabeça; ela mal conseguia segurar a lamparina e, procurando apoio, inconscientemente começou a se sentar na cadeira de ferro. Mas, de repente, percebendo onde estava, ela se levantou horrorizada e saltou para um extremo distante do cômodo. Lá, ela novamente procurou um assento e percebeu apenas uma cortina escura descendo do teto ao chão ao longo de todo o lado do cômodo. Doente como estava, a aparência da cortina a impressionou, e ela parou para olhá-la com espanto e apreensão.

Original English

When her spirits had overcome the first shock of her situation, she held up the lamp to examine, if the chamber afforded a possibility of an escape. It was a spacious room, whose walls, wainscoted with rough oak, shewed no casement but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other door than that, by which she had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to see at once its full extent; she perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair, fastened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon these, for some time, with wonder and horror, she next observed iron bars below, made for the purpose of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the same metal. As she continued to survey them, she concluded, that they were instruments of torture, and it struck her, that some poor wretch had once been fastened in this chair, and had there been starved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but, what was her agony, when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of these victims, and that she herself might be the next! An acute pain seized her head, she was scarcely able to hold the lamp, and, looking round for support, was seating herself, unconsciously, in the iron chair itself; but suddenly perceiving where she was, she started from it in horror, and sprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again she looked round for a seat to sustain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which, descending from the ceiling to the floor, was drawn along the whole side of the chamber. Ill as she was, the appearance of this curtain struck her, and she paused to gaze upon it, in wonder and apprehension.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily implorou que ele não a lembrasse daqueles dias, a menos que pudesse ajudá-la a esquecer o presente. Ela não pretendia repreendê-lo; se o fizesse, não estaria chorando. Perguntou por que ele tornava sua dor atual mais intensa ao compará-la com suas virtudes passadas.

Original English

'O do not lead me to the remembrance of those days,'said Emily, 'unless you can teach me to forget 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?'

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Português

Eles alcançaram um cume verdejante sombreado por palmeiras, com vista para os vales e planícies da Gasconha. Sentiram-se na grama e, enquanto seus olhos passeavam pela cena gloriosa e inalavam o doce perfume das flores e ervas, Emily tocou e cantou várias de suas árias favoritas com a delicada expressão na qual ela se destacava.

Original English

Having reached a green summit, shadowed by palm-trees, and overlooking the vallies and plains of Gascony, they seated themselves on the turf; and while their eyes wandered over the glorious scene, and they inhaled the sweet breath of flowers and herbs that enriched the grass, Emily played and sung several of their favourite airs, with the delicacy of expression in which she so much excelled.

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Português

A cortina parecia ocultar um recesso do cômodo. Ela desejava e temia ao mesmo tempo levantá-la e descobrir o que velava, sendo duas vezes detida pela lembrança de um espetáculo terrível que sua mão ousada havia anteriormente desvelado em um aposento do castelo. Então, de repente, conjecturando que ocultava o corpo de sua tia assassinada, ela agarrou a cortina em desespero e a puxou de lado. Além, apareceu um cadáver estirado em um sofá baixo, tingido de sangue humano, assim como o chão abaixo. As feições, deformadas pela morte, eram lúgubres e horríveis, e mais de um ferimento lívido era visível no rosto. Emily se inclinou sobre o corpo, olhando por um momento com um olhar ávido e frenético, mas no instante seguinte a lâmpada caiu de sua mão e ela desmaiou ao pé do sofá.

Original English

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

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt disse que suas virtudes poderiam retornar se o amor dela, que as havia nutrido, permanecesse inalterado. Mas ele temia que ela não pudesse mais amá-lo; caso contrário, a felicidade passada deles falaria por ele. No entanto, ele se perguntava por que se torturava com lembranças e por que demorava. Ele estava arruinado, e seria loucura envolvê-la em sua desgraça, mesmo que o coração dela ainda fosse seu. Ele não a angustiaria mais. Mas antes de partir, declarou solenemente que, qualquer que fosse seu destino, ele sempre a amaria. Disse que a deixava para sempre. Sua voz tremeu enquanto falava, e ele se sentou novamente. Emily não conseguiu sair nem se despedir. Toda memória de sua má conduta e loucuras desapareceu; ela sentiu apenas pena e tristeza.

Original English

'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 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, forever!' 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.

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Português

Música e conversa os mantiveram naquele lugar encantador até que a última luz do sol se apagou nas planícies, até que as velas brancas no Garonne se tornaram turvas e as sombras da noite se espalharam pela paisagem. A melancolia era triste, mas não desagradável. St. Aubert e sua família se levantaram e partiram com pesar; infelizmente, a Sra. St. Aubert não sabia que o deixava para sempre.

Original English

Music and conversation detained them in this enchanting spot, till the sun's last light slept upon the plains; till the white sails that glided beneath the mountains, where the Garonne wandered, became dim, and the gloom of evening stole over the landscape. It was a melancholy but not unpleasing gloom. St. Aubert and his family rose, and left the place with regret; alas! Madame St. Aubert knew not that she left it for ever.

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Português

Quando Emily recuperou a consciência, viu-se cercada por homens, incluindo Barnardine, que a ergueram do chão e a carregaram pela sala. Ela estava ciente do que acontecia, mas se sentia muito fraca para falar ou se mover, ou mesmo para sentir qualquer medo claro. Eles a carregaram pela mesma escada que ela havia subido. Ao chegarem ao arco, pararam, e um dos homens pegou a tocha de Barnardine e abriu uma pequena porta cortada no portão principal. Quando ele saiu para a estrada, a luz revelou vários homens a cavalo esperando. Fosse o ar fresco que reviveu Emily ou a visão dessas novas figuras que a alarmou, ela de repente falou e tentou fracamente se libertar dos homens que a seguravam.

Original English

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

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

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Português

Valancourt finalmente falou, dizendo que sua coragem se fora e ele não podia deixá-la. Pediu que ela ao menos concordasse em vê-lo mais uma vez. O coração de Emily aliviou-se com esse pedido, e ela pensou que não deveria recusar. No entanto, sentiu-se envergonhada, lembrando que era hóspede na casa do Conde, que não ficaria satisfeito com o retorno de Valancourt. Outras considerações logo superaram isso, e ela atendeu ao pedido sob condição de que ele não considerasse o Conde como inimigo nem Du Pont como rival. Então ele a deixou, com o coração tão aliviado por essa breve trégua que quase esqueceu sua antiga desgraça.

Original English

'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.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando voltaram à casa de pesca, a Sra. St. Aubert sentiu falta de sua pulseira e lembrou-se de tê-la deixado na mesa após o jantar. Apesar de uma longa busca, na qual Emily foi muito ativa, ela teve que aceitar a perda. A pulseira era valiosa porque continha uma miniatura de sua filha, pintada apenas alguns meses antes e considerada uma semelhança marcante. Quando Emily percebeu que a pulseira realmente havia sumido, corou e ficou pensativa. Ela já tinha visto sinais de que alguém estivera na casa de pesca durante sua ausência: seu alaúde e novas linhas escritas a lápis. Pelas linhas, parecia razoável acreditar que o poeta, o músico e o ladrão eram a mesma pessoa. Embora essa combinação de circunstâncias fosse notável, ela se sentiu fortemente impedida de mencioná-las, decidindo secretamente nunca mais visitar a casa de pesca sem seus pais.

Original English

When they reached the fishing-house she missed her bracelet, and recollected that she had taken it from her arm after dinner, and had left it on the table when she went to walk. After a long search, in which Emily was very active, she was compelled to resign herself to the loss of it. What made this bracelet valuable to her was a miniature of her daughter to which it was attached, esteemed a striking resemblance, and which had been painted only a few months before. When Emily was convinced that the bracelet was really gone, she blushed, and became thoughtful. That some stranger had been in the fishing-house, during her absence, her lute, and the additional lines of a pencil, had already informed her: from the purport of these lines it was not unreasonable to believe, that the poet, the musician, and the thief were the same person. But though the music she had heard, the written lines she had seen, and the disappearance of the picture, formed a combination of circumstances very remarkable, she was irresistibly restrained from mentioning them; secretly determining, however, never again to visit the fishing-house without Monsieur or Madame St. Aubert.

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Português

Barnardine gritou alto pela tocha. Vozes distantes responderam, e várias pessoas se aproximaram. No mesmo instante, uma luz brilhou no pátio do castelo. Barnardine chamou pela tocha novamente, e os homens apressaram Emily através do portão. A pouca distância, sob a proteção das muralhas do castelo, ela viu o homem que havia pegado a luz do porteiro segurando-a para outro homem que estava ocupado ajustando a sela de um cavalo. Ao redor deles estavam vários cavaleiros de feições duras, seus rostos totalmente iluminados pela tocha. O chão irregular, as muralhas opostas com arbustos pendentes e uma torre de vigia ameaçada acima estavam todos avermelhados pela luz, que gradualmente se apagou, deixando as muralhas distantes e as florestas abaixo na escuridão da noite.

Original English

Barnardine, meanwhile, called loudly for the torch, while distant voices answered, and several persons approached, and, in the same instant, a light flashed upon the court of the castle. Again he vociferated for the torch, and the men hurried Emily through the gate. At a short distance, under the shelter of the castle walls, she perceived the fellow, who had taken the light from the porter, holding it to a man, busily employed in altering the saddle of a horse, round which were several horsemen, looking on, whose harsh features received the full glare of the torch; while the broken ground beneath them, the opposite walls, with the tufted shrubs, that overhung their summits, and an embattled watch-tower above, were reddened with the gleam, which, fading gradually away, left the remoter ramparts and the woods below to the obscurity of night.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily retirou-se para seu quarto para se recompor e esconder as lágrimas, evitando as críticas da Condessa e de sua favorita, bem como a curiosidade da família. Mas não conseguia tranquilizar a mente; não podia esquecer a cena recente com Valancourt nem o fato de que o veria novamente no dia seguinte. Esse encontro agora parecia mais terrível que o anterior, pois sua confissão honesta de sua má conduta e de suas circunstâncias difíceis, junto com a força de seu afeto, a impressionara profundamente. Apesar de tudo que ouvira contra ele, sua estima

começava a retornar. Parecia impossível que ele pudesse ter sido culpado das depravações relatadas, que eram inconsistentes com sua sinceridade e sensibilidade. Ela não podia acreditar que os relatos fossem totalmente verdadeiros, nem que seu coração estivesse fechado para a virtude. Sua profunda consciência de seus erros parecia apoiar essa opinião. No entanto, ela não compreendia a instabilidade das disposições juvenis quando opostas ao hábito, nem que as declarações frequentemente enganam tanto quem as faz quanto quem as ouve. Ela poderia ter cedido ao seu próprio coração e aos apelos de Valancourt, se não tivesse sido guiada pela prudência superior do Conde. Ele explicou o perigo de sua situação: ouvir promessas feitas sob forte paixão, e a tênue esperança de felicidade ao confiar na recuperação de circunstâncias arruinadas e na reforma de hábitos corrompidos. Por essas razões, ele lamentou que Emily tivesse concordado com um segundo encontro, pois isso abalaria sua determinação e tornaria sua conquista mais difícil.

Original English

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 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 dispositions, 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Eles voltaram pensativamente ao castelo, Emily refletindo sobre o incidente, St. Aubert meditando com calma gratidão sobre suas bênçãos e a Sra. St. Aubert perturbada pela perda do retrato de sua filha. Ao se aproximarem da casa, notaram uma agitação incomum: vozes, criados, cavalos se movendo entre as árvores e, finalmente, as rodas de uma carruagem. Em frente ao castelo, uma landau com cavalos fumegantes apareceu no gramado. St. Aubert reconheceu as librés de seu cunhado e, na sala de estar, encontrou o Sr. e a Sra. Quesnel já chegados. Eles haviam partido de Paris dias antes e estavam a caminho de sua propriedade, a apenas dez léguas de La Vallée, que o Sr. Quesnel havia comprado de St. Aubert anos antes. O Sr. Quesnel era o único irmão da Sra. St. Aubert, mas eles nunca foram próximos devido a diferenças de caráter. Ele vivia para o mundo, buscando status e esplendor, e seu sucesso nessas buscas o fazia ignorar as virtudes de St. Aubert. Ele via o gosto simples e os desejos moderados de St. Aubert como sinais de fraqueza. O casamento de sua irmã com St. Aubert decepcionou sua ambição, pois ele esperava que ela se casasse com alguém de posição para ajudar sua própria ascensão. Ela, no entanto, escolhera a felicidade em vez do esplendor, e o Sr. Quesnel expressou em particular desprezo por sua escolha. A Sra. St. Aubert, embora magoada, escondeu seu ressentimento do marido, mas a partir de então manteve uma reserva educada em relação ao irmão.

Original English

They returned pensively to the chateau, Emily musing on the incident which had just occurred; St. Aubert reflecting, with placid gratitude, on the blessings he possessed; and Madame St. Aubert somewhat disturbed, and perplexed, by the loss of her daughter's picture. As they drew near the house, they observed an unusual bustle about it; the sound of voices was distinctly heard, servants and horses were seen passing between the trees, and, at length, the wheels of a carriage rolled along. Having come within view of the front of the chateau, a landau, with smoking horses, appeared

on the little lawn before it. St. Aubert perceived the liveries of his brother-in-law, and in the parlour he found Monsieur and Madame Quesnel already entered. They had left Paris some days before, and were on the way to their estate, only ten leagues distant from La Vallee, and which Monsieur Quesnel had purchased several years before of St. Aubert. This gentleman was the only brother of Madame St. Aubert; but the ties of relationship having never been strengthened by congeniality of character, the intercourse between them had not been frequent. M. Quesnel had lived altogether in the world; his aim had been consequence; splendour was the object of his taste; and his address and knowledge of character had carried him forward to the attainment of almost all that he had courted. By a man of such a disposition, it is not surprising that the virtues of St. Aubert should be overlooked; or that his pure taste, simplicity, and moderated wishes, were considered as marks of a weak intellect, and of confined views. The marriage of his sister with St. Aubert had been mortifying to his ambition, for he had designed that the matrimonial connection she formed should assist him to attain the consequence which he so much desired; and some offers were made her by persons whose rank and fortune flattered his warmest hope. But his sister, who was then addressed also by St. Aubert, perceived, or thought she perceived, that happiness and splendour were not the same, and she did not hesitate to forego the last for the attainment of the former. Whether Monsieur Quesnel thought them the same, or not, he would readily have sacrificed his sister's peace to the gratification of his own ambition; and, on her marriage with St. Aubert, expressed in private his contempt of her spiritless conduct, and of the connection which it permitted. Madame St. Aubert, though she concealed this insult from her husband, felt, perhaps, for the first time, resentment lighted in her heart; and, though a regard for her own dignity, united with considerations of prudence, restrained her expression of this resentment, there was ever after a mild reserve in her manner towards M. Quesnel, which he both understood and felt.

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Pt/En

Português

Barnardine perguntou com raiva aos cavaleiros por que estavam perdendo tempo e disse-lhes para se apressarem.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A mente de Emily estava agora tão absorvida por suas próprias preocupações que ela se esqueceu da velha governanta e da história prometida, que antes despertara sua curiosidade. A noite caiu e passou, e Doroteia não apareceu em seu quarto. Emily suportou uma noite insone e miserável. Quanto mais ela refletia sobre seus encontros recentes com Valancourt, mais sua determinação enfraquecia. Ela teve que recordar todos os argumentos do Conde e os ensinamentos de seu pai sobre autocontrole para agir com prudência e dignidade durante esta prova mais severa de sua vida. Às vezes, toda a sua coragem a abandonava e, lembrando-se da intimidade passada, ela sentia ser impossível renunciar a Valancourt. Ela então via sua reforma como certa, esquecia o raciocínio do Conde, acreditava no que desejava e estava pronta para enfrentar qualquer mal em vez de uma separação imediata.

Original English

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 Dorothee 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 scenes 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Em seu próprio casamento, o Sr. Quesnel não seguiu o exemplo de sua irmã. Sua esposa era uma herdeira italiana de nascimento e, por natureza e educação, era vaidosa e frívola.

Original English

In his own marriage he did not follow his sister's example. His lady was an Italian, and an heiress by birth; and, by nature and education, was a vain and frivolous woman.

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Pt/En

Português

O homem que apertava a sela disse que ficaria pronta em um minuto. Barnardine xingou-o novamente por sua lentidão. Emily chamou fracamente por ajuda, mas foi apressada em direção aos cavalos enquanto os homens discutiam em qual cavalo colocá-la, já que o destinado a ela não estava pronto. Naquele momento, um aglomerado de luzes saiu dos grandes portões, e ela ouviu a voz aguda de Annette acima de várias outras vozes que se aproximavam. No mesmo instante, ela reconheceu Montoni e Cavigni, seguidos por vários homens de aparência rude. Agora ela os olhava não com medo, mas com esperança, pois já não temia os perigos dentro do castelo, dos quais tão recentemente e desesperadamente quisera escapar. Os perigos externos agora preenchiam todos os seus temores.

Original English

'The saddle will be ready in a minute,'replied the man who was buckling it, at whom Barnardine now swore again, for his negligence, and Emily, calling feebly for help, was hurried towards the horses, while the ruffians disputed on which to place her, the one designed for her not being ready. At this moment a cluster of lights issued from the great gates, and she immediately heard the shrill voice of Annette above those of several other persons, who advanced. In the same moment, she distinguished Montoni and Cavigni, followed by a number of ruffian-faced fellows, to whom she no longer looked with terror, but with hope, for, at this instant, she did not tremble at the thought of any dangers, that might await her within the castle, whence so lately, and so anxiously she had wished to escape. Those, which threatened her from without, had engrossed all her

apprehensions.

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Pt/En

Português

Assim a noite passou em conflito inútil entre amor e razão. Pela manhã, ela se levantou com a mente enfraquecida e indecisa, e o corpo tremendo de doença.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

Os Quesnels decidiram passar a noite com St. Aubert; o castelo era pequeno demais para seus criados, então eles foram enviados a uma aldeia vizinha. Após as cortesias e arranjos iniciais, o Sr. Quesnel começou a exibir sua inteligência e conexões. St. Aubert, há muito aposentado, achou esses tópicos novos e ouviu com paciência e atenção, o que seu hóspede confundiu com admiração humilde. O Sr. Quesnel descreveu em minúcias as poucas festividades permitidas pelos tempos turbulentos de Henrique III, compensando um pouco sua ostentação. Mas quando falou sobre o caráter do Duque de Joyeuse, um tratado secreto com a Porta e como Henrique de Navarra foi recebido, St. Aubert lembrou-se o suficiente de sua própria experiência para ter certeza de que seu hóspede era apenas um político inferior e não da posição que alegava. St. Aubert se absteve de responder às opiniões do Sr. Quesnel, sabendo que seu hóspede carecia tanto de humanidade para sentir quanto de discernimento para perceber o que é justo.

Original English

They now determined to pass the night with St. Aubert; and as the chateau was not large enough to accommodate their servants, the latter were dismissed to the neighbouring village. When the first compliments were over, and the arrangements for the night made M. Quesnel began the display of his intelligence and his connections; while St. Aubert, who had been long enough in retirement to find these topics recommended by their

novelty, listened, with a degree of patience and attention, which his guest mistook for the humility of wonder. The latter, indeed, described the few festivities which the turbulence of that period permitted to the court of Henry the Third, with a minuteness, that somewhat recompensed for his ostentation; but, when he came to speak of the character of the Duke de Joyeuse, of a secret treaty, which he knew to be negotiating with the Porte, and of the light in which Henry of Navarre was received, M. St. Aubert recollected enough of his former experience to be assured, that his guest could be only of an inferior class of politicians; and that, from the importance of the subjects upon which he committed himself, he could not be of the rank to which he pretended to belong. The opinions delivered by M. Quesnel, were such as St. Aubert forebore to reply to, for he knew that his guest had neither humanity to feel, nor discernment to perceive, what is just.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma breve luta se seguiu entre os grupos, mas os homens de Montoni venceram rapidamente. Os cavaleiros, vendo que estavam em desvantagem numérica e talvez não profundamente comprometidos com sua tarefa, galoparam para longe. Barnardine correu o suficiente para desaparecer na escuridão. Emily foi levada de volta ao castelo. Ao passar novamente pelos pátios, a memória do que vira na casa do portão voltou a ela com todo o seu horror. Pouco depois, ela ouviu o portão se fechar, trancando-a mais uma vez dentro das muralhas do castelo. Ela estremeceu por si mesma e, quase esquecendo o perigo do qual acabara de escapar, mal conseguia pensar que algo menos precioso do que liberdade e paz poderia ser encontrado além daquelas muralhas.

Original English

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

liberty and peace was to be found beyond them.

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Pt/En

Português

Madame Quesnel expressou surpresa que Madame St. Aubert pudesse suportar viver em um lugar tão remoto. Ela descreveu o esplendor dos bailes, banquetes e procissões realizados pela corte para o casamento do Duque de Joyeuse com Margareta de Lorrain, esperando talvez provocar inveja. Emily, ouvindo com curiosidade juvenil, deixou sua imaginação vívida intensificar as cenas. Madame St. Aubert, com uma lágrima no olho, refletiu que, embora o esplendor possa acompanhar a felicidade, apenas a virtude pode verdadeiramente concedê-la.

Original English

Madame Quesnel, meanwhile, was expressing to Madame St. Aubert her astonishment, that she could bear to pass her life in this remote corner of the world, as she called it, and describing, from a wish, probably, of exciting envy, the splendour of the balls, banquets, and processions which had just been given by the court, in honour of the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse with Margareta of Lorrain, the sister of the Queen. She described with equal minuteness the magnificence she had seen, and that from which she had been excluded; while Emily's vivid fancy, as she listened with the ardent curiosity of youth, heightened the scenes she heard of; and Madame St. Aubert, looking on her family, felt, as a tear stole to her eye, that though splendour may grace happiness, virtue only can bestow it.

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni ordenou que Emily o esperasse no salão de cedro. Ele logo a seguiu e a interrogou asperamente sobre o misterioso acontecimento. Emily agora o via com horror, acreditando que ele era o assassino de sua tia. Ela mal sabia o que dizia em resposta, mas suas respostas e seu comportamento o convenceram de que ela não havia participado voluntariamente do plano. Ele a dispensou quando seus servos apareceram, com a intenção de interrogá-los mais a fundo para descobrir os cúmplices.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

M. Quesnel observou que já fazia doze anos desde que comprou a propriedade da família. St. Aubert concordou com um suspiro contido. Quesnel continuou dizendo que não a visitava há quase cinco anos, pois Paris e seus arredores eram o único lugar para se viver; ele estava tão imerso em política e assuntos importantes que mal conseguia se ausentar por um mês. Ele se perguntava como St. Aubert, que havia vivido na capital e se acostumado com a companhia, podia existir em um país tão remoto, onde não se podia ouvir nem ver nada e mal se sentia vivo.

Original English

'It is now twelve years, St. Aubert,' said M. Quesnel, 'since I purchased your family estate.'—'Somewhere thereabout,' replied St. Aubert, suppressing a sigh. 'It is near five years since I have been there,' resumed Quesnel; 'for Paris and its neighbourhood is the only place in the world to live in, and I am so immersed in politics, and have so many affairs of moment on my hands, that I find it difficult to steal away even for a month or two.' St. Aubert remaining silent, M. Quesnel proceeded: 'I have sometimes wondered how you, who have lived in the capital, and have been accustomed to company, can exist elsewhere;—especially in so remote a country as this, where you can neither hear nor see any thing, and can in short be scarcely conscious of life.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily permaneceu em seu aposento por algum tempo antes que sua mente se acalmasse o suficiente para lembrar os eventos recentes. A imagem do corpo morto que ela vislumbrara atrás da cortina na câmara do portal voltou à sua imaginação, e ela soltou um gemido que assustou Annette ainda mais porque Emily se recusou a satisfazer sua curiosidade. Emily temia compartilhar um segredo tão perigoso, para que a indiscrição de Annette não provocasse a vingança imediata de Montoni sobre ela.

Original English

Emily had been some time in her apartment, before the tumult of her mind allowed her to remember several of the past circumstances. Then, again, the dead form, which the curtain in the portal-chamber had disclosed, came to her fancy, and she uttered a groan, which terrified Annette the more, as Emily forbore to satisfy her curiosity, on the subject of it, for she feared to trust her with so fatal a secret, lest her indiscretion should call down the immediate vengeance of Montoni on herself.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert respondeu que vivia para sua família e para si mesmo. Agora se contentava em conhecer apenas a felicidade, enquanto antes conhecia a vida.

Original English

'I live for my family and myself,' said St. Aubert; 'I am now contented to know only happiness;—formerly I knew life.'

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Pt/En

Português

Forçada a suportar sozinha todo o horror do segredo, sua razão parecia vacilar sob o peso insuportável. Ela frequentemente olhava fixamente para Annette com uma expressão selvagem e vazia. Quando lhe falavam, ela ou não ouvia ou respondia de forma incoerente. Longos períodos de abstração se seguiram; Annette falou repetidamente, mas sua voz parecia não ter efeito sobre a profundamente agitada Emily, que permanecia

imóvel e silenciosa, ocasionalmente soltando um suspiro pesado, mas sem derramar lágrimas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Sem parecer notar as palavras de St. Aubert, M. Quesnel anunciou que gastaria trinta ou quarenta mil libras em melhorias. Ele planejava convidar seus amigos, o Duque de Durefort e o Marquês Ramont, por um mês ou dois no próximo verão. Quando St. Aubert perguntou sobre as melhorias, Quesnel explicou que demoliria toda a ala leste do castelo para construir estábulos. Também construiria uma sala de jantar, uma sala de estar, uma sala comum e muitos cômodos para criados, já que a acomodação atual não podia abrigar nem um terço de seu pessoal.

Original English

'I mean to expend thirty or forty thousand livres on improvements,' said M. Quesnel, without seeming to notice the words of St. Aubert; 'for I design, next summer, to bring here my friends, the Duke de Durefort and the Marquis Ramont, to pass a month or two with me.' To St. Aubert's enquiry, as to these intended improvements, he replied, that he should take down the whole east wing of the chateau, and raise upon the site a set of stables. 'Then I shall build,' said he, 'a SALLE A MANGER, a SALON, a SALLE AU COMMUNE, and a number of rooms for servants; for at present there is not accommodation for a third part of my own people.'

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Pt/En

Português

Alarmada com o estado de Emily, Annette finalmente saiu do quarto para informar Montoni. Ele acabara de dispensar seus servos sem descobrir nada sobre sua investigação. A descrição selvagem que Annette fez de Emily o levou a segui-la imediatamente até o aposento.

Original English

Terrified at her condition, Annette, at length, left the room, to inform Montoni of it, who had just dismissed his servants, without having made any discoveries on the subject of his enquiry. The wild description, which this girl now gave of Emily, induced him to follow her immediately to the chamber.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert, pesaroso que a velha mansão fosse tão alterada, observou que ela havia acomodado a casa de seu pai, que não era pequena.

Original English

'It accommodated our father's household,' said St. Aubert, grieved that the old mansion was to be thus improved, 'and that was not a small one.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ao som de sua voz, Emily desviou o olhar, e um lampejo de reconhecimento pareceu cruzar sua mente. Ela se levantou e moveu-se lentamente para uma parte distante do quarto. Ele falou com ela em um tom um pouco mais suave que sua aspereza habitual, mas ela o olhou com uma mistura de curiosidade e terror, respondendo apenas sim a tudo o que ele dizia. Sua mente ainda parecia reter nada além de medo.

Original English

At the sound of his voice, Emily turned her eyes, and a gleam of recollection seemed to shoot athwart her mind, for she immediately rose from her seat, and moved slowly to a remote part of the room. He spoke to her in accents somewhat softened from their usual harshness, but she

regarded him with a kind of half curious, half terrified look, and answered only 'yes,' to whatever he said. Her mind still seemed to retain no other impression, than that of fear.

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Pt/En

Português

M. Quesnel comentou que as noções de viver haviam se expandido desde tempos anteriores; o que antes era considerado decente já não bastava. St. Aubert corou com isso, mas sua raiva rapidamente se transformou em desprezo. Quesnel reclamou que as árvores ao redor do castelo obstruíam a vista e anunciou que pretendia cortar algumas.

Original English

'Our notions are somewhat enlarged since those days,' said M. Quesnel;—'what was then thought a decent style of living would not now be endured.' Even the calm St. Aubert blushed at these words, but his anger soon yielded to contempt. 'The ground about the chateau is encumbered with trees; I mean to cut some of them down.'

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Pt/En

Português

Annette não conseguiu explicar a perturbação de Emily, e Montoni, após tentar persuadir Emily a falar por algum tempo, acabou saindo, ordenando que Annette ficasse com ela durante toda a noite e relatasse sua condição pela manhã.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert exclamou surpreso, perguntando se Quesnel pretendia cortar as árvores também.

Original English

'Cut down the trees too!' said St. Aubert.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois que Montoni foi embora, Emily se adiantou novamente e perguntou quem a havia perturbado. Annette respondeu que era o Signor Montoni. Emily repetiu o nome várias vezes, como se não o reconhecesse, e então gemeu de repente e caiu de volta em seu estado de recolhimento.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Quesnel confirmou que sim, insistindo que as árvores obstruíam suas perspectivas. Ele apontou para um castanheiro tão antigo que seu tronco oco podia abrigar uma dúzia de homens e questionou se o entusiasmo de St. Aubert podia encontrar alguma utilidade ou beleza em uma árvore tão velha e sem seiva.

Original English

'Certainly. Why should I not? they interrupt my prospects. There is a chesnut which spreads its branches before the whole south side of the chateau, and which is so ancient that they tell me the hollow of its trunk will hold a dozen men. Your enthusiasm will scarcely contend that there can be either use, or beauty, in such a sapless old tree as this.'

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Pt/En

Português

Com alguma dificuldade, Annette levou Emily até a cama, que Emily examinou com um olhar febril e frenético antes de se deitar. Então, apontando, ela se virou para Annette com um estremecimento de medo. Annette, agora mais assustada, moveu-se em direção à porta para buscar outra criada para ficar com elas, mas Emily percebeu que ela ia e a chamou pelo nome, implorando em sua voz naturalmente suave e lastimosa que ela também não a abandonasse. Desde a morte de seu pai, ela acrescentou com um suspiro, todos a haviam abandonado.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert, horrorizado, implorou a Quesnel que não destruísse o nobre castanheiro que estava há séculos, a glória da propriedade. Ele se lembrou de escalar seus vastos galhos quando jovem, ler e ver o pôr do sol em seu abrigo, e como os pássaros voltavam para seus ninhos entre as folhas. Então, lembrando-se de que Quesnel não podia compreender nem compartilhar tais sentimentos, ele se desculpou, admitindo que falava de sentimentos tão antiquados quanto o gosto que pouparia a venerável árvore.

Original English

'Good God!' exclaimed St. Aubert, 'you surely will not destroy that noble chesnut, which has flourished for centuries, the glory of the estate! It was in its maturity when the present mansion was built. How often, in my youth, have I climbed among its broad branches, and sat embowered amidst a world of leaves, while the heavy shower has pattered above, and not a rain drop reached me! How often I have sat with a book in my hand, sometimes

reading, and sometimes looking out between the branches upon the wide landscape, and the setting sun, till twilight came, and brought the birds home to their little nests among the leaves! How often—but pardon me,'added St. Aubert, recollecting that he was speaking to a man who could neither comprehend, nor allow his feelings, 'I am talking of times and feelings as old-fashioned as the taste that would spare that venerable tree.'

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Pt/En

Português

Annette respondeu: "Seu pai, mademoiselle, morreu antes de você me conhecer."

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Quesnel declarou que a árvore seria de fato removida. Ele planejava plantar choupos-lombardos entre os castanheiros restantes na alameda, já que Madame Quesnel preferia o choupo e apontava como ele adornava a vila de seu tio perto de Veneza.

Original English

'It will certainly come down,'said M. Quesnel; 'I believe I shall plant some Lombardy poplars among the clumps of chesnut, that I shall leave of the avenue; Madame Quesnel is partial to the poplar, and tells me how much it adorns a villa of her uncle, not far from Venice.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily concordou que ele realmente havia morrido, e suas lágrimas começaram a fluir. Ela chorou silenciosamente por um longo tempo, depois ficou bastante calma e finalmente adormeceu. Annette teve a sensatez de não interromper suas lágrimas. Essa garota, tão afetuosa quanto simples, esqueceu seus medos anteriores de ficar no quarto e

velou por Emily sozinha durante toda a noite.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert continuou que, nas margens do Brenta, onde a árvore com sua forma de torre se misturava com pinheiros e ciprestes, e onde ela brincava sobre pórticos e colonatas leves e elegantes, certamente adornava a cena. No entanto, entre os gigantes da floresta e perto de uma pesada mansão gótica, não teria o mesmo efeito.

Original English

'On the banks of the Brenta, indeed,' continued St. Aubert, 'where its spiry form is intermingled with the pine, and the cypress, and where it plays over light and elegant porticos and colonnades, it, unquestionably, adorns the scene; but among the giants of the forest, and near a heavy gothic mansion—'

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Pt/En

Português

M. Quesnel respondeu que não iria discutir. Ele disse que St. Aubert teria que voltar a Paris antes que suas ideias pudessem concordar. Falando de Veneza, ele mencionou que pensava em ir para lá no próximo verão; eventos poderiam chamá-lo a tomar posse daquela vila, que ele ouviu ser a mais charmosa imaginável. Nesse caso, ele adiaria as melhorias que mencionou, e poderia ser tentado a ficar algum tempo na Itália.

Original English

'Well, my good sir,' said M. Quesnel, 'I will not dispute with you. You must return to Paris before our ideas can at all agree. But A-PROPOS of Venice, I have some thoughts of going thither, next summer; events may call me to

take possession of that same villa, too, which they tell me is the most charming that can be imagined. In that case I shall leave the improvements I mention to another year, and I may, perhaps, be tempted to stay some time in Italy.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ficou um tanto surpresa ao ouvir M. Quesnel falar em ser tentado a permanecer no exterior, depois de ter dito que sua presença era tão necessária em Paris que mal podia se ausentar por um ou dois meses. Mas St. Aubert conhecia bem demais a autoimportância do homem para se admirar com isso. A possibilidade de que aquelas melhorias projetadas pudessem ser adiadas lhe deu esperança de que nunca se realizassem.

Original English

Emily was somewhat surprised to hear him talk of being tempted to remain abroad, after he had mentioned his presence to be so necessary at Paris, that it was with difficulty he could steal away for a month or two; but St. Aubert understood the self-importance of the man too well to wonder at this trait; and the possibility, that these projected improvements might be deferred, gave him a hope, that they might never take place.

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Pt/En

Português

Antes de se separarem para a noite, M. Quesnel pediu para falar a sós com St. Aubert. Eles se retiraram para outro cômodo e ficaram lá um tempo considerável. O assunto da conversa não era conhecido. Mas fosse o que fosse, quando St. Aubert voltou à sala de jantar, parecia muito perturbado, e uma sombra de tristeza às vezes caía sobre suas feições, alarmando Madame St. Aubert. Quando ficaram sozinhos, ela foi tentada a perguntar o motivo, mas sua delicadeza a conteve; ela considerou que, se St. Aubert desejasse que ela soubesse, não esperaria suas perguntas.

Original English

Before they separated for the night, M. Quesnel desired to speak with St. Aubert alone, and they retired to another room, where they remained a considerable time. The subject of this conversation was not known; but, whatever it might be, St. Aubert, when he returned to the supper-room,

seemed much disturbed, and a shade of sorrow sometimes fell upon his features that alarmed Madame St. Aubert. When they were alone she was tempted to enquire the occasion of it, but the delicacy of mind, which had ever appeared in his conduct, restrained her: she considered that, if St. Aubert wished her to be acquainted with the subject of his concern, he would not wait on her enquiries.

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Pt/En

Português

No dia seguinte, antes de M. Quesnel partir, ele teve uma segunda conferência com St. Aubert.

Original English

On the following day, before M. Quesnel departed, he had a second conference with St. Aubert.

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Pt/En

Português

Após jantarem no castelo, os convidados partiram para Epourville no frescor da noite. Eles estenderam um forte convite a Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert, mas seu motivo era mais sobre orgulho em ostentar sua riqueza do que um desejo genuíno de trazer felicidade aos amigos.

Original English

The guests, after dining at the chateau, set out in the cool of the day for Epourville, whither they gave him and Madame St. Aubert a pressing invitation, prompted rather by the vanity of displaying their splendour, than by a wish to make their friends happy.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ficou encantada por recuperar a liberdade que havia sido restringida pelos convidados. Ela retornou alegremente aos seus livros, suas caminhadas e às conversas ponderadas com Monsieur e Madame St. Aubert. Eles também pareciam aliviados por estarem livres das amarras da arrogância e da frivolidade.

Original English

Emily returned, with delight, to the liberty which their presence had restrained, to her books, her walks, and the rational conversation of M. and Madame St. Aubert, who seemed to rejoice, no less, that they were delivered from the shackles, which arrogance and frivolity had imposed.

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Pt/En

Português

Madame St. Aubert alegou um leve mal-estar e recusou-se a participar da caminhada noturna habitual. St. Aubert e Emily então partiram juntos.

Original English

Madame St. Aubert excused herself from sharing their usual evening walk, complaining that she was not quite well, and St. Aubert and Emily went out together.

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Pt/En

Português

Eles decidiram caminhar em direção às montanhas, planejando visitar alguns idosos pensionistas que St. Aubert conseguia sustentar com sua modesta renda. Parecia provável que Monsieur Quesnel, apesar de sua fortuna muito maior, não teria sido capaz de fazer o mesmo.

Original English

They chose a walk towards the mountains, intending to visit some old pensioners of St. Aubert, which, from his very moderate income, he contrived to support, though it is probable M. Quesnel, with his very large one, could not have afforded this.

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Pt/En

Português

Após pagar aos seus pensionistas o subsídio semanal, St. Aubert ouviu pacientemente suas queixas, resolveu alguns problemas e amenizou as frustrações de todos com uma expressão solidária e um sorriso gentil. Ele então seguiu para casa através da floresta.

Original English

After distributing to his pensioners their weekly stipends, listening patiently to the complaints of some, redressing the grievances of others, and softening the discontents of all, by the look of sympathy, and the smile of benevolence, St. Aubert returned home through the woods,

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Pt/En

Português

Histórias da aldeia contam que, ao entardecer, o povo das fadas se reúne para brincar e celebrar durante a noite de verão.

Original English

where At fall of eve the fairy-people throng, In various games and revelry to pass The summer night, as village stories tell.* *Thomson

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert disse que a escuridão vespertina das matas sempre o encantara. Sua mente agora sentia a doce calma que vem de ter feito uma boa ação, o que o tornava receptivo ao prazer de tudo ao redor. Ele lembrava como em sua juventude essa escuridão inspirava visões de fadas e imagens românticas, e admitiu que ainda não era totalmente insensível ao alto entusiasmo que desperta o sonho de um poeta. Ele podia demorar-se sob sombras profundas, olhar para a obscuridade distante com um olhar transformador e ouvir com deleite emocionante o misterioso murmúrio das matas.

Original English

'The evening gloom of woods was always delightful to me,' said St. Aubert, whose mind now experienced the sweet calm, which results from the consciousness of having done a beneficent action, and which disposes it to receive pleasure from every surrounding object. 'I remember that in my youth this gloom used to call forth to my fancy a thousand fairy visions, and romantic images; and, I own, I am not yet wholly insensible of that high enthusiasm, which wakes the poet's dream: I can linger, with solemn steps, under the deep shades, send forward a transforming eye into the distant obscurity, and listen with thrilling delight to the mystic murmuring of the woods.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily, com uma lágrima repentina, disse ao pai que ele descrevera exatamente o que ela frequentemente sentira, e que ela pensava que ninguém mais sentira. Ela então chamou a atenção para um som varrendo sobre as copas das árvores, que se extinguiu, deixando uma solene quietude. A brisa aumentou novamente, e ela comparou à voz de um ser sobrenatural, o espírito das matas que as vigiava à noite. Ela então apontou para uma luz que aparecia e desaparecia perto da raiz de um grande castanheiro, pedindo ao pai que olhasse.

Original English

'O my dear father,' said Emily, while a sudden tear started to her eye, 'how exactly you describe what I have felt so often, and which I thought nobody had ever felt but myself! But hark! here comes the sweeping sound over the wood-tops;—now it dies away;—how solemn the stillness that succeeds! Now the breeze swells again. It is like the voice of some supernatural being—the voice of the spirit of the woods, that watches over them by night. Ah! what light is yonder? But it is gone. And now it gleams again, near the root of that large chestnut: look, sir!'

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert perguntou a Emily se ela era tão admiradora da natureza e tão pouco familiarizada com suas aparências que não reconhecia a luz do vaga-lume. Ele então sugeriu alegremente que andassem um pouco mais para ver fadas, que são frequentemente companheiras do vaga-lume; o vaga-lume empresta sua luz, e as fadas o encantam com música e dança. Ele perguntou se ela via algo saltitando ali adiante.

Original English

'Are you such an admirer of nature,' said St. Aubert, 'and so little acquainted with her appearances as not to know that for the glow-worm? But come,' added he gaily, 'step a little further, and we shall see fairies, perhaps; they are often companions. The glow-worm lends his light, and they in return charm him with music, and the dance. Do you see nothing tripping yonder?'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily riu e disse que, já que seu pai permitia essa aliança, ela ousaria admitir que o havia antecipado, e quase ousaria repetir alguns versos que fizera numa noite naquelas mesmas matas.

Original English

Emily laughed. 'Well, my dear sir,' said she, 'since you allow of this alliance, I may venture to own I have anticipated you; and almost dare venture to repeat some verses I made one evening in these very woods.'

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert incentivou sua filha a falar livremente e deixar de lado qualquer hesitação. Ele disse a ela que, se sua imaginação tivesse lançado seu feitiço sobre ela, ela não precisaria invejar as fadas.

Original English

'Nay,' replied St. Aubert, 'dismiss the ALMOST, and venture quite; let us hear what vagaries fancy has been playing in your mind. If she has given

you one of her spells, you need not envy those of the fairies.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que, se sua imaginação fosse forte o suficiente para influenciar o julgamento dele enquanto ela compartilhava suas imagens, ela não precisaria invejar as fadas. Ela explicou que seu poema tinha um ritmo leve e rápido que ela achava adequado ao assunto, mas se preocupava que os versos fossem muito irregulares.

Original English

'If it is strong enough to enchant your judgment, sir,' said Emily, 'while I disclose her images, I need NOT envy them. The lines go in a sort of tripping measure, which I thought might suit the subject well enough, but I fear they are too irregular.'

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Pt/En

Português

O poema 'The Glow-Worm' descreve uma agradável noite de meio de verão na floresta verde. O vaga-lume reflete sobre a beleza da cena e a folia das fadas. No entanto, as fadas são ingratas; elas frequentemente usam sua magia para forçar o vaga-lume a desviar viajantes. O vaga-lume então observa dois amantes tentando evitar a rainha das fadas ciumenta, e deseja ter o poder da flor roxa para quebrar feitiços e ajudar amantes fiéis. À medida que a noite termina, o vaga-lume teme ficar na escuridão e conclui que até as fadas ficariam tristes sem sua luz pálida.

Original English

THE GLOW-WORM How pleasant is the green-wood's deep-matted shade
On a mid-summer's eve, when the fresh rain is o'er; When the yellow
beams slope, and sparkle thro'the glade, And swiftly in the thin air the light
swallows soar! But sweeter, sweeter still, when the sun sinks to rest, And
twilight comes on, with the fairies so gay Tripping through the forest-walk,
where flow'rs, unprest, Bow not their tall heads beneath their frolic play. To
music's softest sounds they dance away the hour, Till moon-light steals
down among the trembling leaves, And checquers all the ground, and
guides them to the bow'r, The long haunted bow'r, where the nightingale
grieves. Then no more they dance, till her sad song is done, But, silent as

the night, to her mourning attend; And often as her dying notes their pity have won, They vow all her sacred haunts from mortals to defend. When, down among the mountains, sinks the ev'ning star, And the changing moon forsakes this shadowy sphere, How cheerless would they be, tho'they fairies are, If I, with my pale light, came not near! Yet cheerless tho'they'd be, they're ungrateful to my love! For, often when the traveller's benighted on his way, And I glimmer in his path, and would guide him thro'the grove, They bind me in their magic spells to lead him far astray; And in the mire to leave him, till the stars are all burnt out, While, in strange-looking shapes, they frisk about the ground, And, afar in the woods, they raise a dismal shout, Till I shrink into my cell again for terror of the sound! But, see where all the tiny elves come dancing in a ring, With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the horn, And the timbrel so clear, and the lute with dulcet string; Then round about the oak they go till peeping of the morn. Down yonder glade two lovers steal, to shun the fairy-queen, Who frowns upon their plighted vows, and jealous is of me, That yester-eve I lighted them, along the dewy green, To seek the purple flow'r, whose juice from all her spells can free. And now, to punish me, she keeps afar her jocund band, With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the lute; If I creep near yonder oak she will wave her fairy wand, And to me the dance will cease, and the music all be mute. O! had I but that purple flow'r whose leaves her charms can foil, And knew like fays to draw the juice, and throw it on the wind, I'd be her slave no longer, nor the traveller beguile, And help all faithful lovers, nor fear the fairy kind! But soon the VAPOUR OF THE WOODS will wander afar, And the fickle moon will fade, and the stars disappear, Then, cheerless will they be, tho'they fairies are, If I, with my pale light, come not near!

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert, independentemente de sua verdadeira opinião sobre o poema, escolheu não tirar o prazer de sua filha negando sua aprovação. Depois de oferecer elogios, ele caiu em profunda reflexão, e eles continuaram a andar sem falar.

Original English

Whatever St. Aubert might think of the stanzas, he would not deny his daughter the pleasure of believing that he approved them; and, having given his commendation, he sunk into a reverie, and they walked on in silence.

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Pt/En

Português

Um raio de luz fraco e enganoso refletido de superfícies imperfeitas, projetando apenas uma imagem parcial no olho que se esforça. Enquanto isso, florestas ondulantes, aldeias, riachos, rochas e picos de montanhas — ainda retendo a luz que desvanece — tudo se fundiu em uma única cena cintilante, incerta se foi realmente vista.

Original English

A faint erroneous ray Glanc'd from th'imperfect surfaces of things, Flung half an image on the straining eye; While waving woods, and villages, and streams, And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene, Uncertain if beheld.* *Thomson.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert permaneceu em silêncio até chegarem ao castelo, onde sua esposa havia ido para o quarto. O cansaço e a tristeza que recentemente a perturbavam voltaram ainda mais fortes após entreter os convidados. No dia seguinte, ela desenvolveu febre, e St. Aubert chamou um médico, que disse ser a mesma febre da qual St. Aubert havia se recuperado recentemente. Ela a tinha contraído enquanto cuidava dele, mas sua constituição fraca não conseguia combatê-la imediatamente. St. Aubert, profundamente preocupado, manteve o médico em casa. Lembrou-se de um pressentimento sombrio que tivera antes e agora temia que essa doença fosse fatal, mas escondeu isso de sua esposa e de sua filha Emily, a quem incentivava a ter esperança. O médico disse que o desfecho era incerto. Madame St. Aubert parecia saber que estava morrendo; ela os olhava com pena. No sétimo dia, quando chegou a crise, ela disse ao médico para não enganar sua família, mas prepará-los, para que pudesse ensiná-los a resignação com seu exemplo.

Original English

St. Aubert continued silent till he reached the chateau, where his wife had retired to her chamber. The languor and dejection, that had lately oppressed her, and which the exertion called forth by the arrival of her guests had suspended, now returned with increased effect. On the

following day, symptoms of fever appeared, and St. Aubert, having sent for medical advice, learned, that her disorder was a fever of the same nature as that, from which he had lately recovered. She had, indeed, taken the infection, during her attendance upon him, and, her constitution being too weak to throw out the disease immediately, it had lurked in her veins, and occasioned the heavy languor of which she had complained. St. Aubert, whose anxiety for his wife overcame every other consideration, detained the physician in his house. He remembered the feelings and the reflections that had called a momentary gloom upon his mind, on the day when he had last visited the fishing-house, in company with Madame St. Aubert, and he now admitted a presentiment, that this illness would be a fatal one. But he effectually concealed this from her, and from his daughter, whom he endeavoured to re-animate with hopes that her constant assiduities would not be unavailing. The physician, when asked by St. Aubert for his opinion of the disorder, replied, that the event of it depended upon circumstances which he could not ascertain. Madame St. Aubert seemed to have formed a more decided one; but her eyes only gave hints of this. She frequently fixed them upon her anxious friends with an expression of pity, and of tenderness, as if she anticipated the sorrow that awaited them, and that seemed to say, it was for their sakes only, for their sufferings, that she regretted life. On the seventh day, the disorder was at its crisis. The physician assumed a graver manner, which she observed, and took occasion, when her family had once quitted the chamber, to tell him, that she perceived her death was approaching. 'Do not attempt to deceive me,' said she, 'I feel that I cannot long survive. I am prepared for the event, I have long, I hope, been preparing for it. Since I have not long to live, do not suffer a mistaken compassion to induce you to flatter my family with false hopes. If you do, their affliction will only be the heavier when it arrives: I will endeavour to teach them resignation by my example.'

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Pt/En

Português

O médico ficou comovido; prometeu obedecê-la e disse a St. Aubert, de forma bastante direta, que não havia esperança. St. Aubert não era filósofo o suficiente para esconder seus sentimentos imediatamente, mas, pensando na tristeza de sua esposa, conseguiu se controlar na presença dela. Emily ficou inicialmente arrasada, mas depois se apegou à esperança até o fim.

Original English

The physician was affected; he promised to obey her, and told St. Aubert, somewhat abruptly, that there was nothing to expect. The latter was not philosopher enough to restrain his feelings when he received this information; but a consideration of the increased affliction which the observance of his grief would occasion his wife, enabled him, after some time, to command himself in her presence. Emily was at first overwhelmed with the intelligence; then, deluded by the strength of her wishes, a hope sprung up in her mind that her mother would yet recover, and to this she pertinaciously adhered almost to the last hour.

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Pt/En

Português

A doença de Madame St. Aubert progrediu com sofrimento paciente e desejos contidos. Sua calma aceitação da morte vinha de uma vida vivida na consciência de Deus e na esperança de um mundo superior. No entanto, sua piedade não conseguia superar completamente a dor de se separar dos entes queridos. Em suas últimas horas, ela conversou com St. Aubert e Emily sobre o futuro e a religião. Sua resignação e esperança de reencontro afetaram tanto St. Aubert que ele frequentemente precisava sair do quarto para chorar, depois retornava com o rosto composto, o que só aumentava sua tristeza.

Original English

The progress of this disorder was marked, on the side of Madame St. Aubert, by patient suffering, and subjected wishes. The composure, with which she awaited her death, could be derived only from the retrospect of a life governed, as far as human frailty permits, by a consciousness of being always in the presence of the Deity, and by the hope of a higher world. But her piety could not entirely subdue the grief of parting from those whom she so dearly loved. During these her last hours, she conversed much with St. Aubert and Emily, on the prospect of futurity, and on other religious topics. The resignation she expressed, with the firm hope of meeting in a future world the friends she left in this, and the effort which sometimes appeared to conceal her sorrow at this temporary separation, frequently affected St. Aubert so much as to oblige him to leave the room. Having indulged his tears awhile, he would dry them and return to the chamber with a countenance composed by an endeavour which did but increase his grief.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily nunca havia valorizado tanto as lições de conter seus sentimentos como naqueles momentos, e ela conseguiu completamente. Mas após a morte de sua mãe, ela desabou sob a tristeza e percebeu que a esperança e a fortaleza a haviam apoiado. St. Aubert estava muito aflito para confortar sua filha.

Original English

Never had Emily felt the importance of the lessons, which had taught her to restrain her sensibility, so much as in these moments, and never had she practised them with a triumph so complete. But when the last was over, she sunk at once under the pressure of her sorrow, and then perceived that it was hope, as well as fortitude, which had hitherto supported her. St. Aubert was for a time too devoid of comfort himself to bestow any on his daughter.

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CHAPTER II

Pt/En

Português

Uma linha de Hamlet de Shakespeare, sugerindo que contar uma certa história perturbaria profundamente o ouvinte.

Original English

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul.
SHAKESPEARE

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Pt/En

Português

Titânia convidou o ouvinte a se juntar voluntariamente às suas festividades iluminadas pela lua e a dançar em seu círculo, se participasse com paciência.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O poema reflete sobre os mundos desconhecidos ou vastas regiões que a alma imortal percorre após deixar seu corpo terreno.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Esta é uma citação de Romeu e Julieta, que expressa um estado de profundo desespero e falta de esperança.

Original English

Come, weep with me;—past hope, past cure, past help! ROMEO AND JULIET

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Pt/En

Português

Madame St. Aubert foi enterrada na igreja de uma aldeia próxima. Seu marido e filha a acompanharam até o túmulo, seguidos por muitos moradores locais que genuinamente lamentaram a perda dessa boa mulher.

Original English

Madame St. Aubert was interred in the neighbouring village church; her husband and daughter attended her to the grave, followed by a long train of the peasantry, who were sincere mourners of this excellent woman.

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Pt/En

Português

Na manhã seguinte, os viajantes partiram em direção a Turim. A planície fértil que se estende dos Alpes até a cidade ainda não era ladeada por uma longa avenida de árvores. Em vez disso, bosques de oliveiras, amoreiras e palmeiras, entrelaçados com vinhas, misturavam-se à paisagem pastoril. O rápido rio Pó serpenteava por essa terra após descer das montanhas. Ao se aproximarem de Turim, os distantes Alpes tornaram-se visíveis em toda a sua grandiosidade: cadeia sobre cadeia, com picos mais altos ora escondidos por nuvens, ora erguendo-se acima delas. As encostas mais baixas, recortadas em formas estranhas, exibiam tons azuis e roxos que mudavam com a luz e a sombra, revelando novas paisagens. A leste, estendiam-se as planícies da Lombardia, com as torres de Turim surgindo ao longe; além delas, os Apeninos marcavam o horizonte.

Original English

Early on the following morning, the travellers set out for Turin. The luxuriant plain, that extends from the feet of the Alps to that magnificent city, was not then, as now, shaded by an avenue of trees nine miles in length; but plantations of olives, mulberry and palms, festooned with vines, mingled with the pastoral scenery, through with the rapid Po, after its descent from the mountains, wandered to meet the humble Doria at Turin. As they advanced towards this city, the Alps, seen at some distance, began to appear in all their awful sublimity; chain rising over chain in long succession, their higher points darkened by the hovering clouds, sometimes hid, and at others seen shooting up far above them; while their lower steeps, broken into fantastic forms, were touched with blue and purplish tints, which, as they changed in light and shade, seemed to open new scenes to the eye. To the east stretched the plains of Lombardy, with the towers of Turin rising at a distance; and beyond, the Apennines, bounding the horizon.

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Pt/En

Português

A mente de Emily foi revigorada pelo sono. Ao acordar, ela ficou surpresa ao ver Annette dormindo em uma cadeira. Tentou se lembrar da noite anterior, mas não conseguiu recordar nada. Annette acordou enquanto Emily a observava.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt, enquanto isso, sofria as angústias do remorso e do desespero. Ver Emily reacendeu toda a paixão de seu primeiro amor, que a ausência e as distrações de uma vida ocupada haviam temporariamente diminuído. Quando partiu para Languedoc após receber a carta dela, ele sabia que sua própria tolice o havia arruinado e planejava não esconder nada dela. No entanto, ele lamentava apenas o atraso que sua má conduta causaria ao casamento, sem prever que a revelação poderia romper a conexão para sempre. A perspectiva da separação o dominava, já ferido pela autorrecreinação. Ele aguardava a segunda entrevista quase transtornado, mas ainda esperava que seus apelos pudessem persuadi-la a evitá-la. Pela manhã, enviou um bilhete perguntando quando ela o veria, e ele chegou enquanto ela estava com o Conde, que havia buscado outra conversa sobre Valancourt, temendo que sua angústia enfraquecesse sua determinação. Depois que Emily dispensou o mensageiro, o Conde reiterou seus avisos, instando-a a evitar as súplicas de Valancourt e apontando a miséria prolongada que se seguiria se ela se recusasse a enfrentar um desconforto temporário. Seus argumentos repetidos sozinhos a protegeram do afeto que ainda sentia, e ela resolveu ser guiada por eles.

Original English

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 forever. While the prospect of this separation overwhelmed his mind, before stung with self-reproach, he awaited their second interview, 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Após voltar do funeral, St. Aubert trancou-se em seu quarto. Quando saiu, parecia calmo, embora pálido de tristeza. Pediu que sua família se reunisse, mas Emily não estava lá; ela havia ido para seu quarto particular chorar sozinha. St. Aubert a seguiu e pegou sua mão silenciosamente enquanto ela chorava. Após um momento, ele falou com voz trêmula, dizendo que iriam rezar com a família e que ela deveria se juntar a eles. Disse que deviam buscar apoio do alto, pois não havia outro lugar para encontrá-lo.

Original English

On his return from the funeral, St. Aubert shut himself in his chamber. When he came forth, it was with a serene countenance, though pale in sorrow. He gave orders that his family should attend him. Emily only was absent; who, overcome with the scene she had just witnessed, had retired to her closet to weep alone. St. Aubert followed her thither: he took her hand in silence, while she continued to weep; and it was some moments before he could so far command his voice as to speak. It trembled while he

said, 'My Emily, I am going to prayers with my family; you will join us. We must ask support from above. Where else ought we to seek it—where else can we find it?'

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Pt/En

Português

A magnífica cidade, com suas vistas de igrejas e palácios que se abriam a partir da praça principal, cada uma levando a uma paisagem dos distantes Alpes ou Apeninos, era algo que Emily nunca vira na França nem sequer imaginara.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Annette perguntou a Emily se ela a reconhecia.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A hora da entrevista finalmente chegou. Emily veio com pelo menos uma compostura aparente, mas Valancourt estava tão agitado que não pôde falar por vários minutos. Suas primeiras palavras foram alternadamente lamentação, súplica e autorrecriação. Então ele disse a Emily que a amara e ainda a amava mais que sua vida, mas sua própria conduta o havia arruinado. Ele não a envolveria em uma conexão miserável, nem tentaria abalar sua resolução com paixão egoísta. Ele a renunciava, disse, e buscaria consolo no pensamento de que, embora estivesse miserável, ela ao menos poderia ser feliz. O mérito do sacrifício não era seu, pois ele

nunca teria encontrado forças para abandoná-la se a prudência dela não o tivesse exigido.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily parou de chorar e seguiu seu pai até a sala de estar, onde os criados se haviam reunido. St. Aubert leu as orações noturnas em voz baixa e séria e acrescentou uma oração pela alma da falecida. Sua voz falhou várias vezes, e lágrimas caíram sobre o livro, até que ele fez uma pausa. No entanto, os profundos sentimentos de devoção sincera gradualmente elevaram seus pensamentos acima das questões mundanas e, por fim, trouxeram paz ao seu coração.

Original English

Emily checked her tears, and followed her father to the parlour, where, the servants being assembled, St. Aubert read, in a low and solemn voice, the evening service, and added a prayer for the soul of the departed. During this, his voice often faltered, his tears fell upon the book, and at length he paused. But the sublime emotions of pure devotion gradually elevated his views above this world, and finally brought comfort to his heart.

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Português

Montoni, que já visitara Turim várias vezes e se importava pouco com vistas panorâmicas, recusou o pedido da esposa de visitar alguns palácios. Pararam apenas para refrescos e depois seguiram apressados para Veneza. Durante a viagem, Montoni estava sério e arrogante, especialmente reservado com Madame Montoni — não por respeito, mas por orgulho e descontentamento. Prestava pouca atenção a Emily. Suas conversas com Cavigni frequentemente abordavam tópicos políticos ou militares, particularmente a condição instável do país. Emily notou que, ao mencionarem feitos ousados, os olhos de Montoni perdiam a melancolia e brilhavam com fogo, mas ainda mostravam uma astúcia sutil; ela às vezes pensava que o brilho refletia mais malícia do que valor, embora o valor tivesse combinado com sua aparência cavalheiresca. Cavigni, com toda a sua alegria e boas maneiras, era menos impressionante.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que certamente conhecia Annette e perguntou por que ela estava sentada ao seu lado.

Original English

'Know you! Certainly,'replied Emily, 'you are Annette; but why are you sitting by me thus?'

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Português

Valancourt fez uma pausa. Emily tentou esconder as lágrimas. Quase disse que ele falava como costumava falar, mas se conteve. Valancourt pediu perdão por todo o sofrimento que havia causado e disse que seu único consolo seria acreditar que ela não estava mais infeliz por causa de sua loucura. As lágrimas de Emily caíam rapidamente. Ele estava prestes a cair no desespero novamente quando ela reuniu coragem para encerrar o doloroso encontro. Ao ver suas lágrimas, Valancourt tentou controlar suas emoções e confortá-la. Disse que a lembrança da tristeza dela o protegeria no futuro, e que a recordação do luto dela por ele o impediria de ser seduzido por maus exemplos ou tentações.

Original English

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 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Após o término do serviço e a saída dos criados, St. Aubert beijou Emily gentilmente. Lembrou-lhe que sempre lhe ensinara a importância do autocontrole. O autocontrole ajuda as pessoas a evitar tentações perigosas e as mantém no caminho da virtude. Explicou que mesmo sentimentos virtuosos, como a tristeza, tornam-se egoístas e prejudiciais se indulgentes em excesso. A tristeza excessiva enfraquece a mente e impede a pessoa de desfrutar dos prazeres inocentes que Deus destinou à vida. Exortou Emily a lembrar e seguir os sábios conselhos que lhe dera, os quais sua própria experiência mostrara serem verdadeiros.

Original English

When the service was ended, and the servants were withdrawn, he tenderly kissed Emily, and said, 'I have endeavoured to teach you, from your earliest youth, the duty of self-command; I have pointed out to you the great importance of it through life, not only as it preserves us in the various and dangerous temptations that call us from rectitude and virtue, but as it limits the indulgences which are termed virtuous, yet which, extended beyond a certain boundary, are vicious, for their consequence is evil. All excess is vicious; even that sorrow, which is amiable in its origin, becomes a selfish and unjust passion, if indulged at the expence of our duties—by our duties I mean what we owe to ourselves, as well as to others. The indulgence of excessive grief enervates the mind, and almost incapacitates it for again partaking of those various innocent enjoyments which a benevolent God designed to be the sun-shine of our lives. My dear Emily, recollect and practise the precepts I have so often given you, and which your own experience has so often shewn you to be wise.

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Português

Ao entrar na região milanesa, os homens trocaram seus chapéus franceses por gorros italianos bordados de tecido escarlate. Emily notou que Montoni adicionou uma pluma militar ao seu gorro, enquanto Cavigni manteve apenas a pena habitual. Ela eventualmente concluiu que Montoni adotou esse emblema de soldado por segurança, como uma forma de viajar mais seguramente por um país cheio de grupos militares.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Annette disse a Emily que ela havia estado muito doente e que ela mesma estivera muito preocupada.

Original English

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

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Português

Emily sentiu-se um tanto consolada. Ela disse que eles estavam se separando para sempre, mas se a felicidade dela era importante para ele, ele deveria lembrar que nada poderia contribuir mais para isso do que saber que ele havia recuperado o próprio respeito. Valancourt pegou a mão dela; lágrimas cobriram seus olhos, e sua despedida se perdeu em suspiros. Emily, com dificuldade, disse adeus e desejou-lhe felicidade. Ela repetiu o adeus e tentou retirar a mão, mas ele a segurou e molhou-a com suas lágrimas. Ela perguntou por que prolongar os momentos dolorosos. Valancourt exclamou que era demais, soltou a mão dela e caiu em uma cadeira, dominado por suspiros convulsivos. Após um longo silêncio, Emily levantou-se para ir embora. Ele lutou para se recompor, disse que sua angústia deveria falar por ele, e em uma voz solene e trêmula declarou que ela sempre seria o único objeto de sua ternura. Ele pediu que ela pensasse nele com piedade, se não com estima. Ele então se conteve, dizendo que não deveria se intrometer mais ou cairia novamente em desespero.

Original English

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 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 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele continuou, dizendo a Emily que sua tristeza era inútil e que ela deveria usar a razão para controlá-la. Não queria destruir seus sentimentos, mas ensiná-la a comandá-los. Um coração sensível não era ruim, mas um insensível era inteiramente vício. Apontou que seu próprio sofrimento provava que suas palavras não eram vazias. Falara porque não suportava vê-la definhar em tristeza inútil. Esperara até agora porque o tempo do luto natural já havia passado, e ele não queria que ela caísse no hábito da tristeza excessiva, o que tornaria a recuperação quase impossível. Expressou confiança de que Emily mostraria sua disposição para evitar tal destino.

Original English

'Your sorrow is useless. Do not receive this as merely a commonplace remark, but let reason THEREFORE restrain sorrow. I would not annihilate

your feelings, my child, I would only teach you to command them; for whatever may be the evils resulting from a too susceptible heart, nothing can be hoped from an insensible one; that, on the other hand, is all vice—vice, of which the deformity is not softened, or the effect consoled for, by any semblance or possibility of good. You know my sufferings, and are, therefore, convinced that mine are not the light words which, on these occasions, are so often repeated to destroy even the sources of honest emotion, or which merely display the selfish ostentation of a false philosophy. I will shew my Emily, that I can practise what I advise. I have said thus much, because I cannot bear to see you wasting in useless sorrow, for want of that resistance which is due from mind; and I have not said it till now, because there is a period when all reasoning must yield to nature; that is past: and another, when excessive indulgence, having sunk into habit, weighs down the elasticity of the spirits so as to render conquest nearly impossible; this is to come. You, my Emily, will shew that you are willing to avoid it.'

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Pt/En

Português

Sinais frequentes de guerra eram visíveis através das belas planícies. Onde os campos não tinham sido abandonados, estavam frequentemente marcados pelas pegadas do destruidor; videiras foram arrancadas de seus suportes, azeitonas pisoteadas no chão, e até mesmo bosques de amoreiras derrubados pelo inimigo para alimentar fogueiras que queimavam os povoados dos proprietários. Emily suspirou e desviou o olhar dessas dolorosas lembranças de conflito para os Alpes do Grisão ao norte, cujas solidões assustadoras pareciam oferecer um refúgio seguro para pessoas perseguidas.

Original English

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

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Português

Emily exclamou que aquilo era muito estranho, e ela tentou se lembrar do passado. Ela recordou que sua mente havia sido perturbada por sonhos assustadores. Então, com um sobressalto, ela se perguntou se aquilo tinha sido apenas um sonho.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Valancourt se despediu mais uma vez, levou a mão dela aos lábios, olhou para ela pela última vez e saiu rapidamente do quarto.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily sorriu para seu pai através das lágrimas. Ela tentou falar, com a voz trêmula, mas foi tomada por uma mistura de gratidão, afeto e tristeza. St. Aubert permitiu que ela chorasse sem interrupção antes de começar a falar de assuntos comuns.

Original English

Emily smiled through her tears upon her father: 'Dear sir,' said she, and her voice trembled; she would have added, 'I will shew myself worthy of being your daughter;' but a mingled emotion of gratitude, affection, and grief overcame her. St. Aubert suffered her to weep without interruption, and then began to talk on common topics.

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Português

Os viajantes frequentemente viam grupos de soldados se movendo à distância. Nas pequenas estalagens ao longo do caminho, eles experimentaram escassez de comida e outras dificuldades resultantes da guerra civil. No entanto, nunca ficaram seriamente alarmados com sua segurança imediata, e prosseguiram para Milão com pouca interrupção. Eles não pararam para admirar a grandeza da cidade ou mesmo para ver sua vasta catedral, que estava então em construção.

Original English

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

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Português

Emily encarou Annette com terror. Annette, tentando acalmá-la, disse que aquilo tinha sido mais do que um sonho, mas que agora estava terminado.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily permaneceu na cadeira onde ele a havia deixado, com o coração pesado, o que dificultava sua respiração. Ela ouviu seus passos se tornando mais fracos enquanto ele atravessava o saguão. Foi despertada pela voz da Condessa no jardim, e a primeira coisa que viu foi a cadeira vazia onde Valancourt estivera sentado. As lágrimas, contidas pelo choque

de sua partida, finalmente vieram. Ela por fim se recompôs o suficiente para voltar ao seu quarto.

Original English

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.

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Português

O primeiro visitante a oferecer condolências foi M. Barreaux, um homem austero que parecia carecer de sentimentos. Eles haviam se conhecido através de um interesse compartilhado por botânica, encontrando-se frequentemente durante caminhadas nas montanhas. Barreaux havia se retirado da sociedade para viver em um agradável castelo na orla dos bosques perto de La Vallee. Ele também havia se decepcionado com a humanidade, mas, em vez de sentir pena como St. Aubert, sentia raiva dos vícios alheios, e não simpatia por suas fraquezas.

Original English

The first person who came to condole with St. Aubert was a M. Barreaux, an austere and seemingly unfeeling man. A taste for botany had introduced them to each other, for they had frequently met in their wanderings among the mountains. M. Barreaux had retired from the world, and almost from society, to live in a pleasant chateau, on the skirts of the woods, near La Vallee. He also had been disappointed in his opinion of mankind; but he did not, like St. Aubert, pity and mourn for them; he felt more indignation at their vices, than compassion for their weaknesses.

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Português

Além de Milão, o campo mostrava sinais de destruição ainda mais severa. Embora tudo agora parecesse pacífico, a quietude se assemelhava à da morte, espalhada sobre uma paisagem que ainda carregava as marcas de suas últimas lutas violentas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily estremeceu e sussurrou que sua tia havia sido assassinada. Annette gritou, interpretando mal o que Emily queria dizer. Quando Annette explicou, Emily lembrou-se da tentativa de sequestro anterior e perguntou se o planejador havia sido pego. Annette disse que não, embora sua identidade pudesse ser adivinhada, e atribuiu a si mesma o mérito pelo resgate de Emily. Emily, lutando com suas emoções, fingiu ouvir calmamente, mas mal ouviu o que foi dito.

Original English

'She IS murdered, then!' said Emily in an inward voice, and shuddering instantaneously. Annette screamed; for, being ignorant of the circumstance to which Emily referred, she attributed her manner to a disordered fancy; but, when she had explained to what her own speech alluded, Emily, recollecting the attempt that had been made to carry her off, asked if the contriver of it had been discovered. Annette replied, that he had not, though he might easily be guessed at; and then told Emily she might thank her for her deliverance, who, endeavouring to command the emotion, which the remembrance of her aunt had occasioned, appeared calmly to listen to Annette, though, in truth, she heard scarcely a word that was said.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert ficou um tanto surpreso ao vê-lo; embora o tivesse convidado muitas vezes, Barreaux nunca havia aceitado até então, e ele entrou na sala sem formalidades, como um velho amigo. As reivindicações da infelicidade pareciam ter suavizado a aspereza e os preconceitos de seu coração. O único pensamento que ocupava sua mente parecia ser que St. Aubert estava infeliz. Ele demonstrava simpatia mais por suas maneiras do que por suas palavras, falando pouco sobre sua dor, mas prestando muita atenção, com voz e olhar suavizados que vinham do coração.

Original English

St. Aubert was somewhat surprised to see him; for, though he had often pressed him to come to the chateau, he had never till now accepted the invitation; and now he came without ceremony or reserve, entering the parlour as an old friend. The claims of misfortune appeared to have softened down all the ruggedness and prejudices of his heart. St. Aubert unhappy, seemed to be the sole idea that occupied his mind. It was in manners, more than in words, that he appeared to sympathize with his friends: he spoke little on the subject of their grief; but the minute attention he gave them, and the modulated voice, and softened look that accompanied it, came from his heart, and spoke to theirs.

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Pt/En

Português

Os viajantes não tinham visto tropas desde que saíram de Milão até passarem os limites orientais da região milanesa. Ao cair da noite, eles viram o que parecia ser um exército serpenteando pelas planícies distantes, suas lanças e outras armas capturando os últimos raios de sol. À medida que a coluna avançava por uma parte estreita da estrada entre duas colinas, alguns comandantes a cavalo eram visíveis em uma pequena elevação, dando sinais para a marcha. Vários oficiais cavalgavam ao longo da linha dirigindo seu progresso de acordo com esses sinais, enquanto outros se separavam da vanguarda, que havia emergido do desfiladeiro, e cavalgavam descuidadamente pelas planícies à direita do exército.

Original English

It was not till they had passed the eastern limits of the Milanese, that the travellers saw any troops since they had left Milan, when, as the evening was drawing to a close, they descried what appeared to be an army winding onward along the distant plains, whose spears and other arms caught the last rays of the sun. As the column advanced through a part of the road, contracted between two hillocks, some of the commanders, on horseback, were distinguished on a small eminence, pointing and making signals for the march; while several of the officers were riding along the line directing its progress, according to the signs communicated by those above; and others, separating from the vanguard, which had emerged from the pass, were riding carelessly along the plains at some distance to the right of the army.

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Português

Annette continuou sua história. Ela disse que queria descobrir o segredo que Barnardine se recusara a contar, então observou Emily no terraço. Quando Barnardine abriu uma porta, Annette saiu do castelo para segui-la. Enquanto seguia, viu à luz de tocha para onde Emily ia. Ela seguiu até as abóbadas da capela, mas hesitou por causa de histórias estranhas sobre o lugar. Com medo de voltar sozinha no escuro, decidiu continuar. Ela observou Emily atravessar o pátio e subir as escadas. Então ouviu cavalos e homens do lado de fora xingando Barnardine por não trazer Emily. Barnardine quase a pegou, mas ela escapou. Ela percebeu que fazia parte do plano do Conde Morano, embora ele tivesse partido. Ela correu de volta pelo corredor da capela, esquecendo-se de procurar fantasmas, e deu o alarme. O Signor e o Signor Cavigni estavam acordados, e logo um grupo se reuniu para confrontar Barnardine e seus homens.

Original English

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

myself; so by the time Barnardine had trimmed the light, I had resolved to follow you, and I did so, till you came to the great court, and there I was afraid he would see me; so I stopped at the door again, and watched you across to the gates, and, when you was gone up the stairs, I whipt after. There, as I stood under the gate-way, I heard horses'feet without, and several men talking; and I heard them swearing at Barnardine for not bringing you out, and just then, he had like to have caught me, for he came down the stairs again, and I had hardly time to get out of his way. But I had heard enough of his secret now, and I determined to be even with him, and to save you, too, ma'amselle, for I guessed it to be some new scheme of Count Morano, though he was gone away. I ran into the castle, but I had hard work to find my way through the passage under the chapel, and what is very strange, I quite forgot to look for the ghosts they had told me about, though I would not go into that place again by myself for all the world! Luckily the Signor and Signor Cavigni were up, so we had soon a train at our heels, sufficient to frighten that Barnardine and his rogues, all together.'

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Português

Durante esse período triste, St. Aubert também foi visitado por Madame Cheron, sua única irmã sobrevivente, que era viúva há alguns anos e vivia em sua propriedade perto de Tholouse. Eles não se viam com frequência. Ao oferecer condolências, ela não lhe faltaram palavras, mas ela não compreendia o poder de um olhar que fala diretamente à alma ou de uma voz que traz conforto ao coração. Ela assegurou a St. Aubert sua sincera simpatia, elogiou as virtudes de sua falecida esposa e ofereceu o que considerava consolo. Emily chorou continuamente enquanto ela falava; St. Aubert permaneceu calmo, ouviu em silêncio e então mudou de assunto.

Original English

At this melancholy period St. Aubert was likewise visited by Madame Cheron, his only surviving sister, who had been some years a widow, and now resided on her own estate near Tholouse. The intercourse between them had not been very frequent. In her condolences, words were not wanting; she understood not the magic of the look that speaks at once to the soul, or the voice that sinks like balm to the heart: but she assured St. Aubert that she sincerely sympathized with him, praised the virtues of his late wife, and then offered what she considered to be consolation. Emily wept unceasingly while she spoke; St. Aubert was tranquil, listened to what she said in silence, and then turned the discourse upon another subject.

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Português

À medida que se aproximavam, Montoni viu as penas nos chapéus dos soldados e as bandeiras e librés dos grupos que os seguiam. Ele acreditava que este era o pequeno exército comandado pelo famoso capitão Utdo, a quem conhecia pessoalmente, junto com alguns outros líderes. Ele ordenou que as carruagens parassem no acostamento da estrada para esperá-los e deixá-los passar. Um som fraco de música marcial passou vagarosamente, ficando mais forte à medida que as tropas se aproximavam, e Emily pôde ouvir tambores, trompetes e o choque de címbalos e armas, que um pequeno grupo batia no ritmo da marcha.

Original English

As they drew nearer, Montoni, distinguishing the feathers that waved in their caps, and the banners and liveries of the bands that followed them, thought he knew this to be the small army commanded by the famous captain Utdo, with whom, as well as with some of the other chiefs, he was personally acquainted. He, therefore, gave orders that the carriages should draw up by the side of the road, to await their arrival, and give them the pass. A faint strain of martial music now stole by, and, gradually strengthening as the troops approached, Emily distinguished the drums and trumpets, with the clash of cymbals and of arms, that were struck by a small party, in time to the march.

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Pt/En

Português

Annette terminou de falar, mas Emily parecia ainda estar ouvindo. Finalmente, ela disse abruptamente que iria até ele pessoalmente e perguntou onde ele estava.

Original English

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

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Português

Ao partir, ela insistiu para que ele e Emily a visitassem em breve, dizendo que uma mudança de cenário os distrairia e que era errado ceder à tristeza. St. Aubert naturalmente reconheceu a verdade de suas palavras, mas sentiu-se mais relutante do que nunca em deixar o lugar tornado sagrado por sua felicidade passada. A presença de sua esposa havia consagrado cada cena ao redor, e a cada dia, à medida que seu sofrimento gradualmente diminuía, isso aprofundava o terno encantamento que o ligava ao seu lar.

Original English

At parting she pressed him and her niece to make her an early visit. 'Change of place will amuse you,' said she, 'and it is wrong to give way to grief.' St. Aubert acknowledged the truth of these words of course; but, at the same time, felt more reluctant than ever to quit the spot which his past happiness had consecrated. The presence of his wife had sanctified every surrounding scene, and, each day, as it gradually softened the acuteness of his suffering, assisted the tender enchantment that bound him to home.

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Português

Agora certo de que estas eram as tropas do vitorioso Utaldo, Montoni inclinou-se da janela da carruagem e saudou o general agitando seu chapéu no ar. O chefe retribuiu o cumprimento erguendo sua lança e depois abaixando-a de repente, enquanto alguns de seus oficiais, que cavalgavam separados das tropas, aproximaram-se da carruagem e saudaram Montoni como velho conhecido. Quando o próprio capitão chegou pouco depois, suas tropas pararam enquanto ele falava com Montoni, parecendo muito feliz em vê-lo. Pelas suas palavras, Emily deduziu que este era um exército vitorioso retornando ao seu próprio principado; os muitos vagões que os acompanhavam carregavam os ricos despojos do inimigo, seus próprios soldados feridos e prisioneiros feitos em batalha, que seriam resgatados quando a paz, então negociada entre os estados vizinhos, fosse ratificada. Os chefes deveriam se separar no dia seguinte, cada um levando sua parte do espólio e retornando com sua própria tropa ao seu castelo. Assim, aquela noite seria de uma festividade incomum e geral, em comemoração à vitória que haviam conquistado juntos e à despedida que os comandantes estavam prestes a fazer uns

dos outros.

Original English

Montoni being now certain that these were the bands of the victorious Utaldo, leaned from the carriage window, and hailed their general by waving his cap in the air; which compliment the chief returned by raising his spear, and then letting it down again suddenly, while some of his officers, who were riding at a distance from the troops, came up to the carriage, and saluted Montoni as an old acquaintance. The captain himself soon after arriving, his bands halted while he conversed with Montoni, whom he appeared much rejoiced to see; and from what he said, Emily understood that this was a victorious army, returning into their own principality; while the numerous waggons, that accompanied them, contained the rich spoils of the enemy, their own wounded soldiers, and the prisoners they had taken in battle, who were to be ransomed when the peace, then negotiating between the neighbouring states, should be ratified. The chiefs on the following day were to separate, and each, taking his share of the spoil, was to return with his own band to his castle. This was therefore to be an evening of uncommon and general festivity, in commemoration of the victory they had accomplished together, and of the farewell which the commanders were about to take of each other.

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Pt/En

Português

Annette perguntou sobre a identidade da pessoa em questão.

Original English

Annette asked who was meant.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert precisava fazer uma visita ao seu cunhado, Sr. Quesnel, que não podia ser adiada. Na esperança de animar Emily, ele a levou consigo para Epourville.

Original English

But there were calls which must be complied with, and of this kind was the visit he paid to his brother-in-law M. Quesnel. An affair of an interesting

nature made it necessary that he should delay this visit no longer, and, wishing to rouse Emily from her dejection, he took her with him to Epourville.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto esses oficiais conversavam com Montoni, Emily os observava com admiração misturada a temor. Ela notou seu forte ar marcial, combinado com a arrogância da nobreza daqueles dias, e realçado por seus trajes galantes, as plumas em seus chapéus, seus brasões, faixas persas e antigas capas espanholas. Ubaldo disse a Montoni que seu exército iria acampar durante a noite perto de uma vila a apenas alguns quilômetros de distância, e o convidou a voltar e participar de sua festividade, assegurando às senhoras que elas seriam confortavelmente acomodadas. Mas Montoni se desculpou, dizendo que planejava chegar a Verona naquela noite. Depois de alguma conversa sobre as condições do país em direção àquela cidade, eles se separaram.

Original English

Emily, as these officers conversed with Montoni, observed with admiration, tintured with awe, their high martial air, mingled with the haughtiness of the nobles of those days, and heightened by the gallantry of their dress, by the plumes towering on their caps, the armorial coat, Persian sash, and ancient Spanish cloak. Ubaldo, telling Montoni that his army were going to encamp for the night near a village at only a few miles distance, invited him to turn back and partake of their festivity, assuring the ladies also, that they should be pleasantly accommodated; but Montoni excused himself, adding, that it was his design to reach Verona that evening; and, after some conversation concerning the state of the country towards that city, they parted.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que desejava falar com o Signor Montoni. Lembrando-se das ordens de Montoni da noite anterior sobre Emily, Annette levantou-se e se ofereceu para encontrá-lo pessoalmente.

Original English

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

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Português

Quando a carruagem entrou na floresta perto de sua casa de infância, St. Aubert avistou as torres do castelo entre as castanheiras. Ele suspirou, refletindo sobre tudo o que havia mudado e que o lugar agora pertencia a alguém que não o respeitava nem o apreciava. Ele entrou na avenida, cujas árvores altas outrora o encantaram quando menino; agora sua sombra sombria combinava com seu humor. A grandiosidade pesada do castelo revelava-se peça por peça: a torre larga, o portal arqueado que levava aos pátios, a ponte levadiça e o fosso seco que o cercava.

Original English

As the carriage entered upon the forest that adjoined his paternal domain, his eyes once more caught, between the chesnut avenue, the turreted corners of the chateau. He sighed to think of what had passed since he was last there, and that it was now the property of a man who neither revered nor valued it. At length he entered the avenue, whose lofty trees had so often delighted him when a boy, and whose melancholy shade was now so congenial with the tone of his spirits. Every feature of the edifice, distinguished by an air of heavy grandeur, appeared successively between the branches of the trees—the broad turret, the arched gate-way that led into the courts, the drawbridge, and the dry fosse which surrounded the whole.

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Português

Os viajantes continuaram sem interrupção, mas foi várias horas após o pôr do sol antes de chegarem a Verona. Suas belas redondezas não foram vistas por Emily até a manhã seguinte, quando deixaram aquela agradável cidade cedo e partiram para Pádua. Lá embarcaram no rio Brenta em direção a Veneza. O cenário havia mudado completamente; nenhum sinal de guerra, como os que haviam desfigurado as planícies milanesas, aparecia. Em vez disso, tudo era paz e elegância. As margens verdes do

Brenta apresentavam uma paisagem contínua de beleza, alegria e esplendor. Emily contemplou com admiração as vilas da nobreza veneziana, com seus pórticos e colunatas frescos, cobertos por choupos e ciprestes de altura majestosa e vegetação viva. Ela admirou seus ricos laranjais, cujas flores perfumavam o ar, e os salgueiros luxuriantes que mergulhavam suas folhas leves na água e protegiam do sol os grupos felizes cuja música vinha na brisa em intervalos. O Carnaval de fato parecia se estender de Veneza por toda a linha destas margens encantadoras; o rio estava animado com barcos indo para a cidade, exibindo a diversidade fantástica de um baile de máscaras nos trajes das pessoas dentro deles. No fim da tarde, grupos de dançarinos eram frequentemente vistos sob as árvores.

Original English

The travellers proceeded without any interruption; but it was some hours after sun-set before they arrived at Verona, whose beautiful environs were therefore not seen by Emily till the following morning; when, leaving that pleasant town at an early hour, they set off for Padua, where they embarked on the Brenta for Venice. Here the scene was entirely changed; no vestiges of war, such as had deformed the plains of the Milanese, appeared; on the contrary, all was peace and elegance. The verdant banks of the Brenta exhibited a continued landscape of beauty, gaiety, and splendour. Emily gazed with admiration on the villas of the Venetian noblesse, with their cool porticos and colonnades, overhung with poplars and cypresses of majestic height and lively verdure; on their rich orangeries, whose blossoms perfumed the air, and on the luxuriant willows, that dipped their light leaves in the wave, and sheltered from the sun the gay parties whose music came at intervals on the breeze. The Carnival did, indeed, appear to extend from Venice along the whole line of these enchanting shores; the river was gay with boats passing to that city, exhibiting the fantastic diversity of a masquerade in the dresses of the people within them; and, towards evening, groups of dancers frequently were seen beneath the trees.

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Pt/En

Português

As suspeitas de Annette sobre o Conde Morano eram bem fundamentadas. Emily também o suspeitava do esquema. Montoni, igualmente convencido, começou a acreditar que Morano havia ordenado anteriormente que veneno fosse misturado em seu vinho.

Original English

This honest girl's suspicions of Count Morano were perfectly just; Emily, too, when she thought on the scheme, had attributed it to him; and Montoni, who had not a doubt on this subject, also, began to believe, that it was by the direction of Morano, that poison had formerly been mingled with his wine.

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Português

O som da carruagem trouxe criados ao portão, onde St. Aubert desceu e levou Emily ao salão gótico. Já não estava decorado com as armas e antigos estandartes da família; em vez disso, os painéis de carvalho e as vigas do teto estavam pintados de branco. A longa mesa que antes se estendia pelo salão, onde o mestre entretinha os convidados com risos e canções, havia desaparecido. Até os bancos que alinhavam as paredes tinham sido removidos. As paredes pesadas agora estavam cobertas de ornamentos frívolos, revelando o gosto superficial e os valores corrompidos do novo proprietário.

Original English

The sound of carriage wheels brought a troop of servants to the great gate, where St. Aubert alighted, and from which he led Emily into the gothic hall, now no longer hung with the arms and ancient banners of the family. These were displaced, and the oak wainscoting, and beams that crossed the roof, were painted white. The large table, too, that used to stretch along the upper end of the hall, where the master of the mansion loved to display his hospitality, and whence the peal of laughter, and the song of conviviality, had so often resounded, was now removed; even the benches that had surrounded the hall were no longer there. The heavy walls were hung with frivolous ornaments, and every thing that appeared denoted the false taste and corrupted sentiments of the present owner.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto isso, Cavigni contou a Emily os nomes dos nobres a quem pertenciam as várias vilas pelas quais passavam, acrescentando leves esboços de seus personagens que serviam mais para divertir do que para informar, exibindo seu próprio engenho em vez de uma descrição verdadeira. Emily às vezes se divertia com sua conversa, mas sua alegria não divertia Madame Montoni como antes; ela estava frequentemente séria, e Montoni mantinha sua habitual reserva.

Original English

Cavigni, meanwhile, informed her of the names of the noblemen to whom the several villas they passed belonged, adding light sketches of their characters, such as served to amuse rather than to inform, exhibiting his own wit instead of the delineation of truth. Emily was sometimes diverted by his conversation; but his gaiety did not entertain Madame Montoni, as it had formerly done; she was frequently grave, and Montoni retained his usual reserve.

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Português

As expressões de arrependimento do Conde Morano foram genuínas apenas enquanto ele sofria com seu ferimento; mas depois, à medida que se recuperava, suas intenções anteriores retornaram. Ele subornou novamente o porteiro do castelo e, após deixar o vilarejo, estabeleceu-se em uma aldeia distante. Usando informações de Annette, Barnardine arquitetou um plano para atrair Emily até os portões. Morano enviou seus servos de volta ao castelo e esperou para levar Emily a Veneza. Seu segundo esquema, no entanto, foi frustrado. As intensas e variadas emoções que ele experimentou ao retornar a Veneza só podem ser imaginadas.

Original English

The professions of repentance, which Morano had made to Emily, under the anguish of his wound, was sincere at the moment he offered them; but he had mistaken the subject of his sorrow, for, while he thought he was condemning the cruelty of his late design, he was lamenting only the state of suffering, to which it had reduced him. As these sufferings abated, his

former views revived, till, his health being re-established, he again found himself ready for enterprise and difficulty. The porter of the castle, who had served him, on a former occasion, willingly accepted a second bribe; and, having concerted the means of drawing Emily to the gates, Morano publicly left the hamlet, whither he had been carried after the affray, and withdrew with his people to another at several miles distance. From thence, on a night agreed upon by Barnardine, who had discovered from the thoughtless prattle of Annette, the most probable means of decoying Emily, the Count sent back his servants to the castle, while he awaited her arrival at the hamlet, with an intention of carrying her immediately to Venice. How this, his second scheme, was frustrated, has already appeared; but the violent, and various passions with which this Italian lover was now agitated, on his return to that city, can only be imagined.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert seguiu um criado parisiense elegante até uma sala onde Monsieur e Madame Quesnel estavam sentados. Eles o cumprimentaram com polidez formal e, após algumas breves palavras de pesar, pareciam ter esquecido que alguma vez tiveram uma irmã.

Original English

St. Aubert followed a gay Parisian servant to a parlour, where sat Mons. and Madame Quesnel, who received him with a stately politeness, and, after a few formal words of condolment, seemed to have forgotten that they ever had a sister.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ficou maravilhada com sua primeira visão de Veneza. As ilhas, palácios e torres pareciam emergir do mar, cujas águas cristalinas refletiam perfeitamente a cena colorida. Enquanto o sol se punha no oeste, lançava um brilho dourado sobre as ondas e as altas montanhas de Friuli que margeiam as costas setentrionais do Adriático. A luz da noite criava ricos contrastes nos pórticos de mármore e nas colunatas de São Marcos. Conforme deslizavam adiante, as características mais grandiosas da cidade se tornavam mais nítidas: seus terraços, encimados por

construções etéreas, porém magníficas, pareciam ter sido convocados do oceano por magia, e não construídos por mãos humanas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Annette relatou a saúde de Emily e seu desejo de ver Montoni. Ele disse que ela poderia ir à sala de cedro em cerca de uma hora. Emily queria discutir o fardo que pesava em sua mente, mas estava incerta sobre o benefício e temia sua presença. Ela também esperava pedir permissão para retornar à sua terra natal, agora que sua tia estava morta, embora duvidasse que ele a concedesse.

Original English

Annette having made her report to Montoni of Emily's health and of her request to see him, he replied, that she might attend him in the cedar room, in about an hour. It was on the subject, that pressed so heavily on her mind, that Emily wished to speak to him, yet she did not distinctly know what good purpose this could answer, and sometimes she even recoiled in horror from the expectation of his presence. She wished, also, to petition, though she scarcely dared to believe the request would be granted, that he would permit her, since her aunt was no more, to return to her native country.

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Português

Emily sentiu as lágrimas subirem, mas o ressentimento as conteve. St. Aubert permaneceu calmo e ponderado, mantendo sua dignidade sem parecer arrogante. Quesnel, por outro lado, sentiu-se desconfortável sob sua presença sem entender completamente o porquê.

Original English

Emily felt tears swell into her eyes, and then resentment checked them. St. Aubert, calm and deliberate, preserved his dignity without assuming importance, and Quesnel was depressed by his presence without exactly knowing wherefore.

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Português

Pouco depois, o sol afundou abaixo do horizonte, e a sombra da terra rastejou lentamente sobre as ondas e subiu pelas encostas imponentes das montanhas de Friuli, até extinguir os últimos raios que ainda pairavam sobre os picos. O roxo melancólico do entardecer espalhou-se sobre tudo como um véu fino. A tranquilidade que envolvia a cena era profunda e bela; toda a natureza parecia em repouso, enquanto as mais nobres emoções da alma estavam despertas. Os olhos de Emily se encheram de lágrimas de admiração e devoção sublime enquanto ela olhava do mundo adormecido para o vasto céu e ouvia uma música solene flutuando sobre a água ao longe. Ela ouviu em êxtase silencioso, e ninguém no grupo quebrou o encanto. Os sons pareciam crescer no ar, pois a barca deslizava tão suavemente que seu movimento era imperceptível, e a cidade de conto de fadas parecia aproximar-se para recebê-los. Então distinguiram uma voz feminina, acompanhada por alguns instrumentos, cantando uma melodia suave e triste. Sua expressão, ora suplicando com ternura apaixonada, ora definhando em desespero sem esperança, mostrava que vinha de um sentimento genuíno. Emily suspirou, lembrando-se de Valancourt, e pensou que aquelas notas vinham do coração.

Original English

The sun, soon after, sinking to the lower world, the shadow of the earth stole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering sides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguished even the last upward beams that had

lingered on their summits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them, like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the scene! All nature seemed to repose; the finest emotions of the soul were alone awake. Emily's eyes filled with tears of admiration and sublime devotion, as she raised them over the sleeping world to the vast heavens, and heard the notes of solemn music, that stole over the waters from a distance. She listened in still rapture, and no person of the party broke the charm by an enquiry. The sounds seemed to grow on the air; for so smoothly did the barge glide along, that its motion was not perceivable, and the fairy city appeared approaching to welcome the strangers. They now distinguished a female voice, accompanied by a few instruments, singing a soft and mournful air; and its fine expression, as sometimes it seemed pleading with the impassioned tenderness of love, and then languishing into the cadence of hopeless grief, declared, that it flowed from no feigned sensibility. Ah! thought Emily, as she sighed and remembered Valancourt, those strains come from the heart!

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Português

À medida que o momento da entrevista se aproximava, a agitação de Emily aumentou tanto que ela quase decidiu se desculpar sob o que dificilmente poderia ser chamado de pretexto de doença. Quando considerou o que poderia ser dito sobre si mesma ou sobre o destino de sua tia, sentiu-se igualmente sem esperança quanto ao resultado de seu pedido e aterrorizada com seu efeito sobre a natureza vingativa de Montoni. No entanto, fingir ignorância sobre a morte de sua tia parecia compartilhar de sua criminalidade, e de fato esse evento era a única razão que Emily podia dar para pedir para deixar Udolpho.

Original English

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

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Português

Após alguma conversa geral, St. Aubert pediu para falar com ele em particular. Deixada sozinha com Madame Quesnel, Emily logo descobriu que um grande grupo havia sido convidado para jantar no castelo. Ela foi obrigada a ouvir a opinião de Madame Quesnel de que eventos passados, que não podiam ser mudados, não deveriam interferir no prazer do momento presente.

Original English

After some general conversation, St. Aubert requested to speak with him alone; and Emily, being left with Madame Quesnel, soon learned that a large party was invited to dine at the chateau, and was compelled to hear that nothing which was past and irremediable ought to prevent the festivity of the present hour.

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Português

Ela olhou ao redor com curiosidade ansiosa. O crepúsculo profundo permitia apenas imagens indistintas, mas ela pensou ter visto uma gôndola ao longe. Um coro de vozes e instrumentos inflou pelo ar – tão doce e solene que parecia o hino de anjos descendo pelo silêncio da noite. Então ele se desvaneceu, e quase se podia imaginar o santo coro subindo de volta ao céu; novamente ele se inflou com a brisa, tremeu por um momento e então morreu em silêncio. Essa música lembrou Emily de alguns versos de seu falecido pai, que ela repetiu baixinho para si mesma.

Original English

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

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Português

Enquanto os pensamentos de Emily vacilavam, chegou uma mensagem dizendo que Montoni não poderia vê-la até o dia seguinte. Seu espírito se aliviou por um momento de um peso de medo quase insuportável. Annette disse que achava que os cavaleiros estavam indo para a guerra novamente porque o pátio estava cheio de cavalos, e ouviu que o resto do grupo que havia saído antes era esperado de volta ao castelo. Annette acrescentou que tinha ouvido um soldado dizer a seu camarada que eles trariam bastante butim. Ela pensou que, se Montoni podia enviar seus homens para roubar com a consciência limpa, isso não era problema dela. Ela desejava estar a salvo fora do castelo. Se não fosse pelo pobre Ludovico, ela teria deixado o pessoal do Conde Morano fugir com ambos, o que teria sido bom para Emily e para ela mesma.

Original English

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

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Português

Quando St. Aubert soube que convidados eram esperados, sentiu desgosto e indignação pela falta de sensibilidade de Quesnel, e quis voltar para casa imediatamente. No entanto, foi informado de que Madame Cheron havia sido convidada para vê-lo. Olhando para Emily, ele percebeu que um dia a hostilidade do tio dela poderia prejudicá-la. Para evitar

provocar essa hostilidade ele mesmo, decidiu não agir de uma maneira que as próprias pessoas que agora mostravam tão pouca propriedade considerariam imprópria.

Original English

St. Aubert, when he was told that company were expected, felt a mixed emotion of disgust and indignation against the insensibility of Quesnel, which prompted him to return home immediately. But he was informed, that Madame Cheron had been asked to meet him; and, when he looked at Emily, and considered that a time might come when the enmity of her uncle would be prejudicial to her, he determined not to incur it himself, by conduct which would be resented as indecorous, by the very persons who now showed so little sense of decorum.

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Português

Emily recordou um verso da poesia de seu pai: 'Muitas vezes ouço, no silêncio do ar da meia-noite, vozes celestiais que se elevam em santo coro que leva a alma ao céu.'

Original English

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

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Português

Annette poderia ter continuado falando por horas sem qualquer interrupção de Emily, que estava silenciosa, desatenta e perdida em pensamentos. Ela passou o dia inteiro em uma espécie de tranquilidade solene, que muitas vezes resulta de faculdades excessivamente tensionadas pelo sofrimento.

Original English

Annette might have continued thus talking for hours for any interruption she would have received from Emily, who was silent, inattentive, absorbed in thought, and passed the whole of this day in a kind of solemn tranquillity, such as is often the result of faculties overstrained by suffering.

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Português

Entre os convidados do jantar estavam dois cavalheiros italianos. Um, chamado Montoni, era parente distante de Madame Quesnel. Tinha cerca de quarenta anos, extraordinariamente bonito, com traços viris e expressivos. Seu rosto, no geral, mostrava mais do orgulho de comando e do discernimento rápido do que qualquer outra qualidade.

Original English

Among the visitors assembled at dinner were two Italian gentlemen, of whom one was named Montoni, a distant relation of Madame Quesnel, a man about forty, of an uncommonly handsome person, with features manly and expressive, but whose countenance exhibited, upon the whole, more of the haughtiness of command, and the quickness of discernment, than of any other character.

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Português

O profundo silêncio que se seguiu foi tão expressivo quanto a própria música. Continuou ininterrupto por vários minutos até que um suspiro geral pareceu libertar o grupo de seu encantamento. No entanto, Emily continuou a se entregar à tristeza prazerosa que a tinha tomado. Mas, à medida que a barca se aproximava da Praça de São Marcos, uma cena animada e movimentada apareceu, finalmente atraindo sua atenção. A lua nascente lançava uma luz sombreada sobre os terraços e iluminava os pórticos e magníficas arcadas acima. Ela podia ver várias pessoas, seus passos leves, violões suaves e vozes ainda mais suaves ecoando pelas colunatas.

Original English

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

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Português

Quando a noite voltou, Emily lembrou-se das misteriosas notas musicais que ouvira recentemente, nas quais ainda sentia algum interesse e cuja doçura calmante esperava ouvir novamente. A influência da superstição agora ganhava poder sobre sua mente há muito perturbada. Com expectativa entusiástica, ela olhou para o espírito guardião de seu pai. Depois de dispensar Annette para a noite, decidiu vigiar sozinha seu retorno. Ainda não era a hora em que ouvira a música na noite anterior. Ansiosa para distrair seus pensamentos de assuntos angustiantes, sentou-se com um dos poucos livros que trouxera da França. Mas sua mente se recusou a ser controlada; tornou-se inquieta e agitada, e ela frequentemente ia à janela para ouvir algum som. Uma vez pensou ter ouvido uma voz, mas então tudo do lado de fora permaneceu quieto, e ela concluiu que sua imaginação a enganara.

Original English

When night returned, Emily recollected the mysterious strains of music, that she had lately heard, in which she still felt some degree of interest, and of which she hoped to hear again the soothing sweetness. The influence of superstition now gained on the weakness of her long-harassed mind; she looked, with enthusiastic expectation, to the guardian spirit of her father, and, having dismissed Annette for the night, determined to watch alone for their return. It was not yet, however, near the time when she had heard the music on a former night, and anxious to call off her thoughts from distressing subjects, she sat down with one of the few books, that she had brought from France; but her mind, refusing controul, became restless and agitated, and she went often to the casement to listen for a sound. Once, she thought she heard a voice, but then, every thing without the casement remaining still, she concluded, that her fancy had deceived her.

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Português

Seu amigo, Signor Cavigni, parecia ter cerca de trinta anos. Era menos digno que Montoni, mas igualmente perspicaz na expressão, e mais habilidoso em maneiras sutis e insinuantes.

Original English

Signor Cavigni, his friend, appeared to be about thirty—inferior in dignity, but equal to him in penetration of countenance, and superior in insinuation of manner.

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Português

Da barca de Montoni, eles ouviram música de gôndolas que passavam, cheias de grupos alegres aproveitando a brisa fresca da noite. A música parecia mais doce ao ser carregada pelas ondas e acompanhada pelo respingo rítmico dos remos. Emily sentiu como se estivesse em um conto de fadas; até mesmo Madame Montoni estava satisfeita. Montoni expressou sua satisfação por retornar a Veneza, que declarou ser a cidade mais bonita do mundo, enquanto Cavigni estava mais animado do que nunca.

Original English

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

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Português

Assim o tempo passou até a meia-noite. Logo depois, os sons distantes que murmuravam pelo castelo cessaram, e o sono parecia reinar sobre todos. Emily então se sentou na janela, onde logo foi chamada de volta de seu devaneio por sons muito incomuns – não de música, mas como o baixo lamento de alguém em aflição. Enquanto ouvia, seu coração vacilou de terror, e ela se convenceu de que o som anterior não era imaginário. Ainda assim, em intervalos, ouvia uma espécie de lamentação fraca e tentava descobrir de onde vinha. Havia vários cômodos embaixo, adjacentes à muralha, que estavam há muito fechados. Como o som provavelmente subia de um deles, ela se inclinou da janela para ver se alguma luz era visível ali. Os aposentos, até onde podia ver, estavam bastante escuros, mas a uma pequena distância na muralha abaixo, ela pensou ter visto algo se movendo.

Original English

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

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Português

Emily ficou chocada com a forma como Madame Cheron saudou seu pai. Ela disse que estava preocupada em vê-lo com aparência tão doente e o instou a procurar aconselhamento médico. St. Aubert respondeu com um sorriso melancólico que se sentia como de costume. No entanto, os próprios medos de Emily a fizeram imaginar que seu pai parecia pior do que realmente estava.

Original English

Emily was shocked by the salutation with which Madame Cheron met her father—'Dear brother,' said she, 'I am concerned to see you look so very ill; do, pray, have advice!' St. Aubert answered, with a melancholy smile, that he felt himself much as usual; but Emily's fears made her now fancy that her father looked worse than he really did.

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Português

A barca continuou ao longo do Grande Canal em direção à mansão de Montoni. Emily viu palácios projetados por Sansovino e Palladio, superando tudo que havia imaginado. Sons doces ecoavam ao longo do canal, vindos das gôndolas e dos terraços, onde dançarinos mascarados se moviam ao luar, criando uma cena que parecia saída de um conto de fadas.

Original English

The barge passed on to the grand canal, where Montoni's mansion was situated. And here, other forms of beauty and of grandeur, such as her imagination had never painted, were unfolded to Emily in the palaces of Sansovino and Palladio, as she glided along the waves. The air bore no sounds, but those of sweetness, echoing along each margin of the canal, and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moon-light terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairyland.

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Português

A luz fraca das estrelas era insuficiente para que ela visse claramente. Ela supôs que era um guarda de vigia. Para evitar ser detectada enquanto continuava observando, ela moveu sua lâmpada para um canto distante do quarto.

Original English

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

during her further observation.

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Português

O ânimo de Emily estava baixo demais para que ela pudesse apreciar o jantar esplêndido e os novos convidados. Entre eles, o senhor Montoni falava veementemente sobre a agitação na Itália, enquanto um amigo elogiava Veneza e depois passava a tópicos franceses, lisonjeando as senhoras. Emily, no entanto, sabia pouco sobre modas parisienses ou óperas, e seu jeito modesto e correto contrastava com as outras mulheres.

Original English

Emily would have been amused by the new characters she saw, and the varied conversation that passed during dinner, which was served in a style of splendour she had seldom seen before, had her spirits been less oppressed. Of the guests, Signor Montoni was lately come from Italy, and he spoke of the commotions which at that period agitated the country; talked of party differences with warmth, and then lamented the probable consequences of the tumults. His friend spoke with equal ardour, of the politics of his country; praised the government and prosperity of Venice, and boasted of its decided superiority over all the other Italian states. He then turned to the ladies, and talked with the same eloquence, of Parisian fashions, the French opera, and French manners; and on the latter subject he did not fail to mingle what is so particularly agreeable to French taste. The flattery was not detected by those to whom it was addressed, though its effect, in producing submissive attention, did not escape his observation. When he could disengage himself from the assiduities of the other ladies, he sometimes addressed Emily: but she knew nothing of Parisian fashions, or Parisian operas; and her modesty, simplicity, and correct manners formed a decided contrast to those of her female companions.

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Português

A barca parou em uma casa grande, e um servo atravessou o terraço para recebê-los. Eles entraram por um pórtico, passaram por um salão nobre e subiram uma escadaria de mármore até um salão decorado com magníficos afrescos. Lâmpadas de prata pendiam de correntes, e o chão era coberto por tapetes indianos coloridos. Os sofás e as cortinas das janelas eram de seda verde-clara com bordados dourados. Sacadas davam para o Grande Canal, de onde vinha uma mistura de vozes e música, junto com uma brisa refrescante. Emily, conhecendo a natureza sombria de Montoni, ficou surpresa com os móveis luxuosos, especialmente devido aos boatos sobre suas dificuldades financeiras. Pensou que, se Valancourt pudesse ver isso, perceberia que os boatos eram falsos.

Original English

The barge stopped before the portico of a large house, from whence a servant of Montoni crossed the terrace, and immediately the party disembarked. From the portico they passed a noble hall to a stair-case of marble, which led to a saloon, fitted up in a style of magnificence that surprised Emily. The walls and ceilings were adorned with historical and allegorical paintings, in fresco; silver tripods, depending from chains of the same metal, illumined the apartment, the floor of which was covered with Indian mats painted in a variety of colours and devices; the couches and drapery of the lattices were of pale green silk, embroidered and fringed with green and gold. Balcony lattices opened upon the grand canal, whence rose a confusion of voices and of musical instruments, and the breeze that gave freshness to the apartment. Emily, considering the gloomy temper of Montoni, looked upon the splendid furniture of this house with surprise, and remembered the report of his being a man of broken fortune, with astonishment. 'Ah!' said she to herself, 'if Valancourt could but see this mansion, what peace would it give him! He would then be convinced that the report was groundless.'

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Português

A forma permaneceu visível. Logo se moveu ao longo da muralha em direção à sua janela, e ela conseguiu distinguir uma figura semelhante a um humano. Seu movimento silencioso a convenceu de que não era um guarda. Conforme se aproximava, ela hesitou em recuar; estava dividida entre uma curiosidade convincente e um medo indefinido que a instava a se retirar.

Original English

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

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Português

Após o jantar, St. Aubert escapou para contemplar mais uma vez o velho castanheiro que Quesnel planejava cortar. De pé sob sua sombra, memórias de sua juventude e de amigos há muito perdidos o dominaram, fazendo-o sentir-se quase sozinho no mundo, com apenas Emily em seu coração.

Original English

After dinner, St. Aubert stole from the room to view once more the old chesnut which Quesnel talked of cutting down. As he stood under its shade, and looked up among its branches, still luxuriant, and saw here and there the blue sky trembling between them; the pursuits and events of his early days crowded fast to his mind, with the figures and characters of friends—long since gone from the earth; and he now felt himself to be almost an insulated being, with nobody but his Emily for his heart to turn to.

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Português

Madame Montoni adotou a postura de uma princesa, mas Montoni parecia inquieto e descontente, deixando até mesmo de lhe oferecer uma recepção educada em casa.

Original English

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

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Português

Enquanto ela parava, a figura parou diretamente diante de sua janela. Tudo permaneceu imóvel; ela não ouviu nenhum passo. O silêncio solene e a forma misteriosa a desnortearam. Ela estava prestes a se virar quando, de repente, a figura se sobressaltou e deslizou pela muralha, logo desaparecendo na noite. Emily observou por um tempo, depois voltou para dentro, refletindo sobre o estranho evento e quase convencida de que havia visto um ser sobrenatural.

Original English

While she paused, the figure came opposite to her casement, and was stationary. Every thing remained quiet; she had not heard even a foot-fall; and the solemnity of this silence, with the mysterious form she saw, subdued her spirits, so that she was moving from the casement, when, on a sudden, she observed the figure start away, and glide down the rampart, after which it was soon lost in the obscurity of night. Emily continued to gaze, for some time, on the way it had passed, and then retired within her chamber, musing on this strange circumstance, and scarcely doubting, that she had witnessed a supernatural appearance.

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Português

Ele permaneceu perdido nas cenas de seu passado até que a imagem de sua esposa moribunda apareceu, levando-o a voltar depressa para a mesa de jantar, na esperança de esquecer a tristeza.

Original English

He stood lost amid the scenes of years which fancy called up, till the succession closed with the picture of his dying wife, and he started away, to forget it, if possible, at the social board.

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Pt/En

Português

Pouco depois de chegar, Montoni ordenou sua gôndola e saiu com Cavigni para se juntar às festividades noturnas. Madame Montoni ficou séria e pensativa. Emily, encantada com tudo ao seu redor, tentou animá-la, mas as respostas de Madame Montoni mostraram tanto capricho e mau humor que Emily desistiu e se retirou para uma janela para apreciar a cena encantadora e nova lá fora.

Original English

Soon after his arrival, he ordered his gondola, and, with Cavigni, went out to mingle in the scenes of the evening. Madame then became serious and thoughtful. Emily, who was charmed with every thing she saw, endeavoured to enliven her; but reflection had not, with Madame Montoni, subdued caprice and ill-humour, and her answers discovered so much of both, that Emily gave up the attempt of diverting her, and withdrew to a lattice, to amuse herself with the scene without, so new and so enchanting.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de recuperar a compostura, ela buscou outra explicação. Lembrando-se do que ouvira sobre as façanhas ousadas de Montoni, ela se perguntou se teria visto uma pessoa infeliz que havia sido roubada por seus bandidos e trazida ao castelo como prisioneira, e que a música que ouvira antes vinha dele. No entanto, parecia improvável que trouxessem um prisioneiro depois de roubá-lo, e bandidos geralmente matavam suas

vítimas em vez de aprisioná-las. O argumento mais forte contra essa ideia era que a figura vagava pelo terraço sem guarda, então ela rapidamente descartou seu palpite inicial.

Original English

When her spirits recovered composure, she looked round for some other explanation. Remembering what she had heard of the daring enterprises of Montoni, it occurred to her, that she had just seen some unhappy person, who, having been plundered by his banditti, was brought hither a captive; and that the music she had formerly heard, came from him. Yet, if they had plundered him, it still appeared improbable, that they should have brought him to the castle, and it was also more consistent with the manners of banditti to murder those they rob, than to make them prisoners. But what, more than any other circumstance, contradicted the supposition, that it was a prisoner, was that it wandered on the terrace, without a guard: a consideration, which made her dismiss immediately her first surmise.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert pediu a carruagem mais cedo, e Emily notou que ele estava mais silencioso e abatido que o normal no caminho de casa. Ela atribuiu isso à visita ter despertado velhas memórias, sem saber que ele carregava uma tristeza oculta.

Original English

St. Aubert ordered his carriage at an early hour, and Emily observed, that he was more than usually silent and dejected on the way home; but she considered this to be the effect of his visit to a place which spoke so eloquently of former times, nor suspected that he had a cause of grief which he concealed from her.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily primeiro notou um grupo de dançarinos no terraço abaixo, liderados por um violão e outros instrumentos. A garota tocando violão e outra sacudindo um pandeiro se moviam com graça e alegria, o suficiente para encantar até uma pessoa mal-humorada. Atrás deles vinham várias figuras fantásticas, algumas vestidas como gondoleiros, outras como menestréis,

e algumas além da descrição. Cantavam em harmonia, acompanhadas por instrumentos suaves. Pararam perto do pórtico, e Emily reconheceu versos de Ariosto, cantando sobre as guerras entre os mouros e Carlos Magno, e depois sobre as tristezas de Orlando. O clima mudou para a doçura melancólica de Petrarca. A magia de sua tristeza foi realçada pela música e expressão italianas, ampliadas pelo encanto do luar veneziano.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Em seguida, ela considerou a possibilidade de o Conde Morano ter conseguido entrar no castelo. Mas ela rapidamente lembrou dos perigos e obstáculos que tal tentativa envolveria, e que, se tivesse conseguido, ele não teria vindo sozinho e em silêncio até sua janela à meia-noite, especialmente porque ele conhecia a escada particular para o quarto dela. Além disso, ele não teria feito os sons lamentosos que ela ouvira.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ao entrar no castelo, Emily sentiu-se ainda mais triste, pois sentia profundamente falta da mãe que costumava recebê-la com sorrisos e carinho. Agora a casa estava silenciosa e vazia.

Original English

On entering the chateau she felt more depressed than ever, for she more than ever missed the presence of that dear parent, who, whenever she had been from home, used to welcome her return with smiles and fondness; now, all was silent and forsaken.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Emily ouvia, sentiu um entusiasmo pensativo; lágrimas fluíam silenciosamente enquanto sua imaginação a levava para a França e para Valancourt. Cada soneto, mais triste que o anterior, aprofundava sua melancolia. Ela se arrependeu profundamente quando os músicos seguiram em frente, acompanhando o som até que as últimas notas fracas desaparecessem. Depois, afundou em um estado de calma que a música suave deixa na mente — como ver uma bela paisagem iluminada pela lua ou lembrar de cenas de amigos perdidos e tristezas que o tempo suavizou em um arrependimento suave. Tais memórias são como traços fracos de música passada.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily considerou várias explicações para a música assombrosa. Ela se perguntou se alguém estava conspirando contra o castelo, mas os tons tristes tornavam isso improvável. Incapaz de resolver o mistério, ela recorreu à sua imaginação, que despertou medos supersticiosos.

Original English

Another suggestion represented, that this might be some person, who had designs upon the castle; but the mournful sounds destroyed, also, that probability. Thus, enquiry only perplexed her. Who, or what, it could be that haunted this lonely hour, complaining in such doleful accents and in such sweet music (for she was still inclined to believe, that the former strains and the late appearance were connected,) she had no means of ascertaining; and imagination again assumed her empire, and roused the mysteries of superstition.

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Pt/En

Português

O tempo realizou o que a razão e o esforço não podiam. Conforme as semanas passavam, a nitidez da dor de Emily suavizou-se em uma tristeza gentil que um coração sensível guarda como sagrada. Seu pai, no entanto, enfraquecia, embora Emily, que estava sempre com ele, fosse quase a última a perceber. Ele nunca se recuperara totalmente da febre, e a morte de sua esposa o debilitara ainda mais. Seu médico agora o aconselhava a viajar, acreditando que uma mudança de cenário poderia restaurar seus nervos danificados.

Original English

But what reason and effort may fail to do, time effects. Week after week passed away, and each, as it passed, stole something from the harshness of her affliction, till it was mellowed to that tenderness which the feeling heart cherishes as sacred. St. Aubert, on the contrary, visibly declined in health; though Emily, who had been so constantly with him, was almost the last person who observed it. His constitution had never recovered from the late attack of the fever, and the succeeding shock it received from Madame St. Aubert's death had produced its present infirmity. His physician now

ordered him to travel; for it was perceptible that sorrow had seized upon his nerves, weakened as they had been by the preceding illness; and variety of scene, it was probable, would, by amusing his mind, restore them to their proper tone.

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Pt/En

Português

Logo, a solene harmonia das trompas atraiu sua atenção. Ela viu gôndolas alinhadas ao longo das bordas do terraço, jogou seu véu e saiu para a sacada. Ao longe, discerniu uma procissão flutuando na superfície do canal. À medida que se aproximava, trompas e outros instrumentos se misturavam docemente, e então as divindades fabulosas da cidade pareciam surgir do oceano: Netuno, com Veneza como sua rainha, vinha sobre as ondas, cercado por tritões e ninfas do mar. O esplendor fantástico, junto com os grandes palácios, parecia uma visão de poeta tornada real. As imagens fantasiosas permaneceram na mente de Emily muito depois de a procissão passar. Ela imaginou como seria ser uma ninfa do mar, quase desejando abandonar sua forma mortal e mergulhar nas ondas verdes para compartilhar a vida delas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ela resolveu vigiar na noite seguinte, esperando esclarecer suas dúvidas. Ela até considerou falar com a figura se ela reaparecesse.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Por vários dias, Emily esteve ocupada preparando-se para a viagem, enquanto seu pai procurava reduzir os custos domésticos demitindo os criados. Emily raramente questionava as decisões do pai, mas quando soube, na véspera da partida, que ele havia mandado embora todos, exceto a velha governanta Theresa, ficou surpresa e perguntou o motivo. Ele respondeu que precisavam economizar dinheiro para a cara viagem que teriam pela frente.

Original English

For some days Emily was occupied in preparations to attend him; and he, by endeavours to diminish his expences at home during the journey—a purpose which determined him at length to dismiss his domestics. Emily seldom opposed her father's wishes by questions or remonstrances, or she would now have asked why he did not take a servant, and have represented that his infirm health made one almost necessary. But when, on the eve of their departure, she found that he had dismissed Jacques, Francis, and Mary, and detained only Theresa the old housekeeper, she was extremely surprised, and ventured to ask his reason for having done so. 'To save expences, my dear,' he replied—'we are going on an expensive excursion.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou como seria encantador viver entre os caramanchões de coral e as cavernas de cristal do oceano com suas irmãs ninfas, ouvindo as águas acima e as conchas suaves dos tritões. Após o pôr do sol, ela deslizaria sobre as ondas ao redor de rochas selvagens e praias isoladas, onde talvez um andarilho pensativo viesse chorar. Ela acalmaria suas tristezas com música doce e lhe ofereceria frutas deliciosas do palácio de Netuno, apresentadas em uma concha.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O médico recomendou o ar de Languedoc e Provença, então St. Aubert decidiu viajar lentamente ao longo da costa do Mediterrâneo em direção à Provença.

Original English

The physician had prescribed the air of Languedoc and Provence; and St. Aubert determined, therefore, to travel leisurely along the shores of the Mediterranean, towards Provence.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela foi chamada de volta de seu devaneio para um jantar mortal e não pôde deixar de sorrir de suas fantasias. Ela sabia que Madame Montoni teria ficado seriamente descontente se tivesse sabido delas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Foram para a cama cedo na noite anterior à partida, mas Emily ainda tinha alguns livros e outros itens para reunir. Era meia-noite quando ela terminou, e então ela lembrou que seus instrumentos de desenho ainda estavam na sala de estar. Ao ir buscá-los, passou pelo quarto do pai e, vendo a porta entreaberta, pensou que ele pudesse estar em seu escritório. Ela verificou, mas ele não estava lá. No caminho de volta, bateu na porta dele e, não obtendo resposta, entrou silenciosamente para ver se ele estava dentro.

Original English

They retired early to their chamber on the night before their departure; but Emily had a few books and other things to collect, and the clock had struck twelve before she had finished, or had remembered that some of her drawing instruments, which she meant to take with her, were in the parlour below. As she went to fetch these, she passed her father's room, and, perceiving the door half open, concluded that he was in his study—for, since the death of Madame St. Aubert, it had been frequently his custom to rise from his restless bed, and go thither to compose his mind. When she was below stairs she looked into this room, but without finding him; and as she returned to her chamber, she tapped at his door, and receiving no answer, stepped softly in, to be certain whether he was there.

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Pt/En

Português

Após o jantar, a tia de Emily ficou acordada até tarde, mas Montoni não voltou, e ela acabou indo para a cama. Emily, que havia admirado o grande salão, ficou surpresa com a aparência negligenciada dos cômodos pelos quais passou a caminho de seu quarto. Ela atravessou longas suítes de apartamentos nobres que pareciam, por sua aparência desolada, não serem usados há anos. Algumas paredes tinham restos desbotados de

tapeçaria; em outras, pintadas a fresco, a umidade havia quase removido tanto as cores quanto o desenho. Por fim, ela chegou ao seu próprio quarto, que era espaçoso, desolado e alto como os outros, com janelas altas abertas para o Adriático. A vista trouxe pensamentos sombrios à sua mente, mas logo a visão do mar lhe deu fantasias mais leves, entre elas a imagem de uma ninfa do mar cujos prazeres ela já havia se divertido imaginando. Querendo escapar de reflexões sérias, ela tentou transformar suas ideias imaginativas em um poema e terminou a hora compondo os seguintes versos.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O quarto estava escuro, mas uma luz brilhava através dos vidros da porta de um armário. Acreditando que seu pai pudesse estar lá dentro e preocupada que ele não estivesse bem, Emily aproximou-se silenciosamente. Através do vidro, viu-o sentado a uma pequena mesa, lendo papéis com profunda emoção, muitas vezes chorando e soluçando alto. Movida por uma mistura de curiosidade e ternura, ela continuou observando, presumindo que os papéis fossem cartas de sua falecida mãe. Em seguida, seu pai ajoelhou-se, com o rosto solene e estranhamente selvagem, e orou silenciosamente por um longo tempo.

Original English

The room was dark, but a light glimmered through some panes of glass that were placed in the upper part of a closet-door. Emily believed her father to be in the closet, and, surprised that he was up at so late an hour, apprehended he was unwell, and was going to enquire; but, considering that her sudden appearance at this hour might alarm him, she removed her light to the stair-case, and then stepped softly to the closet. On looking through the panes of glass, she saw him seated at a small table, with papers before him, some of which he was reading with deep attention and interest, during which he often wept and sobbed aloud. Emily, who had come to the door to learn whether her father was ill, was now detained there by a mixture of curiosity and tenderness. She could not witness his sorrow, without being anxious to know the subject of; and she therefore continued to observe him in silence, concluding that those papers were letters of her late mother. Presently he knelt down, and with a look so solemn as she had seldom seen him assume, and which was mingled with a certain wild expression, that partook more of horror than of any other character, he prayed silently for a considerable time.

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Pt/En

Português

A ninfa do mar fala sobre sua vida nas profundezas do oceano. Ela desce milhares de braças e brinca perto dos penhascos. Dentro de cavernas secretas, ela ouve o rugido de grandes rios e guia suas correntes pelas águas de Netuno para abençoar a terra. Ela direciona água doce para lagos e riachos, onde ninfas dançam e cantam em agradecimento. Em caramanchões de coral, ela se deita, ouvindo as ondas acima e observando navios e nuvens. À meia-noite, quando a tripulação dorme, ela sopra canções encantadoras em torno de um amante triste, que a ouve, mas não pode vê-la. Às vezes, uma única nota desaparece suavemente, então ela desperta a magia de sua concha, e vozes se elevam ao seu redor. O jovem chama a tripulação, mas eles escutam em vão enquanto a canção termina. Ao anoitecer, ela dança com tritões e ninfas irmãs nas marés até o sol aparecer, então eles retornam à sua corte de cristal. Em salões frescos decorados com pérolas e gemas, eles cantam ao som de conchas e correntes fluentes. Durante as tempestades, ela observa de um penhasco, guiando o navio em dificuldade com relâmpagos para a segurança. Se for tarde demais, ela chama golfinhos para levar a tripulação a uma ilha, onde os conforta com canções, conduzindo-os a bosques com frutas. Ela anima os náufragos até a tempestade passar.

Netuno às vezes a prende em rochas até a tempestade terminar, mas ela ainda ajuda. Ela convida quem ama sua canção para vir ao pôr do sol nas areias tranquilas onde ela gosta de se banhar.

Original English

THE SEA-NYMPH Down, down a thousand fathom deep, Among the sounding seas I go; Play round the foot of ev'ry steep Whose cliffs above the ocean grow. There, within their secret cares, I hear the mighty rivers roar; And guide their streams through Neptune's waves To bless the green earth's inmost shore: And bid the freshen'd waters glide, For fern-crown'd nymphs of lake, or brook, Through winding woods and pastures wide, And many a wild, romantic nook. For this the nymphs, at fall of eave, Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks, And sing my name, and garlands weave To bear beneath the wave their thanks. In coral bow'rs I love to lie, And hear the surges roll above, And through the waters view on high The proud ships sail, and gay clouds move. And oft at midnight's stillest hour, When summer seas the vessel lave, I love to prove my charming pow'r While floating on the moon-light wave. And when deep sleep the crew has bound, And the sad lover musing leans O'er the ship's side, I breathe around Such strains as speak no mortal means! O'er the dim waves his searching eye Sees but the vessel's lengthen'd shade; Above—the moon and azure sky; Entranc'd he hears, and half afraid! Sometimes, a single note I swell, That, softly sweet, at distance dies; Then wake the magic of my shell, And choral voices round me rise! The trembling youth, charm'd by my strain, Calls up the crew, who, silent, bend O'er the high deck, but list in vain; My song is hush'd, my wonders end! Within the mountain's woody bay, Where the tall bark at anchor rides, At twilight hour, with tritons gay, I dance upon the lapsing tides: And with my sister-nymphs I sport, Till the broad sun looks o'er the floods; Then, swift we seek our crystal court, Deep in the wave, 'mid Neptune's woods. In cool arcades and glassy halls We pass the sultry hours of noon, Beyond wherever sun-beam falls, Weaving sea-flowers in gay festoon. The while we chant our ditties sweet To some soft shell that warbles near; Join'd by the murmuring currents, fleet, That glide along our halls so clear. There, the pale pearl and sapphire blue, And ruby red, and em'rald green, Dart from the domes a changing hue, And sparry columns deck the scene. When the dark storm scowls o'er the deep, And long, long peals of thunder sound, On some high cliff my watch I keep O'er all the restless seas around: Till on the ridgy wave afar Comes the lone vessel, labouring slow, Spreading the white foam in the air, With sail and top-mast bending low. Then, plunge I 'mid the ocean's roar, My way by quiv'ring lightnings shewn, To guide the bark to peaceful shore, And hush the sailor's fearful groan. And if too late I reach its side To save it from the

'whelming surge, I call my dolphins o'er the tide, To bear the crew where isles emerge. Their mournful spirits soon I cheer, While round the desert coast I go, With warbled songs they faintly hear, Oft as the stormy gust sinks low. My music leads to lofty groves, That wild upon the sea-bank wave; Where sweet fruits bloom, and fresh spring roves, And closing boughs the tempest brave. Then, from the air spirits obey My potent voice they love so well, And, on the clouds, paint visions gay, While strains more sweet at distance swell. And thus the lonely hours I cheat, Soothing the ship-wreck'd sailor's heart, Till from the waves the storms retreat, And o'er the east the day-beams dart. Neptune for this oft binds me fast To rocks below, with coral chain, Till all the tempest's over-past, And drowning seamen cry in vain. Whoe'er ye are that love my lay, Come, when red sun-set tints the wave, To the still sands, where fairies play; There, in cool seas, I love to lave.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando ele se levantou, seu rosto estava mortalmente pálido. Emily estava prestes a sair rapidamente, mas notou que ele se voltava novamente para os papéis e parou. Ele pegou um pequeno estojo entre eles e retirou um retrato em miniatura. A luz incidiu sobre ele, e ela viu que era a imagem de uma senhora, mas não de sua mãe.

Original English

When he rose, a ghastly paleness was on his countenance. Emily was hastily retiring; but she saw him turn again to the papers, and she stopped. He took from among them a small case, and from thence a miniature picture. The rays of light fell strongly upon it, and she perceived it to be that of a lady, but not of her mother.

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert fitou o retrato com profunda afeição, levou-o aos lábios, depois o segurou junto ao coração e suspirou como se sentisse grande dor. Emily mal podia acreditar no que via. Ela nunca soubera que ele possuía um retrato de qualquer mulher que não fosse sua mãe, muito menos um que ele claramente prezava tanto. Depois de verificar várias vezes que não era

uma semelhança de Madame St. Aubert, ela ficou certa de que se destinava a representar outra pessoa.

Original English

St. Aubert gazed earnestly and tenderly upon his portrait, put it to his lips, and then to his heart, and sighed with a convulsive force. Emily could scarcely believe what she saw to be real. She never knew till now that he had a picture of any other lady than her mother, much less that he had one which he evidently valued so highly; but having looked repeatedly, to be certain that it was not the resemblance of Madame St. Aubert, she became entirely convinced that it was designed for that of some other person.

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Pt/En

Português

Finalmente, St. Aubert guardou o retrato em seu estojo. Percebendo que estava invadindo sua dor particular, Emily saiu silenciosamente do quarto.

Original English

At length St. Aubert returned the picture to its case; and Emily, recollecting that she was intruding upon his private sorrows, softly withdrew from the chamber.

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CHAPTER III

Pt/En

Português

O poema pergunta como alguém poderia rejeitar a beleza infinita que a natureza oferece a seus devotos: as florestas cantantes, a costa ecoante, a majestade dos bosques, o adorno dos campos — tudo o que o sol da manhã doura, tudo o que ecoa no canto da tarde, tudo o que o seio protetor da montanha abriga e toda a grandiosidade inspiradora dos céus. Como alguém poderia renunciar a tais coisas e esperar ser perdoado? Esses encantos trarão saúde eterna à sua alma e transmitirão amor, gentileza e alegria. — O Menestrel.

Original English

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store Of charms which nature to her vot'ry yields! The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields; All that the genial ray of morning gilds, And all that echoes to the song of even; All that the mountain's shel't'ring bosom shields, And all the dread magnificence of heaven; O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!..... These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health, And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart. THE MINSTREL

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Português

Júlio César descreve um homem que observa os outros de perto e entende suas verdadeiras ações. Esse homem não gosta de peças teatrais nem de música. Raramente sorri e, quando o faz, parece estar zombando de si mesmo. Segundo César, tal homem nunca é feliz quando vê alguém maior do que ele.

Original English

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

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Português

Os versos de Milton descrevem as sombras escuras e úmidas frequentemente vistas pairando perto de tumbas e sepulturas recentes, evocando uma sensação de morte e tristeza.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Isto não é um assunto humano, nem um som que pertence à terra.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Em vez de pegar a estrada mais direta que corria ao longo da base dos Pireneus até Languedoc, St. Aubert escolheu um caminho que serpentava pelas alturas, oferecendo vistas mais amplas e cenários românticos mais variados. Ele fez um ligeiro desvio para se despedir do Sr. Barreaux, a quem encontrou botanizando no bosque perto de seu castelo. Quando informado do propósito da visita de St. Aubert, o Sr. Barreaux expressou um grau de tristeza que seu amigo pensara que ele dificilmente seria capaz de sentir em qualquer ocasião semelhante. Eles se separaram com pesar mútuo.

Original English

St. Aubert, instead of taking the more direct road, that ran along the feet of the Pyrenees to Languedoc, chose one that, winding over the heights, afforded more extensive views and greater variety of romantic scenery. He turned a little out of his way to take leave of M. Barreaux, whom he found botanizing in the wood near his chateau, and who, when he was told the purpose of St. Aubert's visit, expressed a degree of concern, such as his friend had thought it was scarcely possible for him to feel on any similar occasion. They parted with mutual regret.

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Português

Montoni e seu companheiro não voltaram para casa até muitas horas depois do amanhecer. Montoni tinha pouco interesse por prazeres leves; ele era atraído por emoções fortes e desafios. Sem um objetivo significativo, a vida parecia monótona para ele, então, quando faltavam interesses reais, ele inventava artificiais, como o jogo. Ele passara a noite

jogando com Cavigni e um grupo de jovens ricos, mas de baixo status social, a quem ele desprezava amplamente por sua falta de inteligência, usando-os para seus próprios fins. Mesmo com aqueles de maior habilidade, Montoni mantinha uma postura orgulhosa e autoritária, que fazia alguns se submeterem e outros o odiarem intensamente. Ele se orgulhava desse ódio porque demonstrava seu poder, que era sua principal ambição. A estima ele considerava fraca, e teria se envergonhado de valorizá-la.

Original English

Montoni and his companion did not return home, till many hours after the dawn had blushed upon the Adriatic. The airy groups, which had danced all night along the colonnade of St. Mark, dispersed before the morning, like so many spirits. Montoni had been otherwise engaged; his soul was little susceptible of light pleasures. He delighted in the energies of the passions; the difficulties and tempests of life, which wreck the happiness of others, roused and strengthened all the powers of his mind, and afforded him the highest enjoyments, of which his nature was capable. Without some object of strong interest, life was to him little more than a sleep; and, when pursuits of real interest failed, he substituted artificial ones, till habit changed their nature, and they ceased to be unreal. Of this kind was the habit of gaming, which he had adopted, first, for the purpose of relieving him from the languor of inaction, but had since pursued with the ardour of passion. In this occupation he had passed the night with Cavigni and a party of young men, who had more money than rank, and more vice than either. Montoni despised the greater part of these for the inferiority of their talents, rather than for their vicious inclinations, and associated with them only to make them the instruments of his purposes. Among these, however, were some of superior abilities, and a few whom Montoni admitted to his intimacy, but even towards these he still preserved a decisive and haughty air, which, while it imposed submission on weak and timid minds, roused the fierce hatred of strong ones. He had, of course, many and bitter enemies; but the rancour of their hatred proved the degree of his power; and, as power was his chief aim, he gloried more in such hatred, than it was possible he could in being esteemed. A feeling so tempered as that of esteem, he despised, and would have despised himself also had he thought himself capable of being flattered by it.

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Português

No dia seguinte, Montoni novamente evitou encontrar Emily. Ela suspeitava que ele estava adiando deliberadamente o encontro porque sabia o que ela queria discutir. Embora pensasse em confrontá-lo, o medo a conteve. O dia passou muito parecido com o anterior, mas agora uma tensa antecipação da noite que se aproximava perturbava a calma terrível que havia se instalado sobre ela.

Original English

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

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Português

A história retorna a Montoni, cuja raiva e decepção foram logo substituídas por preocupações mais urgentes. Seus crimes haviam se tornado tão graves que o governo veneziano, apesar de sua habitual timidez e esperança de usá-lo ocasionalmente, não podia mais ignorá-los. Decidiram enviar uma força forte a Udolpho para destruir seu poder. Antes que as tropas marchassem, um jovem oficial que havia sido prejudicado por Montoni e buscava glória solicitou uma reunião com o ministro responsável. Ele argumentou que Udolpho era forte demais para um ataque direto, que Montoni era um comandante habilidoso que detectaria um grande exército e que um longo cerco prejudicaria a reputação da república. Em vez disso, ele propôs uma mistura de astúcia e força: ou emboscar Montoni fora de seus muros ou, movendo-se secretamente com uma força menor, aproveitar a traição ou descuido entre seus homens para surpreender toda a guarnição dentro do próprio castelo.

Original English

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 resentment, 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 approaching 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.

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Português

M. Barreaux observou que a única coisa que poderia tê-lo tirado de seu retiro teria sido o prazer de acompanhá-los em seu pequeno passeio. Ele raramente fazia elogios, então eles poderiam acreditar em sua palavra de que aguardaria seu retorno com impaciência.

Original English

'If any thing could have tempted me from my retirement,'said M. Barreaux, 'it would have been the pleasure of accompanying you on this little tour. I do not often offer compliments; you may, therefore, believe me, when I say, that I shall look for your return with impatience.'

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Português

Entre aqueles que ele distinguia estavam Bertolini, Orsino e Verezzi. Bertolini era alegre, apaixonado, perdulário e extravagante, mas generoso, corajoso e confiante. Orsino era reservado e orgulhoso, preferindo poder a ostentação. Ele era cruel e desconfiado, rápido em se sentir insultado e implacável na vingança, astuto e paciente na execução de seus planos. Ele controlava bem sua expressão e suas poucas emoções — orgulho, vingança e ganância. Montoni o favorecia acima de todos. Verezzi era talentoso, com uma imaginação ardente, e era escravo de suas paixões mutáveis. Ele era alegre, amante do prazer e ousado, mas lhe faltavam perseverança e coragem verdadeira, sendo egoísta em seus objetivos. Ele era rápido em formar planos e rápido em abandonar tanto os seus próprios quanto os esquemas alheios. Orgulhoso e impaciente, ele resistia a toda autoridade, mas aqueles que conheciam seu caráter podiam liderá-lo facilmente.

Original English

Among the few whom he distinguished, were the Signors Bertolini, Orsino, and Verezzi. The first was a man of gay temper, strong passions, dissipated, and of unbounded extravagance, but generous, brave, and unsuspicious. Orsino was reserved, and haughty; loving power more than ostentation; of a cruel and suspicious temper; quick to feel an injury, and relentless in avenging it; cunning and unsearchable in contrivance, patient and indefatigable in the execution of his schemes. He had a perfect command of feature and of his passions, of which he had scarcely any, but pride, revenge and avarice; and, in the gratification of these, few considerations had power to restrain him, few obstacles to withstand the depth of his stratagems. This man was the chief favourite of Montoni. Verezzi was a man of some talent, of fiery imagination, and the slave of alternate passions. He was gay, voluptuous, and daring; yet had neither perseverance or true courage, and was meanly selfish in all his aims. Quick to form schemes, and sanguine in his hope of success, he was the first to undertake, and to abandon, not only his own plans, but those adopted from other persons. Proud and impetuous, he revolted against all subordination; yet those who were acquainted with his character, and watched the turn of his passions, could lead him like a child.

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Português

Naquela noite, o segundo grupo da banda retornou ao castelo, seus gritos e canções ecoando pelos pátios. Emily, de seu quarto distante, ouviu-os e temeu algum ato terrível. Annette a tranquilizou, explicando que eles estavam celebrando o saque que haviam trazido. Isso confirmou a suspeita de Emily de que Montoni realmente se tornara um chefe de bandidos, usando a fortaleza remota para roubar viajantes ricos. Considerando seu caráter – sem princípios, destemido, cruel e aventureiro – ela percebeu que ele era perfeitamente adequado para tal vida. Sua coragem não era nobre, mas sim uma falta de sentimento; ele prosperava no tumulto e não era tocado pela piedade ou pelo medo.

Original English

Towards evening, the second part of the band, which had made the first excursion among the mountains, returned to the castle, where, as they entered the courts, Emily, in her remote chamber, heard their loud shouts and strains of exultation, like the orgies of furies over some horrid sacrifice. She even feared they were about to commit some barbarous deed; a conjecture from which, however, Annette soon relieved her, by telling, that the people were only exulting over the plunder they had brought with them. This circumstance still further confirmed her in the belief, that Montoni had really commenced to be a captain of banditti, and meant to retrieve his broken fortunes by the plunder of travellers! Indeed, when she considered all the circumstances of his situation—in an armed, and almost inaccessible castle, retired far among the recesses of wild and solitary mountains, along whose distant skirts were scattered towns, and cities, whither wealthy travellers were continually passing—this appeared to be the situation of all others most suited for the success of schemes of rapine, and she yielded to the strange thought, that Montoni was become a captain of robbers. His character also, unprincipled, dauntless, cruel and enterprising, seemed to fit him for the situation. Delighting in the tumult and in the struggles of life, he was equally a stranger to pity and to fear; his very courage was a sort of animal ferocity; not the noble impulse of a principle, such as inspirits the mind against the oppressor, in the cause of the oppressed; but a constitutional hardness of nerve, that cannot feel, and that, therefore, cannot fear.

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Português

O conselho do oficial foi levado a sério. Ele recebeu o comando das tropas e iniciou seu plano com estratégia cuidadosa perto de Udolfo. Lá, ele encontrou vários mercenários dispostos a ajudá-lo, pois queriam punir seu mestre severo e obter perdões do senado veneziano. Ele também soube que as forças de Montoni haviam aumentado após suas vitórias recentes. A parte final do plano foi executada rapidamente. Retornando com seus homens, que receberam senhas e assistência de aliados dentro do castelo, ele surpreendeu Montoni e seus oficiais em seus aposentos com uma divisão, enquanto outra divisão cuidou da breve luta que levou à rendição de toda a guarnição. Entre os capturados com Montoni estava Orsino, o assassino, que havia se juntado a ele em sua chegada a Udolfo. O Conde Morano havia revelado o esconderijo de Orsino ao senado após sua tentativa fracassada de raptar Emily. Capturar Orsino, que havia assassinado um senador, era um objetivo principal da missão, e seu sucesso agradou tanto ao senado que Morano foi imediatamente libertado, apesar de quaisquer suspeitas políticas que Montoni havia levantado contra ele. A rapidez e facilidade da operação impediram que ela atraísse atenção pública ou fosse registrada em histórias oficiais; assim, Emily, ainda em Languedoc, permaneceu alheia à derrota e humilhação pública de seu antigo perseguidor.

Original English

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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Português

Os viajantes prosseguiram. Enquanto subiam as alturas, St. Aubert frequentemente olhava para trás, para o castelo na planície abaixo. Lembranças ternas enchiam sua mente; sua imaginação melancólica sugeria que ele nunca mais voltaria. Embora reprimisse esse pensamento, ele continuou a olhar até que a distância borrasse sua casa na paisagem.

Original English

The travellers proceeded on their journey. As they ascended the heights, St. Aubert often looked back upon the chateau, in the plain below; tender images crowded to his mind; his melancholy imagination suggested that he should return no more; and though he checked this wandering thought, still he continued to look, till the haziness of distance blended his home with the general landscape, and St. Aubert seemed to

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Português

No dia seguinte à chegada de Montoni a Veneza, ele apresentou seus amigos à sua esposa e os convidou para jantar. Entre os convidados estavam o Conde Morano, um nobre veneziano, e a Senhora Livona, uma mulher que Montoni descreveu como muito talentosa. Ela havia ido visitá-la mais cedo para dar as boas-vindas a Madame Montoni e foi convidada a ficar para a refeição.

Original English

Such were the friends whom Montoni introduced to his family and his table, on the day after his arrival at Venice. There were also of the party a Venetian nobleman, Count Morano, and a Signora Livona, whom Montoni

had introduced to his wife, as a lady of distinguished merit, and who, having called in the morning to welcome her to Venice, had been requested to be of the dinner party.

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Português

O palpite de Emily estava parcialmente errado porque ela não entendia a situação na Itália. Naquela época, as receitas dos estados italianos eram muito pequenas para manter exércitos permanentes, mesmo durante os curtos períodos de paz. Portanto, surgiu um grupo de soldados desconhecido nos tempos modernos e apenas vagamente descrito na história. Após cada guerra, poucos soldados retornavam a ocupações pacíficas. Alguns iam para outros países e se juntavam a exércitos ativos. Outros formavam bandos de ladrões e ocupavam fortalezas remotas. Eles não eram muito perseguidos pelo poder civil devido ao seu caráter desesperado, à fraqueza dos governos que ofendiam e à possibilidade de serem chamados de volta aos exércitos quando necessário. Às vezes, ligavam-se a um chefe popular que os levava a servir qualquer estado que pudesse pagar por seu valor. Isso lhes deu o nome de Condottieri, um termo temido em toda a Itália até o início do século XVII, mas cujo início é difícil de determinar.

Original English

Emily's supposition, however natural, was in part erroneous, for she was a stranger to the state of this country and to the circumstances, under which its frequent wars were partly conducted. The revenues of the many states of Italy being, at that time, insufficient to the support of standing armies, even during the short periods, which the turbulent habits both of the governments and the people permitted to pass in peace, an order of men arose not known in our age, and but faintly described in the history of their own. Of the soldiers, disbanded at the end of every war, few returned to the safe, but unprofitable occupations, then usual in peace. Sometimes they passed into other countries, and mingled with armies, which still kept the field. Sometimes they formed themselves into bands of robbers, and occupied remote fortresses, where their desperate character, the weakness of the governments which they offended, and the certainty, that they could be recalled to the armies, when their presence should be again wanted, prevented them from being much pursued by the civil power; and, sometimes, they attached themselves to the fortunes of a popular chief, by whom they were led into the service of any state, which could settle with

him the price of their valour. From this latter practice arose their name—CONDOTTIERI; a term formidable all over Italy, for a period, which concluded in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, but of which it is not so easy to ascertain the commencement.

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Português

Emily continuava a lutar contra sua tristeza, e nenhum raciocínio conseguia ainda controlar seus sentimentos. O Conde De Villefort tentava sinceramente aliviar sua dor de todas as formas bondosas que podia. Às vezes ele lhe dava a solidão que ela desejava, outras vezes a levava para companhias amigáveis. Ele também a protegia tanto quanto possível das perguntas afiadas e comentários críticos da Condessa. Frequentemente a convidava para passeios com ele e sua filha, durante os quais ele falava apenas sobre assuntos adequados ao gosto dela, sem parecer considerá-los deliberadamente. Ele esperava gradualmente afastá-la de sua tristeza e despertar novos interesses em sua mente. Para Emily, ele parecia um amigo sábio e protetor de sua juventude, e logo ela sentiu uma terna afeição filial por ele. Ela também abriu seu coração para sua jovem amiga Blanche, que era como uma irmã para ela, com bondade e simplicidade que compensavam a falta de qualidades mais brilhantes. Levou muito tempo até que ela conseguisse distrair sua mente o suficiente de Valancourt para ouvir a história que a velha Dorothee havia prometido. Sua curiosidade sobre ela já havia sido muito forte. Eventualmente Dorothee a lembrou, e Emily pediu que ela viesse ao seu quarto naquela noite.

Original English

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

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Português

A cada passo que se afastava, ele sentia uma corrente cada vez mais longa puxando-o de volta, prendendo-o ao lugar que deixara.

Original English

Drag at each remove a lengthening chain.

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Português

Madame Montoni recebeu os convidados com evidente desagrado. Ela não gostava deles por serem amigos de seu marido, ressentia-se por tê-lo mantido fora até tarde na noite anterior e os invejava porque acreditava que ele preferia a companhia deles à dela. Apenas o Conde Morano, devido à sua posição, recebeu uma recepção educada. Sua atitude arrogante e taciturna, juntamente com seu vestido extravagante — ela ainda não havia adotado a moda veneziana — contrastava fortemente com a beleza, modéstia e graça tranquila de Emily. Emily observou a festa com pouco prazer, mas foi involuntariamente atraída pelo charme e pelos modos gentis de Signora Livona, que despertaram sentimentos afetuosos há muito adormecidos.

Original English

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

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

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Português

Os confrontos entre os estados menores eram, em sua maioria, questões de empreendimento. O sucesso era estimado não pela habilidade, mas pela coragem pessoal do general e dos soldados. A capacidade de conduzir operações longas era pouco valorizada. Bastava saber como liderar um grupo em direção ao inimigo com sigilo ou afastar-se em ordem compacta. O oficial tinha que se lançar em uma situação onde os soldados não teriam se aventurado sem seu exemplo. Como as partes opostas pouco sabiam da força uma da outra, o resultado era frequentemente decidido pela ousadia dos primeiros movimentos. Os condottieri se destacavam nesses serviços e, como o saque sempre seguia o sucesso, seu caráter se tornava uma mistura de intrepidez e devassidão que impunha respeito até mesmo àqueles a quem serviam.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ainda pensava em coisas que a tornavam menos curiosa, e quando Dorothee bateu à sua porta pouco depois das doze, ela ficou surpresa, quase como se não tivessem combinado a visita. Dorothee disse que finalmente havia chegado e se perguntou por que seus velhos membros tremiam tanto naquela noite; ela quase caiu algumas vezes no caminho. Emily a sentou em uma cadeira e pediu que ela se acalmasse antes de começar a história. Dorothee admitiu que acreditava que pensar na história a havia perturbado. Ela acrescentou que, no caminho, havia passado pelo quarto onde sua antiga senhora havia morrido, e tudo estava tão quieto e sombrio que ela quase imaginou ter visto a senhora como ela aparecera em seu leito de morte.

Original English

Still her thoughts were employed by considerations, which weakened her curiosity, and Dorothee'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 Dorothee, '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 me, that I almost fancied I saw her, as she appeared upon her death-bed.'

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Pt/En

Português

Por várias léguas, ele e Emily permaneceram perdidos em silêncio pensativo. Emily foi a primeira a sair de seu devaneio melancólico, e sua imaginação juvenil, impressionada pela grandeza ao redor, gradualmente cedeu a impressões encantadoras. A estrada descia para desfiladeiros cercados por imensas paredes de rocha cinzenta e estéril, exceto onde arbustos franjavam seus topos ou manchas de vegetação esparsa coloriam as cavidades onde cabras selvagens frequentemente pastavam. O caminho então levava a altos penhascos de onde a paisagem se estendia em toda sua magnificência.

Original English

He and Emily continued sunk in musing silence for some leagues, from which melancholy reverie Emily first awoke, and her young fancy, struck with the grandeur of the objects around, gradually yielded to delightful impressions. The road now descended into glens, confined by stupendous walls of rock, grey and barren, except where shrubs fringed their summits, or patches of meagre vegetation tinted their recesses, in which the wild goat was frequently browsing. And now, the way led to the lofty cliffs, from whence the landscape was seen extending in all its magnificence.

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Português

No frescor da noite, o grupo embarcou na gôndola de Montoni e remou para o mar. O brilho vermelho do pôr do sol ainda tocava as ondas e permanecia no oeste, desvanecendo-se lentamente enquanto o céu azul escuro começava a cintilar com estrelas. Emily ficou imersa em emoções pensativas e doces. A água calma, suas imagens refletidas de um novo céu e estrelas trêmulas, juntamente com contornos sombrios de torres e pórticos, combinados com a quietude – quebrada apenas pela onda passageira ou música distante – elevavam seus sentimentos ao entusiasmo. Enquanto ouvia os remos rítmicos e melodias distantes, sua mente enternecida recordou St. Aubert e Valancourt, e lágrimas encheram seus olhos. A lua, crescendo em brilho à medida que as sombras se aprofundavam, lançava um reflexo prateado em seu rosto, parcialmente velado por um tecido preto fino, conferindo-lhe uma suavidade indescritível. Suas feições tinham o contorno de uma Madona e a sensibilidade de uma Madalena; seus olhos pensativos e erguidos e a lágrima em sua bochecha confirmavam essa expressão.

Original English

In the cool of the evening the party embarked in Montoni's gondola, and rowed out upon the sea. The red glow of sun-set still touched the waves, and lingered in the west, where the melancholy gleam seemed slowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper aether began to twinkle with stars. Emily sat, given up to pensive and sweet emotions. The smoothness of the water, over which she glided, its reflected images—a new heaven and trembling stars below the waves, with shadowy outlines of towers and porticos, conspired with the stillness of the hour, interrupted only by the passing wave, or the notes of distant music, to raise those emotions to enthusiasm. As she listened to the measured sound of the oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her softened mind returned to

the memory of St. Aubert and to Valancourt, and tears stole to her eyes. The rays of the moon, strengthening as the shadows deepened, soon after threw a silvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly shaded by a thin black veil, and touched it with inimitable softness. Hers was the CONTOUR of a Madona, with the sensibility of a Magdalen; and the pensive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her cheek, confirmed the expression of the character.

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Português

Quando não estavam lutando, os condottieri geralmente ficavam na fortaleza de seu chefe, onde desfrutavam de um descanso inquieto. Embora suas necessidades fossem parcialmente supridas pela propriedade dos habitantes, a distribuição generosa de espólios em outros momentos impedia que fossem odiados. Os camponeses gradualmente compartilhavam o caráter de seus visitantes guerreiros. Os governos vizinhos às vezes professavam, mas raramente tentavam suprimir essas comunidades militares, porque era difícil e porque uma proteção disfarçada garantia um grupo de homens baratos e perfeitamente qualificados para a guerra. Os comandantes às vezes confiavam tanto nessa política que frequentavam as capitais. Montoni, tendo-os conhecido em festas de jogo em Veneza e Pádua, desejou imitá-los antes que sua fortuna arruinada o tentasse a adotar suas práticas. Os conselhos da meia-noite em sua mansão em Veneza serviam para organizar esse plano, com Orsino e outros sugerindo ideias que depois executaram com os restos de suas fortunas.

Original English

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

having met them in the gaming parties of Venice and Padua, conceived a desire to emulate their characters, before his ruined fortunes tempted him to adopt their practices. It was for the arrangement of his present plan of life, that the midnight councils were held at his mansion in Venice, and at which Orsino and some other members of the present community then assisted with suggestions, which they had since executed with the wreck of their fortunes.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily aproximou sua cadeira de Dorothee, que continuou sua história. Ela disse que fazia cerca de vinte anos desde que a Marquesa chegara ao castelo como noiva. Dorothee lembrava claramente da aparência da Marquesa quando ela entrou no grande salão, onde todos os servos estavam reunidos para recebê-la, e de como o Marquês parecia feliz. No entanto, Dorothee pensava que, apesar de sua aparência doce, a Marquesa não parecia verdadeiramente feliz por dentro. Dorothee contou ao marido, mas ele descartou como imaginação, então ela guardou suas observações para si. A Marquesa tinha então aproximadamente a idade de Emily e, como Dorothee frequentemente pensava, muito parecida com ela. O Marquês manteve a casa aberta por muito tempo, organizando grandes entretenimentos que não eram vistos desde então. Dorothee, mais jovem na época, era tão alegre quanto qualquer um naquelas festas. Ela se lembrava de dançar com Philip, o mordomo, usando um vestido rosa com fitas amarelas e uma touca alta trançada adornada com fitas. Ficava muito bonito, e o Marquês a notou. Ele era um cavalheiro bondoso naquela época, mas quem diria no que ele se tornaria.

Original English

Emily now drew her chair near to Dorothee, 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 at 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!"—

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Pt/En

Português

Emily não conseguia conter sua alegria ao olhar sobre as florestas de pinheiros das montanhas para as vastas planícies, enriquecidas com bosques, cidades, vinhas rosadas e plantações de amêndoas, palmeiras e oliveiras. Elas se estendiam até que suas cores variadas se misturavam ao longe em um tom harmonioso que parecia unir terra e céu. Através dessa cena gloriosa, o majestoso Garonne vagava, descendo de sua nascente nos Pireneus e serpentando suas ondas azuis em direção ao Golfo da Biscaia.

Original English

Emily could not restrain her transport as she looked over the pine forests of the mountains upon the vast plains, that, enriched with woods, towns, blushing vines, and plantations of almonds, palms, and olives, stretched along, till their various colours melted in distance into one harmonious hue, that seemed to unite earth with heaven. Through the whole of this glorious scene the majestic Garonne wandered; descending from its source among the Pyrenees, and winding its blue waves towards the Bay of Biscay.

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Pt/En

Português

Os últimos acordes de música distante desapareceram quando a gôndola se afastou sobre as ondas. O grupo decidiu fazer sua própria música. O conde Morano, sentado ao lado de Emily e tendo-a observado silenciosamente por algum tempo, pegou um alaúde e tocou com perfeita habilidade, acompanhando-se em um rondó terno e triste. Era como se a bela exortação de um poeta inglês se aplicasse a ele, se ela existisse naquela época.

Original English

The last strain of distant music now died in air, for the gondola was far upon the waves, and the party determined to have music of their own. The Count Morano, who sat next to Emily, and who had been observing her for some time in silence, snatched up a lute, and struck the chords with the finger of harmony herself, while his voice, a fine tenor, accompanied them in a rondeau full of tender sadness. To him, indeed, might have been applied that beautiful exhortation of an English poet, had it then existed:

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a noite voltou, Emily retomou sua posição na janela. A lua havia nascido sobre os bosques em tufos, e sua luz amarela mostrava o terraço solitário e os objetos ao redor mais claramente do que a luz das estrelas fizera. Ela esperava que a lua a ajudasse a observar se a figura misteriosa reapareceria. Ela vacilava em suas conjecturas, hesitando em falar com a figura. Um interesse forte e quase irresistível a incitava, mas em intervalos o terror a tornava relutante.

Original English

On the return of night, Emily resumed her station at the casement. There was now a moon; and, as it rose over the tufted woods, its yellow light served to shew the lonely terrace and the surrounding objects, more distinctly, than the twilight of the stars had done, and promised Emily to assist her observations, should the mysterious form return. On this subject, she again wavered in conjecture, and hesitated whether to speak to the figure, to which a strong and almost irresistible interest urged her; but terror, at intervals, made her reluctant to do so.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily expressou interesse na Marquesa, lembrando Doroteia de que ela havia falado sobre ela.

Original English

'But the Marchioness, Dorothee,' said Emily, 'you was telling me of her.'

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Pt/En

Português

A estrada acidentada frequentemente obrigava os viajantes a deixar sua pequena carruagem, mas eles pensavam que a paisagem magnífica compensava o incômodo. Enquanto o condutor de mulas guiava lentamente os animais sobre o terreno irregular, eles tinham tempo para permanecer na solidão e refletir sobre os sentimentos sublimes que amolecem e elevam o coração, enchendo-o da certeza de um Deus presente. A alegria de St. Aubert era tocada por uma melancolia pensativa que dava um tom suave a tudo ao seu redor.

Original English

The ruggedness of the unfrequented road often obliged the wanderers to alight from their little carriage, but they thought themselves amply repaid for this inconvenience by the grandeur of the scenes; and, while the muleteer led his animals slowly over the broken ground, the travellers had leisure to linger amid these solitudes, and to indulge the sublime reflections, which soften, while they elevate, the heart, and fill it with the certainty of a present God! Still the enjoyment of St. Aubert was touched with that pensive melancholy, which gives to every object a mellowed tint, and breathes a sacred charm over all around.

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Português

O poema exortou o músico a tocar com uma suavidade religiosa, deixando os sons languidecerem pela noite até que a Melancolia se erguesse do seu sofá, e até o Descuido se tornasse um concerto atento.

Original English

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

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Português

Emily pensou que, se essa pessoa tivesse planos contra o castelo, sua curiosidade poderia ser fatal. No entanto, a música misteriosa e as lamentações que ela ouviu certamente deviam ter vindo dele; se assim fosse, ele não poderia ser um inimigo.

Original English

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

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Português

Doroteia confessou que acreditava que a Marquesa era infeliz. Ela a havia testemunhado chorando em particular logo após o casamento. O pai da Marquesa a obrigara a se casar com o Marquês por sua riqueza, mas seu coração pertencia a outro homem que a amava profundamente. Ela sofria pela perda desse amor, embora nunca o confessasse abertamente. A Marquesa sempre escondia sua tristeza do Marquês, aparentando calma quando ele entrava. No entanto, o Marquês tornava-se cada vez mais sombrio e rude, causando-lhe grande dor, embora ela nunca reclamasse. Ela tentava acalmá-lo, mas ele respondia com frieza, levando-a a chorar sozinha em seu aposento. Doroteia suspeitava de ciúmes, pois a Marquesa era muito admirada, mas era inocente. Entre os muitos visitantes, um cavalheiro destacava-se como seu verdadeiro par — gracioso e espirituoso. Sempre que ele visitava, o Marquês ficava mais irritado e a Marquesa mais pensativa. Doroteia acreditava que esse era o homem com quem ela deveria ter se casado, embora nunca pudesse confirmar.

Original English

'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 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Eles haviam se preparado para a falta de pousadas confortáveis carregando um suprimento de comida na carruagem, para que pudessem comer em qualquer lugar agradável ao ar livre e passar as noites na cabana que encontrassem. Para o alimento mental, trouxeram um livro de botânica de M. Barreaux e vários poetas latinos e italianos. Emily usava seu lápis para preservar as belas formas que encontrava a cada passo.

Original English

They had provided against part of the evil to be encountered from a want of convenient inns, by carrying a stock of provisions in the carriage, so that they might take refreshment on any pleasant spot, in the open air, and pass the nights wherever they should happen to meet with a comfortable cottage. For the mind, also, they had provided, by a work on botany, written by M. Barreaux, and by several of the Latin and Italian poets; while Emily's pencil enabled her to preserve some of those combinations of forms, which charmed her at every step.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde cantou a seguinte canção com grande expressividade.

Original English

With such powers of expression the Count sung the following

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Português

Ela então se lembrou de sua infeliz tia e, estremecendo de pesar e horror, sua imaginação tomou conta de sua mente com a força da verdade, levando-a a acreditar que a figura que vira era sobrenatural. Ela tremeu, lutou para respirar, sentiu um calafrio nas bochechas e, por um tempo, o medo superou sua razão. Sua determinação então a abandonou, e ela decidiu que, se a figura aparecesse novamente, não falaria com ela.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou qual era o nome do cavalheiro.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A solidão da estrada, onde apenas de vez em quando aparecia um camponês ou algumas crianças da montanha brincando entre as rochas, intensificava o efeito da paisagem. St. Aubert ficou tão impressionado que decidiu, se encontrasse uma estrada, penetrar mais fundo nas montanhas, depois virar para o sul para chegar a Rossilhão e seguir a costa mediterrânea através daquela região até o Languedoc.

Original English

The loneliness of the road, where, only now and then, a peasant was seen driving his mule, or some mountaineer-children at play among the rocks, heightened the effect of the scenery. St. Aubert was so much struck with it, that he determined, if he could hear of a road, to penetrate further among the mountains, and, bending his way rather more to the south, to emerge into Rousillon, and coast the Mediterranean along part of that country to Languedoc.

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Português

A canção comparou a suavidade e a verdade do amor ao luar sobre o mar, a uma brisa suave e a uma melodia distante. Declarou que o amor seria tão suave e verdadeiro quanto essas imagens naturais e descansaria com o amado.

Original English

RONDEAU Soft as yon silver ray, that sleeps Upon the ocean's trembling tide; Soft as the air, that lightly sweeps Yon sad, that swells in stately pride: Soft as the surge's stealing note, That dies along the distant shores, Or warbled strain, that sinks remote— So soft the sigh my bosom pours! True as the wave to Cynthia's ray, True as the vessel to the breeze, True as the soul to music's sway, Or music to Venetian seas: Soft as yon silver beams, that sleep Upon the ocean's trembling breast; So soft, so true, fond Love shall weep, So soft, so true, with THEE shall rest.

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Português

O tempo passou enquanto ela se sentava à janela, impressionada pela expectativa e pela escuridão e quietude da meia-noite. Ao luar, ela via apenas as montanhas e bosques, um aglomerado de torres formando o ângulo oeste do castelo e o terraço abaixo. Não ouvia som algum, exceto a ocasional senha passada pelos sentinelas e, mais tarde, os passos dos homens que trocavam a guarda, que ela reconhecia ao longe na muralha pelas suas lanças brilhando ao luar e pelas poucas palavras curtas que trocavam. Emily retirou-se para seu aposento enquanto eles passavam pela janela e, quando voltou, tudo estava quieto novamente. Era muito tarde, ela estava cansada de vigiar e começou a duvidar da realidade do que vira na noite anterior, mas ainda permaneceu na janela, perturbada demais para dormir. A lua brilhava com um clarão límpido, dando-lhe uma visão completa do terraço, mas ela viu apenas um sentinela solitário caminhando em uma das extremidades; finalmente, cansada de esperar, retirou-se para buscar descanso.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia recusou-se a revelar o nome, com medo de problemas. Ela ouvira de uma fonte já falecida que a Marquesa poderia não ter se casado legalmente com o Marquês, tendo antes se casado em segredo com seu amado, mas não ousara contar a seu pai severo. Doroteia considerava isso improvável. Ela reiterou que o humor do Marquês piorava após as visitas do cavalheiro, e seu mau tratamento tornava a Marquesa profundamente infeliz. Ele a isolava dos visitantes, e ela vivia quase sozinha. Doroteia, sua acompanhante constante, testemunhava seu sofrimento, mas a Marquesa nunca reclamava.

Original English

"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 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.

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Português

Pouco depois do meio-dia, eles alcançaram o topo de um penhasco que era brilhante com palmeiras verdes, adornando as imensas paredes rochosas como joias. De lá, podiam ver a maior parte da Gasconha e parte do Languedoc. Havia sombra e água fresca de uma nascente que deslizava sobre o gramado sob as árvores, depois caía de rocha em rocha até que seu murmúrio se perdia no abismo, embora sua espuma branca ainda fosse visível entre os pinheiros escuros abaixo.

Original English

Soon after mid-day, they reached the summit of one of those cliffs, which, bright with the verdure of palm-trees, adorn, like gems, the tremendous walls of the rocks, and which overlooked the greater part of Gascony, and

part of Languedoc. Here was shade, and the fresh water of a spring, that, gliding among the turf, under the trees, thence precipitated itself from rock to rock, till its dashing murmurs were lost in the abyss, though its white foam was long seen amid the darkness of the pines below.

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Português

O Conde cantou com habilidade requintada. Após terminar, ele deu o alaúde a Emily. Ela começou a tocar uma melodia triste e simples de sua terra natal, que mexeu com suas emoções e a lembrou de cenas familiares. Sua voz vacilou e ela parou, envergonhada. Ela rapidamente mudou para uma dança animada, o que encantou os ouvintes, que gritaram 'Bravissimo!' e pediram para ela repetir. O Conde fez elogios. Então Emily passou o alaúde para a Signora Livona, que cantou com verdadeiro estilo italiano.

Original English

The cadence with which he returned from the last stanza to a repetition of the first; the fine modulation in which his voice stole upon the first line, and the pathetic energy with which it pronounced the last, were such as only exquisite taste could give. When he had concluded, he gave the lute with a sigh to Emily, who, to avoid any appearance of affectation, immediately began to play. She sung a melancholy little air, one of the popular songs of her native province, with a simplicity and pathos that made it enchanting. But its well-known melody brought so forcibly to her fancy the scenes and the persons, among which she had often heard it, that her spirits were overcome, her voice trembled and ceased—and the strings of the lute were struck with a disordered hand; till, ashamed of the emotion she had betrayed, she suddenly passed on to a song so gay and airy, that the steps of the dance seemed almost to echo to the notes. BRAVISSIMO! burst instantly from the lips of her delighted auditors, and she was compelled to repeat the air. Among the compliments that followed, those of the Count were not the least audible, and they had not concluded, when Emily gave the instrument to Signora Livona, whose voice accompanied it with true Italian taste.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, a impressão deixada em sua mente pela música, pelas queixas que ouvira antes e pela figura que imaginara ter visto a fez decidir repetir a vigília na noite seguinte.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Após quase um ano desse calvário, a Marquesa adoeceu. Doroteia atribuiu sua doença ao sofrimento prolongado, mas temia uma causa mais sinistra.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

Este era um local perfeito para descansar, então os viajantes desceram para jantar enquanto as mulas eram desatreladas para pastar nas ervas perfumadas que enriqueciam o cume.

Original English

This was a spot well suited for rest, and the travellers alighted to dine, while the mules were unharnessed to browse on the savoury herbs that enriched this summit.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois, o Conde, Emily, Cavigni e a Signora Livona cantaram cançonetas, acompanhados por alaúdes e outros instrumentos. Às vezes, os instrumentos silenciavam e as vozes baixavam para um cântico suave; então, após uma pausa, elas gradualmente subiam novamente, com os instrumentos se juntando um a um, até que o coro completo se elevava ao céu.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

No dia seguinte, Montoni não deu atenção à visita planejada de Emily, mas ela, mais ansiosa do que antes, enviou Annette para perguntar quando ele a receberia. Ele disse onze horas, e Emily chegou exatamente na hora, reunindo toda a sua coragem para suportar o choque de sua presença e as terríveis lembranças que ela lhe impunha. Ele estava com vários de seus oficiais na sala de cedro; ela parou ao vê-los, sua agitação aumentando enquanto ele continuava a conversar com eles, aparentemente sem notá-la, até que alguns dos oficiais se viraram, viram Emily e exclamaram. Ela estava prestes a sair às pressas quando a voz de Montoni a deteve. Em um tom vacilante, ela disse que desejava falar com ele se ele estivesse disponível.

Original English

Montoni, on the next day, took no notice of Emily's appointed visit, but she, more anxious than before to see him, sent Annette to enquire, at what hour he would admit her. He mentioned eleven o'clock, and Emily was punctual to the moment; at which she called up all her fortitude to support the shock of his presence and the dreadful recollections it enforced. He was with several of his officers, in the cedar room; on observing whom she paused; and her agitation increased, while he continued to converse with them,

apparently not observing her, till some of his officers, turning round, saw Emily, and uttered an exclamation. She was hastily retiring, when Montoni's voice arrested her, and, in a faltering accent, she said,—'I would speak with you, Signor Montoni, if you are at leisure.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily perguntou a Doroteia se realmente poderia ser pior.

Original English

'Worse! Dorothee,' said Emily, 'can that be possible?'

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Pt/En

Português

Passou-se um tempo antes que St. Aubert e Emily conseguissem se concentrar o suficiente para fazer sua refeição. Sentados à sombra de palmeiras, St. Aubert apontou os rios, cidades e províncias que seu conhecimento, mais do que seus olhos, lhe permitia descrever. Seu discurso logo deu lugar ao silêncio, e lágrimas vieram aos seus olhos. Emily entendeu a causa, pois a cena os lembrava de um lugar querido para sua falecida mãe. St. Aubert recordou a última vez que visitou aquele local com sua esposa e os pensamentos tristes que teve então, que agora se concretizaram. As memórias o dominaram, então ele se levantou e se afastou para sofrer em particular.

Original English

It was some time before St. Aubert or Emily could withdraw their attention from the surrounding objects, so as to partake of their little repast. Seated in the shade of the palms, St. Aubert pointed out to her observation the course of the rivers, the situation of great towns, and the boundaries of provinces, which science, rather than the eye, enabled him to describe. Notwithstanding this occupation, when he had talked awhile he suddenly became silent, thoughtful, and tears often swelled to his eyes, which Emily observed, and the sympathy of her own heart told her their cause. The scene before them bore some resemblance, though it was on a much grander scale, to a favourite one of the late Madame St. Aubert, within view of the fishing-house. They both observed this, and thought how delighted she would have been with the present landscape, while they knew that her

eyes must never, never more open upon this world. St. Aubert remembered the last time of his visiting that spot in company with her, and also the mournfully presaging thoughts which had then arisen in his mind, and were now, even thus soon, realized! The recollections subdued him, and he abruptly rose from his seat, and walked away to where no eye could observe his grief.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto isso, Montoni tinha se cansado da música. Ele considerou como deixar a festa ou levar alguns dispostos a jogar para um cassino. Em uma pausa, ele propôs voltar para a costa, sugestão que Orsino apoiou prontamente, mas o Conde e outros cavalheiros se opuseram fortemente.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que os homens eram seus amigos e que tudo o que ela tivesse a dizer poderia ser ouvido por eles.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia admitiu que temia que fosse verdade; havia ocorrido aparições estranhas. Ela disse que apenas contaria o que havia acontecido e então mencionou o Marquês.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Quando St. Aubert voltou, seu rosto estava calmo novamente. Ele pegou a mão de Emily afetuosamente e então perguntou ao condutor de mulas sobre as estradas através das montanhas em direção a Rousillon. O condutor disse que havia várias rotas possíveis, mas não tinha certeza de suas condições ou até onde se estendiam. Não desejando viajar após o pôr do sol, St. Aubert perguntou qual vila eles poderiam alcançar até aquele horário. O condutor calculou que poderiam chegar facilmente a Mateau na estrada atual, mas se tomassem uma estrada mais ao sul em direção a Rousillon, havia um vilarejo que poderiam alcançar antes do anoitecer.

Original English

When he returned, his countenance had recovered its usual serenity; he took Emily's hand, pressed it affectionately, without speaking, and soon after called to the muleteer, who sat at a little distance, concerning a road among the mountains towards Rousillon. Michael said, there were several that way, but he did not know how far they extended, or even whether they were passable; and St. Aubert, who did not intend to travel after sun-set, asked what village they could reach about that time. The muleteer calculated that they could easily reach Mateau, which was in their present road; but that, if they took a road that sloped more to the south, towards Rousillon, there was a hamlet, which he thought they could gain before the evening shut in.

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni continuou a considerar como poderia evitar ficar mais tempo com o Conde, sentindo que só precisava se desculpar com ele. Quando um barco vazio retornando a Veneza chamou seus homens, ele aproveitou a oportunidade para ir à costa sem mais desculpas. Deixou as damas aos cuidados de seus amigos e partiu com Orsino. Emily, pela primeira vez, lamentou sua partida, pois considerava sua presença uma proteção, embora não tivesse certeza do que temia. Montoni desembarcou em São Marcos, apressou-se para um cassino e logo desapareceu em meio a uma multidão de jogadores.

Original English

Montoni still meditated how he might excuse himself from longer attendance upon the Count, for to him only he thought excuse necessary, and how he might get to land, till the gondolieri of an empty boat, returning to Venice, hailed his people. Without troubling himself longer about an excuse, he seized this opportunity of going thither, and, committing the ladies to the care of his friends, departed with Orsino, while Emily, for the first time, saw him go with regret; for she considered his presence a protection, though she knew not what she should fear. He landed at St. Mark's, and, hurrying to a Casino, was soon lost amidst a crowd of gamblers.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily não respondeu aos cavaleiros. Ela se afastou dos olhares rudes deles. Montoni a seguiu até o salão e depois a levou para uma pequena sala, fechando a porta violentamente. Olhando para seu rosto escuro, ela novamente suspeitou que ele tivesse assassinado sua tia. Sua mente estava tão abalada pelo horror que ela não conseguia reunir seus pensamentos para explicar por que tinha vindo. Ela nem ousava pronunciar o nome de Madame Montoni.

Original English

Emily, without replying, turned from the rude gaze of the chevaliers, and Montoni then followed her to the hall, whence he led her to a small room, of which he shut the door with violence. As she looked on his dark countenance, she again thought she saw the murderer of her aunt; and her

mind was so convulsed with horror, that she had not power to recall thought enough to explain the purport of her visit; and to trust herself with the mention of Madame Montoni was more than she dared.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily pediu silêncio a Doroteia e perguntou que sons eram aqueles.

Original English

'Hush, Dorothee, what sounds were those?' said Emily.

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Pt/En

Português

Após alguma consideração, St. Aubert decidiu pela última rota. O condutor de mulas terminou sua refeição, atrelou as mulas e partiu novamente, mas logo parou para prestar homenagem a uma cruz sobre uma rocha acima do caminho. Terminadas suas devoções, ele estalou o chicote e, apesar da estrada acidentada e de suas queixas anteriores sobre a dor das mulas, seguiu a galope pela borda de um precipício aterrorizante. Emily quase desmaiou de medo, e St. Aubert, com medo de que parar o condutor subitamente pudesse causar maior perigo, teve que ficar parado e confiar nas mulas. As mulas se mostraram mais sábias que seu dono, levando os viajantes em segurança para o vale, onde pararam junto a um riacho.

Original English

St. Aubert, after some hesitation, determined to take the latter course, and Michael, having finished his meal, and harnessed his mules, again set forward, but soon stopped; and St. Aubert saw him doing homage to a cross, that stood on a rock impending over their way. Having concluded his devotions, he smacked his whip in the air, and, in spite of the rough road, and the pain of his poor mules, which he had been lately lamenting, rattled, in a full gallop, along the edge of a precipice, which it made the eye dizzy to look down. Emily was terrified almost to fainting; and St. Aubert, apprehending still greater danger from suddenly stopping the driver, was compelled to sit quietly, and trust his fate to the strength and discretion of the mules, who seemed to possess a greater portion of the latter quality than their master; for they carried the travellers safely into the valley, and there stopped upon the brink of the rivulet that watered it.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto isso, o Conde enviou secretamente um criado no barco de Montoni para buscar sua própria gôndola e músicos. Sem saber de seu plano, Emily ouviu a canção alegre dos gondoleiros que se aproximavam e viu o brilho trêmulo do luar na água perturbada por seus remos. Logo ouviu instrumentos e uma sinfonia completa enchendo o ar. Quando os barcos se encontraram, os gondoleiros se saudaram. O Conde então se explicou, e o grupo mudou-se para sua gôndola, que era decorada com tudo o que o bom gosto podia oferecer.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni finalmente perguntou-lhe impacientemente o que ela tinha a dizer. Ele acrescentou que não tinha tempo para assuntos triviais, pois seus momentos eram valiosos.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

A expressão de Doroteia mudou e, enquanto ambas ouviam, ouviram uma música de doçura extraordinária na noite silenciosa.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Deixando para trás as vistas amplas e ensolaradas, eles entraram em um vale estreito, abrigado de todos os lados por rochas imponentes.

Original English

Leaving the splendour of extensive prospects, they now entered this narrow valley screened by

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto desfrutavam de uma colação de frutas e gelo, toda a banda, seguindo à distância no outro barco, tocava as mais doces melodias. O Conde, sentado novamente ao lado de Emily, prestava-lhe atenção constante e sussurrava elogios que ela não podia interpretar mal. Para evitá-lo, ela conversou com Signora Livona e adotou uma reserva digna, mas gentil, que não desencorajou seus esforços. Ele parecia não ver nem ouvir mais ninguém, enquanto Cavigni observava com desagrado e Emily com inquietação. Ela não desejava nada mais do que voltar a Veneza, mas já era quase meia-noite quando as gôndolas se aproximaram da Praça de São Marcos, onde os sons de alegria e canções eram altos. O burburinho de vozes misturadas ecoava sobre a água, e não fosse o luar brilhante revelando a cidade e suas torres, um estranho poderia acreditar que o barulho vinha de debaixo das ondas.

Original English

While they partook of a collation of fruits and ice, the whole band, following at a distance in the other boat, played the most sweet and enchanting

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily então disse a ele que desejava voltar para a França e implorou que ele permitisse. Quando ele pareceu surpreso e perguntou por quê, ela hesitou, ficou ainda mais pálida, tremeu e quase caiu a seus pés. Ele notou sua emoção, mas pareceu indiferente; ele quebrou o silêncio dizendo que precisava ir. Emily conseguiu reunir coragem e repetiu seu pedido. Quando Montoni recusou terminantemente, seu estado passivo deu lugar à alerta.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily finalmente disse que tinha certeza de que já tinha ouvido aquela voz antes.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Rochas amontoadas sobre rochas, como que por encantamento — algumas chamuscadas por raios, outras cobertas de hera verde.

Original English

Rocks on rocks piled, as if by magic spell, Here scorch'd by lightnings, there with ivy green.

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Pt/En

Português

Eles desembarcaram em São Marcos, onde a animação das colunatas e a beleza da noite persuadiram Madame Montoni a aceitar o convite do Conde para se juntar ao passeio e depois jantar com o grupo em seu cassino. Se algo pudesse ter aliviado a ansiedade de Emily, teria sido a grandiosidade, a alegria e a novidade da cena ao seu redor, adornada com palácios de Palladio e cheia de mascarados.

Original English

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

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Português

Ela disse a ele que não podia mais ficar ali adequadamente e perguntou com que direito ele a detinha.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Dorothee disse solenemente que muitas vezes ouvira aquilo na mesma hora, e se espíritos alguma vez trouxessem música, então essa era certamente a música de um deles.

Original English

'I have often heard it, and at this same hour,' said Dorothee, solemnly, 'and, if spirits ever bring music—that is surely the music of one!'

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Pt/En

Português

Ramos de lariço e cedro interrompiam ocasionalmente a paisagem árida, lançando sombras sobre o penhasco e a torrente abaixo. A única criatura viva era um íbex escalando entre rochas perigosamente altas. St. Aubert pensou que a cena se assemelhava a algo que Salvator teria pintado, e ele quase esperava que bandidos aparecessem por trás das rochas, então manteve a mão em suas armas.

Original English

The scene of barrenness was here and there interrupted by the spreading branches of the larch and cedar, which threw their gloom over the cliff, or athwart the torrent that rolled in the vale. No living creature appeared, except the izard, scrambling among the rocks, and often hanging upon points so dangerous, that fancy shrunk from the view of them. This was such a scene as SALVATOR would have chosen, had he then existed, for his canvas; St. Aubert, impressed by the romantic character of the place, almost expected to see banditti start from behind some projecting rock, and

he kept his hand upon the arms with which he always travelled.

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Português

Por fim, retiraram-se para o cassino, que era decorado com grande bom gosto e onde um banquete esplêndido os esperava. A reserva de Emily fez o Conde perceber que precisava conquistar o favor de Madame Montoni, o que parecia fácil dada sua condescendência anterior. Ele então desviou parte de sua atenção de Emily para a tia, que ficou tão lisonjeada que não conseguia esconder sua emoção. No final da noite, ele havia conquistado completamente a estima de Madame Montoni. Sempre que se dirigia a ela, seu rosto habitualmente severo se relaxava em sorrisos, e ela concordava com tudo o que ele propunha. Ele a convidou, junto com os demais, para um café em seu camarote de ópera na noite seguinte, e Emily ouviu o convite ser aceito, preocupando-se em como poderia evitar acompanhar a tia.

Original English

At length they withdrew to the Casino, which was fitted up with infinite taste, and where a splendid banquet was prepared; but here Emily's reserve made the Count perceive, that it was necessary for his interest to win the favour of Madame Montoni, which, from the condescension she had already shewn to him, appeared to be an achievement of no great difficulty. He transferred, therefore, part of his attention from Emily to her aunt, who felt too much flattered by the distinction even to disguise her emotion; and before the party broke up, he had entirely engaged the esteem of Madame Montoni. Whenever he addressed her, her ungracious countenance relaxed into smiles, and to whatever he proposed she assented. He invited her, with the rest of the party, to take coffee, in his box at the opera, on the following evening, and Emily heard the invitation accepted, with strong anxiety, concerning the means of excusing herself from attending Madame Montoni thither.

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni, colocando a mão na porta para sair, declarou que era sua vontade que ela ficasse e que isso deveria ser suficiente para ela.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que os sons se aproximavam, Emily os reconheceu como os mesmos que ouvira quando seu pai morreu. Fosse pela lembrança daquele triste acontecimento ou pelo medo supersticioso, ela ficou tão afetada que quase desmaiou.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que avançavam, o vale se alargava e se tornava menos selvagem. Ao anoitecer, estavam entre montanhas cobertas de urze, onde ouviam um solitário chocalho de ovelha e um pastor chamando seu rebanho. A cabana do pastor, parcialmente sombreada por sobreiros e azinheiras — que cresciam mais altas que a maioria das árvores, exceto os abetos — era o único sinal de vida humana. O fundo do vale era verdejante, e o gado pastava em recantos sombreados sob carvalhos e castanheiros ou descansava junto ao riacho.

Original English

As they advanced, the valley opened; its savage features gradually softened, and, towards evening, they were among heathy mountains,

stretched in far perspective, along which the solitary sheep-bell was heard, and the voice of the shepherd calling his wandering flocks to the nightly fold. His cabin, partly shadowed by the cork-tree and the ilex, which St. Aubert observed to flourish in higher regions of the air than any other trees, except the fir, was all the human habitation that yet appeared. Along the bottom of this valley the most vivid verdure was spread; and, in the little hollow recesses of the mountains, under the shade of the oak and chestnut, herds of cattle were grazing. Groups of them, too, were often seen reposing on the banks of the rivulet, or laving their sides in the cool stream, and sipping its wave.

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Pt/En

Português

Era muito tarde quando sua gôndola foi finalmente encomendada, e Emily ficou espantada ao ver o sol nascer sobre o Adriático enquanto saíam do Cassino. A Praça de São Marcos ainda estava lotada de pessoas. Apesar de se sentir pesada de sono, a brisa fresca do mar a reviveu, e ela teria relutado em deixar o local se o Conde não estivesse lá para acompanhá-las em casa. Em casa, souberam que Montoni ainda não havia retornado, e sua esposa se retirou desgostosa, finalmente liberando Emily de mais obrigações.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily, percebendo que não poderia mudar a vontade dele, tentou persuadi-lo a ser justo. Com uma voz trêmula, ela disse que, enquanto sua tia estava viva, sua residência não havia sido imprópria, mas agora que sua tia estava morta, ela acreditava que deveria ter permissão para partir. Ela acrescentou que sua estadia não poderia beneficiá-lo e só a angustiará.

Original English

Emily, considering that she had no appeal from this will, forbore to dispute his right, and made a feeble effort to persuade him to be just. 'While my aunt lived, sir,' said she, in a tremulous voice, 'my residence here was not improper; but now, that she is no more, I may surely be permitted to depart. My stay cannot benefit you, sir, and will only distress me.'

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Pt/En

Português

Dorothee disse que achava que já contara a Emily que ouvira aquela música logo após a morte de sua senhora, e lembrava-se bem da noite. Emily então exclamou que estava vindo novamente e sugeriu que abrissem a janela para ouvir.

Original English

'I think I once told you, madam,' said Dorothee, '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.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O sol se pôs sobre o vale, pintando a água e a urze com tons dourados e púrpura. St. Aubert perguntou a Michael a distância até o vilarejo, mas ele não soube dizer. Emily começou a temer que tivessem tomado o caminho errado. Não havia ninguém para guiá-los, e o crepúsculo dificultava a visão. Um leve brilho a oeste era seu único guia. Michael tentou manter o ânimo cantando, mas sua canção era um hino fúnebre ao seu santo padroeiro, o que só aprofundou a melancolia.

Original English

The sun was now setting upon the valley; its last light gleamed upon the water, and heightened the rich yellow and purple tints of the heath and broom, that overspread the mountains. St. Aubert enquired of Michael the distance to the hamlet he had mentioned, but the man could not with certainty tell; and Emily began to fear that he had mistaken the road. Here was no human being to assist, or direct them; they had left the shepherd and his cabin far behind, and the scene became so obscured in twilight, that the eye could not follow the distant perspective of the valley in search of a cottage, or a hamlet. A glow of the horizon still marked the west, and this was of some little use to the travellers. Michael seemed endeavouring to keep up his courage by singing; his music, however, was not of a kind to disperse melancholy; he sung, in a sort of chant, one of the most dismal ditties his present auditors had ever heard, and St. Aubert at length discovered it to be a vesper-hymn to his favourite saint.

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni voltou para casa tarde da manhã de muito mau humor, tendo perdido uma quantia significativa de dinheiro no jogo. Antes de ir descansar, ele teve uma conversa particular com Cavigni, e a maneira de Cavigni no dia seguinte sugeriu que o assunto não havia sido de seu agrado.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Montoni perguntou a ela, com um olhar perscrutador, quem lhe dissera que Madame Montoni estava morta. Emily hesitou, pois ninguém lhe havia dito, e ela não ousava admitir que vira algo na câmara do portal que a forcara a acreditar nisso.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Elas abriram a janela, mas logo os sons se afastaram para a distância e então tudo ficou quieto novamente. A música parecia afundar-se nos bosques, cujos topos eram visíveis contra o horizonte claro. O resto da cena estava coberto pela noite, mas ainda podiam ver vagamente alguns objetos no jardim abaixo.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Continuaram em silêncio pensativo até que o som de tiros quebrou a quietude. St. Aubert ordenou que a carruagem parasse, mas o barulho não se repetiu. Então ouviram um farfalhar nos arbustos. St. Aubert sacou uma pistola e disse a Michael para se apressar. Logo uma corneta ecoou pelas montanhas, e um jovem saltou dos arbustos para a estrada, seguido por dois cães. Ele estava vestido como um caçador, com uma espingarda no ombro, uma corneta no cinto e uma pequena lança na mão, o que lhe dava uma aparência graciosa e ágil.

Original English

They travelled on, sunk in that thoughtful melancholy, with which twilight and solitude impress the mind. Michael had now ended his ditty, and nothing was heard but the drowsy murmur of the breeze among the woods, and its light flutter, as it blew freshly into the carriage. They were at length roused by the sound of fire-arms. St. Aubert called to the muleteer to stop, and they listened. The noise was not repeated; but presently they heard a

rustling among the brakes. St. Aubert drew forth a pistol, and ordered Michael to proceed as fast as possible; who had not long obeyed, before a horn sounded, that made the mountains ring. He looked again from the window, and then saw a young man spring from the bushes into the road, followed by a couple of dogs. The stranger was in a hunter's dress. His gun was slung across his shoulders, the hunter's horn hung from his belt, and in his hand was a small pike, which, as he held it, added to the manly grace of his figure, and assisted the agility of his steps.

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Pt/En

Português

À noite, Madame Montoni, que mantivera um silêncio rancoroso em relação ao marido durante o dia, recebeu visitas de algumas senhoras venezianas. Emily ficou particularmente encantada com seus modos doces; elas se comportavam com uma facilidade e gentileza como se conhecessem as estranhas há anos, e sua conversa variava de terna a sentimental e alegre. Embora Madame não tivesse gosto por conversas tão refinadas, e sua própria grosseria e egoísmo frequentemente apresentassem um contraste ridículo, ela não conseguia ficar totalmente imune ao seu modo cativante.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele repetiu a pergunta, de forma mais severa.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Emily se debruçava na janela, olhando com um temor emocionante para a escuridão abaixo e depois para o céu sem nuvens iluminado apenas pelas estrelas, Dorothee continuou sua história em voz baixa.

Original English

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, Dorothee, in a low voice, resumed her narrative.

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Pt/En

Português

Após um momento de hesitação, St. Aubert parou novamente e esperou que o estranho se aproximasse. O homem lhes disse que o vilarejo ficava a apenas meia légua e se ofereceu para guiá-los. St. Aubert, satisfeito com seus modos corteses e rosto aberto, convidou-o para entrar na carruagem. O estranho recusou educadamente, dizendo que caminharia ao lado das mulas. Ele alertou que o povo da montanha era simples e carecia até mesmo do básico.

Original English

After a moment's hesitation, St. Aubert again stopped the carriage, and waited till he came up, that they might enquire concerning the hamlet they were in search of. The stranger informed him, that it was only half a league distant, that he was going thither himself, and would readily shew the way. St. Aubert thanked him for the offer, and, pleased with his chevalier-like air and open countenance, asked him to take a seat in the carriage; which the stranger, with an acknowledgment, declined, adding that he would keep

pace with the mules. 'But I fear you will be wretchedly accommodated,' said he: 'the inhabitants of these mountains are a simple people, who are not only without the luxuries of life, but almost destitute of what in other places are held to be its necessities.'

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Pt/En

Português

Durante uma pausa na conversa, uma senhora chamada Signora Herminia pegou um alaúde e começou a tocar e cantar com tanta alegria descontraída como se estivesse sozinha. Sua voz era notavelmente rica e expressiva, mas ela parecia inconsciente de seu poder e não estava tentando exibi-lo. Ela cantava de coração, sentada graciosamente com seu véu meio jogado para trás, segurando o alaúde em meio à folhagem espalhada de plantas que subiam por uma das latadas do salão. Emily, recuando um pouco, esboçou sua figura e o cenário em miniatura, criando uma imagem interessante que, embora talvez não fosse tecnicamente perfeita, tinha espírito e bom gosto suficientes para agitar a imaginação e os sentimentos. Quando terminou, presenteou a bela original, que ficou encantada tanto com o presente quanto com o sentimento que ele transmitia, e garantiu a Emily com um sorriso doce que o guardaria como um penhor de amizade.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que sabia disso muito bem e implorou que ele a poupasse daquele assunto terrível.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia disse que se lembrava da primeira vez que ouviu aquela música. Foi uma noite, não muito depois da morte de sua senhora. Ela tinha ficado acordada até mais tarde que o normal, pensando profundamente em sua senhora e na triste cena que testemunhara. O castelo estava muito silencioso, e ela se sentia solitária e desanimada. Ela escutava, esperando ouvir algum som, mas todos os criados já tinham ido para a cama. Ela ficou pensando até quase ter medo de olhar ao redor; o rosto de sua senhora veio à mente, como ela a vira morrendo. Então, de repente, ela ouviu uma música doce que parecia vir de sua janela. Ela não conseguia se levantar da cadeira. Quando pensou que era a voz de sua querida senhora, lágrimas vieram aos seus olhos. Ela muitas vezes a ouvira cantar enquanto tocava alaúde na janela do oriel, especialmente nas noites de verão. As canções eram tão tristes que a emocionavam até as lágrimas. Doroteia concluiu que, desde aquela primeira vez, ela acreditou que a música era de sua falecida senhora, e assim pensou sempre que a ouvia novamente, mesmo depois de muitos meses.

Original English

'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 the 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, to shut it, she has hardly seemed to know what hour it was. But, as I said, madam,'continued Dorothee, '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.'

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert comentou que entendia que o homem não era residente da área.

Original English

'I perceive you are not one of its inhabitants, sir,'said St. Aubert.

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Pt/En

Português

À noite, Cavigni juntou-se às senhoras, mas Montoni tinha outros compromissos, então eles embarcaram na gôndola para São Marcos, onde a mesma companhia alegre parecia agitar-se como na noite anterior. A brisa fresca, o mar espelhado, o som suave de suas ondas, o murmúrio mais doce da música distante, os pórticos e arcadas altivos, e os grupos felizes passeando sob eles – todas essas características se combinaram para encantar Emily, que já não era mais incomodada pelas atenções impertinentes do Conde Morano. No entanto, ao olhar para o mar

iluminado pela lua ondulando ao longo dos muros de São Marcos, e ao ouvir a canção doce e melancólica de um gondoleiro esperando por seu mestre, sua mente amolecida retornou à lembrança de seu lar, de seus amigos e de tudo que era querido em sua terra natal.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ela sentou-se em um banco para se firmar.

Original English

She sat down on a bench to support herself.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily observou que era extraordinário que ninguém ainda tivesse descoberto o músico.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O homem respondeu que era apenas um viajante de passagem.

Original English

'No, sir, I am only a wanderer here.'

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Pt/En

Português

Após uma caminhada, o grupo sentou-se do lado de fora de um cassino. Enquanto Cavigni trazia café e sorvete, o Conde Morano chegou. Ele procurou Emily com ansiedade. Lembrando-se de quão atencioso ele havia sido na noite anterior, ela se sentiu tímida e manteve distância, relaxando apenas ao falar com Signora Hermínia e as outras mulheres.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni disse a Emily que, se ela desejasse ver a mulher, poderia, e que a mulher estava na torre leste.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia respondeu que, se fosse algo terreno, teria sido descoberto há muito tempo, mas questionou quem teria coragem de seguir um espírito. Mesmo que o fizessem, de que adiantaria? Pois os espíritos, explicou ela, podiam assumir qualquer forma ou nenhuma forma, e podiam estar em um lugar num minuto e em outro no minuto seguinte.

Original English

'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!'

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que a carruagem continuava e a escuridão aumentava, os viajantes agradeciam pelo guia. Emily notou uma nuvem brilhante distante e perguntou o que era.

Original English

The carriage drove on, and the increasing dusk made the travellers very thankful that they had a guide; the frequent glens, too, that now opened among the mountains, would likewise have added to their perplexity. Emily, as she looked up one of these, saw something at a great distance like a bright cloud in the air. 'What light is yonder, sir?' said she.

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Pt/En

Português

Por volta da meia-noite, foram à ópera, mas Emily não ficou cativada. Lembrando-se da cena natural que acabara de deixar, percebeu o quanto a arte é inferior à natureza. Seu coração havia sido tocado pelo vasto oceano, a grandeza do céu e o som das ondas misturado com música distante. Comparado a isso, a ópera parecia insignificante.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele saiu da sala sem esperar uma resposta e voltou para a câmara de cedro. Lá, alguns cavaleiros que não haviam conhecido Emily antes começaram a provocá-lo sobre o que haviam descoberto. No entanto, Montoni parecia não querer tolerar a diversão deles, então mudaram de assunto.

Original English

He now left the room, without awaiting her reply, and returned to the cedar chamber, where such of the chevaliers as had not before seen Emily, began to rally him, on the discovery they had made; but Montoni did not appear disposed to bear this mirth, and they changed the subject.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily pediu que Doroteia continuasse sua história sobre a Marquesa e lhe contasse como ela morreu.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert explicou que era o pico nevado de uma montanha imponente, ainda refletindo a luz do sol enquanto os cumes mais baixos estavam em sombra profunda.

Original English

St. Aubert looked, and perceived that it was the snowy summit of a mountain, so much higher than any around it, that it still reflected the sun's rays, while those below lay in deep shade.

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Pt/En

Português

A noite passou sem incidentes, e Emily queria que terminasse para evitar a atenção insistente do Conde. Como acontece frequentemente, qualidades contrastantes atraíram seus pensamentos: ao olhar para o Conde Morano, ela se lembrava de Valancourt, e às vezes suspirava com a lembrança.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de discutir uma futura excursão com o astuto Orsino, Montoni recebeu conselho de seu amigo para emboscar o inimigo. Verezzi se opôs fortemente a esse plano, acusando Orsino de falta de coragem. Ele jurou que, se Montoni lhe permitisse liderar cinquenta homens, derrotaria qualquer oposição.

Original English

Having talked with the subtle Orsino, on the plan of an excursion, which he meditated for a future day, his friend advised, that they should lie in wait for the enemy, which Verezzi impetuously opposed, reproached Orsino with

want of spirit, and swore, that, if Montoni would let him lead on fifty men, he would conquer all that should oppose him.

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia concordou, mas perguntou se poderiam sair da janela.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Eventualmente, as luzes da aldeia cintilavam no crepúsculo, e eles avistaram cabanas refletidas no riacho iluminado pela noite que as margeava.

Original English

At length, the village lights were seen to twinkle through the dusk, and, soon after, some cottages were discovered in the valley, or rather were seen by reflection in the stream, on whose margin they stood, and which still gleamed with the evening light.

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Pt/En

Português

Várias semanas se passaram com visitas de rotina. Nada notável aconteceu. Emily achou os novos costumes e arredores divertidos, tão diferentes dos da França. No entanto, o Conde Morano conseguiu aparecer com muita frequência para seu conforto. Sua aparência e realizações eram amplamente admiradas, e talvez Emily também as admirasse se já não tivesse entregado seu coração a Valancourt, e se o Conde não a tivesse perseguido tão insistentemente. Suas atenções persistentes revelaram traços em seu caráter que a voltaram contra quaisquer boas qualidades que ele pudesse ter.

Original English

Several weeks passed in the course of customary visits, during which nothing remarkable occurred. Emily was amused by the manners and scenes that surrounded her, so different from those of France, but where Count Morano, too frequently for her comfort, contrived to introduce himself. His manner, figure and accomplishments, which were generally admired, Emily would, perhaps, have admired also, had her heart been disengaged from Valancourt, and had the Count forborne to persecute her with officious attentions, during which she observed some traits in his character, that prejudiced her against whatever might otherwise be good in it.

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Pt/En

Português

Orsino sorriu com desprezo, e Montoni também sorriu, mas escutou. Verezzi continuou alto, até que Orsino fez um argumento que ele não conseguia responder exceto com insultos. Verezzi odiava a astúcia cautelosa de Orsino e há muito havia incorrido em seu ódio silencioso. Montoni observava ambos, sabendo como usar seus traços opostos para seus próprios designios. Verezzi acusou Orsino de covardia, e o rosto de Orsino ficou lívido. Montoni viu Orsino colocar rapidamente a mão no peito, mas Verezzi, de rosto vermelho, não notou e continuou declamando contra covardes para Cavigni, que ria baixinho de ambos. Orsino deu um passo para trás e sacou um punhal para apunhalar Verezzi pelas costas. Montoni parou seu braço e, com um olhar significativo, fez com que ele devolvesse o punhal sem ser visto. A maioria do grupo estava na janela discutindo a localização de uma emboscada.

Original English

Orsino smiled contemptuously; Montoni smiled too, but he also listened. Verezzi then proceeded with vehement declamation and assertion, till he was stopped by an argument of Orsino, which he knew not how to answer better than by invective. His fierce spirit detested the cunning caution of Orsino, whom he constantly opposed, and whose inveterate, though silent, hatred he had long ago incurred. And Montoni was a calm observer of both, whose different qualifications he knew, and how to bend their opposite character to the perfection of his own designs. But Verezzi, in the heat of opposition, now did not scruple to accuse Orsino of cowardice, at which the countenance of the latter, while he made no reply, was overspread with a livid paleness; and Montoni, who watched his lurking eye, saw him put his hand hastily into his bosom. But Verezzi, whose face, glowing with crimson,

formed a striking contrast to the complexion of Orsino, remarked not the action, and continued boldly declaiming against cowards to Cavigni, who was sily laughing at his vehemence, and at the silent mortification of Orsino, when the latter, retiring a few steps behind, drew forth a stiletto to stab his adversary in the back. Montoni arrested his half-extended arm, and, with a significant look, made him return the poinard into his bosom, unseen by all except himself; for most of the party were disputing at a distant window, on the situation of a dell where they meant to form an ambuscade.

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Pt/En

Português

Emily respondeu que o ar fresco a refrescava. Ela adorava ouvir o vento se movendo pela floresta e observar a paisagem escura. Ela lembrou que eles estavam discutindo sobre o Marquês quando a música os interrompeu.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

O estranho se aproximou, e St. Aubert descobriu que não havia pousada ou casa pública na vila. O estranho se ofereceu para procurar uma cabana para hospedá-los. St. Aubert agradeceu e decidiu descer e caminhar com ele, já que a vila estava próxima. Emily seguiu lentamente na carruagem.

Original English

The stranger now came up, and St. Aubert, on further enquiry, found not only that there was no inn in the place, but not any sort of house of public reception. The stranger, however, offered to walk on, and enquire for a cottage to accommodate them; for which further civility St. Aubert returned his thanks, and said, that, as the village was so near, he would alight, and walk with him. Emily followed slowly in the carriage.

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Pt/En

Português

Pouco depois de chegar a Veneza, Montoni recebeu uma carta de M. Quesnel. Nela, Quesnel relatava a morte do tio de sua esposa em sua vila no Brenta, e que, portanto, tomaria posse daquela propriedade e de outros bens herdados. Esse tio era irmão da falecida mãe de Madame Quesnel; Montoni era parente dela por parte de pai. Embora Montoni não tivesse direito ou expectativa em relação a esses bens, mal conseguia esconder sua inveja ao ler a carta.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Quando Verezzi se virou, o ódio mortal no rosto de Orsino fez com que ele, pela primeira vez, suspeitasse da intenção de Orsino. Ele colocou a mão na espada, mas então pareceu se lembrar de si mesmo e caminhou até Montoni.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador explicou que o Marquês ficou mais deprimido e sua esposa piorou. Uma noite, ela ficou muito doente. O narrador foi chamado e ficou chocado com o quanto seu rosto havia mudado. A senhora pediu que o Marquês fosse chamado novamente porque tinha algo importante a dizer a ele. Quando ele chegou, pareceu arrependido, mas disse pouco. Ela disse a ele que se sentia morrendo e queria falar a sós. O narrador saiu, mas nunca esqueceu a expressão em seu rosto.

Original English

'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 bedside, 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

No caminho, St. Aubert perguntou ao estranho sobre sua caça. O estranho respondeu que teve pouco sucesso e não almejava muito. Ele gostava do campo e planejava vagar por algumas semanas. Ele levava seus cães mais por companhia do que por caça. A roupa de caça lhe dava um propósito visível e lhe garantia respeito dos moradores, que poderiam desconfiar de um estranho solitário sem motivo aparente.

Original English

On the way, St. Aubert asked his companion what success he had had in the chase. 'Not much, sir,' he replied, 'nor do I aim at it. I am pleased with the country, and mean to saunter away a few weeks among its scenes. My dogs I take with me more for companionship than for game. This dress, too, gives me an ostensible business, and procures me that respect from the people, which would, perhaps, be refused to a lonely stranger, who had no visible motive for coming among them.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily se preocupou ao ver que, depois de deixar a França, Montoni nem sequer fingia ser gentil com sua tia. No início, ele a ignorava e, depois, a tratava com constante desagrado e distância. Emily nunca pensara que Montoni deixaria de notar as fraquezas de sua tia, nem que a mente ou a aparência dela o atraíam. Ela ficara extremamente surpresa com o casamento, mas, uma vez que ele fizera sua escolha, não esperava que ele demonstrasse seu desprezo tão abertamente. Montoni fora atraído pela aparente riqueza de Madame Cheron, mas agora estava profundamente decepcionado com sua pobreza relativa e furioso com o engano que ela usara para escondê-la até que não fosse mais possível. Ele fora enganado em um assunto em que pretendia ser o enganador; foi superado pela astúcia superior de uma mulher cuja inteligência ele desprezava e pela qual sacrificara seu orgulho e liberdade sem se salvar da ruína que o ameaçava. Madame Montoni conseguira que a maior parte de sua verdadeira fortuna fosse destinada a ela; o que restou, que era completamente inadequado para as expectativas e necessidades de seu marido, ele converteu em dinheiro e trouxe para Veneza para que pudesse continuar a enganar a sociedade um pouco mais e fazer uma última tentativa de recuperar a riqueza que perdera.

Original English

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

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

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Pt/En

Português

Um homem dirigiu-se ao Signor com um olhar significativo para Orsino, declarando que eles não eram um bando de assassinos. Ele ofereceu seus próprios serviços para qualquer expedição corajosa, jurando dar a última gota de seu sangue. Se a tarefa exigisse apenas trabalho covarde, ele sugeriu que mantivessem Orsino e o deixassem partir de Udolpho.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a narradora voltou, ela sugeriu chamar um médico, pensando que o Marquês havia se esquecido em sua tristeza. Mas a senhora disse que já era tarde demais. O Marquês não achou que a doença dela fosse grave até que ela sentiu dores terríveis. Então ele mandou chamar um médico e andou pelo castelo em grande angústia. A narradora ficou com a senhora e fez o que pôde. A senhora teve momentos de alívio e pediu para ver o Marquês novamente, pedindo que a narradora ficasse. A cena foi inesquecível: a senhora agiu com tanta bondade e confortou o Marquês, o que o fez perceber que ele estava errado. Ele ficou sobrecarregado pelo tratamento que deu a ela, e ela desmaiou.

Original English

'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; but my lady said it was then too late; but my lord, so far from thinking so, seemed to think light 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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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert disse que admirava o gosto do estranho e que teria gostado de passar algumas semanas de maneira semelhante se fosse mais jovem. Ele acrescentou que estava viajando tanto pela saúde quanto pelo entretenimento. Em seguida, perguntou se o estranho conhecia uma boa estrada com acomodações decentes, já que planejava ir para Rousillon e ao longo da costa até Languedoc.

Original English

'I admire your taste,' said St. Aubert, 'and, if I was a younger man, should like to pass a few weeks in your way exceedingly. I, too, am a wanderer, but neither my plan nor pursuits are exactly like yours—I go in search of health, as much as of amusement.' St. Aubert sighed, and paused; and then, seeming to recollect himself, he resumed: 'If I can hear of a tolerable road, that shall afford decent accommodation, it is my intention to pass into Rousillon, and along the sea-shore to Languedoc. You, sir, seem to be acquainted with the country, and can, perhaps, give me information on the subject.'

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Pt/En

Português

As insinuações que haviam sido feitas a Valancourt sobre o caráter e a situação financeira de Montoni eram de fato precisas. Mas agora cabia ao tempo e aos acontecimentos revelar todos os detalhes do que havia e do que não havia sido insinuado, e deixamos isso para o tempo e os acontecimentos desenrolarem.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ainda mais enfurecido, Orsino mais uma vez sacou seu punhal e avançou contra Verezzi, que no mesmo momento avançou com sua espada. No entanto, Montoni e o resto do grupo intervieram e os separaram.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Eles tiraram o Marquês do quarto. Ele foi para sua biblioteca, jogou-se no chão e se recusou a ouvir a razão. Quando a senhora se recuperou, ela perguntou por ele, mas depois disse que não suportava a tristeza dele e queria morrer em paz. Ela morreu nos braços do narrador, tão pacificamente quanto uma criança, já que o pior de sua doença havia passado.

Original English

'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.'

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Pt/En

Português

O estranho disse que ficaria feliz em compartilhar qualquer informação que pudesse. Ele sugeriu uma estrada que corria mais para o leste, levando a uma cidade de onde a viagem para Rousillon seria fácil.

Original English

The stranger said, that what information he could give was entirely at his service; and then mentioned a road rather more to the east, which led to a town, whence it would be easy to proceed into Rousillon.

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Pt/En

Português

Madame Montoni não era do tipo de pessoa que suporta insultos com docilidade ou os ressentia com dignidade; seu orgulho ferido se manifestava com toda a violência e amargura de uma mente pequena ou mal regulada. Ela não admitia, nem para si mesma, que seu próprio engano havia de alguma forma provocado desprezo, mas insistia teimosamente que só ela merecia piedade e só Montoni, culpa. Como sua mente tinha pouca percepção natural do dever moral, raramente entendia sua força exceto quando era violada contra si mesma. Sua vaidade já havia sido severamente abalada pelo desprezo de Montoni; restava ser ainda mais ferida pela descoberta de suas dificuldades financeiras. Sua mansão em Veneza, embora seus móveis revelassem parte da verdade a observadores imparciais, não dizia nada àqueles cegados pela determinação de acreditar no que desejassem. Madame Montoni ainda se considerava pouco menos que uma princesa, possuindo um palácio em Veneza e um castelo nos Apeninos. Montoni às vezes falava em ir ao Castelo de Udolpho por algumas semanas para inspecionar suas condições e cobrar alguns aluguéis, pois parecia que ele não estava lá há dois anos e, durante esse tempo, havia sido habitado apenas por um velho servo que ele chamava de seu mordomo.

Original English

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

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

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni repreendeu Verezzi, dizendo-lhe que seu comportamento era de um menino, não de um homem, e aconselhou-o a ser mais moderado em seu discurso.

Original English

'This is the conduct of a boy,' said Montoni to Verezzi, 'not of a man: be more moderate in your speech.'

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Pt/En

Português

Dorothee parou e chorou, e Emily chorou com ela. Emily ficou profundamente comovida com a bondade da falecida Marquesa e a maneira paciente como ela havia suportado seu sofrimento.

Original English

Dorothee 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Eles chegaram ao vilarejo e procuraram uma cabana que pudesse oferecer abrigo para a noite. Várias cabanas demonstravam ignorância, pobreza e alguma alegria; os donos olhavam para St. Aubert com curiosidade e timidez. Nenhuma cama pôde ser encontrada, e ele já havia parado de perguntar quando Emily se juntou a ele. Ela percebeu o cansaço do pai e lamentou terem seguido por uma estrada tão mal provida de confortos para um enfermo. Outras cabanas eram um pouco melhores, mas ainda primitivas: animais ocupavam o primeiro cômodo, e a família, frequentemente com muitos filhos, dormia sobre peles e folhas secas em um chão de barro. O ar cheirava a fumaça e bebidas alcoólicas, já que contrabandistas frequentavam a área. Emily se afastou, olhando para o pai com preocupação. O jovem estranho observou isso e ofereceu a St. Aubert sua própria cama em particular, chamando-a de decente em comparação com as outras. St. Aubert recusou a princípio, mas o estranho insistiu, dizendo que não queria que um enfermo se deitasse em peles duras enquanto ele dormia confortavelmente, e que a recusa ferira seu orgulho. Ele se ofereceu para mostrar o caminho e acreditava que sua senhoria também poderia acomodar Emily.

Original English

They now arrived at the village, and commenced their search for a cottage, that would afford a night's lodging. In several, which they entered, ignorance, poverty, and mirth seemed equally to prevail; and the owners eyed St. Aubert with a mixture of curiosity and timidity. Nothing like a bed could be found, and he had ceased to enquire for one, when Emily joined him, who observed the languor of her father's countenance, and lamented, that he had taken a road so ill provided with the comforts necessary for an invalid. Other cottages, which they examined, seemed somewhat less savage than the former, consisting of two rooms, if such they could be called; the first of these occupied by mules and pigs, the second by the family, which generally consisted of six or eight children, with their parents, who slept on beds of skins and dried beech leaves, spread upon a mud floor. Here, light was admitted, and smoke discharged, through an aperture in the roof; and here the scent of spirits (for the travelling smugglers, who haunted the Pyrenees, had made this rude people familiar with the use of liquors) was generally perceptible enough. Emily turned from such scenes, and looked at her father with anxious tenderness, which the young stranger seemed to observe; for, drawing St. Aubert aside, he made him an offer of his own bed. 'It is a decent one,' said he, 'when compared with what we

have just seen, yet such as in other circumstances I should be ashamed to offer you.' St. Aubert acknowledged how much he felt himself obliged by this kindness, but refused to accept it, till the young stranger would take no denial. 'Do not give me the pain of knowing, sir,' said he, 'that an invalid, like you, lies on hard skins, while I sleep in a bed. Besides, sir, your refusal wounds my pride; I must believe you think my offer unworthy your acceptance. Let me shew you the way. I have no doubt my landlady can accommodate this young lady also.'

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Pt/En

Português

Emily ouviu falar dessa viagem com prazer, pois não apenas antecipava novas experiências, mas também uma fuga das persistentes atenções do Conde Morano. No campo, ela teria tempo para pensar em Valancourt e entregar-se à melancolia que sua imagem, juntamente com as lembranças de La Vallée — sempre abençoadas pela memória de seus pais — despertavam. Aquelas cenas imaginárias eram mais queridas e mais suaves para seu coração do que todo o esplendor de reuniões alegres; eram uma espécie de talismã que expulsava o veneno dos problemas temporários e sustentava suas esperanças de dias felizes. Elas apareciam como uma bela paisagem, iluminada por um raio de sol e vista através de uma perspectiva de rochas escuras e acidentadas.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Verezzi retrucou que a moderação era uma virtude pertencente aos covardes, que eram moderados em tudo, exceto no medo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia relatou que o médico chegou tarde demais para salvar a Marquesa. Ele ficou profundamente chocado com a morte dela, especialmente com a escuridão que se espalhou pelo rosto dela. Depois de dispensar os criados, ele questionou Doroteia sobre a doença da Marquesa, balançando a cabeça com frequência, como se entendesse mais do que admitia. Doroteia guardou suas suspeitas para si, compartilhando-as apenas com o marido, que aconselhou silêncio. Apesar dos rumores entre os outros criados, ninguém ousou agir. O Marquês, ao saber da morte da esposa, isolou-se e passou longas horas com o médico, que depois nunca mais discutiu o assunto com Doroteia. A Marquesa foi enterrada em uma igreja de convento próxima, e todos os vassallos a lamentaram, pois ela fora generosa com os pobres. O Marquês tornou-se profundamente melancólico, às vezes violento, e logo partiu para se juntar ao regimento. Dispensou a maioria dos criados, deixando apenas Doroteia e o marido. O castelo permaneceu inacabado e praticamente fechado até a chegada do Conde.

Original English

'When the doctor came,' resumed Dorothee, '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 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 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.'

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Pt/En

Português

St. Aubert finalmente concordou em aceitar a oferta do estranho, embora estivesse surpreso que o homem tivesse dado o quarto a ele, um homem enfermo, em vez de à jovem e adorável Emily. No entanto, Emily não pensou em si mesma, e seu sorriso caloroso mostrou o quanto ela estava grata por seu pai ter sido favorecido.

Original English

St. Aubert at length consented, that, if this could be done, he would accept his kindness, though he felt rather surprised, that the stranger had proved himself so deficient in gallantry, as to administer to the repose of an infirm man, rather than to that of a very lovely young woman, for he had not once offered the room for Emily. But she thought not of herself, and the animated smile she gave him, told how much she felt herself obliged for the preference of her father.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde Morano não se limitou por muito tempo a atenções silenciosas; declarou seu amor a Emily e fez propostas a Montoni, que o encorajou, embora Emily o rejeitasse. Com Montoni como seu aliado e uma abundância de vaidade para iludi-lo, ele não desistiu do sucesso. Emily ficou surpresa e profundamente enojada com sua persistência depois que ela explicou seus sentimentos com uma franqueza que não deixava espaço para mal-entendidos.

Original English

But Count Morano did not long confine himself to silent assiduities; he declared his passion to Emily, and made proposals to Montoni, who encouraged, though Emily rejected, him: with Montoni for his friend, and an abundance of vanity to delude him, he did not despair of success. Emily was astonished and highly disgusted at his perseverance, after she had explained her sentiments with a frankness that would not allow him to misunderstand them.

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni declarou que aceitava as palavras de Verezzi. Voltando-se para ele com uma expressão feroz e orgulhosa, ele puxou sua espada da bainha.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily observou que a morte da Marquesa parecia incomum. Ela estava ansiosa para saber mais, mas hesitava em perguntar diretamente.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

No caminho, o estranho, cujo nome era Valancourt, foi à frente para falar com a anfitriã. Ela recebeu St. Aubert em uma cabana superior a qualquer outra que tinham visto. A boa mulher estava disposta a acomodá-los, e logo foram obrigados a ficar com as únicas duas camas. Ovos e leite eram a única comida disponível, mas St. Aubert tinha trazido provisões, e convidou Valancourt para compartilhar sua comida mais substancial, o que foi prontamente aceito. Passaram uma hora em conversa inteligente. St. Aubert ficou muito satisfeito com a franqueza viril, simplicidade e grande apreciação pela grandiosidade da natureza de Valancourt.

Original English

On their way, the stranger, whose name was Valancourt, stepped on first to speak to his hostess, and she came out to welcome St. Aubert into a cottage, much superior to any he had seen. This good woman seemed very willing to accommodate the strangers, who were soon compelled to accept the only two beds in the place. Eggs and milk were the only food the cottage afforded; but against scarcity of provisions St. Aubert had provided, and he requested Valancourt to stay, and partake with him of less homely fare; an invitation, which was readily accepted, and they passed an hour in intelligent conversation. St. Aubert was much pleased with the manly frankness, simplicity, and keen susceptibility to the grandeur of nature, which his new acquaintance discovered; and, indeed, he had often been heard to say, that, without a certain simplicity of heart, this taste could not exist in any strong degree.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele passava a maior parte do tempo na casa de Montoni, jantando lá quase diariamente e acompanhando Madame e Emily onde quer que fossem. Apesar do comportamento quieto e reservado de Emily, sua tia parecia tão ansiosa quanto Montoni para incentivar esse casamento. Madame sempre insistia que Emily comparecesse a qualquer reunião onde o Conde planejasse estar.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Verezzi declarou que concordava de todo coração, embora não tivesse destinado suas palavras ao seu interlocutor.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia concordou que a morte foi extraordinária. Ela afirmou que havia contado a Emily tudo o que testemunhara e que Emily poderia adivinhar seus pensamentos. No entanto, recusou-se a dizer mais, pois não queria espalhar boatos que pudessem ofender o Conde.

Original English

'Yes, madam,'replied Dorothee, '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.'

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Pt/En

Português

A conversa foi interrompida por um grande alvoroço do lado de fora, no qual a voz do condutor de mulas era ouvida acima das outras. Valancourt foi investigar, mas a disputa continuou por tanto tempo que St. Aubert foi pessoalmente. Ele encontrou Michael discutindo com a anfitriã porque ela se recusara a deixar suas mulas dormirem em um quartinho onde ele e seus três filhos passariam a noite. O lugar era miserável, mas não havia

outra acomodação. A anfitriã, com mais delicadeza do que era comum naquela região selvagem, recusou-se a deixar os animais dividirem o quarto com seus filhos. O condutor ficou muito ofendido, sentindo sua honra ferida. Ele declarou que suas mulas eram tão honestas e boas quanto qualquer outra na província e que mereciam bom tratamento. Ele contou que uma vez elas chutaram a perna de um menino e a quebraram, mas apenas porque foram provocadas, e nunca mais fizeram isso.

Original English

The conversation was interrupted by a violent uproar without, in which the voice of the muleteer was heard above every other sound. Valancourt started from his seat, and went to enquire the occasion; but the dispute continued so long afterwards, that St. Aubert went himself, and found Michael quarrelling with the hostess, because she had refused to let his mules lie in a little room where he and three of her sons were to pass the night. The place was wretched enough, but there was no other for these people to sleep in; and, with somewhat more of delicacy than was usual among the inhabitants of this wild tract of country, she persisted in refusing to let the animals have the same BED-CHAMBER with her children. This was a tender point with the muleteer; his honour was wounded when his mules were treated with disrespect, and he would have received a blow, perhaps, with more meekness. He declared that his beasts were as honest beasts, and as good beasts, as any in the whole province; and that they had a right to be well treated wherever they went. 'They are as harmless as lambs,' said he, 'if people don't affront them. I never knew them behave themselves amiss above once or twice in my life, and then they had good reason for doing so. Once, indeed, they kicked at a boy's leg that lay asleep in the stable, and broke it; but I told them they were out there, and by St. Anthony! I believe they understood me, for they never did so again.'

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Pt/En

Português

Montoni não falava mais de sua viagem planejada, sobre a qual Emily estava ansiosa para ouvir. Ele raramente ficava em casa, exceto quando o Conde ou o Signor Orsino o visitavam. Parecia haver um distanciamento entre Montoni e Cavigni, embora Cavigni ainda morasse na casa. Montoni passava longas horas a sós com Orsino, e tudo o que discutiam parecia importante, pois Montoni às vezes sacrificava seu amor pelo jogo para ficar em casa a noite toda. As visitas de Orsino eram excepcionalmente reservadas, o que surpreendia e preocupava Emily, pois ela já havia

vislumbrado seu verdadeiro caráter, apesar de suas tentativas de escondê-lo. Após esses encontros, Montoni ficava frequentemente mais pensativo, às vezes tão absorto em seus próprios pensamentos que parecia distante e usava uma expressão sombria e terrível; em outras ocasiões, seus olhos faiscavam de energia, como se estivesse se preparando para algum grande empreendimento. Emily observava esses sinais com profundo interesse e algum medo, sabendo que estava completamente em seu poder. No entanto, ela não expressou suas preocupações a Madame Montoni, que não via nada em seu marido além de sua habitual severidade.

Original English

Montoni now said nothing of his intended journey, of which Emily waited impatiently to hear; and he was seldom at home but when the Count, or Signor Orsino, was there, for between himself and Cavigni a coolness seemed to subsist, though the latter remained in his house. With Orsino, Montoni was frequently closeted for hours together, and, whatever might be the business, upon which they consulted, it appeared to be of consequence, since Montoni often sacrificed to it his favourite passion for play, and remained at home the whole night. There was somewhat of privacy, too, in the manner of Orsino's visits, which had never before occurred, and which excited not only surprise, but some degree of alarm in Emily's mind, who had unwillingly discovered much of his character when he had most endeavoured to disguise it. After these visits, Montoni was often more thoughtful than usual; sometimes the deep workings of his mind entirely abstracted him from surrounding objects, and threw a gloom over his visage that rendered it terrible; at others, his eyes seemed almost to flash fire, and all the energies of his soul appeared to be roused for some great enterprise. Emily observed these written characters of his thoughts with deep interest, and not without some degree of awe, when she considered that she was entirely in his power; but forbore even to hint her fears, or her observations, to Madame Montoni, who discerned nothing in her husband, at these times, but his usual sternness.

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Pt/En

Português

Verezzi investiu contra Montoni. Enquanto lutavam, o perverso Orsino tentou novamente esfaquear Verezzi, mas foi impedido.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Emily reconheceu a cautela de Doroteia. Quando perguntou onde o Marquês havia morrido, Doroteia respondeu que acreditava que foi no norte da França. Doroteia então expressou alívio pela vinda do Conde, pois o castelo estivera um lugar triste e desolado por anos. Ela mencionou que, após a morte da Marquesa, ouviram barulhos estranhos, o que a levou, junto com o marido, a se mudar para uma cabana vizinha. Ela lembrou Emily de sua promessa de manter a história em segredo. Emily assegurou-lhe que seria fiel e expressou profundo interesse, depois pediu que Doroteia revelasse o nome do cavaleiro que considerava digno da Marquesa.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele concluiu seu discurso eloquente protestando que suas mulas deveriam compartilhar sua sorte onde quer que fosse.

Original English

He concluded this eloquent harangue with protesting, that they should share with him, go where he would.

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Pt/En

Português

M. Quesnel escreveu uma segunda carta anunciando que ele e sua esposa haviam chegado à Villa Miarenti. Ele descreveu vários aspectos de seu sucesso em relação ao assunto que o trouxe à Itália, e terminou a carta com um forte pedido para ver Montoni, sua esposa e sua sobrinha em sua nova propriedade.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Os lutadores foram finalmente separados e, após uma longa e acalorada discussão, reconciliados. Montoni então deixou a sala com Orsino, mantendo-o em conversa particular por um bom tempo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Doroteia recusou-se firmemente a nomear o cavaleiro e voltou ao tópico da semelhança de Emily com a falecida Marquesa. Ela mencionou outro retrato, pintado antes do casamento da Marquesa, que ficava em um cômodo lacrado e era ainda mais parecido com Emily. Emily expressou um forte desejo de vê-lo, mas Doroteia relutava em entrar naqueles cômodos. No entanto, depois que Emily lembrou que o Conde falara em abri-los, Doroteia reconsiderou. Ela admitiu que se sentiria menos desconfortável entrando primeiro com Emily e finalmente concordou em mostrar o quadro.

Original English

Dorothee, 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 like you than the miniature.' When Emily expressed a strong desire to see this, Dorothee replied, that she did not like to open those rooms; but Emily reminded her, that the Count had talked the other day of ordering them to be opened; of which Dorothee 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.

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Pt/En

Português

A disputa foi finalmente resolvida por Valancourt, que puxou a anfitriã de lado e pediu que ela deixasse o condutor e seus animais terem o cômodo para si, enquanto seus filhos ficariam com a cama de peles destinada a ele. Ele se enrolaria em sua capa e dormiria no banco junto à porta da cabana. Embora a anfitriã sentisse que era seu dever se opor e estivesse inclinada a desapontar o condutor, Valancourt foi firme, e o tedioso assunto foi finalmente resolvido.

Original English

The dispute was at length settled by Valancourt, who drew the hostess aside, and desired she would let the muleteer and his beasts have the place in question to themselves, while her sons should have the bed of skins designed for him, for that he would wrap himself in his cloak, and sleep on the bench by the cottage door. But this she thought it her duty to

oppose, and she felt it to be her inclination to disappoint the muleteer. Valancourt, however, was positive, and the tedious affair was at length settled.

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Pt/En

Português

Na mesma época, Emily recebeu uma carta muito mais interessante que acalmou suas ansiedades. Valancourt, esperando que ela ainda estivesse em Veneza, havia enviado uma carta pelo correio comum. Ele falou sobre sua saúde e seu amor constante e ansioso. Ele havia permanecido em Toulouse após a partida dela, entregando-se ao prazer melancólico de caminhar pelos cenários onde a havia visto, e depois foi para o castelo de seu irmão perto de La Vallée. Ele mencionou que, não fossem seus deveres regimentais, não deixaria a vizinhança de La Vallée, que lhe era cara por causa de suas lembranças dela. Ele frequentemente cavalgava até lá de manhã cedo para vagar pelos lugares que um dia foram o lar dela, e renovou seu conhecimento com a velha Theresa, que adorava falar sobre ela. Ele confessou que seu motivo era obter entrada no castelo e nos jardins, onde ele a imaginava em toda parte. Ele amava especialmente sentar-se sob os galhos extensos de seu plátano favorito, onde eles haviam se sentado juntos e onde ele lhe disse pela primeira vez que a amava. A memória o dominava; ele se perdia em devaneios, tentando vê-la vagamente através de suas lágrimas, tão pacífica e inocente como ela parecia então. Ele se apoiava no muro do terraço onde eles haviam observado a corrente rápida do Garonne, enquanto ele descrevia a paisagem selvagem, mas pensava apenas nela. Ele se perguntava se aqueles momentos estavam perdidos para sempre.

Original English

Emily received, about the same period, a much more interesting letter, and which soothed for a while every anxiety of her heart. Valancourt, hoping she might be still at Venice, had trusted a letter to the ordinary post, that told her of his health, and of his unceasing and anxious affection. He had lingered at Thoulouse for some time after her departure, that he might indulge the melancholy pleasure of wandering through the scenes where he had been accustomed to behold her, and had thence gone to his brother's chateau, which was in the neighbourhood of La Vallee. Having mentioned this, he added, 'If the duty of attending my regiment did not require my departure, I know not when I should have resolution enough to quit the neighbourhood of a place which is endeared by the remembrance

of you. The vicinity to La Vallee has alone detained me thus long at Estuviere: I frequently ride thither early in the morning, that I may wander, at leisure, through the day, among scenes, which were once your home, where I have been accustomed to see you, and to hear you converse. I have renewed my acquaintance with the good old Theresa, who rejoiced to see me, that she might talk of you: I need not say how much this circumstance attached me to her, or how eagerly I listened to her upon her favourite subject. You will guess the motive that first induced me to make myself known to Theresa: it was, indeed, no other than that of gaining admittance into the chateau and gardens, which my Emily had so lately inhabited: here, then, I wander, and meet your image under every shade: but chiefly I love to sit beneath the spreading branches of your favourite plane, where once, Emily, we sat together; where I first ventured to tell you, that I loved. O Emily! the remembrance of those moments overcomes me—I sit lost in reverie—I endeavour to see you dimly through my tears, in all the heaven of peace and innocence, such as you then appeared to me; to hear again the accents of that voice, which then thrilled my heart with tenderness and hope. I lean on the wall of the terrace, where we together watched the rapid current of the Garonne below, while I described the wild scenery about its source, but thought only of you. O Emily! are these moments passed for ever—will they never more return?"

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto isso, Emily ficou atordoada com as últimas palavras de Montoni. Por um momento, esqueceu sua declaração de que ela deveria permanecer no castelo, pois pensava apenas em sua infeliz tia, que Montoni dissera estar na torre leste. O fato de ele permitir que o corpo de sua esposa permanecesse sepultado por tanto tempo revelava uma brutalidade mais chocante do que ela jamais imaginara que Montoni fosse capaz.

Original English

Emily, meanwhile, stunned by the last words of Montoni, forgot, for the moment, his declaration, that she should continue in the castle, while she thought of her unfortunate aunt, who, he had said, was laid in the east turret. In suffering the remains of his wife to lie thus long unburied, there appeared a degree of brutality more shocking than she had suspected even Montoni could practise.

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Pt/En

Português

Era muito tarde, e Emily, profundamente comovida pela história das cenas que haviam ocorrido naquelas salas, não desejou visitá-las naquela noite. No entanto, pediu a Doroteia que voltasse na noite seguinte, quando teriam menos chance de serem notadas, e a levasse até lá. Além do desejo de examinar o retrato, sentia uma intensa curiosidade de ver o quarto onde a Marquesa havia morrido. Doroteia dissera que o quarto, com sua cama e móveis, permanecia exatamente como estava quando o corpo foi levado para o enterro. As emoções solenes que a antecipação de ver tal lugar despertaram nela combinavam com seu estado de espírito atual, que estava pesado por uma amarga decepção. Coisas alegres apenas aumentavam sua tristeza, em vez de aliviá-la. Talvez ela cedesse demais à sua tendência melancólica e lamentasse o infortúnio que nenhuma virtude sua poderia ter ajudado a evitar, embora a razão não pudesse fazê-la olhar com calma para a autodegradação do homem que ela um dia respeitara e amara.

Original English

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 wish to visit them at this hour, but she requested that Dorothee 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 Dorothee had said remained, with the bed and furniture, just as when the corpse was 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Tarde da noite, St. Aubert e Emily foram para seus quartos. Valancourt optou por ficar perto da porta, preferindo o ar ameno a uma cabine apertada. St. Aubert ficou surpreso ao encontrar volumes de Homero, Horácio e Petrarca em seu aposento; o nome de Valancourt inscrito neles revelou o dono.

Original English

It was late when St. Aubert and Emily retired to their rooms, and Valancourt to his station at the door, which, at this mild season, he preferred to a close cabin and a bed of skins. St. Aubert was somewhat surprised to find in his room volumes of Homer, Horace, and Petrarch; but the name of Valancourt, written in them, told him to whom they belonged.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele continuou sua carta explicando que foi escrita ao longo de muitos dias, começando logo depois que Emily deixou a França. Escrever era a única atividade que o distraía de sua tristeza e tornava sua ausência suportável; na verdade, parecia apagar a distância, porque quando escrevia para ela e compartilhava seus sentimentos, ela quase se sentia presente. Essa ocupação se tornou seu principal conforto, e ele atrasou o envio da carta apenas para prolongar esse conforto, mesmo sabendo que o que escrevia era inútil até que ela a recebesse. Sempre que se sentia excepcionalmente para baixo, ele derramava suas tristezas para ela no papel e sempre encontrava consolo. Quando pequenos eventos alegres ocorriam, ele se apressava em compartilhá-los e recebia felicidade refletida. Sua carta, ele disse, era uma espécie de retrato de sua vida e pensamentos ao longo do último mês. Enquanto escrevê-la era profundamente interessante para ele, e esperava que fosse igualmente interessante para ela, para outros leitores poderia parecer cheia de assuntos triviais. É sempre assim quando se descrevem os sentimentos mais sutis do coração: eles são delicados demais para serem vistos, apenas experimentados, então o observador indiferente os ignora, enquanto a pessoa interessada sente que a descrição nunca é perfeita, mas pode provar a sinceridade do escritor e aliviar sua própria dor. Ele pediu perdão por todo esse egotismo, porque ele era um amante.

Original English

In another part of his letter he wrote thus. 'You see my letter is dated on many different days, and, if you look back to the first, you will perceive, that I began to write soon after your departure from France. To write was, indeed, the only employment that withdrew me from my own melancholy, and rendered your absence supportable, or rather, it seemed to destroy absence; for, when I was conversing with you on paper, and telling you every sentiment and affection of my heart, you almost appeared to be present. This employment has been from time to time my chief consolation, and I have deferred sending off my packet, merely for the comfort of prolonging it, though it was certain, that what I had written, was written to no purpose till you received it. Whenever my mind has been more than usually depressed I have come to pour forth its sorrows to you, and have always found consolation; and, when any little occurrence has interested my heart, and given a gleam of joy to my spirits, I have hastened to communicate it to you, and have received reflected satisfaction. Thus, my letter is a kind of picture of my life and of my thoughts for the last month, and thus, though it has been deeply interesting to me, while I wrote it, and I dare hope will, for the same reason, be not indifferent to you, yet to other readers it would seem to abound only in frivolities. Thus it is always, when we attempt to describe the finer movements of the heart, for they are too fine to be discerned, they can only be experienced, and are therefore passed over by the indifferent observer, while the interested one feels, that all description is imperfect and unnecessary, except as it may prove the sincerity of the writer, and sooth his own sufferings. You will pardon all this egotism—for I am a lover.'

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Pt/En

Português

Após uma longa luta interna, ela resolveu aceitar sua permissão e visitar a torre para dar uma última olhada em sua infeliz tia. Com essa intenção, voltou ao seu quarto e, enquanto esperava Annette acompanhá-la, tentou reunir coragem suficiente para enfrentar a prova iminente. Embora tremesse só de pensar, sabia que cumprir esse último dever lhe traria paz consoladora mais tarde.

Original English

After a long struggle, she determined to accept his permission to visit the turret, and to take a last look of her ill-fated aunt: with which design she returned to her chamber, and, while she waited for Annette to accompany her, endeavoured to acquire fortitude sufficient to support her through the

approaching scene; for, though she trembled to encounter it, she knew that to remember the performance of this last act of duty would hereafter afford her consoling satisfaction.

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Pt/En

Português

Dorothee prometeu voltar na noite seguinte com as chaves dos aposentos, desejou a Emily um bom descanso e partiu. Emily, no entanto, permaneceu na janela, pensando no triste destino da Marquesa e ouvindo com temor para que a música voltasse. Mas a quietude da noite permaneceu inalterada por muito tempo, perturbada apenas pelo murmúrio dos bosques enquanto balançavam na brisa e, mais tarde, pelo sino distante do convento batendo uma hora. Ela então se afastou da janela e sentou-se ao lado da cama, entregando-se a pensamentos melancólicos, auxiliada pela solidão da hora. De repente, o silêncio foi interrompido, não por música, mas por sons muito estranhos que pareciam vir do quarto ao lado ou de um abaixo. A terrível história que lhe haviam contado, juntamente com os eventos misteriosos que diziam ter ocorrido no castelo desde então, a perturbaram tanto que por um momento ela cedeu ao medo supersticioso. No entanto, os sons não se repetiram, e ela foi dormir para esquecer a triste história que ouvira.

Original English

Dorothee 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.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Valancourt escreveu que havia aprendido algo que destruiu seus sonhos felizes e o faria aceitar a necessidade de retornar ao seu regimento. Ele não podia mais vagar pelos lugares amados onde costumava encontrá-la em pensamentos. La Vallée havia sido alugada. Ele acreditava que isso aconteceu sem o conhecimento dela, baseado no que Theresa lhe contou naquela manhã. Theresa chorou ao contar que tinha que deixar sua querida patroa e o castelo onde vivera feliz por muitos anos, tudo sem uma carta de Mademoiselle para amenizar a notícia. Ela disse que tudo era obra do Sr. Quesnel, e ousava dizer que Mademoiselle nem sabia o que estava acontecendo.

Original English

'I have just heard of a circumstance, which entirely destroys all my fairy paradise of ideal delight, and which will reconcile me to the necessity of returning to my regiment, for I must no longer wander beneath the beloved shades, where I have been accustomed to meet you in thought.—La Vallée is let! I have reason to believe this is without your knowledge, from what Theresa told me this morning, and, therefore, I mention the circumstance. She shed tears, while she related, that she was going to leave the service of her dear mistress, and the chateau where she had lived so many happy years; and all this, added she, without even a letter from Mademoiselle to soften the news; but it is all Mons. Quesnel's doings, and I dare say she does not even know what is going forward.'

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quando Annette chegou, Emily compartilhou seu plano. Annette tentou desencorajá-la, mas Emily não mudou de ideia. Após muita persuasão, Annette concordou em acompanhá-la até a torre, mas nenhum argumento a fez prometer entrar no quarto onde alguém havia morrido.

Original English

Annette came, and Emily mentioned her purpose, from which the former endeavoured to dissuade her, though without effect, and Annette was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to accompany her to the turret; but no

consideration could make her promise to enter the chamber of death.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Theresa acrescentou que havia recebido uma carta do Sr. Quesnel informando que o castelo estava alugado e seus serviços não seriam mais necessários. Ela tinha que deixar o local em uma semana, quando o novo inquilino chegaria.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Elas saíram do corredor e chegaram ao pé da escada que Emily havia subido antes. Annette declarou que não iria mais adiante, então Emily continuou sozinha. Quando viu o rastro de sangue que havia notado antes, sua coragem falhou. Ela teve que descansar na escada e quase decidiu voltar. Mas após uma breve pausa, sua determinação retornou e ela seguiu em frente.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

adjust ə'dʒʌst (1 occurrence)

Português: ajustar

Simple English: to change something to be better or correct

Example: *He stopped to adjust the torch's light.*

Uses in this book:

1. Barnardine thought the torch was dying, so he stopped to adjust it. [Back to B1](#)

admission əd'mɪʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: confissão

Simple English: a statement that something is true

Example: *His honest admission moved Emily deeply.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily was very moved by his honest admission and could not reply at once. [Back to B1](#)

afterlife 'æftərˌlaɪf (3 occurrences)

Português: vida após a morte

Simple English: Life that some believe exists after death.

Example: *Many people believe in an afterlife.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her calm attitude came from living her life with a strong belief in God and hope for an afterlife. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that modern ghosts were kinder and would not punish a lady with something worse than their own afterlife.
3. She thought nobody would look for him there, saying it was like looking for someone in the afterlife.

ahead ə'hɛd (16 occurrences)

Português: à frente

Simple English: In front or in the lead.

Example: *He walked ahead of the group.*

Uses in this book:

1. Some officers rode ahead of the main group and then moved across the plains to the right of the army. [Back to B1](#)
2. On their way, the stranger, whose name was Valancourt, went ahead to speak to the hostess. [Back to B1](#)
3. She tried to be brave for the difficult moment ahead, because she knew that remembering this last duty would make her feel better later, even though she was afraid. [Back to B1](#)
4. Montoni sent his servant ahead and then got off the boat with his family.
5. St. Aubert sometimes looked for plants while Valancourt and Emily walked ahead.

alcohol /'ælkəhɒl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: álcool; bebidas alcoólicas

Simple English: Any beverage that can cause intoxication when consumed.

Example: *Too much alcohol can be harmful to your health in the long term.*

Uses in this book:

1. The air was smoky and smelled of alcohol, as smugglers often visited. [Back to B1](#)

amazing ə'meɪzɪŋ (12 occurrences)

Português: incrível

Simple English: very surprising or great

Example: *It was an amazing fight.*

Uses in this book:

1. The views were amazing and very grand. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily saw amazing palaces, more beautiful than she had ever imagined. [Back to B1](#)
3. This amazing sight, with the grand palaces, seemed like a dream. [Back to B1](#)

4. It also talks about the protection of mountains and the amazing sky. [Back to B1](#)
5. The great Garonne river flowed through this amazing scene. [Back to B1](#)

ambush 'æmbʊʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: emboscada

Simple English: a surprise attack from a hidden place

Example: *They talked about a place for an ambush.*

Uses in this book:

1. Most of the others were busy talking by a window about a place for an ambush. [Back to B1](#)

anymore ,ɛni'mɔːr (31 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was very sad because his wild behaviour showed her he was not the Valancourt she loved anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. But he feared and saw that she could not love him anymore. [Back to B1](#)
3. He admitted he was a bad person but said he would not be a villain anymore. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily told him that she could not stay there properly anymore. [Back to B1](#)
5. He told her that his love for her was very strong and sincere, and that she did not need to hide her true feelings anymore.

archway 'ɑːrtʃweɪ (3 occurrences)

Português: arco

Simple English: A curved structure forming an entrance or passage.

Example: *They walked through the stone archway.*

Uses in this book:

1. She looked up at a window above the large archway, but it was dark. [Back to B1](#)
2. As he looked through an old archway, he heard a very strange sound.

3. At other times, parts of the castle, like the old archway to the east wall, the tower above, or the defenses, were briefly lit.

arrogant 'æɹəɡənt (1 occurrence)

Português: arrogante

Simple English: Thinking you are better than others.

Example: *He is too arrogant to admit his mistakes.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were also happy to be free from the difficult people who had been arrogant and silly. [Back to B1](#)

ate eɪt (19 occurrences)

Português: comeu

Simple English: past form of eat; to put food in the mouth and swallow

Example: *The canary ate another small piece of food.*

Uses in this book:

1. There, under tall trees, they ate their simple food. [Back to B1](#)
2. While they ate fruit and ice, music played from another boat. [Back to B1](#)
3. They ate eggs and milk, but St. Aubert had brought extra food. [Back to B1](#)
4. She ate dinner there often and went with Madame Montoni everywhere they went. [Back to B1](#)
5. The travellers ate their dinner outside again.

attractive ə'træktɪv (6 occurrences)

Português: atraente

Simple English: Nice or good looking, causing interest.

Example: *The promises were attractive to young men.*

Uses in this book:

1. But what made her especially attractive was how her face changed when she talked and showed her feelings. [Back to B1](#)
2. In the city, it makes entertainment less necessary and therefore less attractive. [Back to B1](#)
3. Her sad thoughts and imagination made the idea of a nun's life seem attractive.

4. It was probably his strong personality and energy, shown through his face, that made him attractive.

5. She knew she was not as attractive as other women.

available ə'veɪləbəl (2 occurrences)

Português: disponível

Simple English: Ready to be used or reached.

Example: *The teacher is available after class.*

Uses in this book:

1. The woman was happy to help the travellers, who soon had to take the only two beds available. [Back to B1](#)
2. They wanted to stay there for the night, but there were no beds available because it was the grape harvest season.

bandits 'bændɪts (5 occurrences)

Português: bandidos

Simple English: people who rob others, usually in the wild

Example: *He imagined bandits hiding in the wild place.*

Uses in this book:

1. St. Aubert thought the wild place looked like a painting and imagined he might see bandits hiding. [Back to B1](#)
2. It looked like a place where criminals or bandits might hide.
3. Emily said that the place was quiet enough, but asked if there were no bandits.
4. La Voisin confirmed that there were no bandits.
5. Emily felt like she was with bandits, which was very different from her peaceful early life.

basic /'beɪsɪk/ (3 occurrences)

Português: Basic; base; fundamentais

Simple English: Forming the necessary foundation on which other things build.

Example: *Understanding basic math is essential for solving more complex problems later.*

Uses in this book:

1. Some other houses were basic, with animals in one room and a family of many children and parents sleeping on the floor in the second room. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ludovico had also had trouble getting paid for a while and now had only a little money, just enough for basic food when they reached the first town.
3. She said she would not be careful towards a man who acted without regard for basic human decency towards her.

bearable 'berəbl (1 occurrence)

Português: suportável

Simple English: possible to accept or suffer

Example: *Writing made his sadness more bearable.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said writing was the only thing that helped him deal with his sadness and made her absence bearable. [Back to B1](#)

blame /bleɪm/ (8 occurrences)

Português: culpar; culpa; responsabilizar

Simple English: To say or feel someone is responsible for a problem.

Example: *It's easy to blame others when things go wrong, but we should take responsibility too.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said she was not trying to blame him, or she would not be crying. [Back to B1](#)
2. Instead, she wrongly believed that she was the only one to be pitied and that Montoni was entirely to blame. [Back to B1](#)
3. She also felt that, no matter what happened to her in the future, she would not blame herself.
4. Whatever happened, she wanted to be able to say that she did not blame herself.
5. He felt she should have expected trouble and could blame herself for what happened.

bloodstain 'blʌd, steɪn (1 occurrence)

Português: mancha de sangue

Simple English: A mark left by blood on something.

Example: *She saw a bloodstain on the floor.*

Uses in this book:

1. When Emily saw the bloodstain again, she felt weak and had to rest on the stairs. [Back to B1](#)

blurry 'bləri (1 occurrence)

Português: borrado

Simple English: not clear or sharp

Example: *The picture is blurry because it is out of focus.*

Uses in this book:

1. It showed a blurry image to the eyes. [Back to B1](#)

boredom 'bɔrdəm (1 occurrence)

Português: tédio

Simple English: The feeling when you are not interested or have nothing to do.

Example: *He felt boredom during the long trip.*

Uses in this book:

1. He started gambling to avoid boredom but later played with great passion. [Back to B1](#)

bothered 'bɒðəd (7 occurrences)

Português: incomodado

Simple English: to feel worried or upset

Example: *He was not bothered by the noise outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. This uncertainty would have bothered someone with more free time, but Emily was busy. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, Count Morano often appeared, which bothered her. [Back to B1](#)
3. Montoni seemed to keep his promise about her safety, which Emily believed was why she was not being bothered.

4. Or maybe her conscience bothered her because she had not taken good care of her brother's orphan child, whose happiness her dying father had trusted her with.
5. Emily stopped thinking and told the speaker that she did not like this talk and it bothered her.

bothering 'bɒðərɪŋ (3 occurrences)

Português: importunando

Simple English: to annoy or disturb someone repeatedly

Example: *The child was bothering his sister all day.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was also happy because Count Morano was not bothering her. [Back to B1](#)
2. He asked her to stop bothering him and to go to her room.
3. She then asked Emily why she was so quiet and what was bothering her.

camp kæmp (1 occurrence)

Português: acampamento

Simple English: A place where people stay outdoors, often in tents.

Example: *The soldiers set up their camp near the village.*

Uses in this book:

1. Uta told Montoni that his army would camp for the night near a village a few miles away. [Back to B1](#)

capture /'kæptʃər/ (3 occurrences)

Português: capturar; captura; captar

Simple English: To catch and keep someone or something under control.

Example: *They managed to capture several rare birds for study.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily also used her drawing to capture the beautiful shapes she saw. [Back to B1](#)
2. The man said it was good for the Signor to capture men, as they were valuable like other goods because of the money they could get from ransoms.
3. He suggested they capture the two guests, and the others would be easy to catch.

captured 'kæptfərd (8 occurrences)

Português: capturado

Simple English: to catch or take control of something

Example: *She said fancies cannot be captured.*

Uses in this book:

1. The leaders planned to split the captured goods the next day and go back to their castles. [Back to B1](#)
2. Orsino, the killer, was captured with Montoni. [Back to B1](#)
3. Du Pont had lost most of his money when he was captured, and he had given the rest to the guard who helped him.
4. Emily asked Du Pont how he was captured by Montoni.
5. His group was fighting Montoni's men in the mountains when they were defeated, and he and some friends were captured.

challenges 'tʃælɪndʒɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: desafios

Simple English: Difficult tasks or problems to overcome.

Example: *He faced many challenges at work.*

Uses in this book:

1. He enjoyed strong emotions and challenges, which made him feel stronger. [Back to B1](#)

cheap tʃi:p (1 occurrence)

Português: barato

Simple English: not expensive or low quality

Example: *Levi and Lorenzo were very cheap.*

Uses in this book:

1. The hall walls were decorated with cheap, modern things, showing the bad taste of the new owner. [Back to B1](#)

clever 'kleɪvər (12 occurrences)

Português: inteligente

Simple English: smart and able to solve problems

Example: *The clever girl solved the puzzle quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was cruel and suspicious, quick to get revenge, and very clever at planning. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had tried to trick others, but he was tricked by a woman he thought was not very clever. [Back to B1](#)
3. He added that she was very clever at misunderstanding things.
4. She knew he was clever and could plan anything.
5. When she asked about it, she thought she saw bad and clever looks on the faces of the men, which made her feel worried.

cleverness 'kleɪvərnəs (5 occurrences)

Português: inteligência

Simple English: Being smart and able to solve problems.

Example: *Her cleverness helped her win the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. The officer suggested a different plan: to use cleverness and surprise instead of a direct fight. [Back to B1](#)
2. The officer first tried to use only cleverness. [Back to B1](#)
3. Her aunt acted with boldness and cleverness, talking about her kindness while planning to sacrifice Emily, or insulting her.
4. Madame Cheron also blushed, but it was a proud blush, like someone happy they suspected something correctly, feeling more pleased with their own cleverness than worried about Emily.
5. A slow poison was given to her, and she died because of Laurentini's jealousy and cleverness, and her husband's guilty weakness.

club *klʌb* (3 occurrences)

Português: porrete

Simple English: A heavy stick used as a weapon.

Example: *He attacked La with his club, but Tarzan stopped him.*

Uses in this book:

1. Montoni arrived at St. Mark's and went to a gambling club. [Back to B1](#)
2. The lively atmosphere and the beautiful night made Madame Montoni agree to walk with the Count and then have supper at his club. [Back to B1](#)
3. They went to the club, which was nicely decorated and had a big meal ready. [Back to B1](#)

collective *kə'lektiv* (1 occurrence)

Português: coletivo

Simple English: Done by a group of people together.

Example: *There was a collective sigh from the crowd.*

Uses in this book:

1. It lasted for several minutes until a collective sigh seemed to end the company's feeling of wonder. [Back to B1](#)

colors *'kʌlərz* (3 occurrences)

Português: cores

Simple English: the way we see different lights like red or blue

Example: *The walls of the house have bright colors.*

Uses in this book:

1. St. Aubert saw his brother-in-law's colors on the carriage and found Monsieur and Madame Quesnel inside the house. [Back to B1](#)
2. The light also shone on the treetops, showing the first autumn colors.
3. The sea was very calm, and its surface reflected the colors of the sunset.

colourful 'kʌlərfʌl (11 occurrences)

Português: coloridos

Simple English: Having many bright or different colors.

Example: *His spear and shield were colourful.*

Uses in this book:

1. The green trees and fields, the colourful grass, the blue sky, the fresh air, the sound of the stream, and even the noise of small insects made him feel alive and happy just to exist. [Back to B1](#)
2. Many boats with people in colourful, costume-like clothes travelled towards Venice. [Back to B1](#)
3. The sea's clear water showed the colourful image of the city. [Back to B1](#)
4. Silver lamps lit the room, and the floor was covered with colourful mats. [Back to B1](#)
5. She saw large plains below with woods, towns, colourful vines, and trees like almonds, palms, and olives. [Back to B1](#)

confusing /kən'fju:zɪŋ/ (10 occurrences)

Português: confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

Simple English: Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

Example: *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought it would be useless to try to escape Barnardine by running, because the path was long and confusing, and he would catch her easily. [Back to B1](#)
2. As they walked, Emily heard confusing noises from the inner court.
3. Since leaving Beaujeu, there had been no confusing paths.
4. Annette replied that she thought she did, but she found the place very confusing and had already been lost.
5. She became scared by how confusing and empty they were, so she shouted for help.

costume /'kɒstju:m/ (3 occurrences)

Português: traje; fantasia; figurino

Simple English: Clothes worn to look like a character or theme.

Example: *She wore a costume of a princess for the Halloween party.*

Uses in this book:

1. Many boats with people in colourful, costume-like clothes travelled towards Venice. [Back to B1](#)
2. It looked like a costume party, similar to the Carnival in Venice.
3. It was a costume party, and guests danced in groups in the large gardens, which were lit up with many lamps.

costumes 'kɒstjʊms (3 occurrences)

Português: fantasias

Simple English: Special clothes worn for a particular occasion or role.

Example: *People wore colorful costumes at the festival.*

Uses in this book:

1. After them came people in strange costumes, some dressed as gondoliers or musicians. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily might have forgotten her worries because of the grand and exciting scene with its beautiful buildings and many people in costumes. [Back to B1](#)
3. People wore colourful costumes.

countryside 'kʌntrisaɪd (17 occurrences)

Português: campo

Simple English: land outside cities and towns

Example: *The path through the countryside is shorter.*

Uses in this book:

1. From the castle windows, people could see beautiful countryside with trees, vines, and olive trees. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily arrived in the peaceful countryside with farms, animals, and green trees. [Back to B1](#)
3. Annette preferred living in the countryside, but she knew Venice was built on the sea and had no woods or hills. [Back to B1](#)

4. He felt that in the countryside, one could neither see nor hear much, and it was hard to feel alive. [Back to B1](#)

5. There were no signs of war, unlike the countryside they had seen before. [Back to B1](#)

courtyard 'kɔrt.jɑrd (18 occurrences)

Português: pátio

Simple English: An open area surrounded by buildings or walls.

Example: *She felt afraid in the dark courtyard.*

Uses in this book:

1. After climbing them, a door led them into the first courtyard of the castle.

[Back to B1](#)

2. There were large supports and narrow grates that let air into the courtyard.

[Back to B1](#)

3. Seeing the courtyard made Emily feel a little better. [Back to B1](#)

4. She decided to follow Emily until they reached the main courtyard. [Back to B1](#)

5. Then he called loudly to the people in the second courtyard.

criticized 'krɪtɪsaɪzd (3 occurrences)

Português: criticou

Simple English: To say that someone did something wrong or badly.

Example: *The teacher criticized his homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. Madame Montoni only saw Emily's usual pale face and criticized her. [Back to B1](#)

2. He criticized her simple clothes and insisted she wear her most beautiful dress, the one made for her wedding to Count Morano.

3. She was afraid of saying the wrong thing and being criticized.

dagger 'dægər (3 occurrences)

Português: adaga

Simple English: A small, sharp knife used as a weapon.

Example: *He took a dagger from his coat to protect himself.*

Uses in this book:

1. Orsino moved back and took a dagger from his coat to stab Verezzi from behind. [Back to B1](#)
2. Montoni stopped his arm and, with a meaningful look, made him put the dagger away without anyone else seeing. [Back to B1](#)
3. Orsino became very angry and took out his dagger again. [Back to B1](#)

damage /'dæmɪdʒ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: danos; dano; danificar

Simple English: To cause physical harm to something, reducing its function.

Example: *The storm caused serious damage to many houses in the area.*

Uses in this book:

1. The war had caused much damage in the plains. [Back to B1](#)
2. The strong light also showed her the damage from a past battle, with broken walls and destroyed tops.

damaged 'dæmɪdʒd (10 occurrences)

Português: danificado

Simple English: broken or harmed

Example: *The damaged car needs repairs.*

Uses in this book:

1. After Milan, the land looked even more damaged. [Back to B1](#)
2. The book was old and damaged by dampness.
3. While Emily leaned on the wall, she saw some peasants looking at a damaged part of the wall.
4. The woods had also been damaged by fighting from the castle walls.
5. He said that there had been a lot of fighting there, as the ground was badly damaged by cannonballs.

deathbed 'dεθ,bεd (4 occurrences)

Português: leito de morte

Simple English: The bed where a person lies before they die.

Example: *She told a secret on her deathbed.*

Uses in this book:

1. The room was dark and quiet, and she felt as if she saw the lady as she looked on her deathbed. [Back to B1](#)
2. She remembered his advice from his deathbed.
3. She remembered seeing her lady on her deathbed and recalled everything she said, calling it a terrible scene.
4. However, Signora Laurentini had given Emily hints and made a deathbed confession.

Despite dɪ'spaɪt (6 occurrences)

Português: apesar de

Simple English: Even though something happens.

Example: *Despite the rain, they played outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. Despite what she had heard about him, she started to respect him again. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dorothee thought that, despite her beautiful appearance, the Marchioness did not seem truly happy inside. [Back to B1](#)
3. Montoni exclaimed that this was very surprising, even more than he expected, despite knowing how changeable women could be.
4. Montoni acted cruelly, while Madame Montoni showed a strong spirit despite her weak body.
5. She planned to tell him exactly what she thought of him, despite his threats.

detour 'di:tʊr (1 occurrence)

Português: desvio

Simple English: A different route taken to avoid something or visit somewhere.

Example: *He made a small detour to say goodbye.*

Uses in this book:

1. He made a small detour to say goodbye to M. Barreaux, whom he found studying plants in a wood near his house. [Back to B1](#)

didn't 'dɪdənt (28 occurrences)

Português: não

Simple English: did not do something

Example: *He didn't go to school yesterday.*

Uses in this book:

1. He kept some old trees because he liked them from when he was a child, even if they didn't look perfect. [Back to B1](#)
2. When he didn't answer, she quietly went inside to check if he was there. [Back to B1](#)
3. When he didn't have real interests, he created fake ones, like gambling. [Back to B1](#)
4. But Emily didn't think about herself. [Back to B1](#)
5. He didn't judge people who were poor.

discussing dɪ'skʌsɪŋ (6 occurrences)

Português: discutindo

Simple English: talking about a subject

Example: *She was thinking about the person they were discussing.*

Uses in this book:

1. After discussing the roads to Verona, they said goodbye. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked him to stop discussing it.
3. Annette had often heard Emily's aunt and another man discussing Emily's marriage to the Count.
4. Montoni was upset and said they should leave the room and stop discussing the serious topic.
5. Ludovico suggested she did not know what they were discussing.

dishonest /dis'ɒnɪst/ (3 occurrences)

Português: desonesto

Simple English: Not truthful or trustworthy, often engaging in immoral behavior.

Example: *Being dishonest can damage trust in personal relationships significantly.*

Uses in this book:

1. But St. Aubert did not want to do anything dishonest, and he did not want to work hard just for money. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker asked the other person to stop being dishonest and to be open and honest if they could.
3. It made the whole situation feel mysterious and possibly dangerous or dishonest.

dishonesty dis'ɒnɪsti (4 occurrences)

Português: desonestidade

Simple English: the act of being dishonest

Example: *Dishonesty can cause problems in friendship.*

Uses in this book:

1. She refused to admit that her own dishonesty had caused Montoni to look down on her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily noticed Maddelina seemed kind and natural, unlike the peasant and his wife, whose faces showed bad qualities like cruelty and dishonesty.
3. But when he thought about Montoni's past dishonesty, his hope disappeared.
4. Emily was shocked by Montoni's dishonesty.

doesn't 'dəʊzənt (1 occurrence)

Português: não

Simple English: Short form for 'does not'

Example: *She doesn't like spicy food.*

Uses in this book:

1. She uses her magic to sing songs that can charm sailors, sometimes making them hear music that doesn't sound human. [Back to B1](#)

downstairs ,daʊn'steərz (25 occurrences)

Português: no andar de baixo

Simple English: on a lower floor of a building

Example: *She was alone downstairs.*

Uses in this book:

1. She listened and thought she heard him go downstairs, not up. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, when the wind stopped for a moment, she heard Barnardine going downstairs to the court. [Back to B1](#)
3. She thought she heard Barnardine's voice again downstairs. [Back to B1](#)
4. She then remembered her drawing tools were downstairs in the living room. [Back to B1](#)
5. Suddenly, she heard strange noises from a nearby room or a room downstairs. [Back to B1](#)

earn ɜːrn (1 occurrence)

Português: ganhar

Simple English: to get money by working

Example: *He asked how people earn money.*

Uses in this book:

1. Annette said he was going to Venice for the Carnival to earn money by playing music. [Back to B1](#)

emotional /ɪ'mouʃənəl/ (35 occurrences)

Português: emocional; emotivo; sentimental

Simple English: Showing strong feelings; easily affected by emotions.

Example: *She was emotional during the farewell party and cried quite a bit.*

Uses in this book:

1. But when she reached the library door, where she thought he would be, she felt very emotional. [Back to B1](#)
2. He stopped speaking because he was very emotional. [Back to B1](#)
3. If she had not remembered Count De Villefort's warning about trusting someone's change of heart when they are very emotional, she might have believed him. [Back to B1](#)

4. As she walked with them in the beautiful valley, she felt very emotional and happy, and tears came to her eyes. [Back to B1](#)

5. He warned her about believing promises made when someone is very emotional. [Back to B1](#)

envious 'enviəs (2 occurrences)

Português: invejoso

Simple English: Feeling unhappy because you want what someone else has.

Example: *She was envious of her friend's new dress.*

Uses in this book:

1. Even though Montoni had no right to this property, he felt very envious when he read the letter. [Back to B1](#)

2. She described places to make others feel envious, but she also tricked herself.

equipment ɪ'kwɪpmənt (1 occurrence)

Português: equipamento

Simple English: Tools or things used for a special purpose.

Example: *The team has all the equipment they need.*

Uses in this book:

1. He did not need fishing equipment because he did not enjoy hurting or killing animals. [Back to B1](#)

eventually /ɪ'ventʃuəli/ (13 occurrences)

Português: eventualmente; acabou; conseqüentemente

Simple English: After a series of events or extended period.

Example: *We eventually found the solution after many trials and errors.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she eventually remembered a story old Dorothee had promised to tell her. [Back to B1](#)

2. Eventually, his bad treatment made the Marchioness very miserable. [Back to B1](#)

3. Eventually, she woke up and looked weakly at Emily, whose tears were falling.

4. He told him that with patience and carefulness, he would eventually find happiness and Emily.
5. Eventually, he left.

Excitement /ɪk'saɪtmənt/ (9 occurrences)

Português: excitação; emoção; empolgação

Simple English: A strong feeling of enthusiasm and happiness intensely.

Example: *The excitement in the crowd grew as the concert started.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that an empty mind looks for excitement and can easily make mistakes. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily noticed that when Montoni heard about brave actions, his eyes would light up with excitement. [Back to B1](#)
3. However, she also saw a sly look in his eyes, and sometimes thought his excitement was more like anger than bravery. [Back to B1](#)
4. Once the excitement of the meeting calmed down and Emily felt more relaxed, she noticed how beautiful the hall was.
5. Madame Quesnel used to talk about Italy with great excitement when she was there.

facial 'feɪʃəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: facial

Simple English: Related to the face.

Example: *He has similar facial features as his brother.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was about forty years old, very handsome, with strong and clear facial features. [Back to B1](#)

fake feɪk (6 occurrences)

Português: falso

Simple English: Not real or true.

Example: *He used fake names for the main people.*

Uses in this book:

1. When he didn't have real interests, he created fake ones, like gambling. [Back to B1](#)

2. Her aunt replied that Emily's aunt thought her flattery was fake.
3. However, his cheerfulness was sometimes fake, and he sometimes looked sad.
4. The Count said goodbye to his family for the night with a fake happy mood that hid his worry.
5. Madame Cheron replied with a fake smile, saying that Emily would want to stay and she would agree because Emily needed rest.

farm *farm* (2 occurrences)

Português: fazenda

Simple English: A place where people grow plants or raise animals.

Example: *They live on a big farm with cows and chickens.*

Uses in this book:

1. He sold it to his brother-in-law, Monsieur Quesnel, and moved to a small farm in Gascony. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was a widow and lived on her farm near Tholouse. [Back to B1](#)

farmed *fa:rmɪd* (2 occurrences)

Português: cultivado

Simple English: Land used to grow crops or animals.

Example: *The farmed fields were full of wheat.*

Uses in this book:

1. During the first days in the Alps, the landscape was a mix of quiet and busy places, and wild and farmed areas. [Back to B1](#)
2. Some fields were not farmed, and others were ruined. [Back to B1](#)

farmer *'farmə* (4 occurrences)

Português: agricultor

Simple English: A person who grows crops or raises animals.

Example: *She felt the farmer deserved it.*

Uses in this book:

1. As a boy, he visited often and remembered the kindness of an old farmer who gave him fruit and cream. [Back to B1](#)

2. From Maddelina's simple talk, Emily learned that the farmer and his wife had lived in the cottage for a long time.
3. When Bertrand tried to take her away, a farmer offered him a drink from a bottle.
4. The farmer asked Bertrand to let Emily join the dancing.

farms *fa:rmz* (4 occurrences)

Português: fazendas

Simple English: Areas of land used to grow crops or keep animals.

Example: *Tarzan did not allow his people to destroy the farms.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily arrived in the peaceful countryside with farms, animals, and green trees. [Back to B1](#)
2. As they got closer, the land became a flat area with farms and trees.
3. They travelled through a nice countryside with farms.
4. The land looked colourful again with farms.

favorite *'feivərɪt* (5 occurrences)

Português: favorito

Simple English: liked the most

Example: *Soccer is his favorite sport.*

Uses in this book:

1. He liked to stay under his favorite plane tree even when it was getting dark. [Back to B1](#)
2. Orsino was Montoni's main favorite. [Back to B1](#)
3. She recalled that he had said the fishing-house, where she heard the song and saw poems written to her, was his favorite place before they met.
4. She took a book by her favorite author, Ariosto, but the story's fantasy and imagination could not hold her attention for long.
5. He was very upset by his favorite sister's early death and her unhappy marriage.

fighters 'faɪtəz (1 occurrence)

Português: lutadores

Simple English: People who fight or battle.

Example: *The fighters trained every day.*

Uses in this book:

1. The fighters were separated and, after a long and angry argument, they made peace. [Back to B1](#)

finances 'faɪnənsɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: finanças

Simple English: Money management and problems.

Example: *He needs to fix his finances to be happy.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also pointed out the small chance of happiness if she stayed with him, as it depended on him fixing his ruined finances and bad habits. [Back to B1](#)

financial /fə'nænʃəl/ (11 occurrences)

Português: financeira

Simple English: Related to money, banking, or economic management.

Example: *She is studying financial management at university to become an accountant.*

Uses in this book:

1. The information given to Valancourt about Montoni's character and financial situation was true. [Back to B1](#)
2. Montoni's contempt had already hurt her pride, and learning about his financial problems would hurt it even more. [Back to B1](#)
3. She could stay there safely until La Vallee was rented out, or until M. Motteville's financial matters were sorted out, so she could understand her own money and decide if it was wise to live there.
4. The evening before the wedding, Montoni found out for sure that Morano was in financial trouble.
5. She explained that this happened because she refused to give up her financial settlements.

flags *flægz* (3 occurrences)

Português: bandeiras

Simple English: Cloths used as symbols or signals.

Example: *The team carried flags during the parade.*

Uses in this book:

1. As they got closer, Montoni saw the feathers in the soldiers' caps and their flags. [Back to B1](#)
2. The family's old flags and weapons were gone. [Back to B1](#)
3. The hall was decorated with tapestries showing his ancestors' achievements, stained glass windows with family symbols, and colourful flags.

flickered *'flikərd* (1 occurrence)

Português: piscou

Simple English: To shine with a light that goes on and off quickly.

Example: *The candlelight flickered in the dark room.*

Uses in this book:

1. The torch light flickered, showing Barnardine's pale face and the poor condition of the place. [Back to B1](#)

flickering *'flikəriŋ* (2 occurrences)

Português: tremeluzente

Simple English: shining with a weak, unsteady light

Example: *They saw a flickering light far away.*

Uses in this book:

1. The long shadows from the columns and the flickering light made Emily think she saw people in the dark distance. [Back to B1](#)
2. As they walked slowly, Emily noticed a small, flickering flame at the end of Bertrand's pike.

focus 'foukəs (9 occurrences)

Português: focar

Simple English: To pay attention to one thing.

Example: *He wanted to focus on their safety first.*

Uses in this book:

1. But her mind was restless and could not focus. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was reading them with great focus, and he was crying and sobbing loudly. [Back to B1](#)
3. He asked Emily to forgive his self-focus because he was a lover. [Back to B1](#)
4. He wanted her to focus on things happening now, to believe that she could still be happy, and to think kindly of Mr. Du Pont.
5. However, his mind was too troubled to focus.

focused 'foukəst (5 occurrences)

Português: concentrados

Simple English: giving full attention to something

Example: *She was focused on her homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. There, he focused on his family, learning, and his own thoughts. [Back to B1](#)
2. He also suggested that Ludovico's friends might be brave enough to stay another night in the castle, because Ludovico's courage would keep the ghost's attacks focused on him for that night.
3. Blanche was very focused, but her father's look made her blush, and she tried to forget the ghost stories she had heard at the convent.
4. She focused on a tall mountain that faced her old room, wishing it could tell her what was happening.
5. He was focused on finding her, like someone who was drunk.

fog *fɒg* (3 occurrences)

Português: névoa

Simple English: thick cloud near the ground that is hard to see through

Example: *The car lights were weak because of the fog.*

Uses in this book:

1. As they went deeper, the fog got thicker. [Back to B1](#)
2. The sun rose over Provence but gave little light because fog from the sea blocked its rays.
3. The fog floated over the tops of the trees, which showed autumn colours.

foggy *'fɒgi* (1 occurrence)

Português: nebuloso

Simple English: Full of fog or mist; not clear.

Example: *It was still foggy outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. The walls were wet with cold moisture, and the air was so foggy that the torch burned weakly. [Back to B1](#)

formality *fɔːr'mælɪti* (1 occurrence)

Português: formalidade

Simple English: Following official or polite rules.

Example: *He entered the room without formality.*

Uses in this book:

1. M. Barreaux entered like an old friend, without formality. [Back to B1](#)

fun *fʌn* (25 occurrences)

Português: diversão

Simple English: Enjoyment and pleasure.

Example: *He sometimes killed for fun.*

Uses in this book:

1. Their happy music, lively steps, and interesting dance moves were fun to watch. [Back to B1](#)

2. Madame Quesnel said that past problems that could not be changed should not stop the fun of the present time. [Back to B1](#)
3. When he does smile, it seems like he is making fun of himself or his own feelings. [Back to B1](#)
4. St. Aubert said he was also travelling, but he was looking for health and fun. [Back to B1](#)
5. In many houses, they found people who were poor and seemed to have fun, but there were no beds. [Back to B1](#)

gambling 'gæmblɪŋ (18 occurrences)

Português: jogo

Simple English: Playing games to win or lose money.

Example: *He lost money gambling at the casino.*

Uses in this book:

1. When he didn't have real interests, he created fake ones, like gambling. [Back to B1](#)
2. He started gambling to avoid boredom but later played with great passion. [Back to B1](#)
3. He spent the night gambling with Cavigni and some young men who had money but little respect. [Back to B1](#)
4. Montoni arrived at St. Mark's and went to a gambling club. [Back to B1](#)
5. He was in a bad mood because he had lost a lot of money gambling. [Back to B1](#)

gatekeeper 'geɪtˌkiːpər (2 occurrences)

Português: porteiro

Simple English: A person who controls entry through a gate or door.

Example: *The gatekeeper opened the door to the courtyard.*

Uses in this book:

1. The castle's gatekeeper, who had helped him before, took money to help him again. [Back to B1](#)
2. Morano planned with the gatekeeper to get Emily to the gates. [Back to B1](#)

gift *gift* (2 occurrences)

Português: presente

Simple English: Something given to someone without payment.

Example: *She gave him a gift for his birthday.*

Uses in this book:

1. The servant even offered a valuable coin she had received as a gift, but this also did not change his mind. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked Theresa to tell Mary she would see her tomorrow, perhaps, and to give her a gift as a sign of remembrance.

gloomier *'glu:miə* (3 occurrences)

Português: mais sombrio

Simple English: Darker and sadder.

Example: *The room looked gloomier at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. She noticed that after this chevalier visited, the Marquis was gloomier and the Marchioness more thoughtful. [Back to B1](#)
2. The light made the dark wood panels around her seem even gloomier.
3. She looked around her dark room fearfully, and the deep silence made the room seem even gloomier to her.

goal *goul* (1 occurrence)

Português: objetivo

Simple English: A result you want to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English this year.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had many enemies, but he was proud of their hatred because it showed his power, which was his main goal. [Back to B1](#)

goodbye *gud'bar* (58 occurrences)

Português: adeus

Simple English: Words said when leaving.

Example: *He said goodbye before leaving.*

Uses in this book:

1. She remembered saying goodbye to Valancourt, maybe forever, and felt sick. [Back to B1](#)
2. As Emily walked past them, she saw the place where she had said goodbye to Valancourt the night before. [Back to B1](#)
3. After a few minutes, she decided to end the conversation and said goodbye to Valancourt. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily could not move or say goodbye. [Back to B1](#)
5. He said he could not leave her now or say goodbye forever. [Back to B1](#)

gossip *'gɒsɪp* (1 occurrence)

Português: fofoca

Simple English: Talk about other people's private matters.

Example: *They were ahead of gossip during their travel.*

Uses in this book:

1. She did not want the Countess and her friend to gossip, or the rest of the family to be too curious. [Back to B1](#)

grabbed *'græbd* (5 occurrences)

Português: agarrou

Simple English: took hold of something quickly

Example: *He grabbed the book from the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. In desperation, she grabbed the curtain and pulled it aside. [Back to B1](#)
2. Du Pont stepped back, avoided the knife, and then grabbed Verezzi, taking the knife from him.
3. Without saying anything, she grabbed Dorothee's arm.
4. He grabbed her wrist and stamped his foot.
5. He grabbed her and asked many questions angrily.

greed *gri:d* (3 occurrences)

Português: ganância

Simple English: Wanting more money or things than you need.

Example: *Greed is an emotion only humans have.*

Uses in this book:

1. He controlled his emotions well, except for pride, revenge, and greed. [Back to B1](#)
2. He praised Emily, saying she had a better understanding than most women and did not have common faults like greed or wanting power, which he thought she despised.
3. Her aunt could be hurt because of Montoni's anger or greed.

greenhouse *'gri:nhaus* (3 occurrences)

Português: estufa

Simple English: A glass building for growing plants.

Example: *The greenhouse has many rare plants.*

Uses in this book:

1. Next to the library was a greenhouse with rare and beautiful plants. [Back to B1](#)
2. Next to the greenhouse, facing the plains of Languedoc, was a room that Emily used. [Back to B1](#)
3. After passing the greenhouse, Emily felt scared when she opened the library door.

greet *gri:t* (5 occurrences)

Português: cumprimentar

Simple English: to say hello or welcome someone

Example: *He did not greet him but walked straight forward.*

Uses in this book:

1. He waved his cap from the car window to greet the general. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ubaldo raised his spear to greet him back. [Back to B1](#)
3. She knew no one inside would greet her with love.
4. The Countess asked the old housekeeper, who came to greet her, how long she had lived in this lonely place.

5. He said Montoni would have come sooner to greet Madame Cheron, but he was delayed.

greeted 'gri:tɪd (6 occurrences)

Português: cumprimentou

Simple English: Said hello to someone.

Example: *He greeted the guests at the door.*

Uses in this book:

1. Some of Utaldo's officers rode up to the carriage and greeted Montoni, as they knew him. [Back to B1](#)
2. They greeted him politely. [Back to B1](#)
3. Emily was upset by how Madame Cheron greeted her father. [Back to B1](#)
4. Theresa, the housekeeper, greeted Emily kindly but paused, looking as if she wanted to comfort her.
5. She greeted him and welcomed him to the castle, calling him Signor Orsino.

greeting 'gri:tɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: saudação

Simple English: a way to say hello or welcome

Example: *They fired guns as a special greeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. After greeting each other, Monsieur Quesnel started talking a lot about his knowledge and important friends. [Back to B1](#)

gunshots 'gʌnʃɒts (1 occurrence)

Português: disparos

Simple English: Several sounds of guns firing.

Example: *Twice, they heard gunshots.*

Uses in this book:

1. Suddenly, they heard gunshots. [Back to B1](#)

hadn't 'hædnt (4 occurrences)

Português: não tinha

Simple English: Did not have or did not do something.

Example: *He hadn't finished his homework before dinner.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that he would have stayed longer near La Vallee if his army duties hadn't required him to leave. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that his tears were only small signs of a deep sadness that could have made him mad if he hadn't controlled it for a long time.
3. Theresa replied that she would not have liked the person if she hadn't been her master's sister, because she was often difficult.
4. She had heard the monastery's evening bell from her room the night before, and she would have seen its towers if it hadn't been dark.

handled 'hændəld (3 occurrences)

Português: cuidaram

Simple English: managed or took care of something

Example: *They handled the guards until midnight.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that she was good at keeping secrets and had handled important matters before. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought she could have handled his marriage to someone else, or even his death, with more strength.
3. Montoni ordered the servant who handled the wine, and another man whose face showed he was guilty or afraid, to be chained and put in a strong room.

harnesses 'hɑ:nəsɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: freios

Simple English: straps used to control animals

Example: *They took the harnesses off the mules to let them eat.*

Uses in this book:

1. They also took the harnesses off their mules so the animals could eat the tasty herbs growing on the high ground. [Back to B1](#)

hesitant 'hɛzɪtənt (2 occurrences)

Português: hesitante

Simple English: slow to act or speak because of doubt

Example: *He seemed hesitant to talk about it.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily thought the Marchioness's death was strange and wanted to learn more, but she was hesitant to ask directly. [Back to B1](#)
2. Soon after, the abbess suggested they go to Sister Agnes's room, and Emily agreed, though she felt a little hesitant.

honesty 'ɑ:nəsti (8 occurrences)

Português: honestidade

Simple English: telling the truth and being fair

Example: *Honesty helps good win over bad.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily felt sad but also respected his honesty. [Back to B1](#)
2. She found it hard to believe he could have done the bad things reported about him, as they did not seem to fit with his passionate nature, his honesty, and his feelings. [Back to B1](#)
3. He said he could not expect honesty from her, just as she could not prove him wrong.
4. He explained that the energy and honesty of young people are pleasant for older people, if they have not become too hardened by life.
5. Emily was alone and thought about the reward for her honesty.

hopelessness 'houpləsənəs (1 occurrence)

Português: desespero

Simple English: feeling no hope or chance

Example: *She felt hopelessness after losing everything.*

Uses in this book:

1. The text is a quote from Romeo and Juliet, expressing deep sadness and hopelessness. [Back to B1](#)

hotel *hou'tel* (3 occurrences)

Português: hotel

Simple English: a place where people pay to stay overnight

Example: *There was no hotel in the small village.*

Uses in this book:

1. St. Aubert asked more questions and learned there was no hotel or place for visitors. [Back to B1](#)
2. They returned to their hotel.
3. So, Valancourt said goodbye to Emily and went to his hotel alone.

hunt *hʌnt* (1 occurrence)

Português: caçar

Simple English: to look for and kill animals for food or sport

Example: *The stranger said he did not hunt much.*

Uses in this book:

1. The stranger said he did not hunt much and was happy just to enjoy the countryside for a few weeks. [Back to B1](#)

ignore */ɪg'no:r/* (5 occurrences)

Português: ignorar

Simple English: To intentionally pay no attention to someone or something.

Example: *It's not polite to ignore someone when they are speaking to you.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily could not ignore Valancourt's sadness and regret. [Back to B1](#)
2. He called it the behaviour of a young, angry boy and said he would ignore it with contempt.
3. She was too shocked to ignore what her aunt had said.
4. Emily smiled at the idea of this strange belief, but because she was feeling sad, she could not completely ignore its effect on her.
5. She thought Montoni was trying to marry her aunt, and that her aunt accepted him and was worried he might ignore her.

ignored *ɪg'no:rd* (8 occurrences)

Português: ignorado

Simple English: did not pay attention to someone or something

Example: *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

Uses in this book:

1. He first ignored her aunt, and then he was always unfriendly and distant. [Back to B1](#)
2. She ignored it, but he was not discouraged.
3. He replied to Montoni, saying that something else would not be ignored.
4. The soldiers made jokes about his religious order, which he ignored.
5. He had always ignored bodily pain and only gave in to strong emotional feelings.

imaginative *ɪ'mædʒɪnətɪv* (1 occurrence)

Português: imaginativo

Simple English: Good at thinking of new ideas or stories.

Example: *He told imaginative stories that others liked.*

Uses in this book:

1. Verezzi was talented and imaginative, often changing his moods. [Back to B1](#)

immortal *ɪ'mɔ:rtəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: imortal

Simple English: never dying or living forever

Example: *The text talks about the immortal mind.*

Uses in this book:

1. The text asks about the places where the immortal mind goes when it leaves its body. [Back to B1](#)

incorrect ˌɪnkəˈrɛkt (1 occurrence)

Português: incorreto

Simple English: Not right or true.

Example: *That answer is incorrect; please try again.*

Uses in this book:

1. A weak, incorrect light shone from the surfaces of things. [Back to B1](#)

islands ˈaɪləndz (3 occurrences)

Português: ilhas

Simple English: land surrounded by water

Example: *The shepherd was on the islands.*

Uses in this book:

1. It had islands, palaces, and towers rising from the sea. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily watched the light grow on the ocean, slowly revealing Venice, its islands, and the Italian coast where boats with triangular sails started to move.
3. The poem describes a shepherd on the islands, who sees a large group of people moving on a hill or in a valley.

items ˈaɪtəmz (1 occurrence)

Português: objetos

Simple English: Things or objects, especially small ones.

Example: *Clayton said he wished they had left those items.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily still had some books and other items to pack. [Back to B1](#)

job dʒɒb (15 occurrences)

Português: trabalho

Simple English: a task or work to do

Example: *Tarzan did not understand why they were doing such a big job.*

Uses in this book:

1. He added that if the job was only for cowards, they should keep Orsino and let him leave Udolpho. [Back to B1](#)

2. The letter told her that the house was rented and that her job was finished.

[Back to B1](#)

3. She could not rely on Valancourt for help because he was in another country due to his job.

4. She felt it was not her job to look fierce or fight battles.

5. Caterina said that getting the wood was her job and left the room immediately.

jobs *dʒɒbz* (2 occurrences)

Português: empregos

Simple English: Work or tasks someone does to earn money.

Example: *He saw this as a step to more important jobs.*

Uses in this book:

1. So, soldiers who finished wars often did not return to peaceful jobs. [Back to B1](#)

2. The others only stayed until new people could be found to do their jobs.

kidnap *'kɪdˌnæp* (2 occurrences)

Português: sequestrar

Simple English: To take someone away by force and keep them.

Example: *The villain tried to kidnap the princess.*

Uses in this book:

1. When Annette explained what she meant, Emily remembered an attempt to kidnap her. [Back to B1](#)

2. Orsino had joined Montoni earlier, and Count Morano had told Venice where he was hiding after his failed attempt to kidnap Emily. [Back to B1](#)

lack */læk/* (9 occurrences)

Português: falta; ausência; faltam

Simple English: To be without enough of something needed or desired.

Example: *He lacks the skills necessary for this job application.*

Uses in this book:

1. When St. Aubert heard that guests were coming, he felt angry and disgusted by Quesnel's lack of feeling. [Back to B1](#)

2. Her wounded pride caused her to behave with great anger and bitterness, showing a lack of self-control. [Back to B1](#)
3. Their lack of money made their situation worse because it meant they had to stay in the mountains.
4. They were sad about their lack of money again.
5. He seemed to be using Emily's supposed lack of vanity to criticize all women.

lacked *lakt* (2 occurrences)

Português: faltava

Simple English: Did not have something needed.

Example: *He lacked money to buy the book.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was cheerful, enjoyed luxury, and was daring, but he lacked persistence and real courage. [Back to B1](#)
2. Verezzi strongly disagreed, saying Orsino lacked courage. [Back to B1](#)

leaders *'li:dərz* (6 occurrences)

Português: líderes

Simple English: People who guide or are in charge of a group.

Example: *The village leaders talked about leaving.*

Uses in this book:

1. As the army moved through a narrow part of the road, some leaders on horses were seen on a small hill, giving signals. [Back to B1](#)
2. The leaders planned to split the captured goods the next day and go back to their castles. [Back to B1](#)
3. Some soldiers joined leaders who sold their fighting skills to different states for money. [Back to B1](#)
4. Sometimes, the Condottieri leaders felt safe enough to visit cities. [Back to B1](#)
5. The conversation was about wars in Italy, the armies, and their leaders.

lifestyle 'laɪf, stɑɪl (6 occurrences)

Português: estilo de vida

Simple English: The way a person lives.

Example: *She has a healthy lifestyle.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said that what was considered a good lifestyle before is not good enough now. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily was used to the warm country's lifestyle and was not surprised to see them outside so late.
3. Some disliked his lifestyle, while others were against his ambition and how he openly competed with them.
4. People knew that her rich lifestyle was paid for by the money from these games.
5. She said to herself that such a person with such feelings was going to be ruined by the lifestyle of a big city.

listeners 'lɪsənərz (2 occurrences)

Português: ouvintes

Simple English: people who hear and pay attention

Example: *The listeners shouted 'BRAVISSIMO!'*

Uses in this book:

1. The listeners shouted "BRAVISSIMO!" and asked her to sing it again. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also told the story of Signora Laurentini's mysterious disappearance, which made a strong impression on her listeners.

luggage 'lʌɡɪdʒ (2 occurrences)

Português: bagagem

Simple English: Bags and suitcases for traveling.

Example: *People were traveling without much luggage.*

Uses in this book:

1. The luggage was ready. [Back to B1](#)
2. When Theresa returned after putting the luggage in Emily's room, Emily was well enough to talk to her.

lunch *lʌnʃ* (1 occurrence)

Português: almoço

Simple English: The meal you eat in the middle of the day.

Example: *He did not know if he should cook lunch.*

Uses in this book:

1. She remembered taking it off after lunch and leaving it on a table. [Back to B1](#)

Madonna *məˈdɒnə* (1 occurrence)

Português: Madona

Simple English: A picture or statue of the Virgin Mary.

Example: *She looked like a painting of a Madonna, with a sensitive expression.*

Uses in this book:

1. She looked like a painting of a Madonna, with a sensitive expression. [Back to B1](#)

maybe *ˈmeɪbi* (12 occurrences)

Português: talvez

Simple English: Possibly or perhaps.

Example: *Maybe he had a fever because he was alone.*

Uses in this book:

1. She remembered saying goodbye to Valancourt, maybe forever, and felt sick. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought maybe she had seen a person who had been robbed by Montoni's men and brought here as a prisoner. [Back to B1](#)
3. Or maybe her conscience bothered her because she had not taken good care of her brother's orphan child, whose happiness her dying father had trusted her with.
4. She thought maybe a person wanted to play a trick and scare them.
5. Emily said that maybe time would explain the mystery, and for now, they should watch what happens without telling anyone.

meaningful 'mi:nɪŋfəl (3 occurrences)

Português: significativo

Simple English: Showing a clear and important feeling or idea.

Example: *He looked at Gefasto in a meaningful way.*

Uses in this book:

1. The deep silence after the music was as meaningful as the music itself.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Montoni stopped his arm and, with a meaningful look, made him put the dagger away without anyone else seeing. [Back to B1](#)

3. Sister Frances gave Emily a meaningful look in return.

mission /'mɪʃən/ (3 occurrences)

Português: missão

Simple English: A specific operation carried out in outer space.

Example: *The mission aims to gather data about Jupiter's atmosphere and moons.*

Uses in this book:

1. Capturing Orsino, who had murdered a senator, was a main reason for the mission. [Back to B1](#)

2. The mission was so fast and easy that it was not widely known. [Back to B1](#)

3. He offered his help for a dangerous mission, saying he would give his last drop of blood. [Back to B1](#)

moisture 'mɔɪstʃər (1 occurrence)

Português: umidade

Simple English: Wetness in the air or on a surface.

Example: *The walls were wet with cold moisture.*

Uses in this book:

1. The walls were wet with cold moisture, and the air was so foggy that the torch burned weakly. [Back to B1](#)

moody 'mu:di (1 occurrence)

Português: temperamental

Simple English: Changing quickly between happy and sad or angry.

Example: *The Marquis became moody and sometimes unkind.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, the Marquis became moody and sometimes unkind to her. [Back to B1](#)

moonlit 'mu:nlit (8 occurrences)

Português: iluminado pela lua

Simple English: Lit by the light of the moon.

Example: *The girl walked through the moonlit jungle.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt a calm, thoughtful feeling, like after seeing a beautiful moonlit landscape or remembering lost friends. [Back to B1](#)
2. She could not sleep, so she opened her window to look at the moonlit countryside.
3. He sang these songs under Annette's window in Venice on moonlit nights.
4. He looked happily at the moonlit scene in the woods, seeing cottages and a stream.
5. Annette agreed that the boat races and the beautiful moonlit nights were the best things to see in Venice.

Mrs 'misiz (6 occurrences)

Português: Senhora

Simple English: A title used before the name of a married woman.

Example: *Mrs. Smith is our new neighbor.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was good at them because she liked them and had help from Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert. [Back to B1](#)
2. They strongly invited Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert to visit them. [Back to B1](#)
3. She could return to her books, her walks, and talking with Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubert. [Back to B1](#)

4. Mrs. St. Aubert said she was not feeling well, so she did not go for their usual evening walk. [Back to B1](#)

5. St. Aubert followed a servant to a room where Mr. and Mrs. Quesnel were. [Back to B1](#)

nearby ˌniərˈbaɪ (59 occurrences)

Português: próximo

Simple English: close in distance

Example: *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

Uses in this book:

1. He often spent days in the nearby mountains looking for new plants. [Back to B1](#)

2. The musician was a peasant's son from a nearby valley. [Back to B1](#)

3. Emily stood nearby, shaking and sad. [Back to B1](#)

4. Their servants went to a nearby village because the house was too small. [Back to B1](#)

5. Madame St. Aubert was buried in the church in the nearby village. [Back to B1](#)

nervous ˈnɜːrvəs (22 occurrences)

Português: nervoso

Simple English: Feeling worried or uneasy.

Example: *He said the horse was a little nervous.*

Uses in this book:

1. Later, she thought her fears might be too strong because she was a nervous person. [Back to B1](#)

2. Emily was too nervous to look at Valancourt. [Back to B1](#)

3. The quietness and the strange shape made her feel nervous. [Back to B1](#)

4. Dorothee explained that thinking about the story was making her nervous. [Back to B1](#)

5. She sat by the window late at night, feeling nervous and watching the dark, quiet castle. [Back to B1](#)

normal 'nɒrml (15 occurrences)

Português: normal

Simple English: usual or regular

Example: *It was a normal day at school.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily noticed Montoni wore a military feather on his cap, but Cavigni only had a normal feather. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, he started talking about normal things. [Back to B1](#)
3. Emily was brought back from her dream to a normal dinner. [Back to B1](#)
4. This is not a normal human matter, nor a sound from the earth. [Back to B1](#)
5. Dorothee replied that if it were a normal person, they would have found them by now. [Back to B1](#)

okay ɒʊ'keɪ (2 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Everything is all right.

Example: *Is everything okay with the car?*

Uses in this book:

1. But she also wanted to know if her aunt was okay and help her, so she was unsure what to do. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily, who had come to see if he was okay, stayed to watch. [Back to B1](#)

onto 'antu (24 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. The windows of the room looked out onto the garden. [Back to B1](#)
2. The room looked out onto a grove of trees that gave a pleasant, calm shade. [Back to B1](#)
3. They opened onto a small garden. [Back to B1](#)
4. There was also one room that opened onto a balcony and was usually used for breakfast. [Back to B1](#)

5. Alone, she stepped out onto the dark terrace. [Back to B1](#)

outcome /'aʊtkʌm/ (1 occurrence)

Português: resultado; desfecho; consequência

Simple English: The result or consequence produced by an action or event.

Example: *The outcome of the meeting will determine the project's future direction.*

Uses in this book:

1. The doctor said he could not be sure about the outcome. [Back to B1](#)

pack /pæk/ (2 occurrences)

Português: pack; pacote; embalar

Simple English: A package or parcel of items, often commercially sold.

Example: *I bought a pack of batteries for my remote control.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily still had some books and other items to pack. [Back to B1](#)

2. When they arrived at the house, Madame Cheron wanted Emily to pack what she needed for a trip to Tholouse and said they would leave right away.

panels 'pæneɪlz (4 occurrences)

Português: painéis

Simple English: Flat sections that form part of a surface or window.

Example: *She looked through the glass panels.*

Uses in this book:

1. Looking through the glass panels, she saw her father sitting at a table with papers. [Back to B1](#)

2. The light made the dark wood panels around her seem even gloomier.

3. Some had wall hangings called tapestry, and others were covered with wood panels.

4. The walls had old pictures or wood panels, and the furniture looked very old.

pansies 'pænziz (1 occurrence)

Português: pensamentos (flores)

Simple English: Small colorful flowers often found in gardens.

Example: *She saw pretty pansies in the garden.*

Uses in this book:

1. She saw pretty flowers like yellow ranunculuses and pansies. [Back to B1](#)

peak pi:k (1 occurrence)

Português: pico

Simple English: The top point of a mountain.

Example: *The mountain's peak reflected the sun.*

Uses in this book:

1. This mountain was much higher than the others, so its peak still reflected the sun's light, while the lower mountains were in shadow. [Back to B1](#)

peaks pi:ks (5 occurrences)

Português: picos

Simple English: The highest points of mountains.

Example: *The snowy peaks of the mountains were beautiful.*

Uses in this book:

1. The sky changed colours on the snowy peaks. [Back to B1](#)
2. Waterfalls fell from these peaks and made loud sounds in the valley below. [Back to B1](#)
3. They were a series of high peaks, some covered by clouds, others reaching high above them. [Back to B1](#)
4. The tops of the woods on the slopes below were coloured yellow, and the snowy peaks of the mountains high above still had a pink glow.
5. Some had sharp marble peaks that changed colour in the light, while others had snow-covered tops.

persistence *pəˈsɪstəns* (4 occurrences)

Português: persistência

Simple English: Continuing to do something despite difficulties.

Example: *She showed persistence by studying every day.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was cheerful, enjoyed luxury, and was daring, but he lacked persistence and real courage. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily was shocked and very unhappy with his persistence, especially after she had clearly explained her feelings in a way that he could not misunderstand. [Back to B1](#)
3. However, since he insisted, she declared for the last time that his persistence meant he had lost even her respect, which she had thought he deserved.
4. In her room, Emily thought a lot about Montoni's unfair and cruel actions, Morano's strong persistence, and her own lonely situation, far from her friends and country.

personality *ˌpɜːrsəˈnælɪti* (4 occurrences)

Português: personalidade

Simple English: The way someone thinks, feels, and behaves.

Example: *They reacted based on their personality.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also thought Montoni's personality – without morals, brave, cruel, and willing to take risks – made him suitable for this role. [Back to B1](#)
2. Montoni trusted this man and felt friendship for him, as much as his personality allowed.
3. Madame Cheron said she would not argue and that Emily had her father's exact personality.
4. It was probably his strong personality and energy, shown through his face, that made him attractive.

pet *pɛt* (1 occurrence)

Português: animal de estimação

Simple English: An animal that people keep at home for company.

Example: *They have some pet birds and plants.*

Uses in this book:

1. It held her books, drawings, music instruments, and some pet birds and plants. [Back to B1](#)

pleas *pli:z* (2 occurrences)

Português: súplicas

Simple English: Requests or cries for help or support.

Example: *His pleas for forgiveness were ignored.*

Uses in this book:

1. Because of this, she might have believed her own feelings and Valancourt's pleas. [Back to B1](#)

2. He warned her that Valancourt's pleas would be difficult to resist and that refusing him now would cause long-term unhappiness. [Back to B1](#)

position */pə'zɪʃən/* (3 occurrences)

Português: posição; posicionar; cargo

Simple English: An opinion held in opposition to another in a dispute.

Example: *His position on the matter was clearly articulated during the debate.*

Uses in this book:

1. The imagined dangers made her feel real fear about her own dangerous position. [Back to B1](#)

2. Madame Cheron felt this was very embarrassing for someone of her social position.

3. He then began to explain his reasons for wanting to speak with Montoni, speaking calmly because of Madame Montoni's position, rather than her character.

previous /'pri:vɪəs/ (13 occurrences)

Português: anterior; precedente; prévia

Simple English: Happening or existing before the present or mentioned time.

Example: *I attended a previous meeting where we discussed the project details.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily recalled Barnardine's behaviour the previous night and felt it showed he was happy about something bad. [Back to B1](#)
2. She told the Count that her previous statement was enough and hoped she would not have to repeat it, as she could never accept his proposal of marriage.
3. The events of the previous night made the servants very worried.
4. Annette also mentioned that the castle was very noisy and chaotic the previous night and asked if the listener had heard the disturbance.
5. One of the men happily remembered the previous night's events.

problem 'pra:bləm (12 occurrences)

Português: problema

Simple English: something difficult or wrong

Example: *He had a problem with the new rule.*

Uses in this book:

1. She would rather face any problem than separate from him immediately. [Back to B1](#)
2. Annette thought that if Montoni could send his men to rob people, it was not her problem. [Back to B1](#)
3. Annette's question caused a serious problem.
4. St. Aubert believed the woman because she had a kind face and spoke simply about her problem.
5. She decided to be patient with the problem she could not change.

problems *'prɒbləmz* (83 occurrences)

Português: problemas

Simple English: difficult situations that need solutions

Example: *He was used to solving problems.*

Uses in this book:

1. She tried to forget these bad thoughts, but her real problems were worse than her imagined ones. [Back to B1](#)
2. He wanted to help her avoid problems. [Back to B1](#)
3. She saw that his problems could cause great misery. [Back to B1](#)
4. He said he could not think about his problems without blaming himself. [Back to B1](#)
5. He felt he was ruined and it would be foolish to involve her in his problems, even if she still loved him. [Back to B1](#)

protective *prə'tektɪv* (1 occurrence)

Português: protetor

Simple English: Intended to keep safe from harm.

Example: *He wore a protective helmet for the bike ride.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt excited, thinking about her father's protective spirit. [Back to B1](#)

pull *pʊl* (7 occurrences)

Português: puxar

Simple English: to use force to move something towards you

Example: *She tried to pull it out from under Obebe.*

Uses in this book:

1. He took Emily's hand, and she did not pull hers away. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Count kissed the hand he was holding, even though Emily tried to pull hers away.
3. Horses were needed to pull the boat up the river.
4. Monsieur Du Pont took her hand, which she did not pull away strongly, and respectfully kissed it.

5. Cavigni, who did not agree with Verezzi's bad behaviour, tried to pull Verezzi away.

quietness *'kwaiətnəs* (10 occurrences)

Português: silêncio

Simple English: the state of making little or no noise

Example: *The quietness of the gorilla-men was scary.*

Uses in this book:

1. The quietness and the strange shape made her feel nervous. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily's quietness made the Count realize he needed Madame Montoni's support. [Back to B1](#)
3. He asked the Baron to excuse his quietness about anything that happened that night.
4. He told his friend, whom he had known for almost thirty years, that his quietness should not make him doubt his respect or their friendship.
5. The dark forests, the quietness, and the high cliffs made Emily feel very serious and full of awe.

Quote */kwout/* (10 occurrences)

Português: citação; citar; cotação

Simple English: To repeat exactly the words of another from a text or speech.

Example: *I want to quote my favorite author in my essay for homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. This is a quote from Shakespeare, meaning that a story could be told that would be very shocking and frightening. [Back to B1](#)
2. The text is a quote from Romeo and Juliet, expressing deep sadness and hopelessness. [Back to B1](#)
3. This is a quote about a man who watches people closely and understands their actions. [Back to B1](#)
4. This is a quote about dark shadows often seen in tombs and near new graves. [Back to B1](#)
5. This is a quote about nighttime when graves open and spirits move around.

react *ri'ækt* (2 occurrences)

Português: reagir

Simple English: to behave or respond in a particular way to something

Example: *He can react quickly to danger.*

Uses in this book:

1. Madame Montoni did not accept insults calmly or react with dignity. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that it moved so fast they were surprised and it was gone before they could react.

reaction *ri'ækfən* (11 occurrences)

Português: reação

Simple English: a response to something

Example: *People liked Blake's reaction.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily thought Annette's reaction was because of her own strange thoughts. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was afraid of Montoni's angry reaction if she asked to leave. [Back to B1](#)
3. The nun did not notice Emily's reaction and sat by her, saying that Emily's curiosity made her arrive on time.
4. Emily was upset by her father's reaction and could not sleep that night.
5. He quickly asked La Voisin how long he had lived in the area, perhaps to hide his reaction.

realised *'riəlaɪzd* (6 occurrences)

Português: perceber

Simple English: Understood something clearly.

Example: *She realised the truth.*

Uses in this book:

1. Michael tried to stay cheerful by singing, but he sang a very sad song, which St. Aubert realised was a prayer to his favourite saint. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily realised this was the chateau that La Voisin had mentioned before, which had belonged to the Marquis Villeroi, and that her father had seemed

upset when it was mentioned.

3. They enjoyed discussing the books and realised their minds and feelings were very similar, which made them happy together.

4. She realised Montoni wanted to use her marriage to increase his own importance, and he seemed to want her to marry his friend Cavigni.

5. When she realised this was not true, she did not try to stop the wedding.

reappeared ˌriːəˈpiəd (2 occurrences)

Português: reapareceu

Simple English: Showed up again.

Example: *The cat reappeared after a week.*

Uses in this book:

1. She then saw a light, which disappeared and then reappeared near a large chestnut tree, and asked her father to look. [Back to B1](#)

2. The person reappeared and spoke.

rent /rent/ (3 occurrences)

Português: alugar; aluguel; renda

Simple English: Money paid regularly to use a house, room, or object.

Example: *The rent is due tomorrow.*

Uses in this book:

1. Montoni mentioned going to the castle di Udolpho for a short time to check its condition and collect rent. [Back to B1](#)

2. They mentioned that rent money was late and they feared something bad had happened to him.

3. This person should ask for the rent money that was owed to Emily and also ask about Valancourt.

rented ˈrentɪd (7 occurrences)

Português: alugado

Simple English: Taken for use by paying money.

Example: *The place was recently rented.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that La Vallee had been rented out. [Back to B1](#)

2. The letter told her that the house was rented and that her job was finished.

[Back to B1](#)

3. He wrote this because he thought the person he was writing to did not know their house had been rented.

4. She was surprised and upset that M. Quesnel had rented it without asking her.

5. Emily was mainly worried about La Vallee being rented and her father's old servant, Theresa, being dismissed.

renters 'rentərz (2 occurrences)

Português: inquilinos

Simple English: People who pay to use a house or apartment.

Example: *The new renters would arrive next week.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had to leave the place one week later, when the new renters would arrive. [Back to B1](#)

2. He had gone to La Vallee that morning and heard that the new renters had arrived and Theresa had left.

responsible /rɪ'spɒnsəbəl/ (10 occurrences)

Português: responsável; se responsabiliza; encarregado

Simple English: Able to be trusted to perform duties or act appropriately.

Example: *He is responsible for managing the team and ensuring tasks are completed.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she felt that if she pretended not to know about her aunt's death, she would be partly responsible. [Back to B1](#)

2. She thought that M. Quesnel was responsible and that Mademoiselle might not even know what was happening. [Back to B1](#)

3. Morano called Montoni a villain and said that if there was treachery, Montoni was responsible.

4. The real person responsible for helping Morano was not discovered.

5. Count Morano had accused Montoni, saying he would not leave the castle he called his own and did not want to be responsible for another murder.

rhythm /ˈrɪðəm/ (1 occurrence)

Português: ritmo

Simple English: A pattern of sounds creating timing in music.

Example: *The dancer moved to the rhythm of the upbeat music perfectly.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that her poem had a quick rhythm that she thought suited the subject, but she was worried it was too irregular. [Back to B1](#)

risking ˈrɪskɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: arriscando

Simple English: doing something that might cause harm or danger

Example: *She is risking her money to start a business.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then she thought again about the young musician from Piedmont, who seemed to be risking his happiness. [Back to B1](#)

risks rɪks (1 occurrence)

Português: riscos

Simple English: Situations that could cause harm or danger

Example: *They needed to show the risks of forgetfulness.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also thought Montoni's personality – without morals, brave, cruel, and willing to take risks – made him suitable for this role. [Back to B1](#)

role roʊl (1 occurrence)

Português: papel

Simple English: The function or part played by someone.

Example: *He had a big role in the play.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also thought Montoni's personality – without morals, brave, cruel, and willing to take risks – made him suitable for this role. [Back to B1](#)

royal /'rɔɪəl/ (2 occurrences)

Português: real

Simple English: Related to a king, queen, or monarchy.

Example: *The royal family attended the gala in beautiful attire.*

Uses in this book:

1. Madame Quesnel described the fancy parties and celebrations that the court had recently held for a royal wedding. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought it looked like a royal chair from the Louvre.

sadder 'sæd.ər (8 occurrences)

Português: mais triste

Simple English: Feeling more sad.

Example: *The news made them even sadder.*

Uses in this book:

1. He would cry for a while, then return with a calm face, though this effort only made him sadder. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then the music changed to a sadder, sweeter style. [Back to B1](#)
3. When Emily entered the house, she felt even sadder. [Back to B1](#)
4. The speaker explained that the Marquis became sadder and sadder, and his wife became sicker and sicker. [Back to B1](#)
5. Happy things made her feel even sadder. [Back to B1](#)

scare skɛər (13 occurrences)

Português: assustar

Simple English: To make someone feel afraid.

Example: *Because Kerchak was their leader, they could scare other tribes away from their jungle area.*

Uses in this book:

1. Luckily, other people were awake, and they gathered a group to scare Barnardine and his men. [Back to B1](#)
2. She believed he did this to scare her into agreeing to his plan of marrying her to Count Morano.
3. He also said that ghosts of dead people do not appear for fun or to scare people easily.

4. She thought maybe a person wanted to play a trick and scare them.
5. The narrator ran and made a strange noise to scare the soldier, hoping it would sound like a ghost.

scared *skɛəd* (181 occurrences)

Português: com medo

Simple English: Feeling afraid or frightened.

Example: *The man felt scared and helpless when he thought about their serious situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily felt scared and had many worries, like the night before. [Back to B1](#)
2. But if he sees a deep valley with a shaky bridge, he is scared. [Back to B1](#)
3. Emily was so scared that she could not decide what to do. [Back to B1](#)
4. She felt scared imagining soldiers and elephants falling from the cliffs. [Back to B1](#)
5. Emily was scared by his strong look. [Back to B1](#)

scary *'skɛri* (15 occurrences)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or fright.

Example: *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

Uses in this book:

1. But Barnardine was taking her to a dark, scary place. [Back to B1](#)
2. Roberto replied that he had seen something very frightening, so scary it could frighten anyone.
3. The other maids had told scary stories, and Annette was so frightened that she wanted to be with her lady for safety.
4. The mountains were not scary anymore, but looked beautiful and peaceful.
5. The large, dark woods made Emily imagine scary things, and she thought robbers might jump out.

senator 'senətər (1 occurrence)

Português: senador

Simple English: A member of a senate, a part of government.

Example: *The senator spoke about new laws.*

Uses in this book:

1. Capturing Orsino, who had murdered a senator, was a main reason for the mission. [Back to B1](#)

sensitive /'sensitiv/ (13 occurrences)

Português: sensível; confidenciais; minúsculas

Simple English: Aware of others' feelings and responsive with care emotionally.

Example: *She is sensitive to how her friends feel during difficult times.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a kind and sensitive child, but she felt things too strongly, which made her unhappy sometimes. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said a sensitive heart is not bad, but an uncaring one is completely wrong. [Back to B1](#)
3. She looked like a painting of a Madonna, with a sensitive expression. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily always tried to behave well and was sensitive to what was right.
5. He explained that being too sensitive can cause a lot of pain because bad things happen more often than good things.

sensitivity ,sensɪ'tivɪti (3 occurrences)

Português: sensibilidade

Simple English: the ability to feel or notice things easily

Example: *Their art showed great sensitivity.*

Uses in this book:

1. St. Aubert knew this sensitivity could be dangerous. [Back to B1](#)
2. Madame Montoni replied that she had suspected Emily's sensitivity would not make her feel duty or affection for her relatives, who had treated her like their own daughter.

3. She added that if she did boast, she would not boast about sensitivity, as it might be more dangerous than good.

series 'sɪəri:z (3 occurrences)

Português: série

Simple English: A group of related things one after another.

Example: *They watched a series of movies last weekend.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were a series of high peaks, some covered by clouds, others reaching high above them. [Back to B1](#)
2. The door opened into a series of large, old rooms.
3. She walked through a large hallway and into a series of rooms.

shaky 'ʃeɪki (12 occurrences)

Português: tremendo

Simple English: Unsteady or not strong.

Example: *She took a shaky step after feeling dizzy.*

Uses in this book:

1. Finally, Valancourt spoke with a shaky voice. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily stopped at the top and asked in a shaky voice where he was taking her. [Back to B1](#)
3. But if he sees a deep valley with a shaky bridge, he is scared. [Back to B1](#)
4. She spoke with a shaky voice and asked if he had time to speak with her. [Back to B1](#)
5. Her voice sounded shaky when she spoke to him.

shifts /ɪfts (2 occurrences)

Português: turnos

Simple English: Periods of work time for workers.

Example: *The nurses work in three shifts during the day.*

Uses in this book:

1. She heard only the guards calling to each other and the sound of soldiers changing shifts. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily heard the guards walking on the wall as they changed shifts.

shipwrecked 'ʃɪprɛkt (1 occurrence)

Português: naufragados

Simple English: Lost a ship in a storm or accident at sea.

Example: *The people who were shipwrecked were happy to be together.*

Uses in this book:

1. She sings to comfort shipwrecked sailors and leads them to safe places.

[Back to B1](#)

shouldn't ʃʊdnt (2 occurrences)

Português: não deveria

Simple English: Used to say something is wrong or not allowed.

Example: *You shouldn't eat too much candy.*

Uses in this book:

1. She told Emily she was having silly sad feelings and should not let others see she could not forget someone she shouldn't love. [Back to B1](#)
2. She still had feelings for him, even though she knew she shouldn't, because she no longer respected him.

smell smel (10 occurrences)

Português: cheirar

Simple English: To notice a scent with your nose.

Example: *She can smell fresh flowers.*

Uses in this book:

1. The meal tasted better with water from a cool stream and the smell of wild flowers. [Back to B1](#)
2. They looked at the beautiful view and breathed in the nice smell of flowers. [Back to B1](#)
3. Orange trees filled the air with their sweet smell. [Back to B1](#)
4. A fountain in the middle cooled the air and made the flowers smell nicer.
5. Flowering myrtle bushes and other sweet-smelling plants mixed their scents with the smell of flowers.

smelled *smɛld* (7 occurrences)

Português: cheirou

Simple English: used the nose to notice a scent

Example: *He smelled the air to find the prisoner.*

Uses in this book:

1. They smelled very nice in the evening. [Back to B1](#)
2. The air was smoky and smelled of alcohol, as smugglers often visited. [Back to B1](#)
3. The air smelled like oranges and flowers.
4. St. Aubert woke up early to enjoy the sunrise and the fresh morning air, which he found very good for health, especially in this area where wild flowers and herbs smelled nice.
5. As she walked down, the air smelled nice from many flowers that grew after the rain.

smelling *'smɛlɪŋ* (4 occurrences)

Português: cheirando

Simple English: using the nose to notice smells

Example: *The dog was smelling the flowers.*

Uses in this book:

1. Small green plants, sweet-smelling bushes, and flowers grew among the rocks. [Back to B1](#)
2. So, she did not notice the beautiful weather, the sweet-smelling orange trees, or the many luxuries around her.
3. Flowering myrtle bushes and other sweet-smelling plants mixed their scents with the smell of flowers.
4. Under the trees, there was grass with many wild flowers and sweet-smelling herbs.

smoky 'smouki (1 occurrence)

Português: encheio de fumaça

Simple English: Full of smoke or smelling like smoke.

Example: *The room was smoky after the fire.*

Uses in this book:

1. The air was smoky and smelled of alcohol, as smugglers often visited. [Back to B1](#)

sneak sni:k (1 occurrence)

Português: entrar escondido

Simple English: to go quietly and secretly

Example: *He tried to sneak into the room.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought they could meet Montoni outside the castle or sneak in using the help of someone inside, or by taking advantage of guards who were not careful. [Back to B1](#)

sophisticated sə'fɪstɪˌkeɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: sofisticada

Simple English: Having a lot of experience and knowledge about the world.

Example: *She is a sophisticated woman who knows many cultures.*

Uses in this book:

1. Blanche's kindness and simple nature made up for her not being very sophisticated. [Back to B1](#)

speaker 'spi:kə (1 occurrence)

Português: falante

Simple English: A person who talks to others.

Example: *The speaker explained the journey.*

Uses in this book:

1. She died in the speaker's arms, calmly, as the worst of her illness had passed. [Back to B1](#)

spending 'spɛndɪŋ (7 occurrences)

Português: passando

Simple English: using time in a certain way

Example: *He is spending time with his friends.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily wished she could be a peasant in Piedmont and live in a small cottage, spending her days in the beautiful landscape. [Back to B1](#)
2. After spending about an hour looking at plants, it was time for dinner. [Back to B1](#)
3. St. Aubert told the stranger he liked his idea and would enjoy spending a few weeks like that if he were younger. [Back to B1](#)
4. Her aunt's words confirmed Montoni's money troubles, which surprised Emily, especially because Montoni was living well, had many servants, and was spending money to fix and strengthen his castle.
5. Emily felt scared and sad at the thought of spending the night in the dark, in this place or another lonely one, because she knew she could not find her way to her room through the confusing halls.

split /splɪt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: dividir; divisão; rachar

Simple English: To divide into parts or separate sections or groups.

Example: *We need to split the group into smaller teams for the project.*

Uses in this book:

1. The leaders planned to split the captured goods the next day and go back to their castles. [Back to B1](#)

staff stæf (6 occurrences)

Português: funcionários

Simple English: People who work at a place or organization.

Example: *The asylum staff said they were too full.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also planned to build a dining room, a drawing room, a common room, and many rooms for servants, because there were not enough rooms for his current staff. [Back to B1](#)

2. Her father wanted to save money while they were away, so he decided to send away most of the household staff. [Back to B1](#)
3. Because of the confusion among his staff, he told everyone not to speak of it again, or they would be punished.
4. Montoni left to give more instructions to his staff.
5. The old servant and other staff, who had come to get the castle ready, were waiting at the entrance to welcome their master.

starry 'sta:ri (2 occurrences)

Português: estrelado

Simple English: Full of stars or showing many stars.

Example: *We looked at the starry sky at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily looked out the window at the dark area below and the starry sky above. [Back to B1](#)
2. The text asks if this is the holy time when the full moon rises in the starry sky.

status 'stetəs (4 occurrences)

Português: status

Simple English: position or rank in society or a group

Example: *He has a high status in the company.*

Uses in this book:

1. Monsieur Quesnel cared only about being important and having a lot of money and status. [Back to B1](#)
2. Monsieur Quesnel had wanted his sister to marry someone rich and important to help him gain status. [Back to B1](#)
3. He expected they would oppose his wishes because, even though he and Emily could live comfortably with her money added to his, his fortune was not enough for their ambitions or desire for status.
4. She then agreed to the marriage, hoping it would bring Emily fortune and status, which she desired for herself.

storage *ˈstɔːrɪdʒ* (2 occurrences)

Português: armazenamento

Simple English: a space or place to keep things

Example: *The boxes are kept in the storage room.*

Uses in this book:

1. They walked through a passage near the underground storage rooms.

[Back to B1](#)

2. In the dim light, Emily saw the storage rooms beyond the gates. [Back to B1](#)

strictness *ˈstriktnəs* (1 occurrence)

Português: rigidez

Simple English: The quality of asking people to follow rules exactly.

Example: *The teacher's strictness helped students behave well.*

Uses in this book:

1. It seemed that St. Aubert's sadness made him forget his usual strictness and opinions. [Back to B1](#)

sunlight *ˈsʌn,laɪt* (5 occurrences)

Português: luz do sol

Simple English: The light that comes from the sun.

Example: *The sunlight made the room warm and bright.*

Uses in this book:

1. Their weapons shone in the last sunlight. [Back to B1](#)

2. Large pine forests covered the bases of the mountains, and mist near the tops caught the sunlight, creating beautiful colours and shadows.

3. The tops of the walls were still bright with sunlight for a short time.

4. Sunlight shone on parts of the castle, making the soldiers' weapons glitter.

5. For people with a strong imagination, unclear shapes seen in the dark can be more enjoyable than clear views in the sunlight.

tasty 'teɪsti (3 occurrences)

Português: saboroso

Simple English: Having a good flavor.

Example: *He wanted the tasty part of the animal.*

Uses in this book:

1. They also took the harnesses off their mules so the animals could eat the tasty herbs growing on the high ground. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily thought the grapes were very large and tasty, better than any she had eaten before.
3. He explained there were many tasty birds that ate wild thyme and herbs in the valleys.

text tɛkst (12 occurrences)

Português: texto

Simple English: a written message or piece of writing

Example: *The text said someone was more wonderful than the warriors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The text asks if all the shared advice and time spent together is forgotten. [Back to B1](#)
2. The text asks about the places where the immortal mind goes when it leaves its body. [Back to B1](#)
3. The text is a quote from Romeo and Juliet, expressing deep sadness and hopelessness. [Back to B1](#)
4. The text suggests he was like a character from a poem that described someone who played music with great skill and feeling. [Back to B1](#)
5. The text describes a person who was unusual.

tiredness 'taɪərdnəs (2 occurrences)

Português: cansaço

Simple English: The state of being very tired.

Example: *He felt weakness and tiredness.*

Uses in this book:

1. The stranger noticed St. Aubert's tiredness and offered his own bed. [Back to B1](#)

2. She thought her father was getting weaker and that his tiredness was from his poor health, not just the journey.

tools *tu:lz* (4 occurrences)

Português: ferramentas

Simple English: Objects used to do a job or work.

Example: *He used many tools to fix the chair.*

Uses in this book:

1. She realized these were tools for torture. [Back to B1](#)
2. She then remembered her drawing tools were downstairs in the living room. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then she took out her drawing tools.
4. She took her drawing tools and looked out the window to sketch the scenery.

Toulouse *tu'lu:z* (10 occurrences)

Português: Toulouse

Simple English: A city in France.

Example: *The river passes the city of Toulouse on its way.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had stayed in Toulouse after she left to sadly walk through places where he used to see her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Annette also mentioned hearing Emily's aunt speaking negatively about Emily and Monsieur Valancourt to other ladies in Toulouse.
3. It passes Toulouse with a gentler flow, making the land fertile.
4. This was where she had her last meeting with Valancourt before leaving Toulouse.
5. If it was him, she wondered why he was in Toulouse and how he got into the garden.

type /taɪp/ (3 occurrences)

Português: tipo; digite; digital

Simple English: A kind or category of something.

Example: *What type of music do you like?*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she thought she saw a gondola (a type of boat) on the sea in the distance. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Condottieri were excellent at this type of fighting. [Back to B1](#)
3. A trombone is a type of gun.

uncaring ʌnˈkeərɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: indiferente

Simple English: not showing care or concern

Example: *His uncaring attitude upset everyone.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said a sensitive heart is not bad, but an uncaring one is completely wrong. [Back to B1](#)

unclear ʌnˈkleər (13 occurrences)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not easy to understand or know.

Example: *It is unclear what she means.*

Uses in this book:

1. Forests, villages, rivers, rocks, and mountain tops, which kept the light for a long time, all looked like a moving, unclear picture. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was getting dark, and she could only see unclear shapes. [Back to B1](#)
3. He tried to stop this thought, but he kept looking until his home became unclear in the distance and mixed with the landscape. [Back to B1](#)
4. The moon gave a weak and unclear light because thick clouds were around it.
5. A light mist rose from the valley, making the view soft and unclear.

uncomfortable /ʌnˈkʌmfərtəbl/ (5 occurrences)

Português: desconfortável; incômodo; constrangido

Simple English: Feeling uneasy, embarrassed, or anxious about a situation.

Example: *He felt uncomfortable speaking in front of the large audience.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Quesnel felt uncomfortable because of St. Aubert's presence, but he did not know why. [Back to B1](#)
2. She decided to stay awake all night and rested on her uncomfortable bed, crying.
3. Du Pont, arrived, which made Emily feel uncomfortable and want to go back to her convent immediately.
4. Emily noticed this and felt uncomfortable.
5. She noticed his strong, proud, and sometimes fierce eyes, and she always felt uncomfortable with his usual look.

underground ˈʌndəgraʊnd (3 occurrences)

Português: subterrâneo

Simple English: Below the surface of the ground.

Example: *They found a door to an underground room.*

Uses in this book:

1. Barnardine told her to go down some steps that seemed to lead to underground rooms. [Back to B1](#)
2. They walked through a passage near the underground storage rooms. [Back to B1](#)
3. Some people wanted to hide underground.

underwater ˌʌndərˈwɔːtər (1 occurrence)

Português: debaixo da água

Simple English: Below the surface of water.

Example: *He swam underwater across the river.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also dances with other nymphs and sea creatures in underwater halls decorated with jewels. [Back to B1](#)

unfriendly /ʌn'frendli/ (2 occurrences)

Português: não amigável

Simple English: Not kind or pleasant.

Example: *The dog looked unfriendly to strangers.*

Uses in this book:

1. He first ignored her aunt, and then he was always unfriendly and distant.

[Back to B1](#)

2. She was worried about some men who looked unfriendly.

unimportant /ʌnim'pɔ:tənt/ (7 occurrences)

Português: sem importância

Simple English: Not important or not worth attention.

Example: *It was an unimportant mistake.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said he did not have time for unimportant things because his moments were valuable. [Back to B1](#)

2. He believed it was interesting to him and hoped it would be to her, but others might find it unimportant. [Back to B1](#)

3. Montoni told Emily he had no time for her unimportant worries.

4. After looking at the chateau and the beautiful views until the road became narrow again, Emily was too sad to listen to her aunt talking about unimportant things.

5. He said he had no time to answer unimportant questions.

unlike /ʌn'laɪk/ (7 occurrences)

Português: ao contrário

Simple English: Used to show differences between two things or people.

Example: *Unlike cats, dogs love to play fetch with their owners.*

Uses in this book:

1. There were no signs of war, unlike the countryside they had seen before.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Emily felt sad, unlike the happy people around.

3. It was a very grand scene, unlike today.

4. Emily noticed Maddelina seemed kind and natural, unlike the peasant and his wife, whose faces showed bad qualities like cruelty and dishonesty.
5. Emily found her aunt's behaviour very bad and unlike her kind and wise father.

unstable ʌn'steɪbəl (1 occurrence)

Português: instável

Simple English: not firm or steady; likely to change or fall

Example: *The three large animals fought on their unstable place.*

Uses in this book:

1. He often talked with Cavigni about politics and the country's unstable situation. [Back to B1](#)

unsure ʌn'ʃʊər (18 occurrences)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not sure or confident about something

Example: *I was unsure about which road to take.*

Uses in this book:

1. But she also wanted to know if her aunt was okay and help her, so she was unsure what to do. [Back to B1](#)
2. For the rest of the day, Emily felt worried and unsure about meeting Barnardine on the wall and letting him guide her. [Back to B1](#)
3. Emily was still unsure. [Back to B1](#)
4. She had to stay unsure. [Back to B1](#)
5. In the morning, she felt weak, unsure, and sick. [Back to B1](#)

untrue ʌn'truː (2 occurrences)

Português: falso

Simple English: not true or incorrect

Example: *He said untrue things about his friend.*

Uses in this book:

1. She did not understand how young people's feelings can change with habits, and how promises can be untrue for both the speaker and the listener. [Back to B1](#)

2. But the Italian kept saying that what he had heard was just a rumour and that rumours could be untrue or made out of spite.

upset /ʌp'set/ (102 occurrences)

Português: chateado; aborrecido; transtornado

Simple English: To make someone feel unhappy or disturbed emotionally.

Example: *He was upset when he lost his favorite toy during the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was too upset to go into the room and returned to the hall, where she stayed for a long time, unable to control her feelings. [Back to B1](#)
2. If Emily had looked up, she would have seen how upset he was. [Back to B1](#)
3. He then stood up and walked around the room, very upset. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily, also upset, told Valancourt to stop thinking that. [Back to B1](#)
5. He moved forward with the light, and Emily, afraid to make him more upset by waiting, followed him unwillingly. [Back to B1](#)

upsetting ʌp'setɪŋ (12 occurrences)

Português: chateador

Simple English: making you feel sad or worried

Example: *The bad news was upsetting to everyone.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dorothee explained she could not say more to avoid upsetting the Count. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, to avoid upsetting Madame Montoni and showing her own fear, Emily tried to control her imagination and sent Annette away for the night.
3. But she was afraid of upsetting the Count and being laughed at by him.
4. As Maddelina was leaving, Emily asked her to visit her room whenever she could without upsetting her mother.
5. He thought she might then understand the danger of upsetting someone who had complete power over her.

upstairs ˌʌpˈsteərz (5 occurrences)

Português: no andar de cima

Simple English: On a higher floor of a building.

Example: *She went upstairs to her room.*

Uses in this book:

1. Barnardine told Emily that the Signora was upstairs, up the stairs. [Back to B1](#)
2. He pointed to a room he had opened and asked Emily to come inside while he went upstairs. [Back to B1](#)
3. She listened again but heard no steps upstairs. [Back to B1](#)
4. She listened for a moment, and hearing no noise from upstairs, she went up alone.
5. He asked to be helped upstairs to bed.

Wagons ˈwæɡənz (1 occurrence)

Português: carretas

Simple English: vehicles with wheels used to carry things

Example: *The wagons moved slowly along the road.*

Uses in this book:

1. They had many wagons with goods taken from the enemy, their injured soldiers, and prisoners. [Back to B1](#)

walkways ˈwɔːkweɪz (2 occurrences)

Português: passarelas

Simple English: paths for people to walk on

Example: *The park has many walkways for visitors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The rising moon cast a soft light on the buildings and lit up the walkways and large arches. [Back to B1](#)
2. Beyond these, long walkways went into the darkness.

wasn't 'wɒzənt (5 occurrences)

Português: não estava

Simple English: Did not be (past negative form of 'was')

Example: *He wasn't at home when I called.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wasn't sure if she should go closer or go back. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily usually did not argue with her father, but she might have asked why he wasn't taking a servant, as his health was not good. [Back to B1](#)
3. She looked in the room but he wasn't there. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily was very surprised by their quick departure and wasn't sure if they had really escaped.
5. She thought it was from downstairs, but she wasn't sure if it was from inside the castle or from the terrace.

waterfall 'wɔ:tər,fɔ:l (5 occurrences)

Português: cachoeira

Simple English: water flowing down from a height

Example: *He moved toward the waterfall.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily saw one of these dangerous bridges over a waterfall. [Back to B1](#)
2. Below the bridge, they could see the valley with a waterfall and a cottage near pine trees.
3. In these places, a waterfall crashed down from the top of the rocks onto the cliffs below, making a lot of noise.
4. The river disappeared under the trees, then came out again as a white waterfall, crashing into the valley below.
5. The sound of the wind and a distant waterfall made her feel thoughtful.

waterfalls 'wɔ:tər,fɔ:lz (3 occurrences)

Português: cachoeiras

Simple English: Places where water falls down from a height.

Example: *We visited many beautiful waterfalls in the park.*

Uses in this book:

1. Waterfalls fell from these peaks and made loud sounds in the valley below. [Back to B1](#)
2. Waterfalls looked like mist or ice. [Back to B1](#)
3. From far away, they could hear loud waterfalls.

weapons 'wepənz (19 occurrences)

Português: armas

Simple English: Tools used to fight or protect.

Example: *The soldiers carried weapons for defense.*

Uses in this book:

1. Their weapons shone in the last sunlight. [Back to B1](#)
2. Emily could also hear the sounds of cymbals and weapons. [Back to B1](#)
3. The family's old flags and weapons were gone. [Back to B1](#)
4. He had weapons, but they would not be very useful against desperate robbers.
5. She was sure the other person had no weapons.

weather 'wɛðər (14 occurrences)

Português: clima

Simple English: the condition of the air outside, such as rain or sunshine

Example: *The weather is sunny today.*

Uses in this book:

1. As the travellers went down the mountain, the weather became warmer and more beautiful. [Back to B1](#)
2. Valancourt stayed near the door outside because the weather was nice, and he liked it better than being inside. [Back to B1](#)
3. So, she did not notice the beautiful weather, the sweet-smelling orange trees, or the many luxuries around her.
4. But when the sun moves north, the weather becomes mild.
5. She believed that the strong change in the weather during the storm had caused Madame Montoni's death, because her aunt was already very weak.

whereas *wɛər'æz* (1 occurrence)

Português: enquanto

Simple English: used to compare two different facts

Example: *He likes coffee, whereas she prefers tea.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said he was now happy just knowing happiness, whereas before he only knew life. [Back to B1](#)

willow *'wɪlɒʊ* (1 occurrence)

Português: salgueiro

Simple English: A tree with long, thin branches and leaves.

Example: *They planted a willow near the river.*

Uses in this book:

1. Willow trees grew by the water, providing shade for people enjoying themselves. [Back to B1](#)

wooden *'wʊdən* (6 occurrences)

Português: de madeira

Simple English: Made of wood.

Example: *He felt the strong wooden walls of his prison room.*

Uses in this book:

1. During one of these trips to this special spot, Emily found some words written with a pencil on the wooden wall. [Back to B1](#)
2. The room was big, with wooden walls. [Back to B1](#)
3. The wooden walls and ceiling beams were painted white. [Back to B1](#)
4. They sat on a wooden bench under some pine trees.
5. Blanche walked through a long wooden hall to her room.

worried 'wʌrɪd (269 occurrences)

Português: preocupada

Simple English: feeling nervous or anxious

Example: *She was always worried about him.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had worried during the night about her love and her future. [Back to B1](#)
2. She worried that Montoni might want her dead too, so he could get his wife's estates, which would go to Emily if Madame Montoni died first. [Back to B1](#)
3. He said he wanted to see her that evening to stop feeling so worried. [Back to B1](#)
4. For the rest of the day, Emily felt worried and unsure about meeting Barnardine on the wall and letting him guide her. [Back to B1](#)
5. Everything was so silent that she worried her quiet footsteps might be heard by the guards. [Back to B1](#)

worries 'wʌrɪz (27 occurrences)

Português: preocupações

Simple English: feelings of being anxious or nervous

Example: *He could relax on a tree branch, stretch his large body, and enjoy the peaceful feeling of not thinking, without any worries.*

Uses in this book:

1. Emily felt scared and had many worries, like the night before. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her concern for her aunt was stronger than her other worries. [Back to B1](#)
3. To escape her own worries for a while, she started to write some poetry. [Back to B1](#)
4. Emily might have forgotten her worries because of the grand and exciting scene with its beautiful buildings and many people in costumes. [Back to B1](#)
5. However, she did not tell Madame Montoni about her worries, as her aunt only saw her husband's usual sternness. [Back to B1](#)

worry /'wʌri/ (61 occurrences)

Português: se preocupe; te preocupa; preocupar

Simple English: To feel anxious about something.

Example: *Do not worry about it.*

Uses in this book:

1. Pale with fear and worry, she waited while Barnardine fixed the torch. [Back to B1](#)
2. If Emily had called out for longer, she might have woken Madame Montoni and saved herself from worry.
3. The moon was bright, and perhaps her own worry made it hard to see the figure clearly.
4. He told them not to worry about the north chambers, because he and Henri had returned safely.
5. Emily felt a mix of hope, joy, worry, and impatience.