

NORTHANGER ABBEY

by

Jane Austen (1803)

5

10 ADVERTISEMENT BY THE
AUTHORESS, TO NORTHANGER
ABBEY

This little work was finished in the
15 year 1803, and intended for immediate
publication. It was disposed of to a
bookseller, it was even advertised, and
why the business proceeded no farther,
the author has never been able to learn.
20 That any bookseller should think it
worth-while to purchase what he did
not think it worth-while to publish
seems extraordinary. But with this,
neither the author nor the public have
25 any other concern than as some
observation is necessary upon those
parts of the work which thirteen years
have made comparatively obsolete.
The public are entreated [besought] to
30 bear in mind that thirteen years have
passed since it was finished, many
more since it was begun, and that
during that period, places, manners,
books, and opinions have undergone
35 considerable changes.

40

45

Chapter 1

No one who had ever seen
Catherine Morland in her infancy
50 would have supposed her born to be an
heroine. Her situation in life, the
character of her father and mother, her
own person and disposition, were all
equally against her. Her father was a
55 clergyman, without being neglected, or
poor, and a very respectable man,
though his name was Richard — and
he had never been handsome. He had a
considerable independence besides
60 two good livings — and he was not in
the least **addicted** to locking up his
daughters. Her mother was a woman of
useful plain sense, with a good temper,
and, what is more remarkable, with a
65 good constitution. She had three sons

addict coincide con *adicto* [toxicómano] como abreviatura de **drugaddict** [drogadicto]. **Addict** ha tomado un uso más ligero como *fanático de, entusiasta, apasionado por*, en cambio, *adicto* se usa como adjetivo para **fond of / attached** [apegado] y como sustantivo para **supporter / follower** [partidario], **partisan, member**. **Addiction** es exactamente *adicción*.

before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on — lived to have six
5 children more — to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and
10 legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a
15 thin awkward figure, a sallow [pale] skin without colour, dark **lank** [**lacio/flaco**] hair, and strong features — so much for her person; and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her
20 mind. She was fond of all boy's plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or
25 watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief — at least so it was conjectured from her always
30 preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities — her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was
35 taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the "Beggar's Petition"; and
40 after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid — by no means; she learnt the fable of "The Hare and Many Friends" as quickly as
45 any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinner; so, at eight years old
50 she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The
55 day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her
60 mother or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts
65 she was taught by her father; French

shirk shrink from; avoid; get out of (duty, work, responsibility, fighting, etc.). eludir, esquivar, faltar a, rehuir

shirk *v.tr.* (also *absol.*) shrink from; avoid; get out of (duty, work, responsibility, fighting, etc.). Escaquearse, vagear, holgazanear, evadir, rehuir, eludir

profligacy, disipación 1 Acción y efecto de disipar o disiparse. Derroche 2 Disolución, relajamiento moral. Inmoralidad. Libertinaje.

profligate 1 licentious; dissolute. 2 recklessly extravagant prodigality, the trit of spending extravagantly.

by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she **shirked** her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character! — for with all these symptoms of **profligacy** at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion [tez/cariz] improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. “Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl — she is almost pretty today,” were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

Mrs. Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be; but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books — or at least books of information — for, provided that nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were all story and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all. But from fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read all such works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

65

From Pope, she learnt to censure those who “bear about the mockery of woe.”

5 From Gray, that

“Many a flower is born to blush unseen,

10 “And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

From Thompson, that — “It is a delightful task

15

“To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

And from Shakespeare she gained 20 a great store of information — amongst the rest, that —

“Trifles light as air,

25 “Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong,

“As proofs of Holy Writ.”

30 That

“The poor beetle, which we tread upon,

35 “In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great

“As when a giant dies.”

40 And that a young woman in love always looks —

“like Patience on a monument

45 “Smiling at Grief.”

So far her improvement was sufficient — and in many other points she came on exceedingly well; for 50 though she could not write sonnets, she brought herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a whole party into raptures by a prelude on the pianoforte, of her 55 own composition, she could listen to other people’s performance with very little fatigue. Her greatest deficiency was in the pencil — she had no notion of drawing — not enough even to 60 attempt a sketch of her lover’s profile, that she might be detected in the design. There she fell miserably short of the true heroic height. At present she did not know her own poverty, for she 65 had no lover to portray. She had

reached the age of seventeen, without having seen one amiable youth who could call forth her sensibility, without having inspired one real passion, and
 5 without having excited even any admiration but what was very moderate and very transient. This was strange indeed! But strange things may be generally accounted for if their cause
 10 be fairly searched out. There was not one lord in the neighbourhood; no — not even a baronet. There was not one family among their acquaintance who had reared and supported a boy
 15 accidentally found at their door — not one young man whose origin was unknown. Her father had no ward, and the squire of the parish no children.

20 But when a young lady is to be a heroine, the perverseness of forty surrounding families cannot prevent her. Something must and will happen to throw a hero in her way.

25

Mr. Allen, who owned the chief of the property about Fullerton, the village in Wiltshire where the Morlands lived, was ordered to Bath
 30 for the benefit of a gouty constitution — and his lady, a good-humoured woman, fond of Miss Morland, and probably aware that if adventures will not **befall** a young lady in her own
 35 village, she must seek them abroad, invited her to go with them. Mr. and Mrs. Morland were all compliance, and Catherine all happiness.

befall, happen, occur, or be the case in the course of events or by chance

40

45

Chapter 2

50

In addition to what has been already said of Catherine Morland's personal and mental endowments, when about to be launched into all the
 55 difficulties and dangers of a six weeks' residence in Bath, it may be stated, for the reader's more certain information, lest the following pages should otherwise fail of giving any
 60 idea of what her character is meant to be, that her heart was affectionate; her disposition cheerful and open, without conceit or affectation of any kind — her manners just removed from the
 65 awkwardness and shyness of a girl;

her person pleasing, and, when in good looks, pretty — and her mind about as ignorant and uninformed as the female mind at seventeen usually
5 is.

anxious 1 inquieto, angustiado, desasosegado, preocupado *to be anxious about sthg*, estar preocupado por algo 2 (*entusiasmado*) interesado, ansioso, con ganas : *I am anxious to meet him*, tengo muchas ganas de conocerle

anxiety no es tanto *ansiedad* [deseo, afán] como *preocupación, inquietud, desasosiego, angustia*, mientras que *ansiedad* traduce **longing, yearning, desire**. El adjetivo **anxious** es muy comb con diferentes matices, desde *intirresado* [**eager**], *muy deseoso, con ganas*, hasta tonos negativos como *preocupado, inquieto, angustiado, desasosegado*. **Ansioso** es negativo en general: **greedy, overambitious, gluttonous** [voraz]. Como señala E. Lorenzo (1996), hace años que *ansia, ansioso* y *ansiar* se usan como sus cognados ingleses y así lo reconoce el DRAE (1992), que dice que *ansia* es **anhelo** [**yearning**] y, además, ‘angustia, congoja, fatiga, inquietud’; por lo tanto, equivale a *anxiety*. Sin embargo, en varios países *ansia* se usa simplemente para *anhelo, deseo, ganas*. A veces se usa el plural *ansias* para referirse a *náuseas, ganas de vomitar* [**to feel sick, throw up**].

To be anxious to = tener ganas de.

Anxious voice = tono angustiado.

When the hour of departure drew near, the maternal **anxiety** of Mrs. Morland will be naturally supposed to be most severe. A thousand alarming presentiments of evil to her beloved Catherine from this terrific separation must oppress her heart with sadness, and drown her in tears for the last day
15 or two of their being together; and advice of the most important and applicable nature must of course flow from her wise lips in their parting conference in her closet. Cautions against the violence of such noblemen and baronets as delight in forcing young ladies away to some remote farm-house, must, at such a moment, relieve the fulness of her heart. Who
25 would not think so? But Mrs. Morland knew so little of lords and baronets, that she entertained no notion of their general mischievousness, and was wholly unsuspecting of danger to her
30 daughter from their machinations. Her cautions were confined to the following points. “I beg, Catherine, you will always wrap yourself up very warm about the throat, when you come
35 from the rooms at night; and I wish you would try to keep some account of the money you spend; I will give you this little book on purpose. “

40 Sally, or rather Sarah (for what young lady of common gentility will reach the age of sixteen without altering her name as far as she can?), must from situation be at this time the
45 intimate friend and confidante of her sister. It is remarkable, however, that she neither insisted on Catherine’s writing by every post, nor exacted her promise of transmitting the character
50 of every new acquaintance, nor a detail of every interesting conversation that Bath might produce. Everything indeed relative to this important journey was done, on the part of the Morlands, with
55 a degree of moderation and composure [calmness], which seemed rather consistent with the common feelings of common life, than with the refined susceptibilities, the tender emotions
60 which the first separation of a heroine from her family ought always to excite. Her father, instead of giving her an unlimited order on his banker, or even putting an hundred pounds bank-bill
65 into her hands, gave her only ten

guineas, and promised her more when she wanted it.

Under these unpromising auspices,
5 the parting took place, and the journey began. It was performed with suitable quietness and uneventful safety. Neither robbers nor tempests befriended them, nor one lucky
10 overturn to introduce them to the hero. Nothing more alarming occurred than a fear, on Mrs. Allen's side, of having once left her clogs behind her at an inn, and that fortunately proved to be
15 groundless.

They arrived at Bath. Catherine was all eager delight — her eyes were here, there, everywhere, as they approached
20 its fine and striking environs, and afterwards drove through those streets which conducted them to the hotel. She was come to be happy, and she felt happy already.

25 They were soon settled in **comfortable** lodgings in Pulteney Street.

30 It is now expedient to give some description of Mrs. Allen, that the reader may be able to judge in what manner her actions will hereafter tend to promote the general **distress** of the
35 work, and how she will, probably, contribute to reduce poor Catherine to all the desperate wretchedness of which a last volume is capable — whether by her imprudence, vulgarity,
40 or jealousy — whether by intercepting her letters, ruining her character, or turning her out of doors.

Mrs. Allen was one of that
45 numerous class of females, whose society can raise no other emotion than surprise at there being any men in the world who could like them well enough to marry them. She had neither beauty,
50 genius, accomplishment, nor manner. The air of a gentlewoman, a great deal of quiet, inactive good temper, and a trifling turn of mind were all that could account for her being the choice of a
55 **sensible**, intelligent man like Mr. Allen. In one respect she was admirably fitted to introduce a young lady into public, being as fond of going everywhere and seeing everything
60 herself as any young lady could be. Dress was her passion. She had a most harmless delight in being fine; and our heroine's entree into life could not take place till after three or four days had
65 been spent in learning what was mostly

distress n. 1 (*pain*) dolor; (*anguish*) angustia, aflicción; *to be in great distress* estar sufriendo mucho 2 (*danger*) peligro; *to be in distress [ship]* estar en peligro 3 (*poverty*) miseria; *to be in financial distress* pasar apuros económicos
v. (*physically*) doler; (*mentally*) afligir, angustiar; (*Med*) agotar, fatigar, alterar, inquietarse

sensible se refiere a *cuerto, razonable, acertado* [gusto, idea, plan], *sensato, módico* [precio], *prudente, lógico, consciente, práctico / cómodo* [ropa, calzado], mientras que el español *sensible* traduce **sensitive, feeling, sentient, regrettable, noticeable / marked, sizable, deplorable, tender, sore** [adolorido]. **Sensibility** es *sensibilidad*, en el sentido de *habilidad de sentir, receptividad*, en el mundo personal, y además *precisión*, en el mundo mecánico; el plural *sensibilities* se usa para *susceptibilidad, sentimientos delicados, delicadeza*; a su vez, *sensibilidad* traduce *sensitivity*, como *percepción* por los sentidos, radio, TV, foto.

worn, and her chaperone was provided with a dress of the newest fashion. Catherine too made some purchases herself, and when all these matters
 5 were arranged, the important evening came which was to usher her into the Upper Rooms. Her hair was cut and dressed by the best hand, her clothes put on with care, and both Mrs. Allen
 10 and her maid declared she looked quite as she should do. With such encouragement, Catherine hoped at least to pass uncensured through the crowd. As for admiration, it was always
 15 very welcome when it came, but she did not depend on it.

Mrs. Allen was so long in dressing that they did not enter the ballroom till
 20 late. The season was full, the room crowded, and the two ladies squeezed in as well as they could. As for Mr. Allen, he repaired directly to the card-room, and left them to enjoy a mob by
 25 themselves. With more care for the safety of her new gown than for the **comfort** of her protegee, Mrs. Allen made her way through the throng of men by the door, as swiftly as the
 30 necessary caution would allow; Catherine, however, kept close at her side, and linked her arm too firmly within her friend's to be torn asunder by any common effort of a struggling
 35 assembly. But to her utter amazement she found that to proceed along the room was by no means the way to disengage themselves from the crowd; it seemed rather to increase as they
 40 went on, whereas she had imagined that when once fairly within the door, they should easily find seats and be able to watch the dances with perfect convenience. But this was far from
 45 being the case, and though by unwearied diligence they gained even the top of the room, their situation was just the same; they saw nothing of the dancers but the high feathers [buen
 50 humor] of some of the ladies. Still they moved on — something better was yet in view; and by a continued exertion of strength and **ingenuity** they found themselves at last in the passage
 55 behind the highest bench. Here there was something less of crowd than below; and hence Miss Morland had a comprehensive view of all the company beneath her, and of all the dangers of
 60 her late passage through them. It was a splendid sight, and she began, for the first time that evening, to feel herself at a ball: she longed to dance, but she had not an acquaintance in the room.
 65 Mrs. Allen did all that she could do in

such a case by saying very placidly, every now and then, "I wish you could dance, my dear — I wish you could get a partner." For some time her young
5 friend felt obliged to her for these wishes; but they were repeated so often, and proved so totally ineffectual, that Catherine grew tired at last, and would thank her no more.

10 They were not long able, however, to enjoy the repose of the eminence they had so laboriously gained. Everybody was shortly in motion for
15 tea, and they must squeeze out like the rest. Catherine began to feel something of disappointment — she was tired of being continually pressed against by people, the generality of whose faces
20 possessed nothing to interest, and with all of whom she was so wholly unacquainted that she could not relieve the *irksomeness* of imprisonment by the exchange of a syllable with any of
25 her fellow captives; and when at last arrived in the tea-room, she felt yet more the awkwardness of having no party to join, no acquaintance to claim, no gentleman to assist them. They saw
30 nothing of Mr. Allen; and after looking about them in vain for a more eligible situation, were obliged to sit down at the end of a table, at which a large party were already placed, without
35 having anything to do there, or anybody to speak to, except each other.

Mrs. Allen congratulated herself, as soon as they were seated, on having
40 preserved her gown from injury. "It would have been very shocking to have it torn," said she, "would not it? It is such a delicate muslin. For my part I have not seen anything I like so well
45 in the whole room, I assure you."

"How uncomfortable it is," whispered Catherine, "not to have a single acquaintance here!"

50 "Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Allen, with perfect serenity, "it is very uncomfortable indeed."

55 "What shall we do? The gentlemen and ladies at this table look as if they wondered why we came here — we seem forcing ourselves into their party."

60 "Aye, so we do. That is very disagreeable. I wish we had a large acquaintance here."

65 "I wish we had any — it would be

somebody to go to."

"Very true, my dear; and if we knew anybody we would join them directly.
5 The Skinners were here last year — I wish they were here now."

"Had not we better go away as it is? Here are no tea-things for us, you see."
10

"No more there are, indeed. How very provoking! But I think we had better sit still, for one gets so tumbled in such a crowd! How is my head, my
15 dear? Somebody gave me a push that has hurt it, I am afraid."

"No, indeed, it looks very nice. But, dear Mrs. Allen, are you sure there is
20 nobody you know in all this multitude of people? I think you must know somebody."

"I don't, upon my word — I wish I
25 did. I wish I had a large acquaintance here with all my heart, and then I should get you a partner. I should be so glad to have you dance. There goes a strange-looking woman! What an odd
30 gown she has got on! How old-fashioned it is! Look at the back."

After some time they received an offer of tea from one of their
35 neighbours; it was thankfully accepted, and this introduced a light conversation with the gentleman who offered it, which was the only time that anybody spoke to them during the
40 evening, till they were discovered and joined by Mr. Allen when the dance was over.

"Well, Miss Morland," said he,
45 directly, "I hope you have had an agreeable ball."

"Very agreeable indeed," she replied, vainly endeavouring to hide a
50 great yawn.

"I wish she had been able to dance," said his wife; "I wish we could have got a partner for her. I have been saying
55 how glad I should be if the Skinners were here this winter instead of last; or if the Parrys had come, as they talked of once, she might have danced with George Parry. I am so sorry she
60 has not had a partner!"

"We shall do better another evening I hope," was Mr. Allen's consolation.

65 The company began to disperse

when the dancing was over — enough
to leave space for the remainder to
walk about in some **comfort**; and now
was the time for a heroine, who had not
5 yet played a very distinguished part in
the events of the evening, to be noticed
and admired. Every five minutes, by
removing some of the crowd, gave
greater openings for her charms. She
10 was now seen by many young men who
had not been near her before. Not one,
however, started with rapturous
wonder on beholding her, no whisper
of eager inquiry ran round the room,
15 nor was she once called a divinity by
anybody. Yet Catherine was in very
good looks, and had the company only
seen her three years before, they would
now have thought her exceedingly
20 handsome.

She was looked at, however, and
with some admiration; for, in her own
hearing, two gentlemen pronounced
25 her to be a pretty girl. Such words had
their due effect; she immediately
thought the evening pleasanter than she
had found it before — her humble
vanity was contented — she felt more
30 obliged to the two young men for this
simple praise than a true-quality
heroine would have been for fifteen
sonnets in celebration of her charms,
and went to her chair in good humour
35 with everybody, and perfectly satisfied
with her share of public attention.

40

45

Chapter 3

Every morning now brought its
50 regular duties — shops were to be
visited; some new part of the town to
be looked at; and the pump-room to be
attended, where they paraded up and
down for an hour, looking at everybody
55 and speaking to no one. The wish of a
numerous acquaintance in Bath was
still uppermost with Mrs. Allen, and
she repeated it after every fresh proof,
which every morning brought, of her
60 knowing nobody at all.

They made their appearance in the
Lower Rooms; and here fortune was
more favourable to our heroine. The
65 master of the ceremonies introduced to

her a very gentlemanlike young man as
 a partner; his name was Tilney. He
 seemed to be about four or five and
 twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing
 5 countenance, a very intelligent and
 lively eye, and, if not quite handsome,
 was very near it. His address was good,
 and Catherine felt herself in high luck.
 There was little leisure for speaking
 10 while they danced; but when they were
 seated at tea, she found him as
 agreeable as she had already given him
 credit for being. He talked with fluency
 and spirit — and there was an *archness*
 15 and pleasantry in his manner which
 interested, though it was hardly
 understood by her. After chatting some
 time on such matters as naturally arose
 from the objects around them, he
 20 suddenly addressed her with — “I have
 hitherto been very remiss, madam, in
 the proper attentions of a partner here;
 I have not yet asked you how long you
 have been in Bath; whether you were
 25 ever here before; whether you have
 been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre,
 and the concert; and how you like the
 place altogether. I have been very
 negligent — but are you now at leisure
 30 to satisfy me in these particulars? If
 you are I will begin directly.”

“You need not give yourself that
 trouble, sir.”

35

“No trouble, I assure you, madam.”

Then forming his features into a set
 smile, and affectedly softening his
 voice, he added, with a *simpering*
 40 *[sonreir tontamente]* air, “Have you
 been long in Bath, madam?”

“About a week, sir,” replied
 Catherine, trying not to laugh.

45

“Really!” with affected
 astonishment.

“Why should you be surprised, sir?”

50

“Why, indeed!” said he, in his
 natural tone. “But some emotion must
 appear to be raised by your reply, and
 surprise is more easily assumed, and
 55 not less reasonable than any other.
 Now let us go on. Were you never here
 before, madam?”

“Never, sir.”

60

“Indeed! Have you yet honoured the
 Upper Rooms?”

“Yes, sir, I was there last Monday.”

65

"Have you been to the theatre?"

"Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday."

5

"To the concert?"

"Yes, sir, on Wednesday."

smirk *I n.* 1 sonrisa llena de suficiencia o afectación *n.* an affected, conceited, or silly smile; 10 mueca burlona. *v.intr.* put on or wear a smirk or a smirk silly.

"And are you altogether pleased with Bath?"

"Yes — I like it very well."

15 "Now I must give one **smirk**, and then we may be rational again." Catherine turned away her head, not knowing whether she might venture to laugh. "I see what you think of me," 20 said he gravely — "I shall make but a poor figure in your journal tomorrow."

"My journal!"

harass *v.tr.* 1 trouble and annoy continually or repeatedly. 2 make repeated attacks on (an enemy or opponent). agobiar, hostigar, presionar, acosar

25 "Yes, I know exactly what you will say: Friday, went to the Lower Rooms; wore my sprigged muslin robe with blue trimmings — plain black shoes — appeared to much advantage; but was 30 strangely **harassed** by a queer, half-witted man, who would make me dance with him, and distressed me by his nonsense."

35 "Indeed I shall say no such thing."

"Shall I tell you what you ought to say?"

40 "If you please."

"I danced with a very agreeable young man, introduced by Mr. King; had a great deal of conversation with 45 him — seems a most extraordinary genius — hope I may know more of him. That, madam, is what I wish you to say."

50 "But, perhaps, I keep no journal."

"Perhaps you are not sitting in this room, and I am not sitting by you. These are points in which a doubt is 55 equally possible. Not keep a journal! How are your absent cousins to understand the tenour of your life in Bath without one? How are the civilities and compliments of every day 60 to be related as they ought to be, unless noted down every evening in a journal? How are your various dresses to be remembered, and the particular state of your complexion [tez/cariz], and curl 65 of your hair to be described in all their

diversities, without having constant
 recourse to a journal? My dear madam,
 I am not so ignorant of young ladies'
 ways as you wish to believe me; it is
 5 this delightful habit of journaling
 which largely contributes to form the
 easy style of writing for which ladies
 are so generally celebrated. Everybody
 allows that the talent of writing
 10 agreeable letters is peculiarly female.
 Nature may have done something, but
 I am sure it must be essentially assisted
 by the practice of keeping a journal."

15 "I have sometimes thought," said
 Catherine, doubtingly, "whether ladies
 do write so much better letters than
 gentlemen! That is — I should not
 think the superiority was always on our
 20 side."

"As far as I have had opportunity
 of judging, it appears to me that the
 usual style of letter-writing among
 25 women is faultless, except in three
 particulars."

"And what are they?"

30 "A general deficiency of subject, a
 total inattention to stops, and a very
 frequent ignorance of grammar."

"Upon my word! I need not have
 35 been afraid of disclaiming the
 compliment. You do not think too
 highly of us in that way."

"I should no more lay it down as a
 40 general rule that women write better
 letters than men, than that they sing
 better duets, or draw better landscapes.
 In every power, of which taste is the
 foundation, excellence is pretty fairly
 45 divided between the sexes."

They were interrupted by Mrs.
 Allen: "My dear Catherine," said she,
 "do take this pin out of my sleeve; I
 50 am afraid it has torn a hole already; I
 shall be quite sorry if it has, for this is
 a favourite gown, though it cost but
 nine shillings a yard."

55 "That is exactly what I should have
 guessed it, madam," said Mr. Tilney,
 looking at the muslin.

"Do you understand muslins, sir?"

60 "Particularly well; I always buy my
 own cravats, and am allowed to be an
 excellent judge; and my sister has often
 trusted me in the choice of a gown. I
 65 bought one for her the other day, and

it was pronounced to be a prodigious bargain by every lady who saw it. I gave but five shillings a yard for it, and a true Indian muslin."

5

Mrs. Allen was quite struck by his genius. "Men commonly take so little notice of those things," said she; "I can never get Mr. Allen to know one of my gowns from another. You must be a great **comfort** to your sister, sir."

fray 2 *n.* 1 conflict, fighting (*eager for the fray*).
2 a noisy quarrel or brawl or fight. Refriega, trifulca

"I hope I am, madam."

15 "And pray, sir, what do you think of Miss Morland's gown?"

"It is very pretty, madam," said he, gravely examining it; "but I do not think it will wash well; I am afraid it will **fray**."

"How can you," said Catherine, laughing, "be so — " She had almost 25 said "strange."

"I am quite of your opinion, sir," replied Mrs. Allen; "and so I told Miss Morland when she bought it."

30

"But then you know, madam, muslin always turns to some account or other; Miss Morland will get enough out of it for a handkerchief, or a cap, or a cloak. 35 Muslin can never be said to be wasted. I have heard my sister say so forty times, when she has been **extravagant** in buying more than she wanted, or careless in cutting it to pieces."

40

"Bath is a charming place, sir; there are so many good shops here. We are sadly off in the country; not but what we have very good shops in Salisbury, 45 but it is so far to go — eight miles is a long way; Mr. Allen says it is nine, measured nine; but I am sure it cannot be more than eight; and it is such a fag — I come back tired to death. Now, here one can step out of doors and get a thing in five minutes."

foible 1 the weaker part of a sword's blade from the forte to the tip, between the middle and point 2 : a minor flaw or shortcoming in character or behavior 2 idiosyncrasy, mannerism; a behavioral attribute that is distinctive and peculiar to an individual; debilidad, flaqueza, manía

50 Mr. Tilney was polite enough to seem interested in what she said; and she kept him on the subject of muslins till the dancing recommenced. Catherine feared, as she listened to their discourse, that he indulged himself a little too much with the 60 **foibles** of others. "What are you thinking of so earnestly?" said he, as they walked back to the ballroom; "not of your partner, I hope, for, by that shake of the head, your meditations are 65 not satisfactory."

Catherine coloured, and said, "I was not thinking of anything."

5 "That is artful and deep, to be sure; but I had rather be told at once that you will not tell me."

"Well then, I will not."

10 "Thank you; for now we shall soon be acquainted, as I am authorized to tease you on this subject whenever we meet, and nothing in the world
15 advances intimacy so much."

They danced again; and, when the assembly closed, parted, on the lady's side at least, with a strong inclination
20 for continuing the acquaintance. Whether she thought of him so much, while she drank her warm wine and water, and prepared herself for bed, as to dream of him when there, cannot be
25 ascertained; but I hope it was no more than in a slight slumber, or a morning doze at most; for if it be true, as a celebrated writer has maintained, that no young lady can be justified in
30 falling in love before the gentleman's love is declared,* it must be very improper that a young lady should dream of a gentleman before the gentleman is first known to have
35 dreamt of her. How proper Mr. Tilney might be as a dreamer or a lover had not yet perhaps entered Mr. Allen's head, but that he was not objectionable as a common acquaintance for his
40 young charge he was on inquiry satisfied; for he had early in the evening taken pains to know who her partner was, and had been assured of Mr. Tilney's being a clergyman, and of
45 a very respectable family in Gloucestershire.

50

55

Chapter 4

With more than usual eagerness did
60 Catherine hasten to the pump-room the next day, secure within herself of seeing Mr. Tilney there before the morning were over, and ready to meet him with a smile; but no smile was
65 demanded — Mr. Tilney did not

appear. Every creature in Bath, except himself, was to be seen in the room at different periods of the fashionable hours; crowds of people were every 5 moment passing in and out, up the steps and down; people whom nobody cared about, and nobody wanted to see; and he only was absent. "What a delightful place Bath is," said Mrs. 10 Allen as they sat down near the great clock, after parading the room till they were tired; "and how pleasant it would be if we had any acquaintance here."

15 This sentiment had been uttered so often in vain that Mrs. Allen had no particular reason to hope it would be followed with more advantage now; but we are told to "despair of nothing 20 we would attain," as "unwearied diligence our point would gain"; and the unwearied diligence with which she had every day wished for the same thing was at length to have its just 25 reward, for hardly had she been seated ten minutes before a lady of about her own age, who was sitting by her, and had been looking at her attentively for several minutes, addressed her with 30 great complaisance in these words: "I think, madam, I cannot be mistaken; it is a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, but is not your name Allen?" This question answered, as it 35 readily [easily/willingly] was, the stranger pronounced hers to be Thorpe; and Mrs. Allen immediately recognized the features of a former schoolfellow and intimate, whom she 40 had seen only once since their respective marriages, and that many years ago. Their joy on this meeting was very great, as well it might, since they had been contented to know 45 nothing of each other for the last fifteen years. Compliments on good looks now passed; and, after observing how time had slipped away since they were last together, how little they had 50 thought of meeting in Bath, and what a pleasure it was to see an old friend, they proceeded to make inquiries and give intelligence as to their families, sisters, and cousins, talking both 55 together, far more ready to give than to receive information, and each hearing very little of what the other said. Mrs. Thorpe, however, had one great advantage as a talker, over Mrs. 60 Allen, in a family of children; and when she expatiated on the talents of her sons, and the beauty of her daughters, when she related their different situations and views — that 65 John was at Oxford, Edward at

Merchant Taylors', and William at sea
 — and all of them more beloved and
 respected in their different station than
 any other three beings ever were, Mrs.
 5 Allen had no similar information to
 give, no similar triumphs to press on
 the unwilling and unbelieving ear of
 her friend, and was forced to sit and
 appear to listen to all these maternal
 10 effusions, consoling herself, however,
 with the discovery, which her keen eye
 soon made, that the lace on Mrs.
 Thorpe's pelisse was not half so
 handsome as that on her own.

15

"Here come my dear girls," cried
 Mrs. Thorpe, pointing at three smart-
 looking females who, arm in arm, were
 then moving towards her. "My dear
 20 Mrs. Allen, I long to introduce them;
 they will be so delighted to see you:
 the tallest is Isabella, my eldest; is not
 she a fine young woman? The others
 are very much admired too, but I
 25 believe Isabella is the handsomest."

The Miss Thorpes were introduced;
 and Miss Morland, who had been for a
 short time forgotten, was introduced
 30 likewise. The name seemed to strike
 them all; and, after speaking to her
 with great civility, the eldest young
 lady observed aloud to the rest, "How
 excessively like her brother Miss
 35 Morland is!"

"The very picture of him indeed!"
 cried the mother — and "I should have
 known her anywhere for his sister!"
 40 was repeated by them all, two or three
 times over. For a moment Catherine
 was surprised; but Mrs. Thorpe and her
 daughters had scarcely begun the
 history of their acquaintance with Mr.
 45 James Morland, before she
 remembered that her eldest brother had
 lately formed an intimacy with a young
 man of his own college, of the name of
 Thorpe; and that he had spent the last
 50 week of the Christmas vacation with
 his family, near London.

The whole being explained, many
 obliging things were said by the Miss
 55 Thorpes of their wish of being better
 acquainted with her; of being
 considered as already friends, through
 the friendship of their brothers, etc.,
 which Catherine heard with pleasure,
 60 and answered with all the pretty
 expressions she could command; and,
 as the first proof of amity, she was soon
 invited to accept an arm of the eldest
 Miss Thorpe, and take a turn with her
 65 about the room. Catherine was

delighted with this extension of her Bath acquaintance, and almost forgot Mr. Tilney while she talked to Miss Thorpe. Friendship is certainly the
5 finest balm for the pangs of disappointed love.

Their conversation turned upon those subjects, of which the free
10 discussion has generally much to do in perfecting a sudden intimacy between two young ladies: such as dress, balls, flirtations, and quizzes. Miss Thorpe, however, being four years older than
15 Miss Morland, and at least four years better informed, had a very decided advantage in discussing such points; she could compare the balls of Bath with those of Tunbridge, its fashions
20 with the fashions of London; could rectify the opinions of her new friend in many articles of tasteful attire; could discover a flirtation between any gentleman and lady who only smiled
25 on each other; and point out a quiz through the thickness of a crowd. These powers received due admiration from Catherine, to whom they were entirely new; and the respect which
30 they naturally inspired might have been too great for familiarity, had not the easy gaiety of Miss Thorpe's manners, and her frequent expressions of delight on this acquaintance with her, softened
35 down every feeling of awe, and left nothing but tender affection. Their increasing attachment was not to be satisfied with half a dozen turns in the pump-room, but required, when they
40 all quitted it together, that Miss Thorpe should accompany Miss Morland to the very door of Mr. Allen's house; and that they should there part with a most affectionate and lengthened shake of
45 hands, after learning, to their mutual relief, that they should see each other across the theatre at night, and say their prayers in the same chapel the next morning. Catherine then ran
50 directly upstairs, and watched Miss Thorpe's progress down the street from the drawing-room window; admired the graceful spirit of her walk, the fashionable air of her figure and dress;
55 and felt grateful, as well she might, for the chance which had procured her such a friend.

indulgence complacencia

Mrs. Thorpe was a widow, and not
60 a very rich one; she was a good-humoured, well-meaning woman, and a very **indulgent** mother. Her eldest daughter had great personal beauty, and the younger ones, by pretending to
65 be as handsome as their sister,

imitating her air, and dressing in the same style, did very well.

supersede *v.tr.* 1 **a** adopt or appoint another person or thing in place of. **b** set aside; cease to employ. 2 (of a person or thing) take the place of. Reemplazar, sustituir, suplantar

This brief account of the family is intended to **supersede** the necessity of a long and minute detail from Mrs. Thorpe herself, of her past adventures and sufferings, which might otherwise be expected to occupy the three or four following chapters; in which the worthlessness of lords and attornies might be set forth, and conversations, which had passed twenty years before, be minutely repeated.

15

20

25

Chapter 5

Catherine was not so much engaged at the theatre that evening, in returning the nods and smiles of Miss Thorpe, though they certainly claimed much of her leisure, as to forget to look with an inquiring eye for Mr. Tilney in every box which her eye could reach; but she looked in vain. Mr. Tilney was no fonder of the play than the pump-room. She hoped to be more fortunate the next day; and when her wishes for fine weather were answered by seeing a beautiful morning, she hardly felt a doubt of it; for a fine Sunday in Bath empties every house of its inhabitants, and all the world appears on such an occasion to walk about and tell their acquaintance what a charming day it is.

45

As soon as divine service was over, the Thorpes and Allens eagerly joined each other; and after staying long enough in the pump-room to discover that the crowd was insupportable, and that there was not a genteel face to be seen, which everybody discovers every Sunday throughout the season, they hastened away to the Crescent, to breathe the fresh air of better company. Here Catherine and Isabella, arm in arm, again tasted the sweets of friendship in an unreserved conversation; they talked much, and with much enjoyment; but again was Catherine disappointed in her hope of reseeing her partner. He was nowhere to be met with; every search for him was equally unsuccessful, in morning lounge s or evening assemblies; neither

65

at the Upper nor Lower Rooms, at dressed or undressed balls, was he perceivable; nor among the walkers, the horsemen, or the curricula-drivers of
 5 the morning. His name was not in the pump-room book, and curiosity could do no more. He must be gone from Bath. Yet he had not mentioned that his stay would be so short! This sort of
 10 mysteriousness, which is always so becoming in a hero, threw a fresh grace in Catherine's imagination around his person and manners, and increased her anxiety to know more of him. From the
 15 Thorpes she could learn nothing, for they had been only two days in Bath before they met with Mrs. Allen. It was a subject, however, in which she often indulged with her fair friend, from
 20 whom she received every possible encouragement to continue to think of him; and his impression on her fancy was not suffered therefore to weaken. Isabella was very sure that he must be
 25 a charming young man, and was equally sure that he must have been delighted with her dear Catherine, and would therefore shortly return. She liked him the better for being a
 30 clergyman, "for she must confess herself very **partial** to the profession"; and something like a sigh escaped her as she said it. Perhaps Catherine was wrong in not demanding the cause of
 35 that gentle emotion — but she was not experienced enough in the finesse of love, or the duties of friendship, to know when delicate raillery was properly called for, or when a
 40 confidence should be forced.

partial Los adjetivos *partial* y *parcial* compar-
 ten la idea de *incompleto* y, en sentido ético,
injusto, *prejuiciado*, pero *partial* se usa ade-
 más para *aficionado*, *affectionate*, *fond*,
kind, *attached*.

Mrs. Allen was now quite happy — quite satisfied with Bath. She had found some acquaintance, had been so
 45 lucky too as to find in them the family of a most worthy old friend; and, as the completion of good fortune, had found these friends by no means so expensively dressed as herself. Her
 50 daily expressions were no longer, "I wish we had some acquaintance in Bath!" They were changed into, "How glad I am we have met with Mrs. Thorpe!" and she was as eager in
 55 promoting the **intercourse** of the two families, as her young charge and Isabella themselves could be; never satisfied with the day unless she spent the chief of it by the side of Mrs.
 60 Thorpe, in what they called conversation, but in which there was scarcely ever any exchange of opinion, and not often any resemblance of subject, for Mrs. Thorpe talked chiefly
 65 of her children, and Mrs. Allen of her

intercourse 1 trato, relaciones, 55
 communication or dealings between
 individuals, nations, etc. 2 sexual
 intercourse, acto sexual, coito. 3
 communion between human beings and
 God.

gowns.

The progress of the friendship between Catherine and Isabella was quick as its beginning had been warm, and they passed so rapidly through every gradation of increasing tenderness that there was shortly no fresh proof of it to be given to their friends or themselves. They called each other by their Christian name, were always arm in arm when they walked, pinned up each other's train for the dance, and were not to be divided in the set; and if a rainy morning deprived them of other enjoyments, they were still resolute in meeting in defiance of wet and dirt, and shut themselves up, to read novels together. Yes, novels; for I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom so common with novel-writers, of degrading by their contemptuous censure the very performances, to the number of which they are themselves adding — joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on such works, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with disgust. Alas! If the heroine of one novel be not patronized by the heroine of another, from whom can she expect protection and regard? I cannot approve of it. Let us leave it to the reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much **decried**. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers. And while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogized by a thousand pens — there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. "I am no novel-reader — I seldom look into novels — Do not imagine that I often read novels — It is really very

decry depreciar, desprestigiar, vituperar, condenar, afeiar
 I condemn, reprobate, oblungate, excoriate *express strong disapproval of*: «We condemn the racism in South Africa»; «These ideas were reprobated»

well for a novel." Such is the common
 cant. "And what are you reading, Miss
 — ?" "Oh! It is only a novel!" replies
 the young lady, while she lays down her
 5 book with affected indifference, or
 momentary shame. "It is only Cecilia,
 or Camilla, or Belinda"; or, in short,
 only some work in which the greatest
 powers of the mind are displayed, in
 10 which the most thorough knowledge of
 human nature, the happiest delineation
 of its varieties, the liveliest effusions
 of wit and humour, are conveyed to the
 world in the best-chosen language.
 15 Now, had the same young lady been
 engaged with a volume of the
 Spectator, instead of such a work, how
 proudly would she have produced the
 book, and told its name; though the
 20 chances must be against her being
 occupied by any part of that
 voluminous publication, of which
 either the matter or manner would not
 disgust a young person of taste: the
 25 substance of its papers so often
 consisting in the statement of
 improbable circumstances, unnatural
 characters, and topics of conversation
 which no longer concern anyone living;
 30 and their language, too, frequently so
 coarse as to give no very favourable
 idea of the age that could endure it.

35

40

Chapter 6

45 The following conversation, which
 took place between the two friends in
 the pump-room one morning, after an
 acquaintance of eight or nine days, is
 given as a specimen of their very warm
 50 attachment, and of the delicacy,
 discretion, originality of thought, and
 literary taste which marked the
 reasonableness of that attachment.

55 They met by appointment; and as
 Isabella had arrived nearly five
 minutes before her friend, her first
 address naturally was, "My dearest
 creature, what can have made you so
 60 late? I have been waiting for you at
 least this age!"

"Have you, indeed! I am very sorry
 for it; but really I thought I was in very
 65 good time. It is but just one. I hope you

have not been here long?"

"Oh! These ten ages at least. I am sure I have been here this half hour.
5 But now, let us go and sit down at the other end of the room, and enjoy ourselves. I have an hundred things to say to you. In the first place, I was so afraid it would rain this morning, just
10 as I wanted to set off; it looked very showery, and that would have thrown me into agonies! Do you know, I saw the prettiest hat you can imagine, in a shop window in Milsom Street just now
15 — very like yours, only with coquelicot ribbons instead of green; I quite longed for it. But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have
20 you gone on with Udolpho?"

"Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil."
25

"Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are not you wild to know?"
30

"Oh! Yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me — I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is Laurentina's
35 skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it. I assure you, if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."
40

"Dear creature! How much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished Udolpho, we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a
45 list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

"Have you, indeed! How glad I am! What are they all?"
50

"I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocketbook. Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings,
55 Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine, and Horrid Mysteries. Those will last us some time."

60 "Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid?"

"Yes, quite sure; for a particular
65 friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a

sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with
 5 her. She is netting herself the sweetest cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed [angered] with the men for not admiring her! I scold them all
 10 amazingly about it.”

“Scold them! Do you scold them for not admiring her?”

15 “Yes, that I do. There is nothing I would not do for those who are really my friends. I have no notion of loving people by halves; it is not my nature. My attachments are always excessively
 20 strong. I told Captain Hunt at one of our assemblies this winter that if he was to tease me all night, I would not dance with him, unless he would allow Miss Andrews to be as beautiful as an
 25 angel. The men think us incapable of real friendship, you know, and I am determined to show them the difference. Now, if I were to hear anybody speak slightly of you, I
 30 should fire up in a moment: but that is not at all likely, for you are just the kind of girl to be a great favourite with the men.”

35 “Oh, dear!” cried Catherine, colouring. “How can you say so?”

“I know you very well; you have so much animation, which is exactly what
 40 Miss Andrews wants, for I must confess there is something amazingly insipid about her. Oh! I must tell you, that just after we parted yesterday, I saw a young man looking at you so
 45 earnestly — I am sure he is in love with you.” Catherine coloured, and disclaimed again. Isabella laughed. “It is very true, upon my honour, but I see how it is; you are indifferent to
 50 everybody’s admiration, except that of one gentleman, who shall be nameless. Nay, I cannot blame you” — speaking more seriously — “your feelings are easily understood. Where the heart is
 55 really attached, I know very well how little one can be pleased with the attention of anybody else. Everything is so insipid, so uninteresting, that does not relate to the beloved object! I can
 60 perfectly comprehend your feelings.”

“But you should not persuade me that I think so very much about Mr. Tilney, for perhaps I may never see him
 65 again.”

“Not see him again! My dearest creature, do not talk of it. I am sure you would be miserable if you thought
5 so!”

“No, indeed, I should not. I do not pretend to say that I was not very much pleased with him; but while I have
10 Udolpho to read, I feel as if nobody could make me miserable. Oh! The dreadful black veil! My dear Isabella, I am sure there must be Laurentina’s skeleton behind it.”

15 “It is so odd to me, that you should never have read Udolpho before; but I suppose Mrs. Morland objects to novels.”

20 “No, she does not. She very often reads Sir Charles Grandison herself; but new books do not fall in our way.”

25 “Sir Charles Grandison! That is an amazing horrid book, is it not? I remember Miss Andrews could not get through the first volume.”

30 “It is not like Udolpho at all; but yet I think it is very entertaining.”

“Do you indeed! You surprise me; I thought it had not been readable. But,
35 my dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head tonight? I am determined at all events to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of that sometimes, you know.”

40 “But it does not signify if they do,” said Catherine, very innocently.

“Signify! Oh, heavens! I make it a
45 rule never to mind what they say. They are very often amazingly impertinent if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance.”

50 “Are they? Well, I never observed that. They always behave very well to me.”

“Oh! They give themselves such
55 airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance! By the by, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to
60 ask you what is your favourite complexion [tez/cariz] in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?”

“I hardly know. I never much
65 thought about it. Something between

both, I think. Brown — not fair, and
— and not very dark.”

“Very well, Catherine. That is
5 exactly he. I have not forgot your
description of Mr. Tilney — ‘a brown
skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark
hair.’ Well, my taste is different. I
prefer light eyes, and as to complexion
10 [tez/cariz] — do you know — I like a
sallow [pale] better than any other. You
must not betray me, if you should ever
meet with one of your acquaintance
answering that description.”

15

“Betray you! What do you mean?”

“Nay, do not distress me. I believe
I have said too much. Let us drop the
20 subject.”

Catherine, in some amazement,
complied, and after remaining a few
moments silent, was on the point of
25 reverting to what interested her at that
time rather more than anything else in
the world, Laurentina’s skeleton, when
her friend prevented her, by saying,
“For heaven’s sake! Let us move away
30 from this end of the room. Do you
know, there are two odious young men
who have been staring at me this half
hour. They really put me quite out of
countenance. Let us go and look at the
35 arrivals. They will hardly follow us
there.”

Away they walked to the book; and
while Isabella examined the names, it
40 was Catherine’s employment to watch
the proceedings of these alarming
young men.

“They are not coming this way, are
45 they? I hope they are not so impertinent
as to follow us. Pray let me know if
they are coming. I am determined I will
not look up.”

50 In a few moments Catherine, with
unaffected pleasure, assured her that
she need not be longer uneasy, as the
gentlemen had just left the pump-room.

55 “And which way are they gone?”
said Isabella, turning hastily round.
“One was a very good-looking young
man.”

60 “They went towards the church-
yard.”

“Well, I am amazingly glad I have
got rid of them! And now, what say you
65 to going to Edgar’s Buildings with me,

and looking at my new hat? You said you should like to see it.”

Catherine readily [easily/willingly] agreed. “Only,” she added, “perhaps we may overtake the two young men.”

“Oh! Never mind that. If we make haste, we shall pass by them presently, and I am dying to show you my hat.”

“But if we only wait a few minutes, there will be no danger of our seeing them at all.”

“I shall not pay them any such compliment, I assure you. I have no notion of treating men with such respect. That is the way to spoil them.”

Catherine had nothing to oppose against such reasoning; and therefore, to show the independence of Miss Thorpe, and her **resolution** of humbling the sex, they set off immediately as fast as they could walk, in pursuit of the two young men.

resolution comparte con *resolución* el concepto de *tesón, firmeza, decisión* ; (= *determination*) *resolución f, determinación f; to show resolution* mostrarse resuelto *or* determinado.
Además **resolution** significa *propósito, determinación* [carácter]; **New Year resolutions** buenos propósitos para el Año Nuevo (*Parl*) acuerdo *m*; **to pass a resolution** tomar un acuerdo
(*Comput & TV*) definición de pantalla
En cambio *resolución* sugiere **solution, completion, decisiveness** [ser decisivo]. *Resolver* es to **resolve** [*decidir*] y además to **solve** [*solucionar*], **clear up** [*duda*], **settle** [*tramitar*], **dissolve** [*química*].

35

Chapter 7

Half a minute conducted them through the pump-yard to the archway, opposite Union Passage; but here they were stopped. Everybody acquainted with Bath may remember the difficulties of crossing Cheap Street at this point; it is indeed a street of so impertinent a nature, so unfortunately connected with the great London and Oxford roads, and the principal inn of the city, that a day never passes in which parties of ladies, however important their business, whether in quest of pastry, millinery, or even (as in the present case) of young men, are not detained on one side or other by carriages, horsemen, or carts. This evil had been felt and lamented, at least three times a day, by Isabella since her residence in Bath; and she was now fated to feel and lament it once more, for at the very moment of coming opposite to Union Passage, and within view of the two gentlemen who were proceeding through the crowds, and threading the gutters of that interesting

alley, they were prevented crossing by the approach of a gig, driven along on bad pavement by a most knowing-looking coachman with all the
5 vehemence that could most fitly endanger the lives of himself, his companion, and his horse.

“Oh, these odious gigs!” said
10 Isabella, looking up. “How I detest them.” But this detestation, though so just, was of short duration, for she looked again and exclaimed, “Delightful! Mr. Morland and my
15 brother!”

“Good heaven! ’Tis James!” was uttered at the same moment by Catherine; and, on catching the young
20 men’s eyes, the horse was immediately checked with a violence which almost threw him on his haunches, and the servant having now **scampered** up, the gentlemen jumped out, and the
25 equipage was delivered to his care.

Catherine, by whom this meeting was wholly unexpected, received her brother with the liveliest pleasure; and
30 he, being of a very amiable disposition, and sincerely attached to her, gave every proof on his side of equal satisfaction, which he could have leisure to do, while the bright eyes of
35 Miss Thorpe were incessantly challenging his notice; and to her his devoirs were speedily paid, with a mixture of joy and embarrassment which might have informed Catherine,
40 had she been more expert in the development of other people’s feelings, and less simply engrossed by her own, that her brother thought her friend quite as pretty as she could do
45 herself.

John Thorpe, who in the meantime had been giving orders about the horses, soon joined them, and from him
50 she directly received the amends which were her due; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young
55 man of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were
60 easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch: “How long do you think we have been running it from Tetbury, Miss
65 Morland?”

"I do not know the distance." Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles.

5 "Three and twenty!" cried Thorpe. "Five and twenty if it is an inch." Morland *remonstrated* [*argued*], pleaded the authority of road-books, 10 innkeepers, and milestones; but his friend disregarded them all; he had a surer test of distance. "I know it must be five and twenty," said he, "by the time we have been doing it. It is now 15 half after one; we drove out of the inn-yard at Tetbury as the town clock struck eleven; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than 20 makes it exactly twenty-five."

"You have lost an hour," said Morland; "it was only ten o'clock when we came from Tetbury."

25 "Ten o'clock! It was eleven, upon my soul! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland; do but 30 look at my horse; did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life?" (The servant had just mounted the carriage and was driving off.) "Such true blood! Three hours and a half 35 indeed coming only three and twenty miles! Look at that creature, and suppose it possible if you can."

"He does look very hot, to be sure."

40 "Hot! He had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church; but look at his forehand; look at his **loins**; only see how he moves; that horse cannot 45 go less than ten miles an hour: tie his legs and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? A neat one, is not it? Well hung; town-built; I have not had it a month. It was built 50 for a Christchurch man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow; he ran it a few weeks, till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out 55 for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curricule too; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford, last term: 'Ah! Thorpe,' 60 said he, 'do you happen to want such a little thing as this? It is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it.' 'Oh! D — ,' said I; 'I am your man; what do you ask?' And how much do 65 you think he did, Miss Morland?"

loins lomos, caderas, ijadas, riñones, flancos, espaldas, región lumbar, entrañas

haggle v.i. dispute or bargain, regatear persistentemente: *they haggled over it for hours*, *estuvieron regateando durante horas*. Discutir,

"I am sure I cannot guess at all."

"Curricule-hung, you see; seat,
5 trunk, sword-case, splashing-board,
lamps, silver moulding, all you see
complete; the iron-work as good as
new, or better. He asked fifty guineas;
I closed with him directly, threw down
10 the money, and the carriage was mine."

"And I am sure," said Catherine, "I
know so little of such things that I
cannot judge whether it was cheap or
15 dear."

"Neither one nor t'other; I might
have got it for less, I dare say; but I
hate **haggling**, and poor Freeman
20 wanted cash."

"That was very good-natured of
you," said Catherine, quite pleased.

25 "Oh! D — it, when one has the
means of doing a kind thing by a
friend, I hate to be pitiful."

An inquiry now took place into the
30 intended movements of the young
ladies; and, on finding whither they
were going, it was decided that the
gentlemen should accompany them to
Edgar's Buildings, and pay their
35 respects to Mrs. Thorpe. James and
Isabella led the way; and so well
satisfied was the latter with her lot, so
contentedly was she endeavouring to
ensure a pleasant walk to him who
40 brought the double recommendation of
being her brother's friend, and her
friend's brother, so pure and
uncoquettish were her feelings, that,
though they overtook and passed the
45 two offending young men in Milsom
Street, she was so far from seeking to
attract their notice, that she looked
back at them only three times.

50 John Thorpe kept of course with
Catherine, and, after a few minutes'
silence, renewed the conversation
about his gig. "You will find, however,
Miss Morland, it would be reckoned a
55 cheap thing by some people, for I might
have sold it for ten guineas more the
next day; Jackson, of Oriel, bid me
sixty at once; Morland was with me at
the time."

60 "Yes," said Morland, who
overheard this; "but you forget that
your horse was included."

65 "My horse! Oh, d — it! I would not

sell my horse for a hundred. Are you fond of an open carriage, Miss Morland?"

5 "Yes, very; I have hardly ever an opportunity of being in one; but I am particularly fond of it."

"I am glad of it; I will drive you out
10 in mine every day."

"Thank you," said Catherine, in some distress, from a doubt of the propriety of accepting such an offer.

15

"I will drive you up Lansdown Hill tomorrow."

"Thank you; but will not your horse
20 want rest?"

"Rest! He has only come three and twenty miles today; all nonsense; nothing ruins horses so much as rest;
25 nothing knocks them up so soon. No, no; I shall exercise mine at the average of four hours every day while I am here."

30 "Shall you indeed!" said Catherine very seriously. "That will be forty miles a day."

"Forty! Aye, fifty, for what I care.
35 Well, I will drive you up Lansdown tomorrow; mind, I am engaged."

"How delightful that will be!" cried Isabella, turning round. "My dearest
40 Catherine, I quite envy you; but I am afraid, brother, you will not have room for a third."

"A third indeed! No, no; I did not
45 come to Bath to drive my sisters about; that would be a good joke, faith! Morland must take care of you."

This brought on a dialogue of
50 civilities between the other two; but Catherine heard neither the particulars nor the result. Her companion's discourse now sunk from its hitherto animated pitch to nothing more than a
55 short decisive sentence of praise or condemnation on the face of every woman they met; and Catherine, after listening and agreeing as long as she could, with all the civility and
60 deference of the youthful female mind, fearful of hazarding an opinion of its own in opposition to that of a self-assured man, especially where the beauty of her own sex is concerned,
65 ventured at length to vary the subject

by a question which had been long uppermost in her thoughts; it was, "Have you ever read Udolpho, Mr. Thorpe?"

5

"Udolpho! Oh, Lord! Not I; I never read novels; I have something else to do."

10

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologize for her question, but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff; there has not been a tolerably decent one come out since Tom Jones, except *The Monk*; I read that t'other day; but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

20

"I think you must like Udolpho, if you were to read it; it is so very interesting."

25

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any, it shall be Mrs. Radcliffe's; her novels are amusing enough; they are worth reading; some fun and nature in them."

30

"Udolpho was written by Mrs. Radcliffe," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

35

"No sure; was it? Aye, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman they make such a fuss about, she who married the French emigrant."

40

"I suppose you mean Camilla?"

45

"Yes, that's the book; such unnatural stuff! An old man playing at see-saw, I took up the first volume once and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it: as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

55

"You had no loss, I assure you; it is the horridest nonsense you can imagine; there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul there is not."

60

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the

diffidence, self-doubt, self-distrust *lack of self-confidence* inseguridad, falta de confianza en uno mismo

rattle hacer sonar como una carraca ; batir o sacudir con ruido; desatinar, atolondrar, atarantar, aturdir, aturrullar, correr, proferir, articular rápidamente; (mar.) atar con rebenques. - v. *intr.* zurri(a), matraquear, rechinar, sonar, guachapear, zangolotearse, repiquetear; charlatanear, parlotear; (mec.) ratar, moverse o funcionar con ruido despacible: *to rattle away*, parlotear; rodar a distancia, haciendo ruido; *to rattle down* (mar.) arreglar los flechastes.
s. rechin(ad)o, rechinamiento, zumba, zurrido; sonajero, sonajillas, matraca; carraca; bramadera; cascabel del crótalo; parla, charla; (*in the throat*), estertor; *rattlebrained*, *rattle-headed*, *rattle-pated*, ligero de cascos, casquivano; volu-

feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of Camilla gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. 5 Thorpe, who had descried them from above, in the passage. "Ah, Mother! How do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand. "Where did you get that quiz of a hat? It makes you 10 look like an old witch. Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you, so you must look out for a couple of good beds somewhere near." And this address seemed to satisfy all the 15 fondest wishes of the mother's heart, for she received him with the most delighted and exulting affection. On his two younger sisters he then bestowed an equal portion of his 20 fraternal tenderness, for he asked each of them how they did, and observed that they both looked very ugly.

These manners did not please 25 Catherine; but he was James's friend and Isabella's brother; and her judgment was further bought off by Isabella's assuring her, when they withdrew to see the new hat, that John 30 thought her the most charming girl in the world, and by John's engaging her before they parted to dance with him that evening. Had she been older or vainer, such attacks might have done 35 little; but, where youth and diffidence are united, it requires uncommon steadiness of reason to resist the attraction of being called the most charming girl in the world, and of 40 being so very early engaged as a partner; and the consequence was that, when the two Morlands, after sitting an hour with the Thorpes, set off to walk together to Mr. Allen's, 45 and James, as the door was closed on them, said, "Well, Catherine, how do you like my friend Thorpe?" instead of answering, as she probably would have done, had there been no 50 friendship and no flattery in the case, "I do not like him at all," she directly replied, "I like him very much; he seems very agreeable."

55 "He is as good-natured a fellow as ever lived; a little of a **rattle**; but that will recommend him to your sex, I believe: and how do you like the rest of the family?"

60 "Very, very much indeed: Isabella particularly."

"I am very glad to hear you say so; 65 she is just the kind of young woman I

could wish to see you attached to; she has so much good sense, and is so thoroughly unaffected and amiable; I always wanted you to know her; and
 5 she seems very fond of you. She said the highest things in your praise that could possibly be; and the praise of such a girl as Miss Thorpe even you, Catherine," taking her hand with
 10 affection, "may be proud of."

"Indeed I am," she replied; "I love her exceedingly, and am delighted to find that you like her too. You hardly
 15 mentioned anything of her when you wrote to me after your visit there."

"Because I thought I should soon see you myself. I hope you will be a
 20 great deal together while you are in Bath. She is a most amiable girl; such a superior understanding! How fond all the family are of her; she is evidently the general favourite; and how much
 25 she must be admired in such a place as this — is not she?"

"Yes, very much indeed, I fancy; Mr. Allen thinks her the prettiest girl
 30 in Bath."

"I dare say he does; and I do not know any man who is a better judge of beauty than Mr. Allen. I need not ask
 35 you whether you are happy here, my dear Catherine; with such a companion and friend as Isabella Thorpe, it would be impossible for you to be otherwise; and the Allens, I am sure, are very kind
 40 to you?"

"Yes, very kind; I never was so happy before; and now you are come it will be more delightful than ever;
 45 how good it is of you to come so far on purpose to see me."

James accepted this tribute of gratitude, and qualified his conscience
 50 for accepting it too, by saying with perfect sincerity, "Indeed, Catherine, I love you dearly."

Inquiries and communications
 55 concerning brothers and sisters, the situation of some, the growth of the rest, and other family matters now passed between them, and continued, with only one small digression on
 60 James's part, in praise of Miss Thorpe, till they reached Pulteney Street, where he was welcomed with great kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, invited by the former to dine with them, and
 65 summoned by the latter to guess the

price and weigh the merits of a new
 muff and tippet. A pre-engagement in
 Edgar's Buildings prevented his
 accepting the invitation of one friend,
 5 and obliged him to hurry away as soon
 as he had satisfied the demands of the
 other. The time of the two parties
 uniting in the Octagon Room being
 correctly adjusted, Catherine was then
 10 left to the luxury of a raised, restless,
 and frightened imagination over the
 pages of Udolpho, lost from all worldly
 concerns of dressing and dinner,
 incapable of soothing Mrs. Allen's
 15 fears on the delay of an expected
 dressmaker, and having only one
 minute in sixty to bestow [grant] even
 on the reflection of her own felicity,
 in being already engaged for the
 20 evening.

25

30

Chapter 8

In spite of Udolpho and the
 dressmaker, however, the party from
 35 Pulteney Street reached the Upper
 Rooms in very good time. The Thorpes
 and James Morland were there only
 two minutes before them; and Isabella
 having gone through the usual
 40 ceremonial of meeting her friend with
 the most smiling and affectionate
 haste, of admiring the set of her gown,
 and envying the curl of her hair, they
 followed their chaperones, arm in arm,
 45 into the ballroom, whispering to each
 other whenever a thought occurred,
 and supplying the place of many ideas
 by a squeeze of the hand or a smile of
 affection.

50

The dancing began within a few
 minutes after they were seated; and
 James, who had been engaged quite as
 long as his sister, was very importunate
 55 with Isabella to stand up; but John was
 gone into the card-room to speak to a
 friend, and nothing, she declared,
 should induce her to join the set before
 her dear Catherine could join it too. "I
 60 assure you," said she, "I would not
 stand up without your dear sister for
 all the world; for if I did we should
 certainly be separated the whole
 evening." Catherine accepted this
 65 kindness with gratitude, and they

shame, loss of honor, deshonra, vergüenza, [no en infortunio, mala suerte o desgracia]
in disgrace having lost respect or reputation; out of favour.

disgrace y desgracia son dos mundos diferentes, porque *disgrace* se ha degradado para tomar un matiz moral negativo de deshonra, vergüenza [shame], ignominia, caída [downfall], mientras que *desgracia* ha mantenido el sentido original de misfortune [infortunio], tragedy, blow / setback [mala suerte], mishap [percance]; la expresión *desgracias personales* es *casualty*. De igual modo, *disgraced* significa desacreditado, deshonrado, mientras que *desgraciado* es unfortunate, unlucky, unhappy, pero a veces toma un matiz más negativo, como wretched, poor, y en algunas partes de América es un insulto serio, bastard [cabrón]. To *disgrace* traduce deshonrar, avergonzar, desacreditar, mientras que *desgraciar* es to damage, spoil, cripple [lisiarse].

disgraceful shameful, deshonrosa

continued as they were for three minutes longer, when Isabella, who had been talking to James on the other side of her, turned again to his sister and
 5 whispered, "My dear creature, I am afraid I must leave you, your brother is so amazingly impatient to begin; I know you will not mind my going away, and I dare say John will be back in a moment, and then you may easily find
 10 me out." Catherine, though a little disappointed, had too much good nature to make any opposition, and the others rising up, Isabella had only time
 15 to press her friend's hand and say, "Good-bye, my dear love," before they hurried off. The younger Miss Thorpes being also dancing, Catherine was left to the mercy of Mrs. Thorpe and Mrs.
 20 Allen, between whom she now remained. She could not help being vexed [angered] at the non-appearance of Mr. Thorpe, for she not only longed to be dancing, but was likewise aware
 25 that, as the real dignity of her situation could not be known, she was sharing with the scores of other young ladies still sitting down all the discredit of wanting a partner. To be **disgraced** in
 30 the eye of the world, to wear the appearance of infamy while her heart is all purity, her actions all innocence, and the misconduct of another the true source of her debasement, is one of
 35 those circumstances which peculiarly belong to the heroine's life, and her fortitude under it what particularly dignifies her character. Catherine had fortitude too; she suffered, but no
 40 murmur passed her lips.

From this state of humiliation, she was roused, at the end of ten minutes, to a pleasanter feeling, by seeing, not
 45 Mr. Thorpe, but Mr. Tilney, within three yards of the place where they sat; he seemed to be moving that way, but he did not see her, and therefore the smile and the blush, which his sudden
 50 reappearance raised in Catherine, passed away without sullyng her heroic importance. He looked as handsome and as lively as ever, and was talking with interest to a
 55 fashionable and pleasing-looking young woman, who leant on his arm, and whom Catherine immediately guessed to be his sister; thus unthinkingly throwing away a fair
 60 opportunity of considering him lost to her forever, by being married already. But guided only by what was simple and probable, it had never entered her head that Mr. Tilney could be married;
 65 he had not behaved, he had not talked,

like the married men to whom she had been used; he had never mentioned a wife, and he had acknowledged a sister. From these circumstances sprang the
 5 instant conclusion of his sister's now being by his side; and therefore, instead of turning of a deathlike paleness and falling in a fit on Mrs. Allen's bosom, Catherine sat erect, in
 10 the perfect use of her senses, and with cheeks only a little redder than usual.

Mr. Tilney and his companion, who continued, though slowly, to approach,
 15 were immediately preceded by a lady, an acquaintance of Mrs. Thorpe; and this lady stopping to speak to her, they, as belonging to her, stopped likewise, and Catherine, catching Mr. Tilney's
 20 eye, instantly received from him the smiling tribute of recognition. She returned it with pleasure, and then advancing still nearer, he spoke both to her and Mrs. Allen, by whom he was
 25 very civilly acknowledged. "I am very happy to see you again, sir, indeed; I was afraid you had left Bath." He thanked her for her fears, and said that he had quitted it for a week, on the very
 30 morning after his having had the pleasure of seeing her.

"Well, sir, and I dare say you are not sorry to be back again, for it is just
 35 the place for young people — and indeed for everybody else too. I tell Mr. Allen, when he talks of being sick of it, that I am sure he should not complain, for it is so very agreeable a
 40 place, that it is much better to be here than at home at this dull time of year. I tell him he is quite in luck to be sent here for his health."

45 "And I hope, madam, that Mr. Allen will be obliged to like the place, from finding it of service to him."

"Thank you, sir. I have no doubt
 50 that he will. A neighbour of ours, Dr. Skinner, was here for his health last winter, and came away quite stout."

"That circumstance must give great
 55 encouragement."

"Yes, sir — and Dr. Skinner and his family were here three months; so I tell Mr. Allen he must not be in a hurry to
 60 get away."

Here they were interrupted by a request from Mrs. Thorpe to Mrs. Allen, that she would move a little to
 65 accommodate Mrs. Hughes and Miss

Tilney with seats, as they had agreed to join their party. This was accordingly done, Mr. Tilney still continuing standing before them; and
 5 after a few minutes' consideration, he asked Catherine to dance with him. This compliment, delightful as it was, produced severe mortification to the lady; and in giving her denial, she
 10 expressed her sorrow on the occasion so very much as if she really felt it that had Thorpe, who joined her just afterwards, been half a minute earlier, he might have thought her sufferings
 15 rather too acute. The very easy manner in which he then told her that he had kept her waiting did not by any means reconcile her more to her lot; nor did the particulars which he entered into
 20 while they were standing up, of the horses and dogs of the friend whom he had just left, and of a proposed exchange of terriers between them, interest her so much as to prevent her
 25 looking very often towards that part of the room where she had left Mr. Tilney. Of her dear Isabella, to whom she particularly longed to point out that gentleman, she could see nothing. They
 30 were in different sets. She was separated from all her party, and away from all her acquaintance; one mortification succeeded another, and from the whole she deduced this useful
 35 lesson, that to go previously engaged to a ball does not necessarily increase either the dignity or enjoyment of a young lady. From such a moralizing strain as this, she was suddenly roused
 40 by a touch on the shoulder, and turning round, perceived Mrs. Hughes directly behind her, attended by Miss Tilney and a gentleman. "I beg your pardon, Miss Morland," said she, "for this
 45 liberty — but I cannot anyhow get to Miss Thorpe, and Mrs. Thorpe said she was sure you would not have the least objection to letting in this young lady by you." Mrs. Hughes could not have
 50 applied to any creature in the room more happy to oblige her than Catherine. The young ladies were introduced to each other, Miss Tilney expressing a proper sense of such
 55 goodness, Miss Morland with the real delicacy of a generous mind making light of the obligation; and Mrs. Hughes, satisfied with having so respectably settled her young charge,
 60 returned to her party.

Miss Tilney had a good figure, a pretty face, and a very agreeable countenance; and her air, though it had
 65 not all the decided pretension, the

resolute stylishness of Miss Thorpe's, had more real elegance. Her manners showed good sense and good breeding; they were neither shy nor affectedly
 5 open; and she seemed capable of being young, attractive, and at a ball without wanting to fix the attention of every man near her, and without exaggerated feelings of *ecstatic* [*very enthusiastic/*
 10 *sublime/extasiado*] delight or inconceivable vexation on every little trifling occurrence. Catherine, interested at once by her appearance and her relationship to Mr. Tilney, was
 15 desirous of being acquainted with her, and *readily* [*easily/willingly*] talked therefore whenever she could think of anything to say, and had courage and leisure for saying it. But the hindrance
 20 thrown in the way of a very speedy intimacy, by the frequent want of one or more of these requisites, prevented their doing more than going through the first rudiments of an acquaintance,
 25 by informing themselves how well the other liked Bath, how much she admired its buildings and surrounding country, whether she drew, or played, or sang, and whether she was fond of
 30 riding on horseback.

The two dances were scarcely concluded before Catherine found her arm gently seized by her faithful
 35 Isabella, who in great spirits exclaimed, "At last I have got you. My dearest creature, I have been looking for you this hour. What could induce you to come into this set, when you
 40 knew I was in the other? I have been quite wretched without you."

"My dear Isabella, how was it possible for me to get at you? I could
 45 not even see where you were."

"So I told your brother all the time — but he would not believe me. Do go and see for her, Mr. Morland, said I —
 50 but all in vain — he would not stir an inch. Was not it so, Mr. Morland? But you men are all so immoderately lazy! I have been scolding him to such a degree, my dear Catherine, you would
 55 be quite amazed. You know I never stand upon ceremony with such people."

"Look at that young lady with the
 60 white beads round her head," whispered Catherine, detaching her friend from James. "It is Mr. Tilney's sister."

65 "Oh! Heavens! You don't say so!

Let me look at her this moment. What a delightful girl! I never saw anything half so beautiful! But where is her all-conquering brother? Is he in the room?
 5 Point him out to me this instant, if he is. I die to see him. Mr. Morland, you are not to listen. We are not talking about you."

10 "But what is all this whispering about? What is going on?"

"There now, I knew how it would be. You men have such restless
 15 curiosity! Talk of the curiosity of women, indeed! 'Tis nothing. But be satisfied, for you are not to know anything at all of the matter."

20 "And is that likely to satisfy me, do you think?"

"Well, I declare I never knew anything like you. What can it signify
 25 to you, what we are talking of. Perhaps we are talking about you; therefore I would advise you not to listen, or you may happen to hear something not very agreeable."

30 In this commonplace chatter, which lasted some time, the original subject seemed entirely forgotten; and though Catherine was very well pleased to
 35 have it dropped for a while, she could not avoid a little suspicion at the total suspension of all Isabella's impatient desire to see Mr. Tilney. When the orchestra struck up a fresh dance,
 40 James would have led his fair partner away, but she resisted. "I tell you, Mr. Morland," she cried, "I would not do such a thing for all the world. How can you be so teasing; only conceive, my
 45 dear Catherine, what your brother wants me to do. He wants me to dance with him again, though I tell him that it is a most improper thing, and entirely against the rules. It would make us the
 50 talk of the place, if we were not to change partners."

"Upon my honour," said James, "in these public assemblies, it is as often
 55 done as not."

"Nonsense, how can you say so? But when you men have a point to carry, you never stick at anything. My
 60 sweet Catherine, do support me; persuade your brother how impossible it is. Tell him that it would quite shock you to see me do such a thing; now would not it?"

65

"No, not at all; but if you think it wrong, you had much better change."

"There," cried Isabella, "you hear
5 what your sister says, and yet you will
not mind her. Well, remember that it is
not my fault, if we set all the old ladies
in Bath in a bustle. Come along, my
dearest Catherine, for heaven's sake,
10 and stand by me." And off they went,
to regain their former place. John
Thorpe, in the meanwhile, had walked
away; and Catherine, ever willing to
give Mr. Tilney an opportunity of
15 repeating the agreeable request which
had already flattered her once, made
her way to Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Thorpe
as fast as she could, in the hope of
finding him still with them — a hope
20 which, when it proved to be fruitless,
she felt to have been highly
unreasonable. "Well, my dear," said
Mrs. Thorpe, impatient for praise of
her son, "I hope you have had an
25 agreeable partner."

"Very agreeable, madam."

"I am glad of it. John has charming
30 spirits, has not he?"

"Did you meet Mr. Tilney, my
dear?" said Mrs. Allen.

35 "No, where is he?"

"He was with us just now, and said
he was so tired of lounging about, that
he was resolved to go and dance; so I
40 thought perhaps he would ask you, if
he met with you."

"Where can he be?" said Catherine,
looking round; but she had not looked
45 round long before she saw him leading
a young lady to the dance.

"Ah! He has got a partner; I wish
he had asked you," said Mrs. Allen;
50 and after a short silence, she added,
"he is a very agreeable young man."

"Indeed he is, Mrs. Allen," said
Mrs. Thorpe, smiling complacently; "I
55 must say it, though I am his mother,
that there is not a more agreeable
young man in the world."

This inapplicable answer might
60 have been too much for the
comprehension of many; but it did not
puzzle Mrs. Allen, for after only a
moment's consideration, she said, in a
whisper to Catherine, "I dare say she
65 thought I was speaking of her son."

Catherine was disappointed and vexed [angered]. She seemed to have missed by so little the very object she
 5 had had in view; and this persuasion did not incline her to a very gracious reply, when John Thorpe came up to her soon afterwards and said, "Well, Miss Morland, I suppose you and I are
 10 to stand up and jig it together again."

"Oh, no; I am much obliged to you, our two dances are over; and, besides, I am tired, and do not mean to dance
 15 any more."

"Do not you? Then let us walk about and quiz people. Come along with me, and I will show you the four greatest
 20 quizzers in the room; my two younger sisters and their partners. I have been laughing at them this half hour."

Again Catherine excused herself; and at last he walked off to quiz his sisters by himself. The rest of the evening she found very dull; Mr. Tilney was drawn away from their party at tea, to attend that of his partner; Miss
 30 Tilney, though belonging to it, did not sit near her, and James and Isabella were so much engaged in conversing together that the latter had no leisure to bestow [grant] more on her friend
 35 than one smile, one squeeze, and one "dearest Catherine."

40

45

Chapter 9

The progress of Catherine's
 50 unhappiness from the events of the evening was as follows. It appeared first in a general dissatisfaction with everybody about her, while she remained in the rooms, which speedily
 55 brought on considerable weariness and a violent desire to go home. This, on arriving in Pulteney Street, took the direction of extraordinary hunger, and when that was appeased, changed into
 60 an earnest longing to be in bed; such was the extreme point of her distress; for when there she immediately fell into a sound sleep which lasted nine hours, and from which she awoke
 65 perfectly revived, in excellent spirits,

with fresh hopes and fresh schemes. The first wish of her heart was to improve her acquaintance with Miss Tilney, and almost her first **resolution**,
 5 to seek her for that purpose, in the pump-room at noon. In the pump-room, one so newly arrived in Bath must be met with, and that building she had already found so favourable for the
 10 discovery of female excellence, and the completion of female intimacy, so admirably adapted for secret discourses and unlimited confidence, that she was most reasonably
 15 encouraged to expect another friend from within its walls. Her plan for the morning thus settled, she sat quietly down to her book after breakfast, resolving to remain in the same place
 20 and the same employment till the clock struck one; and from habitude very little incommoded by the remarks and ejaculations of Mrs. Allen, whose vacancy of mind and incapacity for
 25 thinking were such, that as she never talked a great deal, so she could never be entirely silent; and, therefore, while she sat at her work, if she lost her needle or broke her thread, if she heard
 30 a carriage in the street, or saw a speck upon her gown, she must observe it aloud, whether there were anyone at leisure to answer her or not. At about half past twelve, a remarkably loud rap
 35 drew her in haste to the window, and scarcely had she time to inform Catherine of there being two open carriages at the door, in the first only a servant, her brother driving Miss
 40 Thorpe in the second, before John Thorpe came running upstairs, calling out, "Well, Miss Morland, here I am. Have you been waiting long? We could not come before; the old devil of a
 45 coachmaker was such an eternity finding out a thing fit to be got into, and now it is ten thousand to one but they break down before we are out of the street. How do you do, Mrs. Allen?
 50 A famous bag last night, was not it? Come, Miss Morland, be quick, for the others are in a confounded hurry to be off. They want to get their tumble over."

55 "What do you mean?" said Catherine. "Where are you all going to?"

60 "Going to? Why, you have not forgot our engagement! Did not we agree together to take a drive this morning? What a head you have! We are going up Claverton Down."

65

“Something was said about it, I remember,” said Catherine, looking at Mrs. Allen for her opinion; “but really I did not expect you.”

5

“Not expect me! That’s a good one! And what a dust you would have made, if I had not come.”

10 Catherine’s silent appeal to her friend, meanwhile, was entirely thrown away, for Mrs. Allen, not being at all in the habit of conveying any expression herself by a look, was not
15 aware of its being ever intended by anybody else; and Catherine, whose desire of seeing Miss Tilney again could at that moment bear a short delay in favour of a drive, and who thought
20 there could be no impropriety in her going with Mr. Thorpe, as Isabella was going at the same time with James, was therefore obliged to speak plainer. “Well, ma’am, what do you say to it?
25 Can you spare me for an hour or two? Shall I go?”

“Do just as you please, my dear,” replied Mrs. Allen, with the most
30 placid indifference. Catherine took the advice, and ran off to get ready. In a very few minutes she reappeared, having scarcely allowed the two others
35 **time enough** to get through a few short sentences in her praise, after Thorpe had procured Mrs. Allen’s admiration of his gig; and then receiving her friend’s parting good wishes, they both hurried downstairs. “My dearest
40 creature,” cried Isabella, to whom the duty of friendship immediately called her before she could get into the carriage, “you have been at least three hours getting ready. I was afraid you
45 were ill. What a delightful ball we had last night. I have a thousand things to say to you; but make haste and get in, for I long to be off.”

50 Catherine followed her orders and turned away, but not too soon to hear her friend exclaim aloud to James, “What a sweet girl she is! I quite dote
[idolatrar] on her.”

55

“You will not be frightened, Miss Morland,” said Thorpe, as he handed her in, “if my horse should dance about a little at first setting off. He will, most
60 likely, give a plunge or two, and perhaps take the rest for a minute; but he will soon know his master. He is full of spirits, playful as can be, but there is no vice in him.”

65

Catherine did not think the portrait a very inviting one, but it was too late to retreat, and she was too young to own herself frightened; so, resigning
 5 herself to her fate, and trusting to the animal's boasted knowledge of its owner, she sat peaceably down, and saw Thorpe sit down by her. Everything being then arranged, the
 10 servant who stood at the horse's head was bid in an important voice "to let him go," and off they went in the quietest manner imaginable, without a plunge or a caper, or anything like one.
 15 Catherine, delighted at so happy an escape, spoke her pleasure aloud with grateful surprise; and her companion immediately made the matter perfectly simple by assuring her that it was
 20 entirely owing to the peculiarly judicious manner in which he had then held the reins, and the singular discernment and dexterity with which he had directed his whip. Catherine,
 25 though she could not help wondering that with such perfect command of his horse, he should think it necessary to alarm her with a relation of its tricks, congratulated herself sincerely on
 30 being under the care of so excellent a coachman; and perceiving that the animal continued to go on in the same quiet manner, without showing the smallest propensity towards any
 35 unpleasant vivacity, and (considering its inevitable pace was ten miles an hour) by no means alarmingly fast, gave herself up to all the enjoyment of air and exercise of the most
 40 invigorating kind, in a fine mild day of February, with the consciousness of safety. A silence of several minutes succeeded their first short dialogue; it was broken by Thorpe's saying very
 45 abruptly, "Old Allen is as rich as a Jew — is not he?" Catherine did not understand him — and he repeated his question, adding in explanation, "Old Allen, the man you are with."

50 "Oh! Mr. Allen, you mean. Yes, I believe, he is very rich."

"And no children at all?"

55 "No — not any."

"A famous thing for his next heirs. He is your godfather, is not he?"

60 "My godfather! No."

"But you are always very much with them."

65

"Yes, very much."

"Aye, that is what I meant. He seems a good kind of old fellow
5 enough, and has lived very well in his time, I dare say; he is not gouty for nothing. Does he drink his bottle a day now?"

10 "His bottle a day! No. Why should you think of such a thing? He is a very temperate man, and you could not fancy him in liquor last night?"

15 "Lord help you! You women are always thinking of men's being in liquor. Why, you do not suppose a man is overset by a bottle? I am sure of this
20 — that if everybody was to drink their bottle a day, there would not be half the disorders in the world there are now. It would be a famous good thing for us all."

25 "I cannot believe it."

"Oh! Lord, it would be the saving of thousands. There is not the hundredth part of the wine consumed
30 in this kingdom that there ought to be. Our foggy climate wants help."

"And yet I have heard that there is a great deal of wine drunk in Oxford."

35 "Oxford! There is no drinking at Oxford now, I assure you. Nobody drinks there. You would hardly meet with a man who goes beyond his four
40 pints at the utmost. Now, for instance, it was reckoned a remarkable thing, at the last party in my rooms, that upon an average we cleared about five pints a head. It was looked upon as
45 something out of the common way. Mine is famous good stuff, to be sure. You would not often meet with anything like it in Oxford — and that may account for it. But this will just
50 give you a notion of the general rate of drinking there."

diffidence, self-doubt, self-distrust *lack of self-confidence* inseguridad, falta de confianza en uno mismo

commendation elogio, recomendación

"Yes, it does give a notion," said Catherine warmly, "and that is, that you
55 all drink a great deal more wine than I thought you did. However, I am sure James does not drink so much."

This declaration brought on a loud
60 and overpowering reply, of which no part was very distinct, except the frequent exclamations, amounting almost to oaths, which adorned it, and Catherine was left, when it ended, with
65 rather a strengthened belief of there

being a great deal of wine drunk in Oxford, and the same happy conviction of her brother's comparative sobriety.

5 Thorpe's ideas then all reverted to the merits of his own equipage, and she was called on to admire the spirit and freedom with which his horse moved along, and the ease which his paces, 10 as well as the excellence of the springs, gave the motion of the carriage. She followed him in all his admiration as well as she could. To go before or beyond him was impossible. His 15 knowledge and her ignorance of the subject, his rapidity of expression, and her **diffidence** of herself put that out of her power; she could strike out nothing new in **commendation**, but she 20 **readily [easily/willingly]** echoed whatever he chose to assert, and it was finally settled between them without any difficulty that his equipage was altogether the most complete of its 25 kind in England, his carriage the neatest, his horse the best goer, and himself the best coachman. "You do not really think, Mr. Thorpe," said Catherine, venturing after some time to 30 consider the matter as entirely decided, and to offer some little variation on the subject, "that James's gig will break down?"

35 "Break down! Oh! Lord! Did you ever see such a little tittuppy thing in your life? There is not a sound piece of iron about it. The wheels have been fairly worn out these ten years at least 40 — and as for the body! Upon my soul, you might shake it to pieces yourself with a touch. It is the most devilish little rickety business I ever beheld! Thank God! we have got a better. I 45 would not be bound to go two miles in it for fifty thousand pounds."

"Good heavens!" cried Catherine, quite frightened. "Then pray let us turn 50 back; they will certainly meet with an accident if we go on. Do let us turn back, Mr. Thorpe; stop and speak to my brother, and tell him how very unsafe it is."

55 "Unsafe! Oh, lord! What is there in that? They will only get a roll if it does break down; and there is plenty of dirt; it will be excellent falling. Oh, curse 60 it! The carriage is safe enough, if a man knows how to drive it; a thing of that sort in good hands will last above twenty years after it is fairly worn out. Lord bless you! I would undertake for 65 five pounds to drive it to York and back

again, without losing a nail."

Catherine listened with astonishment; she knew not how to
 5 reconcile two such very different
 accounts of the same thing; for she had
 not been brought up to understand the
 propensities of a rattle, nor to know to
 how many idle assertions and impudent
 10 falsehoods the excess of vanity will
 lead. Her own family were plain,
 matter-of-fact people who seldom
 aimed at wit of any kind; her father, at
 the utmost, being contented with a pun,
 15 and her mother with a proverb; they
 were not in the habit therefore of
 telling lies to increase their
 importance, or of asserting at one
 moment what they would contradict the
 20 next. She reflected on the affair for
 some time in much perplexity, and was
 more than once on the point of
 requesting from Mr. Thorpe a clearer
 insight into his real opinion on the
 25 subject; but she checked herself,
 because it appeared to her that he did
 not excel in giving those clearer
 insights, in making those things plain
 which he had before made ambiguous;
 30 and, joining to this, the consideration
 that he would not really suffer his sister
 and his friend to be exposed to a
 danger from which he might easily
 preserve them, she concluded at last
 35 that he must know the carriage to be in
 fact perfectly safe, and therefore would
 alarm herself no longer. By him the
 whole matter seemed entirely
 forgotten; and all the rest of his
 40 conversation, or rather talk, began and
 ended with himself and his own
 concerns. He told her of horses which
 he had bought for a trifle and sold for
 incredible sums; of racing matches, in
 45 which his judgment had infallibly
 foretold the winner; of shooting
 parties, in which he had killed more
 birds (though without having one good
 shot) than all his companions together;
 50 and described to her some famous
 day's sport, with the fox-hounds, in
 which his foresight and skill in
 directing the dogs had repaired the
 mistakes of the most experienced
 55 huntsman, and in which the boldness
 of his riding, though it had never
 endangered his own life for a moment,
 had been constantly leading others into
 difficulties, which he calmly concluded
 60 had broken the necks of many.

Little as Catherine was in the habit
 of judging for herself, and unfixed as
 were her general notions of what men
 65 ought to be, she could not entirely

exquisite traduce *exquisito*, como *perfecto, delicado, primoroso, fino* y, además, *agudo, vivo, intenso* [dolor, placer]. Por otra parte, *exquisito* se puede referir al gusto, y en este caso traduce **delicious**. Exquisiteness es *exquisitez*; *excelencia, delicadeza, primor* y, además, *intensidad, agudeza* [de dolor, placer].

exquisite 1 extremely beautiful or delicate. 2 acute; keenly felt (*exquisite pleasure*). 3 keen; highly sensitive or discriminating (*exquisite taste*). — *n.* a person of refined (esp. affected) tastes.

despondent *adj.* in low spirits, dejected. Abatido, **despondency** abatimiento, dejection=low spirits, desaliento

repress a doubt, while she bore with the effusions of his endless conceit, of his being altogether completely agreeable. It was a bold **surmise** 5 **[guess]**, for he was Isabella's brother; and she had been assured by James that his manners would recommend him to all her sex; but in spite of this, the extreme **weariness** of his company, 10 which crept over her before they had been out an hour, and which continued unceasingly to increase till they stopped in Pulteney Street again, induced her, in some small degree, to 15 resist such high authority, and to distrust his powers of giving universal pleasure.

When they arrived at Mrs. Allen's 20 door, the astonishment of Isabella was hardly to be expressed, on finding that it was too late in the day for them to attend her friend into the house: "Past three o'clock!" It was inconceivable, 25 incredible, impossible! And she would neither believe her own watch, nor her brother's, nor the servant's; she would believe no assurance of it founded on reason or reality, till Morland produced 30 his watch, and ascertained the fact; to have doubted a moment longer then would have been equally inconceivable, incredible, and impossible; and she could only protest, 35 over and over again, that no two hours and a half had ever gone off so swiftly before, as Catherine was called on to confirm; Catherine could not tell a falsehood even to please Isabella; but 40 the latter was spared the **misery** of her friend's dissenting voice, by not waiting for her answer. Her own feelings entirely engrossed her; her wretchedness was most acute on 45 finding herself obliged to go directly home. It was ages since she had had a moment's conversation with her dearest Catherine; and, though she had such thousands of things to say to her, 50 it appeared as if they were never to be together again; so, with snuffles of most exquisite **misery**, and the laughing eye of utter **despondency**, she bade her friend adieu and went on.

55 Catherine found Mrs. Allen just returned from all the busy idleness of the morning, and was immediately greeted with, "Well, my dear, here you 60 are," a truth which she had no greater inclination than power to dispute; "and I hope you have had a pleasant airing?"

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you; we could 65 not have had a nicer day."

“So Mrs. Thorpe said; she was vastly pleased at your all going.”

5 “You have seen Mrs. Thorpe, then?”

“Yes, I went to the pump-room as soon as you were gone, and there I met her, and we had a great deal of talk
10 together. She says there was hardly any veal to be got at market this morning, it is so uncommonly scarce.”

“Did you see anybody else of our
15 acquaintance?”

“Yes; we agreed to take a turn in the Crescent, and there we met Mrs. Hughes, and Mr. and Miss Tilney
20 walking with her.”

“Did you indeed? And did they speak to you?”

25 “Yes, we walked along the Crescent together for half an hour. They seem very agreeable people. Miss Tilney was in a very pretty spotted muslin, and I fancy, by what I can learn, that she
30 always dresses very handsomely. Mrs. Hughes talked to me a great deal about the family.”

“And what did she tell you of
35 them?”

“Oh! A vast deal indeed; she hardly talked of anything else.”

40 “Did she tell you what part of Gloucestershire they come from?”

“Yes, she did; but I cannot recollect now. But they are very good kind of
45 people, and very rich. Mrs. Tilney was a Miss Drummond, and she and Mrs. Hughes were schoolfellows; and Miss Drummond had a very large fortune; and, when she married, her father gave
50 her twenty thousand pounds, and five hundred to buy wedding-clothes. Mrs. Hughes saw all the clothes after they came from the warehouse.”

55 “And are Mr. and Mrs. Tilney in Bath?”

“Yes, I fancy they are, but I am not quite certain. Upon recollection,
60 however, I have a notion they are both dead; at least the mother is; yes, I am sure Mrs. Tilney is dead, because Mrs. Hughes told me there was a very beautiful set of pearls that Mr.
65 Drummond gave his daughter on her

wedding-day and that Miss Tilney has got now, for they were put by for her when her mother died.”

5 “And is Mr. Tilney, my partner, the only son?”

“I cannot be quite positive about that, my dear; I have some idea he is; 10 but, however, he is a very fine young man, Mrs. Hughes says, and likely to do very well.”

Catherine inquired no further; she 15 had heard enough to feel that Mrs. Allen had no real intelligence to give, and that she was most particularly unfortunate herself in having missed such a meeting with both brother and 20 sister. Could she have foreseen such a circumstance, nothing should have persuaded her to go out with the others; and, as it was, she could only lament her ill luck, and think over what she 25 had lost, till it was clear to her that the drive had by no means been very pleasant and that John Thorpe himself was quite disagreeable.

30

35

Chapter 10

40

The Allens, Thorpes, and Morlands all met in the evening at the theatre; and, as Catherine and Isabella sat together, there was then an opportunity 45 for the latter to utter some few of the many thousand things which had been collecting within her for communication in the immeasurable length of time which had divided them. 50 “Oh, heavens! My beloved Catherine, have I got you at last?” was her address on Catherine’s entering the box and sitting by her. “Now, Mr. Morland,” for he was close to her on the other side, 55 “I shall not speak another word to you all the rest of the evening; so I charge you not to expect it. My sweetest Catherine, how have you been this long age? But I need not ask you, for you 60 look delightfully. You really have done your hair in a more heavenly style than ever; you mischievous creature, do you want to attract everybody? I assure you, my brother is quite in love with 65 you already; and as for Mr. Tilney —

but that is a settled thing — even your modesty cannot doubt his attachment now; his coming back to Bath makes it too plain. Oh! What would not I give
 5 to see him! I really am quite wild with impatience. My mother says he is the most delightful young man in the world; she saw him this morning, you know; you must introduce him to me.
 10 Is he in the house now? Look about, for heaven's sake! I assure you, I can hardly exist till I see him."

"No," said Catherine, "he is not
 15 here; I cannot see him anywhere."

"Oh, horrid! Am I never to be acquainted with him? How do you like my gown? I think it does not look
 20 amiss; the sleeves were entirely my own thought. Do you know, I get so immoderately sick of Bath; your brother and I were agreeing this morning that, though it is vastly well
 25 to be here for a few weeks, we would not live here for millions. We soon found out that our tastes were exactly alike in preferring the country to every other place; really, our opinions were
 30 so exactly the same, it was quite ridiculous! There was not a single point in which we differed; I would not have had you by for the world; you are such a sly [astuto/malicioso] thing, I am
 35 sure you would have made some **droll** remark or other about it."

"No, indeed I should not."

40 "Oh, yes you would indeed; I know you better than you know yourself. You would have told us that we seemed born for each other, or some nonsense of that kind, which would have
 45 distressed me beyond conception; my cheeks would have been as red as your roses; I would not have had you by for the world."

50 "Indeed you do me injustice; I would not have made so improper a remark upon any account; and besides, I am sure it would never have entered my head."

55 Isabella smiled incredulously and talked the rest of the evening to James.

Catherine's **resolution** of
 60 endeavouring to meet Miss Tilney again continued in full force the next morning; and till the usual moment of going to the pump-room, she felt some alarm from the dread of a second
 65 prevention. But nothing of that kind

occurred, no visitors appeared to delay them, and they all three set off in good time for the pump-room, where the ordinary course of events and
5 conversation took place; Mr. Allen, after drinking his glass of water, joined some gentlemen to talk over the politics of the day and compare the accounts of their newspapers; and the
10 ladies walked about together, noticing every new face, and almost every new bonnet in the room. The female part of the Thorpe family, attended by James Morland, appeared among the crowd in
15 less than a quarter of an hour, and Catherine immediately took her usual place by the side of her friend. James, who was now in constant attendance, maintained a similar position, and
20 separating themselves from the rest of their party, they walked in that manner for some time, till Catherine began to doubt the happiness of a situation which, confining her entirely to her
25 friend and brother, gave her very little share in the notice of either. They were always engaged in some sentimental discussion or lively dispute, but their sentiment was conveyed in such
30 whispering voices, and their vivacity attended with so much laughter, that though Catherine's supporting opinion was not unfrequently called for by one or the other, she was never able to give
35 any, from not having heard a word of the subject. At length however she was empowered to disengage herself from her friend, by the avowed necessity of speaking to Miss Tilney, whom she
40 most joyfully saw just entering the room with Mrs. Hughes, and whom she instantly joined, with a firmer determination to be acquainted, than she might have had courage to
45 command, had she not been urged by the disappointment of the day before. Miss Tilney met her with great civility, returned her advances with equal goodwill, and they continued talking
50 together as long as both parties remained in the room; and though in all probability not an observation was made, nor an expression used by either which had not been made and used
55 some thousands of times before, under that roof, in every Bath season, yet the merit of their being spoken with simplicity and truth, and without personal conceit, might be something
60 uncommon.

“How well your brother dances!” was an artless exclamation of Catherine's towards the close of their
65 conversation, which at once surprised

and amused her companion.

“Henry!” she replied with a smile.
“Yes, he does dance very well.”

5

“He must have thought it very odd to hear me say I was engaged the other evening, when he saw me sitting down. But I really had been engaged the whole day to Mr. Thorpe.” Miss Tilney could only bow. “You cannot think,” added Catherine after a moment’s silence, “how surprised I was to see him again. I felt so sure of his being quite gone away.”

“When Henry had the pleasure of seeing you before, he was in Bath but for a couple of days. He came only to engage lodgings for us.”

“That never occurred to me; and of course, not seeing him anywhere, I thought he must be gone. Was not the young lady he danced with on Monday a Miss Smith?”

“Yes, an acquaintance of Mrs. Hughes.”

30

“I dare say she was very glad to dance. Do you think her pretty?”

“Not very.”

35

“He never comes to the pump-room, I suppose?”

“Yes, sometimes; but he has rid out this morning with my father.”

Mrs. Hughes now joined them, and asked Miss Tilney if she was ready to go. “I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again soon,” said Catherine. “Shall you be at the cotillion ball tomorrow?”

“Perhaps we — Yes, I think we certainly shall.”

50

“I am glad of it, for we shall all be there.” This civility was duly returned; and they parted — on Miss Tilney’s side with some knowledge of her new acquaintance’s feelings, and on Catherine’s, without the smallest consciousness of having explained them.

60

She went home very happy. The morning had answered all her hopes, and the evening of the following day was now the object of expectation, the future good. What gown and what

solicitude traduce *solicitud*, como *cuidado, afán, ansiedad*, pero *solicitud* es la voz común para **request, application** [para trabajos, cheques], y **solicitous** traduce *solicito*, como *diligente, deseoso, gustoso*, pero a veces rebaja su significado a *inquieto, aprensivo, receloso, molesto*.

solicitous ansioso, aprensivo, atento, esmerado, receloso, *solicito*=diligente, cuidadoso, diligente [pronto, presto, activo], cuidadoso, gustoso, inquieto, aprensivo, receloso

solicitude n. 1 the state of being solicitous; solicitous behaviour. 2 anxiety or concern. Cuidado, afán, ansiedad, solicitousness, a feeling of excessive concern, preocupación, ansiedad, atención

head-dress she should wear on the occasion became her chief concern. She cannot be justified in it. Dress is at all times a frivolous distinction, and excessive **solicitude** about it often destroys its own aim. Catherine knew all this very well; her great aunt had read her a lecture on the subject only the Christmas before; and yet she lay awake ten minutes on Wednesday night debating between her spotted and her tamboured muslin, and nothing but the shortness of the time prevented her buying a new one for the evening. This would have been an error in judgment, great though not uncommon, from which one of the other sex rather than her own, a brother rather than a great aunt, might have warned her, for man only can be aware of the insensibility of man towards a new gown. It would be mortifying to the feelings of many ladies, could they be made to understand how little the heart of man is affected by what is costly or new in their attire; how little it is biased by the texture of their muslin, and how unsusceptible of *peculiar [odd, queer]* tenderness towards the spotted, the sprigged, the mull, or the jackonet. Woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone. No man will admire her the more, no woman will like her the better for it. Neatness and fashion are enough for the former, and a something of shabbiness or impropriety will be most endearing to the latter. But not one of these grave reflections troubled the tranquillity of Catherine.

40 She entered the rooms on Thursday evening with feelings very different from what had attended her thither the Monday before. She had then been 45 exulting in her engagement to Thorpe, and was now chiefly anxious to avoid his sight, lest he should engage her again; for though she could not, dared not expect that Mr. Tilney should ask 50 her a third time to dance, her wishes, hopes, and plans all centred in nothing less. Every young lady may feel for my heroine in this critical moment, for every young lady has at some time or 55 other known the same agitation. All have been, or at least all have believed themselves to be, in danger from the pursuit of someone whom they wished to avoid; and all have been anxious for 60 the attentions of someone whom they wished to please. As soon as they were joined by the Thorpes, Catherine's agony began; she fidgeted about if John Thorpe came towards her, hid 65 herself as much as possible from his

view, and when he spoke to her pretended not to hear him. The cotillions were over, the country-dancing beginning, and she saw
5 nothing of the Tilneys.

“Do not be frightened, my dear Catherine,” whispered Isabella, “but I am really going to dance with your
10 brother again. I declare positively it is quite shocking. I tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself, but you and John must keep us in countenance. Make haste, my dear creature, and
15 come to us. John is just walked off, but he will be back in a moment.”

Catherine had neither time nor inclination to answer. The others
20 walked away, John Thorpe was still in view, and she gave herself up for lost. That she might not appear, however, to observe or expect him, she kept her eyes intently fixed on her fan; and a
25 self-condemnation for her folly, in supposing that among such a crowd they should even meet with the Tilneys in any reasonable time, had just passed through her mind, when she suddenly
30 found herself addressed and again solicited to dance, by Mr. Tilney himself. With what sparkling eyes and ready motion she granted his request, and with how pleasing a flutter of heart
35 she went with him to the set, may be easily imagined. To escape, and, as she believed, so narrowly escape John Thorpe, and to be asked, so immediately on his joining her, asked
40 by Mr. Tilney, as if he had sought her on purpose! — it did not appear to her that life could supply any greater felicity.

45 Scarcely had they worked themselves into the quiet possession of a place, however, when her attention was claimed by John Thorpe, who stood behind her. “Heyday, Miss
50 Morland!” said he. “What is the meaning of this? I thought you and I were to dance together.”

“I wonder you should think so, for
55 you never asked me.”

“That is a good one, by Jove! I asked you as soon as I came into the room, and I was just going to ask you
60 again, but when I turned round, you were gone! This is a cursed shabby trick! I only came for the sake of dancing with you, and I firmly believe you were engaged to me ever since
65 Monday. Yes; I remember, I asked you

while you were waiting in the lobby for your cloak. And here have I been telling all my acquaintance that I was going to dance with the prettiest girl
5 in the room; and when they see you standing up with somebody else, they will quiz me famously."

"Oh, no; they will never think of
10 me, after such a description as that."

"By heavens, if they do not, I will kick them out of the room for blockheads. What chap have you
15 there?" Catherine satisfied his curiosity. "Tilney," he repeated. "Hum — I do not know him. A good figure of a man; well put together. Does he want a horse? Here is a friend of mine, Sam
20 Fletcher, has got one to sell that would suit anybody. A famous clever animal for the road — only forty guineas. I had fifty minds to buy it myself, for it is one of my maxims always to buy a
25 good horse when I meet with one; but it would not answer my purpose, it would not do for the field. I would give any money for a real good hunter. I have three now, the best that ever were
30 backed. I would not take eight hundred guineas for them. Fletcher and I mean to get a house in Leicestershire, against the next season. It is so d — uncomfortable, living at an inn."

35 This was the last sentence by which he could weary Catherine's attention, for he was just then borne off by the resistless pressure of a long string of
40 passing ladies. Her partner now drew near, and said, "That gentleman would have put me out of patience, had he stayed with you half a minute longer. He has no business to withdraw the
45 attention of my partner from me. We have entered into a contract of mutual agreeableness for the space of an evening, and all our agreeableness belongs solely to each other for that
50 time. Nobody can fasten themselves on the notice of one, without injuring the rights of the other. I consider a country-dance as an emblem of marriage. Fidelity and complaisance
55 are the principal duties of both; and those men who do not choose to dance or marry themselves, have no business with the partners or wives of their neighbours."

60 "But they are such very different things!"

" — That you think they cannot be
65 compared together."

“To be sure not. People that marry
can never part, but must go and keep
house together. People that dance only
5 stand opposite each other in a long
room for half an hour.”

“And such is your definition of
matrimony and dancing. Taken in that
10 light certainly, their resemblance is not
striking; but I think I could place them
in such a view. You will allow, that in
both, man has the advantage of choice,
woman only the power of refusal; that
15 in both, it is an engagement between
man and woman, formed for the
advantage of each; and that when once
entered into, they belong exclusively
to each other till the moment of its
20 dissolution; that it is their duty, each
to endeavour to give the other no cause
for wishing that he or she had bestowed
themselves elsewhere, and their best
interest to keep their own imaginations
25 from wandering towards the
perfections of their neighbours, or
fancying that they should have been
better off with anyone else. You will
allow all this?”

30
“Yes, to be sure, as you state it, all
this sounds very well; but still they are
so very different. I cannot look upon
them at all in the same light, nor think
35 the same duties belong to them.”

“In one respect, there certainly is a
difference. In marriage, the man is
supposed to provide for the support of
40 the woman, the woman to make the
home agreeable to the man; he is to
purvey, and she is to smile. But in
dancing, their duties are exactly
changed; the agreeableness, the
45 compliance are expected from him,
while she furnishes the fan and the
lavender water. That, I suppose, was
the difference of duties which struck
you, as rendering the conditions
50 incapable of comparison.”

“No, indeed, I never thought of
that.”

55 “Then I am quite at a loss. One
thing, however, I must observe. This
disposition on your side is rather
alarming. You totally disallow any
similarity in the obligations; and may
60 I not thence infer that your notions of
the duties of the dancing state are not
so strict as your partner might wish?
Have I not reason to fear that if the
gentleman who spoke to you just now
65 were to return, or if any other

gentleman were to address you, there would be nothing to restrain you from conversing with him as long as you chose?"

5

"Mr. Thorpe is such a very particular friend of my brother's, that if he talks to me, I must talk to him again; but there are hardly three young men in the room besides him that I have any acquaintance with."

"And is that to be my only security? Alas, alas!"

15

"Nay, I am sure you cannot have a better; for if I do not know anybody, it is impossible for me to talk to them; and, besides, I do not want to talk to anybody."

"Now you have given me a security worth having; and I shall proceed with courage. Do you find Bath as agreeable as when I had the honour of making the inquiry before?"

"Yes, quite — more so, indeed."

30 "More so! Take care, or you will forget to be tired of it at the proper time. You ought to be tired at the end of six weeks."

35 "I do not think I should be tired, if I were to stay here six months."

"Bath, compared with London, has little variety, and so everybody finds out every year. 'For six weeks, I allow Bath is pleasant enough; but beyond that, it is the most tiresome place in the world.' You would be told so by people of all descriptions, who come regularly every winter, lengthen their six weeks into ten or twelve, and go away at last because they can afford to stay no longer."

50 "Well, other people must judge for themselves, and those who go to London may think nothing of Bath. But I, who live in a small retired village in the country, can never find greater sameness in such a place as this than in my own home; for here are a variety of amusements, a variety of things to be seen and done all day long, which I can know nothing of there."

60

"You are not fond of the country."

"Yes, I am. I have always lived there, and always been very happy. But certainly there is much more sameness

in a country life than in a Bath life. One day in the country is exactly like another."

5 "But then you spend your time so much more rationally in the country."

"Do I?"

10 "Do you not?"

"I do not believe there is much difference."

15 "Here you are in pursuit only of amusement all day long."

"And so I am at home — only I do not find so much of it. I walk about
20 here, and so I do there; but here I see a variety of people in every street, and there I can only go and call on Mrs. Allen."

25 Mr. Tilney was very much amused.

"Only go and call on Mrs. Allen!" he repeated. "What a picture of intellectual poverty! However, when
30 you sink into this abyss again, you will have more to say. You will be able to talk of Bath, and of all that you did here."

35 "Oh! Yes. I shall never be in want of something to talk of again to Mrs. Allen, or anybody else. I really believe I shall always be talking of Bath, when I am at home again — I do like it so
40 very much. If I could but have Papa and Mamma, and the rest of them here, I suppose I should be too happy! James's coming (my eldest brother) is quite delightful — and especially as it turns
45 out that the very family we are just got so intimate with are his intimate friends already. Oh! Who can ever be tired of Bath?"

50 "Not those who bring such fresh feelings of every sort to it as you do. But papas and mammas, and brothers, and intimate friends are a good deal gone by, to most of the frequenters of
55 Bath — and the honest relish of balls and plays, and everyday sights, is past with them." Here their conversation closed, the demands of the dance becoming now too importunate for a
60 divided attention.

Soon after their reaching the bottom of the set, Catherine perceived herself to be earnestly regarded by a
65 gentleman who stood among the

lookers-on, immediately behind her partner. He was a very handsome man, of a commanding aspect, past the bloom, but not past the vigour of life; 5 and with his eye still directed towards her, she saw him presently address Mr. Tilney in a familiar whisper. Confused by his notice, and blushing from the fear of its being excited by something 10 wrong in her appearance, she turned away her head. But while she did so, the gentleman retreated, and her partner, coming nearer, said, "I see that you guess what I have just been asked. 15 That gentleman knows your name, and you have a right to know his. It is General Tilney, my father."

Catherine's answer was only "Oh!" 20 — but it was an "Oh!" expressing everything needful: attention to his words, and perfect reliance on their truth. With real interest and strong admiration did her eye now follow the 25 general, as he moved through the crowd, and "How handsome a family they are!" was her secret remark.

In chatting with Miss Tilney before 30 the evening concluded, a new source of felicity arose to her. She had never taken a country walk since her arrival in Bath. Miss Tilney, to whom all the commonly frequented environs were 35 familiar, spoke of them in terms which made her all eagerness to know them too; and on her openly fearing that she might find nobody to go with her, it was proposed by the brother and sister 40 that they should join in a walk, some morning or other. "I shall like it," she cried, "beyond anything in the world; and do not let us put it off — let us go tomorrow." This was readily [easily/
45 willingly] agreed to, with only a proviso of Miss Tilney's, that it did not rain, which Catherine was sure it would not. At twelve o'clock, they were to call for her in Pulteney Street; and 50 "Remember — twelve o'clock," was her parting speech to her new friend. Of her other, her older, her more established friend, Isabella, of whose fidelity and worth she had enjoyed a 55 fortnight's experience, she scarcely saw anything during the evening. Yet, though longing to make her acquainted with her happiness, she cheerfully submitted to the wish of Mr. Allen, 60 which took them rather early away, and her spirits danced within her, as she danced in her chair all the way home.

Chapter 11

sober *adj.* & *n.* 1 not affected by alcohol, *sobrio*. 2 10
not given to excessive drinking of alcohol. 3
moderate, well-balanced, tranquil, sedate, serio,
formal, sensato, sereno. 4 not fanciful or
exaggerated (*the sober truth*). 5 (of a colour etc.)
quiet and inconspicuous, *discreto*.
— *v.tr.* & *intr.* 1 (often foll. by *down*, *up*) make or
become sober or less wild, reckless, enthusiastic,
visionary, etc. (*a sobering thought*). 2 *Decir con*
seriedad

The morrow brought a very **sober-**
looking morning, the sun making only
a few efforts to appear, and Catherine
augured from it everything most
favourable to her wishes. A bright
15 morning so early in the year, she
allowed, would generally turn to rain,
but a cloudy one foretold improvement
as the day advanced. She applied to
Mr. Allen for confirmation of her
20 hopes, but Mr. Allen, not having his
own skies and barometer about him,
declined giving any absolute promise
of sunshine. She applied to Mrs. Allen,
and Mrs. Allen's opinion was more
25 positive. "She had no doubt in the
world of its being a very fine day, if
the clouds would only go off, and the
sun keep out."

30 At about eleven o'clock, however,
a few specks of small rain upon the
windows caught Catherine's watchful
eye, and "Oh! dear, I do believe it will
be wet," broke from her in a most
35 desponding tone.

"I thought how it would be," said
Mrs. Allen.

40 "No walk for me today," sighed
Catherine; "but perhaps it may come
to nothing, or it may hold up before
twelve."

45 "Perhaps it may, but then, my dear,
it will be so dirty."

"Oh! That will not signify; I never
mind dirt."

50 "No," replied her friend very
placidly, "I know you never mind dirt."

After a short pause, "It comes on
55 faster and faster!" said Catherine, as
she stood watching at a window.

"So it does indeed. If it keeps
raining, the streets will be very wet."

60 "There are four umbrellas up
already. How I hate the sight of an
umbrella!"

65 "They are disagreeable things to

carry. I would much rather take a chair at any time."

"It was such a nice-looking morning! I felt so convinced it would be dry!"

"Anybody would have thought so indeed. There will be very few people in the pump-room, if it rains all the morning. I hope Mr. Allen will put on his greatcoat when he goes, but I dare say he will not, for he had rather do anything in the world than walk out in a greatcoat; I wonder he should dislike it, it must be so **comfortable**."

The rain continued — fast, though not heavy. Catherine went every five minutes to the clock, threatening on each return that, if it still kept on raining another five minutes, she would give up the matter as hopeless. The clock struck twelve, and it still rained. "You will not be able to go, my dear."

"I do not quite despair yet. I shall not give it up till a quarter after twelve. This is just the time of day for it to clear up, and I do think it looks a little lighter. There, it is twenty minutes after twelve, and now I shall give it up entirely. Oh! That we had such weather here as they had at Udolpho, or at least in Tuscany and the south of France! — the night that poor St. Aubin died! — such beautiful weather!"

At half past twelve, when Catherine's anxious attention to the weather was over and she could no longer claim any merit from its amendment, the sky began voluntarily to clear. A gleam of sunshine took her quite by surprise; she looked round; the clouds were parting, and she instantly returned to the window to watch over and encourage the happy appearance. Ten minutes more made it certain that a bright afternoon would succeed, and justified the opinion of Mrs. Allen, who had "always thought it would clear up." But whether Catherine might still expect her friends, whether there had not been too much rain for Miss Tilney to venture, must yet be a question.

It was too dirty for Mrs. Allen to accompany her husband to the pump-room; he accordingly set off by himself, and Catherine had barely watched him down the street when her notice was claimed by the approach of the same two open carriages,

containing the same three people that had surprised her so much a few mornings back.

5 “Isabella, my brother, and Mr. Thorpe, I declare! They are coming for me perhaps — but I shall not go — I cannot go indeed, for you know Miss Tilney may still call.” Mrs. Allen
10 agreed to it. John Thorpe was soon with them, and his voice was with them yet sooner, for on the stairs he was calling out to Miss Morland to be quick. “Make haste! Make haste!” as
15 he threw open the door. “Put on your hat this moment — there is no time to be lost — we are going to Bristol. How d’ye do, Mrs. Allen?”

20 “To Bristol! Is not that a great way off? But, however, I cannot go with you today, because I am engaged; I expect some friends every moment.” This was of course vehemently talked down as
25 no reason at all; Mrs. Allen was called on to second him, and the two others walked in, to give their assistance. “My sweetest Catherine, is not this delightful? We shall have a most
30 heavenly drive. You are to thank your brother and me for the scheme; it darted into our heads at breakfast-time, I verily believe at the same instant; and we should have been off two hours ago
35 if it had not been for this detestable rain. But it does not signify, the nights are moonlight, and we shall do delightfully. Oh! I am in such ecstasies at the thoughts of a little country air
40 and quiet! So much better than going to the Lower Rooms. We shall drive directly to Clifton and dine there; and, as soon as dinner is over, if there is time for it, go on to Kingsweston.”

45 “I doubt our being able to do so much,” said Morland.

50 “You croaking fellow!” cried Thorpe. “We shall be able to do ten times more. Kingsweston! Aye, and Blaize Castle too, and anything else we can hear of; but here is your sister says she will not go.”

55 “Blaize Castle!” cried Catherine. “What is that?”

60 “The finest place in England — worth going fifty miles at any time to see.”

“What, is it really a castle, an old castle?”

65

"The oldest in the kingdom."

"But is it like what one reads of?"

5 "Exactly — the very same."

"But now really — are there towers
and long galleries?"

10 "By dozens."

"Then I should like to see it; but I
cannot — I cannot go.

15 "Not go! My beloved creature, what
do you mean'?"

"I cannot go, because" — looking
down as she spoke, fearful of Isabella's
20 smile — "I expect Miss Tilney and her
brother to call on me to take a country
walk. They promised to come at
twelve, only it rained; but now, as it is
so fine, I dare say they will be here
25 soon."

by and by, con el tiempo

"Not they indeed," cried Thorpe;
"for, as we turned into Broad Street, I
saw them — does he not drive a
30 phaeton with bright chestnuts?"

"I do not know indeed."

"Yes, I know he does; I saw him.
35 You are talking of the man you danced
with last night, are not you?"

"Yes.

40 "Well, I saw him at that moment
turn up the Lansdown Road, driving a
smart-looking girl."

"Did you indeed?"

45 "Did upon my soul; knew him again
directly, and he seemed to have got
some very pretty cattle too."

50 "It is very odd! But I suppose they
thought it would be too dirty for a
walk."

"And well they might, for I never
55 saw so much dirt in my life. Walk! You
could no more walk than you could fly!
It has not been so dirty the whole
winter; it is ankle-deep everywhere."

60 Isabella corroborated it: "My
dearest Catherine, you cannot form an
idea of the dirt; come, you must go;
you cannot refuse going now."

65 "I should like to see the castle; but

may we go all over it? May we go up every staircase, and into every suite of rooms?"

5 "Yes, yes, every hole and corner."

"But then, if they should only be gone out for an hour till it is dryer, and call **by and by**?"

10 "Make yourself easy, there is no danger of that, for I heard Tilney hallooing to a man who was just passing by on horseback, that they
15 were going as far as Wick Rocks."

"Then I will. Shall I go, Mrs. Allen?"

20 "Just as you please, my dear."

"Mrs. Allen, you must persuade her to go," was the general cry. Mrs. Allen was not inattentive to it: "Well, my
25 dear," said she, "suppose you go." And in two minutes they were off.

Catherine's feelings, as she got into the carriage, were in a very unsettled
30 state; divided between regret for the loss of one great pleasure, and the hope of soon enjoying another, almost its equal in degree, however unlike in kind. She could not think the Tilneys
35 had acted quite well by her, in so **readily [easily/willingly]** giving up their engagement, without sending her any message of excuse. It was now but
40 the beginning of their walk; and, in spite of what she had heard of the prodigious accumulation of dirt in the course of that hour, she could not from her own observation help thinking that
45 they might have gone with very little **inconvenience**. To feel herself **slighted** by them was very painful. On the other hand, the delight of exploring an edifice like Udolpho, as her fancy
50 represented Blaize Castle to be, was such a counterpoise of good as might console her for almost anything.

inconvenience no es *inconveniencia*, sino *molestia, estorbo, inconveniente, incomodidad*, mientras que *inconveniencia* es **impropriety, inadvisability, unsuitability, rude remark [disparate], impoliteness**. Como adjetivo, **inconvenient** traduce *molesto, incómodo / difícil, inoportuno / mal escogido [tiempo], poco práctico [arreglo]*, mientras que *inconveniente* es **unsuitable, improper / impolite, inadvisable, rude / coarse [grosero]**; por otra parte, *inconveniente* es un sustantivo para **objection, disadvice, obstacle / difficulty / trouble**. El verbo **to inconvenience** es molestar, estorbar. **To mind / be all right** = *tener inconveniente*. **To have no objection** = *no tener inconveniente*. **Excuse the inconvenience** = *disculpe la molestia*.

They passed briskly down Pulteney
55 Street, and through Laura Place, without the exchange of many words. Thorpe talked to his horse, and she meditated, by turns, on broken promises and broken arches, phaetons
60 and false hangings, Tilneys and trapdoors. As they entered Argyle Buildings, however, she was roused by this address from her companion, "Who is that girl who looked at you so
65 hard as she went by?"

“Who? Where?”

“On the right-hand pavement — she
 5 must be almost out of sight now.”
 Catherine looked round and saw Miss
 Tilney leaning on her brother’s arm,
 walking slowly down the street. She
 saw them both looking back at her.
 10 “Stop, stop, Mr. Thorpe,” she
 impatiently cried; “it is Miss Tilney;
 it is indeed. How could you tell me they
 were gone? Stop, stop, I will get out
 this moment and go to them.” But to
 15 what purpose did she speak? Thorpe
 only lashed his horse into a brisker
 trot; the Tilneys, who had soon ceased
 to look after her, were in a moment out
 of sight round the corner of Laura
 20 Place, and in another moment she was
 herself whisked into the marketplace.
 Still, however, and during the length
 of another street, she entreated
 [besought] him to stop. “Pray, pray
 25 stop, Mr. Thorpe. I cannot go on. I will
 not go on. I must go back to Miss
 Tilney.” But Mr. Thorpe only laughed,
 smacked his whip, encouraged his
 horse, made odd noises, and drove on;
 30 and Catherine, angry and **vexed**
 [angered] as she was, having no power
 of getting away, was obliged to give up
 the point and submit. Her reproaches,
 however, were not spared. “How could
 35 you deceive me so, Mr. Thorpe? How
 could you say that you saw them
 driving up the Lansdown Road? I
 would not have had it happen so for
 the world. They must think it so
 40 strange, so rude of me! To go by them,
 too, without saying a word! You do not
 know how **vexed** [angered] I am; I shall
 have no pleasure at Clifton, nor in
 anything else. I had rather, ten
 45 thousand times rather, get out now, and
 walk back to them. How could you say
 you saw them driving out in a
 phaeton?” Thorpe defended himself
 very stoutly, declared he had never
 50 seen two men so much alike in his life,
 and would hardly give up the point of
 its having been Tilney himself.

Their drive, even when this subject
 55 was over, was not likely to be very
 agreeable. Catherine’s complaisance
 was no longer what it had been in their
 former airing. She listened reluctantly,
 and her replies were short. Blaize
 60 Castle remained her only **comfort**;
 towards that, she still looked at
 intervals with pleasure; though rather
 than be disappointed of the promised
 walk, and especially rather than be
 65 thought ill of by the Tilneys, she would

willingly have given up all the happiness which its walls could supply — the happiness of a progress through a long suite of lofty rooms, exhibiting
 5 the remains of magnificent furniture, though now for many years deserted — the happiness of being stopped in their way along narrow, winding vaults, by a low, grated door; or even of having
 10 their lamp, their only lamp, extinguished by a sudden gust [ráfaga/arrebato] of wind, and of being left in total darkness. In the meanwhile, they proceeded on their journey without any
 15 mischance, and were within view of the town of Keynsham, when a halloo from Morland, who was behind them, made his friend pull up, to know what was the matter. The others then came close
 20 enough for conversation, and Morland said, “We had better go back, Thorpe; it is too late to go on today; your sister thinks so as well as I. We have been exactly an hour coming from Pulteney
 25 Street, very little more than seven miles; and, I suppose, we have at least eight more to go. It will never do. We set out a great deal too late. We had much better put it off till another day,
 30 and turn round.”

“It is all one to me,” replied Thorpe rather angrily; and instantly turning his horse, they were on their way back to
 35 Bath.

“If your brother had not got such a d — beast to drive,” said he soon afterwards, “we might have done it
 40 very well. My horse would have trotted to Clifton within the hour, if left to himself, and I have almost broke my arm with pulling him in to that cursed broken-winded jade’s pace. Morland is
 45 a fool for not keeping a horse and gig of his own.”

“No, he is not,” said Catherine warmly, “for I am sure he could not
 50 afford it.”

“And why cannot he afford it?”

“Because he has not money
 55 enough.”

“And whose fault is that?”

“Nobody’s, that I know of.” Thorpe
 60 then said something in the loud, incoherent way to which he had often recourse, about its being a d — thing to be miserly; and that if people who rolled in money could not afford
 65 things, he did not know who could,

which Catherine did not even endeavour to understand. Disappointed of what was to have been the consolation for her first
5 disappointment, she was less and less disposed either to be agreeable herself or to find her companion so; and they returned to Pulteney Street without her speaking twenty words.

10 As she entered the house, the footman told her that a gentleman and lady had called and inquired for her a few minutes after her setting off; that,
15 when he told them she was gone out with Mr. Thorpe, the lady had asked whether any message had been left for her; and on his saying no, had felt for a card, but said she had none about her,
20 and went away. Pondering over these heart-rending tidings, Catherine walked slowly upstairs. At the head of them she was met by Mr. Allen, who, on hearing the reason of their speedy
25 return, said, "I am glad your brother had so much sense; I am glad you are come back. It was a strange, wild scheme."

30 They all spent the evening together at Thorpe's. Catherine was disturbed and out of spirits; but Isabella seemed to find a pool of commerce, in the fate of which she shared, by private
35 partnership with Morland, a very good equivalent for the quiet and country air of an inn at Clifton. Her satisfaction, too, in not being at the Lower Rooms was spoken more than once. "How I
40 pity the poor creatures that are going there! How glad I am that I am not amongst them! I wonder whether it will be a full ball or not! They have not begun dancing yet. I would not be there
45 for all the world. It is so delightful to have an evening now and then to oneself. I dare say it will not be a very good ball. I know the Mitchells will not be there. I am sure I pity everybody
50 that is. But I dare say, Mr. Morland, you long to be at it, do not you? I am sure you do. Well, pray do not let anybody here be a restraint on you. I dare say we could do very well without
55 you; but you men think yourselves of such consequence."

Catherine could almost have accused Isabella of being wanting in
60 tenderness towards herself and her sorrows, so very little did they appear to dwell on her mind, and so very inadequate was the **comfort** she offered. "Do not be so dull, my dearest
65 creature," she whispered. "You will

quite break my heart. It was amazingly shocking, to be sure; but the Tilneys were entirely to blame. Why were not they more punctual? It was dirty, 5 indeed, but what did that signify? I am sure John and I should not have minded it. I never mind going through anything, where a friend is concerned; that is my disposition, and John is just 10 the same; he has amazing strong feelings. Good heavens! What a delightful hand you have got! Kings, I vow! I never was so happy in my life! I would fifty times rather you should 15 have them than myself."

And now I may dismiss my heroine to the sleepless couch, which is the true heroine's portion; to a pillow strewed 20 with thorns and wet with tears. And lucky may she think herself, if she get another good night's rest in the course of the next three months.

25

30

Chapter 12

35

"Mrs. Allen," said Catherine the next morning, "will there be any harm in my calling on Miss Tilney today? I shall not be easy till I have explained 40 everything."

"Go, by all means, my dear; only put on a white gown; Miss Tilney always wears white."

45

Catherine cheerfully complied, and being properly equipped, was more impatient than ever to be at the pump-room, that she might inform herself of 50 General Tilneys lodgings, for though she believed they were in Milsom Street, she was not certain of the house, and Mrs. Allen's *wavering* convictions only made it more doubtful. To Milsom 55 Street she was directed, and having made herself perfect in the number, hastened away with eager steps and a beating heart to pay her visit, explain her conduct, and be forgiven; *tripping* 60 lightly through the church-yard, and resolutely turning away her eyes, that she might not be obliged to see her beloved Isabella and her dear family, who, she had reason to believe, were 65 in a shop hard by. She reached the

house without any impediment, looked at the number, knocked at the door, and inquired for Miss Tilney. The man believed Miss Tilney to be at home, but
 5 was not quite certain. Would she be pleased to send up her name? She gave her card. In a few minutes the servant returned, and with a look which did not quite confirm his words, said he had
 10 been mistaken, for that Miss Tilney was walked out. Catherine, with a blush of mortification, left the house. She felt almost persuaded that Miss Tilney was at home, and too much
 15 offended to admit her; and as she retired down the street, could not withhold one glance at the drawing-room windows, in expectation of seeing her there, but no one appeared
 20 at them. At the bottom of the street, however, she looked back again, and then, not at a window, but issuing from the door, she saw Miss Tilney herself. She was followed by a gentleman,
 25 whom Catherine believed to be her father, and they turned up towards Edgar's Buildings. Catherine, in deep mortification, proceeded on her way. She could almost be angry herself at
 30 such angry incivility; but she checked the resentful sensation; she remembered her own ignorance. She knew not how such an offence as hers might be classed by the laws of worldly
 35 politeness, to what a degree of unforgivingness it might with propriety lead, nor to what rigours of rudeness in return it might justly make her amenable.

40 Dejected [desanimado, abatido] and humbled, she had even some thoughts of not going with the others to the theatre that night; but it must be
 45 confessed that they were not of long continuance, for she soon recollected, in the first place, that she was without any excuse for staying at home; and, in the second, that it was a play she
 50 wanted very much to see. To the theatre accordingly they all went; no Tilneys appeared to plague or please her; she feared that, amongst the many perfections of the family, a fondness
 55 for plays was not to be ranked; but perhaps it was because they were habituated to the finer performances of the London stage, which she knew, on Isabella's authority, rendered
 60 everything else of the kind "quite horrid." She was not deceived in her own expectation of pleasure; the comedy so well suspended her care that no one, observing her during the first
 65 four acts, would have supposed she had

any wretchedness about her. On the beginning of the fifth, however, the sudden view of Mr. Henry Tilney and his father, joining a party in the
 5 opposite box, recalled her to anxiety and distress. The stage could no longer excite genuine merriment — no longer keep her whole attention. Every other
 10 look upon an average was directed towards the opposite box; and, for the space of two entire scenes, did she thus watch Henry Tilney, without being once able to catch his eye. No longer could he be suspected of indifference
 15 for a play; his notice was never withdrawn from the stage during two whole scenes. At length, however, he did look towards her, and he bowed — but such a bow! No smile, no continued
 20 observance attended it; his eyes were immediately returned to their former direction. Catherine was restlessly miserable; she could almost have run round to the box in which he sat and
 25 forced him to hear her explanation. Feelings rather natural than heroic possessed her; instead of considering her own dignity injured by this ready condemnation — instead of proudly
 30 resolving, in conscious innocence, to show her resentment towards him who could harbour a doubt of it, to leave to him all the trouble of seeking an explanation, and to enlighten him on
 35 the past only by avoiding his sight, or flirting with somebody else — she took to herself all the shame of misconduct, or at least of its appearance, and was only eager for an opportunity of
 40 explaining its cause.

The play concluded — the curtain fell — Henry Tilney was no longer to be seen where he had hitherto sat, but
 45 his father remained, and perhaps he might be now coming round to their box. She was right; in a few minutes he appeared, and, making his way through the then thinning rows, spoke
 50 with like calm politeness to Mrs. Allen and her friend. Not with such calmness was he answered by the latter: “Oh! Mr. Tilney, I have been quite wild to speak to you, and make my apologies. You
 55 must have thought me so rude; but indeed it was not my own fault, was it, Mrs. Allen? Did not they tell me that Mr. Tilney and his sister were gone out in a phaeton together? And then what
 60 could I do? But I had ten thousand times rather have been with you; now had not I, Mrs. Allen?”

“My dear, you tumble my gown,”
 65 was Mrs. Allen’s reply.

Her assurance, however, standing
sole as it did, was not thrown away; it
brought a more cordial, more natural
5 smile into his countenance, and he
replied in a tone which retained only a
little affected reserve: "We were much
obliged to you at any rate for wishing
us a pleasant walk after our passing
10 you in Argyle Street: you were so kind
as to look back on purpose."

"But indeed I did not wish you a
pleasant walk; I never thought of such
15 a thing; but I begged Mr. Thorpe so
earnestly to stop; I called out to him
as soon as ever I saw you; now, Mrs.
Allen, did not — Oh! You were not
there; but indeed I did; and, if Mr.
20 Thorpe would only have stopped, I
would have jumped out and run after
you."

Is there a Henry in the world who
25 could be insensible to such a
declaration? Henry Tilney at least was
not. With a yet sweeter smile, he said
everything that need be said of his
sister's concern, regret, and
30 dependence on Catherine's honour.
"Oh! Do not say Miss Tilney was not
angry," cried Catherine, "because I
know she was; for she would not see
me this morning when I called; I saw
35 her walk out of the house the next
minute after my leaving it; I was hurt,
but I was not affronted. Perhaps you
did not know I had been there."

40 "I was not within at the time; but I
heard of it from Eleanor, and she has
been wishing ever since to see you, to
explain the reason of such incivility;
but perhaps I can do it as well. It was
45 nothing more than that my father —
they were just preparing to walk out,
and he being hurried for time, and not
caring to have it put off — made a
point of her being denied. That was all,
50 I do assure you. She was very much
vexed [angered], and meant to make
her apology as soon as possible."

gallant *adj.* 1 brave, chivalrous. 2 **a** (of a ship, horse, etc.) grand, fine, stately. **b** *archaic* finely dressed. 3 **a** markedly attentive to women. **b** concerned with sexual love; amatory. — *n.* 1 a ladies' man; a lover or paramour. 2 *archaic* a man of fashion; a fine gentleman. — *v.* 1 *tr.* flirt with. 2 *tr.* escort; act as a cavalier to (a lady). 3 *intr.* **a** play the gallant. **b** (foll. by *with*) flirt.

gallant 1 valiente, gallardo 2 cortés, galante.

El vocablo sugiere cortés en ambas lenguas, pero en cada una añade matices nuevos: gallant parece recalcar la idea de valentía, como valiente, gallardo, espléndido mientras que galante da más peso a connotaciones de cortesía y elegancia en castellano; en inglés los flirteos se convierten en favores sexuales hasta el punto de ser un eufemismo por prostitución.

Catherine's mind was greatly eased
55 by this information, yet a something of
solicitude remained, from which
sprang the following question,
thoroughly artless in itself, though
rather distressing to the gentleman:
60 "But, Mr. Tilney, why were you less
generous than your sister? If she felt
such confidence in my good intentions,
and could suppose it to be only a
mistake, why should you be so ready
65 to take offence?"

"Me! I take offence!"

"Nay, I am sure by your look, when
5 you came into the box, you were
angry."

"I angry! I could have no right."

10 "Well, nobody would have thought
you had no right who saw your face."
He replied by asking her to make room
for him, and talking of the play.

15 He remained with them some time,
and was only too agreeable for
Catherine to be contented when he
went away. Before they parted,
however, it was agreed that the
20 projected walk should be taken as soon
as possible; and, setting aside the
misery of his quitting their box, she
was, upon the whole, left one of the
happiest creatures in the world.

25 While talking to each other, she had
observed with some surprise that John
Thorpe, who was never in the same part
of the house for ten minutes together,
30 was engaged in conversation with
General Tilney; and she felt something
more than surprise when she thought
she could perceive herself the object
of their attention and discourse. What
35 could they have to say of her? She
feared General Tilney did not like her
appearance: she found it was implied
in his preventing her admittance to his
daughter, rather than postpone his own
40 walk a few minutes. "How came Mr.
Thorpe to know your father?" was her
anxious inquiry, as she pointed them
out to her companion. He knew nothing
about it; but his father, like every
45 military man, had a very large
acquaintance.

When the entertainment was over,
Thorpe came to assist them in getting
50 out. Catherine was the immediate
object of his **gallantry**; and, while they
waited in the lobby for a chair, he
prevented the inquiry which had
travelled from her heart almost to the
55 tip of her tongue, by asking, in a
consequential manner, whether she had
seen him talking with General Tilney:
"He is a fine old fellow, upon my soul!
Stout, active — looks as young as his
60 son. I have a great regard for him, I
assure you: a gentleman-like, good sort
of fellow as ever lived."

"But how came you to know him?"

65

“Know him! There are few people
 much about town that I do not know. I
 have met him forever at the Bedford;
 and I knew his face again today the
 5 moment he came into the billiard-
 room. One of the best players we have,
 by the by; and we had a little touch
 together, though I was almost afraid of
 him at first: the odds were five to four
 10 against me; and, if I had not made one
 of the cleanest strokes that perhaps
 ever was made in this world — I took
 his ball exactly — but I could not make
 you understand it without a table;
 15 however, I did beat him. A very fine
 fellow; as rich as a Jew. I should like
 to dine with him; I dare say he gives
 famous dinners. But what do you think
 we have been talking of? You. Yes, by
 20 heavens! And the general thinks you
 the finest girl in Bath.”

“Oh! Nonsense! How can you say
 so?”

25 “And what do you think I said?” —
 lowering his voice — “well done,
 general, said I; I am quite of your
 mind.”

30 Here Catherine, who was much less
 gratified by his admiration than by
 General Tilney’s, was not sorry to be
 called away by Mr. Allen. Thorpe,
 35 however, would see her to her chair,
 and, till she entered it, continued the
 same kind of delicate flattery, in spite
 of her entreating him to have done.

40 That General Tilney, instead of
 disliking, should admire her, was very
 delightful; and she joyfully thought
 that there was not one of the family
 whom she need now fear to meet. The
 45 evening had done more, much more,
 for her than could have been expected.

50

55

Chapter 13

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 60 Thursday, Friday, and Saturday have
 now passed in review before the
 reader; the events of each day, its
 hopes and fears, mortifications and
 pleasures, have been separately stated,
 65 and the pangs of Sunday only now

remain to be described, and close the week. The Clifton scheme had been **deferred**, not relinquished, and on the afternoon's crescent of this day, it was
 5 brought forward again. In a private consultation between Isabella and James, the former of whom had particularly set her heart upon going, and the latter no less anxiously placed
 10 his upon pleasing her, it was agreed that, provided the weather were fair, the party should take place on the following morning; and they were to set off very early, in order to be at
 15 home in good time. The affair thus determined, and Thorpe's approbation secured, Catherine only remained to be **apprised [informed]** of it. She had left them for a few minutes to speak to
 20 Miss Tilney. In that interval the plan was completed, and as soon as she came again, her agreement was demanded; but instead of the gay acquiescence expected by Isabella,
 25 Catherine looked grave, was very sorry, but could not go. The engagement which ought to have kept her from joining in the former attempt would make it impossible for her to
 30 accompany them now. She had that moment settled with Miss Tilney to take their proposed walk tomorrow; it was quite determined, and she would not, upon any account, retract. But that
 35 she must and should retract was instantly the eager cry of both the Thorpes; they must go to Clifton tomorrow, they would not go without her, it would be nothing to put off a
 40 mere walk for one day longer, and they would not hear of a refusal. Catherine was distressed, but not subdued. "Do not urge me, Isabella. I am engaged to Miss Tilney. I cannot go." This availed
 45 nothing. The same arguments assailed her again; she must go, she should go, and they would not hear of a refusal. "It would be so easy to tell Miss Tilney that you had just been reminded of a
 50 prior engagement, and must only beg to put off the walk till Tuesday."

"No, it would not be easy. I could not do it. There has been no prior
 55 engagement." But Isabella became only more and more urgent, calling on her in the most affectionate manner, addressing her by the most endearing names. She was sure her dearest,
 60 sweetest Catherine would not seriously refuse such a trifling request to a friend who loved her so dearly. She knew her beloved Catherine to have so feeling a heart, so sweet a temper, to be so easily
 65 persuaded by those she loved. But all

in vain; Catherine felt herself to be in the right, and though pained by such tender, such flattering supplication, could not allow it to influence her.

5 Isabella then tried another method. She reproached her with having more affection for Miss Tilney, though she had known her so little a while, than for her best and oldest friends, with
10 being grown cold and indifferent, in short, towards herself. "I cannot help being jealous, Catherine, when I see myself **slighted** for strangers, I, who love you so excessively! When once
15 my affections are placed, it is not in the power of anything to change them. But I believe my feelings are stronger than anybody's; I am sure they are too strong for my own peace; and to see
20 myself supplanted in your friendship by strangers does cut me to the quick, I own. These Tilneys seem to swallow up everything else."

25 Catherine thought this reproach equally strange and unkind. Was it the part of a friend thus to expose her feelings to the notice of others? Isabella appeared to her ungenerous
30 and selfish, regardless of everything but her own gratification. These painful ideas crossed her mind, though she said nothing. Isabella, in the meanwhile, had applied her
35 handkerchief to her eyes; and Morland, miserable at such a sight, could not help saying, "Nay, Catherine. I think you cannot stand out any longer now. The sacrifice is not much; and to oblige
40 such a friend — I shall think you quite unkind, if you still refuse."

This was the first time of her brother's openly siding against her, and
45 anxious to avoid his displeasure, she proposed a compromise. If they would only put off their scheme till Tuesday, which they might easily do, as it depended only on themselves, she
50 could go with them, and everybody might then be satisfied. But "No, no, no!" was the immediate answer; "that could not be, for Thorpe did not know that he might not go to town on
55 Tuesday." Catherine was sorry, but could do no more; and a short silence ensued, which was broken by Isabella, who in a voice of cold resentment said, "Very well, then there is an end of the
60 party. If Catherine does not go, I cannot. I cannot be the only woman. I would not, upon any account in the world, do so improper a thing."

65 "Catherine, you must go," said

James.

“But why cannot Mr. Thorpe drive
one of his other sisters? I dare say
5 either of them would like to go.”

“Thank ye,” cried Thorpe, “but I
did not come to Bath to drive my
sisters about, and look like a fool. No,
10 if you do not go, d — me if I do. I only
go for the sake of driving you.”

“That is a compliment which gives
me no pleasure.” But her words were
15 lost on Thorpe, who had turned
abruptly away.

The three others still continued
together, walking in a most
20 uncomfortable manner to poor
Catherine; sometimes not a word was
said, sometimes she was again attacked
with supplications or reproaches, and
her arm was still linked within
25 Isabella’s, though their hearts were at
war. At one moment she was softened,
at another irritated; always distressed,
but always steady.

30 “I did not think you had been so
obstinate, Catherine,” said James; “you
were not used to be so hard to
persuade; you once were the kindest,
best-tempered of my sisters.”

35 “I hope I am not less so now,” she
replied, very feelingly; “but indeed I
cannot go. If I am wrong, I am doing
what I believe to be right.”

40 “I suspect,” said Isabella, in a low
voice, “there is no great struggle.”

Catherine’s heart swelled; she drew
45 away her arm, and Isabella made no
opposition. Thus passed a long ten
minutes, till they were again joined by
Thorpe, who, coming to them with a
gayer look, said, “Well, I have settled
50 the matter, and now we may all go
tomorrow with a safe conscience. I
have been to Miss Tilney, and made
your excuses.”

55 “You have not!” cried Catherine.

“I have, upon my soul. Left her this
moment. Told her you had sent me to
say that, having just recollected a prior
60 engagement of going to Clifton with us
tomorrow, you could not have the
pleasure of walking with her till
Tuesday. She said very well, Tuesday
was just as convenient to her; so there
65 is an end of all our difficulties. A pretty

good thought of mine — hey?”

Isabella's countenance was once more all smiles and good humour, and
5 James too looked happy again.

“A most heavenly thought indeed! Now, my sweet Catherine, all our distresses are over; you are honourably
10 acquitted, and we shall have a most delightful party.”

“This will not do,” said Catherine; “I cannot submit to this. I must run
15 after Miss Tilney directly and set her right.”

Isabella, however, caught hold of one hand, Thorpe of the other, and
20 **remonstrances** poured in from all three. Even James was quite angry. When everything was settled, when Miss Tilney herself said that Tuesday would suit her as well, it was quite ridiculous,
25 quite absurd, to make any further objection.

“I do not care. Mr. Thorpe had no business to invent any such message.
30 If I had thought it right to put it off, I could have spoken to Miss Tilney myself. This is only doing it in a ruder way; and how do I know that Mr. Thorpe has — He may be mistaken
35 again perhaps; he led me into one act of rudeness by his mistake on Friday. Let me go, Mr. Thorpe; Isabella, do not hold me.”

40 Thorpe told her it would be in vain to go after the Tilneys; they were turning the corner into Brock Street, when he had overtaken them, and were at home by this time.

45 “Then I will go after them,” said Catherine; “wherever they are I will go after them. It does not signify talking. If I could not be persuaded into doing
50 what I thought wrong, I never will be tricked into it.” And with these words she broke away and hurried off. Thorpe would have darted after her, but Morland withheld him. “Let her go, let
55 her go, if she will go. She is as obstinate as — “

Thorpe never finished the simile, for it could hardly have been a proper
60 one.

Away walked Catherine in great agitation, as fast as the crowd would permit her, fearful of being pursued,
65 yet determined to persevere. As she

walked, she reflected on what had passed. It was painful to her to disappoint and displease them, particularly to displease her brother; 5 but she could not repent her resistance. Setting her own inclination apart, to have failed a second time in her engagement to Miss Tilney, to have retracted a promise voluntarily made 10 only five minutes before, and on a false pretence too, must have been wrong. She had not been withstanding them on selfish principles alone, she had not consulted merely her own gratification; 15 that might have been ensured in some degree by the excursion itself, by seeing Blaize Castle; no, she had attended to what was due to others, and to her own character in their opinion. 20 Her conviction of being right, however, was not enough to restore her composure [calmness]; till she had spoken to Miss Tilney she could not be at ease; and quickening her pace when 25 she got clear of the Crescent, she almost ran over the remaining ground till she gained the top of Milsom Street. So rapid had been her movements that in spite of the Tilneys' advantage in the 30 outset, they were but just turning into their lodgings as she came within view of them; and the servant still remaining at the open door, she used only the ceremony of saying that she must speak 35 with Miss Tilney that moment, and hurrying by him proceeded upstairs. Then, opening the first door before her, which happened to be the right, she immediately found herself in the 40 drawing-room with General Tilney, his son, and daughter. Her explanation, defective only in being — from her irritation of nerves and shortness of breath — no explanation at all, was 45 instantly given. "I am come in a great hurry — It was all a mistake — I never promised to go — I told them from the first I could not go. — I ran away in a great hurry to explain it. — I did not 50 care what you thought of me. — I would not stay for the servant."

The business, however, though not perfectly elucidated by this speech, 55 soon ceased to be a puzzle. Catherine found that John Thorpe had given the message; and Miss Tilney had no scruple in owning herself greatly surprised by it. But whether her brother 60 had still exceeded her in resentment, Catherine, though she instinctively addressed herself as much to one as to the other in her vindication, had no means of knowing. Whatever might 65 have been felt before her arrival, her

eager declarations immediately made every look and sentence as friendly as she could desire.

5 The affair thus happily settled, she was introduced by Miss Tilney to her father, and received by him with such ready, such *solicitous* politeness as recalled Thorpe's information to her
10 mind, and made her think with pleasure that he might be sometimes depended on. To such anxious attention was the general's civility carried, that not aware of her extraordinary swiftness in
15 entering the house, he was quite angry with the servant whose neglect had reduced her to open the door of the apartment herself. "What did William mean by it? He should make a point of
20 inquiring into the matter." And if Catherine had not most warmly asserted his innocence, it seemed likely that William would lose the favour of his master forever, if not his place, by
25 her rapidity.

After sitting with them a quarter of an hour, she rose to take leave, and was then most agreeably surprised by
30 General Tilney's asking her if she would do his daughter the honour of dining and spending the rest of the day with her. Miss Tilney added her own wishes. Catherine was greatly obliged;
35 but it was quite out of her power. Mr. and Mrs. Allen would expect her back every moment. The general declared he could say no more; the claims of Mr. and Mrs. Allen were not to be
40 superseded [*desbancar*]; but on some other day he trusted, when longer notice could be given, they would not refuse to spare her to her friend. "Oh, no; Catherine was sure they would not
45 have the least objection, and she should have great pleasure in coming." The general attended her himself to the street-door, saying everything *gallant*
50 as they went downstairs, admiring the elasticity of her walk, which corresponded exactly with the spirit of her dancing, and making her one of the most graceful bows she had ever beheld, when they parted.

55 Catherine, delighted by all that had passed, proceeded gaily to Pulteney Street, walking, as she concluded, with great elasticity, though she had never
60 thought of it before. She reached home without seeing anything more of the offended party; and now that she had been triumphant throughout, had carried her point, and was secure of her
65 walk, she began (as the flutter of her

spirits subsided) to doubt whether she had been perfectly right. A sacrifice was always noble; and if she had given way to their entreaties, she should have
 5 been spared the distressing idea of a friend displeased, a brother angry, and a scheme of great happiness to both destroyed, perhaps through her means. To ease her mind, and ascertain by the
 10 opinion of an unprejudiced person what her own conduct had really been, she took occasion to mention before Mr. Allen the half-settled scheme of her brother and the Thorpes for the
 15 following day. Mr. Allen caught at it directly. "Well," said he, "and do you think of going too?"

"No; I had just engaged myself to
 20 walk with Miss Tilney before they told me of it; and therefore you know I could not go with them, could I?"

"No, certainly not; and I am glad
 25 you do not think of it. These schemes are not at all the thing. Young men and women driving about the country in open carriages! Now and then it is very well; but going to inns and public
 30 places together! It is not right; and I wonder Mrs. Thorpe should allow it. I am glad you do not think of going; I am sure Mrs. Morland would not be pleased. Mrs. Allen, are not you of my
 35 way of thinking? Do not you think these kind of projects objectionable?"

"Yes, very much so indeed. Open carriages are nasty things. A clean
 40 gown is not five minutes' wear in them. You are splashed getting in and getting out; and the wind takes your hair and your bonnet in every direction. I hate an open carriage myself."

"I know you do; but that is not the question. Do not you think it has an odd appearance, if young ladies are frequently driven about in them by
 50 young men, to whom they are not even related?"

"Yes, my dear, a very odd appearance indeed. I cannot bear to see
 55 it."

"Dear madam," cried Catherine, "then why did not you tell me so before? I am sure if I had known it to
 60 be improper, I would not have gone with Mr. Thorpe at all; but I always hoped you would tell me, if you thought I was doing wrong."

65 "And so I should, my dear, you may

breach *n.* 1 (often foll. by *of*) the breaking of or failure to observe a law, contract, etc. 2 **a** a breaking of relations; an estrangement. **b** a quarrel. 3 **a** a broken state. **b** a gap, esp. one made by artillery in fortifications.

v.tr. 1 break through; make a gap in. 2 break (a law, contract, etc.).

breach of the peace an infringement or violation of the public peace by any disturbance or riot etc.

breach of promise the breaking of a promise, esp. a promise to marry.

stand in the breach bear the brunt of an attack.

step into the breach give help in a crisis, esp. by replacing someone who has dropped out.

breach

I nombre 1 brecha, grieta

2 *Jur (de la ley)* incumplimiento

breach of contract, incumplimiento de contrato

breach of the peace, alteración del orden público

breach of trust, abuso de confianza

Jur prevaricación

3 *Pol (de relaciones)* ruptura

II verbo transitivo incumplir

depend on it; for as I told Mrs. Morland at parting, I would always do the best for you in my power. But one must not be over particular. Young
 5 people will be young people, as your good mother says herself. You know I wanted you, when we first came, not to buy that sprigged muslin, but you would. Young people do not like to be
 10 always thwarted."

"But this was something of real consequence; and I do not think you would have found me hard to
 15 persuade."

"As far as it has gone hitherto, there is no harm done," said Mr. Allen; "and I would only advise you, my dear, not
 20 to go out with Mr. Thorpe any more."

"That is just what I was going to say," added his wife.

25 Catherine, relieved for herself, felt uneasy for Isabella, and after a moment's thought, asked Mr. Allen whether it would not be both proper and kind in her to write to Miss
 30 Thorpe, and explain the indecorum of which she must be as insensible as herself; for she considered that Isabella might otherwise perhaps be going to Clifton the next day, in spite
 35 of what had passed. Mr. Allen, however, discouraged her from doing any such thing. "You had better leave her alone, my dear; she is old enough to know what she is about, and if not,
 40 has a mother to advise her. Mrs. Thorpe is too indulgent beyond a doubt; but, however, you had better not interfere. She and your brother choose to go, and you will be only getting ill will."

45 Catherine submitted, and though sorry to think that Isabella should be doing wrong, felt greatly relieved by Mr. Allen's approbation of her own
 50 conduct, and truly rejoiced to be preserved by his advice from the danger of falling into such an error herself. Her escape from being one of the party to Clifton was now an escape
 55 indeed; for what would the Tilneys have thought of her, if she had broken her promise to them in order to do what was wrong in itself, if she had been guilty of one **breach** of propriety, only
 60 to enable her to be guilty of another?

5

Chapter 14

The next morning was fair, and Catherine almost expected another attack from the assembled party. With Mr. Allen to support her, she felt no dread of the event: but she would gladly be spared a contest, where victory itself was painful, and was heartily rejoiced therefore at neither seeing nor hearing anything of them. The Tilneys called for her at the appointed time; and no new difficulty arising, no sudden recollection, no unexpected summons, no impertinent intrusion to disconcert their measures, my heroine was most unnaturally able to fulfil her engagement, though it was made with the hero himself. They determined on walking round Beechen Cliff, that noble hill whose beautiful verdure and hanging coppice **render** it so striking an object from almost every opening in Bath.

render hacer inútil, resultar, dejar (ciego), presentar, dar, rendir (cuentas), prestar (ayuda), enlucir, interpretar, traducir, verter

render *v.tr.* 1 cause to be or become; make (*rendered us helpless*). 2 give or pay (money, service, etc.), esp. in return or as a thing due (*render thanks; rendered good for evil*). 3 (often foll. by *to*) **a** give (assistance) (*rendered aid to the injured man*). **b** show (obedience etc.). **c** do (a service etc.). 4 submit; send in; present (an account, reason, etc.). 5 **a** represent or portray artistically, musically, etc. **b** act (a role); represent (a character, idea, etc.) (*the dramatist's conception was well rendered*). **c** *Mus.* perform; execute. 6 translate (*rendered the poem into French*). 7 (often foll. by *down*) melt down (fat etc.) esp. to clarify; extract by melting. 8 cover (stone or brick) with a coat of plaster. 9 *archaic*: **a** give back; hand over; deliver, give up, surrender (*render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's*). **b** show (obedience).

30 “I never look at it,” said Catherine, as they walked along the side of the river, “without thinking of the south of France.”

35 “You have been abroad then?” said Henry, a little surprised.

40 “Oh! No, I only mean what I have read about. It always puts me in mind of the country that Emily and her father travelled through, in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. But you never read novels, I dare say?”

45 “Why not?”

“Because they are not clever enough for you — gentlemen read better books.”

50 “The person, be it gentleman or lady, who has not pleasure in a good novel, must be intolerably stupid. I have read all Mrs. Radcliffe’s works, and most of them with great pleasure. *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, when I had once begun it, I could not lay down again; I remember finishing it in two 60 days — my hair standing on end the whole time.”

“Yes,” added Miss Tilney, “and I remember that you undertook to read 65 it aloud to me, and that when I was

called away for only five minutes to answer a note, instead of waiting for me, you took the volume into the Hermitage Walk, and I was obliged to
5 stay till you had finished it.”

“Thank you, Eleanor — a most honourable testimony. You see, Miss Morland, the injustice of your
10 suspicions. Here was I, in my eagerness to get on, refusing to wait only five minutes for my sister, breaking the promise I had made of reading it aloud, and keeping her in
15 suspense at a most interesting part, by running away with the volume, which, you are to observe, was her own, particularly her own. I am proud when I reflect on it, and I think it must
20 establish me in your good opinion.”

“I am very glad to hear it indeed, and now I shall never be ashamed of liking Udolpho myself. But I really
25 thought before, young men despised novels amazingly.”

“It is amazingly; it may well suggest amazement if they do — for they read
30 nearly as many as women. I myself have read hundreds and hundreds. Do not imagine that you can cope with me in a knowledge of Julias and Louisas. If we proceed to particulars, and
35 engage in the never-ceasing inquiry of ‘Have you read this?’ and ‘Have you read that?’ I shall soon leave you as far behind me as — what shall I say? — I want an appropriate simile. — as
40 far as your friend Emily herself left poor Valancourt when she went with her aunt into Italy. Consider how many years I have had the start of you. I had entered on my studies at Oxford, while
45 you were a good little girl working your sampler at home!”

“Not very good, I am afraid. But now really, do not you think Udolpho
50 the nicest book in the world?”

“The nicest — by which I suppose you mean the neatest. That must depend upon the binding.”

55

“Henry,” said Miss Tilney, “you are very impertinent. Miss Morland, he is treating you exactly as he does his sister. He is forever finding fault with
60 me, for some incorrectness of language, and now he is taking the same liberty with you. The word ‘nicest,’ as you used it, did not suit him; and you had better change it as
65 soon as you can, or we shall be

overpowered with Johnson and Blair
all the rest of the way.”

“I am sure,” cried Catherine, “I did
5 not mean to say anything wrong; but it
is a nice book, and why should not I
call it so?”

“Very true,” said Henry, “and this
10 is a very nice day, and we are taking a
very nice walk, and you are two very
nice young ladies. Oh! It is a very nice
word indeed! It does for everything.
Originally perhaps it was applied only
15 to express neatness, propriety,
delicacy, or refinement — people were
nice in their dress, in their sentiments,
or their choice. But now every
commendation on every subject is
20 comprised in that one word.”

“While, in fact,” cried his sister, “it
ought only to be applied to you,
without any commendation at all. You
25 are more nice than wise. Come, Miss
Morland, let us leave him to meditate
over our faults in the utmost propriety
of diction, while we praise Udolpho in
whatever terms we like best. It is a
30 most interesting work. You are fond of
that kind of reading?”

“To say the truth, I do not much like
any other.”

35

“Indeed!”

“That is, I can read poetry and
plays, and things of that sort, and do
40 not dislike travels. But history, real
solemn history, I cannot be interested
in. Can you?”

“Yes, I am fond of history.”

45

“I wish I were too. I read it a little
as a duty, but it tells me nothing that
does not either vex or weary me. The
quarrels of popes and kings, with wars
50 or pestilences, in every page; the men
all so good for nothing, and hardly any
women at all — it is very tiresome: and
yet I often think it odd that it should
be so dull, for a great deal of it must
55 be invention. The speeches that are put
into the heroes’ mouths, their thoughts
and designs — the chief of all this must
be invention, and invention is what
delights me in other books.”

60

“Historians, you think,” said Miss
Tilney, “are not happy in their flights
of fancy. They display imagination
without raising interest. I am fond of
65 history — and am very well contented

to take the false with the true. In the principal facts they have sources of intelligence in former histories and records, which may be as much
 5 depended on, I conclude, as anything that does not actually pass under one's own observation; and as for the little embellishments you speak of, they are embellishments, and I like them as
 10 such. If a speech be well drawn up, I read it with pleasure, by whomsoever it may be made — and probably with much greater, if the production of Mr. Hume or Mr. Robertson, than if the
 15 genuine words of Caractacus, Agricola, or Alfred the Great.”

“You are fond of history! And so are Mr. Allen and my father; and I have
 20 two brothers who do not dislike it. So many instances within my small circle of friends is remarkable! At this rate, I shall not pity the writers of history any longer. If people like to read their
 25 books, it is all very well, but to be at so much trouble in filling great volumes, which, as I used to think, nobody would willingly ever look into, to be labouring only for the torment of
 30 little boys and girls, always struck me as a hard fate; and though I know it is all very right and necessary, I have often wondered at the person's courage that could sit down on purpose to do
 35 it.”

“That little boys and girls should be tormented,” said Henry, “is what no one at all acquainted with human
 40 nature in a civilized state can deny; but in behalf of our most distinguished historians, I must observe that they might well be offended at being supposed to have no higher aim, and
 45 that by their method and style, they are perfectly well qualified to torment readers of the most advanced reason and mature time of life. I use the verb ‘to torment,’ as I observed to be your
 50 own method, instead of ‘to instruct,’ supposing them to be now admitted as synonymous.”

“You think me foolish to call
 55 instruction a torment, but if you had been as much used as myself to hear poor little children first learning their letters and then learning to spell, if you had ever seen how stupid they can be
 60 for a whole morning together, and how tired my poor mother is at the end of it, as I am in the habit of seeing almost every day of my life at home, you would allow that ‘to torment’ and ‘to
 65 instruct’ might sometimes be used as

synonymous words.”

“Very probably. But historians are not accountable for the difficulty of
5 learning to read; and even you yourself, who do not altogether seem particularly friendly to very severe, very intense application, may perhaps be brought to acknowledge that it is
10 very well worth-while to be tormented for two or three years of one’s life, for the sake of being able to read all the rest of it. Consider — if reading had not been taught, Mrs. Radcliffe would
15 have written in vain — or perhaps might not have written at all.”

Catherine assented — and a very warm panegyric from her on that lady’s
20 merits closed the subject. The Tilneys were soon engaged in another on which she had nothing to say. They were viewing the country with the eyes of persons accustomed to drawing, and
25 decided on its capability of being formed into pictures, with all the eagerness of real taste. Here Catherine was quite lost. She knew nothing of drawing — nothing of taste: and she
30 listened to them with an attention which brought her little profit, for they talked in phrases which conveyed scarcely any idea to her. The little which she could understand, however,
35 appeared to contradict the very few notions she had entertained on the matter before. It seemed as if a good view were no longer to be taken from the top of an high hill, and that a clear
40 blue sky was no longer a proof of a fine day. She was heartily ashamed of her ignorance. A misplaced shame. Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a
45 well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman especially, if she have the misfortune
50 of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can.

The advantages of natural folly in a beautiful girl have been already set
55 forth by the capital pen of a sister author; and to her treatment of the subject I will only add, in justice to men, that though to the larger and more trifling part of the sex, imbecility in
60 females is a great enhancement of their personal charms, there is a portion of them too reasonable and too well informed themselves to desire anything more in woman than ignorance. But
65 Catherine did not know her own

advantages — did not know that a
 good-looking girl, with an affectionate
 heart and a very ignorant mind, cannot
 fail of attracting a clever young man,
 5 unless circumstances are particularly
 untoward [adverso]. In the present
 instance, she confessed and lamented
 her want of knowledge, declared that
 she would give anything in the world
 10 to be able to draw; and a lecture on the
 picturesque immediately followed, in
 which his instructions were so clear
 that she soon began to see beauty in
 everything admired by him, and her
 15 attention was so earnest that he became
 perfectly satisfied of her having a great
 deal of natural taste. He talked of
 foregrounds, distances, and second
 20 distances — side-screens and
 perspectives — lights and shades; and
 Catherine was so hopeful a scholar that
 when they gained the top of Beechen
 Cliff, she voluntarily rejected the
 whole city of Bath as unworthy to make
 25 part of a landscape. Delighted with her
 progress, and fearful of wearying her
 with too much wisdom at once, Henry
 suffered the subject to decline, and by
 an easy transition from a piece of rocky
 30 fragment and the withered oak which
 he had placed near its summit, to oaks
 in general, to forests, the enclosure of
 them, waste lands, crown lands and
 government, he shortly found himself
 35 arrived at politics; and from politics,
 it was an easy step to silence. The
 general pause which succeeded his
 short disquisition on the state of the
 nation was put an end to by Catherine,
 40 who, in rather a solemn tone of voice,
 uttered these words, “I have heard that
 something very shocking indeed will
 soon come out in London.”

45 Miss Tilney, to whom this was
 chiefly addressed, was startled, and
 hastily replied, “Indeed! And of what
 nature?”

50 “That I do not know, nor who is the
 author. I have only heard that it is to
 be more horrible than anything we have
 met with yet.”

55 “Good heaven! Where could you
 hear of such a thing?”

“A particular friend of mine had an
 account of it in a letter from London
 60 yesterday. It is to be uncommonly
 dreadful. I shall expect murder and
 everything of the kind.”

“You speak with astonishing
 65 composure [calmness]! But I hope your

friend's accounts have been exaggerated; and if such a design is known beforehand, proper measures will undoubtedly be taken by
5 government to prevent its coming to effect."

"Government," said Henry, endeavouring not to smile, "neither
10 desires nor dares to interfere in such matters. There must be murder; and government cares not how much."

The ladies stared. He laughed, and
15 added, "Come, shall I make you understand each other, or leave you to puzzle out an explanation as you can? No — I will be noble. I will prove myself a man, no less by the generosity
20 of my soul than the clearness of my head. I have no patience with such of my sex as disdain to let themselves sometimes down to the comprehension of yours. Perhaps the abilities of
25 women are neither sound nor acute — neither vigorous nor keen. Perhaps they may want observation, discernment, judgment, fire, genius, and wit."

30 "Miss Morland, do not mind what he says; but have the goodness to satisfy me as to this dreadful riot."

35 "Riot! What riot?"

"My dear Eleanor, the riot is only in your own brain. The confusion there is scandalous. Miss Morland has been
40 talking of nothing more dreadful than a new publication which is shortly to come out, in three duodecimo volumes, two hundred and seventy-six pages in each, with a frontispiece to the first,
45 of two tombstones and a lantern — do you understand? And you, Miss Morland — my stupid sister has mistaken all your clearest expressions. You talked of expected horrors in
50 London — and instead of instantly conceiving, as any rational creature would have done, that such words could relate only to a circulating library, she immediately pictured to
55 herself a mob of three thousand men assembling in St. George's Fields, the Bank attacked, the Tower threatened, the streets of London flowing with blood, a detachment of the Twelfth
60 Light Dragoons (the hopes of the nation) called up from Northampton to quell the insurgents, and the gallant
Captain Frederick Tilney, in the moment of charging at the head of his
65 troop, knocked off his horse by a

quell VT [*uprising*] sofocar; [*opposition*] sobreponerse a, dominar; [*fears*] desechar

brickbat from an upper window. Forgive her stupidity. The fears of the sister have added to the weakness of the woman; but she is by no means a
5 simpleton in general."

Catherine looked grave. "And now, Henry," said Miss Tilney, "that you have made us understand each other,
10 you may as well make Miss Morland understand yourself — unless you mean to have her think you intolerably rude to your sister, and a great brute in your opinion of women in general.
15 Miss Morland is not used to your odd ways."

"I shall be most happy to make her better acquainted with them."
20

"No doubt; but that is no explanation of the present."

"What am I to do?"
25

"You know what you ought to do. Clear your character handsomely before her. Tell her that you think very highly of the understanding of
30 women."

"Miss Morland, I think very highly of the understanding of all the women in the world — especially of those —
35 whoever they may be — with whom I happen to be in company."

"That is not enough. Be more serious."
40

"Miss Morland, no one can think more highly of the understanding of women than I do. In my opinion, nature has given them so much that they never
45 find it necessary to use more than half."

"We shall get nothing more serious from him now, Miss Morland. He is not
50 in a sober mood. But I do assure you that he must be entirely misunderstood, if he can ever appear to say an unjust thing of any woman at all, or an unkind one of me."
55

It was no effort to Catherine to believe that Henry Tilney could never be wrong. His manner might sometimes surprise, but his meaning must always
60 be just: and what she did not understand, she was almost as ready to admire, as what she did. The whole walk was delightful, and though it ended too soon, its conclusion was
65 delightful too; her friends attended her

into the house, and Miss Tilney, before they parted, addressing herself with respectful form, as much to Mrs. Allen as to Catherine, petitioned for the
 5 pleasure of her company to dinner on the day after the next. No difficulty was made on Mrs. Allen's side, and the only difficulty on Catherine's was in concealing the excess of her pleasure.

10

The morning had passed away so charmingly as to banish all her friendship and natural affection, for no thought of Isabella or James had
 15 crossed her during their walk. When the Tilneys were gone, she became amiable again, but she was amiable for some time to little effect; Mrs. Allen had no intelligence to give that could
 20 relieve her anxiety; she had heard nothing of any of them. Towards the end of the morning, however, Catherine, having occasion for some indispensable yard of ribbon which
 25 must be bought without a moment's delay, walked out into the town, and in Bond Street overtook the second Miss Thorpe as she was loitering towards Edgar's Buildings between
 30 two of the sweetest girls in the world, who had been her dear friends all the morning. From her, she soon learned that the party to Clifton had taken place. "They set off at eight this
 35 morning," said Miss Anne, "and I am sure I do not envy them their drive. I think you and I are very well off to be out of the scrape. it must be the dullest thing in the world, for there is not a
 40 soul at Clifton at this time of year. Belle went with your brother, and John drove Maria."

Catherine spoke the pleasure she
 45 really felt on hearing this part of the arrangement.

"Oh! yes," rejoined the other, "Maria is gone. She was quite wild to
 50 go. She thought it would be something very fine. I cannot say I admire her taste; and for my part, I was determined from the first not to go, if they pressed me ever so much."

55

Catherine, a little doubtful of this, could not help answering, "I wish you could have gone too. It is a pity you could not all go."

60

"Thank you; but it is quite a matter of indifference to me. Indeed, I would not have gone on any account. I was saying so to Emily and Sophia when
 65 you overtook us."

Catherine was still unconvinced; but glad that Anne should have the friendship of an Emily and a Sophia to
 5 console her, she bade her adieu without much uneasiness, and returned home, pleased that the party had not been prevented by her refusing to join it, and very heartily wishing that it might be
 10 too pleasant to allow either James or Isabella to resent [take offence at] her resistance any longer.

15

20

Chapter 15

25 Early the next day, a note from Isabella, speaking peace and tenderness in every line, and entreating the immediate presence of her friend on a matter of the utmost importance,
 30 hastened Catherine, in the happiest state of confidence and curiosity, to Edgar's Buildings. The two youngest Miss Thorpes were by themselves in the parlour; and, on Anne's quitting it
 35 to call her sister, Catherine took the opportunity of asking the other for some particulars of their yesterday's party. Maria desired no greater pleasure than to speak of it; and
 40 Catherine immediately learnt that it had been altogether the most delightful scheme in the world, that nobody could imagine how charming it had been, and that it had been more delightful than
 45 anybody could conceive. Such was the information of the first five minutes; the second unfolded thus much in detail — that they had driven directly to the York Hotel, ate some soup, and
 50 bespoke an early dinner, walked down to the pump-room, tasted the water, and laid out some shillings in purses and spars; thence adjoined to eat ice at a pastry-cook's, and hurrying back
 55 to the hotel, swallowed their dinner in haste, to prevent being in the dark; and then had a delightful drive back, only the moon was not up, and it rained a little, and Mr. Morland's horse was so
 60 tired he could hardly get it along.

Catherine listened with heartfelt satisfaction. It appeared that Blaize Castle had never been thought of; and,
 65 as for all the rest, there was nothing to

anticipation coincide con anticipación [previsión], pero a menudo toma un matiz más positivo, como ilusión, esperanza, expectación, en cambio *anticipación* [anticipo] se usa a menudo como **advance payment**. El verbo **anticipate** es cada día más común para *anticipar* [prever, adelantar], tan común como esperar, con la misma idea. Otras denotaciones de **anticipate** son *imaginarse, suponer, calcular, salir al paso de, confiar, opinar, creer*. *Anticipar* traduce **advance**, **lend I loan** [dinero], **be early, inform, disclose**; *anticiparse* se usa para **to get (be) ahead of** [precipitarse], **to beat** [tomar la delantera].

regret for half an instant. Maria's intelligence concluded with a tender effusion of pity for her sister Anne, whom she represented as insupportably cross, from being excluded the party.

“She will never forgive me, I am sure; but, you know, how could I help it? John would have me go, for he vowed he would not drive her, because she had such thick ankles. I dare say she will not be in good humour again this month; but I am determined I will not be cross; it is not a little matter that puts me out of temper.”

Isabella now entered the room with so eager a step, and a look of such happy importance, as engaged all her friend's notice. Maria was without ceremony sent away, and Isabella, embracing Catherine, thus began: “Yes, my dear Catherine, it is so indeed; your penetration has not deceived you. Oh! That arch eye of yours! It sees through everything.”

Catherine replied only by a look of wondering ignorance.

“Nay, my beloved, sweetest friend,” continued the other, “compose yourself. I am amazingly agitated, as you perceive. Let us sit down and talk in **comfort**. Well, and so you guessed it the moment you had my note? Sly [astuto/malicioso] creature! Oh! My dear Catherine, you alone, who know my heart, can judge of my present happiness. Your brother is the most charming of men. I only wish I were more worthy of him. But what will your excellent father and mother say? Oh! Heavens! When I think of them I am so agitated!”

Catherine's understanding began to awake: an idea of the truth suddenly darted into her mind; and, with the natural blush of so new an emotion, she cried out, “Good heaven! My dear Isabella, what do you mean? Can you — can you really be in love with James?”

This bold surmise [guess], however, she soon learnt comprehended but half the fact. The anxious affection, which she was accused of having continually watched in Isabella's every look and action, had, in the course of their yesterday's party, received the delightful confession of an equal love. Her heart and faith were alike engaged to James. Never had Catherine listened

sympathy no es *simpatía*, sino *pésame, condolencia, comprensión, compasión, afinidad, lástima, acuerdo, apoyo*, mientras que *simpatía* traduce charm, affection, liking, attraction, friendliness / warmth [ambiente], fondness.

to anything so full of interest, wonder, and joy. Her brother and her friend engaged! New to such circumstances, the importance of it appeared
 5 unspeakably great, and she contemplated it as one of those **grand** events, of which the ordinary course of life can hardly afford a return. The strength of her feelings she could not
 10 express; the nature of them, however, contented her friend. The happiness of having such a sister was their first effusion, and the fair ladies mingled in embraces and tears of joy.

15

Delighting, however, as Catherine sincerely did in the prospect of the connection, it must be acknowledged that Isabella far surpassed her in tender
 20 **anticipations**. "You will be so infinitely dearer to me, my Catherine, than either Anne or Maria: I feel that I shall be so much more attached to my dear Morland's family than to my
 25 own."

This was a pitch of friendship beyond Catherine.

30 "You are so like your dear brother," continued Isabella, "that I quite **doted** on you the first moment I saw you. But so it always is with me; the first moment settles everything. The very
 35 first day that Morland came to us last Christmas — the very first moment I beheld him — my heart was irrecoverably gone. I remember I wore my yellow gown, with my hair done up
 40 in braids; and when I came into the drawing-room, and John introduced him, I thought I never saw anybody so handsome before."

45 Here Catherine secretly acknowledged the power of love; for, though exceedingly fond of her brother, and partial to all his endowments, she had never in her life
 50 thought him handsome.

"I remember too, Miss Andrews drank tea with us that evening, and wore her puce-coloured sarsenet; and
 55 she looked so heavenly that I thought your brother must certainly fall in love with her; I could not sleep a wink all right for thinking of it. Oh! Catherine, the many sleepless nights I have had
 60 on your brother's account! I would not have you suffer half what I have done! I am grown wretchedly thin, I know; but I will not pain you by describing my anxiety; you have seen enough of
 65 it. I feel that I have betrayed myself

perpetually — so unguarded in speaking of my partiality for the church! But my secret I was always sure would be safe with you.”

5

Catherine felt that nothing could have been safer; but ashamed of an ignorance little expected, she dared no longer contest the point, nor refuse to have been as full of arch penetration and affectionate **sympathy** as Isabella chose to consider her. Her brother, she found, was preparing to set off with all speed to Fullerton, to make known his situation and ask consent; and here was a source of some real agitation to the mind of Isabella. Catherine endeavoured to persuade her, as she was herself persuaded, that her father and mother would never oppose their son's wishes. “It is impossible,” said she, “for parents to be more kind, or more desirous of their children's happiness; I have no doubt of their consenting immediately.”

“Morland says exactly the same,” replied Isabella; “and yet I dare not expect it; my fortune will be so small; they never can consent to it. Your brother, who might marry anybody!”

Here Catherine again discerned the force of love.

35

“Indeed, Isabella, you are too humble. The difference of fortune can be nothing to signify.”

“Oh! My sweet Catherine, in your generous heart I know it would signify nothing; but we must not expect such disinterestedness in many. As for myself, I am sure I only wish our situations were reversed. Had I the command of millions, were I mistress of the whole world, your brother would be my only choice.”

This charming sentiment, recommended as much by sense as novelty, gave Catherine a most pleasing remembrance of all the heroines of her acquaintance; and she thought her friend never looked more lovely than in uttering the **grand** idea. “I am sure they will consent,” was her frequent declaration; “I am sure they will be delighted with you.”

60

“For my own part,” said Isabella, “my wishes are so moderate that the smallest income in nature would be enough for me. Where people are really attached, poverty itself is wealth;

grandeur I detest: I would not settle in London for the universe. A cottage in some retired village would be ecstasy. There are some charming little villas
5 about Richmond.”

“Richmond!” cried Catherine. “You must settle near Fullerton. You must be near us.”

10

“I am sure I shall be miserable if we do not. If I can but be near you, I shall be satisfied. But this is idle talking! I will not allow myself to think
15 of such things, till we have your father’s answer. Morland says that by sending it tonight to Salisbury, we may have it tomorrow. Tomorrow? I know I shall never have courage to open the
20 letter. I know it will be the death of me.”

A reverie succeeded this conviction — and when Isabella spoke again, it
25 was to resolve on the quality of her wedding-gown.

Their conference was put an end to by the anxious young lover himself,
30 who came to breathe his parting sigh before he set off for Wiltshire. Catherine wished to congratulate him, but knew not what to say, and her eloquence was only in her eyes. From
35 them, however, the eight parts of speech shone out most expressively, and James could combine them with ease. Impatient for the realization of all that he hoped at home, his adieus
40 were not long; and they would have been yet shorter, had he not been frequently detained by the urgent entreaties of his fair one that he would go. Twice was he called almost from
45 the door by her eagerness to have him gone. “Indeed, Morland, I must drive you away. Consider how far you have to ride. I cannot bear to see you linger so. For heaven’s sake, waste no more
50 time. There, go, go — I insist on it.”

The two friends, with hearts now more united than ever, were inseparable for the day; and in schemes
55 of sisterly happiness the hours flew along. Mrs. Thorpe and her son, who were acquainted with everything, and who seemed only to want Mr. Morland’s consent, to consider
60 Isabella’s engagement as the most fortunate circumstance imaginable for their family, were allowed to join their counsels, and add their quota of significant looks and mysterious
65 expressions to fill up the measure of

curiosity to be raised in the unprivileged younger sisters. To Catherine's simple feelings, this odd sort of reserve seemed neither kindly
 5 meant, nor consistently supported; and its unkindness she would hardly have forborne pointing out, had its inconsistency been less their friend; but Anne and Maria soon set her heart
 10 at ease by the sagacity of their "I know what"; and the evening was spent in a sort of war of wit, a display of family **ingenuity**, on one side in the mystery of an affected secret, on the other of
 15 undefined discovery, all equally acute.

Catherine was with her friend again the next day, endeavouring to support her spirits and while away the many
 20 tedious hours before the delivery of the letters; a needful exertion, for as the time of reasonable expectation drew near, Isabella became more and more desponding, and before the letter
 25 arrived, had worked herself into a state of real distress. But when it did come, where could distress be found? "I have had no difficulty in gaining the consent of my kind parents, and am promised
 30 that everything in their power shall be done to forward my happiness," were the first three lines, and in one moment all was joyful security. The brightest glow was instantly spread over
 35 Isabella's features, all care and anxiety seemed removed, her spirits became almost too high for control, and she called herself without scruple the happiest of mortals.

40 Mrs. Thorpe, with tears of joy, embraced her daughter, her son, her visitor, and could have embraced half the inhabitants of Bath with
 45 satisfaction. Her heart was overflowing with tenderness. It was "dear John" and "dear Catherine" at every word; "dear Anne and dear Maria" must immediately be made sharers in their
 50 felicity; and two "dears" at once before the name of Isabella were not more than that beloved child had now well earned. John himself was no skulker in joy. He not only bestowed on Mr.
 55 Morland the high commendation of being one of the finest fellows in the world, but swore off many sentences in his praise.

60 The letter, whence sprang all this felicity, was short, containing little more than this assurance of success; and every particular was **deferred** till James could write again. But for
 65 particulars Isabella could well afford

to wait. The needful was comprised in Mr. Morland's promise; his honour was pledged to make everything easy; and by what means their income was to be
 5 formed, whether landed property were to be resigned, or funded money made over, was a matter in which her disinterested spirit took no concern. She knew enough to feel secure of an
 10 honourable and speedy establishment, and her imagination took a rapid flight over its attendant felicities. She saw herself at the end of a few weeks, the gaze and admiration of every new
 15 acquaintance at Fullerton, the envy of every valued old friend in Putney, with a carriage at her command, a new name on her tickets, and a brilliant exhibition of hoop rings on her finger.

20
 When the contents of the letter were ascertained, John Thorpe, who had only waited its arrival to begin his journey to London, prepared to set off.
 25 "Well, Miss Morland," said he, on finding her alone in the parlour, "I am come to bid you good-bye." Catherine wished him a good journey. Without appearing to hear her, he walked to the
 30 window, fidgeted about, hummed a tune, and seemed wholly self-occupied.

"Shall not you be late at Devizes?" said Catherine. He made no answer;
 35 but after a minute's silence burst out with, "A famous good thing this marrying scheme, upon my soul! A clever fancy of Morland's and Belle's. What do you think of it, Miss Morland?
 40 I say it is no bad notion."

"I am sure I think it a very good one."

45 "Do you? That's honest, by heavens! I am glad you are no enemy to matrimony, however. Did you ever hear the old song 'Going to One Wedding Brings on Another?' I say,
 50 you will come to Belle's wedding, I hope."

"Yes; I have promised your sister to be with her, if possible."

55
 "And then you know" — twisting himself about and forcing a foolish laugh — "I say, then you know, we may try the truth of this same old song."

60
 "May we? But I never sing. Well, I wish you a good journey. I dine with Miss Tilney today, and must now be going home."

65

“Nay, but there is no such confounded hurry. Who knows when we may be together again? Not but that I shall be down again by the end of a
5 fortnight, and a devilish long fortnight it will appear to me.”

“Then why do you stay away so long?” replied Catherine — finding
10 that he waited for an answer.

“That is kind of you, however — kind and good-natured. I shall not forget it in a hurry. But you have more
15 good nature and all that, than anybody living, I believe. A monstrous deal of good nature, and it is not only good nature, but you have so much, so much of everything; and then you have such
20 — upon my soul, I do not know anybody like you.”

“Oh! dear, there are a great many people like me, I dare say, only a great
25 deal better. Good morning to you.”

“But I say, Miss Morland, I shall come and pay my respects at Fullerton before it is long, if not disagreeable.”
30

“Pray do. My father and mother will be very glad to see you.”

“And I hope — I hope, Miss
35 Morland, you will not be sorry to see me.”

“Oh! dear, not at all. There are very few people I am sorry to see. Company
40 is always cheerful.”

“That is just my way of thinking. Give me but a little cheerful company, let me only have the company of the
45 people I love, let me only be where I like and with whom I like, and the devil take the rest, say I. And I am heartily glad to hear you say the same. But I have a notion, Miss Morland, you and
50 I think pretty much alike upon most matters.”

“Perhaps we may; but it is more than I ever thought of. And as to most
55 matters, to say the truth, there are not many that I know my own mind about.”

“By Jove, no more do I. It is not my way to bother my brains with what
60 does not concern me. My notion of things is simple enough. Let me only have the girl I like, say I, with a **comfortable** house over my head, and what care I for all the rest? Fortune is
65 nothing. I am sure of a good income of

my own; and if she had not a penny, why, so much the better."

"Very true. I think like you there.
 5 If there is a good fortune on one side, there can be no occasion for any on the other. No matter which has it, so that there is enough. I hate the idea of one great fortune looking out for another.
 10 And to marry for money I think the wickedest thing in existence. Good day. We shall be very glad to see you at Fullerton, whenever it is convenient." And away she went. It
 15 was not in the power of all his gallantry to detain her longer. With such news to communicate, and such a visit to prepare for, her departure was not to be delayed by anything in his nature
 20 to urge; and she hurried away, leaving him to the undivided consciousness of his own happy address, and her explicit encouragement.

25 The agitation which she had herself experienced on first learning her brother's engagement made her expect to raise no inconsiderable emotion in Mr. and Mrs. Allen, by the
 30 communication of the wonderful event. How great was her disappointment! The important affair, which many words of preparation ushered in, had been foreseen by them both ever since
 35 her brother's arrival; and all that they felt on the occasion was comprehended in a wish for the young people's happiness, with a remark, on the gentleman's side, in favour of
 40 Isabella's beauty, and on the lady's, of her great good luck. It was to Catherine the most surprising insensibility. The disclosure, however, of the great secret of James's going to Fullerton the day
 45 before, did raise some emotion in Mrs. Allen. She could not listen to that with perfect calmness, but repeatedly regretted the necessity of its concealment, wished she could have
 50 known his intention, wished she could have seen him before he went, as she should certainly have troubled him with her best regards to his father and mother, and her kind compliments to
 55 all the Skinners.

60

65

Chapter 16

Catherine's expectations of pleasure from her visit in Milsom Street were so very high that disappointment was inevitable; and accordingly, though she was most politely received by General Tilney, and kindly welcomed by his daughter, though Henry was at home, and no one else of the party, she found, on her return, without spending many hours in the examination of her feelings, that she had gone to her appointment preparing for happiness which it had not afforded. Instead of finding herself improved in acquaintance with Miss Tilney, from the **intercourse** of the day, she seemed hardly so intimate with her as before; instead of seeing Henry Tilney to greater advantage than ever, in the ease of a family party, he had never said so little, nor been so little agreeable; and, in spite of their father's great civilities to her — in spite of his thanks, invitations, and compliments — it had been a release to get away from him. It puzzled her to account for all this. It could not be General Tilney's fault. That he was perfectly agreeable and good-natured, and altogether a very charming man, did not admit of a doubt, for he was tall and handsome, and Henry's father. He could not be accountable for his children's want of spirits, or for her want of enjoyment in his company. The former she hoped at last might have been accidental, and the latter she could only attribute to her own stupidity. Isabella, on hearing the particulars of the visit, gave a different explanation: "It was all pride, pride, insufferable haughtiness and pride! She had long suspected the family to be very high, and this made it certain. Such insolence of behaviour as Miss Tilney's she had never heard of in her life! Not to do the honours of her house with common good breeding! To behave to her guest with such **superciliousness**! Hardly even to speak to her!"

"But it was not so bad as that, Isabella; there was no **superciliousness**; she was very civil."

"Oh! Don't defend her! And then the brother, he, who had appeared so attached to you! Good heavens! Well, some people's feelings are incomprehensible. And so he hardly looked once at you the whole day?"

65

intercourse 1 trato, relaciones, communication or dealings between individuals, nations, etc. 2 sexual intercourse, acto sexual, coito. 3 communion between human beings and God.

“I do not say so; but he did not seem in good spirits.”

“How contemptible! Of all things in the world inconstancy is my aversion. Let me entreat you never to think of him again, my dear Catherine; indeed he is unworthy of you.”

“Unworthy! I do not suppose he ever thinks of me.”

“That is exactly what I say; he never thinks of you. Such fickleness! Oh! How different to your brother and to mine! I really believe John has the most constant heart.”

“But as for General Tilney, I assure you it would be impossible for anybody to behave to me with greater civility and attention; it seemed to be his only care to entertain and make me happy.”

“Oh! I know no harm of him; I do not suspect him of pride. I believe he is a very gentleman-like man. John thinks very well of him, and John’s judgment — “

“Well, I shall see how they behave to me this evening; we shall meet them at the rooms.”

“And must I go?”

“Do not you intend it? I thought it was all settled.”

“Nay, since you make such a point of it, I can refuse you nothing. But do not insist upon my being very agreeable, for my heart, you know, will be some forty miles off. And as for dancing, do not mention it, I beg; that is quite out of the question. Charles Hodges will plague me to death, I dare say; but I shall cut him very short. Ten to one but he guesses the reason, and that is exactly what I want to avoid, so I shall insist on his keeping his conjecture to himself.”

Isabella’s opinion of the Tilneys did not influence her friend; she was sure there had been no insolence in the manners either of brother or sister; and she did not credit there being any pride in their hearts. The evening rewarded her confidence; she was met by one with the same kindness, and by the other with the same attention, as heretofore: Miss Tilney took pains to be near her, and Henry asked her to dance.

sensible se refiere a *cuerto, razonable, acertado* [gusto, idea, plan], *sensato, módico* [precio], *prudente, lógico, consciente, práctico / cómodo* [ropa, calzado], mientras que el español *sensible* traduce **sensitive, feeling, sentient, regrettable, noticeable / marked, sizable, deplorable, tender, sore** [adolorido].

sensibility es *sensibilidad*, en el sentido de *habilidad de sentir, receptividad*, en el mundo personal, y además *precisión*, en el mundo mecánico; el plural **sensibilities** se usa para *susceptibilidad, sentimientos delicados, delicadeza*; a su vez, *sensibilidad* traduce **sensitivity**, como *percepción* por los sentidos, radio, TV, foto.

sensibility *n. (pl. -ies)*

1 capacity to feel (*little finger lost its sensibility*).

2 **a**) openness to emotional impressions, susceptibility, sensitiveness (*sensibility to kindness*). **b**) an exceptional or excessive degree of this (*sense and sensibility*).

3 (in *pl.*) a tendency to feel offended etc.

sensibilidad

1. f. Facultad de sentir, propia de los seres animados.

2. Propensión natural del hombre a dejarse llevar de los afectos de compasión, humanidad y ternura.

3. Calidad de las cosas sensibles.

4. Grado o medida de la eficacia de ciertos aparatos científicos, ópticos, etc.

5. Capacidad de respuesta a muy pequeñas excitaciones, estímulos o causas.

sensato

1. adj. Prudente, cuerdo, de buen juicio.

Having heard the day before in Milsom Street that their elder brother, Captain Tilney, was expected almost
5 every hour, she was at no loss for the name of a very fashionable-looking, handsome young man, whom she had never seen before, and who now evidently belonged to their party. She
10 looked at him with great admiration, and even supposed it possible that some people might think him handsomer than his brother, though, in her eyes, his air was more assuming,
15 and his countenance less prepossessing. His taste and manners were beyond a doubt decidedly inferior; for, within her hearing, he not only protested against every thought of
20 dancing himself, but even laughed openly at Henry for finding it possible. From the latter circumstance it may be presumed that, whatever might be our heroine's opinion of him, his
25 admiration of her was not of a very dangerous kind; not likely to produce animosities between the brothers, nor persecutions to the lady. He cannot be the instigator of the three villains in
30 horsemen's greatcoats, by whom she will hereafter be forced into a traveling-chaise and four, which will drive off with incredible speed. Catherine, meanwhile, undisturbed by
35 presentiments of such an evil, or of any evil at all, except that of having but a short set to dance down, enjoyed her usual happiness with Henry Tilney, listening with sparkling eyes to
40 everything he said; and, in finding him irresistible, becoming so herself.

At the end of the first dance, Captain Tilney came towards them
45 again, and, much to Catherine's dissatisfaction, pulled his brother away. They retired whispering together; and, though her delicate **sensibility** did not take immediate
50 alarm, and lay it down as fact, that Captain Tilney must have heard some malevolent misrepresentation of her, which he now hastened to communicate to his brother, in the hope of separating
55 them forever, she could not have her partner conveyed from her sight without very uneasy sensations. Her suspense was of full five minutes' duration; and she was beginning to
60 think it a very long quarter of an hour, when they both returned, and an explanation was given, by Henry's requesting to know if she thought her friend, Miss Thorpe, would have any
65 objection to dancing, as his brother

would be most happy to be introduced to her. Catherine, without hesitation, replied that she was very sure Miss Thorpe did not mean to dance at all.
5 The cruel reply was passed on to the other, and he immediately walked away.

“Your brother will not mind it, I
10 know,” said she, “because I heard him say before that he hated dancing; but it was very good-natured in him to think of it. I suppose he saw Isabella sitting down, and fancied she might
15 wish for a partner; but he is quite mistaken, for she would not dance upon any account in the world.”

Henry smiled, and said, “How very
20 little trouble it can give you to understand the motive of other people’s actions.”

“Why? What do you mean?”

25 “With you, it is not, How is such a one likely to be influenced, What is the inducement most likely to act upon such a person’s feelings, age, situation,
30 and probable habits of life considered — but, How should I be influenced, What would be my inducement in acting so and so?”

35 “I do not understand you.”

“Then we are on very unequal terms, for I understand you perfectly well.”

40 “Me? Yes; I cannot speak well enough to be unintelligible.”

“Bravo! An excellent satire on
45 modern language.”

“But pray tell me what you mean.”

“Shall I indeed? Do you really
50 desire it? But you are not aware of the consequences; it will involve you in a very cruel embarrassment, and certainly bring on a disagreement between us.

55 “No, no; it shall not do either; I am not afraid.”

“Well, then, I only meant that your
60 attributing my brother’s wish of dancing with Miss Thorpe to good nature alone convinced me of your being superior in good nature yourself to all the rest of the world.”

jaded *adj.* tired or worn out; surfeited [hastiado].
jaded 1 dulled by surfeit; «the amoral, jaded, bored upper classes» 2 wearied exhausted; «my father’s words had left me jaded and 65 depressed»- William Styron; 3 **jaded** hastiado, sin entusiasmo, exánime

Catherine blushed and disclaimed, and the gentleman's predictions were verified. There was a something, however, in his words which repaid her
 5 for the pain of confusion; and that something occupied her mind so much that she drew back for some time, forgetting to speak or to listen, and almost forgetting where she was; till,
 10 roused by the voice of Isabella, she looked up and saw her with Captain Tilney preparing to give them hands across.

15 Isabella shrugged her shoulders and smiled, the only explanation of this extraordinary change which could at that time be given; but as it was not quite enough for Catherine's
 20 comprehension, she spoke her astonishment in very plain terms to her partner.

"I cannot think how it could
 25 happen! Isabella was so determined not to dance."

"And did Isabella never change her
 mind before?"

30 "Oh! But, because — And your brother! After what you told him from me, how could he think of going to ask her?"

discontent descontento, disgustado, insatisfecho, revoltoso, rebelde, disgusto, desconformidad

35 "I cannot take surprise to myself on that head. You bid me be surprised on your friend's account, and therefore I am; but as for my brother, his conduct
 40 in the business, I must own, has been no more than I believed him perfectly equal to. The fairness of your friend was an open attraction; her firmness, you know, could only be understood by
 45 yourself."

"You are laughing; but, I assure you, Isabella is very firm in general."

50 "It is as much as should be said of anyone. To be always firm must be to be often obstinate. When properly to relax is the trial of judgment; and, without reference to my brother, I
 55 really think Miss Thorpe has by no means chosen ill in fixing on the present hour."

The friends were not able to get
 60 together for any confidential discourse till all the dancing was over; but then, as they walked about the room arm in arm, Isabella thus explained herself: "I do not wonder at your surprise; and I
 65 am really fatigued to death. He is such

a rattle! Amusing enough, if my mind had been disengaged; but I would have given the world to sit still."

5 "Then why did not you?"

"Oh! My dear! It would have looked so particular; and you know how I abhor doing that. I refused him as long
10 as I possibly could, but he would take no denial. You have no idea how he pressed me. I begged him to excuse me, and get some other partner — but no, not he; after aspiring to my hand, there
15 was nobody else in the room he could bear to think of; and it was not that he wanted merely to dance, he wanted to be with me. Oh! Such nonsense! I told him he had taken a very unlikely way
20 to prevail upon me; for, of all things in the world, I hated fine speeches and compliments; and so — and so then I found there would be no peace if I did not stand up. Besides, I thought Mrs.
25 Hughes, who introduced him, might take it ill if I did not: and your dear brother, I am sure he would have been miserable if I had sat down the whole evening. I am so glad it is over! My
30 spirits are quite **jaded** with listening to his nonsense: and then, being such a smart young fellow, I saw every eye was upon us."

35 "He is very handsome indeed."

"Handsome! Yes, I suppose he may. I dare say people would admire him in general; but he is not at all in my style
40 of beauty. I hate a florid complexion [tez/cariz] and dark eyes in a man. However, he is very well. Amazingly conceited, I am sure. I took him down several times, you know, in my way."

45 When the young ladies next met, they had a far more interesting subject to discuss. James Morland's second letter was then received, and the kind
50 intentions of his father fully explained. A living, of which Mr. Morland was himself patron and incumbent, of about four hundred pounds yearly value, was to be resigned to his son as soon as he
55 should be old enough to take it; no trifling deduction from the family income, no niggardly assignment to one of ten children. An estate of at least equal value, moreover, was assured as
60 his future inheritance.

James expressed himself on the occasion with becoming gratitude; and the necessity of waiting between two
65 and three years before they could

marry, being, however unwelcome, no more than he had expected, was borne by him without **discontent**. Catherine, whose expectations had been as
 5 unfixed as her ideas of her father's income, and whose judgment was now entirely led by her brother, felt equally well satisfied, and **heartily**
 10 congratulated Isabella on having everything so pleasantly settled.

"It is very charming indeed," said Isabella, with a grave face. "Mr. Morland has behaved vastly handsome
 15 indeed," said the gentle Mrs. Thorpe, looking anxiously at her daughter. "I only wish I could do as much. One could not expect more from him, you know. If he finds he can do more by
 20 and by, I dare say he will, for I am sure he must be an excellent good-hearted man. Four hundred is but a small income to begin on indeed, but your wishes, my dear Isabella, are so
 25 moderate, you do not consider how little you ever want, my dear."

"It is not on my own account I wish for more; but I cannot bear to be the
 30 means of injuring my dear Morland, making him sit down upon an income hardly enough to find one in the common necessities of life. For myself, it is nothing; I never think of
 35 myself."

"I know you never do, my dear; and you will always find your reward in the affection it makes everybody feel for
 40 you. There never was a young woman so beloved as you are by everybody that knows you; and I dare say when Mr. Morland sees you, my dear child — but do not let us distress our dear
 45 Catherine by talking of such things. Mr. Morland has behaved so very handsome, you know. I always heard he was a most excellent man; and you know, my dear, we are not to suppose
 50 but what, if you had had a suitable fortune, he would have come down with something more, for I am sure he must be a most **liberal**-minded man."

55 "Nobody can think better of Mr. Morland than I do, I am sure. But everybody has their failing, you know, and everybody has a right to do what they like with their own money."
 60 Catherine was hurt by these insinuations. "I am very sure," said she, "that my father has promised to do as much as he can afford."

65 Isabella recollected herself. "As to

embarrassed forced, constraint, incómodo, turbado, aturdido, embarazoso, cohibido, avergonzante, ruborizante, azorado o azarado
azarar es ruborizarse por vergüenza
azorar es sorprenderse, conturbarse, aturdirse, incomodarse, desconcertar
 Nota: **embarazado/a** es **preñado/a** (mal en Capote's *Cold Blood* : 258) aunque en el *Quijote* se utilizaba embarazado/a con el significado de «en dificultades con» ver 466.

that, my sweet Catherine, there cannot be a doubt, and you know me well enough to be sure that a much smaller income would satisfy me. It is not the
 5 want of more money that makes me just at present a little out of spirits; I hate money; and if our union could take place now upon only fifty pounds a year, I should not have a wish
 10 unsatisfied. Ah! my Catherine, you have found me out. There's the sting. The long, long, endless two years and half that are to pass before your brother can hold the living."

15

"Yes, yes, my darling Isabella," said Mrs. Thorpe, "we perfectly see into your heart. You have no disguise. We perfectly understand the present
 20 vexation; and everybody must love you the better for such a noble honest affection."

Catherine's **uncomfortable**
 25 feelings began to lessen. She endeavoured to believe that the delay of the marriage was the only source of Isabella's regret; and when she saw her at their next interview as cheerful and
 30 amiable as ever, endeavoured to forget that she had for a minute thought otherwise. James soon followed his letter, and was received with the most gratifying kindness.

35

40

45 Chapter 17

The Allens had now entered on the sixth week of their stay in Bath; and whether it should be the last was for
 50 some time a question, to which Catherine listened with a beating heart. To have her acquaintance with the Tilneys end so soon was an evil which nothing could counterbalance. Her
 55 whole happiness seemed at stake, while the affair was in suspense, and everything secured when it was determined that the lodgings should be taken for another fortnight. What this
 60 additional fortnight was to produce to her beyond the pleasure of sometimes seeing Henry Tilney made but a small part of Catherine's speculation. Once or twice indeed, since James's
 65 engagement had taught her what could

be done, she had got so far as to
 indulge in a secret "perhaps," but in
 general the felicity of being with him
 for the present bounded her views: the
 5 present was now comprised in another
 three weeks, and her happiness being
 certain for that period, the rest of her
 life was at such a distance as to excite
 but little interest. In the course of the
 10 morning which saw this business
 arranged, she visited Miss Tilney, and
 poured forth her joyful feelings. It was
 doomed to be a day of trial. No sooner
 had she expressed her delight in Mr.
 15 Allen's lengthened stay than Miss
 Tilney told her of her father's having
 just determined upon quitting Bath by
 the end of another week. Here was a
 blow! The past suspense of the
 20 morning had been ease and quiet to the
 present disappointment. Catherine's
 countenance fell, and in a voice of
 most sincere concern she echoed Miss
 Tilney's concluding words, "By the
 25 end of another week!"

"Yes, my father can seldom be
 prevailed on to give the waters what I
 think a fair trial. He has been
 30 disappointed of some friends' arrival
 whom he expected to meet here, and
 as he is now pretty well, is in a hurry
 to get home."

35 "I am very sorry for it," said
 Catherine dejectedly [*desanimado*,
abatido]; "if I had known this before
 —"

40 "Perhaps," said Miss Tilney in an
embarrassed manner, "you would be
 so good — it would make me very
 happy if —"

45 The entrance of her father put a stop
 to the civility, which Catherine was
 beginning to hope might introduce a
 desire of their corresponding. After
 addressing her with his usual
 50 politeness, he turned to his daughter
 and said, "Well, Eleanor, may I
 congratulate you on being successful
 in your application to your fair
 friend?"

55 "I was just beginning to make the
 request, sir, as you came in."

"Well, proceed by all means. I know
 60 how much your heart is in it. My
 daughter, Miss Morland," he
 continued, without leaving his
 daughter time to speak, "has been
 forming a very bold wish. We leave
 65 Bath, as she has perhaps told you, on

Saturday se'nnight. A letter from my steward tells me that my presence is wanted at home; and being disappointed in my hope of seeing the
 5 Marquis of Longtown and General Courteney here, some of my very old friends, there is nothing to detain me longer in Bath. And could we carry our selfish point with you, we should leave
 10 it without a single regret. Can you, in short, be prevailed on to quit this scene of public triumph and oblige your friend Eleanor with your company in Gloucestershire? I am almost ashamed
 15 to make the request, though its presumption would certainly appear greater to every creature in Bath than yourself. Modesty such as yours — but not for the world would I pain it by
 20 open praise. If you can be induced to honour us with a visit, you will make us happy beyond expression. 'Tis true, we can offer you nothing like the gaieties of this lively place; we can
 25 tempt you neither by amusement nor splendour, for our mode of living, as you see, is plain and unpretending; yet no endeavours shall be wanting on our side to make Northanger Abbey not
 30 wholly disagreeable.”

Northanger Abbey! These were thrilling words, and wound up Catherine's feelings to the highest
 35 point of ecstasy. Her grateful and gratified heart could hardly restrain its expressions within the language of tolerable calmness. To receive so flattering an invitation! To have her
 40 company so warmly solicited! Everything honourable and soothing, every present enjoyment, and every future hope was contained in it; and her acceptance, with only the saving clause
 45 of Papa and Mamma's approbation, was eagerly given. “I will write home directly,” said she, “and if they do not object, as I dare say they will not — “

50 General Tilney was not less sanguine, having already waited on her excellent friends in Pulteney Street, and obtained their *sanction* of his wishes. “Since they can consent to part
 55 with you,” said he, “we may expect philosophy from all the world.”

Miss Tilney was earnest, though gentle, in her secondary civilities, and
 60 the affair became in a few minutes as nearly settled as this necessary reference to Fullerton would allow.

The circumstances of the morning
 65 had led Catherine's feelings through

the varieties of suspense, security, and disappointment; but they were now safely lodged in perfect bliss; and with spirits elated [eufórico] to rapture, 5 with Henry at her heart, and Northanger Abbey on her lips, she hurried home to write her letter. Mr. and Mrs. Morland, relying on the discretion of the friends to whom they 10 had already entrusted their daughter, felt no doubt of the propriety of an acquaintance which had been formed under their eye, and sent therefore by return of post their ready consent to her 15 visit in Gloucestershire. This indulgence, though not more than Catherine had hoped for, completed her conviction of being favoured beyond every other human creature, in 20 friends and fortune, circumstance and chance. Everything seemed to cooperate for her advantage. By the kindness of her first friends, the Allens, she had been introduced into scenes 25 where pleasures of every kind had met her. Her feelings, her preferences, had each known the happiness of a return. Wherever she felt attachment, she had been able to create it. The affection of 30 Isabella was to be secured to her in a sister. The Tilneys, they, by whom, above all, she desired to be favourably thought of, outstripped even her wishes in the flattering measures by which 35 their intimacy was to be continued. She was to be their chosen visitor, she was to be for weeks under the same roof with the person whose society she mostly prized — and, in addition to all 40 the rest, this roof was to be the roof of an abbey! Her passion for ancient edifices was next in degree to her passion for Henry Tilney — and castles and abbeys made usually the charm of 45 those reveries which his image did not fill. To see and explore either the ramparts and keep of the one, or the cloisters of the other, had been for many weeks a darling wish, though to 50 be more than the visitor of an hour had seemed too nearly impossible for desire. And yet, this was to happen. With all the chances against her of house, hall, place, park, court, and 55 cottage, Northanger turned up an abbey, and she was to be its inhabitant. Its long, damp passages, its narrow cells and ruined chapel, were to be within her daily reach, and she could 60 not entirely subdue the hope of some traditional legends, some awful memorials of an injured and ill-fated nun.

65 It was wonderful that her friends

should seem so little elated [eufórico] by the possession of such a home, that the consciousness of it should be so meekly borne. The power of early habit
 5 only could account for it. A distinction to which they had been born gave no pride. Their superiority of abode was no more to them than their superiority of person.

10

Many were the inquiries she was eager to make of Miss Tilney; but so active were her thoughts, that when these inquiries were answered, she was
 15 hardly more assured than before, of Northanger Abbey having been a richly endowed convent at the time of the Reformation, of its having fallen into the hands of an ancestor of the Tilneys
 20 on its dissolution, of a large portion of the ancient building still making a part of the present dwelling although the rest was decayed, or of its standing low in a valley, sheltered from the north
 25 and east by rising woods of oak.

30

35

Chapter 18

With a mind thus full of happiness, Catherine was hardly aware that two or
 40 three days had passed away, without her seeing Isabella for more than a few minutes together. She began first to be sensible of this, and to sigh for her conversation, as she walked along the
 45 pump-room one morning, by Mrs. Allen's side, without anything to say or to hear; and scarcely had she felt a five minutes' longing of friendship, before the object of it appeared, and
 50 inviting her to a secret conference, led the way to a seat. "This is my favourite place," said she as they sat down on a bench between the doors, which commanded a tolerable view of
 55 everybody entering at either; "it is so out of the way."

Catherine, observing that Isabella's eyes were continually bent towards one
 60 door or the other, as in eager expectation, and remembering how often she had been falsely accused of being arch, thought the present a fine opportunity for being really so; and
 65 therefore gaily said, "Do not be uneasy,

Isabella, James will soon be here.”

“Psha! My dear creature,” she replied, “do not think me such a
5 simpleton as to be always wanting to confine him to my elbow. It would be hideous to be always together; we should be the jest of the place. And so you are going to Northanger! I am
10 amazingly glad of it. It is one of the finest old places in England, I understand. I shall depend upon a most particular description of it.”

15 “You shall certainly have the best in my power to give. But who are you looking for? Are your sisters coming?”

“I am not looking for anybody.
20 One’s eyes must be somewhere, and you know what a foolish trick I have of fixing mine, when my thoughts are an hundred miles off. I am amazingly absent; I believe I am the most absent
25 creature in the world. Tilney says it is always the case with minds of a certain stamp.”

“But I thought, Isabella, you had
30 something in particular to tell me?”

“Oh! Yes, and so I have. But here is a proof of what I was saying. My poor head, I had quite forgot it. Well,
35 the thing is this: I have just had a letter from John; you can guess the contents.”

“No, indeed, I cannot.”
40

“My sweet love, do not be so abominably affected. What can he write about, but yourself? You know he is over head and ears in love with you.”
45

“With me, dear Isabella!”

“Nay, my sweetest Catherine, this is being quite absurd! Modesty, and all
50 that, is very well in its way, but really a little common honesty is sometimes quite as becoming. I have no idea of being so overstrained! It is fishing for compliments. His attentions were such
55 as a child must have noticed. And it was but half an hour before he left Bath that you gave him the most positive encouragement. He says so in this letter, says that he as good as made you
60 an offer, and that you received his advances in the kindest way; and now he wants me to urge his suit, and say all manner of pretty things to you. So it is in vain to affect ignorance.”
65

Catherine, with all the earnestness of truth, expressed her astonishment at such a charge, protesting her innocence of every thought of Mr. Thorpe's being
 5 in love with her, and the consequent impossibility of her having ever intended to encourage him. "As to any attentions on his side, I do declare, upon my honour, I never was sensible
 10 of them for a moment — except just his asking me to dance the first day of his coming. And as to making me an offer, or anything like it, there must be some unaccountable mistake. I could
 15 not have misunderstood a thing of that kind, you know! And, as I ever wish to be believed, I solemnly protest that no syllable of such a nature ever passed between us. The last half hour before
 20 he went away! It must be all and completely a mistake — for I did not see him once that whole morning."

"But that you certainly did, for you
 25 spent the whole morning in Edgar's Buildings — it was the day your father's consent came — and I am pretty sure that you and John were alone in the parlour some time before
 30 you left the house."

"Are you? Well, if you say it, it was so, I dare say — but for the life of me, I cannot recollect it. I do remember
 35 now being with you, and seeing him as well as the rest — but that we were ever alone for five minutes — However, it is not worth arguing about, for whatever might pass on his side, you
 40 must be convinced, by my having no recollection of it, that I never thought, nor expected, nor wished for anything of the kind from him. I am excessively concerned that he should have any
 45 regard for me — but indeed it has been quite unintentional on my side; I never had the smallest idea of it. Pray undeceive him as soon as you can, and tell him I beg his pardon — that is — I
 50 do not know what I ought to say — but make him understand what I mean, in the properest way. I would not speak disrespectfully of a brother of yours, Isabella, I am sure; but you know very
 55 well that if I could think of one man more than another — he is not the person." Isabella was silent. "My dear friend, you must not be angry with me. I cannot suppose your brother cares so
 60 very much about me. And, you know, we shall still be sisters."

"Yes, yes" (with a blush), "there are more ways than one of our being
 65 sisters. But where am I wandering to?"

Well, my dear Catherine, the case seems to be that you are determined against poor John — is not it so?”

5 “I certainly cannot return his affection, and as certainly never meant to encourage it.”

“Since that is the case, I am sure I
10 shall not tease you any further. John desired me to speak to you on the subject, and therefore I have. But I confess, as soon as I read his letter, I thought it a very foolish, imprudent
15 business, and not likely to promote the good of either; for what were you to live upon, supposing you came together? You have both of you something, to be sure, but it is not a
20 trifle that will support a family nowadays; and after all that romancers may say, there is no doing without money. I only wonder John could think of it; he could not have received my
25 last.”

“You do acquit me, then, of anything wrong? — You are convinced that I never meant to deceive your
30 brother, never suspected him of liking me till this moment?”

“Oh! As to that,” answered Isabella laughingly, “I do not pretend to
35 determine what your thoughts and designs in time past may have been. All that is best known to yourself. A little harmless flirtation or so will occur, and one is often drawn on to give more
40 encouragement than one wishes to stand by. But you may be assured that I am the last person in the world to judge you severely. All those things should be allowed for in youth and high
45 spirits. What one means one day, you know, one may not mean the next. Circumstances change, opinions alter.”

“But my opinion of your brother
50 never did alter; it was always the same. You are describing what never happened.”

“My dearest Catherine,” continued
55 the other without at all listening to her, “I would not for all the world be the means of hurrying you into an engagement before you knew what you were about. I do not think anything
60 would justify me in wishing you to sacrifice all your happiness merely to oblige my brother, because he is my brother, and who perhaps after all, you know, might be just as happy without
65 you, for people seldom know what they

egregious *adj.* 1 outstandingly bad; shocking (*egregious folly; an egregious ass*). 2 *archaic or joc.* remarkable.
egregious: notoriamente malo, atroz, enorme (error), notable (maldad)
egregio: eminente, ilustre, extraordinario

would be at, young men especially, they are so amazingly changeable and inconstant. What I say is, why should a brother's happiness be dearer to me than a friend's? You know I carry my notions of friendship pretty high. But, above all things, my dear Catherine, do not be in a hurry. Take my word for it, that if you are in too great a hurry, you will certainly live to repent it. Tilney says there is nothing people are so often deceived in as the state of their own affections, and I believe he is very right. Ah! Here he comes; never mind, he will not see us, I am sure."

Catherine, looking up, perceived Captain Tilney; and Isabella, earnestly fixing her eye on him as she spoke, soon caught his notice. He approached immediately, and took the seat to which her movements invited him. His first address made Catherine start. Though spoken low, she could distinguish, "What! Always to be watched, in person or by proxy!"

"Psha, nonsense!" was Isabella's answer in the same half whisper. "Why do you put such things into my head? If I could believe it — my spirit, you know, is pretty independent."

"I wish your heart were independent. That would be enough for me."

"My heart, indeed! What can you have to do with hearts? You men have none of you any hearts."

"If we have not hearts, we have eyes; and they give us torment enough."

"Do they? I am sorry for it; I am sorry they find anything so disagreeable in me. I will look another way. I hope this pleases you" (turning her back on him); "I hope your eyes are not tormented now."

"Never more so; for the edge of a blooming cheek is still in view — at once too much and too little."

wilful, willful 1 (= *obstinate*) testarudo, terco 2 (= *deliberate*) intencionado, deliberado, premeditado; [*murder etc*] premeditado

Catherine heard all this, and quite out of countenance, could listen no longer. Amazed that Isabella could endure it, and jealous for her brother, she rose up, and saying she should join Mrs. Allen, proposed their walking. But for this Isabella showed no inclination. She was so amazingly tired, and it was so odious to parade

about the pump-room; and if she moved from her seat she should miss her sisters; she was expecting her sisters every moment; so that her
 5 dearest Catherine must excuse her, and must sit quietly down again. But Catherine could be stubborn too; and Mrs. Allen just then coming up to propose their returning home, she
 10 joined her and walked out of the pump-room, leaving Isabella still sitting with Captain Tilney. With much uneasiness did she thus leave them. It seemed to her that Captain Tilney was falling in
 15 love with Isabella, and Isabella unconsciously encouraging him; unconsciously it must be, for Isabella's attachment to James was as certain and well acknowledged as her engagement.
 20 To doubt her truth or good intentions was impossible; and yet, during the whole of their conversation her manner had been odd. She wished Isabella had talked more like her usual self, and not
 25 so much about money, and had not looked so well pleased at the sight of Captain Tilney. How strange that she should not perceive his admiration! Catherine longed to give her a hint of
 30 it, to put her on her guard, and prevent all the pain which her too lively behaviour might otherwise create both for him and her brother.

35 The compliment of John Thorpe's affection did not make amends for this thoughtlessness in his sister. She was almost as far from believing as from wishing it to be sincere; for she had not
 40 forgotten that he could mistake, and his assertion of the offer and of her encouragement convinced her that his mistakes could sometimes be very **egregious**. In vanity, therefore, she
 45 gained but little; her chief profit was in wonder. That he should think it worth his while to fancy himself in love with her was a matter of lively astonishment. Isabella talked of his
 50 attentions; she had never been sensible of any; but Isabella had said many things which she hoped had been spoken in haste, and would never be said again; and upon this she was glad
 55 to rest altogether for present ease and **comfort**.

60

65

Chapter 19

A few days passed away, and
 5 Catherine, though not allowing herself
 to suspect her friend, could not help
 watching her closely. The result of her
 observations was not agreeable.
 Isabella seemed an altered creature.
 10 When she saw her, indeed, surrounded
 only by their immediate friends in
 Edgar's Buildings or Pulteney Street,
 her change of manners was so trifling
 that, had it gone no farther, it might
 15 have passed unnoticed. A something of
 languid indifference, or of that boasted
 absence of mind which Catherine had
 never heard of before, would
 occasionally come across her; but had
 20 nothing worse appeared, that might
 only have spread a new grace and
 inspired a warmer interest. But when
 Catherine saw her in public, admitting
 Captain Tilney's attentions as **readily**
 25 **[easily/willingly]** as they were offered,
 and allowing him almost an equal share
 with James in her notice and smiles,
 the alteration became too positive to
 be passed over. What could be meant
 30 by such unsteady conduct, what her
 friend could be at, was beyond her
 comprehension. Isabella could not be
 aware of the pain she was inflicting;
 but it was a degree of **wilful**
 35 **thoughtlessness** which Catherine could
 not but resent [take offence at]. James
 was the sufferer. She saw him grave
 and uneasy; and however careless of
 his present **comfort** the woman might
 40 be who had given him her heart, to her
 it was always an object. For poor
 Captain Tilney too she was greatly
 concerned. Though his looks did not
 please her, his name was a passport to
 45 her goodwill, and she thought with
 sincere compassion of his approaching
 disappointment; for, in spite of what
 she had believed herself to overhear in
 the pump-room, his behaviour was so
 50 incompatible with a knowledge of
 Isabella's engagement that she could
 not, upon reflection, imagine him
 aware of it. He might be jealous of her
 brother as a rival, but if more had
 55 seemed implied, the fault must have
 been in her misapprehension. She
 wished, by a gentle **remonstrance**
[protest], to remind Isabella of her
 situation, and make her aware of this
 60 double unkindness; but for
remonstrance [protest], either
 opportunity or comprehension was
 always against her. If able to suggest a
 hint, Isabella could never understand
 65 it. In this distress, the intended

departure of the Tilney family became her chief consolation; their journey into Gloucestershire was to take place within a few days, and Captain Tilney's
 5 removal would at least restore peace to every heart but his own. But Captain Tilney had at present no intention of removing; he was not to be of the party to Northanger; he was to continue at
 10 Bath. When Catherine knew this, her **resolution** was directly made. She spoke to Henry Tilney on the subject, regretting his brother's evident partiality for Miss Thorpe, and
 15 entreating him to make known her prior engagement.

"My brother does know it," was Henry's answer.

20

"Does he? Then why does he stay here?"

He made no reply, and was
 25 beginning to talk of something else; but she eagerly continued, "Why do not you persuade him to go away? The longer he stays, the worse it will be for him at last. Pray advise him for his own
 30 sake, and for everybody's sake, to leave Bath directly. Absence will in time make him **comfortable** again; but he can have no hope here, and it is only staying to be miserable."

35

Henry smiled and said, "I am sure my brother would not wish to do that."

"Then you will persuade him to go
 40 away?"

"Persuasion is not at command; but pardon me, if I cannot even endeavour to persuade him. I have myself told him
 45 that Miss Thorpe is engaged. He knows what he is about, and must be his own master."

"No, he does not know what he is
 50 about," cried Catherine; "he does not know the pain he is giving my brother. Not that James has ever told me so, but I am sure he is very **uncomfortable**."

55 "And are you sure it is my brother's doing?"

"Yes, very sure."

60 "Is it my brother's attentions to Miss Thorpe, or Miss Thorpe's admission of them, that gives the pain?"

65 "Is not it the same thing?"

“I think Mr. Morland would
acknowledge a difference. No man is
offended by another man’s admiration
5 of the woman he loves; it is the woman
only who can make it a torment.”

Catherine blushed for her friend,
and said, “Isabella is wrong. But I am
10 sure she cannot mean to torment, for
she is very much attached to my
brother. She has been in love with him
ever since they first met, and while my
father’s consent was uncertain, she
15 fretted herself almost into a fever. You
know she must be attached to him.”

“I understand: she is in love with
James, and flirts with Frederick.”
20

“Oh! no, not flirts. A woman in love
with one man cannot flirt with
another.”

25 “It is probable that she will neither
love so well, nor flirt so well, as she
might do either singly. The gentlemen
must each give up a little.”

30 After a short pause, Catherine
resumed with, “Then you do not
believe Isabella so very much attached
to my brother?”

35 “I can have no opinion on that
subject.”

“But what can your brother mean?
If he knows her engagement, what can
40 he mean by his behaviour?”

“You are a very close questioner.”

45 “Am I? I only ask what I want to be
told.”

“But do you only ask what I can be
expected to tell?”

50 “Yes, I think so; for you must know
your brother’s heart.”

“My brother’s heart, as you term it,
on the present occasion, I assure you I
55 can only guess at.”

“Well?”

60 “Well! Nay, if it is to be guesswork,
let us all guess for ourselves. To be
guided by second-hand conjecture is
pitiful. The premises are before you.
My brother is a lively and perhaps
sometimes a thoughtless young man; he
65 has had about a week’s acquaintance

with your friend, and he has known her engagement almost as long as he has known her."

5 "Well," said Catherine, after some moments' consideration, "you may be able to guess at your brother's intentions from all this; but I am sure I cannot. But is not your father
10 uncomfortable about it? Does not he want Captain Tilney to go away? Sure, if your father were to speak to him, he would go."

15 "My dear Miss Morland," said Henry, "in this amiable solicitude for your brother's **comfort**, may you not be a little mistaken? Are you not carried a little too far? Would he thank
20 you, either on his own account or Miss Thorpe's, for supposing that her affection, or at least her good behaviour, is only to be secured by her seeing nothing of Captain Tilney? Is he
25 safe only in solitude? Or is her heart constant to him only when unsolicited by anyone else? He cannot think this — and you may be sure that he would not have you think it. I will not say,
30 'Do not be uneasy,' because I know that you are so, at this moment; but be as little uneasy as you can. You have no doubt of the mutual attachment of your brother and your friend; depend upon
35 it, therefore, that real jealousy never can exist between them; depend upon it that no disagreement between them can be of any duration. Their hearts are open to each other, as neither heart can
40 be to you; they know exactly what is required and what can be borne; and you may be certain that one will never tease the other beyond what is known to be pleasant."

45 Perceiving her still to look doubtful and grave, he added, "Though Frederick does not leave Bath with us, he will probably remain but a very
50 short time, perhaps only a few days behind us. His leave of absence will soon expire, and he must return to his regiment. And what will then be their acquaintance? The mess-room will
55 drink Isabella Thorpe for a fortnight, and she will laugh with your brother over poor Tilney's passion for a month."

60 Catherine would contend no longer against **comfort**. She had resisted its approaches during the whole length of a speech, but it now carried her captive. Henry Tilney must know best.
65 She blamed herself for the extent of her

perverse 1 perverso, malvado, depravado
2 obstinado, terco, caprichoso,
contumaz, adverso, contrario

fears, and resolved never to think so seriously on the subject again.

bustle 1. ajeteo, bullicio 2. andar, trabajar con prisas: *they bustled about cleaning the house*, andaban muy ajetreados con la limpieza de la casa

Her **resolution** was supported by
 5 Isabella's behaviour in their parting
 interview. The Thorpes spent the last
 evening of Catherine's stay in Pulteney
 Street, and nothing passed between the
 lovers to excite her uneasiness, or
 10 make her quit them in apprehension.
 James was in excellent spirits, and
 Isabella most engagingly placid. Her
 tenderness for her friend seemed rather
 the first feeling of her heart; but that
 15 at such a moment was allowable; and
 once she gave her lover a flat
 contradiction, and once she drew back
 her hand; but Catherine remembered
 Henry's instructions, and placed it all
 20 to judicious affection. The embraces,
 tears, and promises of the parting fair
 ones may be fancied.

25

30

Chapter 20

35 Mr. and Mrs. Allen were sorry to
 lose their young friend, whose good
 humour and cheerfulness had made her
 a valuable companion, and in the
 promotion of whose enjoyment their
 40 own had been gently increased. Her
 happiness in going with Miss Tilney,
 however, prevented their wishing it
 otherwise; and, as they were to remain
 only one more week in Bath
 45 themselves, her quitting them now
 would not long be felt. Mr. Allen
 attended her to Milsom Street, where
 she was to breakfast, and saw her
 seated with the kindest welcome among
 50 her new friends; but so great was her
 agitation in finding herself as one of
 the family, and so fearful was she of
 not doing exactly what was right, and
 of not being able to preserve their good
 55 opinion, that, in the embarrassment of
 the first five minutes, she could almost
 have wished to return with him to
 Pulteney Street.

60 Miss Tilney's manners and Henry's
 smile soon did away some of her
 unpleasant feelings; but still she was
 far from being at ease; nor could the
 incessant attentions of the general
 65 himself entirely reassure her. Nay,

perverse as it seemed, she doubted whether she might not have felt less, had she been less attended to. His anxiety for her **comfort** — his
 5 continual solicitations that she would eat, and his often-expressed fears of her seeing nothing to her taste — though never in her life before had she beheld half such variety on a breakfast-
 10 table — made it impossible for her to forget for a moment that she was a visitor. She felt utterly unworthy of such respect, and knew not how to reply to it. Her tranquillity was not
 15 improved by the general's impatience for the appearance of his eldest son, nor by the displeasure he expressed at his laziness when Captain Tilney at last came down. She was quite pained by
 20 the severity of his father's reproof, which seemed disproportionate to the offence; and much was her concern increased when she found herself the principal cause of the lecture, and that
 25 his tardiness was chiefly resented from being disrespectful to her. This was placing her in a very uncomfortable situation, and she felt great compassion for Captain Tilney, without being able
 30 to hope for his goodwill.

He listened to his father in silence, and attempted not any defence, which confirmed her in fearing that the
 35 inquietude of his mind, on Isabella's account, might, by keeping him long sleepless, have been the real cause of his rising late. It was the first time of her being decidedly in his company,
 40 and she had hoped to be now able to form her opinion of him; but she scarcely heard his voice while his father remained in the room; and even afterwards, so much were his spirits
 45 affected, she could distinguish nothing but these words, in a whisper to Eleanor, "How glad I shall be when you are all off."

50 The **bustle** of going was not pleasant. The clock struck ten while the trunks were carrying down, and the general had fixed to be out of Milsom Street by that hour. His greatcoat,
 55 instead of being brought for him to put on directly, was spread out in the curricule in which he was to accompany his son. The middle seat of the chaise was not drawn out, though there were
 60 three people to go in it, and his daughter's maid had so crowded it with parcels that Miss Morland would not have room to sit; and, so much was he influenced by this apprehension when
 65 he handed her in, that she had some

difficulty in saving her own new writing-desk from being thrown out into the street. At last, however, the door was closed upon the three
 5 females, and they set off at the sober pace in which the handsome, highly fed four horses of a gentleman usually perform a journey of thirty miles: such was the distance of Northanger from
 10 Bath, to be now divided into two equal stages. Catherine's spirits revived as they drove from the door; for with Miss Tilney she felt no restraint; and, with the interest of a road entirely new to
 15 her, of an abbey before, and a curricule behind, she caught the last view of Bath without any regret, and met with every milestone before she expected it. The tediousness of a two hours' wait
 20 at Petty France, in which there was nothing to be done but to eat without being hungry, and loiter about without anything to see, next followed — and her admiration of the style in which
 25 they travelled, of the fashionable chaise and four — postilions handsomely liveried, rising so regularly in their stirrups, and numerous outriders properly mounted,
 30 sunk a little under this consequent inconvenience. Had their party been perfectly agreeable, the delay would have been nothing; but General Tilney, though so charming a man, seemed
 35 always a check upon his children's spirits, and scarcely anything was said but by himself; the observation of which, with his discontent at whatever the inn afforded, and his angry
 40 impatience at the waiters, made Catherine grow every moment more in awe of him, and appeared to lengthen the two hours into four. At last, however, the order of release was
 45 given; and much was Catherine then surprised by the general's proposal of her taking his place in his son's curricule for the rest of the journey: "the day was fine, and he was anxious for
 50 her seeing as much of the country as possible."

snug 1 a cosy, comfortable, sheltered; well enclosed or placed or arranged. **b** cosily protected from the weather or cold. 2 (of an income etc.) allowing comfort and comparative ease.
snugly 1 cómodamente 2 to fit snugly, (*la ropa*) ajustarse bien

The remembrance of Mr. Allen's opinion, respecting young men's open
 55 carriages, made her blush at the mention of such a plan, and her first thought was to decline it; but her second was of greater deference for General Tilney's judgment; he could
 60 not propose anything improper for her; and, in the course of a few minutes, she found herself with Henry in the curricule, as happy a being as ever existed. A very short trial convinced
 65 her that a curricule was the prettiest

equipage in the world; the chaise and
 four wheeled off with some grandeur,
 to be sure, but it was a heavy and
 troublesome business, and she could
 5 not easily forget its having stopped two
 hours at Petty France. Half the time
 would have been enough for the
 curricle, and so **nimbly** [**ágilmente**]
 were the light horses disposed to move,
 10 that, had not the general chosen to have
 his own carriage lead the way, they
 could have passed it with ease in half
 a minute. But the merit of the curricle
 did not all belong to the horses; Henry
 15 drove so well — so quietly — without
 making any disturbance, without
 parading to her, or swearing at them:
 so different from the only gentleman-
 coachman whom it was in her power
 20 to compare him with! And then his hat
 sat so well, and the innumerable capes
 of his greatcoat looked so becomingly
 important! To be driven by him, next
 to being dancing with him, was
 25 certainly the greatest happiness in the
 world. In addition to every other
 delight, she had now that of listening
 to her own praise; of being thanked at
 least, on his sister's account, for her
 30 kindness in thus becoming her visitor;
 of hearing it **ranked** as real friendship,
 and described as creating real
 gratitude. His sister, he said, was
 uncomfortably circumstanced — she
 35 had no female companion — and, in the
 frequent absence of her father, was
 sometimes without any companion at
 all.

40 “But how can that be?” said
 Catherine. “Are not you with her?”

“Northanger is not more than half
 my home; I have an establishment at
 45 my own house in Woodston, which is
 nearly twenty miles from my father's,
 and some of my time is necessarily
 spent there.”

50 “How sorry you must be for that!”

“I am always sorry to leave
 Eleanor.”

55 “Yes; but besides your affection for
 her, you must be so fond of the abbey!
 After being used to such a home as the
 abbey, an ordinary parsonage-house
 must be very disagreeable.”

60

He smiled, and said, “You have
 formed a very favourable idea of the
 abbey.”

65 “To be sure, I have. Is not it a fine

old place, just like what one reads about?"

“And are you prepared to encounter
5 all the horrors that a building such as
'what one reads about' may produce?
Have you a stout heart? Nerves fit for
sliding panels and tapestry?"

10 “Oh! yes — I do not think I should
be easily frightened, because there
would be so many people in the house
— and besides, it has never been
uninhabited and left deserted for years,
15 and then the family come back to it
unawares, without giving any notice,
as generally happens.”

“No, certainly. We shall not have to
20 explore our way into a hall dimly
lighted by the expiring embers of a
wood fire — nor be obliged to spread
our beds on the floor of a room without
windows, doors, or furniture. But you
25 must be aware that when a young lady
is (by whatever means) introduced into
a dwelling of this kind, she is always
lodged apart from the rest of the
family. While they **snugly** repair to
30 their own end of the house, she is
formally conducted by Dorothy, the
ancient housekeeper, up a different
staircase, and along many gloomy
passages, into an apartment never used
35 since some cousin or kin died in it
about twenty years before. Can you
stand such a ceremony as this? Will not
your mind misgive you when you find
yourself in this gloomy chamber — too
40 lofty and extensive for you, with only
the feeble rays of a single lamp to take
in its size — its walls hung with
tapestry exhibiting figures as large as
life, and the bed, of dark green stuff
45 or purple velvet, presenting even a
funereal appearance? Will not your
heart sink within you?"

“Oh! But this will not happen to me,
50 I am sure.”

“How fearfully will you examine
the furniture of your apartment! And
what will you discern? Not tables,
55 toilettes, wardrobes, or drawers, but on
one side perhaps the remains of a
broken lute, on the other a ponderous
[weighty] chest which no efforts can
open, and over the fireplace the
60 portrait of some handsome warrior,
whose features will so
incomprehensibly strike you, that you
will not be able to withdraw your eyes
from it. Dorothy, meanwhile, no less
65 struck by your appearance, gazes on

you in great agitation, and drops a few unintelligible hints. To raise your spirits, moreover, she gives you reason to suppose that the part of the abbey
 5 you inhabit is undoubtedly haunted, and informs you that you will not have a single domestic within call. With this parting cordial she curtsies off — you listen to the sound of her receding
 10 footsteps as long as the last echo can reach you — and when, with fainting spirits, you attempt to fasten your door, you discover, with increased alarm, that it has no lock.”

15

“Oh! Mr. Tilney, how frightful! This is just like a book! But it cannot really happen to me. I am sure your housekeeper is not really Dorothy.
 20 Well, what then?”

“Nothing further to alarm perhaps may occur the first night. After surmounting your unconquerable
 25 horror of the bed, you will retire to rest, and get a few hours’ unquiet slumber. But on the second, or at farthest the third night after your arrival, you will probably have a
 30 violent storm. Peals of thunder so loud as to seem to shake the edifice to its foundation will roll round the neighbouring mountains — and during the frightful gusts of wind which
 35 accompany it, you will probably think you discern (for your lamp is not extinguished) one part of the hanging more violently agitated than the rest. Unable of course to repress your
 40 curiosity in so favourable a moment for indulging it, you will instantly arise, and throwing your dressing-gown around you, proceed to examine this mystery. After a very short search, you
 45 will discover a division in the tapestry so artfully constructed as to defy the minutest inspection, and on opening it, a door will immediately appear — which door, being only secured by
 50 massy bars and a padlock, you will, after a few efforts, succeed in opening — and, with your lamp in your hand, will pass through it into a small vaulted room.”

55

“No, indeed; I should be too much frightened to do any such thing.”

“What! Not when Dorothy has
 60 given you to understand that there is a secret subterraneous communication between your apartment and the chapel of St. Anthony, scarcely two miles off? Could you shrink from so simple an
 65 adventure? No, no, you will proceed

into this small vaulted room, and through this into several others, without perceiving anything very remarkable in either. In one perhaps
 5 there may be a dagger, in another a few drops of blood, and in a third the remains of some instrument of torture; but there being nothing in all this out of the common way, and your lamp
 10 being nearly exhausted, you will return towards your own apartment. In repassing through the small vaulted room, however, your eyes will be attracted towards a large, old-
 15 fashioned cabinet of ebony and gold, which, though narrowly examining the furniture before, you had passed unnoticed. Impelled by an irresistible presentiment, you will eagerly advance
 20 to it, unlock its folding doors, and search into every drawer — but for some time without discovering anything of importance — perhaps nothing but a considerable hoard of
 25 diamonds. At last, however, by touching a secret spring, an inner compartment will open — a roll of paper appears — you seize it — it contains many sheets of manuscript —

precious y **precioso** se usan como *caro, costoso, valioso*, y **precious** se aplica a amistad o momento, como *inapreciable, grato, preciado*, pero puede degradar su denotación para referirse a *amanerado, afectado / rebuscado* [estilo], *melindroso*, pero también se usa con cantidades para *considerable, mucho* y, en estilo familiar, para *querido*; en cambio, la primera acepción de *precioso* es **pretty, beautiful, lovely** y, en sentido figurado, **delightful, wonderful**. **Precious** también se usa como adverbio en el habla común para traducir *mu*y, y **preciosity** tiene matiz negativo de *preciosismo, amaneramiento*, mientras que *preciosidad* es positivo para **charm, beauty, marvel**.

30 you hasten with the **precious** treasure into your own chamber, but scarcely have you been able to decipher 'Oh! Thou — whomsoever thou mayst be, into whose hands these memoirs of the
 35 wretched Matilda may fall' — when your lamp suddenly expires in the socket, and leaves you in total darkness."

40 "Oh! No, no — do not say so. Well, go on."

But Henry was too much amused by the interest he had raised to be able to
 45 carry it farther; he could no longer command solemnity either of subject or voice, and was obliged to entreat her to use her own fancy in the perusal of Matilda's woes. Catherine, recollecting
 50 herself, grew ashamed of her eagerness, and began earnestly to assure him that her attention had been fixed without the smallest apprehension of really meeting with
 55 what he related. "Miss Tilney, she was sure, would never put her into such a chamber as he had described! She was not at all afraid."

60 As they drew near the end of their journey, her impatience for a sight of the abbey — for some time suspended by his conversation on subjects very different — returned in full force, and
 65 every bend in the road was expected

with solemn awe to afford a glimpse
of its massy walls of grey stone, rising
amidst a grove of ancient oaks, with
the last beams of the sun playing in
5 beautiful splendour on its high Gothic
windows. But so low did the building
stand, that she found herself passing
through the great gates of the lodge
into the very grounds of Northanger,
10 without having discerned even an
antique chimney.

She knew not that she had any right
to be surprised, but there was a
15 something in this mode of approach
which she certainly had not expected.
To pass between lodges of a modern
appearance, to find herself with such
ease in the very precincts of the abbey,
20 and driven so rapidly along a smooth,
level road of fine gravel, without
obstacle, alarm, or solemnity of any
kind, struck her as odd and
inconsistent. She was not long at
25 leisure, however, for such
considerations. A sudden scud of rain,
driving full in her face, made it
impossible for her to observe anything
further, and fixed all her thoughts on
30 the welfare of her new straw bonnet;
and she was actually under the abbey
walls, was springing, with Henry's
assistance, from the carriage, was
beneath the shelter of the old porch,
35 and had even passed on to the hall,
where her friend and the general were
waiting to welcome her, without
feeling one awful foreboding of future
miser^y to herself, or one moment's
40 suspicion of any past scenes of horror
being acted within the solemn edifice.
The breeze had not seemed to waft^e the
sighs of the murdered to her; it had
wafted nothing worse than a thick
45 mizzling rain; and having given a good
shake to her habit, she was ready to be
shown into the common drawing-room,
and capable of considering where she
was.

50 An abbey! Yes, it was delightful to
be really in an abbey! But she doubted,
as she looked round the room, whether
anything within her observation would
55 have given her the consciousness. The
furniture was in all the profusion and
elegance of modern taste. The
fireplace, where she had expected the
ample width and ponderous [weighty]
60 carving of former times, was
contracted to a Rumford, with slabs of
plain though handsome marble, and
ornaments over it of the prettiest
English china. The windows, to which
65 she looked with peculiar [odd, queer]

dependence, from having heard the general talk of his preserving them in their Gothic form with reverential care, were yet less what her fancy had
 5 portrayed. To be sure, the pointed arch was preserved — the form of them was Gothic — they might be even casements — but every pane was so large, so clear, so light! To an
 10 imagination which had hoped for the smallest divisions, and the heaviest stone-work, for painted glass, dirt, and cobwebs, the difference was very distressing.

15

The general, perceiving how her eye was employed, began to talk of the smallness of the room and simplicity of the furniture, where everything,
 20 being for daily use, pretended only to **comfort**, etc.; flattering himself, however, that there were some apartments in the Abbey not unworthy her notice — and was proceeding to
 25 mention the costly gilding of one in particular, when, taking out his watch, he stopped short to pronounce it with surprise within twenty minutes of five! This seemed the word of separation,
 30 and Catherine found herself hurried away by Miss Tilney in such a manner as convinced her that the strictest punctuality to the family hours would be expected at Northanger.

35

Returning through the large and lofty hall, they ascended a broad staircase of shining oak, which, after many flights and many landing-places,
 40 brought them upon a long, wide gallery. On one side it had a range of doors, and it was lighted on the other by windows which Catherine had only time to discover looked into a
 45 **quadrangle [patio]**, before Miss Tilney led the way into a chamber, and scarcely staying to hope she would find it **comfortable**, left her with an anxious entreaty that she would make
 50 as little alteration as possible in her dress.

55

60

Chapter 21

A moment's glance was enough to
 65 satisfy Catherine that her apartment

was very unlike the one which Henry had endeavoured to alarm her by the description of. It was by no means unreasonably large, and contained
 5 neither tapestry nor velvet. The walls were papered, the floor was carpeted; the windows were neither less perfect nor more dim than those of the drawing-room below; the furniture,
 10 though not of the latest fashion, was handsome and **comfortable**, and the air of the room altogether far from uncheerful. Her heart instantaneously at ease on this point, she resolved to
 15 lose no time in particular examination of anything, as she greatly dreaded disobliging the general by any delay. Her habit therefore was thrown off with all possible haste, and she was
 20 preparing to unpin the linen package, which the chaise-seat had conveyed for her immediate accommodation, when her eye suddenly fell on a large high chest, standing back in a deep recess
 25 on one side of the fireplace. The sight of it made her start; and, forgetting everything else, she stood gazing on it in motionless wonder, while these thoughts crossed her:

30 “This is strange indeed! I did not expect such a sight as this! An immense heavy chest! What can it hold? Why should it be placed here? Pushed back
 35 too, as if meant to be out of sight! I will look into it — cost me what it may, I will look into it — and directly too — by daylight. If I stay till evening my candle may go out.” She advanced and
 40 examined it closely: it was of cedar, curiously inlaid with some darker wood, and raised, about a foot from the ground, on a carved stand of the same. The lock was silver, though **tarnished**
 45 from age; at each end were the imperfect remains of handles also of silver, broken perhaps prematurely by some strange violence; and, on the centre of the lid, was a mysterious
 50 cipher, in the same metal. Catherine bent over it intently, but without being able to distinguish anything with certainty. She could not, in whatever direction she took it, believe the last
 55 letter to be a T; and yet that it should be anything else in that house was a circumstance to raise no common degree of astonishment. If not originally theirs, by what strange
 60 events could it have fallen into the Tilney family?

Her fearful curiosity was every moment growing greater; and seizing,
 65 with trembling hands, the hasp of the

lock, she resolved at all hazards to satisfy herself at least as to its contents. With difficulty, for something seemed to resist her efforts, she raised
 5 the lid a few inches; but at that moment a sudden knocking at the door of the room made her, starting, quit her hold, and the lid closed with alarming violence. This ill-timed intruder was
 10 Miss Tilney's maid, sent by her mistress to be of use to Miss Morland; and though Catherine immediately dismissed her, it recalled her to the sense of what she ought to be doing,
 15 and forced her, in spite of her anxious desire to penetrate this mystery, to proceed in her dressing without further delay. Her progress was not quick, for her thoughts and her eyes were still
 20 bent on the object so well calculated to interest and alarm; and though she dared not waste a moment upon a second attempt, she could not remain many paces from the chest. At length,
 25 however, having slipped one arm into her gown, her toilette seemed so nearly finished that the impatience of her curiosity might safely be indulged. One moment surely might be spared; and,
 30 so desperate should be the exertion of her strength, that, unless secured by supernatural means, the lid in one moment should be thrown back. With this spirit she sprang forward, and her
 35 confidence did not deceive her. Her resolute effort threw back the lid, and gave to her astonished eyes the view of a white cotton counterpane [colcha], properly folded, reposing at one end
 40 of the chest in undisputed possession!

She was gazing on it with the first blush of surprise when Miss Tilney, anxious for her friend's being ready,
 45 entered the room, and to the rising shame of having harboured for some minutes an absurd expectation, was then added the shame of being caught in so idle a search. "That is a curious
 50 old chest, is not it?" said Miss Tilney, as Catherine hastily closed it and turned away to the glass. "It is impossible to say how many generations it has been here. How it
 55 came to be first put in this room I know not, but I have not had it moved, because I thought it might sometimes be of use in holding hats and bonnets. The worst of it is that its weight makes
 60 it difficult to open. In that corner, however, it is at least out of the way."

Catherine had no leisure for speech, being at once blushing, tying her gown,
 65 and forming wise **resolutions** with the

most violent dispatch. Miss Tilney gently hinted her fear of being late; and in half a minute they ran downstairs together, in an alarm not wholly
 5 unfounded, for General Tilney was pacing the drawing-room, his watch in his hand, and having, on the very instant of their entering, pulled the bell with violence, ordered "Dinner to be
 10 on table directly!"

Catherine trembled at the emphasis with which he spoke, and sat pale and breathless, in a most humble mood,
 15 concerned for his children, and detesting old chests; and the general, recovering his politeness as he looked at her, spent the rest of his time in scolding his daughter for so foolishly
 20 hurrying her fair friend, who was absolutely out of breath from haste, when there was not the least occasion for hurry in the world: but Catherine could not at all get over the double
 25 distress of having involved her friend in a lecture and been a great simpleton herself, till they were happily seated at the dinner-table, when the general's complacent smiles, and a good appetite
 30 of her own, restored her to peace. The dining-parlour was a noble room, suitable in its dimensions to a much larger drawing-room than the one in common use, and fitted up in a style
 35 of luxury and expense which was almost lost on the unpractised eye of Catherine, who saw little more than its spaciousness and the number of their attendants. Of the former, she spoke
 40 aloud her admiration; and the general, with a very gracious countenance, acknowledged that it was by no means an ill-sized room, and further confessed that, though as careless on
 45 such subjects as most people, he did look upon a tolerably large eating-room as one of the necessaries of life; he supposed, however, "that she must have been used to much better-sized
 50 apartments at Mr. Allen's?"

"No, indeed," was Catherine's honest assurance; "Mr. Allen's dining-parlour was not more than half as
 55 large," and she had never seen so large a room as this in her life. The general's good humour increased. Why, as he had such rooms, he thought it would be simple not to make use of them; but,
 60 upon his honour, he believed there might be more **comfort** in rooms of only half their size. Mr. Allen's house, he was sure, must be exactly of the true size for rational happiness.

65

The evening passed without any further disturbance, and, in the occasional absence of General Tilney, with much positive cheerfulness. It was
5 only in his presence that Catherine felt the smallest fatigue from her journey; and even then, even in moments of languor or restraint, a sense of general happiness preponderated, and she
10 could think of her friends in Bath without one wish of being with them.

The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole
15 afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and, when she heard it rage
20 round a corner of the ancient building and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds; they brought to
25 her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier
30 circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn! She had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. Henry had certainly been only in jest in what
35 he had told her that morning. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer, and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it had been her own
40 chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded upstairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tilney slept only two doors from her, to enter her
45 room with a tolerably stout heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. "How much better is this," said she, as she walked to the fender — "how much
50 better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant
55 frightening one by coming in with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other places, I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have
60 answered for my courage: but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one."

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It
65 could be nothing but the violence of

the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of
5 its being so, **peeped** courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of
10 the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most
15 happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. "She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up
20 her fire; that would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed." The fire therefore died away, and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour
25 in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet,
30 which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. Henry's words, his description of the ebony cabinet which was to escape her observation at first,
35 immediately **rushed** across her; and though there could be nothing really in it, there was something whimsical, it was certainly a very remarkable coincidence! She took her candle and
40 looked closely at the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was japan, black and yellow japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the
45 effect of gold. The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not, however, with the smallest expectation of finding anything, but it was so very odd, after what Henry had
50 said. In short, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand and tried to turn it; but
55 it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! The door
60 was still immovable. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the
65 awfulness of her situation. To retire to

bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in
 5 her immediate vicinity. Again, therefore, she applied herself to the key, and after moving it in every possible way for some instants with the determined celerity of hope's last
 10 effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by bolts of less
 15 wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern anything unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below
 20 them; and in the centre, a small door, closed also with a lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

25 Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth.
 30 It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was
 35 anything found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The
 40 place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had "never from the first had the smallest idea of finding anything in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least
 45 disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it." It was some time however before she could unfasten the door, the same
 50 difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed
 55 back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew
 60 pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while she acknowledged with awful sensations
 65 this striking exemplification of what

Henry had foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

5 The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction; it had yet some hours to burn; and that she might not have any
 10 greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! It was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with
 15 more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness
 20 impenetrable and immovable filled the room. A violent gust [ráfaga/arrebato] of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the
 25 pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her
 30 forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her
 35 eyes in sleep that night, she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible.
 40 The storm too abroad so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed **fraught** with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, so
 45 wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? To whom could it relate? By what means could it have been so long
 50 concealed? And how singularly strange that it should fall to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however, she could have neither repose nor **comfort**; and
 55 with the sun's first rays she was determined to peruse it. But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene. She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet
 60 sleeper. The storm still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very curtains of her bed seemed at one
 65 moment in motion, and at another the

lock of her door was agitated, as if by the attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery, and more than once
 5 her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans. Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the house before the tempest
 10 subsided or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

15

20

Chapter 22

The housemaid's folding back her
 25 window-shutters at eight o'clock the next day was the sound which first roused Catherine; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed, on objects of
 30 cheerfulness; her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. Instantaneously, with the consciousness of existence, returned
 35 her recollection of the manuscript; and springing from the bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its
 40 falling to the ground, and flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she
 45 had shuddered over in books, for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small disjointed sheets, was altogether but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed it to be at first.

50

import waht is implied, importance, meaning, transcendence

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its **import**. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false? An inventory of
 55 linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same
 60 articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand,
 65 marked an expenditure scarcely more

interesting, in letters, hair-powder, shoe-string, and breeches-ball. And the larger sheet, which had enclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, “To
 5 poultice chestnut mare” — a farrier’s bill! Such was the collection of papers (left perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant in the place whence she had taken
 10 them) which had filled her with expectation and alarm, and robbed her of half her night’s rest! She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her
 15 wisdom? A corner of it, catching her eye as she lay, seemed to rise up in judgment against her. Nothing could now be clearer than the absurdity of her recent fancies. To suppose that a
 20 manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable! — Or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a
 25 cabinet, the key of which was open to all!

How could she have so imposed on herself? Heaven forbid that Henry
 30 Tilney should ever know her folly! And it was in a great measure his own doing, for had not the cabinet appeared so exactly to agree with his description of her adventures, she should never
 35 have felt the smallest curiosity about it. This was the only **comfort** that occurred. Impatient to get rid of those hateful evidences of her folly, those detestable papers then scattered over
 40 the bed, she rose directly, and folding them up as nearly as possible in the same shape as before, returned them to the same spot within the cabinet, with a very hearty wish that no **untoward**
 45 [**adverso**] accident might ever bring them forward again, to disgrace her even with herself.

Why the locks should have been so
 50 difficult to open, however, was still something remarkable, for she could now manage them with perfect ease. In this there was surely something mysterious, and she indulged in the
 55 flattering suggestion for half a minute, till the possibility of the door’s having been at first unlocked, and of being herself its fastener, darted into her head, and cost her another blush.

60
 She got away as soon as she could from a room in which her conduct produced such unpleasant reflections, and found her way with all speed to the
 65 breakfast-parlour, as it had been

pointed out to her by Miss Tilney the evening before. Henry was alone in it; and his immediate hope of her having been undisturbed by the tempest, with
 5 an arch reference to the character of the building they inhabited, was rather distressing. For the world would she not have her weakness suspected, and yet, unequal to an absolute falsehood,
 10 was constrained to acknowledge that the wind had kept her awake a little. "But we have a charming morning after it," she added, desiring to get rid of the subject; "and storms and
 15 sleeplessness are nothing when they are over. What beautiful hyacinths! I have just learnt to love a hyacinth."

"And how might you learn? By
 20 accident or argument?"

Conductor traduce *conductor* [eléctrico], y además *director* [de orquesta], *cofrador* [de autoblis], *revisor* [de tren, metro], *vigilante / encargado*. Por otra parte, *conductor* se usa para **driver, director** [orquesta], **leader**.

leisurely 1 lento, pausado; *at a ~ pace* sin prisas
 2 relajado: *let's take a leisurely stroll*, demos un paseo sin prisas 3 adv. tranquilamente

"Your sister taught me; I cannot tell how. Mrs. Allen used to take pains, year after year, to make me like them; but I never could, till I saw them the other day in Milsom Street; I am naturally indifferent about flowers."

"But now you love a hyacinth. So
 30 much the better. You have gained a new source of enjoyment, and it is well to have as many holds upon happiness as possible. Besides, a taste for flowers is always desirable in your sex, as a
 35 means of getting you out of doors, and tempting you to more frequent exercise than you would otherwise take. And though the love of a hyacinth may be rather domestic, who can tell, the
 40 sentiment once raised, but you may in time come to love a rose?"

"But I do not want any such pursuit to get me out of doors. The pleasure
 45 of walking and breathing fresh air is enough for me, and in fine weather I am out more than half my time. Mamma says I am never within."

50 "At any rate, however, I am pleased that you have learnt to love a hyacinth. The mere habit of learning to love is the thing; and a teachableness of disposition in a young lady is a great
 55 blessing. Has my sister a pleasant mode of instruction?"

Catherine was saved the embarrassment of attempting an
 60 answer by the entrance of the general, whose smiling compliments announced a happy state of mind, but whose gentle hint of sympathetic early rising did not advance her composure [calmness].

65

The elegance of the breakfast set forced itself on Catherine's notice when they were seated at table; and, lucidly, it had been the general's
 5 choice. He was enchanted by her approbation of his taste, confessed it to be neat and simple, thought it right to encourage the manufacture of his country; and for his part, to his
 10 uncritical palate, the tea was as well flavoured from the clay of Staffordshire, as from that of Dresden or Save. But this was quite an old set, purchased two years ago. The
 15 manufacture was much improved since that time; he had seen some beautiful specimens when last in town, and had he not been perfectly without vanity of that kind, might have been tempted to
 20 order a new set. He trusted, however, that an opportunity might ere long occur of selecting one — though not for himself. Catherine was probably the only one of the party who did not
 25 understand him.

Shortly after breakfast Henry left them for Woodston, where business required and would keep him two or
 30 three days. They all attended in the hall to see him mount his horse, and immediately on re-entering the breakfast-room, Catherine walked to a window in the hope of catching another
 35 glimpse of his figure. "This is a somewhat heavy call upon your brother's fortitude," observed the general to Eleanor. "Woodston will make but a sombre appearance today."

40 "Is it a pretty place?" asked Catherine.

"What say you, Eleanor? Speak
 45 your opinion, for ladies can best tell the taste of ladies in regard to places as well as men. I think it would be acknowledged by the most impartial eye to have many recommendations.
 50 The house stands among fine meadows facing the south-east, with an excellent kitchen-garden in the same aspect; the walls surrounding which I built and stocked myself about ten years ago, for
 55 the benefit of my son. It is a family living, Miss Morland; and the property in the place being chiefly my own, you may believe I take care that it shall not be a bad one. Did Henry's income
 60 depend solely on this living, he would not be ill-provided for. Perhaps it may seem odd, that with only two younger children, I should think any profession necessary for him; and certainly there
 65 are moments when we could all wish

him disengaged from every tie of business. But though I may not exactly make converts of you young ladies, I am sure your father, Miss Morland, 5 would agree with me in thinking it expedient to give every young man some employment. The money is nothing, it is not an object, but employment is the thing. Even 10 Frederick, my eldest son, you see, who will perhaps inherit as considerable a landed property as any private man in the county, has his profession."

15 The imposing effect of this last argument was equal to his wishes. The silence of the lady proved it to be unanswerable.

20 Something had been said the evening before of her being shown over the house, and he now offered himself as her **conductor**; and though Catherine had hoped to explore it 25 accompanied only by his daughter, it was a proposal of too much happiness in itself, under any circumstances, not to be gladly accepted; for she had been already eighteen hours in the abbey, 30 and had seen only a few of its rooms. The netting-box, just **leisurely** drawn forth, was closed with joyful haste, and she was ready to attend him in a moment. "And when they had gone 35 over the house, he promised himself moreover the pleasure of accompanying her into the shrubberies and garden." She curtsied her acquiescence. "But perhaps it might be 40 more agreeable to her to make those her first object. The weather was at present favourable, and at this time of year the uncertainty was very great of its continuing so. Which would she 45 prefer? He was equally at her service. Which did his daughter think would most accord with her fair friend's wishes? But he thought he could discern. Yes, he certainly read in Miss 50 Morland's eyes a judicious desire of making use of the present smiling weather. But when did she judge amiss? The abbey would be always safe and dry. He yielded implicitly, and 55 would fetch his hat and attend them in a moment." He left the room, and Catherine, with a disappointed, anxious face, began to speak of her unwillingness that he should be taking 60 them out of doors against his own inclination, under a mistaken idea of pleasing her; but she was stopped by Miss Tilney's saying, with a little confusion, "I believe it will be wisest 65 to take the morning while it is so fine;

and do not be uneasy on my father's account; he always walks out at this time of day."

5 Catherine did not exactly know how this was to be understood. Why was Miss Tilney embarrassed? Could there be any unwillingness on the general's side to show her over the abbey? The
10 proposal was his own. And was not it odd that he should always take his walk so early? Neither her father nor Mr. Allen did so. It was certainly very provoking. She was all impatience to
15 see the house, and had scarcely any curiosity about the grounds. If Henry had been with them indeed! But now she should not know what was picturesque when she saw it. Such were
20 her thoughts, but she kept them to herself, and put on her bonnet in patient discontent.

She was struck, however, beyond
25 her expectation, by the grandeur of the abbey, as she saw it for the first time from the lawn. The whole building enclosed a large court; and two sides of the **quadrangle [patio]**, rich in
30 Gothic ornaments, stood forward for admiration. The remainder was shut off by knolls of old trees, or luxuriant plantations, and the steep woody hills rising behind, to give it shelter, were
35 beautiful even in the leafless month of March. Catherine had seen nothing to compare with it; and her feelings of delight were so strong, that without waiting for any better authority, she
40 boldly burst forth in wonder and praise. The general listened with assenting gratitude; and it seemed as if his own estimation of Northanger had waited unfixed till that hour.

45 The kitchen-garden was to be next admired, and he led the way to it across a small portion of the park.

50 The number of acres contained in this garden was such as Catherine could not listen to without dismay, being more than double the extent of all Mr. Allen's, as well her father's,
55 including church-yard and orchard. The walls seemed countless in number, endless in length; a village of hot-houses seemed to arise among them, and a whole parish to be at work within
60 the enclosure. The general was flattered by her looks of surprise, which told him almost as plainly, as he soon forced her to tell him in words, that she had never seen any gardens at
65 all equal to them before; and he then

modestly owned that, “without any ambition of that sort himself — without any solicitude about it — he did believe them to be unrivalled in the
 5 kingdom. If he had a hobby-horse, it was that. He loved a garden. Though careless enough in most matters of eating, he loved good fruit — or if he did not, his friends and children did.
 10 There were great vexations, however, attending such a garden as his. The utmost care could not always secure the most valuable fruits. The pinery had yielded only one hundred in the
 15 last year. Mr. Allen, he supposed, must feel these inconveniences as well as himself.”

“No, not at all. Mr. Allen did not
 20 care about the garden, and never went into it.”

With a triumphant smile of self-satisfaction, the general wished he
 25 could do the same, for he never entered his, without being vexed [angered] in some way or other, by its falling short of his plan.

30 “How were Mr. Allen’s succession-houses worked?” describing the nature of his own as they entered them.

“Mr. Allen had only one small hot-
 35 house, which Mrs. Allen had the use of for her plants in winter, and there was a fire in it now and then.”

“He is a happy man!” said the
 40 general, with a look of very happy contempt.

Having taken her into every division, and led her under every wall,
 45 till she was heartily weary of seeing and wondering, he suffered the girls at last to seize the advantage of an outer door, and then expressing his wish to examine the effect of some recent
 50 alterations about the tea-house, proposed it as no unpleasant extension of their walk, if Miss Morland were not tired. “But where are you going, Eleanor? Why do you choose that cold,
 55 damp path to it? Miss Morland will get wet. Our best way is across the park.”

“This is so favourite a walk of mine,” said Miss Tilney, “that I always
 60 think it the best and nearest way. But perhaps it may be damp.”

It was a narrow winding path through a thick grove of old Scotch
 65 firs; and Catherine, struck by its

gloomy aspect, and eager to enter it, could not, even by the general's disapprobation, be kept from stepping forward. He perceived her inclination, and having again urged the plea of health in vain, was too polite to make further opposition. He excused himself, however, from attending them: "The rays of the sun were not too cheerful for him, and he would meet them by another course." He turned away; and Catherine was shocked to find how much her spirits were relieved by the separation. The shock, however, being less real than the relief, offered it no injury; and she began to talk with easy gaiety of the delightful melancholy which such a grove inspired.

"I am particularly fond of this spot," said her companion, with a sigh. "It was my mother's favourite walk."

Catherine had never heard Mrs. Tilney mentioned in the family before, and the interest excited by this tender remembrance showed itself directly in her altered countenance, and in the attentive pause with which she waited for something more.

"I used to walk here so often with her!" added Eleanor; "though I never loved it then, as I have loved it since. At that time indeed I used to wonder at her choice. But her memory endears it now."

"And ought it not," reflected Catherine, "to endear it to her husband? Yet the general would not enter it." Miss Tilney continuing silent, she ventured to say, "Her death must have been a great affliction!"

"A great and increasing one," replied the other, in a low voice. "I was only thirteen when it happened; and though I felt my loss perhaps as strongly as one so young could feel it, I did not, I could not, then know what a loss it was." She stopped for a moment, and then added, with great firmness, "I have no sister, you know — and though Henry — though my brothers are very affectionate, and Henry is a great deal here, which I am most thankful for, it is impossible for me not to be often solitary."

"To be sure you must miss him very much."

"A mother would have been always

present. A mother would have been a constant friend; her influence would have been beyond all other."

partial Los adjetivos *partial* y *parcial* comparten la idea de *incompleto* y, en sentido ético, *injusto*, *prejuiciado*, pero *partial* se usa además para *aficionado*, *affectionate*, *fond*, *kind*, *attached*.

5 "Was she a very charming woman? Was she handsome? Was there any picture of her in the abbey? And why had she been so **partial** to that grove? Was it from **dejection** of spirits?" —
10 were questions now eagerly poured forth; the first three received a ready affirmative, the two others were passed by; and Catherine's interest in the deceased Mrs. Tilney augmented with
15 every question, whether answered or not. Of her unhappiness in marriage, she felt persuaded. The general certainly had been an unkind husband. He did not love her walk: could he
20 therefore have loved her? And besides, handsome as he was, there was a something in the turn of his features which spoke his not having behaved well to her.

25 "Her picture, I suppose," blushing at the consummate art of her own question, "hangs in your father's room?"

30 "No; it was intended for the drawing-room; but my father was dissatisfied with the painting, and for some time it had no place. Soon after
35 her death I obtained it for my own, and hung it in my bed-chamber — where I shall be happy to show it you; it is very like." Here was another proof. A portrait — very like — of a departed
40 wife, not valued by the husband! He must have been dreadfully cruel to her!

Catherine attempted no longer to hide from herself the nature of the
45 feelings which, in spite of all his attentions, he had previously excited; and what had been terror and dislike before, was now absolute aversion. Yes, aversion! His cruelty to such a
50 charming woman made him odious to her. She had often read of such characters, characters which Mr. Allen had been used to call unnatural and overdrawn; but here was proof positive
55 of the contrary.

She had just settled this point when the end of the path brought them directly upon the general; and in spite
60 of all her virtuous indignation, she found herself again obliged to walk with him, listen to him, and even to smile when he smiled. Being no longer able, however, to receive pleasure from
65 the surrounding objects, she soon

began to walk with lassitude; the general perceived it, and with a concern for her health, which seemed to reproach her for her opinion of him,
 5 was most urgent for returning with his daughter to the house. He would follow them in a quarter of an hour. Again they parted — but Eleanor was called back in half a minute to receive a strict
 10 charge against taking her friend round the abbey till his return. This second instance of his anxiety to delay what she so much wished for struck Catherine as very remarkable.

15

20

25 Chapter 23

An hour passed away before the general came in, spent, on the part of his young guest, in no very favourable
 30 consideration of his character. “This lengthened absence, these solitary rambles, did not speak a mind at ease, or a conscience void of reproach.” At length he appeared; and, whatever
 35 might have been the gloom of his meditations, he could still smile with them. Miss Tilney, understanding in part her friend’s curiosity to see the house, soon revived the subject; and
 40 her father being, contrary to Catherine’s expectations, unprovided with any pretence for further delay, beyond that of stopping five minutes to order refreshments to be in the room
 45 by their return, was at last ready to escort them.

They set forward; and, with a grandeur of air, a dignified step, which
 50 caught the eye, but could not shake the doubts of the well-read Catherine, he led the way across the hall, through the common drawing-room and one useless antechamber, into a room magnificent
 55 both in size and furniture — the real drawing-room, used only with company of consequence. It was very noble — very grand — very charming! — was all that Catherine had to say,
 60 for her indiscriminating eye scarcely discerned the colour of the satin; and all minuteness of praise, all praise that had much meaning, was supplied by the general: the costliness or elegance of
 65 any room’s fitting-up could be nothing

to her; she cared for no furniture of a more modern date than the fifteenth century. When the general had satisfied his own curiosity, in a close
 5 examination of every well-known ornament, they proceeded into the library, an apartment, in its way, of equal magnificence, exhibiting a collection of books, on which an
 10 humble man might have looked with pride. Catherine heard, admired, and wondered with more genuine feeling than before — gathered all that she could from this storehouse of
 15 knowledge, by running over the titles of half a shelf, and was ready to proceed. But suites of apartments did not spring up with her wishes. Large as was the building, she had already
 20 visited the greatest part; though, on being told that, with the addition of the kitchen, the six or seven rooms she had now seen surrounded three sides of the court, she could scarcely believe it, or
 25 overcome the suspicion of there being many chambers secreted. It was some relief, however, that they were to return to the rooms in common use, by passing through a few of less
 30 importance, looking into the court, which, with occasional passages, not wholly unintricate, connected the different sides; and she was further soothed in her progress by being told
 35 that she was treading what had once been a cloister, having traces of cells pointed out, and observing several doors that were neither opened nor explained to her — by finding herself
 40 successively in a billiard-room, and in the general's private apartment, without comprehending their connection, or being able to turn aright when she left them; and lastly, by
 45 passing through a dark little room, owing Henry's authority, and strewed with his litter of books, guns, and greatcoats.

50 From the dining-room, of which, though already seen, and always to be seen at five o'clock, the general could not **forgo [renunciar a]** the pleasure of pacing out the length, for the more
 55 certain information of Miss Morland, as to what she neither doubted nor cared for, they proceeded by quick communication to the kitchen — the ancient kitchen of the convent, rich in
 60 the massy walls and smoke of former days, and in the stoves and hot closets of the present. The general's improving hand had not **loitered [idled]** here: every modern invention to facilitate the
 65 labour of the cooks had been adopted

within this, their spacious theatre; and, when the genius of others had failed, his own had often produced the perfection wanted. His endowments of
 5 this spot alone might at any time have placed him high among the benefactors of the convent.

With the walls of the kitchen ended
 10 all the antiquity of the abbey; the fourth side of the **quadrangle [patio]** having, on account of its decaying state, been removed by the general's father, and the present erected in its
 15 place. All that was venerable ceased here. The new building was not only new, but declared itself to be so; intended only for offices, and enclosed behind by stable-yards, no uniformity
 20 of architecture had been thought necessary. Catherine could have raved at the hand which had swept away what must have been beyond the value of all the rest, for the purposes of mere
 25 domestic economy; and would willingly have been spared the mortification of a walk through scenes so fallen, had the general allowed it; but if he had a vanity, it was in the
 30 arrangement of his offices; and as he was convinced that, to a mind like Miss Morland's, a view of the accommodations and **comforts**, by which the labours of her inferiors were
 35 softened, must always be gratifying, he should make no apology for leading her on. They took a slight survey of all; and Catherine was impressed, beyond her expectation, by their multiplicity
 40 and their convenience. The purposes for which a few shapeless pantries and a comfortless scullery were deemed sufficient at Fullerton, were here carried on in appropriate divisions,
 45 commodious and roomy. The number of servants continually appearing did not strike her less than the number of their offices. Wherever they went, some pattered girl stopped to curtsy,
 50 or some footman in dishabille sneaked off. Yet this was an abbey! How inexpressibly different in these domestic arrangements from such as she had read about — from abbeys and
 55 castles, in which, though certainly larger than Northanger, all the dirty work of the house was to be done by two pair of female hands at the utmost. How they could get through it all had
 60 often amazed Mrs. Allen; and, when Catherine saw what was necessary here, she began to be amazed herself.

They returned to the hall, that the
 65 chief staircase might be ascended, and

the beauty of its wood, and ornaments of rich carving might be pointed out: having gained the top, they turned in an opposite direction from the gallery
 5 in which her room lay, and shortly entered one on the same plan, but superior in length and breadth. She was here shown successively into three large bed-chambers, with their
 10 dressing-rooms, most completely and handsomely fitted up; everything that money and taste could do, to give **comfort** and elegance to apartments, had been bestowed on these; and, being
 15 furnished within the last five years, they were perfect in all that would be generally pleasing, and wanting in all that could give pleasure to Catherine. As they were surveying the last, the
 20 general, after slightly naming a few of the distinguished characters by whom they had at times been honoured, turned with a smiling countenance to Catherine, and ventured to hope that
 25 henceforward some of their earliest tenants might be "our friends from Fullerton." She felt the unexpected compliment, and deeply regretted the impossibility of thinking well of a man
 30 so kindly disposed towards herself, and so full of civility to all her family.

The gallery was terminated by folding doors, which Miss Tilney,
 35 advancing, had thrown open, and passed through, and seemed on the point of doing the same by the first door to the left, in another long reach of gallery, when the general, coming
 40 forwards, called her hastily, and, as Catherine thought, rather angrily back, demanding whether she were going? — And what was there more to be seen? — Had not Miss Morland already seen
 45 all that could be worth her notice? — And did she not suppose her friend might be glad of some refreshment after so much exercise? Miss Tilney drew back directly, and the heavy doors
 50 were closed upon the mortified Catherine, who, having seen, in a momentary glance beyond them, a narrower passage, more numerous openings, and symptoms of a winding
 55 staircase, believed herself at last within the reach of something worth her notice; and felt, as she unwillingly paced back the gallery, that she would rather be allowed to examine that end
 60 of the house than see all the finery of all the rest. The general's evident desire of preventing such an examination was an additional stimulant. Something was certainly to
 65 be concealed; her fancy, though it had

trespassed lately once or twice, could not mislead her here; and what that something was, a short sentence of Miss Tilney's, as they followed the
 5 general at some distance downstairs, seemed to point out: "I was going to take you into what was my mother's room — the room in which she died —
 " were all her words; but few as they
 10 were, they conveyed pages of intelligence to Catherine. It was no wonder that the general should shrink from the sight of such objects as that room must contain; a room in all
 15 probability never entered by him since the dreadful scene had passed, which released his suffering wife, and left him to the stings of conscience.

20 She ventured, when next alone with Eleanor, to express her wish of being permitted to see it, as well as all the rest of that side of the house; and Eleanor promised to attend her there,
 25 whenever they should have a convenient hour. Catherine understood her: the general must be watched from home, before that room could be entered. "It remains as it was, I
 30 suppose?" said she, in a tone of feeling.

"Yes, entirely."

35 "And how long ago may it be that your mother died?"

"She has been dead these nine years." And nine years, Catherine
 40 knew, was a trifle of time, compared with what generally elapsed after the death of an injured wife, before her room was put to rights.

45 "You were with her, I suppose, to the last?"

"No," said Miss Tilney, sighing; "I was unfortunately from home. Her
 50 illness was sudden and short; and, before I arrived it was all over."

Catherine's blood ran cold with the horrid suggestions which naturally
 55 sprang from these words. Could it be possible? Could Henry's father — ? And yet how many were the examples to justify even the blackest suspicions! And, when she saw him in the evening,
 60 while she worked with her friend, slowly pacing the drawing-room for an hour together in silent thoughtfulness, with downcast eyes and **contracted**
 brow, she felt secure from all
 65 possibility of wronging him. It was the

air and attitude of a Montoni! What could more plainly speak the gloomy workings of a mind not wholly dead to every sense of humanity, in its fearful
 5 review of past scenes of guilt? Unhappy man! And the anxiousness of her spirits directed her eyes towards his figure so repeatedly, as to catch Miss Tilney's notice. "My father," she
 10 whispered, "often walks about the room in this way; it is nothing unusual."

"So much the worse!" thought
 15 Catherine; such ill-timed exercise was of a piece with the strange unseasonableness of his morning walks, and boded nothing good.

20 After an evening, the little variety and seeming length of which made her peculiarly sensible of Henry's importance among them, she was heartily glad to be dismissed; though
 25 it was a look from the general not designed for her observation which sent his daughter to the bell. When the butler would have lit his master's candle, however, he was forbidden.
 30 The latter was not going to retire. "I have many pamphlets to finish," said he to Catherine, "before I can close my eyes, and perhaps may be poring over the affairs of the nation for hours after
 35 you are asleep. Can either of us be more meetly employed? My eyes will be blinding for the good of others, and yours preparing by rest for future mischief."

40 But neither the business alleged, nor the magnificent compliment, could win Catherine from thinking that some very different object must occasion so
 45 serious a delay of proper repose. To be kept up for hours, after the family were in bed, by stupid pamphlets was not very likely. There must be some deeper cause: something was to be done which
 50 could be done only while the household slept; and the probability that Mrs. Tilney yet lived, shut up for causes unknown, and receiving from the pitiless hands of her husband a
 55 nightly supply of coarse food, was the conclusion which necessarily followed. Shocking as was the idea, it was at least better than a death unfairly hastened, as, in the natural course of
 60 things, she must ere long be released. The suddenness of her reputed illness, the absence of her daughter, and probably of her other children, at the time — all favoured the supposition of
 65 her imprisonment. Its origin —

avail utilidad, beneficio, ventaja 2 valer servir, valerse de, beneficiar, aprovechar 1 *tr.* help, benefit. 2 *refl.* (foll. by *of*) profit by; take advantage of. 3 *intr.* **a** provide help. **b** be of use, value, or profit. — *n.* (usu. in *neg.* or *interrog.* phrases) use, profit (of no avail; without avail; of what avail?).

jealousy perhaps, or wanton cruelty —
was yet to be unravelled.

In revolving these matters, while
5 she undressed, it suddenly struck her
as not unlikely that she might that
morning have passed near the very spot
of this unfortunate woman's
confinement — might have been within
10 a few paces of the cell in which she
languished out her days; for what part
of the abbey could be more fitted for
the purpose than that which yet bore
the traces of monastic division? In the
15 high-arched passage, paved with stone,
which already she had trodden with
peculiar [odd, queer] awe, she well
remembered the doors of which the
general had given no account. To what
20 might not those doors lead? In support
of the plausibility of this conjecture,
it further occurred to her that the
forbidden gallery, in which lay the
apartments of the unfortunate Mrs.
25 Tilney, must be, as certainly as her
memory could guide her, exactly over
this suspected range of cells, and the
staircase by the side of those
apartments of which she had caught a
30 transient glimpse, communicating by
some secret means with those cells,
might well have favoured the
barbarous proceedings of her husband.
Down that staircase she had perhaps
35 been conveyed in a state of well-
prepared insensibility!

dejected desanimado, abatido
composure calmness
inure harden, habituate, accustom

Catherine sometimes started at the
boldness of her own surmises, and
40 sometimes hoped or feared that she had
gone too far; but they were supported
by such appearances as made their
dismissal impossible.

45 The side of the **quadrangle [patio]**,
in which she supposed the guilty scene
to be acting, being, according to her
belief, just opposite her own, it struck
her that, if judiciously watched, some
rays of light from the general's lamp
might glimmer through the lower
windows, as he passed to the prison of
his wife; and, twice before she stepped
into bed, she stole gently from her
55 room to the corresponding window in
the gallery, to see if it appeared; but
all abroad was dark, and it must yet be
too early. The various ascending noises
convinced her that the servants must
60 still be up. Till midnight, she supposed
it would be in vain to watch; but then,
when the clock had struck twelve, and
all was quiet, she would, if not quite
appalled by darkness, steal out and
65 look once more. The clock struck

intimate state or make known, manifestarse, indicar, notificar, dar a entender, a conocer.

intimations hints, insinuaciones, indicios

intimation 1 (= *suggestion*) indicación *f*; did you have any intimation that this would happen? ¿hubo algo que te hiciera pensar que esto sucedería? 2 (= *hint*) insinuación *f*

intimación exigencia, requerimiento

intimar. 1. *tr.* Requerir, exigir el cumplimiento de algo, especialmente con autoridad o fuerza para obligar a hacerlo. 2. *intr.* Introducirse en el afecto o ánimo de alguien, estrechar la amistad con él. *Intimó con mi hermano.* 3. *prnl.* Dicho de un cuerpo u otra cosa material: Introducirse por los poros o espacios huecos de algo.

intimation 1 (= *suggestion*) indicación *f*; did you have any intimation that this would happen? ¿hubo algo que te hiciera pensar que esto sucedería? 2 (= *hint*) insinuación *f*

twelve — and Catherine had been half an hour asleep.

5

10

Chapter 24

15 The next day afforded no opportunity for the proposed examination of the mysterious apartments. It was Sunday, and the whole time between morning and
 20 afternoon service was required by the general in exercise abroad or eating cold meat at home; and great as was Catherine's curiosity, her courage was not equal to a wish of exploring them
 25 after dinner, either by the fading light of the sky between six and seven o'clock, or by the yet more partial though stronger illumination of a treacherous lamp. The day was
 30 unmarked therefore by anything to interest her imagination beyond the sight of a very elegant monument to the memory of Mrs. Tilney, which immediately fronted the family pew.
 35 By that her eye was instantly caught and long retained; and the perusal of the highly strained epitaph, in which every virtue was ascribed to her by the inconsolable husband, who must have
 40 been in some way or other her destroyer, affected her even to tears.

That the general, having erected such a monument, should be able to
 45 face it, was not perhaps very strange, and yet that he could sit so boldly collected within its view, maintain so elevated an air, look so fearlessly around, nay, that he should even enter
 50 the church, seemed wonderful to Catherine. Not, however, that many instances of beings equally hardened in guilt might not be produced. She could remember dozens who had
 55 persevered in every possible vice, going on from crime to crime, murdering whomsoever they chose, without any feeling of humanity or remorse; till a violent death or a
 60 religious retirement closed their black career. The erection of the monument itself could not in the smallest degree affect her doubts of Mrs. Tilney's actual decease. Were she even to
 65 descend into the family vault where her

ashes were supposed to slumber, were she to behold the coffin in which they were said to be enclosed — what could it **avail** in such a case? Catherine had
 5 read too much not to be perfectly aware of the ease with which a waxen figure might be introduced, and a supposititious funeral carried on.

10 The succeeding morning promised something better. The general's early walk, ill-timed as it was in every other view, was favourable here; and when she knew him to be out of the house,
 15 she directly proposed to Miss Tilney the accomplishment of her promise. Eleanor was ready to oblige her; and Catherine reminding her as they went of another promise, their first visit in
 20 consequence was to the portrait in her bed-chamber. It represented a very lovely woman, with a mild and pensive countenance, justifying, so far, the expectations of its new observer; but
 25 they were not in every respect answered, for Catherine had depended upon meeting with features, hair, complexion [tez/cariz], that should be the very counterpart, the very image,
 30 if not of Henry's, of Eleanor's — the only portraits of which she had been in the habit of thinking, bearing always an equal resemblance of mother and child. A face once taken was taken for
 35 generations. But here she was obliged to look and consider and study for a likeness. She contemplated it, however, in spite of this drawback, with much emotion, and, but for a yet
 40 stronger interest, would have left it unwillingly.

Her agitation as they entered the great gallery was too much for any
 45 endeavour at discourse; she could only look at her companion. Eleanor's countenance was dejected, yet sedate; and its composure spoke her **inured** to all the gloomy objects
 50 to which they were advancing. Again she passed through the folding doors, again her hand was upon the important lock, and Catherine, hardly able to breathe, was turning to close the
 55 former with fearful caution, when the figure, the dreaded figure of the general himself at the further end of the gallery, stood before her! The name of "Eleanor" at the same moment, in his
 60 loudest tone, resounded through the building, giving to his daughter the first *intimation* [hint] of his presence, and to Catherine terror upon terror. An attempt at concealment had been her
 65 first instinctive movement on

perceiving him, yet she could scarcely hope to have escaped his eye; and when her friend, who with an apologizing look darted hastily by her, had joined
 5 and disappeared with him, she ran for safety to her own room, and, locking herself in, believed that she should never have courage to go down again. She remained there at least an hour, in
 10 the greatest agitation, deeply commiserating the state of her poor friend, and expecting a summons herself from the angry general to attend him in his own apartment. No
 15 summons, however, arrived; and at last, on seeing a carriage drive up to the abbey, she was emboldened [envalentonado] to descend and meet him under the protection of visitors.
 20 The breakfast-room was gay with company; and she was named to them by the general as the friend of his daughter, in a complimentary style, which so well concealed his resentful
 25 ire, as to make her feel secure at least of life for the present. And Eleanor, with a command of countenance which did honour to her concern for his character, taking an early occasion of
 30 saying to her, "My father only wanted me to answer a note," she began to hope that she had either been unseen by the general, or that from some consideration of policy she should be
 35 allowed to suppose herself so. Upon this trust she dared still to remain in his presence, after the company left them, and nothing occurred to disturb it.

40 **resolution** comparte con *resolución* el concepto de *tesón*, *firmeza*, *decisión*; (= *determination*) *resolución f.*, *determinación f.*; **to show resolution** mostrarse resuelto *or* determinado.
 Además **resolution** significa *propósito*, *determinación* [carácter]; **New Year resolutions** buenos propósitos para el Año Nuevo
 45 (*Parl*) acuerdo *m.*; **to pass a resolution** tomar un acuerdo
 (*Comput & TV*) definición de pantalla
 En cambio *resolución* sugiere **solution**, **completion**, **decisiveness** [ser decisivo]. *Resolve* es to **resolve** [*decidir*] y además to **solve** [*solucionar*], **clear up** [*duda*], **settle** [*tramitar*], **dissolve** [*química*].
 50
 55
 60
 65

In the course of this morning's reflections, she came to a **resolution** of making her next attempt on the forbidden door alone. It would be
 45 much better in every respect that Eleanor should know nothing of the matter. To involve her in the danger of a second detection, to court her into an apartment which must wring her heart,
 50 could not be the office of a friend. The general's utmost anger could not be to herself what it might be to a daughter; and, besides, she thought the examination itself would be more
 55 satisfactory if made without any companion. It would be impossible to explain to Eleanor the suspicions, from which the other had, in all likelihood, been hitherto happily exempt; nor
 60 could she therefore, in her presence, search for those proofs of the general's cruelty, which however they might yet have escaped discovery, she felt confident of somewhere drawing forth,
 65 in the shape of some fragmented

journal, continued to the last gasp. Of the way to the apartment she was now perfectly mistress; and as she wished to get it over before Henry's return, 5 who was expected on the morrow, there was no time to be lost. The day was bright, her courage high; at four o'clock, the sun was now two hours above the horizon, and it would be only 10 her retiring to dress half an hour earlier than usual.

It was done; and Catherine found herself alone in the gallery before the 15 clocks had ceased to strike. It was no time for thought; she hurried on, slipped with the least possible noise through the folding doors, and without stopping to look or breathe, **rushed** 20 forward to the one in question. The lock yielded to her hand, and, luckily, with no sullen sound that could alarm a human being. On tiptoe she entered; the room was before her; but it was 25 some minutes before she could advance another step. She beheld what fixed her to the spot and agitated every feature. She saw a large, well-proportioned apartment, an handsome dimity bed, 30 arranged as unoccupied with an housemaid's care, a bright Bath stove, mahogany wardrobes, and neatly painted chairs, on which the warm beams of a western sun gaily poured 35 through two sash windows! Catherine had expected to have her feelings worked, and worked they were. Astonishment and doubt first seized them; and a shortly succeeding ray of 40 common sense added some bitter emotions of shame. She could not be mistaken as to the room; but how **grossly** mistaken in everything else! — in Miss Tilney's meaning, in her own 45 calculation! This apartment, to which she had given a date so ancient, a position so awful, proved to be one end of what the general's father had built. There were two other doors in the 50 chamber, leading probably into dressing-closets; but she had no inclination to open either. Would the veil in which Mrs. Tilney had last walked, or the volume in which she had 55 last read, remain to tell what nothing else was allowed to whisper? No: whatever might have been the general's crimes, he had certainly too much wit to let them sue for detection. She was 60 sick of exploring, and desired but to be safe in her own room, with her own heart only privy to its folly; and she was on the point of retreating as softly as she had entered, when the sound of 65 footsteps, she could hardly tell where,

made her pause and tremble. To be found there, even by a servant, would be unpleasant; but by the general (and he seemed always at hand when least
5 wanted), much worse! She listened — the sound had ceased; and resolving not to lose a moment, she passed through and closed the door. At that instant a door underneath was hastily
10 opened; someone seemed with swift steps to ascend the stairs, by the head of which she had yet to pass before she could gain the gallery. She had no power to move. With a feeling of terror
15 not very definable, she fixed her eyes on the staircase, and in a few moments it gave Henry to her view. “Mr. Tilney!” she exclaimed in a voice of more than common astonishment. He
20 looked astonished too. “Good God!” she continued, not attending to his address. “How came you here? How came you up that staircase?”

25 “How came I up that staircase!” he replied, greatly surprised. “Because it is my nearest way from the stable-yard to my own chamber; and why should I not come up it?”

30 Catherine recollected herself, blushed deeply, and could say no more. He seemed to be looking in her countenance for that explanation which
35 her lips did not afford. She moved on towards the gallery. “And may I not, in my turn,” said he, as he pushed back the folding doors, “ask how you came here? This passage is at least as
40 extraordinary a road from the breakfast-parlour to your apartment, as that staircase can be from the stables to mine.”

45 “I have been,” said Catherine, looking down, “to see your mother’s room.”

“My mother’s room! Is there
50 anything extraordinary to be seen there?”

“No, nothing at all. I thought you did not mean to come back till
55 tomorrow.”

“I did not expect to be able to return sooner, when I went away; but three hours ago I had the pleasure of finding
60 nothing to detain me. You look pale. I am afraid I alarmed you by running so fast up those stairs. Perhaps you did not know — you were not aware of their leading from the offices in
65 common use?”

“No, I was not. You have had a very fine day for your ride.”

5 “Very; and does Eleanor leave you to find your way into all the rooms in the house by yourself?”

“Oh! No; she showed me over the 10 greatest part on Saturday — and we were coming here to these rooms — but only” — dropping her voice — “your father was with us.”

15 “And that prevented you,” said Henry, earnestly regarding her. “Have you looked into all the rooms in that passage?”

20 “No, I only wanted to see — Is not it very late? I must go and dress.”

“It is only a quarter past four” showing his watch — “and you are not 25 now in Bath. No theatre, no rooms to prepare for. Half an hour at Northanger must be enough.”

She could not contradict it, and 30 therefore suffered herself to be detained, though her dread of further questions made her, for the first time in their acquaintance, wish to leave him. They walked slowly up the 35 gallery. “Have you had any letter from Bath since I saw you?”

“No, and I am very much surprised. Isabella promised so faithfully to write 40 directly.”

“Promised so faithfully! A faithful promise! That puzzles me. I have heard of a faithful performance. But a 45 faithful promise — the fidelity of promising! It is a power little worth knowing, however, since it can deceive and pain you. My mother’s room is very commodious, is it not? Large and 50 cheerful-looking, and the dressing-closets so well disposed! It always strikes me as the most **comfortable** apartment in the house, and I rather wonder that Eleanor should not take it 55 for her own. She sent you to look at it, I suppose?”

“No.”

60 “It has been your own doing entirely?” Catherine said nothing. After a short silence, during which he had closely observed her, he added, “As there is nothing in the room in 65 itself to raise curiosity, this must have

proceeded from a sentiment of respect for my mother's character, as described by Eleanor, which does honour to her memory. The world, I believe, never
 5 saw a better woman. But it is not often that virtue can boast an interest such as this. The domestic, unpretending merits of a person never known do not often create that kind of fervent,
 10 venerating tenderness which would prompt a visit like yours. Eleanor, I suppose, has talked of her a great deal?"

15 "Yes, a great deal. That is — no, not much, but what she did say was very interesting. Her dying so suddenly" (slowly, and with hesitation it was spoken), "and you — none of you being
 20 at home — and your father, I thought — perhaps had not been very fond of her."

"And from these circumstances," he
 25 replied (his quick eye fixed on hers), "you infer perhaps the probability of some negligence — some" — (involuntarily she shook her head) — "or it may be — of something still less
 30 pardonable." She raised her eyes towards him more fully than she had ever done before. "My mother's illness," he continued, "the seizure which ended in her death, was sudden.
 35 The malady itself, one from which she had often suffered, a bilious fever — its cause therefore constitutional. On the third day, in short, as soon as she could be prevailed on, a physician
 40 attended her, a very respectable man, and one in whom she had always placed great confidence. Upon his opinion of her danger, two others were called in the next day, and remained in almost
 45 constant attendance for four and twenty hours. On the fifth day she died. During the progress of her disorder, Frederick and I (we were both at home) saw her repeatedly; and from our own
 50 observation can bear witness to her having received every possible attention which could spring from the affection of those about her, or which her situation in life could command.
 55 Poor Eleanor was absent, and at such a distance as to return only to see her mother in her coffin."

"But your father," said Catherine,
 60 "was he afflicted?"

fiend 1 (*diablo*) demonio 2 desalmado, malvado, 3 *familiar* fanático

"For a time, greatly so. You have erred in supposing him not attached to her. He loved her, I am persuaded, as
 65 well as it was possible for him to —

we have not all, you know, the same tenderness of disposition — and I will not pretend to say that while she lived, she might not often have had much to
 5 bear, but though his temper injured her, his judgment never did. His value of her was sincere; and, if not permanently, he was truly afflicted by her death.”

10

“I am very glad of it,” said Catherine; “it would have been very shocking!”

15 “If I understand you rightly, you had formed a *surmise* [guess] of such horror as I have hardly words to — Dear Miss Morland, consider the dreadful nature of the suspicions you
 20 have entertained. What have you been judging from? Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English, that we are Christians. Consult your own
 25 understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you. Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at
 30 them? Could they be perpetrated without being known, in a country like this, where social and literary
 35 **intercourse** is on such a footing, where every man is surrounded by a neighbourhood of voluntary spies, and where roads and newspapers lay everything open? Dearest Miss Morland, what ideas have you been admitting?”

40

They had reached the end of the gallery, and with tears of shame she ran off to her own room.

45

50

Chapter 25

55

The visions of romance were over. Catherine was completely awakened. Henry's address, short as it had been, had more thoroughly opened her eyes
 60 to the extravagance of her late fancies than all their several disappointments had done. Most grievously was she humbled. Most bitterly did she cry. It was not only with herself that she was
 65 sunk — but with Henry. Her folly,

intercourse 1 trato, relaciones, communication or dealings between individuals, nations, etc. 2 sexual intercourse, acto sexual, coito. 3 communion between human beings and God.

which now seemed even criminal, was all exposed to him, and he must despise her forever. The liberty which her imagination had dared to take with the character of his father — could he ever forgive it? The absurdity of her curiosity and her fears — could they ever be forgotten? She hated herself more than she could express. He had — she thought he had, once or twice before this fatal morning, shown something like affection for her. But now — in short, she made herself as miserable as possible for about half an hour, went down when the clock struck five, with a broken heart, and could scarcely give an intelligible answer to Eleanor's inquiry if she was well. The **formidable** Henry soon followed her into the room, and the only difference in his behaviour to her was that he paid her rather more attention than usual. Catherine had never wanted **comfort** more, and he looked as if he was aware of it.

The evening wore away with no abatement of this soothing politeness; and her spirits were gradually raised to a modest tranquillity. She did not learn either to forget or defend the past; but she learned to hope that it would never transpire farther, and that it might not cost her Henry's entire regard. Her thoughts being still chiefly fixed on what she had with such causeless terror felt and done, nothing could shortly be clearer than that it had been all a voluntary, self-created delusion, each trifling circumstance receiving importance from an imagination resolved on alarm, and everything forced to bend to one purpose by a mind which, before she entered the abbey, had been craving to be frightened. She remembered with what feelings she had prepared for a knowledge of Northanger. She saw that the infatuation [obsesión] had been created, the mischief settled, long before her quitting Bath, and it seemed as if the whole might be traced to the influence of that sort of reading which she had there indulged.

Charming as were all Mrs. Radcliffe's works, and charming even as were the works of all her imitators, it was not in them perhaps that human nature, at least in the Midland counties of England, was to be looked for. Of the Alps and Pyrenees, with their pine forests and their vices, they might give a faithful delineation; and Italy, Switzerland, and the south of France

formidable [*person*] formidable; [*opponent*] temible; [*task, challenge, obstacle*] tremendo, impresionante
formidable y **formidable** coinciden en una doble dimensión, como **temible** y como **tremendo**. Cada lengua interpreta esa 'enormidad temible' de modo distinto: el inglés formidable da más énfasis a la dificultad, al miedo y a la fuerza, por eso equivale a **temible, imponente, poderoso, tremendo, fabuloso, aterrizante, impresionante**; en cambio el español **formidable** pone más atención en la sorpresa y calidad, y traduce marvelous, wonderful, terrific, fantastic, huge [*enorme*].

infatuation love's folly, sentimiento amoroso muy exagerado, apasionamiento, enamoramiento loco, encaprichamiento.
infatuación engaño, conceit, engreimiento.
infatuate *v.tr.* 1 inspire with intense usu. transitory fondness or admiration. 2 affect with extreme folly.

might be as fruitful in horrors as they were there represented. Catherine dared not doubt beyond her own country, and even of that, if hard
 5 pressed, would have yielded the northern and western extremities. But in the central part of England there was surely some security for the existence even of a wife not beloved, in the laws
 10 of the land, and the manners of the age. Murder was not tolerated, servants were not slaves, and neither poison nor sleeping potions to be procured, like rhubarb, from every druggist. Among
 15 the Alps and Pyrenees, perhaps, there were no mixed characters. There, such as were not as spotless as an angel might have the dispositions of a **fiend**. But in England it was not so; among
 20 the English, she believed, in their hearts and habits, there was a general though unequal mixture of good and bad. Upon this conviction, she would not be surprised if even in Henry and
 25 Eleanor Tilney, some slight imperfection might hereafter appear; and upon this conviction she need not fear to acknowledge some actual specks in the character of their father,
 30 who, though cleared from the **grossly** injurious suspicions which she must ever blush to have entertained, she did believe, upon serious consideration, to be not perfectly amiable.

35

Her mind made up on these several points, and her **resolution** formed, of always judging and acting in future with the greatest good sense, she had
 40 nothing to do but to forgive herself and be happier than ever; and the **lenient** hand of time did much for her by insensible gradations in the course of another day. Henry's astonishing
 45 generosity and nobleness of conduct, in never alluding in the slightest way to what had passed, was of the greatest assistance to her; and sooner than she could have supposed it possible in the
 50 beginning of her distress, her spirits became absolutely **comfortable**, and capable, as heretofore, of continual improvement by anything he said. There were still some subjects, indeed,
 55 under which she believed they must always tremble — the mention of a chest or a cabinet, for instance — and she did not love the sight of japan in any shape: but even she could allow
 60 that an occasional **memento [souvenir]** of past folly, however painful, might not be without use.

The anxieties of common life began
 65 soon to succeed to the alarms of

romance. Her desire of hearing from Isabella grew every day greater. She was quite impatient to know how the Bath world went on, and how the rooms
 5 were attended; and especially was she anxious to be assured of Isabella's having matched some fine netting-cotton, on which she had left her intent; and of her continuing on the best terms
 10 with James. Her only dependence for information of any kind was on Isabella. James had protested against writing to her till his return to Oxford; and Mrs. Allen had given her no hopes
 15 of a letter till she had got back to Fullerton. But Isabella had promised and promised again; and when she promised a thing, she was so scrupulous in performing it! This made
 20 it so particularly strange!

For nine successive mornings, Catherine wondered over the repetition of a disappointment, which each
 25 morning became more severe: but, on the tenth, when she entered the breakfast-room, her first object was a letter, held out by Henry's willing hand. She thanked him as heartily as if
 30 he had written it himself. "'Tis only from James, however," as she looked at the direction. She opened it; it was from Oxford; and to this purpose:

35 "Dear Catherine,

"Though, God knows, with little inclination for writing, I think it my duty to tell you that everything is at an
 40 end between Miss Thorpe and me. I left her and Bath yesterday, never to see either again. I shall not enter into particulars — they would only pain you more. You will soon hear enough from
 45 another quarter to know where lies the blame; and I hope will acquit your brother of everything but the folly of too easily thinking his affection returned. Thank God! I am undeceived
 50 in time! But it is a heavy blow! After my father's consent had been so kindly given — but no more of this. She has made me miserable forever! Let me soon hear from you, dear Catherine;
 55 you are my only friend; your love I do build upon. I wish your visit at Northanger may be over before Captain Tilney makes his engagement known, or you will be uncomfortably
 60 circumstanced. Poor Thorpe is in town: I dread the sight of him; his honest heart would feel so much. I have written to him and my father. Her duplicity hurts me more than all; till
 65 the very last, if I reasoned with her, she

declared herself as much attached to me as ever, and laughed at my fears. I am ashamed to think how long I bore with it; but if ever man had reason to
 5 believe himself loved, I was that man. I cannot understand even now what she would be at, for there could be no need of my being played off to make her secure of Tilney. We parted at last by
 10 mutual consent — happy for me had we never met! I can never expect to know such another woman! Dearest Catherine, beware how you give your heart. “Believe me,” &c.

15

Catherine had not read three lines before her sudden change of countenance, and short exclamations of sorrowing wonder, declared her to
 20 be receiving unpleasant news; and Henry, earnestly watching her through the whole letter, saw plainly that it ended no better than it began. He was prevented, however, from even looking
 25 his surprise by his father's entrance.

They went to breakfast directly; but Catherine could hardly eat anything. Tears filled her eyes, and even ran down her cheeks as she sat. The letter
 30 was one moment in her hand, then in her lap, and then in her pocket; and she looked as if she knew not what she did.

The general, between his cocoa and his newspaper, had luckily no leisure for
 35 noticing her; but to the other two her distress was equally visible. As soon as she dared leave the table she hurried away to her own room; but the housemaids were busy in it, and she
 40 was obliged to come down again. She turned into the drawing-room for privacy, but Henry and Eleanor had likewise retreated thither, and were at that moment deep in consultation about
 45 her. She drew back, trying to beg their pardon, but was, with gentle violence, forced to return; and the others withdrew, after Eleanor had affectionately expressed a wish of
 50 being of use or **comfort** to her.

After half an hour's free indulgence of grief and reflection, Catherine felt equal to encountering her friends; but
 55 whether she should make her distress known to them was another consideration. Perhaps, if particularly questioned, she might just give an idea — just distantly hint at it — but not
 60 more. To expose a friend, such a friend as Isabella had been to her — and then their own brother so closely concerned in it! She believed she must waive the subject altogether. Henry and Eleanor
 were by themselves in the breakfast-

candid franco, sincero, abierto, justo, imparcial:
 she's been very candid about the difficulties, ha
 sido muy honesta al exponer las dificultades
candid camera cámara indiscreta

room; and each, as she entered it, looked at her anxiously. Catherine took her place at the table, and, after a short silence, Eleanor said, "No bad news
5 from Fullerton, I hope? Mr. and Mrs. Morland — your brothers and sisters — I hope they are none of them ill?"

"No, I thank you" (sighing as she
10 spoke); "they are all very well. My letter was from my brother at Oxford."

Nothing further was said for a few minutes; and then speaking through her
15 tears, she added, "I do not think I shall ever wish for a letter again!"

"I am sorry," said Henry, closing the book he had just opened; "if I had
20 suspected the letter of containing anything unwelcome, I should have given it with very different feelings."

"It contained something worse than
25 anybody could suppose! Poor James is so unhappy! You will soon know why."

"To have so kind-hearted, so affectionate a sister," replied Henry
30 warmly, "must be a **comfort** to him under any distress."

"I have one favour to beg," said Catherine, shortly afterwards, in an
35 agitated manner, "that, if your brother should be coming here, you will give me notice of it, that I may go away."

"Our brother! Frederick!"
40

"Yes; I am sure I should be very sorry to leave you so soon, but something has happened that would
45 make it very dreadful for me to be in the same house with Captain Tilney."

Eleanor's work was suspended while she gazed with increasing astonishment; but Henry began to
50 suspect the truth, and something, in which Miss Thorpe's name was included, passed his lips.

"How quick you are!" cried
55 Catherine: "you have guessed it, I declare! And yet, when we talked about it in Bath, you little thought of its ending so. Isabella — no wonder now I have not heard from her — Isabella
60 has deserted my brother, and is to marry yours! Could you have believed there had been such inconstancy and fickleness, and everything that is bad in the world?"

65

“I hope, so far as concerns my brother, you are misinformed. I hope he has not had any material share in bringing on Mr. Morland’s disappointment. His marrying Miss Thorpe is not probable. I think you must be deceived so far. I am very sorry for Mr. Morland — sorry that anyone you love should be unhappy; but my surprise would be greater at Frederick’s marrying her than at any other part of the story.”

“It is very true, however; you shall read James’s letter yourself. Stay — There is one part — “recollecting with a blush the last line.

“Will you take the trouble of reading to us the passages which concern my brother?”

“No, read it yourself,” cried Catherine, whose second thoughts were clearer. “I do not know what I was thinking of” (blushing again that she had blushed before); “James only means to give me good advice.”

canvass hacer campaña, hacer encuestas, recabar información **1** *obsolete* : to toss in a canvas sheet in sport or punishment **2 a** : to examine in detail; *specifically* : to examine (votes) officially for authenticity **b** : **DISCUSS, DEBATE** **3** : to go through (a district) or go to (persons) in order to solicit orders or political support or to determine opinions or sentiments <*canvass voters*> *intransitive verb* : to seek orders or votes : **SOLICIT**
canvasser *n* persona que recaba personalmente votos durante una campaña electoral

He gladly received the letter, and, having read it through, with close attention, returned it saying, “Well, if it is to be so, I can only say that I am sorry for it. Frederick will not be the first man who has chosen a wife with less sense than his family expected. I do not envy his situation, either as a lover or a son.”

Miss Tilney, at Catherine’s invitation, now read the letter likewise, and, having expressed also her concern and surprise, began to inquire into Miss Thorpe’s connections and fortune.

“Her mother is a very good sort of woman,” was Catherine’s answer.

“What was her father?”

“A lawyer, I believe. They live at Putney.”

“Are they a wealthy family?”

“No, not very. I do not believe Isabella has any fortune at all: but that will not signify in your family. Your father is so very **liberal**! He told me the other day that he only valued money as it allowed him to promote the happiness of his children.” The brother and sister looked at each other. “But,” said Eleanor, after a short pause,

unprincipled *adj.* lacking or not based on good moral principles. Sin escrúpulos, cí-nico

“would it be to promote his happiness, to enable him to marry such a girl? She must be an **unprincipled** one, or she could not have used your brother so.
5 And how strange an infatuation [obsesión] on Frederick’s side! A girl who, before his eyes, is violating an engagement voluntarily entered into with another man! Is not it
10 inconceivable, Henry? Frederick too, who always wore his heart so proudly! Who found no woman good enough to be loved!”

15 “That is the most unpromising circumstance, the strongest presumption against him. When I think of his past declarations, I give him up. Moreover, I have too good an opinion
20 of Miss Thorpe’s prudence to suppose that she would part with one gentleman before the other was secured. It is all over with Frederick indeed! He is a deceased man — **defunct** in
25 understanding. Prepare for your sister-in-law, Eleanor, and such a sister-in-law as you must delight in! Open, **candid**, artless, guileless, with affections strong but simple, forming
30 no pretensions, and knowing no disguise.”

“Such a sister-in-law, Henry, I should delight in,” said Eleanor with a
35 smile.

“But perhaps,” observed Catherine, “though she has behaved so ill by our family, she may behave better by yours.
40 Now she has really got the man she likes, she may be constant.”

“Indeed I am afraid she will,” replied Henry; “I am afraid she will be
45 very constant, unless a baronet should come in her way; that is Frederick’s only chance. I will get the Bath paper, and look over the arrivals.”

50 “You think it is all for ambition, then? And, upon my word, there are some things that seem very like it. I cannot forget that, when she first knew what my father would do for them, she
55 seemed quite disappointed that it was not more. I never was so deceived in anyone’s character in my life before.”

“Among all the great variety that
60 you have known and studied.”

“My own disappointment and loss in her is very great; but, as for poor James, I suppose he will hardly ever
65 recover it.”

“Your brother is certainly very
 much to be pitied at present; but we
 must not, in our concern for his
 5 sufferings, undervalue yours. You feel,
 I suppose, that in losing Isabella, you
 lose half yourself: you feel a void in
 your heart which nothing else can
 occupy. Society is becoming irksome
 10 [tedious, annoying, tiresome]; and as
 for the amusements in which you were
 wont to share at Bath, the very idea of
 them without her is abhorrent. You
 would not, for instance, now go to a
 15 ball for the world. You feel that you
 have no longer any friend to whom you
 can speak with unreserve, on whose
 regard you can place dependence, or
 whose counsel, in any difficulty, you
 20 could rely on. You feel all this?”

“No,” said Catherine, after a few
 moments’ reflection, “I do not — ought
 I? To say the truth, though I am hurt
 25 and grieved, that I cannot still love her,
 that I am never to hear from her,
 perhaps never to see her again, I do not
 feel so very, very much afflicted as one
 would have thought.”

30 “You feel, as you always do, what
 is most to the credit of human nature.
 Such feelings ought to be investigated,
 that they may know themselves.”

35 Catherine, by some chance or other,
 found her spirits so very much relieved
 by this conversation that she could not
 regret her being led on, though so
 40 unaccountably, to mention the
 circumstance which had produced it.

45

50

Chapter 26

From this time, the subject was
 55 frequently **canvassed** by the three
 young people; and Catherine found,
 with some surprise, that her two young
 friends were perfectly agreed in
 considering Isabella’s want of
 60 consequence and fortune as likely to
 throw great difficulties in the way of
 her marrying their brother. Their
 persuasion that the general would,
 upon this ground alone, independent of
 65 the objection that might be raised

against her character, oppose the connection, turned her feelings moreover with some alarm towards herself. She was as insignificant, and
 5 perhaps as portionless, as Isabella; and if the heir of the Tilney property had not grandeur and wealth enough in himself, at what point of interest were the demands of his younger brother to
 10 rest? The very painful reflections to which this thought led could only be dispersed by a dependence on the effect of that particular partiality, which, as she was given to understand
 15 by his words as well as his actions, she had from the first been so fortunate as to excite in the general; and by a recollection of some most generous and disinterested sentiments on the
 20 subject of money, which she had more than once heard him utter, and which tempted her to think his disposition in such matters misunderstood by his children.

25 They were so fully convinced, however, that their brother would not have the courage to apply in person for his father's consent, and so repeatedly
 30 assured her that he had never in his life been less likely to come to Northanger than at the present time, that she suffered her mind to be at ease as to the necessity of any sudden removal of
 35 her own. But as it was not to be supposed that Captain Tilney, whenever he made his application, would give his father any just idea of Isabella's conduct, it occurred to her
 40 as highly expedient that Henry should lay the whole business before him as it really was, enabling the general by that means to form a cool and impartial opinion, and prepare his objections on
 45 a fairer ground than inequality of situations. She proposed it to him accordingly; but he did not catch at the measure so eagerly as she had expected. "No," said he, "my father's
 50 hands need not be strengthened, and Frederick's confession of folly need not be forestalled [anticipated]. He must tell his own story."

55 "But he will tell only half of it."

"A quarter would be enough."

A day or two passed away and
 60 brought no tidings of Captain Tilney. His brother and sister knew not what to think. Sometimes it appeared to them as if his silence would be the natural result of the suspected
 65 engagement, and at others that it was

wholly incompatible with it. The general, meanwhile, though offended every morning by Frederick's remissness in writing, was free from
 5 any real anxiety about him, and had no more pressing solicitude than that of making Miss Morland's time at Northanger pass pleasantly. He often expressed his uneasiness on this head,
 10 feared the sameness of every day's society and employments would disgust her with the place, wished the Lady Frasers had been in the country, talked every now and then of having a
 15 large party to dinner, and once or twice began even to calculate the number of young dancing people in the neighbourhood. But then it was such a
 20 dead time of year, no wild-fowl, no game, and the Lady Frasers were not in the country. And it all ended, at last, in his telling Henry one morning that when he next went to Woodston, they would take him by surprise there some
 25 day or other, and eat their mutton with him. Henry was greatly honoured and very happy, and Catherine was quite delighted with the scheme. "And when do you think, sir, I may look forward
 30 to this pleasure? I must be at Woodston on Monday to attend the parish meeting, and shall probably be obliged to stay two or three days."

35 "Well, well, we will take our chance some one of those days. There is no need to fix. You are not to put yourself at all out of your way. Whatever you may happen to have in the house will
 40 be enough. I think I can answer for the young ladies making allowance for a bachelor's table. Let me see; Monday will be a busy day with you, we will not come on Monday; and Tuesday will
 45 be a busy one with me. I expect my surveyor from Brockham with his report in the morning; and afterwards I cannot in decency fail attending the club. I really could not face my
 50 acquaintance if I stayed away now; for, as I am known to be in the country, it would be taken exceedingly amiss; and it is a rule with me, Miss Morland, never to give offence to any of my
 55 neighbours, if a small sacrifice of time and attention can prevent it. They are a set of very worthy men. They have half a buck from Northanger twice a year; and I dine with them whenever I
 60 can. Tuesday, therefore, we may say is out of the question. But on Wednesday, I think, Henry, you may expect us; and we shall be with you early, that we may have time to look about us. Two hours
 65 and three quarters will carry us to

Woodston, I suppose; we shall be in the carriage by ten; so, about a quarter before one on Wednesday, you may look for us."

5

A ball itself could not have been more welcome to Catherine than this little excursion, so strong was her desire to be acquainted with Woodston; and her heart was still bounding with joy when Henry, about an hour afterwards, came booted and greatcoated into the room where she and Eleanor were sitting, and said, "I am come, young ladies, in a very moralizing strain, to observe that our pleasures in this world are always to be paid for, and that we often purchase them at a great disadvantage, giving ready-moned actual happiness for a draft on the future, that may not be honoured. Witness myself, at this present hour. Because I am to hope for the satisfaction of seeing you at Woodston on Wednesday, which bad weather, or twenty other causes, may prevent, I must go away directly, two days before I intended it."

30 "Go away!" said Catherine, with a very long face. "And why?"

"Why! How can you ask the question? Because no time is to be lost in frightening my old housekeeper out of her wits, because I must go and prepare a dinner for you, to be sure."

40 "Oh! Not seriously!"

"Aye, and sadly too — for I had much rather stay."

"But how can you think of such a thing, after what the general said? When he so particularly desired you not to give yourself any trouble, because anything would do."

50 Henry only smiled. "I am sure it is quite unnecessary upon your sister's account and mine. You must know it to be so; and the general made such a point of your providing nothing extraordinary: besides, if he had not said half so much as he did, he has always such an excellent dinner at home, that sitting down to a middling one for one day could not signify."

60

"I wish I could reason like you, for his sake and my own. Good-bye. As tomorrow is Sunday, Eleanor, I shall not return."

65

He went; and, it being at any time a much simpler operation to Catherine to doubt her own judgment than Henry's, she was very soon obliged to give him
 5 credit for being right, however disagreeable to her his going. But the inexplicability of the general's conduct dwelt much on her thoughts. That he was very particular in his eating, she
 10 had, by her own unassisted observation, already discovered; but why he should say one thing so positively, and mean another all the while, was most unaccountable! How
 15 were people, at that rate, to be understood? Who but Henry could have been aware of what his father was at?

20 From Saturday to Wednesday, however, they were now to be without Henry. This was the sad finale of every reflection: and Captain Tilney's letter would certainly come in his absence;
 25 and Wednesday she was very sure would be wet. The past, present, and future were all equally in gloom. Her brother so unhappy, and her loss in Isabella so great; and Eleanor's spirits
 30 always affected by Henry's absence! What was there to interest or amuse her? She was tired of the woods and the shrubberies — always so smooth and so dry; and the abbey in itself was
 35 no more to her now than any other house. The painful remembrance of the folly it had helped to nourish and perfect was the only emotion which could spring from a consideration of
 40 the building. What a revolution in her ideas! She, who had so longed to be in an abbey! Now, there was nothing so charming to her imagination as the unpretending **comfort** of a well-
 45 connected parsonage, something like Fullerton, but better: Fullerton had its faults, but Woodston probably had none. If Wednesday should ever come!

50 It did come, and exactly when it might be reasonably looked for. It came — it was fine — and Catherine trod on air. By ten o'clock, the chaise and four conveyed the two from the
 55 abbey; and, after an agreeable drive of almost twenty miles, they entered Woodston, a large and populous village, in a situation not unpleasant. Catherine was ashamed to say how
 60 pretty she thought it, as the general seemed to think an apology necessary for the flatness of the country, and the size of the village; but in her heart she preferred it to any place she had ever
 65 been at, and looked with great

admiration at every neat house above the rank of a cottage, and at all the little chandler's shops which they passed. At the further end of the village, and tolerably disengaged from the rest of it, stood the parsonage, a new-built substantial stone house, with its semicircular sweep and green gates; and, as they drove up to the door, Henry, with the friends of his solitude, a large Newfoundland puppy and two or three terriers, was ready to receive and make much of them.

Catherine's mind was too full, as she entered the house, for her either to observe or to say a great deal; and, till called on by the general for her opinion of it, she had very little idea of the room in which she was sitting. Upon looking round it then, she perceived in a moment that it was the most comfortable room in the world; but she was too guarded to say so, and the coldness of her praise disappointed him.

"We are not calling it a good house," said he. "We are not comparing it with Fullerton and Northanger — we are considering it as a mere parsonage, small and confined, we allow, but decent, perhaps, and habitable; and altogether not inferior to the generality; or, in other words, I believe there are few country parsonages in England half so good. It may admit of improvement, however. Far be it from me to say otherwise; and anything in reason — a bow thrown out, perhaps — though, between ourselves, if there is one thing more than another my aversion, it is a patched-on bow."

Catherine did not hear enough of this speech to understand or be pained by it; and other subjects being studiously brought forward and supported by Henry, at the same time that a tray full of refreshments was introduced by his servant, the general was shortly restored to his complacency, and Catherine to all her usual ease of spirits.

The room in question was of a commodious, well-proportioned size, and handsomely fitted up as a dining-parlour; and on their quitting it to walk round the grounds, she was shown, first into a smaller apartment, belonging peculiarly to the master of the house, and made unusually tidy on the occasion; and afterwards into what was to be the drawing-room, with the

decent respetable, bueno, que se precie, que parece de los más sensato, cordial, amable, limpio, correcto, adecuado, módico

decent *adj.* 1 a conforming with current standards of behaviour or propriety. **b** avoiding obscenity. 2 respectable. 3 acceptable, passable; good enough. 4 *Brit.* kind, obliging, generous (was *decent enough to apologize*).

decent es uno de esos adjetivos muy usados, tal vez abusados, en inglés moderno; se usa para satisfactorio / pasable, adecuado [salario, alimento], módico [precio], simpático / amable, presentable / 'visible' [en ropa, aseo].

A su vez, *decente* parece enfatizar la idea moral de honradez en las personas, como honest, honorable, respectable, y también la idea de limpieza en las cosas como clean, tidy, neat [aseado].

appearance of which, though unfurnished, Catherine was delighted enough even to satisfy the general. It was a prettily shaped room, the
 5 windows reaching to the ground, and the view from them pleasant, though only over green meadows; and she expressed her admiration at the moment with all the honest simplicity
 10 with which she felt it. "Oh! Why do not you fit up this room, Mr. Tilney? What a pity not to have it fitted up! It is the prettiest room I ever saw; it is the prettiest room in the world!"

15

"I trust," said the general, with a most satisfied smile, "that it will very speedily be furnished: it waits only for a lady's taste!"

20

"Well, if it was my house, I should never sit anywhere else. Oh! What a sweet little cottage there is among the trees — apple trees, too! It is the
 25 prettiest cottage!"

"You like it — you approve it as an object — it is enough. Henry, remember that Robinson is spoken to
 30 about it. The cottage remains."

Such a compliment recalled all Catherine's consciousness, and silenced her directly; and, though
 35 pointedly applied to by the general for her choice of the prevailing colour of the paper and hangings, nothing like an opinion on the subject could be drawn from her. The influence of fresh
 40 objects and fresh air, however, was of great use in dissipating these embarrassing associations; and, having reached the ornamental part of the premises, consisting of a walk round
 45 two sides of a meadow, on which Henry's genius had begun to act about half a year ago, she was sufficiently recovered to think it prettier than any pleasure-ground she had ever been in
 50 before, though there was not a shrub in it higher than the green bench in the corner.

A saunter [walk slowly, stroll,
 55 deambular] into other meadows, and through part of the village, with a visit to the stables to examine some improvements, and a charming game of play with a litter of puppies just able
 60 to roll about, brought them to four o'clock, when Catherine scarcely thought it could be three. At four they were to dine, and at six to set off on their return. Never had any day passed
 65 so quickly!

She could not but observe that the abundance of the dinner did not seem to create the smallest astonishment in the general; nay, that he was even looking at the side-table for cold meat which was not there. His son and daughter's observations were of a different kind. They had seldom seen him eat so heartily at any table but his own, and never before known him so little disconcerted by the melted butter's being oiled.

At six o'clock, the general having taken his coffee, the carriage again received them; and so gratifying had been the tenor of his conduct throughout the whole visit, so well assured was her mind on the subject of his expectations, that, could she have felt equally confident of the wishes of his son, Catherine would have quitted Woodston with little anxiety as to the How or the When she might return to it.

30

35

Chapter 27

The next morning brought the following very unexpected letter from Isabella:

Bath, April

My dearest Catherine, I received your two kind letters with the greatest delight, and have a thousand apologies to make for not answering them sooner. I really am quite ashamed of my idleness; but in this horrid place one can find time for nothing. I have had my pen in my hand to begin a letter to you almost every day since you left Bath, but have always been prevented by some silly trifler or other. Pray write to me soon, and direct to my own home. Thank God, we leave this vile place tomorrow. Since you went away, I have had no pleasure in it — the dust is beyond anything; and everybody one cares for is gone. I believe if I could see you I should not mind the rest, for you are dearer to me than anybody can conceive. I am quite uneasy about your dear brother, not having heard from

him since he went to Oxford; and am
 fearful of some misunderstanding.
 Your kind offices will set all right: he
 is the only man I ever did or could
 5 love, and I trust you will convince him
 of it. The spring fashions are partly
 down; and the hats the most frightful
 you can imagine. I hope you spend
 your time pleasantly, but am afraid you
 10 never think of me. I will not say all that
 I could of the family you are with,
 because I would not be ungenerous, or
 set you against those you esteem; but
 it is very difficult to know whom to
 15 trust, and young men never know their
 minds two days together. I rejoice to
 say that the young man whom, of all
 others, I particularly abhor, has left
 Bath. You will know, from this
 20 description, I must mean Captain
 Tilney, who, as you may remember,
 was amazingly disposed to follow and
 tease me, before you went away.
 Afterwards he got worse, and became
 25 quite my shadow. Many girls might
 have been taken in, for never were such
 attentions; but I knew the fickle sex too
 well. He went away to his regiment two
 days ago, and I trust I shall never be
 30 plagued with him again. He is the
 greatest coxcomb I ever saw, and
 amazingly disagreeable. The last two
 days he was always by the side of
 Charlotte Davis: I pitied his taste, but
 35 took no notice of him. The last time
 we met was in Bath Street, and I turned
 directly into a shop that he might not
 speak to me; I would not even look at
 him. He went into the pump-room
 40 afterwards; but I would not have
 followed him for all the world. Such a
 contrast between him and your brother!
 Pray send me some news of the latter
 — I am quite unhappy about him; he
 45 seemed so uncomfortable when he
 went away, with a cold, or something
 that affected his spirits. I would write
 to him myself, but have mislaid his
 direction; and, as I hinted above, am
 50 afraid he took something in my conduct
 amiss. Pray explain everything to his
 satisfaction; or, if he still harbours any
 doubt, a line from himself to me, or a
 call at Putney when next in town, might
 55 set all to rights. I have not been to the
 rooms this age, nor to the play, except
 going in last night with the Hodges, for
 a frolic, at half price: they teased me
 into it; and I was determined they
 60 should not say I shut myself up because
 Tilney was gone. We happened to sit
 by the Mitchells, and they pretended
 to be quite surprised to see me out. I
 knew their spite: at one time they could
 65 not be civil to me, but now they are all

friendship; but I am not such a fool as
to be taken in by them. You know I
have a pretty good spirit of my own.
Anne Mitchell had tried to put on a
5 turban like mine, as I wore it the week
before at the concert, but made
wretched work of it — it happened to
become my odd face, I believe, at least
Tilney told me so at the time, and said
10 every eye was upon me; but he is the
last man whose word I would take. I
wear nothing but purple now: I know I
look hideous in it, but no matter — it
is your dear brother's favourite colour.
15 Lose no time, my dearest, sweetest
Catherine, in writing to him and to me,
Who ever am, etc.

Such a strain of shallow artifice
20 could not impose even upon Catherine.
Its inconsistencies, contradictions, and
falsehood struck her from the very
first. She was ashamed of Isabella, and
ashamed of having ever loved her. Her
25 professions of attachment were now as
disgusting as her excuses were empty,
and her demands impudent. "Write to
James on her behalf! No, James should
never hear Isabella's name mentioned
30 by her again."

On Henry's arrival from Woodston,
she made known to him and Eleanor
their brother's safety, congratulating
35 them with sincerity on it, and reading
aloud the most material passages of her
letter with strong indignation. When
she had finished it — "So much for
Isabella," she cried, "and for all our
40 intimacy! She must think me an idiot,
or she could not have written so; but
perhaps this has served to make her
character better known to me than mine
is to her. I see what she has been about.
45 She is a vain coquette, and her tricks
have not answered. I do not believe she
had ever any regard either for James
or for me, and I wish I had never known
her."

50 "It will soon be as if you never
had," said Henry.

"There is but one thing that I cannot
55 understand. I see that she has had
designs on Captain Tilney, which have
not succeeded; but I do not understand
what Captain Tilney has been about all
this time. Why should he pay her such
60 attentions as to make her quarrel with
my brother, and then fly off himself?"

"I have very little to say for
Frederick's motives, such as I believe
65 them to have been. He has his vanities

as well as Miss Thorpe, and the chief difference is, that, having a stronger head, they have not yet injured himself. If the effect of his behaviour does not
5 justify him with you, we had better not seek after the cause."

"Then you do not suppose he ever really cared about her?"

10

"I am persuaded that he never did."

"And only made believe to do so for mischief's sake?"

15

Henry bowed his assent.

"Well, then, I must say that I do not like him at all. Though it has turned
20 out so well for us, I do not like him at all. As it happens, there is no great harm done, because I do not think Isabella has any heart to lose. But, suppose he had made her very much in
25 love with him?"

"But we must first suppose Isabella to have had a heart to lose — consequently to have been a very
30 different creature; and, in that case, she would have met with very different treatment."

"It is very right that you should
35 stand by your brother."

"And if you would stand by yours, you would not be much distressed by the disappointment of Miss Thorpe.
40 But your mind is warped by an innate principle of general integrity, and therefore not accessible to the cool reasonings of family partiality, or a desire of revenge."

45

Catherine was complimented out of further bitterness. Frederick could not be unpardonably guilty, while Henry made himself so agreeable. She
50 resolved on not answering Isabella's letter, and tried to think no more of it.

55

60

Chapter 28

Soon after this, the general found
65 himself obliged to go to London for a

week; and he left Northanger earnestly
 regretting that any necessity should rob
 him even for an hour of Miss
 Morland's company, and anxiously
 5 recommending the study of her
comfort and amusement to his children
 as their chief object in his absence. His
 departure gave Catherine the first
 experimental conviction that a loss
 10 may be sometimes a gain. The
 happiness with which their time now
 passed, every employment voluntary,
 every laugh indulged, every meal a
 scene of ease and good humour,
 15 walking where they liked and when
 they liked, their hours, pleasures, and
 fatigues at their own command, made
 her thoroughly sensible of the restraint
 which the general's presence had
 20 imposed, and most thankfully feel their
 present release from it. Such ease and
 such delights made her love the place
 and the people more and more every
 day; and had it not been for a dread of
 25 its soon becoming expedient to leave
 the one, and an apprehension of not
 being equally beloved by the other, she
 would at each moment of each day have
 been perfectly happy; but she was now
 30 in the fourth week of her visit; before
 the general came home, the fourth
 week would be turned, and perhaps it
 might seem an intrusion if she stayed
 much longer. This was a painful
 35 consideration whenever it occurred;
 and eager to get rid of such a weight
 on her mind, she very soon resolved to
 speak to Eleanor about it at once,
 propose going away, and be guided in
 40 her conduct by the manner in which her
 proposal might be taken.

Aware that if she gave herself much
 time, she might feel it difficult to bring
 45 forward so unpleasant a subject, she
 took the first opportunity of being
 suddenly alone with Eleanor, and of
 Eleanor's being in the middle of a
 speech about something very different,
 50 to start forth her obligation of going
 away very soon. Eleanor looked and
 declared herself much concerned. She
 had "hoped for the pleasure of her
 company for a much longer time — had
 55 been misled (perhaps by her wishes) to
 suppose that a much longer visit had
 been promised — and could not but
 think that if Mr. and Mrs. Morland
 were aware of the pleasure it was to
 60 her to have her there, they would be
 too generous to hasten her return."
 Catherine explained: "Oh! As to that,
 Papa and Mamma were in no hurry at
 all. As long as she was happy, they
 65 would always be satisfied."

“Then why, might she ask, in such a hurry herself to leave them?”

5 “Oh! Because she had been there so long.”

“Nay, if you can use such a word, I can urge you no farther. If you think it
10 long — “

“Oh! No, I do not indeed. For my own pleasure, I could stay with you as long again.” And it was directly settled
15 that, till she had, her leaving them was not even to be thought of. In having this cause of uneasiness so pleasantly removed, the force of the other was likewise weakened. The kindness, the
20 earnestness of Eleanor’s manner in pressing her to stay, and Henry’s gratified look on being told that her stay was determined, were such sweet proofs of her importance with them, as
25 left her only just so much solicitude as the human mind can never do comfortably without. She did — almost always — believe that Henry loved her, and quite always that his father and
30 sister loved and even wished her to belong to them; and believing so far, her doubts and anxieties were merely **sportive** irritations.

35 Henry was not able to obey his father’s injunction of remaining wholly at Northanger in attendance on the ladies, during his absence in London, the engagements of his curate at
40 Woodston obliging him to leave them on Saturday for a couple of nights. His loss was not now what it had been while the general was at home; it lessened their gaiety, but did not ruin
45 their **comfort**; and the two girls agreeing in occupation, and improving in intimacy, found themselves so well sufficient for the time to themselves, that it was eleven o’clock, rather a late
50 hour at the abbey, before they quitted the supper-room on the day of Henry’s departure. They had just reached the head of the stairs when it seemed, as far as the thickness of the walls would
55 allow them to judge, that a carriage was driving up to the door, and the next moment confirmed the idea by the loud noise of the house-bell. After the first perturbation of surprise had passed
60 away, in a “Good heaven! What can be the matter?” it was quickly decided by Eleanor to be her eldest brother, whose arrival was often as sudden, if not quite so unseasonable, and accordingly she
65 hurried down to welcome him.

Catherine walked on to her chamber, making up her mind as well as she could, to a further acquaintance
5 with Captain Tilney, and comforting herself under the unpleasant impression his conduct had given her, and the persuasion of his being by far too fine a gentleman to approve of her,
10 that at least they should not meet under such circumstances as would make their meeting materially painful. She trusted he would never speak of Miss Thorpe; and indeed, as he must by this
15 time be ashamed of the part he had acted, there could be no danger of it; and as long as all mention of Bath scenes were avoided, she thought she could behave to him very civilly. In
20 such considerations time passed away, and it was certainly in his favour that Eleanor should be so glad to see him, and have so much to say, for half an hour was almost gone since his arrival,
25 and Eleanor did not come up.

At that moment Catherine thought she heard her step in the gallery, and listened for its continuance; but all was
30 silent. Scarcely, however, had she convicted her fancy of error, when the noise of something moving close to her door made her start; it seemed as if someone was touching the very
35 doorway — and in another moment a slight motion of the lock proved that some hand must be on it. She trembled a little at the idea of anyone's approaching so cautiously; but
40 resolving not to be again overcome by trivial appearances of alarm, or misled by a raised imagination, she stepped quietly forward, and opened the door. Eleanor, and only Eleanor, stood there.
45 Catherine's spirits, however, were tranquillized but for an instant, for Eleanor's cheeks were pale, and her manner greatly agitated. Though evidently intending to come in, it
50 seemed an effort to enter the room, and a still greater to speak when there. Catherine, supposing some uneasiness on Captain Tilney's account, could only express her concern by silent
55 attention, obliged her to be seated, rubbed her temples with lavender-water, and hung over her with affectionate solicitude. "My dear Catherine, you must not — you must
60 not indeed — " were Eleanor's first connected words. "I am quite well. This kindness distracts me — I cannot bear it — I come to you on such an errand!"

65

"Errand! To me!"

"How shall I tell you! Oh! How shall I tell you!"

5

A new idea now darted into Catherine's mind, and turning as pale as her friend, she exclaimed, "'Tis a messenger from Woodston!"

10

"You are mistaken, indeed," returned Eleanor, looking at her most compassionately; "it is no one from Woodston. It is my father himself." Her voice faltered, and her eyes were turned to the ground as she mentioned his name. His unlooked-for return was enough in itself to make Catherine's heart sink, and for a few moments she hardly supposed there were anything worse to be told. She said nothing; and Eleanor, endeavouring to collect herself and speak with firmness, but with eyes still cast down, soon went on. "You are too good, I am sure, to think the worse of me for the part I am obliged to perform. I am indeed a most unwilling messenger. After what has so lately passed, so lately been settled between us — how joyfully, how thankfully on my side! — as to your continuing here as I hoped for many, many weeks longer, how can I tell you that your kindness is not to be accepted — and that the happiness your company has hitherto given us is to be repaid by — But I must not trust myself with words. My dear Catherine, we are to part. My father has recollected an engagement that takes our whole family away on Monday. We are going to Lord Longtown's, near Hereford, for a fortnight. Explanation and apology are equally impossible. I cannot attempt either."

"My dear Eleanor," cried Catherine, suppressing her feelings as well as she could, "do not be so distressed. A second engagement must give way to a first. I am very, very sorry we are to part — so soon, and so suddenly too; but I am not offended, indeed I am not. I can finish my visit here, you know, at any time; or I hope you will come to me. Can you, when you return from this lord's, come to Fullerton?"

"It will not be in my power, Catherine."

"Come when you can, then."

Eleanor made no answer; and Catherine's thoughts recurring to

loiter idle, hogazanear, merodear
loitered travelled indolently & with long pauses
loitering parsimonioso, cachazudo,
loiterer lingerer *someone who lingers aimlessly
 in or about a place*, curioso

something more directly interesting,
 she added, thinking aloud, "Monday —
 so soon as Monday; and you all go.
 Well, I am certain of — I shall be able
 5 to take leave, however. I need not go
 till just before you do, you know. Do
 not be distressed, Eleanor, I can go on
 Monday very well. My father and
 mother's having no notice of it is of
 10 very little consequence. The general
 will send a servant with me, I dare say,
 half the way — and then I shall soon
 be at Salisbury, and then I am only nine
 miles from home."

15

"Ah, Catherine! Were it settled so,
 it would be somewhat less intolerable,
 though in such common attentions you
 would have received but half what you
 20 ought. But — how can I tell you? —
 tomorrow morning is fixed for your
 leaving us, and not even the hour is left
 to your choice; the very carriage is
 ordered, and will be here at seven
 25 o'clock, and no servant will be offered
 you."

Catherine sat down, breathless and
 speechless. "I could hardly believe my
 30 senses, when I heard it; and no
 displeasure, no resentment that you can
 feel at this moment, however justly
 great, can be more than I myself — but
 I must not talk of what I felt. Oh! That
 35 I could suggest anything in
 extenuation! Good God! What will
 your father and mother say! After
 courting you from the protection of
 real friends to this — almost double
 40 distance from your home, to have you
 driven out of the house, without the
 considerations even of decent civility!
 Dear, dear Catherine, in being the
 bearer of such a message, I seem guilty
 45 myself of all its insult; yet, I trust you
 will acquit me, for you must have been
 long enough in this house to see that I
 am but a nominal mistress of it, that
 my real power is nothing."

50

"Have I offended the general?" said
 Catherine in a faltering voice.

"Alas! For my feelings as a
 55 daughter, all that I know, all that I
 answer for, is that you can have given
 him no just cause of offence. He
 certainly is greatly, very greatly
 discomposed; I have seldom seen him
 60 more so. His temper is not happy, and
 something has now occurred to ruffle
 it in an uncommon degree; some
 disappointment, some vexation, which
 just at this moment seems important,
 65 but which I can hardly suppose you to

have any concern in, for how is it possible?"

It was with pain that Catherine
5 could speak at all; and it was only for
Eleanor's sake that she attempted it. "I
am sure," said she, "I am very sorry if
I have offended him. It was the last
10 thing I would willingly have done. But
do not be unhappy, Eleanor. An
engagement, you know, must be kept.
I am only sorry it was not recollected
sooner, that I might have written home.
But it is of very little consequence."

15

"I hope, I earnestly hope, that to
your real safety it will be of none; but
to everything else it is of the greatest
consequence: to **comfort**, appearance,
20 propriety, to your family, to the world.
Were your friends, the Allens, still in
Bath, you might go to them with
comparative ease; a few hours would
take you there; but a journey of seventy
25 miles, to be taken post by you, at your
age, alone, unattended!"

"Oh, the journey is nothing. Do not
think about that. And if we are to part,
30 a few hours sooner or later, you know,
makes no difference. I can be ready by
seven. Let me be called in time."
Eleanor saw that she wished to be
alone; and believing it better for each
35 that they should avoid any further
conversation, now left her with, "I
shall see you in the morning."

Catherine's swelling heart needed
40 relief. In Eleanor's presence friendship
and pride had equally restrained her
tears, but no sooner was she gone than
they burst forth in torrents. Turned
from the house, and in such a way!
45 Without any reason that could justify,
any apology that could atone for the
abruptness, the rudeness, nay, the
insolence of it. Henry at a distance —
not able even to bid him farewell.
50 Every hope, every expectation from
him suspended, at least, and who could
say how long? Who could say when
they might meet again? And all this by
such a man as General Tilney, so
55 polite, so well bred, and heretofore so
particularly fond of her! It was as
incomprehensible as it was mortifying
and grievous. From what it could arise,
and where it would end, were
60 considerations of equal perplexity and
alarm. The manner in which it was
done so **grossly** uncivil, hurrying her
away without any reference to her own
convenience, or allowing her even the
65 appearance of choice as to the time or

mode of her travelling; of two days, the earliest fixed on, and of that almost the earliest hour, as if resolved to have her gone before he was stirring in the morning, that he might not be obliged even to see her. What could all this mean but an intentional affront? By some means or other she must have had the misfortune to offend him. Eleanor had wished to spare her from so painful a notion, but Catherine could not believe it possible that any injury or any misfortune could provoke such ill will against a person not connected, or, at least, not supposed to be connected with it.

Heavily passed the night. Sleep, or repose that deserved the name of sleep, was out of the question. That room, in which her disturbed imagination had tormented her on her first arrival, was again the scene of agitated spirits and unquiet slumbers. Yet how different now the source of her inquietude from what it had been then — how mournfully superior in reality and substance! Her anxiety had foundation in fact, her fears in probability; and with a mind so occupied in the contemplation of actual and natural evil, the solitude of her situation, the darkness of her chamber, the antiquity of the building, were felt and considered without the smallest emotion; and though the wind was high, and often produced strange and sudden noises throughout the house, she heard it all as she lay awake, hour after hour, without curiosity or terror.

Soon after six Eleanor entered her room, eager to show attention or give assistance where it was possible; but very little remained to be done. Catherine had not loitered; she was almost dressed, and her packing almost finished. The possibility of some conciliatory message from the general occurred to her as his daughter appeared. What so natural, as that anger should pass away and repentance succeed it? And she only wanted to know how far, after what had passed, an apology might properly be received by her. But the knowledge would have been useless here; it was not called for; neither clemency nor dignity was put to the trial — Eleanor brought no message. Very little passed between them on meeting; each found her greatest safety in silence, and few and trivial were the sentences exchanged while they remained upstairs, Catherine in busy agitation completing

to be privy to tener conocimiento de.

privy 1 a : private, withdrawn b : secret 2 : belonging or relating to a person in one's individual rather than official capacity 3 : admitted as one sharing in a secret <privy to the conspiracy>
1 (foll. by *to*) sharing in the secret of (a person's plans etc.) *onsabidor* . 2 *archaic* hidden, secret.
— *n.* (pl. **-ies**) 1 *US* or *archaic* a lavatory. 2 *Law* a person having a part or interest in any action, matter, or thing.

her dress, and Eleanor with more goodwill than experience intent upon filling the trunk. When everything was done they left the room, Catherine lingering only half a minute behind her friend to throw a parting glance on every well-known, cherished object, and went down to the breakfast-parlour, where breakfast was prepared. 10 She tried to eat, as well to save herself from the pain of being urged as to make her friend **comfortable**; but she had no appetite, and could not swallow many mouthfuls. The contrast between this 15 and her last breakfast in that room gave her fresh **misery**, and strengthened her distaste for everything before her. It was not four and twenty hours ago since they had met there to the same 20 repast, but in circumstances how different! With what cheerful ease, what happy, though false, security, had she then looked around her, enjoying everything present, and fearing little in 25 future, beyond Henry's going to Woodston for a day! Happy, happy breakfast! For Henry had been there; Henry had sat by her and helped her. These reflections were long indulged 30 undisturbed by any address from her companion, who sat as deep in thought as herself; and the appearance of the carriage was the first thing to startle and recall them to the present moment. 35 Catherine's colour rose at the sight of it; and the indignity with which she was treated, striking at that instant on her mind with **peculiar** [**odd, queer**] force, made her for a short time sensible only 40 of resentment. Eleanor seemed now impelled into **resolution** and speech.

"You must write to me, Catherine," she cried; "you must let me hear from 45 you as soon as possible. Till I know you to be safe at home, I shall not have an hour's **comfort**. For one letter, at all risks, all hazards, I must entreat. Let me have the satisfaction of knowing 50 that you are safe at Fullerton, and have found your family well, and then, till I can ask for your correspondence as I ought to do, I will not expect more. Direct to me at Lord Longtown's, and, 55 I must ask it, under cover to Alice."

"No, Eleanor, if you are not allowed to receive a letter from me, I am sure I had better not write. There can be no 60 doubt of my getting home safe."

Eleanor only replied, "I cannot wonder at your feelings. I will not importune you. I will trust to your own 65 kindness of heart when I am at a

distance from you." But this, with the look of sorrow accompanying it, was enough to melt Catherine's pride in a moment, and she instantly said, "Oh, Eleanor, I will write to you indeed."

There was yet another point which Miss Tilney was anxious to settle, though somewhat embarrassed in speaking of. It had occurred to her that after so long an absence from home, Catherine might not be provided with money enough for the expenses of her journey, and, upon suggesting it to her with most affectionate offers of accommodation, it proved to be exactly the case. Catherine had never thought on the subject till that moment, but, upon examining her purse, was convinced that but for this kindness of her friend, she might have been turned from the house without even the means of getting home; and the distress in which she must have been thereby involved filling the minds of both, scarcely another word was said by either during the time of their remaining together. Short, however, was that time. The carriage was soon announced to be ready; and Catherine, instantly rising, a long and affectionate embrace supplied the place of language in bidding each other adieu; and, as they entered the hall, unable to leave the house without some mention of one whose name had not yet been spoken by either, she paused a moment, and with quivering lips just made it intelligible that she left "her kind remembrance for her absent friend." But with this approach to his name ended all possibility of restraining her feelings; and, hiding her face as well as she could with her handkerchief, she darted across the hall, jumped into the chaise, and in a moment was driven from the door.

hack I n. 1 corte 2 *pey & hum (periodista)* gacetilero 3 (*caballo*) jameigo II v.tr. cortar a hachazos 50 to *hack sthg/sb to pieces*, hacer trizas algo/a alguien III vi *Inform* piratear

55

Chapter 29

Catherine was too wretched to be fearful. The journey in itself had no terrors for her; and she began it without either dreading its length or feeling its solitariness. Leaning back in one corner of the carriage, in a violent burst

of tears, she was conveyed some miles beyond the walls of the abbey before she raised her head; and the highest point of ground within the park was almost closed from her view before she was capable of turning her eyes towards it. Unfortunately, the road she now travelled was the same which only ten days ago she had so happily passed along in going to and from Woodston; and, for fourteen miles, every bitter feeling was rendered more severe by the review of objects on which she had first looked under impressions so different. Every mile, as it brought her nearer Woodston, added to her sufferings, and when within the distance of five, she passed the turning which led to it, and thought of Henry, so near, yet so unconscious, her grief and agitation were excessive.

The day which she had spent at that place had been one of the happiest of her life. It was there, it was on that day, that the general had made use of such expressions with regard to Henry and herself, had so spoken and so looked as to give her the most positive conviction of his actually wishing their marriage. Yes, only ten days ago had he elated [eufórico] her by his pointed regard — had he even confused her by his too significant reference! And now — what had she done, or what had she omitted to do, to merit such a change?

The only offence against him of which she could accuse herself had been such as was scarcely possible to reach his knowledge. Henry and her own heart only were privy to the shocking suspicions which she had so idly entertained; and equally safe did she believe her secret with each. Designedly, at least, Henry could not have betrayed her. If, indeed, by any strange mischance his father should have gained intelligence of what she had dared to think and look for, of her causeless fancies and injurious examinations, she could not wonder at any degree of his indignation. If aware of her having viewed him as a murderer, she could not wonder at his even turning her from his house. But a justification so full of torture to herself, she trusted, would not be in his power.

Anxious as were all her conjectures on this point, it was not, however, the one on which she dwelt most. There was a thought yet nearer, a more prevailing, more impetuous concern.

breach *n.* 1 (often foll. by *of*) the breaking of or failure to observe a law, contract, etc. 2 **a** a breaking of relations; an estrangement. **b** a quarrel. 3 **a** a broken state. **b** a gap, esp. one made by artillery in fortifications.

v.tr. 1 break through; make a gap in. 2 break (a law, contract, etc.).

breach of the peace an infringement or violation of the public peace by any disturbance or riot etc.

breach of promise the breaking of a promise, esp. a promise to marry.

stand in the breach bear the brunt of an attack.

step into the breach give help in a crisis, esp. by replacing someone who has dropped out.

breach

I *nombre* 1 brecha, grieta

2 *Jur (de la ley)* incumplimiento

breach of contract, incumplimiento de contrato

breach of the peace, alteración del orden público

breach of trust, abuso de confianza

Jur prevaricación

3 *Pol (de relaciones)* ruptura

II *verbo transitivo* incumplir

How Henry would think, and feel, and look, when he returned on the morrow to Northanger and heard of her being gone, was a question of force and interest to rise over every other, to be never ceasing, alternately irritating and soothing; it sometimes suggested the dread of his calm acquiescence, and at others was answered by the sweetest confidence in his regret and resentment. To the general, of course, he would not dare to speak; but to Eleanor — what might he not say to Eleanor about her?

In this unceasing recurrence of doubts and inquiries, on any one article of which her mind was incapable of more than momentary repose, the hours passed away, and her journey advanced much faster than she looked for. The pressing anxieties of thought, which prevented her from noticing anything before her, when once beyond the neighbourhood of Woodston, saved her at the same time from watching her progress; and though no object on the road could engage a moment's attention, she found no stage of it tedious. From this, she was preserved too by another cause, by feeling no eagerness for her journey's conclusion; for to return in such a manner to Fullerton was almost to destroy the pleasure of a meeting with those she loved best, even after an absence such as hers — an eleven weeks' absence. What had she to say that would not humble herself and pain her family, that would not increase her own grief by the confession of it, extend an useless resentment, and perhaps involve the innocent with the guilty in undistinguishing ill will? She could never do justice to Henry and Eleanor's merit; she felt it too strongly for expression; and should a dislike be taken against them, should they be thought of unfavourably, on their father's account, it would cut her to the heart.

With these feelings, she rather dreaded than sought for the first view of that well-known spire which would announce her within twenty miles of home. Salisbury she had known to be her point on leaving Northanger; but after the first stage she had been indebted to the post-masters for the names of the places which were then to conduct her to it; so great had been her ignorance of her route. She met with nothing, however, to distress or frighten her. Her youth, civil manners,

and **liberal** pay procured her all the attention that a traveller like herself could require; and stopping only to change horses, she travelled on for
 5 about eleven hours without accident or alarm, and between six and seven o'clock in the evening found herself entering Fullerton.

10 A heroine returning, at the close of her career, to her native village, in all the triumph of recovered reputation, and all the dignity of a countess, with a long train of noble relations in their
 15 several phaetons, and three waiting-maids in a travelling chaise and four, behind her, is an event on which the pen of the contriver may well delight to dwell; it gives credit to every
 20 conclusion, and the author must share in the glory she so liberally bestows. But my affair is widely different; I bring back my heroine to her home in solitude and disgrace; and no sweet
 25 elation [alegría eufórica] [euforia] of spirits can lead me into minuteness. A heroine in a **hack** post-chaise is such a blow upon sentiment, as no attempt at grandeur or pathos can withstand.
 30 Swiftly therefore shall her post-boy drive through the village, amid the gaze of Sunday groups, and speedy shall be her descent from it.

35 But, whatever might be the distress of Catherine's mind, as she thus advanced towards the parsonage, and whatever the humiliation of her biographer in relating it, she was
 40 preparing enjoyment of no everyday nature for those to whom she went; first, in the appearance of her carriage — and secondly, in herself. The chaise of a traveller being a rare sight in
 45 Fullerton, the whole family were immediately at the window; and to have it stop at the sweep-gate was a pleasure to brighten every eye and occupy every fancy — a pleasure quite
 50 unlooked for by all but the two youngest children, a boy and girl of six and four years old, who expected a brother or sister in every carriage. Happy the glance that first
 55 distinguished Catherine! Happy the voice that proclaimed the discovery! But whether such happiness were the lawful property of George or Harriet could never be exactly understood.

60 Her father, mother, Sarah, George, and Harriet, all assembled at the door to welcome her with affectionate eagerness, was a sight to awaken the
 65 best feelings of Catherine's heart; and

in the embrace of each, as she stepped from the carriage, she found herself soothed beyond anything that she had believed possible. So surrounded, so
 5 caressed, she was even happy! In the joyfulness of family love everything for a short time was subdued, and the pleasure of seeing her, leaving them at first little leisure for calm curiosity,
 10 they were all seated round the tea-table, which Mrs. Morland had hurried for the **comfort** of the poor traveller, whose pale and jaded [worn out] looks soon caught her notice, before any
 15 inquiry so direct as to demand a positive answer was addressed to her.

Reluctantly, and with much hesitation, did she then begin what
 20 might perhaps, at the end of half an hour, be termed, by the courtesy of her hearers, an explanation; but scarcely, within that time, could they at all discover the cause, or collect the
 25 particulars, of her sudden return. They were far from being an irritable race; far from any quickness in catching, or bitterness in resenting, affronts: but here, when the whole was unfolded,
 30 was an insult not to be overlooked, nor, for the first half hour, to be easily pardoned. Without suffering any romantic alarm, in the consideration of their daughter's long and lonely
 35 journey, Mr. and Mrs. Morland could not but feel that it might have been productive of much unpleasantness to her; that it was what they could never have voluntarily suffered; and that, in
 40 forcing her on such a measure, General Tilney had acted neither honourably nor feelingly — neither as a gentleman nor as a parent. Why he had done it, what could have provoked him to such
 45 a **breach** of hospitality, and so suddenly turned all his partial regard for their daughter into actual ill will, was a matter which they were at least as far from divining as Catherine
 50 herself; but it did not oppress them by any means so long; and, after a due course of useless conjecture, that “it was a strange business, and that he must be a very strange man,” grew
 55 enough for all their indignation and wonder; though Sarah indeed still indulged in the sweets of incomprehensibility, exclaiming and conjecturing with youthful ardour. “My
 60 dear, you give yourself a great deal of needless trouble,” said her mother at last; “depend upon it, it is something not at all worth understanding.”

65 “I can allow for his wishing

unalloyed *adj.* 1 Not in mixture with other metals; pure. 2 Complete; unqualified: *unalloyed blessings; unalloyed relief.*

Catherine away, when he recollected this engagement," said Sarah, "but why not do it civilly?"

5 "I am sorry for the young people," returned Mrs. Morland; "they must have a sad time of it; but as for anything else, it is no matter now; Catherine is safe at home, and our
10 **comfort** does not depend upon General Tilney." Catherine sighed. "Well," continued her philosophic mother, "I am glad I did not know of your journey at the time; but now it is all over,
15 perhaps there is no great harm done. It is always good for young people to be put upon exerting themselves; and you know, my dear Catherine, you always were a sad little scatter-brained
20 creature; but now you must have been forced to have your wits about you, with so much changing of chaises and so forth; and I hope it will appear that you have not left anything behind you
25 in any of the pockets."

Catherine hoped so too, and tried to feel an interest in her own amendment, but her spirits were quite
30 worn down; and, to be silent and alone becoming soon her only wish, she **readily [easily/willingly]** agreed to her mother's next counsel of going early to bed. Her parents, seeing nothing in
35 her ill looks and agitation but the natural consequence of mortified feelings, and of the unusual exertion and fatigue of such a journey, parted from her without any doubt of their
40 being soon slept away; and though, when they all met the next morning, her recovery was not equal to their hopes, they were still perfectly unsuspecting of there being any deeper evil. They
45 never once thought of her heart, which, for the parents of a young lady of seventeen, just returned from her first excursion from home, was odd enough!

50 As soon as breakfast was over, she sat down to fulfil her promise to Miss Tilney, whose trust in the effect of time and distance on her friend's disposition was already justified, for already did
55 Catherine reproach herself with having parted from Eleanor coldly, with having never enough valued her merits or kindness, and never enough commiserated her for what she had
60 been yesterday left to endure. The strength of these feelings, however, was far from assisting her pen; and never had it been harder for her to write than in addressing Eleanor
65 Tilney. To compose a letter which

might at once do justice to her sentiments and her situation, convey gratitude without servile regret, be guarded without coldness, and honest
 5 without resentment — a letter which Eleanor might not be pained by the perusal of — and, above all, which she might not blush herself, if Henry should chance to see, was an
 10 undertaking to frighten away all her powers of performance; and, after long thought and much perplexity, to be very brief was all that she could determine on with any confidence of
 15 safety. The money therefore which Eleanor had advanced was enclosed with little more than grateful thanks, and the thousand good wishes of a most affectionate heart.

20 “This has been a strange acquaintance,” observed Mrs. Morland, as the letter was finished; “soon made and soon ended. I am sorry
 25 it happens so, for Mrs. Allen thought them very pretty kind of young people; and you were sadly out of luck too in your Isabella. Ah! Poor James! Well, we must live and learn; and the next
 30 new friends you make I hope will be better worth keeping.”

Catherine coloured as she warmly answered, “No friend can be better
 35 worth keeping than Eleanor.”

“If so, my dear, I dare say you will meet again some time or other; do not be uneasy. It is ten to one but you are
 40 thrown together again in the course of a few years; and then what a pleasure it will be!”

Mrs. Morland was not happy in her
 45 attempt at consolation. The hope of meeting again in the course of a few years could only put into Catherine’s head what might happen within that time to make a meeting dreadful to her.
 50 She could never forget Henry Tilney, or think of him with less tenderness than she did at that moment; but he might forget her; and in that case, to meet — ! Her eyes filled with tears as
 55 she pictured her acquaintance so renewed; and her mother, perceiving her **comfortable** suggestions to have had no good effect, proposed, as another expedient for restoring her
 60 spirits, that they should call on Mrs. Allen.

The two houses were only a quarter of a mile apart; and, as they walked,
 65 Mrs. Morland quickly dispatched all

that she felt on the score of James's disappointment. "We are sorry for him," said she; "but otherwise there is no harm done in the match going off; 5 for it could not be a desirable thing to have him engaged to a girl whom we had not the smallest acquaintance with, and who was so entirely without fortune; and now, after such behaviour, 10 we cannot think at all well of her. Just at present it comes hard to poor James; but that will not last forever; and I dare say he will be a discreeter man all his life, for the foolishness of his first 15 choice."

This was just such a summary view of the affair as Catherine could listen to; another sentence might have 20 endangered her complaisance, and made her reply less rational; for soon were all her thinking powers swallowed up in the reflection of her own change of feelings and spirits 25 since last she had trodden that well-known road. It was not three months ago since, wild with joyful expectation, she had there run backwards and forwards some ten times a day, with an 30 heart light, gay, and independent; looking forward to pleasures untasted and **unalloyed**, and free from the apprehension of evil as from the knowledge of it. Three months ago had 35 seen her all this; and now, how altered a being did she return!

She was received by the Allens with all the kindness which her unlooked- 40 for appearance, acting on a steady affection, would naturally call forth; and great was their surprise, and warm their displeasure, on hearing how she had been treated — though Mrs. 45 Morland's account of it was no inflated representation, no studied appeal to their passions. "Catherine took us quite by surprise yesterday evening," said she. "She travelled all the way post by 50 herself, and knew nothing of coming till Saturday night; for General Tilney, from some odd fancy or other, all of a sudden grew tired of having her there, and almost turned her out of the house. 55 Very unfriendly, certainly; and he must be a very odd man; but we are so glad to have her amongst us again! And it is a great **comfort** to find that she is not a poor helpless creature, but can 60 shift very well for herself."

Mr. Allen expressed himself on the occasion with the reasonable resentment of a sensible friend; and 65 Mrs. Allen thought his expressions

quite good enough to be immediately made use of again by herself. His wonder, his conjectures, and his explanations became in succession
 5 hers, with the addition of this single remark — “I really have not patience with the general” — to fill up every accidental pause. And, “I really have not patience with the general,” was
 10 uttered twice after Mr. Allen left the room, without any relaxation of anger, or any material digression of thought. A more considerable degree of wandering attended the third
 15 repetition; and, after completing the fourth, she immediately added, “Only think, my dear, of my having got that frightful great rent in my best Mechlin so charmingly mended, before I left
 20 Bath, that one can hardly see where it was. I must show it you some day or other. Bath is a nice place, Catherine, after all. I assure you I did not above half like coming away. Mrs. Thorpe’s
 25 being there was such a **comfort** to us, was not it? You know, you and I were quite forlorn at first.”

“Yes, but that did not last long,”
 30 said Catherine, her eyes brightening at the recollection of what had first given spirit to her existence there.

“Very true: we soon met with Mrs.
 35 Thorpe, and then we wanted for nothing. My dear, do not you think these silk gloves wear very well? I put them on new the first time of our going to the Lower Rooms, you know, and I
 40 have worn them a great deal since. Do you remember that evening?”

“Do I! Oh! Perfectly.”

45 “It was very agreeable, was not it? Mr. Tilney drank tea with us, and I always thought him a great addition, he is so very agreeable. I have a notion you danced with him, but am not quite
 50 sure. I remember I had my favourite gown on.”

Catherine could not answer; and, after a short trial of other subjects,
 55 Mrs. Allen again returned to — “I really have not patience with the general! Such an agreeable, worthy man as he seemed to be! I do not suppose, Mrs. Morland, you ever saw
 60 a better-bred man in your life. His lodgings were taken the very day after he left them, Catherine. But no wonder; Milsom Street, you know.”

65 As they walked home again, Mrs.

Morland endeavoured to impress on her daughter's mind the happiness of having such steady well-wishers as Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and the very little
 5 consideration which the neglect or unkindness of slight acquaintance like the Tilneys ought to have with her, while she could preserve the good opinion and affection of her earliest
 10 friends. There was a great deal of good sense in all this; but there are some situations of the human mind in which good sense has very little power; and Catherine's feelings contradicted
 15 almost every position her mother advanced. It was upon the behaviour of these very slight acquaintance that all her present happiness depended; and while Mrs. Morland was
 20 successfully confirming her own opinions by the justness of her own representations, Catherine was silently reflecting that now Henry must have arrived at Northanger; now he must
 25 have heard of her departure; and now, perhaps, they were all setting off for Hereford.

30

35

Chapter 30

40 Catherine's disposition was not naturally sedentary, nor had her habits been ever very industrious; but whatever might hitherto have been her defects of that sort, her mother could
 45 not but perceive them now to be greatly increased. She could neither sit still nor employ herself for ten minutes together, walking round the garden and orchard again and again, as if nothing
 50 but motion was voluntary; and it seemed as if she could even walk about the house rather than remain fixed for any time in the parlour. Her loss of spirits was a yet greater alteration. In
 55 her **rambling** and her idleness she might only be a caricature of herself; but in her silence and sadness she was the very reverse of all that she had been before.

60

For two days Mrs. Morland allowed it to pass even without a hint; but when a third night's rest had neither restored her cheerfulness, improved her in
 65 useful activity, nor given her a greater

inclination for needlework, she could no longer refrain from the gentle reproof of, "My dear Catherine, I am afraid you are growing quite a fine
5 lady. I do not know when poor Richard's cravats would be done, if he had no friend but you. Your head runs too much upon Bath; but there is a time for everything — a time for balls and
10 plays, and a time for work. You have had a long run of amusement, and now you must try to be useful."

Catherine took up her work directly,
15 saying, in a dejected [desanimado, abatido] voice, that "her head did not run upon Bath — much."

"Then you are fretting about
20 General Tilney, and that is very simple of you; for ten to one whether you ever see him again. You should never fret about trifles." After a short silence —
"I hope, my Catherine, you are not
25 getting out of humour with home because it is not so **grand** as Northanger. That would be turning your visit into an evil indeed. Wherever you are you should always
30 be contented, but especially at home, because there you must spend the most of your time. I did not quite like, at breakfast, to hear you talk so much about the French bread at Northanger."
35

"I am sure I do not care about the bread. it is all the same to me what I eat."

40 "There is a very clever essay in one of the books upstairs upon much such a subject, about young girls that have been spoilt for home by great acquaintance — The Mirror, I think. I
45 will look it out for you some day or other, because I am sure it will do you good."

Catherine said no more, and, with
50 an endeavour to do right, applied to her work; but, after a few minutes, sunk again, without knowing it herself, into languor and **listlessness**, moving herself in her chair, from the irritation
55 of **weariness**, much oftener than she moved her needle. Mrs. Morland watched the progress of this relapse; and seeing, in her daughter's absent and dissatisfied look, the full proof of
60 that **repining** spirit to which she had now begun to attribute her want of cheerfulness, hastily left the room to fetch the book in question, anxious to lose no time in attacking so dreadful a
65 malady. It was some time before she

could find what she looked for; and other family matters occurring to detain her, a quarter of an hour had elapsed ere she returned downstairs
 5 with the volume from which so much was hoped. Her avocations above having shut out all noise but what she created herself, she knew not that a visitor had arrived within the last few
 10 minutes, till, on entering the room, the first object she beheld was a young man whom she had never seen before. With a look of much respect, he immediately rose, and being
 15 introduced to her by her conscious daughter as "Mr. Henry Tilney," with the embarrassment of real sensibility began to apologize for his appearance there, acknowledging that after what
 20 had passed he had little right to expect a welcome at Fullerton, and stating his impatience to be assured of Miss Morland's having reached her home in safety, as the cause of his intrusion. He
 25 did not address himself to an uncandid judge or a resentful heart. Far from comprehending him or his sister in their father's misconduct, Mrs. Morland had been always kindly
 30 disposed towards each, and instantly, pleased by his appearance, received him with the simple professions of unaffected benevolence; thanking him for such an attention to her daughter,
 35 assuring him that the friends of her children were always welcome there, and entreating him to say not another word of the past.

40 He was not ill-inclined to obey this request, for, though his heart was greatly relieved by such unlooked-for mildness, it was not just at that moment in his power to say anything to the
 45 purpose. Returning in silence to his seat, therefore, he remained for some minutes most civilly answering all Mrs. Morland's common remarks about the weather and roads. Catherine
 50 meanwhile — the anxious, agitated, happy, feverish Catherine — said not a word; but her glowing cheek and brightened eye made her mother trust that this good-natured visit would at
 55 least set her heart at ease for a time, and gladly therefore did she lay aside the first volume of *The Mirror* for a future hour.

60 Desirous of Mr. Morland's assistance, as well in giving encouragement, as in finding conversation for her guest, whose embarrassment on his father's account
 65 she earnestly pitied, Mrs. Morland had

very early dispatched one of the children to summon him; but Mr. Morland was from home — and being thus without any support, at the end of
 5 a quarter of an hour she had nothing to say. After a couple of minutes' unbroken silence, Henry, turning to Catherine for the first time since her mother's entrance, asked her, with
 10 sudden alacrity, if Mr. and Mrs. Allen were now at Fullerton? And on developing, from amidst all her perplexity of words in reply, the meaning, which one short syllable
 15 would have given, immediately expressed his intention of paying his respects to them, and, with a rising colour, asked her if she would have the goodness to show him the way. "You
 20 may see the house from this window, sir," was information on Sarah's side, which produced only a bow of acknowledgment from the gentleman, and a silencing nod from her mother;
 25 for Mrs. Morland, thinking it probable, as a secondary consideration in his wish of waiting on their worthy neighbours, that he might have some explanation to give of his father's
 30 behaviour, which it must be more pleasant for him to communicate only to Catherine, would not on any account prevent her accompanying him. They began their walk, and Mrs. Morland
 35 was not entirely mistaken in his object in wishing it. Some explanation on his father's account he had to give; but his first purpose was to explain himself, and before they reached Mr. Allen's
 40 grounds he had done it so well that Catherine did not think it could ever be repeated too often. She was assured of his affection; and that heart in return was solicited, which, perhaps, they
 45 pretty equally knew was already entirely his own; for, though Henry was now sincerely attached to her, though he felt and delighted in all the excellencies of her character and truly
 50 loved her society, I must confess that his affection originated in nothing better than gratitude, or, in other words, that a persuasion of her partiality for him had been the only
 55 cause of giving her a serious thought. It is a new circumstance in romance, I acknowledge, and dreadfully derogatory of an heroine's dignity; but if it be as new in common life, the
 60 credit of a wild imagination will at least be all my own.

A very short visit to Mrs. Allen, in which Henry talked at random, without
 65 sense or connection, and Catherine,

rapt in the contemplation of her own unutterable happiness, scarcely opened her lips, dismissed them to the ecstasies of another tete-a-tete; and
 5 before it was suffered to close, she was enabled to judge how far he was sanctioned by parental authority in his present application. On his return from Woodston, two days before, he had
 10 been met near the abbey by his impatient father, hastily informed in angry terms of Miss Morland's departure, and ordered to think of her no more.

15

Such was the permission upon which he had now offered her his hand. The affrighted Catherine, amidst all the terrors of expectation, as she listened
 20 to this account, could not but rejoice in the kind caution with which Henry had saved her from the necessity of a conscientious rejection, by engaging her faith before he mentioned the
 25 subject; and as he proceeded to give the particulars, and explain the motives of his father's conduct, her feelings soon hardened into even a triumphant delight. The general had had nothing
 30 to accuse her of, nothing to lay to her charge, but her being the involuntary, unconscious object of a deception which his pride could not pardon, and which a better pride would have been
 35 ashamed to own. She was guilty only of being less rich than he had supposed her to be. Under a mistaken persuasion of her possessions and claims, he had courted her acquaintance in Bath,
 40 solicited her company at Northanger, and designed her for his daughter-in-law. On discovering his error, to turn her from the house seemed the best, though to his feelings an inadequate
 45 proof of his resentment towards herself, and his contempt of her family.

John Thorpe had first misled him. The general, perceiving his son one
 50 night at the theatre to be paying considerable attention to Miss Morland, had accidentally inquired of Thorpe if he knew more of her than her name. Thorpe, most happy to be on
 55 speaking terms with a man of General Tilney's importance, had been joyfully and proudly communicative; and being at that time not only in daily expectation of Morland's engaging
 60 Isabella, but likewise pretty well resolved upon marrying Catherine himself, his vanity induced him to represent the family as yet more wealthy than his vanity and avarice had
 65 made him believe them. With

whomsoever he was, or was likely to be connected, his own consequence always required that theirs should be great, and as his intimacy with any
 5 acquaintance grew, so regularly grew their fortune. The expectations of his friend Morland, therefore, from the first overrated, had ever since his introduction to Isabella been gradually
 10 increasing; and by merely adding twice as much for the grandeur of the moment, by doubling what he chose to think the amount of Mr. Morland's preferment, trebling his private
 15 fortune, bestowing a rich aunt, and sinking half the children, he was able to represent the whole family to the general in a most respectable light. For Catherine, however, the peculiar [odd,
 20 queer] object of the general's curiosity, and his own speculations, he had yet something more in reserve, and the ten or fifteen thousand pounds which her father could give her would be a pretty
 25 addition to Mr. Allen's estate. Her intimacy there had made him seriously determine on her being handsomely legacied hereafter; and to speak of her therefore as the almost acknowledged
 30 future heiress of Fullerton naturally followed. Upon such intelligence the general had proceeded; for never had it occurred to him to doubt its authority. Thorpe's interest in the
 35 family, by his sister's approaching connection with one of its members, and his own views on another (circumstances of which he boasted with almost equal openness), seemed
 40 sufficient vouchers [order form, vale, título] for his truth; and to these were added the absolute facts of the Allens being wealthy and childless, of Miss Morland's being under their care, and
 45 — as soon as his acquaintance allowed him to judge — of their treating her with parental kindness. His **resolution** was soon formed. Already had he discerned a liking towards Miss
 50 Morland in the countenance of his son; and thankful for Mr. Thorpe's communication, he almost instantly determined to spare no pains in weakening his boasted interest and
 55 ruining his dearest hopes. Catherine herself could not be more ignorant at the time of all this, than his own children. Henry and Eleanor, perceiving nothing in her situation
 60 likely to engage their father's particular respect, had seen with astonishment the suddenness, continuance, and extent of his attention; and though latterly, from
 65 some hints which had accompanied an

almost positive command to his son of
 doing everything in his power to attach
 her, Henry was convinced of his
 father's believing it to be an
 5 advantageous connection, it was not
 till the late explanation at Northanger
 that they had the smallest idea of the
 false calculations which had hurried
 him on. That they were false, the
 10 general had learnt from the very person
 who had suggested them, from Thorpe
 himself, whom he had chanced to meet
 again in town, and who, under the
 influence of exactly opposite feelings,
 15 irritated by Catherine's refusal, and yet
 more by the failure of a very recent
 endeavour to accomplish a
 reconciliation between Morland and
 Isabella, convinced that they were
 20 separated forever, and spurning a
 friendship which could be no longer
 serviceable, hastened to contradict all
 that he had said before to the advantage
 of the Morlands — confessed himself
 25 to have been totally mistaken in his
 opinion of their circumstances and
 character, misled by the rhodomontade
 of his friend to believe his father a man
 of substance and credit, whereas the
 30 transactions of the two or three last
 weeks proved him to be neither; for
 after coming eagerly forward on the
 first overture of a marriage between the
 families, with the most liberal
 35 proposals, he had, on being brought to
 the point by the shrewdness of the
 relator, been constrained to
 acknowledge himself incapable of
 giving the young people even a decent
 40 support. They were, in fact, a
 necessitous family; numerous, too,
 almost beyond example; by no means
 respected in their own neighbourhood,
 as he had lately had particular
 45 opportunities of discovering; aiming at
 a style of life which their fortune could
 not warrant; seeking to better
 themselves by wealthy connections; a
 forward, bragging, scheming race.
 50

The terrified general pronounced
 the name of Allen with an inquiring
 look; and here too Thorpe had learnt
 his error. The Allens, he believed, had
 55 lived near them too long, and he knew
 the young man on whom the Fullerton
 estate must devolve. The general
 needed no more. Enraged with almost
 everybody in the world but himself, he
 60 set out the next day for the abbey,
 where his performances have been
 seen.

I leave it to my reader's sagacity to
 65 determine how much of all this it was

possible for Henry to communicate at this time to Catherine, how much of it he could have learnt from his father, in what points his own conjectures
 5 might assist him, and what portion must yet remain to be told in a letter from James. I have united for their case what they must divide for mine. Catherine, at any rate, heard enough to
 10 feel that in suspecting General Tilney of either murdering or shutting up his wife, she had scarcely sinned against his character, or magnified his cruelty.

15 Henry, in having such things to relate of his father, was almost as pitiable as in their first avowal [confesión] to himself. He blushed for the narrow-minded counsel which he
 20 was obliged to expose. The conversation between them at Northanger had been of the most unfriendly kind. Henry's indignation on hearing how Catherine had been
 25 treated, on comprehending his father's views, and being ordered to acquiesce in them, had been open and bold. The general, accustomed on every ordinary occasion to give the law in his family,
 30 prepared for no reluctance but of feeling, no opposing desire that should dare to clothe itself in words, could ill brook the opposition of his son, steady as the **sanction** of reason and the
 35 dictate of conscience could make it. But, in such a cause, his anger, though it must shock, could not intimidate Henry, who was sustained in his purpose by a conviction of its justice.
 40 He felt himself bound as much in honour as in affection to Miss Morland, and believing that heart to be his own which he had been directed to gain, no unworthy retraction of a tacit
 45 consent, no reversing decree of unjustifiable anger, could shake his fidelity, or influence the **resolutions** it prompted.

50 He steadily refused to accompany his father into Herefordshire, an engagement formed almost at the moment to promote the dismissal of Catherine, and as steadily declared his
 55 intention of offering her his hand. The general was furious in his anger, and they parted in dreadful disagreement. Henry, in an agitation of mind which many solitary hours were required to
 60 compose, had returned almost instantly to Woodston, and, on the afternoon of the following day, had begun his journey to Fullerton.

5

conducive propicio, favorable
favorecer, ser propicio

Chapter 31

10 Mr. and Mrs. Morland's surprise on
being applied to by Mr. Tilney for their
consent to his marrying their daughter
was, for a few minutes, considerable,
15 it having never entered their heads to
suspect an attachment on either side;
but as nothing, after all, could be more
natural than Catherine's being beloved,
they soon learnt to consider it with
20 only the happy agitation of gratified
pride, and, as far as they alone were
concerned, had not a single objection
to start. His pleasing manners and good
sense were self-evident
25 recommendations; and having never
heard evil of him, it was not their way
to suppose any evil could be told.
Goodwill supplying the place of
experience, his character needed no
30 attestation. "Catherine would make a
sad, heedless young housekeeper to be
sure," was her mother's foreboding
remark; but quick was the consolation
of there being nothing like practice.

35

There was but one obstacle, in
short, to be mentioned; but till that one
was removed, it must be impossible for
them to sanction the engagement. Their
40 tempers were mild, but their principles
were steady, and while his parent so
expressly forbade the connection, they
could not allow themselves to
encourage it. That the general should
45 come forward to solicit the alliance, or
that he should even very heartily
approve it, they were not refined
enough to make any parading
stipulation; but the decent appearance
50 of consent must be yielded, and that
once obtained — and their own hearts
made them trust that it could not be
very long denied — their willing
approbation was instantly to follow.
55 His consent was all that they wished
for. They were no more inclined than
entitled to demand his money. Of a
very considerable fortune, his son was,
by marriage settlements, eventually
60 secure; his present income was an
income of independence and **comfort**,
and under every pecuniary view, it was
a match beyond the claims of their
daughter.

65

The young people could not be surprised at a decision like this. They felt and they deplored — but they could not resent [take offence at] it; 5 and they parted, endeavouring to hope that such a change in the general, as each believed almost impossible, might speedily take place, to unite them again in the fullness of privileged affection. 10 Henry returned to what was now his only home, to watch over his young plantations, and extend his improvements for her sake, to whose share in them he looked anxiously 15 forward; and Catherine remained at Fullerton to cry. Whether the torments of absence were softened by a clandestine correspondence, let us not inquire. Mr. and Mrs. Morland never 20 did — they had been too kind to exact any promise; and whenever Catherine received a letter, as, at that time, happened pretty often, they always looked another way.

25 The anxiety, which in this state of their attachment must be the portion of Henry and Catherine, and of all who loved either, as to its final event, can 30 hardly extend, I fear, to the bosom of my readers, who will see in the **tell-tale** [revelador] compression of the pages before them, that we are all hastening together to perfect felicity. 35 The means by which their early marriage was effected can be the only doubt: what probable circumstance could work upon a temper like the general's? The circumstance which 40 chiefly availed was the marriage of his daughter with a man of fortune and consequence, which took place in the course of the summer — an accession of dignity that threw him into a fit of 45 good humour, from which he did not recover till after Eleanor had obtained his forgiveness of Henry, and his permission for him "to be a fool if he liked it!"

50 The marriage of Eleanor Tilney, her removal from all the evils of such a home as Northanger had been made by Henry's banishment, to the home of her 55 choice and the man of her choice, is an event which I expect to give general satisfaction among all her acquaintance. My own joy on the occasion is very sincere. I know no one 60 more entitled, by unpretending merit, or better prepared by habitual suffering, to receive and enjoy felicity. Her partiality for this gentleman was not of recent origin; and he had been 65 long withheld only by inferiority of

situation from addressing her. His unexpected accession to title and fortune had removed all his difficulties; and never had the general
 5 loved his daughter so well in all her hours of companionship, utility, and patient endurance as when he first hailed her "Your Ladyship!" Her husband was really deserving of her;
 10 independent of his peerage, his wealth, and his attachment, being to a precision the most charming young man in the world. Any further definition of his merits must be
 15 unnecessary; the most charming young man in the world is instantly before the imagination of us all. Concerning the one in question, therefore, I have only to add — aware that the rules of
 20 composition forbid the introduction of a character not connected with my fable — that this was the very gentleman whose negligent servant left behind him that collection of washing-
 25 bills, resulting from a long visit at Northanger, by which my heroine was involved in one of her most alarming adventures.

30 The influence of the viscount and viscountess in their brother's behalf was assisted by that right understanding of Mr. Morland's circumstances which, as soon as the
 35 general would allow himself to be informed, they were qualified to give. It taught him that he had been scarcely more misled by Thorpe's first boast of the family wealth than by his
 40 subsequent malicious overthrow of it; that in no sense of the word were they necessitous or poor, and that Catherine would have three thousand pounds. This was so material an amendment of
 45 his late expectations that it greatly contributed to smooth the descent of his pride; and by no means without its effect was the private intelligence, which he was at some pains to procure,
 50 that the Fullerton estate, being entirely at the disposal of its present proprietor, was consequently open to every greedy speculation.

55 On the strength of this, the general, soon after Eleanor's marriage, permitted his son to return to Northanger, and thence made him the bearer of his consent, very courteously
 60 worded in a page full of empty professions to Mr. Morland. The event which it authorized soon followed: Henry and Catherine were married, the bells rang, and everybody smiled; and,
 65 as this took place within a twelvemonth

from the first day of their meeting, it will not appear, after all the dreadful delays occasioned by the general's cruelty, that they were essentially hurt
 5 by it. To begin perfect happiness at the respective ages of twenty-six and eighteen is to do pretty well; and professing myself moreover convinced that the general's unjust interference,
 10 so far from being really injurious to their felicity, was perhaps rather **conducive** to it, by improving their knowledge of each other, and adding strength to their attachment, I leave it
 15 to be settled, by whomsoever it may concern, whether the tendency of this work be altogether to recommend parental tyranny, or reward filial disobedience.

20

*Vide a letter from Mr. Richardson, No. 97, Vol. II, Rambler.

25 A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Northanger Abbey was written in 1797-98 under a different title. The manuscript was revised around 1803
 30 and sold to a London publisher, Crosbie & Co., who sold it back in 1816. The Signet Classic text is based on the first edition, published by John Murray, London, in 1818 — the year
 35 following Miss Austen's death. Spelling and punctuation have been largely brought into conformity with modern British usage.

40

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