

## *Northanger Abbey* – Fiction and Fact II

*Compare Henry's story on their way to Northanger Abbey to the events thereafter.*

<b>Henry's story</b> (Fiction)	<b>Events at Northanger Abbey</b> (Fact)
	"Is not [Northanger Abbey] a fine old place, just like what one reads about?" (149)
[Catherine says: "Northanger Abbey] has never been uninhabited and left deserted for years, and then the family come back to it unawares, without giving any notice, as generally happens." (149)	"Good God! [...] how came you here? [...] I thought you did not mean to come back till to-morrow. (183)
But you 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. (150)	Miss Tilney slept only two doors from her (158)
an apartment never used since some cousin or kin died in it about twenty years before. (150)	"I was going to take you into what was my mother's room—the room in which she died—" (175)
you find yourself in this gloomy chamber—too lofty and extensive for you, with only the feeble rays of a single lamp to take in its size—its walls hung with tapestry [...] and the bed, of dark green stuff or purple velvet, presenting even a funereal appearance. (150)	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 neither tapestry nor velvet. [...] the windows were neither less perfect, nor more dim than those in the drawing-room below(155)
	"Oh! but this will not happen to me, I am sure." (150)
How fearfully will you examine the furniture of your apartment! (150)	Her fearful curiosity was every moment growing greater (156) an eye straining with curiosity (160)
on the other [side] a ponderous chest (150)	her eye suddenly fell on a large high chest [...] an immense heavy chest! (155)
which no efforts can open (150)	something seemed to resist her efforts (156)
Dorothy [the ancient housekeeper] meanwhile, no less struck by your appearance, gazes on you in great agitation (150)	This ill-timed intruder was Miss Tilney's maid (156)
	Her resolute efforts threw back the lid, and gave to her astonished eyes the view of a white cotton counterpane [...] She was gazing on it with the first blush of surprise, when Miss Tilney [...] 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. (156-7)
	"Oh! Mr. Tilney, how frightful! —This is just like a book!" (150)

you will probably have a violent storm. Pebals of thunder (151)	The night was stormy (158) The window curtains seemed in motion [...] the violence of the wind (159)
Unable [...] to repress your curiosity (151)	the impatience of her curiosity (156)
you will instantly arise [...] to examine this mystery (151)	her anxious desire to penetrate this mystery (156)
you will discover a division in the tapestry (151)	peeped courageously behind each curtain (159)
"I should be too much frightened to do any such thing." (151)	
your eyes will be attracted towards a large, old-fashioned cabinet of ebony and gold (151)	she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet [...] It was not absolutely ebony and gold, but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan (159)
you will eagerly advance to it, unlock its folding doors, and search into every drawer (151)	She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. (159) the door suddenly yielded to her hand [...] having thrown open each folding door [...] a double range of small drawers appeared in view (160)
by touching a secret spring, an inner compartment will open—a roll of papers appears (151)	at length it did open [...] her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, her cheeks grew pale. (161)
your lamp suddenly expires in the socket, and leaves you in total darkness. (152)	Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. (161)
	a bright morning had succeeded the tempest [...] she eagerly collected every scattered sheet [...] Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page [...] She held a washing-bill in her hand. [...] "To poultice chestnut mare,"—a farrier's bill! (163) She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her wisdom? [...] Heaven forbid that Henry Tilney should ever know her folly! (167)
"Oh! no, no—do not say so. Well, go on." (151)	

As they drew near the end of their journey, her impatience for a sight of the abbey [...] returned in full force, and 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 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, without having discerned even an antique chimney.

She knew not that she had any right to be surprised, but there was a something in this mode of approach which she certainly had not expected. To pass between lodges of a modern appearance [...] struck her as odd and inconsistent. [...] The furniture was in all the profusion and elegance of modern taste. [...] The windows [...] were yet less what her fancy had portrayed. [...] every pane was so large, so clear, so light!" (152-3)