

**MONTALBERT: A  
NOVEL, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Montalbert: A Novel, in Three Volumes, Vol. I by Charlotte Smith

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**CHARLOTTE SMITH**

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MONTALBERT.

*A NOVEL.*

VOL. I.

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A NOVEL.

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BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.<sup>(Turner) oc</sup>

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## ERRATA—VOL. I.

Page	Line	
38	23	for fishwoman and washwoman, read fish' women. and washerwomen.
45	1	— were the more, r. were though more.
59	19	— him possible, r. impossible.
61	1	— like, r. liked.
76	20	— Hughson that, r. Hughson only that.
132	7	— billet deux, r. billet-doux.
144	16	— fumed, r. formed.
162	5	— one in, r. one day in.
243	13	— can be one, r. can be but one.
257	15	— had therefore no, r. had no.
262	13	— which now crowded, r. which-crowded.

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# MONTALBERT.

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## CHAPTER I.

**I**N one of those villages, immediately under the ridge of chalky hills, called the South Downs; where the soil changing suddenly to a strong clay, renders the country deep, and the roads bad; there dwelt, a few years since, the rector of a neighbouring parish, of the name of Lessington. In the village where he lived he was only the curate; chusing his residence there, because the house was larger and more commodious, than that which belonged to his own living three miles distant. His family consisted of a wife, two sons, and four daughters.

One of the sons had a fellowship at Oxford; the other, was a younger partner in a respectable tradesman's house in London.



The daughters were reckoned handsome; the two eldest had been for some years the toasts at the convivial meetings in the next market towns; the third was now a candidate for an equal share of rustic admiration, and her claims were generally allowed; but the youngest, who was about eighteen, when this narrative commences, though she was still considered as a child by her sisters, and treated as such by her mother; was thought by some of the few persons who happened to see her, to be much the handsomest of the four, though her beauty was of a very different character from that of her sisters.

Perhaps in these days of refinement, the imagination might be in some degree assisted, by the romantic singularity of her name; she was called Rosalie at the request of a lady of the Catholic religion, the wife of a man of very large fortune, who sometimes inhabited an old family seat, about three miles farther from the hills: Mrs. Lessington had been for some years her most intimate friend, and accepted with pleasure her offer of answering for, and giving her name, to the youngest of her girls. Mrs. Vyvian, the daughter of  
an

an illustrious Catholic family, being born at Naples, had received the name of the female saint so highly venerated in the two Sicilies; and before her marriage, had lived a good deal alone with an infirm father at Holmwood House, which having descended to her mother from noble ancestors, became hers, and was part of the great fortune she brought to Mr. Vyvian.

During the solitary years when she attended the couch of a parent, the victim of complicated diseases, the society of Mrs. Lessington had been her greatest consolation. It continued so till her marriage—a marriage which she was compelled to consent to, by her father's peremptory commands. Mrs. Vyvian afterwards passed some years on the continent with her husband, and returned to England mother of three children, a son and two daughters. And whenever this family inhabited the old mansion-house of Holmwood, Rosalie passed all her time with them. When young Vyvian was about thirteen, his sisters twelve and eleven, the young ladies were so much attached to their companion, that Mrs. Vyvian, to indulge them, took her

with them to London, and afterwards to their estate in the North. Young Vyvian, the only son of the family, being sent abroad, Rosalie remained with his mother and sisters above two years, making only short visits at home. At the end of that period, Mr. Vyvian thought proper to have his daughters introduced into the world, and in a stile of life to which Rosalie could have no pretensions; she therefore returned to the parsonage, and though she could not but be sensible of the great change in her situation; her good sense, and the peculiar mildness of her disposition, enabled her, if not to conquer her regret, at least so far to conceal it, that though generally pensive, she was neither sullen nor melancholy, and entered with placid resignation into a way of life, so different from that to which she had (she now thought unfortunately) been accustomed.— Her mother, who probably remembered that she had been sensible of something like the same uneasy sensation when she bade adieu to the society of her friend, then Miss Montalbert, to marry Mr. Lessington, seemed to  
 pity,