

**ALBERT LUNEL; OR, THE
CHÂTEAU OF
LANGUEDOC. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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HENRY BROUGHAM BROUGHAM AND VAUX

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VOLUME II.

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ERRATA.

Page 77, line 13, *for impossible read impassable.*

80, — 3 from bottom, *for rigid read frigid.*

THE CHÂTEAU.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

“THERE is an intimate connection between all the tender emotions, as I have already said; between pity and love a close connection; between sorrow and love a closer still. The bodily frame which influences the passion of love entirely, the sentiment of love considerably, is powerfully affected by emotions of grief. That which cannot be well named, in its grossness, but

‘Through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind,’*

* The lines of Pope render well enough the old French original :

“Ce qui epaisse paraît grossier,
Bien coulée à toute femme sait plaire.”

—that stands in the closest relation to emotions of a sorrowful cast. All this I thought not of at the moment; I have often since reflected on it. But now the sun is sinking in the west, and we must reserve our recollections of the past for another day."

The Solitary paused;—and Chafillon, full of the mournful feelings which his narrative had inspired, returned towards the Château, his mind entirely occupied with the image of Emilie Fonrose. He felt deeply the beauties of her simple and touching character; and though anything rather than a sentimental person, for he was indeed as much a man of the world as his wife was a worldly woman, yet, having a heart naturally tender, and the sweetest disposition when not perverted by the follies and vices of society, he nearly wept as he dwelt upon the sad recital of the fate which closed her quiet, innocent life; nor could he get out of his mind Albert and Louise's mournful visit to her homely apartment after her peaceful spirit had fled to the far distant mansions of spirits more peaceful still.

In this frame of mind he arrived at the Château just as the Countess returned from a long walk with the Baron, and finished a discussion on the present state of public affairs, which had lasted during

the long walk. His melancholy and political forebodings were for the moment dispelled by an important addition just made to the party in the person of the Marchioness's brother, the Chevalier Deverell and his son. The original and joyous character of the Chevalier, nay, his very look and gait, seemed to shut out care and almost thought from whatever apartment he was in; he was the picture of English good cheer and good fellowship; and his son, gay, but in another line, was one of the most finished gentlemen of the Parisian circles, the admiration or the envy of all the men, the slave of all the fair ones that adorned these haunts of gaiety and refinement. But between father and son there was so little resemblance, that rumour and her twin sister, slander, were busy on the subject of their relationship, whispering it was rather nominal than real; for the one was slender as the other was gross; the one all airs and affectations, the other plain and simple; the one bent upon making himself talked of and run after; the other resolute in his determination to let nothing ruffle him, or keep him from enjoying the good things of this life. One thing they seemed to have in common, and only one. Neither was deficient in abilities, and wit and