

Monte Cristo took the gong and struck it once. In about the space of a second a private door opened, and Ali appeared, bringing two chibouques filled with excellent latakia.

'It is quite wonderful,' said Albert.

'Oh no, it is as simple as possible,' replied Monte Cristo. 'Ali knows I generally smoke while I am taking my tea or coffee; he has heard that I ordered tea, and he also knows that I brought you home with me; when I summoned him he naturally guessed the reason of my doing so, and as he comes from a country where hospitality is especially manifested through the medium of smoking, he naturally concludes that we shall smoke in company, and therefore brings two chibouques instead of one—and now the mystery is solved.'

'Certainly you give a most commonplace air to your explanation, but it is not the less true that you—Ah, but what do I hear?' and Morcerf inclined his head towards the door, through which sounds seemed to issue resembling those of a guitar.

'*Ma foi*, my dear viscount, you are fated to hear music this evening; you have only escaped from Mademoiselle Danglar's piano, to be attacked by Haydée's guzla.'

'Haydée—what an adorable name! Are there, then, really women who bear the name of Haydée anywhere but in Byron's poems?'

'Certainly there are. Haydée is a very uncommon name in France, but is common enough in Albania and Epirus; it is as if you said, for example, Chastity, Modesty, Innocence,—it is a kind of baptismal name, as you Parisians call it.'

'Oh, that is charming,' said Albert, 'how I should like to hear my countrywomen called Mademoiselle Goodness, Mademoiselle Silence, Mademoiselle Christian Charity! Only think, then, if Mademoiselle Danglars, instead of being called Claire-Marie-Eugénie, had been named Mademoiselle Chastity-Modesty-Innocence Danglars; what a fine effect that would have produced on the announcement of her marriage!'

'Hush,' said the count, 'do not joke in so loud a tone; Haydée may hear you, perhaps.'

'And you think she would be angry?'

'No, certainly not,' said the count with a haughty expression.

'She is very amiable, then, is she not?' said Albert.

'It is not to be called amiability, it is her duty; a slave does not dictate to a master.'

'Come; you are joking yourself now. Are there any more slaves to be had who bear this beautiful name?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Really, count, you do nothing, and have nothing like other people. The slave of the Count of Monte Cristo! Why, it is a rank of itself in France, and from the way in which you lavish money, it is a place that must be worth a hundred thousand francs a year.'

'A hundred thousand francs! The poor girl originally possessed much more than that; she was born to treasures in comparison with which those recorded in the *Thousand and One Nights* would seem but poverty.'

'She must be a princess then.'

'You are right; and she is one of the greatest in her country too.'

'I thought so. But how did it happen that such a great princess became a slave?'

'How was it that Dionysius the Tyrant became a schoolmaster? The fortune of war, my dear viscount,—the caprice of fortune; that is the way in which these things are to be accounted for.'

'And is her name a secret?'

'As regards the generality of mankind it is; but not for you, my dear viscount, who are one of my most intimate friends, and on whose silence I feel I may rely, if I consider it necessary to enjoin it—may I not do so?'

'Certainly; on my word of honour.'

'You know the history of the Pasha of Yanina, do you not?'

'Of Ali Tepelini?¹ Oh, yes; it was in his service that my father made his fortune.'

'True, I had forgotten that.'

'Well, what is Haydée to Ali Tepelini?'

'Merely his daughter.'

'What? the daughter of Ali Pasha?'

¹ Ali Pasha, 'The Lion,' was born at Tepelini, an Albanian village at the foot of the Klissoura Mountains, in 1741. By diplomacy and success in arms he became almost supreme ruler of Albania, Epirus, and adjacent territory. Having aroused the enmity of the Sultan, he was proscribed and put to death by treachery in 1822, at the age of eighty.—Ed.

'Of Ali Pasha and the beautiful Vasiliki.'

'And your slave?'

'*Ma foi*, yes.'

'But how did she become so?'

'Why, simply from the circumstance of my having bought her one day, as I was passing through the market at Constantinople.'

'Wonderful! Really, my dear count, you seem to throw a sort of magic influence over all in which you are concerned; when I listen to you, existence no longer seems reality, but a waking dream. Now, I am perhaps going to make an imprudent and thoughtless request, but—'

'Say on.'

'But, since you go out with Haydée, and sometimes even take her to the Opera—'

'Well?'

'I think I may venture to ask you this favour.'

'You may venture to ask me anything.'

'Well then, my dear count, present me to your princess.'

'I will do so; but on two conditions.'

'I accept them at once.'

'The first is, that you will never tell anyone that I have granted the interview.'

'Very well,' said Albert, extending his hand; 'I swear I will not.'

'The second is, that you will not tell her that your father ever served hers.'

'I give you my oath that I will not.'

'Enough, viscount; you will remember those two vows, will you not? But I know you to be a man of honour.'

The count again struck the gong. Ali reappeared. 'Tell Haydée,' said he, 'that I will take coffee with her, and give her to understand that I desire permission to present one of my friends to her.'

Ali bowed and left the room.

'Now, understand me,' said the count, 'no direct questions, my dear Morcerf; if you wish to know anything, tell me, and I will ask her.'

'Agreed.'

'Where have you come from, my dear count?' said Albert.

'From Congo, if you will.'

'It must be farther off than even that.'

'But what do I know of your Parisian husbands?'

'Oh, my dear count, husbands are pretty much the same everywhere; an individual husband of any country is a pretty fair specimen of the whole race.'

'But then, what can have led to the quarrel between Danglars and Debray? They seemed to understand each other so well,' said Monte Cristo with renewed energy.

'Ah, now you are trying to penetrate into the mysteries of Isis, in which I am not initiated. When M. Andrea Cavalcanti has become one of the family, you can ask him that question.'

The carriage stopped.

'Here we are,' said Monte Cristo; 'it is only half-past ten o'clock, come in.'

'Certainly, I will.'

'My carriage shall take you back.'

'No, thank you; I gave orders for my *coupé* to follow me.'

'There it is, then,' said Monte Cristo, as he stepped out of the carriage. They both went into the house; the drawing-room was lighted up—they went in there. 'You will make tea for us, Baptistin,' said the count. Baptistin left the room without waiting to answer, and in two seconds reappeared, bringing on a tray, all that his master had ordered, ready prepared, and appearing to have sprung from the ground, like the repasts which we read of in fairy tales.

'Really, my dear count,' said Morcerf, 'what I admire in you is, not so much your riches, for perhaps there are people even wealthier than yourself, nor is it only your wit, for Beaumarchais might have possessed as much,—but it is your manner of being served, without any questions, in a moment, in a second; it is as if they guessed what you wanted by your manner of ringing, and made a point of keeping everything you can possibly desire in constant readiness.'

'What you say is perhaps true; they know my habits. For instance, you shall see; how do you wish to occupy yourself during tea-time?'

'*Ma foi*, I should like to smoke.'

'But the father has the greatest regard possible for you,' said Monte Cristo.

'He? Oh, no, he has plunged a thousand daggers into my heart, tragedy-weapons, I own, which instead of wounding sheathe their points in their own handles, but daggers which he nevertheless believed to be real and deadly.'

'Jealousy indicates affection.'

'True; but I am not jealous.'

'He is.'

'Of whom?—of Debray?'

'No, of you.'

'Of me? I will engage to say that before a week is past the door will be closed against me.'

'You are mistaken, my dear viscount.'

'Prove it to me.'

'Do you wish me to do so?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I am charged with the commission of endeavouring to induce the Comte de Morcerf to make some definite arrangement with the baron.'

'By whom are you charged?'

'By the baron himself.'

'Oh,' said Albert with all the cajolery of which he was capable. 'You surely will not do that, my dear count?'

'Certainly I shall, Albert, as I have promised to do it.'

'Well,' said Albert, with a sigh, 'it seems you are determined to marry me.'

'I am determined to try and be on good terms with everybody, at all events,' said Monte Cristo. 'But apropos of Debray, how is it that I have not seen him lately at the baron's house?'

'There has been a misunderstanding.'

'What, with the baroness?'

'No, with the baron.'

'Has he perceived anything?'

'Ah, that is a good joke!'

'Do you think he suspects?' said Monte Cristo with charming artlessness.

Ali reappeared for the third time, and drew back the tapestried hanging which concealed the door, to signify to his master and Albert that they were at liberty to pass on.

'Let us go in,' said Monte Cristo.

Albert passed his hand through his hair, and curled his moustache, then, having satisfied himself as to his personal appearance, followed the count into the room, the latter having previously resumed his hat and gloves. Ali was stationed as a kind of advanced guard, and the door was kept by the three French attendants, commanded by Myrtho.

Haydée was awaiting her visitors in the first room of her apartments, which was the drawing-room. Her large eyes were dilated with surprise and expectation, for it was the first time that any man, except Monte Cristo, had been accorded an entrance into her presence. She was sitting on a sofa placed in an angle of the room, with her legs crossed under her in the Eastern fashion, and seemed to have made for herself, as it were, a kind of nest in the rich Indian silks which enveloped her. Near her was the instrument on which she had just been playing; it was elegantly fashioned, and worthy of its mistress. On perceiving Monte Cristo, she arose and welcomed him with a smile peculiar to herself, expressive at once of the most implicit obedience and also of the deepest love. Monte Cristo advanced towards her and extended his hand, which she as usual raised to her lips. Albert had proceeded no farther than the door, where he remained rooted to the spot, being completely fascinated by the sight of such surpassing beauty, beheld as it was for the first time, and of which an inhabitant of more northern climes could form no adequate idea.

'Whom do you bring?' asked the young girl in Romaic, of Monte Cristo; 'is it a friend, a brother, a simple acquaintance, or an enemy?'

'A friend,' said Monte Cristo in the same language.

'What is his name?'

'Count Albert; it is the same man whom I rescued from the hands of the banditti at Rome.'

'In what language would you like me to converse with him?'

Monte Cristo turned to Albert. 'Do you know modern Greek,' asked he.

'Alas! no,' said Albert; 'nor even ancient Greek, my dear count; never had Homer or Plato a more unworthy scholar than myself.'

‘Then,’ said Haydée, proving by her remark that she had quite understood Monte Cristo’s question and Albert’s answer, ‘then I will speak either in French or Italian, if my lord so wills it.’

Monte Cristo reflected one instant. ‘You will speak in Italian,’ said he. Then, turning towards Albert,—‘It is a pity you do not understand either ancient or modern Greek, both of which Haydée speaks so fluently; the poor child will be obliged to talk to you in Italian, which will give you but a very false idea of her powers of conversation.’

The count made a sign to Haydée to address his visitor. ‘Sir,’ she said to Morcerf, ‘you are most welcome as the friend of my lord and master.’ This was said in excellent Tuscan, and with that soft Roman accent which makes the language of Dante as sonorous as that of Homer. Then, turning to Ali, she directed him to bring coffee and pipes, and when he had left the room to execute the orders of his young mistress she beckoned Albert to approach nearer to her. Monte Cristo and Morcerf drew their seats towards a small table, on which were arranged music, drawings, and vases of flowers. Ali then entered bringing coffee and chibouques; as to M. Bapustin, this portion of the building was interdicted to him. Albert refused the pipe which the Nubian offered him.

‘Oh, take it—take it,’ said the count; ‘Haydée is almost as civilized as a Parisian; the smell of a Havana is disagreeable to her, but the tobacco of the East is a most delicious perfume, you know.’

Ali left the room. The cups of coffee were all prepared, with the addition of sugar, which had been brought for Albert. Monte Cristo and Haydée took the beverage in the original Arabian manner, that is to say, without sugar. Haydée took the porcelain cup in her little slender fingers and conveyed it to her mouth with all the innocent artlessness of a child when eating or drinking something which it likes. At this moment two women entered, bringing salvers filled with ices and sherbet, which they placed on two small tables appropriated to that purpose.

‘My dear host, and you, signora,’ said Albert, in Italian, ‘excuse my apparent stupidity. I am quite bewildered, and it is natural that it should be so. Here I am in the heart of Paris; but a moment ago I heard the rumbling of the omnibuses and the tinkling of the bells of the lemonade-sellers, and now I feel as if I were suddenly transported to the East; not such as I have seen it, but such as my dreams have painted it. Oh, signora,

Chapter LXXVII

Haydée



SCARCELY had the count’s horses cleared the angle of the boulevard, when Albert, turning towards the count, burst into a loud fit of laughter—much too loud in fact not to give the idea of its being rather forced and unnatural.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I will ask you the same question which Charles IX. put to Catherine de’ Medici, after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew: “How have I played my little part?”’

‘To what do you allude?’ asked Monte Cristo.

‘To the installation of my rival at M. Danglars.’

‘What rival?’

‘*Ma foi!* what rival? Why, your protégé, M. Andrea Cavalcanti!’

‘Ah, no joking, viscount, if you please: I do not patronize M. Andrea—at least, not as concerns M. Danglars.’

‘And you would be to blame for not assisting him, if the young man really needed your help in that quarter, but, happily for me, he can dispense with it.’

‘What, do you think he is paying his addresses?’

‘I am certain of it; his languishing looks and modulated tones when addressing Mademoiselle Danglars fully proclaim his intentions. He aspires to the hand of the proud Eugénie.’

‘What does that signify, so long as they favour your suit?’

‘But it is not the case, my dear count: on the contrary. I am repulsed on all sides.’

‘What?’

‘It is so indeed! Mademoiselle Eugénie scarcely answers me, and Mademoiselle d’Armilly, her confidant, does not speak to me at all.’

'We shall go together, shall we not?' said Albert to the count.

'If you like,' replied the latter.

Albert could not understand the banker's look, and turning to Monte Cristo, who understood it perfectly, — 'Did you see,' said he, 'how he looked at me?'

'Yes,' said the count; 'but did you think there was anything particular in his look?'

'Indeed, I did; and what does he mean by his news from Greece?'

'How can I tell you?'

'Because I imagine you have correspondents in that country.'

Monte Cristo smiled significantly.

'Stop,' said Albert, 'here he comes. I shall compliment Mademoiselle Danglars on her cameo, while the father talks to you.'

'If you compliment her at all, let it be on her voice, at least,' said Monte Cristo.

'No, everyone would do that.'

'My dear viscount, you are dreadfully impertinent.'

Albert advanced towards Eugénie, smiling.

Meanwhile, Danglars, stooping to Monte Cristo's ear, 'Your advice was excellent,' said he; 'there is a whole history connected with the names Fernand and Yanina.'

'Indeed?' said Monte Cristo.

'Yes, I will tell you all; but take away the young man; I cannot endure his presence.'

'He is going with me. Shall I send the father to you?'

'Immediately.'

'Very well.' The count made a sign to Albert and they bowed to the ladies, and took their leave, Albert perfectly indifferent to Mademoiselle Danglars' contempt, Monte Cristo reiterating his advice to Madame Danglars on the prudence a banker's wife should exercise in providing for the future.

M. Cavalcanti remained master of the field.

if I could but speak Greek, your conversation, added to the fairy-scene which surrounds me, would furnish an evening of such delight as it would be impossible for me ever to forget.'

'I speak sufficient Italian to enable me to converse with you, sir,' said Haydée quietly; 'and if you like what is Eastern, I will do my best to secure the gratification of your tastes while you are here.'

'On what subject shall I converse with her?' said Albert, in a low tone to Monte Cristo.

'Just what you please; you may speak of her country and of her youthful reminiscences, or if you like it better you can talk of Rome, Naples, or Florence.'

'Oh,' said Albert, 'it is of no use to be in the company of a Greek if one converses just in the same style as with a Parisian; let me speak to her of the East.'

'Do so then, for of all themes which you could choose that will be the most agreeable to her taste.'

Albert turned towards Haydée. 'At what age did you leave Greece, signora?' asked he.

'I left it when I was but five years old,' replied Haydée.

'And have you any recollection of your country?'

'When I shut my eyes and think, I seem to see it all again. The mind can see as well as the body. The body forgets sometimes; but the mind always remembers.'

'And how far back into the past do your recollections extend?'

'I could scarcely walk when my mother, who was called Vasiliki, which means royal,' said the young girl, tossing her head proudly, 'took me by the hand, and after putting in our purse all the money we possessed, we went out, both covered with veils, to solicit alms for the prisoners, saying, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Then when our purse was full we returned to the palace, and without saying a word to my father, we sent it to the convent, where it was divided amongst the prisoners.'

'And how old were you at that time?'

'I was three years old,' said Haydée.

'Then you remember everything that went on about you from the time when you were three years old?' said Albert.

'Everything.'

‘Count,’ said Albert, in a low tone to Monte Cristo, ‘do allow the signora to tell me something of her history. You prohibited my mentioning my father’s name to her, but perhaps she will allude to him of her own accord in the course of the recital, and you have no idea how delighted I should be to hear our name pronounced by such beautiful lips.’

Monte Cristo turned to Haydée, and with an expression of countenance which commanded her to pay the most implicit attention to his words, he said in Greek, ‘Πατὴρς μὲν ἄστυ μὴδε τὸ ὄνομα παδοδῶτου καὶ παδοδῶταις εἰπὲ ἡμῖν;’—that is, ‘Tell us the fate of your father; but neither the name of the traitor nor the treason.’ Haydée sighed deeply, and a shade of sadness clouded her beautiful brow.

‘What are you saying to her?’ said Morcerf in an undertone.

‘I again reminded her that you were a friend, and that she need not conceal anything from you.’

‘Then,’ said Albert, ‘this pious pilgrimage in behalf of the prisoners was your first remembrance; what is the next?’

‘Oh, then I remember as if it were but yesterday sitting under the shade of some sycamore-trees, on the borders of a lake, in the waters of which the trembling foliage was reflected as in a mirror. Under the oldest and thickest of these trees, reclining on cushions, sat my father; my mother was at his feet, and I, childlike, amused myself by playing with his long white beard which descended to his girdle, or with the diamond-hilt of the scimitar attached to his girdle. Then from time to time there came to him an Albanian who said something to which I paid no attention, but which he always answered in the same tone of voice, either “Kill,” or “Pardon.”’

‘It is very strange,’ said Albert, ‘to hear such words proceed from the mouth of anyone but an actress on the stage, and one needs constantly to be saying to one’s self, “This is no fiction, it is all reality,” in order to believe it. And how does France appear in your eyes, accustomed as they have been to gaze on such enchanted scenes?’

‘I think it is a fine country,’ said Haydée, ‘but I see France as it really is, because I look on it with the eyes of a woman; whereas my own country, which I can only judge of from the impression produced on my childish mind, always seems enveloped in a vague atmosphere, which is luminous or otherwise, according as my remembrances of it are sad or joyous.’

‘Yes, sir, I will give my attention to the subject.’

‘I do not say that I await with pleasure his decision, but I do await it. A banker must, you know, be a slave to his promise.’ And Danglars sighed as M. Cavalcanti had done half an hour before.

‘Bravi! bravo! bravo!’ cried Morcerf, parodying the banker, as the selection came to an end. Danglars began to look suspiciously at Morcerf, when someone came and whispered a few words to him.

‘I shall soon return,’ said the banker to Monte Cristo; ‘wait for me. I shall, perhaps, have something to say to you.’ And he went out.

The baroness took advantage of her husband’s absence to push open the door of her daughter’s study, and M. Andrea, who was sitting before the piano with Mademoiselle Eugénie, started up like a jack-in-the-box. Albert bowed with a smile to Mademoiselle Danglars, who did not appear in the least disturbed, and returned his bow with her usual coolness. Cavalcanti was evidently embarrassed; he bowed to Morcerf, who replied with the most impertinent look possible. Then Albert launched out in praise of Mademoiselle Danglars’ voice, and on his regret, after what he had just heard, that he had been unable to be present the previous evening. Cavalcanti, being left alone, turned to Monte Cristo.

‘Come,’ said Madame Danglars, ‘leave music and compliments, and let us go and take tea.’

‘Come, Louise,’ said Mademoiselle Danglars to her friend.

They passed into the next drawing-room, where tea was prepared. Just as they were beginning, in the English fashion, to leave the spoons in their cups, the door again opened and Danglars entered, visibly agitated. Monte Cristo observed it particularly, and by a look asked the banker for an explanation.

‘I have just received my courier from Greece,’ said Danglars.

‘Ah, yes,’ said the count; ‘that was the reason of your running away from us.’

‘Yes.’

‘How is King Otho getting on?’ asked Albert in the most sprightly tone.

Danglars cast another suspicious look towards him without answering, and Monte Cristo turned away to conceal the expression of pity which passed over his features, but which was gone in a moment.

‘But I do.’

‘Have you made inquiry?’

‘Is there any need of that! Does not his appearance speak for him? And he is very rich.’

‘I am not so sure of that.’

‘And yet you said he had money.’

‘Fifty thousand livres—a mere trifle.’

‘He is well educated.’

‘Hem,’ said Monte Cristo in his turn.

‘He is a musician.’

‘So are all Italians.’

‘Come, count, you do not do that young man justice.’

‘Well, I acknowledge it annoys me, knowing your connection with the Morecfe family, to see him throw himself in the way.’ Danglars burst out laughing.

‘What a Puritan you are!’ said he; ‘that happens every day.’

‘But you cannot break it off in this way; the Morecfs are depending on this union.’

‘Indeed.’

‘Positively.’

‘Then let them explain themselves; you should give the father a hint, you are so intimate with the family.’

‘I?—where the devil did you find out that?’

‘At their ball; it was apparent enough. Why, did not the countess, the proud Mercedes, the disdainful Catalane, who will scarcely open her lips to her oldest acquaintances, take your arm, lead you into the garden, into the private walks, and remain there for half an hour?’

‘Ah, baron, baron,’ said Albert, ‘you are not listening—what barbarism in a megalomaniac like you!’

‘Oh, don’t worry about me, Sir Mockers,’ said Danglars; then turning to Monte Cristo he said:

‘But will you undertake to speak to the father?’

‘Willingly, if you wish it.’

‘But let it be done explicitly and positively. If he demands my daughter let him fix the day—declare his conditions; in short, let us either understand each other, or quarrel. You understand—no more delay.’

‘So young,’ said Albert, forgetting at the moment the Count’s command that he should ask no questions of the slave herself, ‘is it possible that you can have known what suffering is except by name?’

Haydée turned her eyes towards Monte Cristo, who, making at the same time some imperceptible sign, murmured:

‘Eiré—speak.’

‘Nothing is ever so firmly impressed on the mind as the memory of our early childhood, and with the exception of the two scenes I have just described to you, all my earliest reminiscences are fraught with deepest sadness.’

‘Speak, speak, signora,’ said Albert, ‘I am listening with the most intense delight and interest to all you say.’

Haydée answered his remark with a melancholy smile. ‘You wish me, then, to relate the history of my past sorrows?’ said she.

‘I beg you to do so,’ replied Albert.

‘Well, I was but four years old when one night I was suddenly awakened by my mother. We were in the palace of Yanina; she snatched me from the cushions on which I was sleeping, and on opening my eyes I saw hers filled with tears. She took me away without speaking. When I saw her weeping I began to cry too. “Hush, child!” said she. At other times in spite of maternal endearments or threats, I had with a child’s caprice been accustomed to indulge my feelings of sorrow or anger by crying as much as I felt inclined; but on this occasion there was an intonation of such extreme terror in my mother’s voice when she enjoined me to silence, that I ceased crying as soon as her command was given. She bore me rapidly away.’

I saw then that we were descending a large staircase; around us were all my mother’s servants carrying trunks, bags, ornaments, jewels, purses of gold, with which they were hurrying away in the greatest distraction.

Behind the women came a guard of twenty men armed with long guns and pistols, and dressed in the costume which the Greeks have assumed since they have again become a nation. You may imagine there was something startling and ominous,’ said Haydée, shaking her head and turning pale at the mere remembrance of the scene, ‘in this long file of slaves and women only half-aroused from sleep, or at least so they appeared to me, who was myself scarcely awake. Here and there on the walls of the staircase,

were reflected gigantic shadows, which trembled in the flickering light of the pine-torches till they seemed to reach to the vaulted roof above.

“Quick!” said a voice at the end of the gallery. This voice made everyone bow before it, resembling in its effect the wind passing over a field of wheat, by its superior strength forcing every ear to yield obeisance. As for me, it made me tremble. This voice was that of my father. He came last, clothed in his splendid robes and holding in his hand the carbine which your emperor presented him. He was leaning on the shoulder of his favourite Selim, and he drove us all before him, as a shepherd would his straggling flock. My father,’ said Haydée, raising her head, ‘was that illustrious man known in Europe under the name of Ali Tepelini, pasha of Yanina, and before whom Turkey trembled.’

Albert, without knowing why, started on hearing these words pronounced with such a haughty and dignified accent; it appeared to him as if there was something supernaturally gloomy and terrible in the expression which gleamed from the brilliant eyes of Haydée at this moment; she appeared like a Pythoness evoking a spectre, as she recalled to his mind the remembrance of the fearful death of this man, to the news of which all Europe had listened with horror.

‘Soon,’ said Haydée, ‘we halted on our march, and found ourselves on the borders of a lake. My mother pressed me to her throbbing heart, and at the distance of a few paces I saw my father, who was glancing anxiously around. Four marble steps led down to the water’s edge, and below them was a boat floating on the tide.’

From where we stood I could see in the middle of the lake a large blank mass; it was the kiosk to which we were going. This kiosk appeared to me to be at a considerable distance, perhaps on account of the darkness of the night, which prevented any object from being more than partially discerned. We stepped into the boat. I remember well that the oars made no noise whatever in striking the water, and when I leaned over to ascertain the cause I saw that they were muffled with the sashes of our Palikares.² Besides the rowers, the boat contained only the women, my father, mother, Selim, and myself. The Palikares had remained on the shore of the lake, ready to cover our retreat; they were kneeling on the lowest of the marble

²Greek militiamen in the war for independence.—Ed.

This was followed by rather an awkward silence.

‘May I also be allowed,’ said Morectf, ‘to pay my respects to Mademoiselle Danglars?’

‘Wait a moment,’ said the banker, stopping the young man; ‘do you hear that delightful cavatina? Ta, ta, ta, ti, ta, ti, ta, ta; it is charming, let them finish—one moment. Bravo, bravi, brava!’ The banker was enthusiastic in his applause. ‘Indeed,’ said Albert, ‘it is exquisite; it is impossible to understand the music of his country better than Prince Cavalcanti does. You said prince, did you not? But he can easily become one, if he is not already; it is no uncommon thing in Italy. But to return to the charming musicians—you should give us a treat, Danglars, without telling them there is a stranger. Ask them to sing one more song; it is so delightful to hear music in the distance, when the musicians are unrestrained by observation.’

Danglars was quite annoyed by the young man’s indifference. He took Monte Cristo aside.

‘What do you think of our lover?’ said he.

‘He appears cool. But, then your word is given.’

‘Yes, doubtless I have promised to give my daughter to a man who loves her, but not to one who does not. See him there, cold as marble and proud like his father. If he were rich, if he had Cavalcanti’s fortune, that might be pardoned. *Ma foi*, I haven’t consulted my daughter; but if she has good taste—’

‘Oh,’ said Monte Cristo, ‘my fondness may blind me, but I assure you I consider Morectf a charming young man who will render your daughter happy and will sooner or later attain a certain amount of distinction, and his father’s position is good.’

‘Hem,’ said Danglars.

‘Why do you doubt?’

‘The past—that obscurity on the past.’

‘But that does not affect the son.’

‘Very true.’

‘Now, I beg of you, don’t go off your head. It’s a month now that you have been thinking of this marriage, and you must see that it throws some responsibility on me, for it was at my house you met this young Cavalcanti, whom I do not really know at all.’