

POETRY.

THE QUIET HOUSE.

Oh, mothers, woe and weary  
With cares which never cease,  
With never time for pleasure,  
With days that have no peace,  
With little hands to hinder  
And feeble steps to guard,  
With tasks that lie unfinished,  
Deem not your lot too hard.  
I know a house where childish things  
Are hidden out of sight;  
Where never sound of foot  
Is heard from room till night;  
No tiny hands that fast undo,  
That pull things awry,  
No baby hurries to play  
As the quick days go by.  
The house is all in order  
And free from household noise,  
No moments of confusion,  
No scattered broken toys,  
And the children's little garments  
Are never soiled or torn,  
But are laid away forever  
Just as they last were worn.  
And she, the sad-eyed mother,  
Who would she give to-day  
To feel your cares and burdens,  
To walk your dreary way!  
Ah, happiest on all this earth,  
Could she again but see  
The rooms all strewn with play-things  
And the children round her knee!

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROGRESS OF THE YOUNG CAVALANTI.

The two young ladies were seated on the same chair, at the piano, accompanying themselves, each with one hand, a fancy to which they had accustomed themselves, and performed admirably. Mademoiselle d'Armiilly, whom they then perceived through the open doorway, formed with Eugenie one of those living pictures of which the Germans are so fond. She was somewhat beautiful, and exquisitely genteel—a little fairy-like figure, with large curls falling on her neck, which was rather too long, as Eugenie sometimes makes her virgins, and her eyes fell from fatigue. "Well," said the banker to his daughter, "are we then all to be excluded?" He then led the young man into the study, and either by chance or manoeuvre, the door was partially closed after Andrea, so that from the place where they sat, neither the count nor the baroness could see anything; but as the banker had accompanied Andrea, Madame Danglars appeared to take no notice of it.

The count soon heard Andrea's voice singing a Corsican song, accompanied by the piano. While the count smiled at hearing this song, which made him lose sight of Andrea in the recollection of Benedetto, Madame Danglars was besting to Monte-Cristo of her husband's strength of mind, who that very morning had lost three or four hundred thousand francs by a failure at Milan. The praise was well deserved, for had not the count heard it from the baroness, or by one of those means by which he knew everything, the baron's countenance would not have led him to suspect it. "How!" thought Monte-Cristo, "he begins to conceal his losses; a month since he boasted of them." Then aloud, "Oh! Madame, M. Danglars is so skillful, he will soon regain at the Bourse what he loses elsewhere."

"I see you are maintaining an erroneous idea, as well as many more," said Madame Danglars; "but really we have talked long enough of money, count, we are like two stockbrokers; have you heard how fate is persecuting the poor Villefort?" "What has happened?" said the count, apparently ignorant of all.

"You know the Marquis of Saint-Moran died a few days after he had set out on his journey to Paris, and the marchioness a few days after her arrival."

"Yes," said Monte-Cristo, "I have heard that; but that is not all; they have buried their daughter to M. Franz Spigny."

"How extraordinary! And how does M. de Villfort bear it?"

"As usual. Like a philosopher."

Danglars returned at this moment alone. "Well," said the baroness, "do you leave M. Cavalcanti with your daughter?"

one moment. Bravo! bravo! bravo! 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 musician—you should give us a treat, Danglars, without telling 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 at the young man's indifference. He took Monte-Cristo aside. What do you think of our lover?" said he.

"He appears cool! But then, you cannot break it off; the Morcerfs are depending on this union."

"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 that out?"

"At their ball; it was apparent enough. Why, did not the countess, the proud Mercedes, the disdainful Cataan, who will scarcely open her lips to her oldest acquaintance, take your arm, lead you into the garden, into the private walks, and remain there for half an hour?—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; short, let us either understand each other or quarrel. You understand—no more delay."

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

"I do not say I expect him with pleasure, but I do expect him. A banker must, you know, be a slave to his promises. And Danglars signed, as M. Cavalcanti had done half an hour before."

"Bravo!" cried Morcerf, as the scene closed. Danglars began to look suspiciously at Morcerf, when some one came, and his eyes fell from fatigue. "Well," said the banker to his daughter, "are we then all to be excluded?"

escaped from the piano of Mlle. Danglars to be attacked by Haydee's guitar.

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

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

"Oh, that is charming!" said Albert, "how I should like to hear my countrywomen called Goodness, Silence, Christian Charity! Only think, then, if Mlle. Danglars, instead of being called Mlle. Marie-Eugenie, had been named Mlle. Modesty Chastity Innocence!"

"Haydee! what a fine effect that name has produced on the announcement of her marriage!"

"Silence!" said the count, "do not joke in so loud a tone; Haydee may hear you, perhaps."

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

"She is very amiable, then, is she not?"

"It is not to be called amiable, 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?"

"Really, count, you do nothing, and have nothing like other people. The slave of M. le Comte de Monte-Cristo! why, it is a rank of itself in France; and with what show recorded in the Arabian 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, indeed, did it happen that such a great princess became a slave?"

"How was it that Dionysius the Tyrant became a school master? The fortune of war, my dear viscount. You know the history of the Pacha of Yanli, do you not?"

"Of All Tebelton, oh, yes! I was in his service that my father made his fortune."

"True, I had forgotten that."

"Well, what is Haydee to All Tebelton?"

"Merely the daughter of All Pacha and the beautiful Vasiliki."

"And your slave?"

"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 listening 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 on with Haydee, and sometimes even take her to the opera, I think I may venture to ask you to present me to your princess."

"I will do so; but on two conditions. The first is, that you will never tell any one that I 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 her."

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

"Enough, viscount; I know you to be a man of honor." The count again struck the countess. All disappeared. Albert Haydee, 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."

"No direct questions, my dear Morcerf; if you wish to know anything, tell me, and I will ask her."

"Agreed."

All repeated for the third time, and drew back the tapestry 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 satisfied as to his personal appearance, followed the count into the room, the latter having previously reserved his hat and gloves. All Haydee, stationed as a kind of advanced guard, and the door was kept by the three French maids, commanded by Martha. Haydee was awaiting her visitors in the first room of her suite of 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 her herself as it were, a kind of nest in the silk 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 rose and welcomed him with a kind of 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 further 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 a more northern clime could form no adequate idea. "Whom do you bring?" asked the girl, in Romanic, of Monte-Cristo; is it a friend, a brother, a simple acquaintance or an enemy?"

"A friend," said Monte-Cristo in the same language.

"I should like to smoke," Monte-Cristo took the gong and struck it once. In about space of a second a private door opened, and all appeared, bringing two chibouques filled with excellent tobacco. "It is quite wonderful!" said Albert.

"Oh, no, it is simple as possible," replied Monte-Cristo. "All knows generally smoke whilst I am taking my tea or coffee; he has heard that I ordered tea, and he also knows 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 explanations, 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.

"My dear viscount, you are fated to hear music this evening; you have only

supernaturally gloomy and terrible expression which gleamed from the eyes of Haydee at this moment; appeared like a Pythoness evoking a fire as she recalled to his mind the embrace of the fearful death of this, to the news of which all Europe listened with horror. "Soon," said she, "we sailed on our march and dived ourselves on the borders of a lake, mother pressed me to her throbbing heart, and at the distance of a few paces I saw my father, who was glancing anxiously round. 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 black mass; it was the boat to which we were going. This boat 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 they were nudged with the masses of our Pallars. Besides the rowers, the boat contained only the women, my father, mother, Selim, and myself. The Pallars kept remained on the shores of the lake ready to cover our retreat; they were kneeling on the lowest of the marble steps, and in that manner intended making a rampart of the three others, in case of pursuit. Our bark flew before the wind. "Why does the boat go so fast?" I asked of my mother.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

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