

as my paradise.

I was tutor to his nephews, who are dead; and when he was alone in the world, I tried by absolute devotion to his will, to make up to him all he had done for me during ten years of unremitting kindness. The cardinals house had no secrets for me. I had often seen my noble patron annotating ancient volumes, and eagerly searching amongst dusty family manuscripts. One day when I was reproaching him for his unavailing searches, and deploring the prostration of mind that followed them, he looked at me, and, smiling bitterly, opened a volume relating to the History of the City of Rome. There, in the twentieth chapter of the Life of Pope Alexander VI., were the following lines, which I can never forget:"

~The great wars of Romagna had ended; C sar Borgia, who had completed his conquest, had need of money to purchase all Italy. The pope had also need of money to bring matters to an end with Louis XII. King of France, who was formidable still in spite of his recent reverses; and it was necessary, therefore, to have recourse to some profitable scheme, which was a matter of great difficulty in the impoverished condition of exhausted Italy. His holiness had an idea. He determined to make two cardinals.

By choosing two of the greatest personages of Rome, especially rich men" _this_ was the return the Holy Father looked for. In the first place, he could sell the great appointments and splendid offices which the cardinals already held; and then he had the two hats to sell besides. There was a third point in view, which will appear hereafter. The pope and C sar Borgia first found the two future cardinals; they were Giovanni Rospigliosi, who held four of the highest dignities of the Holy See, and C sar Spada, one of the noblest and richest of the Roman nobility; both felt the high honor of such a favor from the pope. They were ambitious, and C sar Borgia soon found purchasers for their appointments. The result was, that Rospigliosi and Spada paid for being cardinals, and eight other persons paid for the offices the cardinals held before their elevation, and thus eight hundred thousand crowns entered into the coffers of the speculators.

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It is time now to proceed to the last part of the speculation. The pope heaped attentions upon Rospigliosi and Spada, conferred upon them the insignia of the cardinalate, and induced them to arrange their affairs and take up their residence at Rome. Then the pope and C sar Borgia invited the two cardinals to dinner. This was a matter of dispute between the Holy Father and his son. C sar thought they could make use of one of the means which he always had ready for his friends, that is to say, in the first place, the famous key which was given to certain persons with the request that they go and open a designated cupboard. This key was furnished with a small iron point, "a negligence on the part of the locksmith. When this was pressed to effect the opening of the cupboard, of which the lock was difficult, the person was pricked by this small point, and died next day. Then there was the ring with the lions head, which C sar wore when he wanted to greet his friends with a clasp of the hand. The lion bit the hand thus favored, and at the end of twenty-four hours, the bite was mortal.

C sar proposed to his father, that they should either ask the cardinals to open the cupboard, or shake hands with them; but Alexander VI. replied: ~Now as to the worthy cardinals, Spada and Rospigliosi, let us ask both of them to dinner, something tells me that we shall get that money back. Besides, you forget, C sar, an indigestion declares itself immediately, while a prick or a bite occasions a delay of a day or two. C sar gave way before such cogent reasoning, and the cardinals were consequently invited to dinner.

The table was laid in a vineyard belonging to the pope, near San Pierdarena, a charming retreat which the cardinals knew very well by report. Rospigliosi, quite set up with his new dignities, went with a good appetite and his most ingratiating manner. Spada, a prudent man,

and greatly attached to his only nephew, a young captain of the highest promise, took paper and pen, and made his will. He then sent word to his nephew to wait for him near the vineyard; but it appeared the servant did not find him.

Spada knew what these invitations meant; since Christianity, so eminently civilizing, had made progress in Rome, it was no longer a centurion who came from the tyrant with a message, "Cæsar wills that you die. but it was a legate _Ã latero_, who came with a smile on his lips to say from the pope, "His holiness requests you to dine with him.

Spada set out about two oclock to San Pierdarena. The pope awaited him. The first sight that attracted the eyes of Spada was that of his nephew, in full costume, and Cæsar Borgia paying him most marked attentions. Spada turned pale, as Cæsar looked at him with an ironical air, which proved that he had anticipated all, and that the snare was well spread.

They began dinner and Spada was only able to inquire of his nephew if he had received his message. The nephew replied no; perfectly comprehending the meaning of the question. It was too late, for he had already drunk a glass of excellent wine, placed for him expressly by the popes butler. Spada at the same moment saw another bottle approach him, which he was pressed to taste. An hour afterwards a physician declared they were both poisoned through eating mushrooms. Spada died on the threshold of the vineyard; the nephew expired at his own door, making signs which his wife could not comprehend.

Then Cæsar and the pope hastened to lay hands on the heritage, under pretense of seeking for the papers of the dead man. But the inheritance consisted in this only, a scrap of paper on which Spada had written: "I bequeath to my beloved nephew my coffers, my books, and, amongst others, my breviary with the gold corners, which I beg he will preserve in remembrance of his affectionate uncle.

The heirs sought everywhere, admired the breviary, laid hands on the furniture, and were greatly astonished that Spada, the rich man, was really the most miserable of uncles "no treasures" unless they were those of science, contained in the library and laboratories. That was all. Cæsar and his father searched, examined, scrutinized, but found nothing, or at least very little; not exceeding a few thousand crowns in plate, and about the same in ready money; but the nephew had time to say to his wife before he expired: "Look well among my uncles papers; there is a will.

They sought even more thoroughly than the august heirs had done, but it was fruitless. There were two palaces and a vineyard behind the Palatine Hill; but in these days landed property had not much value, and the two palaces and the vineyard remained to the family since they were beneath the rapacity of the pope and his son. Months and years rolled on. Alexander VI. died, poisoned, "you know by what mistake. Cæsar, poisoned at the same time, escaped by shedding his skin like a snake; but the new skin was spotted by the poison till it looked like a tigers. Then, compelled to quit Rome, he went and got himself obscurely killed in a night skirmish, scarcely noticed in history.

After the popes death and his sons exile, it was supposed that the Spada family would resume the splendid position they had held before the cardinals time; but this was not the case. The Spadas remained in doubtful ease, a mystery hung over this dark affair, and the public rumor was, that Cæsar, a better politician than his father, had carried off from the pope the fortune of the two cardinals. I say the two, because Cardinal Rospigliosi, who had not taken any precaution, was completely despoiled.

Up to this point, said Faria, interrupting the thread of his narrative, this seems to you very meaningless, no doubt, eh?

Oh, my friend, cried DantÃs, on the contrary, it seems as if I were reading a most interesting narrative; go on, I beg of you.

I will. The family began to get accustomed to their obscurity. Years

rolled on, and amongst the descendants some were soldiers, others diplomatists; some churchmen, some bankers; some grew rich, and some were ruined. I come now to the last of the family, whose secretary I was—the Count of Spada. I had often heard him complain of the disproportion of his rank with his fortune; and I advised him to invest all he had in an annuity. He did so, and thus doubled his income. The celebrated breviary remained in the family, and was in the counts possession. It had been handed down from father to son; for the singular clause of the only will that had been found, had caused it to be regarded as a genuine relic, preserved in the family with superstitious veneration. It was an illuminated book, with beautiful Gothic characters, and so weighty with gold, that a servant always carried it before the cardinal on days of great solemnity.

At the sight of papers of all sorts, “titles, contracts, parchments, which were kept in the archives of the family, all descending from the poisoned cardinal, I in my turn examined the immense bundles of documents, like twenty servitors, stewards, secretaries before me; but in spite of the most exhaustive researches, I found nothing. Yet I had read, I had even written a precise history of the Borgia family, for the sole purpose of assuring myself whether any increase of fortune had occurred to them on the death of the Cardinal Cæsar Spada; but could only trace the acquisition of the property of the Cardinal Rospigliosi, his companion in misfortune.

I was then almost assured that the inheritance had neither profited the Borgias nor the family, but had remained unpossessed like the treasures of the Arabian Nights, which slept in the bosom of the earth under the eyes of the genie. I searched, ransacked, counted, calculated a thousand and a thousand times the income and expenditure of the family for three hundred years. It was useless. I remained in my ignorance, and the Count of Spada in his poverty.

My patron died. He had reserved from his annuity his family papers, his library, composed of five thousand volumes, and his famous breviary. All these he bequeathed to me, with a thousand Roman crowns, which he had in ready money, on condition that I would have anniversary masses said for the repose of his soul, and that I would draw up a genealogical tree and history of his house. All this I did scrupulously. Be easy, my dear Edmond, we are near the conclusion.

In 1807, a month before I was arrested, and a fortnight after the death of the Count of Spada, on the 25th of December (you will see presently how the date became fixed in my memory), I was reading, for the thousandth time, the papers I was arranging, for the palace was sold to a stranger, and I was going to leave Rome and settle at Florence, intending to take with me twelve thousand francs I possessed, my library, and the famous breviary, when, tired with my constant labor at the same thing, and overcome by a heavy dinner I had eaten, my head dropped on my hands, and I fell asleep about three o'clock in the afternoon.

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I awoke as the clock was striking six. I raised my head; I was in utter darkness. I rang for a light, but, as no one came, I determined to find one for myself. It was indeed but anticipating the simple manners which I should soon be under the necessity of adopting. I took a wax-candle in one hand, and with the other groped about for a piece of paper (my match-box being empty), with which I proposed to get a light from the small flame still playing on the embers. Fearing, however, to make use of any valuable piece of paper, I hesitated for a moment, then recollected that I had seen in the famous breviary, which was on the table beside me, an old paper quite yellow with age, and which had served as a marker for centuries, kept there by the request of the heirs. I felt for it, found it, twisted it up together, and putting it into the expiring flame, set light to it.

But beneath my fingers, as if by magic, in proportion as the fire ascended, I saw yellowish characters appear on the paper. I grasped it

in my hand, put out the flame as quickly as I could, lighted my taper in the fire itself, and opened the crumpled paper with inexpressible emotion, recognizing, when I had done so, that these characters had been traced in mysterious and sympathetic ink, only appearing when exposed to the fire; nearly one-third of the paper had been consumed by the flame. It was that paper you read this morning; read it again, Dant s, and then I will complete for you the incomplete words and unconnected sense.

Faria, with an air of triumph, offered the paper to Dant s, who this time read the following words, traced with an ink of a reddish color resembling rust:

This 25th day of April, 1498, be...
Alexander VI., and fearing that not...
he may desire to become my heir, and re...
and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,...
my sole heir, that I have bu...
and has visited with me, that is, in...
Island of Monte Cristo, all I poss...
jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone...
may amount to nearly two mil...
will find on raising the twentieth ro...
creek to the east in a right line. Two open...
in these caves; the treasure is in the furthest a...
which treasure I bequeath and leave en...
as my sole heir.
25th April, 1498.

C s...

And now, said the abb , read this other paper; and he presented to Dant s a second leaf with fragments of lines written on it, which Edmond read as follows:

...ing invited to dine by his Holiness
...content with making me pay for my hat,
...serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara
...I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada
...ried in a place he knows
...the caves of the small
...essed of ingots, gold, money,
...know of the existence of this treasure, which
...lions of Roman crowns, and which he
...ck from the small
...ings have been made
...ngle in the second;
...tire to him
...ar Spada.

Faria followed him with an excited look.

And now, he said, when he saw that Dant s had read the last line, put the two fragments together, and judge for yourself. Dant s obeyed, and the conjoined pieces gave the following:

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This 25th day of April, 1498, be...ing invited to dine by his Holiness
Alexander VI., and fearing that not...content with making me pay for my
hat, he may desire to become my heir, and re...serves for me the fate
of Cardinals Caprara and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,...I declare to
my nephew, Guido Spada, my sole heir, that I have bu...ried in a place
he knows and has visited with me, that is, in...the caves of the small
Island of Monte Cristo, all I poss...essed of ingots, gold, money,
jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone...know of the existence of this
treasure, which may amount to nearly two mil...lions of Roman crowns,
and which he will find on raising the twentieth ro...ck from the small
creek to the east in a right line. Two open...ings have been made in
these caves; the treasure is in the furthest a...ngle in the second;
which treasure I bequeath and leave en...tire to him as my sole heir.
25th April, 1498. C s...ar Spada.

Well, do you comprehend now? inquired Faria.

It is the declaration of Cardinal Spada, and the will so long sought for, replied Edmond, still incredulous.

Yes; a thousand times, yes!

And who completed it as it now is?

I did. Aided by the remaining fragment, I guessed the rest; measuring the length of the lines by those of the paper, and divining the hidden meaning by means of what was in part revealed, as we are guided in a cavern by the small ray of light above us.

And what did you do when you arrived at this conclusion?

I resolved to set out, and did set out at that very instant, carrying with me the beginning of my great work, the unity of the Italian kingdom; but for some time the imperial police (who at this period, quite contrary to what Napoleon desired so soon as he had a son born to him, wished for a partition of provinces) had their eyes on me; and my hasty departure, the cause of which they were unable to guess, having aroused their suspicions, I was arrested at the very moment I was leaving Piombino.

Now, continued Faria, addressing Dant s with an almost paternal expression, now, my dear fellow, you know as much as I do myself. If we ever escape together, half this treasure is yours; if I die here, and you escape alone, the whole belongs to you.

But, inquired Dant s hesitating, has this treasure no more legitimate possessor in the world than ourselves?

No, no, be easy on that score; the family is extinct. The last Count of Spada, moreover, made me his heir, bequeathing to me this symbolic breviary, he bequeathed to me all it contained; no, no, make your mind satisfied on that point. If we lay hands on this fortune, we may enjoy it without remorse.

And you say this treasure amounts to"

Two millions of Roman crowns; nearly thirteen millions of our money.²

Impossible! said Dant s, staggered at the enormous amount.

Impossible? and why? asked the old man. The Spada family was one of the oldest and most powerful families of the fifteenth century; and in those times, when other opportunities for investment were wanting, such accumulations of gold and jewels were by no means rare; there are at this day Roman families perishing of hunger, though possessed of nearly a million in diamonds and jewels, handed down by entail, and which they cannot touch.

Edmond thought he was in a dream—he wavered between incredulity and joy.

I have only kept this secret so long from you, continued Faria, that I might test your character, and then surprise you. Had we escaped before my attack of catalepsy, I should have conducted you to Monte Cristo; now, he added, with a sigh, it is you who will conduct me thither. Well, Dant s, you do not thank me?

This treasure belongs to you, my dear friend, replied Dant s, and to you only. I have no right to it. I am no relation of yours.

You are my son, Dant s, exclaimed the old man. You are the child of my captivity. My profession condemns me to celibacy. God has sent you to me to console, at one and the same time, the man who could not be a father, and the prisoner who could not get free.

And Faria extended the arm of which alone the use remained to him to the young man, who threw himself upon his neck and wept.

Chapter 19. The Third Attack

Now that this treasure, which had so long been the object of the abb s meditations, could insure the future happiness of him whom Faria really loved as a son, it had doubled its value in his eyes, and every day he expatiated on the amount, explaining to Dant s all the good which, with thirteen or fourteen millions of francs, a man could do in these days to his friends; and then Dant s countenance became gloomy, for the oath of vengeance he had taken recurred to his memory, and he reflected how much ill, in these times, a man with thirteen or fourteen millions

could do to his enemies.

The abbé did not know the Island of Monte Cristo; but Dantès knew it, and had often passed it, situated twenty-five miles from Pianosa, between Corsica and the Island of Elba, and had once touched there. This island was, always had been, and still is, completely deserted. It is a rock of almost conical form, which looks as though it had been thrust up by volcanic force from the depth to the surface of the ocean. Dantès drew a plan of the island for Faria, and Faria gave Dantès advice as to the means he should employ to recover the treasure. But Dantès was far from being as enthusiastic and confident as the old man. It was past a question now that Faria was not a lunatic, and the way in which he had achieved the discovery, which had given rise to the suspicion of his madness, increased Edmonds admiration of him; but at the same time Dantès could not believe that the deposit, supposing it had ever existed, still existed; and though he considered the treasure as by no means chimerical, he yet believed it was no longer there. However, as if fate resolved on depriving the prisoners of their last chance, and making them understand that they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, a new misfortune befell them; the gallery on the sea side, which had long been in ruins, was rebuilt. They had repaired it completely, and stopped up with vast masses of stone the hole Dantès had partly filled in. But for this precaution, which, it will be remembered, the abbé had made to Edmond, the misfortune would have been still greater, for their attempt to escape would have been detected, and they would undoubtedly have been separated. Thus a new, a stronger, and more inexorable barrier was interposed to cut off the realization of their hopes.

You see, said the young man, with an air of sorrowful resignation, to Faria, that God deems it right to take from me any claim to merit for what you call my devotion to you. I have promised to remain forever with you, and now I could not break my promise if I would. The treasure will be no more mine than yours, and neither of us will quit this prison. But my real treasure is not that, my dear friend, which awaits me beneath the sombre rocks of Monte Cristo, it is your presence, our living together five or six hours a day, in spite of our jailers; it is the rays of intelligence you have elicited from my brain, the languages you have implanted in my memory, and which have taken root there with all their philological ramifications. These different sciences that you have made so easy to me by the depth of the knowledge you possess of them, and the clearness of the principles to which you have reduced them"this is my treasure, my beloved friend, and with this you have made me rich and happy. Believe me, and take comfort, this is better for me than tons of gold and cases of diamonds, even were they not as problematical as the clouds we see in the morning floating over the sea, which we take for terra firma, and which evaporate and vanish as we draw near to them. To have you as long as possible near me, to hear your eloquent speech,"which embellishes my mind, strengthens my soul, and makes my whole frame capable of great and terrible things, if I should ever be free,"so fills my whole existence, that the despair to which I was just on the point of yielding when I knew you, has no longer any hold over me; and this"this is my fortune"not chimerical, but actual. I owe you my real good, my present happiness; and all the sovereigns of the earth, even Cæsar Borgia himself, could not deprive me of this.

Thus, if not actually happy, yet the days these two unfortunates passed together went quickly. Faria, who for so long a time had kept silence as to the treasure, now perpetually talked of it. As he had prophesied would be the case, he remained paralyzed in the right arm and the left leg, and had given up all hope of ever enjoying it himself. But he was continually thinking over some means of escape for his young companion, and anticipating the pleasure he would enjoy. For fear the letter might be some day lost or stolen, he compelled Dantès to learn it by heart; and Dantès knew it from the first to the last word. Then he destroyed

the second portion, assured that if the first were seized, no one would be able to discover its real meaning. Whole hours sometimes passed while Faria was giving instructions to Dant s, "instructions which were to serve him when he was at liberty. Then, once free, from the day and hour and moment when he was so, he could have but one only thought, which was, to gain Monte Cristo by some means, and remain there alone under some pretext which would arouse no suspicions; and once there, to endeavor to find the wonderful caverns, and search in the appointed spot,"the appointed spot, be it remembered, being the farthest angle in the second opening.

In the meanwhile the hours passed, if not rapidly, at least tolerably. Faria, as we have said, without having recovered the use of his hand and foot, had regained all the clearness of his understanding, and had gradually, besides the moral instructions we have detailed, taught his youthful companion the patient and sublime duty of a prisoner, who learns to make something from nothing. They were thus perpetually employed,"Faria, that he might not see himself grow old; Dant s, for fear of recalling the almost extinct past which now only floated in his memory like a distant light wandering in the night. So life went on for them as it does for those who are not victims of misfortune and whose activities glide along mechanically and tranquilly beneath the eye of Providence.

But beneath this superficial calm there were in the heart of the young man, and perhaps in that of the old man, many repressed desires, many stifled sighs, which found vent when Faria was left alone, and when Edmond returned to his cell.

One night Edmond awoke suddenly, believing that he heard someone calling him. He opened his eyes upon utter darkness. His name, or rather a plaintive voice which essayed to pronounce his name, reached him. He sat up in bed and a cold sweat broke out upon his brow. Undoubtedly the call came from Farias dungeon.

Alas, murmured Edmond; can it be?

He moved his bed, drew up the stone, rushed into the passage, and reached the opposite extremity; the secret entrance was open. By the light of the wretched and wavering lamp, of which we have spoken, Dant s saw the old man, pale, but yet erect, clinging to the bedstead. His features were writhing with those horrible symptoms which he already knew, and which had so seriously alarmed him when he saw them for the first time.

Alas, my dear friend, said Faria in a resigned tone, you understand, do you not, and I need not attempt to explain to you?

Edmond uttered a cry of agony, and, quite out of his senses, rushed towards the door, exclaiming, Help, help!

Faria had just sufficient strength to restrain him.

Silence, he said, or you are lost. We must now only think of you, my dear friend, and so act as to render your captivity supportable or your flight possible. It would require years to do again what I have done here, and the results would be instantly destroyed if our jailers knew we had communicated with each other. Besides, be assured, my dear Edmond, the dungeon I am about to leave will not long remain empty; some other unfortunate being will soon take my place, and to him you will appear like an angel of salvation. Perhaps he will be young, strong, and enduring, like yourself, and will aid you in your escape, while I have been but a hindrance. You will no longer have half a dead body tied to you as a drag to all your movements. At length Providence has done something for you; he restores to you more than he takes away, and it was time I should die.

Edmond could only clasp his hands and exclaim, Oh, my friend, my friend, speak not thus! and then resuming all his presence of mind, which had for a moment staggered under this blow, and his strength, which had failed at the words of the old man, he said, Oh, I have saved you once, and I will save you a second time! And raising the foot of the bed, he drew out the phial, still a third filled with the

red liquor.

See, he exclaimed, there remains still some of the magic draught. Quick, quick! tell me what I must do this time; are there any fresh instructions? Speak, my friend; I listen.

There is not a hope, replied Faria, shaking his head, but no matter; God wills it that man whom he has created, and in whose heart he has so profoundly rooted the love of life, should do all in his power to preserve that existence, which, however painful it may be, is yet always so dear.

Oh, yes, yes! exclaimed Dant s; and I tell you that I will save you yet.

Well, then, try. The cold gains upon me. I feel the blood flowing towards my brain. These horrible chills, which make my teeth chatter and seem to dislocate my bones, begin to pervade my whole frame; in five minutes the malady will reach its height, and in a quarter of an hour there will be nothing left of me but a corpse.

Oh! exclaimed Dant s, his heart wrung with anguish.

Do as you did before, only do not wait so long, all the springs of life are now exhausted in me, and death, he continued, looking at his paralyzed arm and leg, has but half its work to do. If, after having made me swallow twelve drops instead of ten, you see that I do not recover, then pour the rest down my throat. Now lift me on my bed, for I can no longer support myself.

Edmond took the old man in his arms, and laid him on the bed.

And now, my dear friend, said Faria, sole consolation of my wretched existence, "you whom Heaven gave me somewhat late, but still gave me, a priceless gift, and for which I am most grateful," at the moment of separating from you forever, I wish you all the happiness and all the prosperity you so well deserve. My son, I bless thee!

The young man cast himself on his knees, leaning his head against the old man's bed.

Listen, now, to what I say in this my dying moment. The treasure of the Spadas exists. God grants me the boon of vision unrestricted by time or space. I see it in the depths of the inner cavern. My eyes pierce the inmost recesses of the earth, and are dazzled at the sight of so much riches. If you do escape, remember that the poor abb , whom all the world called mad, was not so. Hasten to Monte Cristo "avail yourself of the fortune" for you have indeed suffered long enough.

A violent convulsion attacked the old man. Dant s raised his head and saw Farias eyes injected with blood. It seemed as if a flow of blood had ascended from the chest to the head.

Adieu, adieu! murmured the old man, clasping Edmonds hand convulsively "adieu!

Oh, no, "no, not yet, he cried; do not forsake me! Oh, succor him! Help "help "help!

Hush! hush! murmured the dying man, that they may not separate us if you save me!

You are right. Oh, yes, yes; be assured I shall save you! Besides, although you suffer much, you do not seem to be in such agony as you were before.

Do not mistake! I suffer less because there is in me less strength to endure. At your age we have faith in life; it is the privilege of youth to believe and hope, but old men see death more clearly. Oh, tis here "tis here "tis over "my sight is gone "my senses fail! Your hand, Dant s! Adieu! adieu!

And raising himself by a final effort, in which he summoned all his faculties, he said, "Monte Cristo, forget not Monte Cristo! And he fell back on the bed.

The crisis was terrible, and a rigid form with twisted limbs, swollen eyelids, and lips flecked with bloody foam, lay on the bed of torture, in place of the intellectual being who so lately rested there.

Dant s took the lamp, placed it on a projecting stone above the bed, whence its tremulous light fell with strange and fantastic ray on the

distorted countenance and motionless, stiffened body. With steady gaze he awaited confidently the moment for administering the restorative. When he believed that the right moment had arrived, he took the knife, pried open the teeth, which offered less resistance than before, counted one after the other twelve drops, and watched; the phial contained, perhaps, twice as much more. He waited ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, half an hour, "no change took place. Trembling, his hair erect, his brow bathed with perspiration, he counted the seconds by the beating of his heart. Then he thought it was time to make the last trial, and he put the phial to the purple lips of Faria, and without having occasion to force open his jaws, which had remained extended, he poured the whole of the liquid down his throat.

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The draught produced a galvanic effect, a violent trembling pervaded the old mans limbs, his eyes opened until it was fearful to gaze upon them, he heaved a sigh which resembled a shriek, and then his convulsed body returned gradually to its former immobility, the eyes remaining open.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half elapsed, and during this period of anguish, Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually grow cold, and the hearts pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length it stopped; the last movement of the heart ceased, the face became livid, the eyes remained open, but the eyeballs were glazed.

It was six oclock in the morning, the dawn was just breaking, and its feeble ray came into the dungeon, and paled the ineffectual light of the lamp. Strange shadows passed over the countenance of the dead man, and at times gave it the appearance of life. While the struggle between day and night lasted, DantÃs still doubted; but as soon as the daylight gained the pre-eminence, he saw that he was alone with a corpse. Then an invincible and extreme terror seized upon him, and he dared not again press the hand that hung out of bed, he dared no longer to gaze on those fixed and vacant eyes, which he tried many times to close, but in vain"they opened again as soon as shut. He extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone as he descended. It was time, for the jailer was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at DantÃs cell, and on leaving him he went on to Farias dungeon, taking thither breakfast and some linen. Nothing betokened that the man knew anything of what had occurred. He went on his way. DantÃs was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He therefore returned by the subterraneous gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, whocalled out for help. Other turnkeys came, and then was heard the regular tramp of soldiers. Last of all came the governor.

Edmond heard the creaking of the bed as they moved the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who asked them to throw water on the dead mans face; and seeing that, in spite of this application, the prisoner did not recover, they sent for the doctor. The governor then went out, and words of pity fell on DantÃs listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

Well, well, said one, the madman has gone to look after his treasure. Good journey to him!

With all his millions, he will not have enough to pay for his shroud! said another.

Oh, added a third voice, the shrouds of the ChÃteau dIf are not dear!

0257m

Perhaps, said one of the previous speakers, as he was a churchman, they may go to some expense in his behalf.

They may give him the honors of the sack.

Edmond did not lose a word, but comprehended very little of what was

said. The voices soon ceased, and it seemed to him as if everyone had left the cell. Still he dared not to enter, as they might have left some turnkey to watch the dead. He remained, therefore, mute and motionless, hardly venturing to breathe. At the end of an hour, he heard a faint noise, which increased. It was the governor who returned, followed by the doctor and other attendants. There was a moments silence,"it was evident that the doctor was examining the dead body. The inquiries soon commenced.

The doctor analyzed the symptoms of the malady to which the prisoner had succumbed, and declared that he was dead. Questions and answers followed in a nonchalant manner that made Dant s indignant, for he felt that all the world should have for the poor abb  a love and respect equal to his own.

I am very sorry for what you tell me, said the governor, replying to the assurance of the doctor, that the old man is really dead; for he was a quiet, inoffensive prisoner, happy in his folly, and required no watching.

Ah, added the turnkey, there was no occasion for watching him; he would have stayed here fifty years, Ill answer for it, without any attempt to escape.

Still, said the governor, I believe it will be requisite, notwithstanding your certainty, and not that I doubt your science, but in discharge of my official duty, that we should be perfectly assured that the prisoner is dead.

There was a moment of complete silence, during which Dant s, still listening, knew that the doctor was examining the corpse a second time. You may make your mind easy, said the doctor; he is dead. I will answer for that.

You know, sir, said the governor, persisting, that we are not content in such cases as this with such a simple examination. In spite of all appearances, be so kind, therefore, as to finish your duty by fulfilling the formalities described by law.

Let the irons be heated, said the doctor; but really it is a useless precaution.

This order to heat the irons made Dant s shudder. He heard hasty steps, the creaking of a door, people going and coming, and some minutes afterwards a turnkey entered, saying:

Here is the brazier, lighted.

There was a moments silence, and then was heard the crackling of burning flesh, of which the peculiar and nauseous smell penetrated even behind the wall where Dant s was listening in horror. The perspiration poured forth upon the young mans brow, and he felt as if he should faint.

You see, sir, he is really dead, said the doctor; this burn in the heel is decisive. The poor fool is cured of his folly, and delivered from his captivity.

Wasnt his name Faria? inquired one of the officers who accompanied the governor.

0259m

Yes, sir; and, as he said, it was an ancient name. He was, too, very learned, and rational enough on all points which did not relate to his treasure; but on that, indeed, he was intractable.

It is the sort of malady which we call monomania, said the doctor.

You had never anything to complain of? said the governor to the jailer who had charge of the abb .

Never, sir, replied the jailer, never; on the contrary, he sometimes amused me very much by telling me stories. One day, too, when my wife was ill, he gave me a prescription which cured her.

Ah, ah! said the doctor, I did not know that I had a rival; but I hope, governor, that you will show him all proper respect in consequence.

Yes, yes, make your mind easy, he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find. Will that satisfy you?

Must this last formality take place in your presence, sir? inquired a turnkey.

Certainly. But make haste "I cannot stay here all day. Other footsteps, going and coming, were now heard, and a moment afterwards the noise of rustling canvas reached Dant s ears, the bed creaked, and the heavy footfall of a man who lifts a weight sounded on the floor; then the bed again creaked under the weight deposited upon it.

This evening, said the governor.

Will there be any mass? asked one of the attendants.

That is impossible, replied the governor. The chaplain of the ch teau came to me yesterday to beg for leave of absence, in order to take a trip to Hy res for a week. I told him I would attend to the prisoners in his absence. If the poor abb  had not been in such a hurry, he might have had his requiem.

Pooh, pooh; said the doctor, with the impiety usual in persons of his profession; he is a churchman. God will respect his profession, and not give the devil the wicked delight of sending him a priest. A shout of laughter followed this brutal jest. Meanwhile the operation of putting the body in the sack was going on.

This evening, said the governor, when the task was ended.

At what hour? inquired a turnkey.

Why, about ten or eleven oclock.

Shall we watch by the corpse?

Of what use would it be? Shut the dungeon as if he were alive "that is all.

Then the steps retreated, and the voices died away in the distance; the noise of the door, with its creaking hinges and bolts ceased, and a silence more sombre than that of solitude ensued, "the silence of death, which was all-pervasive, and struck its icy chill to the very soul of Dant s.

Then he raised the flag-stone cautiously with his head, and looked carefully around the chamber. It was empty, and Dant s emerged from the tunnel.

Chapter 20. The Cemetery of the Ch teau dIf

On the bed, at full length, and faintly illuminated by the pale light that came from the window, lay a sack of canvas, and under its rude folds was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Farias last winding-sheet, "a winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. Everything was in readiness. A barrier had been placed between Dant s and his old friend. No longer could Edmond look into those wide-open eyes which had seemed to be penetrating the mysteries of death; no longer could he clasp the hand which had done so much to make his existence blessed. Faria, the beneficent and cheerful companion, with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into melancholy and gloomy reverie.

Alone! he was alone again! again condemned to silence "again face to face with nothingness! Alone! "never again to see the face, never again to hear the voice of the only human being who united him to earth! Was not Farias fate the better, after all "to solve the problem of life at its source, even at the risk of horrible suffering?

The idea of suicide, which his friend had driven away and kept away by his cheerful presence, now hovered like a phantom over the abb s dead body.

If I could die, he said, I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy, he went on with a smile; I will remain here, rush on the first person that opens the door, strangle him, and then they will guillotine me.

But excessive grief is like a storm at sea, where the frail bark is tossed from the depths to the top of the wave. Dant s recoiled from the idea of so infamous a death, and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

Die? oh, no, he exclaimed "not die now, after having lived and

suffered so long and so much! Die? yes, had I died years ago; but now to die would be, indeed, to give way to the sarcasm of destiny. No, I want to live; I shall struggle to the very last; I will yet win back the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and perhaps, too, who knows, some friends to reward. Yet they will forget me here, and I shall die in my dungeon like Faria.

As he said this, he became silent and gazed straight before him like one overwhelmed with a strange and amazing thought. Suddenly he arose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round the dungeon, and then paused abruptly by the bed.

Just God! he muttered, whence comes this thought? Is it from thee? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me take the place of the dead!

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and, indeed, that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling shroud, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and bore it along the tunnel to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, tied around its head the rag he wore at night around his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which glared horribly, turned the head towards the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought the evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; entered the tunnel again, drew the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel only naked flesh beneath the coarse canvas, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack from the inside.

He would have been discovered by the beating of his heart, if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. Dant s might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid that the governor would change his mind, and order the dead body to be removed earlier. In that case his last hope would have been destroyed.

Now his plans were fully made, and this is what he intended to do. If while he was being carried out the grave-diggers should discover that they were bearing a live instead of a dead body, Dant s did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but with a sudden cut of the knife, he meant to open the sack from top to bottom, and, profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife to better purpose.

0263m

If they took him to the cemetery and laid him in a grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs before he would have worked his way through the yielding soil and escaped. He hoped that the weight of earth would not be so great that he could not overcome it. If he was detected in this and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then"so much the better, all would be over.

Dant s had not eaten since the preceding evening, but he had not thought of hunger, nor did he think of it now. His situation was too precarious to allow him even time to reflect on any thought but one. The first risk that Dant s ran was, that the jailer, when he brought him his supper at seven oclock, might perceive the change that had been made; fortunately, twenty times at least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dant s had received his jailer in bed, and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word. This time the jailer might not be as silent as usual, but speak to Dant s, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed, and thus discover all.

When seven oclock came, Dant s agony really began. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to redress its throbbings, while, with the

other he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time chills ran through his whole body, and clutched his heart in a grasp of ice. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any unusual disturbance, and Dant  s knew that he had escaped the first peril. It was a good augury.

At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, summoned up all his courage, held his breath, and would have been happy if at the same time he could have repressed the throbbing of his veins. The footsteps"they were double"paused at the door"and Dant  s guessed that the two grave-diggers had come to seek him"this idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier.

The door opened, and a dim light reached Dant  s eyes through the coarse sack that covered him; he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in its hand. The two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities. Hes heavy, though, for an old and thin man, said one, as he raised the head.

They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones, said another, lifting the feet.

Have you tied the knot? inquired the first speaker.

What would be the use of carrying so much more weight? was the reply, I can do that when we get there.

Yes, youre right, replied the companion.

Whats the knot for? thought Dant  s.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play the part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dant  s knew that the mistral was blowing. It was a sensation in which pleasure and pain were strangely mingled.

The bearers went on for twenty paces, then stopped, putting the bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dant  s heard his shoes striking on the pavement.

Where am I? he asked himself.

Really, he is by no means a light load! said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow.

Dant  s first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

Give us a light, said the other bearer, or I shall never find what I am looking for.

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

What can he be looking for? thought Edmond. The spade, perhaps.

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search. Here it is at last, he said, not without some trouble, though.

Yes, was the answer, but it has lost nothing by waiting.

As he said this, the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy metallic substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

Well, have you tied the knot? inquired the grave-digger, who was looking on.

Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you, was the answer.

Move on, then. And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the ch  teau is built, reached Dant  s ear distinctly as they went forward.

Bad weather! observed one of the bearers; not a pleasant night for a