ound, he saw behind him La Carconte, paler and
trembling more than ever.
Is, then, all that I have heard really true? she inquired.
What? That he has given the diamond to us only? inquired Caderousse,
half bewildered with joy; yes, nothing more true! See, here it is.
The woman gazed at it a moment, and then said, in a gloomy voice,
Suppose its false?
Caderousse started and turned pale.
False! he muttered. False! Why should that man give me a false
diamond?
0349m
To get your secret without paying for it, you blockhead!
Caderousse remained for a moment aghast under the weight of such an
idea.
Oh! he said, taking up his hat, which he placed on the red
handkerchief tied round his head, we will soon find out.
In what way?
Why, the fair is on at Beaucaire, there are always jewellers from
Paris there, and I will show it to them. Look after the house, wife,
and I shall be back in two hours, and Caderousse left the house in
haste, and ran rapidly in the direction opposite to that which the
priest had taken.
Fifty thousand francs! muttered La Carconte when left alone; it is a
large sum of money, but it is not a fortune.
VOLUME TWO
20009m
20011m
20019m
Chapter 28. The Prison Register
The day after that in which the scene we have just described had taken
place on the road between Bellegarde and Beaucaire, a man of about
thirty or two-and-thirty, dressed in a bright blue frock coat, nankeen
trousers, and a white waistcoat, having the appearance and accent of an
Englishman, presented himself before the mayor of Marseilles.
Sir, said he, I am chief clerk of the house of Thomson & French, of
Rome. We are, and have been these ten years, connected with the house
of Morrel & Son, of Marseilles. We have a hundred thousand francs or
thereabouts loaned on their securities, and we are a little uneasy at
reports that have reached us that the firm is on the brink of ruin. I
have come, therefore, express from Rome, to ask you for information.
Sir, replied the mayor. I know very well that during the last four
or five years misfortune has seemed to pursue M. Morrel. He has lost
four or five vessels, and suffered by three or four bankruptcies; but
it is not for me, although I am a creditor myself to the amount of ten
thousand francs, to give any information as to the state of his
finances. Ask of me, as mayor, what is my opinion of M. Morrel, and I
shall say that he is a man honorable to the last degree, and who has up
to this time fulfilled every engagement with scrupulous punctuality.
This is all I can say, sir; if you wish to learn more, address yourself
to M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, No. 15, Rue de Nouailles;
he has, I believe, two hundred thousand francs in Morrels hands, and
if there be any grounds for apprehension, as this is a greater amount
than mine, you will most probably find him better informed than
myself.
The Englishman seemed to appreciate this extreme delicacy, made his bow
and went away, proceeding with a characteristic British stride towards
the street mentioned.
M. de Boville was in his private room, and the Englishman, on
perceiving him, made a gesture of surprise, which seemed to indicate
that it was not the first time he had been in his presence. As to M. de
Boville, he was in such a state of despair, that it was evident all the
faculties of his mind, absorbed in the thought which occupied him at
the moment, did not allow either his memory or his imagination to stray

to the past.
The Englishman, with the coolness of his nation, addressed him in terms nearly similar to those with which he had accosted the mayor of Marseilles.
Oh, sir, exclaimed M. de Boville, your fears are unfortunately but too well founded, and you see before you a man in despair. I had two hundred thousand francs placed in the hands of Morrel & Son; these two hundred thousand francs were the dowry of my daughter, who was to be married in a fortnight, and these two hundred thousand francs were payable, half on the 15th of this month, and the other half on the 15th of next month. I had informed M. Morrel of my desire to have these payments punctually, and he has been here within the last half-hour to tell me that if his ship, the _Pharaon_, did not come into port on the 15th, he would be wholly unable to make this payment.
But, said the Englishman, this looks very much like a suspension of payment.
It looks more like bankruptcy! exclaimed M. de Boville despairingly.
The Englishman appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, From which it would appear, sir, that this credit inspires you with considerable apprehension?
To tell you the truth, I consider it lost.
Well, then, I will buy it of you!
You?
Yes, I!
But at a tremendous discount, of course?
No, for two hundred thousand francs. Our house, added the Englishman with a laugh, does not do things in that way.
And you will pay””
Ready money.
20023m
And the Englishman drew from his pocket a bundle of bank-notes, which might have been twice the sum M. de Boville feared to lose. A ray of joy passed across M. de Bovilles countenance, yet he made an effort at self-control, and said:
Sir, I ought to tell you that, in all probability, you will not realize six per cent of this sum.
Thats no affair of mine, replied the Englishman, that is the affair of the house of Thomson & French, in whose name I act. They have, perhaps, some motive to serve in hastening the ruin of a rival firm. But all I know, sir, is, that I am ready to hand you over this sum in exchange for your assignment of the debt. I only ask a brokerage.
Of course, that is perfectly just, cried M. de Boville. The commission is usually one and a half; will you have two”three”five per cent, or even more? Whatever you say.
Sir, replied the Englishman, laughing, I am like my house, and do not do such things”no, the commission I ask is quite different.
Name it, sir, I beg.
You are the inspector of prisons?
I have been so these fourteen years.
You keep the registers of entries and departures?
I do.
To these registers there are added notes relative to the prisoners?
There are special reports on every prisoner.
Well, sir, I was educated at Rome by a poor devil of an abbÃ©, who disappeared suddenly. I have since learned that he was confined in the ChÃ¢teau dIf, and I should like to learn some particulars of his death.
What was his name?
The AbbÃ© Faria.
Oh, I recollect him perfectly, cried M. de Boville; he was crazy.
So they said.
Oh, he was, decidedly.
Very possibly; but what sort of madness was it?

He pretended to know of an immense treasure, and offered vast sums to the government if they would liberate him.
Poor devil!”and he is dead?
Yes, sir, five or six months ago, last February.
You have a good memory, sir, to recollect dates so well.
I recollect this, because the poor devils death was accompanied by a singular incident.
May I ask what that was? said the Englishman with an expression of curiosity, which a close observer would have been astonished at discovering in his phlegmatic countenance.
Oh dear, yes, sir; the abbÃ©s dungeon was forty or fifty feet distant from that of one of Bonapartes emissaries,”one of those who had contributed the most to the return of the usurper in 1815, a very resolute and very dangerous man.
Indeed! said the Englishman.
Yes, replied M. de Boville; I myself had occasion to see this man in 1816 or 1817, and we could only go into his dungeon with a file of soldiers. That man made a deep impression on me; I shall never forget his countenance!
20025m
The Englishman smiled imperceptibly.
And you say, sir, he interposed, that the two dungeons””
Were separated by a distance of fifty feet; but it appears that this Edmond DantÃs””
This dangerous mans name was””
Edmond DantÃs. It appears, sir, that this Edmond DantÃs had procured tools, or made them, for they found a tunnel through which the prisoners held communication with one another.
This tunnel was dug, no doubt, with an intention of escape?
No doubt; but unfortunately for the prisoners, the AbbÃ© Faria had an attack of catalepsy, and died.
That must have cut short the projects of escape.
For the dead man, yes, replied M. de Boville, but not for the survivor; on the contrary, this DantÃs saw a means of accelerating his escape. He, no doubt, thought that prisoners who died in the ChÃ¢teau dIf were interred in an ordinary burial-ground, and he conveyed the dead man into his own cell, took his place in the sack in which they had sewed up the corpse, and awaited the moment of interment.
It was a bold step, and one that showed some courage, remarked the Englishman.
As I have already told you, sir, he was a very dangerous man; and, fortunately, by his own act disembarrassed the government of the fears it had on his account.
How was that?
How? Do you not comprehend?
No.
The ChÃ¢teau dIf has no cemetery, and they simply throw the dead into the sea, after fastening a thirty-six-pound cannon-ball to their feet.
Well? observed the Englishman as if he were slow of comprehension.
Well, they fastened a thirty-six-pound ball to his feet, and threw him into the sea.
Really! exclaimed the Englishman.
Yes, sir, continued the inspector of prisons. You may imagine the amazement of the fugitive when he found himself flung headlong over the rocks! I should like to have seen his face at that moment.
That would have been difficult.
No matter, replied De Boville, in supreme good-humor at the certainty of recovering his two hundred thousand francs,”no matter, I can fancy it. And he shouted with laughter.
So can I, said the Englishman, and he laughed too; but he laughed as the English do, at the end of his teeth.
And so, continued the Englishman who first gained his composure, he was drowned?

Unquestionably.
So that the governor got rid of the dangerous and the crazy prisoner at the same time?
Precisely.
20027m
But some official document was drawn up as to this affair, I suppose? inquired the Englishman.
Yes, yes, the mortuary deposition. You understand, DantÃs relations, if he had any, might have some interest in knowing if he were dead or alive.
So that now, if there were anything to inherit from him, they may do so with easy conscience. He is dead, and no mistake about it.
Oh, yes; and they may have the fact attested whenever they please.
So be it, said the Englishman. But to return to these registers.
True, this story has diverted our attention from them. Excuse me.
Excuse you for what? For the story? By no means; it really seems to me very curious.
Yes, indeed. So, sir, you wish to see all relating to the poor abbÃ©, who really was gentleness itself.
Yes, you will much oblige me.
Go into my study here, and I will show it to you.
And they both entered M. de Bovilles study. Everything was here arranged in perfect order; each register had its number, each file of papers its place. The inspector begged the Englishman to seat himself in an armchair, and placed before him the register and documents relative to the ChÃ¢teau dIf, giving him all the time he desired for the examination, while De Boville seated himself in a corner, and began to read his newspaper. The Englishman easily found the entries relative to the AbbÃ© Faria; but it seemed that the history which the inspector had related interested him greatly, for after having perused the first documents he turned over the leaves until he reached the deposition respecting Edmond DantÃs. There he found everything arranged in due order,”the accusation, examination, Morrels petition, M. de Villeforts marginal notes. He folded up the accusation quietly, and put it as quietly in his pocket; read the examination, and saw that the name of Noirtier was not mentioned in it; perused, too, the application dated 10th April, 1815, in which Morrel, by the deputy procureurs advice, exaggerated with the best intentions (for Napoleon was then on the throne) the services DantÃs had rendered to the imperial cause”services which Villeforts certificates rendered indisputable. Then he saw through the whole thing. This petition to Napoleon, kept back by Villefort, had become, under the second restoration, a terrible weapon against him in the hands of the kings attorney. He was no longer astonished when he searched on to find in the register this note, placed in a bracket against his name:
Edmond DantÃs.
An inveterate Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from the Island of Elba.
To be kept in strict solitary confinement, and to be closely watched and guarded.
Beneath these lines was written in another hand: See note above”nothing can be done.
He compared the writing in the bracket with the writing of the certificate placed beneath Morrels petition, and discovered that the note in the bracket was the same writing as the certificate”that is to say, was in Villeforts handwriting.
20029m
As to the note which accompanied this, the Englishman understood that it might have been added by some inspector who had taken a momentary interest in DantÃs situation, but who had, from the remarks we have quoted, found it impossible to give any effect to the interest he had felt.
As we have said, the inspector, from discretion, and that he might not

disturb the AbbÃ© Farias pupil in his researches, had seated himself in a corner, and was reading _Le Drapeau Blanc_. He did not see the Englishman fold up and place in his pocket the accusation written by Danglars under the arbor of La RÃ©serve, and which had the postmark, Marseilles, 27th February, delivery 6 oclock, P.M.

But it must be said that if he had seen it, he attached so little importance to this scrap of paper, and so much importance to his two hundred thousand francs, that he would not have opposed whatever the Englishman might do, however irregular it might be.

Thanks, said the latter, closing the register with a slam, I have all I want; now it is for me to perform my promise. Give me a simple assignment of your debt; acknowledge therein the receipt of the cash, and I will hand you over the money.

He rose, gave his seat to M. de Boville, who took it without ceremony, and quickly drew up the required assignment, while the Englishman counted out the bank-notes on the other side of the desk.

Chapter 29. The House of Morrel & Son

Anyone who had quitted Marseilles a few years previously, well acquainted with the interior of Morrels warehouse, and had returned at this date, would have found a great change. Instead of that air of life, of comfort, and of happiness that permeates a flourishing and prosperous business establishment”instead of merry faces at the windows, busy clerks hurrying to and fro in the long corridors”instead of the court filled with bales of goods, re-echoing with the cries and the jokes of porters, one would have immediately perceived all aspect of sadness and gloom. Out of all the numerous clerks that used to fill the deserted corridor and the empty office, but two remained. One was a young man of three or four-and-twenty, who was in love with M. Morrels daughter, and had remained with him in spite of the efforts of his friends to induce him to withdraw; the other was an old one-eyed cashier, called Cocles, or Cock-eye, a nickname given him by the young men who used to throng this vast now almost deserted bee-hive, and which had so completely replaced his real name that he would not, in all probability, have replied to anyone who addressed him by it.

Cocles remained in M. Morrels service, and a most singular change had taken place in his position; he had at the same time risen to the rank of cashier, and sunk to the rank of a servant. He was, however, the same Cocles, good, patient, devoted, but inflexible on the subject of arithmetic, the only point on which he would have stood firm against the world, even against M. Morrel; and strong in the multiplication-table, which he had at his fingers ends, no matter what scheme or what trap was laid to catch him.

In the midst of the disasters that befell the house, Cocles was the only one unmoved. But this did not arise from a want of affection; on the contrary, from a firm conviction. Like the rats that one by one forsake the doomed ship even before the vessel weighs anchor, so all the numerous clerks had by degrees deserted the office and the warehouse. Cocles had seen them go without thinking of inquiring the cause of their departure. Everything was as we have said, a question of arithmetic to Cocles, and during twenty years he had always seen all payments made with such exactitude, that it seemed as impossible to him that the house should stop payment, as it would to a miller that the river that had so long turned his mill should cease to flow.

Nothing had as yet occurred to shake Cocles belief; the last months payment had been made with the most scrupulous exactitude; Cocles had detected an overbalance of fourteen sous in his cash, and the same evening he had brought them to M. Morrel, who, with a melancholy smile, threw them into an almost empty drawer, saying:

Thanks, Cocles; you are the pearl of cashiers.

Cocles went away perfectly happy, for this eulogium of M. Morrel, himself the pearl of the honest men of Marseilles, flattered him more than a present of fifty crowns. But since the end of the month M. Morrel had passed many an anxious hour.

In order to meet the payments then due; he had collected all his resources, and, fearing lest the report of his distress should get bruited abroad at Marseilles when he was known to be reduced to such an extremity, he went to the Beaucaire fair to sell his wifes and daughters jewels and a portion of his plate. By this means the end of the month was passed, but his resources were now exhausted. Credit, owing to the reports afloat, was no longer to be had; and to meet the one hundred thousand francs due on the 15th of the present month, and the one hundred thousand francs due on the 15th of the next month to M. de Boville, M. Morrel had, in reality, no hope but the return of the _Pharaon_, of whose departure he had learnt from a vessel which had weighed anchor at the same time, and which had already arrived in harbor.

But this vessel which, like the _Pharaon_, came from Calcutta, had been in for a fortnight, while no intelligence had been received of the _Pharaon_.

20033m

Such was the state of affairs when, the day after his interview with M. de Boville, the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, presented himself at M. Morrels.

Emmanuel received him; this young man was alarmed by the appearance of every new face, for every new face might be that of a new creditor, come in anxiety to question the head of the house. The young man, wishing to spare his employer the pain of this interview, questioned the new-comer; but the stranger declared that he had nothing to say to M. Emmanuel, and that his business was with M. Morrel in person.

Emmanuel sighed, and summoned Cocles. Cocles appeared, and the young man bade him conduct the stranger to M. Morrels apartment. Cocles went first, and the stranger followed him. On the staircase they met a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, who looked with anxiety at the stranger.

M. Morrel is in his room, is he not, Mademoiselle Julie? said the cashier.

Yes; I think so, at least, said the young girl hesitatingly. Go and see, Cocles, and if my father is there, announce this gentleman.

It will be useless to announce me, mademoiselle, returned the Englishman. M. Morrel does not know my name; this worthy gentleman has only to announce the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, with whom your father does business.

The young girl turned pale and continued to descend, while the stranger and Cocles continued to mount the staircase. She entered the office where Emmanuel was, while Cocles, by the aid of a key he possessed, opened a door in the corner of a landing-place on the second staircase, conducted the stranger into an antechamber, opened a second door, which he closed behind him, and after having left the clerk of the house of Thomson & French alone, returned and signed to him that he could enter.

The Englishman entered, and found Morrel seated at a table, turning over the formidable columns of his ledger, which contained the list of his liabilities. At the sight of the stranger, M. Morrel closed the ledger, arose, and offered a seat to the stranger; and when he had seen him seated, resumed his own chair. Fourteen years had changed the worthy merchant, who, in his thirty-sixth year at the opening of this history, was now in his fiftieth; his hair had turned white, time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his look, once so firm and penetrating, was now irresolute and wandering, as if he feared being forced to fix his attention on some particular thought or person.

The Englishman looked at him with an air of curiosity, evidently mingled with interest. Monsieur, said Morrel, whose uneasiness was increased by this examination, you wish to speak to me?

Yes, monsieur; you are aware from whom I come?

The house of Thomson & French; at least, so my cashier tells me.

He has told you rightly. The house of Thomson & French had 300,000 or 400,000 francs to pay this month in France; and, knowing your strict

punctuality, have collected all the bills bearing your signature, and charged me as they became due to present them, and to employ the money otherwise.
Morrel sighed deeply, and passed his hand over his forehead, which was covered with perspiration.
So then, sir, said Morrel, you hold bills of mine?
Yes, and for a considerable sum.
What is the amount? asked Morrel with a voice he strove to render firm.
20035m
Here is, said the Englishman, taking a quantity of papers from his pocket, an assignment of 200,000 francs to our house by M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, to whom they are due. You acknowledge, of course, that you owe this sum to him?
Yes; he placed the money in my hands at four and a half per cent nearly five years ago.
When are you to pay?
Half the 15th of this month, half the 15th of next.
Just so; and now here are 32,500 francs payable shortly; they are all signed by you, and assigned to our house by the holders.
I recognize them, said Morrel, whose face was suffused, as he thought that, for the first time in his life, he would be unable to honor his own signature. Is this all?
No, I have for the end of the month these bills which have been assigned to us by the house of Pascal, and the house of Wild & Turner of Marseilles, amounting to nearly 55,000 francs; in all, 287,500 francs.
It is impossible to describe what Morrel suffered during this enumeration. Two hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred francs, repeated he.
Yes, sir, replied the Englishman. I will not, continued he, after a moments silence, conceal from you, that while your probity and exactitude up to this moment are universally acknowledged, yet the report is current in Marseilles that you are not able to meet your liabilities.
At this almost brutal speech Morrel turned deathly pale.
Sir, said he, up to this time”and it is now more than four-and-twenty years since I received the direction of this house from my father, who had himself conducted it for five-and-thirty years”never has anything bearing the signature of Morrel & Son been dishonored.
I know that, replied the Englishman. But as a man of honor should answer another, tell me fairly, shall you pay these with the same punctuality?
Morrel shuddered, and looked at the man, who spoke with more assurance than he had hitherto shown.
To questions frankly put, said he, a straightforward answer should be given. Yes, I shall pay, if, as I hope, my vessel arrives safely; for its arrival will again procure me the credit which the numerous accidents, of which I have been the victim, have deprived me; but if the _Pharaon_ should be lost, and this last resource be gone””
The poor mans eyes filled with tears.
Well, said the other, if this last resource fail you?
Well, returned Morrel, it is a cruel thing to be forced to say, but, already used to misfortune, I must habituate myself to shame. I fear I shall be forced to suspend payment.
Have you no friends who could assist you?
Morrel smiled mournfully.
In business, sir, said he, one has no friends, only correspondents.
It is true, murmured the Englishman; then you have but one hope.
But one.
The last?
The last.
So that if this fail””

I am ruined,”completely ruined!
As I was on my way here, a vessel was coming into port.
I know it, sir; a young man, who still adheres to my fallen fortunes, passes a part of his time in a belvedere at the top of the house, in hopes of being the first to announce good news to me; he has informed me of the arrival of this ship.
And it is not yours?
No, she is a Bordeaux vessel, _La Gironde_; she comes from India also; but she is not mine.
Perhaps she has spoken to the _Pharaon_, and brings you some tidings of her?
Shall I tell you plainly one thing, sir? I dread almost as much to receive any tidings of my vessel as to remain in doubt. Uncertainty is still hope. Then in a low voice Morrel added,”This delay is not natural. The _Pharaon_ left Calcutta the 5th of February; she ought to have been here a month ago.
What is that? said the Englishman. What is the meaning of that noise?
Oh, my God! cried Morrel, turning pale, what is it?
A loud noise was heard on the stairs of people moving hastily, and half-stifled sobs. Morrel rose and advanced to the door; but his strength failed him and he sank into a chair. The two men remained opposite one another, Morrel trembling in every limb, the stranger gazing at him with an air of profound pity. The noise had ceased; but it seemed that Morrel expected something”something had occasioned the noise, and something must follow. The stranger fancied he heard footsteps on the stairs; and that the footsteps, which were those of several persons, stopped at the door. A key was inserted in the lock of the first door, and the creaking of hinges was audible.
There are only two persons who have the key to that door, murmured Morrel, Cocles and Julie.
At this instant the second door opened, and the young girl, her eyes bathed with tears, appeared. Morrel rose tremblingly, supporting himself by the arm of the chair. He would have spoken, but his voice failed him.
Oh, father! said she, clasping her hands, forgive your child for being the bearer of evil tidings.
Morrel again changed color. Julie threw herself into his arms.
Oh, father, father! murmured she, courage!
The _Pharaon_ has gone down, then? said Morrel in a hoarse voice. The young girl did not speak; but she made an affirmative sign with her head as she lay on her fathers breast.
And the crew? asked Morrel.
Saved, said the girl; saved by the crew of the vessel that has just entered the harbor.
Morrel raised his two hands to heaven with an expression of resignation and sublime gratitude.
Thanks, my God, said he, at least thou strikest but me alone.
A tear moistened the eye of the phlegmatic Englishman.
Come in, come in, said Morrel, for I presume you are all at the door.
Scarcely had he uttered those words when Madame Morrel entered weeping bitterly. Emmanuel followed her, and in the antechamber were visible the rough faces of seven or eight half-naked sailors. At the sight of these men the Englishman started and advanced a step; then restrained himself, and retired into the farthest and most obscure corner of the apartment. Madame Morrel sat down by her husband and took one of his hands in hers, Julie still lay with her head on his shoulder, Emmanuel stood in the centre of the chamber and seemed to form the link between Morrels family and the sailors at the door.
How did this happen? said Morrel.
Draw nearer, Penelon, said the young man, and tell us all about it.
An old seaman, bronzed by the tropical sun, advanced, twirling the

remains of a hat between his hands.
Good-day, M. Morrel, said he, as if he had just quitted Marseilles the previous evening, and had just returned from Aix or Toulon.
Good-day, Penelon, returned Morrel, who could not refrain from smiling through his tears, where is the captain?
The captain, M. Morrel,”he has stayed behind sick at Palma; but please God, it wont be much, and you will see him in a few days all alive and hearty.
Well, now tell your story, Penelon.
20039m
Penelon rolled his quid in his cheek, placed his hand before his mouth, turned his head, and sent a long jet of tobacco-juice into the antechamber, advanced his foot, balanced himself, and began.
You see, M. Morrel, said he, we were somewhere between Cape Blanc and Cape Boyador, sailing with a fair breeze, south-south-west after a weeks calm, when Captain Gaumard comes up to me”I was at the helm I should tell you”and says, ˜Penelon, what do you think of those clouds coming up over there? I was just then looking at them myself. ˜What do I think, captain? Why I think that they are rising faster than they have any business to do, and that they would not be so black if they didnt mean mischief.”˜Thats my opinion too, said the captain, ˜and Ill take precautions accordingly. We are carrying too much canvas. Avast, there, all hands! Take in the studding-sails and stow the flying jib. It was time; the squall was on us, and the vessel began to heel. ˜Ah, said the captain, ˜we have still too much canvas set; all hands lower the mainsail! Five minutes after, it was down; and we sailed under mizzen-topsails and top-gallant sails. ˜Well, Penelon, said the captain, ˜what makes you shake your head? ˜Why, I says, ˜I still think youve got too much on. ˜I think youre right, answered he, ˜we shall have a gale. ˜A gale? More than that, we shall have a tempest, or I dont know whats what. You could see the wind coming like the dust at Montredon; luckily the captain understood his business. ˜Take in two reefs in the top-sails, cried the captain; ˜let go the bowlins, haul the brace, lower the top-gallant sails, haul out the reef-tackles on the yards.
20041m
That was not enough for those latitudes, said the Englishman; I should have taken four reefs in the topsails and furled the spanker.
His firm, sonorous, and unexpected voice made everyone start. Penelon put his hand over his eyes, and then stared at the man who thus criticized the manÅ“uvres of his captain.
We did better than that, sir, said the old sailor respectfully; we put the helm up to run before the tempest; ten minutes after we struck our top-sails and scudded under bare poles.
The vessel was very old to risk that, said the Englishman.
Eh, it was that that did the business; after pitching heavily for twelve hours we sprung a leak. ˜Penelon, said the captain, ˜I think we are sinking, give me the helm, and go down into the hold. I gave him the helm, and descended; there was already three feet of water. ˜All hands to the pumps! I shouted; but it was too late, and it seemed the more we pumped the more came in. ˜Ah, said I, after four hours work, ˜since we are sinking, let us sink; we can die but once. ˜Is that the example you set, Penelon? cries the captain; ˜very well, wait a minute. He went into his cabin and came back with a brace of pistols. ˜I will blow the brains out of the first man who leaves the pump, said he.
Well done! said the Englishman.
20043m
Theres nothing gives you so much courage as good reasons, continued the sailor; and during that time the wind had abated, and the sea gone down, but the water kept rising; not much, only two inches an hour, but still it rose. Two inches an hour does not seem much, but in twelve hours that makes two feet, and three we had before, that makes five.

˜Come, said the captain, ˜we have done all in our power, and M. Morrel will have nothing to reproach us with, we have tried to save the ship, let us now save ourselves. To the boats, my lads, as quick as you can. Now, continued Penelon, you see, M. Morrel, a sailor is attached to his ship, but still more to his life, so we did not wait to be told twice; the more so, that the ship was sinking under us, and seemed to say, ˜Get along”save yourselves. We soon launched the boat, and all eight of us got into it. The captain descended last, or rather, he did not descend, he would not quit the vessel; so I took him round the waist, and threw him into the boat, and then I jumped after him. It was time, for just as I jumped the deck burst with a noise like the broadside of a man-of-war. Ten minutes after she pitched forward, then the other way, spun round and round, and then good-bye to the _Pharaon_. As for us, we were three days without anything to eat or drink, so that we began to think of drawing lots who should feed the rest, when we saw _La Gironde_; we made signals of distress, she perceived us, made for us, and took us all on board. There now, M. Morrel, thats the whole truth, on the honor of a sailor; is not it true, you fellows there? A general murmur of approbation showed that the narrator had faithfully detailed their misfortunes and sufferings.
Well, well, said M. Morrel, I know there was no one in fault but destiny. It was the will of God that this should happen, blessed be his name. What wages are due to you?
Oh, dont let us talk of that, M. Morrel.
Yes, but we will talk of it.
Well, then, three months, said Penelon.
Cocles, pay two hundred francs to each of these good fellows, said Morrel. At another time, added he, I should have said, Give them, besides, two hundred francs over as a present; but times are changed, and the little money that remains to me is not my own, so do not think me mean on this account.
Penelon turned to his companions, and exchanged a few words with them.
As for that, M. Morrel, said he, again turning his quid, as for that””
As for what?
The money.
Well””
Well, we all say that fifty francs will be enough for us at present, and that we will wait for the rest.
Thanks, my friends, thanks! cried Morrel gratefully; take it”take it; and if you can find another employer, enter his service; you are free to do so.
These last words produced a prodigious effect on the seaman. Penelon nearly swallowed his quid; fortunately he recovered.
What, M. Morrel! said he in a low voice, you send us away; you are then angry with us!
No, no, said M. Morrel, I am not angry, quite the contrary, and I do not send you away; but I have no more ships, and therefore I do not want any sailors.
No more ships! returned Penelon; well, then, youll build some; well wait for you.
I have no money to build ships with, Penelon, said the poor owner mournfully, so I cannot accept your kind offer.
No more money? Then you must not pay us; we can scud, like the _Pharaon_, under bare poles.
Enough, enough! cried Morrel, almost overpowered; leave me, I pray you; we shall meet again in a happier time. Emmanuel, go with them, and see that my orders are executed.
At least, we shall see each other again, M. Morrel? asked Penelon.
Yes; I hope so, at least. Now go. He made a sign to Cocles, who went first; the seamen followed him and Emmanuel brought up the rear. Now, said the owner to his wife and daughter, leave me; I wish to speak with this gentleman.

20045m
And he glanced towards the clerk of Thomson & French, who had remained motionless in the corner during this scene, in which he had taken no part, except the few words we have mentioned. The two women looked at this person whose presence they had entirely forgotten, and retired; but, as she left the apartment, Julie gave the stranger a supplicating glance, to which he replied by a smile that an indifferent spectator would have been surprised to see on his stern features. The two men were left alone. Well, sir, said Morrel, sinking into a chair, you have heard all, and I have nothing further to tell you.
I see, returned the Englishman, that a fresh and unmerited misfortune has overwhelmed you, and this only increases my desire to serve you.
Oh, sir! cried Morrel.
Let me see, continued the stranger, I am one of your largest creditors.
Your bills, at least, are the first that will fall due.
Do you wish for time to pay?
A delay would save my honor, and consequently my life.
How long a delay do you wish for?
Morrel reflected. Two months, said he.
I will give you three, replied the stranger.
But, asked Morrel, will the house of Thomson & French consent?
Oh, I take everything on myself. Today is the 5th of June.
Yes.
Well, renew these bills up to the 5th of September; and on the 5th of September at eleven oclock (the hand of the clock pointed to eleven), I shall come to receive the money.
I shall expect you, returned Morrel; and I will pay you”or I shall be dead. These last words were uttered in so low a tone that the stranger could not hear them. The bills were renewed, the old ones destroyed, and the poor ship-owner found himself with three months before him to collect his resources. The Englishman received his thanks with the phlegm peculiar to his nation; and Morrel, overwhelming him with grateful blessings, conducted him to the staircase. The stranger met Julie on the stairs; she pretended to be descending, but in reality she was waiting for him. Oh, sir”said she, clasping her hands.
Mademoiselle, said the stranger, one day you will receive a letter signed ˜Sinbad the Sailor. Do exactly what the letter bids you, however strange it may appear.
Yes, sir, returned Julie.
Do you promise?
I swear to you I will.
It is well. Adieu, mademoiselle. Continue to be the good, sweet girl you are at present, and I have great hopes that Heaven will reward you by giving you Emmanuel for a husband.
Julie uttered a faint cry, blushed like a rose, and leaned against the baluster. The stranger waved his hand, and continued to descend. In the court he found Penelon, who, with a rouleau of a hundred francs in either hand, seemed unable to make up his mind to retain them. Come with me, my friend, said the Englishman; I wish to speak to you.
Chapter 30. The Fifth of September
The extension provided for by the agent of Thomson & French, at the moment when Morrel expected it least, was to the poor shipowner so decided a stroke of good fortune that he almost dared to believe that fate was at length grown weary of wasting her spite upon him. The same day he told his wife, Emmanuel, and his daughter all that had occurred; and a ray of hope, if not of tranquillity, returned to the family. Unfortunately, however, Morrel had not only engagements with the house of Thomson & French, who had shown themselves so considerate towards him; and, as he had said, in business he had correspondents, and not friends. When he thought the matter over, he could by no means account for this generous conduct on the part of Thomson & French towards him;

and could only attribute it to some such selfish argument as this: We had better help a man who owes us nearly 300,000 francs, and have those 300,000 francs at the end of three months than hasten his ruin, and get only six or eight per cent of our money back again.
Unfortunately, whether through envy or stupidity, all Morrels correspondents did not take this view; and some even came to a contrary decision. The bills signed by Morrel were presented at his office with scrupulous exactitude, and, thanks to the delay granted by the Englishman, were paid by Cocles with equal punctuality. Cocles thus remained in his accustomed tranquillity. It was Morrel alone who remembered with alarm, that if he had to repay on the 15th the 50,000 francs of M. de Boville, and on the 30th the 32,500 francs of bills, for which, as well as the debt due to the inspector of prisons, he had time granted, he must be a ruined man.
The opinion of all the commercial men was that, under the reverses which had successively weighed down Morrel, it was impossible for him to remain solvent. Great, therefore, was the astonishment when at the end of the month, he cancelled all his obligations with his usual punctuality. Still confidence was not restored to all minds, and the general opinion was that the complete ruin of the unfortunate shipowner had been postponed only until the end of the month.
The month passed, and Morrel made extraordinary efforts to get in all his resources. Formerly his paper, at any date, was taken with confidence, and was even in request. Morrel now tried to negotiate bills at ninety days only, and none of the banks would give him credit. Fortunately, Morrel had some funds coming in on which he could rely; and, as they reached him, he found himself in a condition to meet his engagements when the end of July came.
The agent of Thomson & French had not been again seen at Marseilles; the day after, or two days after his visit to Morrel, he had disappeared; and as in that city he had had no intercourse but with the mayor, the inspector of prisons, and M. Morrel, his departure left no trace except in the memories of these three persons. As to the sailors of the _Pharaon_, they must have found snug berths elsewhere, for they also had disappeared.
Captain Gaumard, recovered from his illness, had returned from Palma. He delayed presenting himself at Morrels, but the owner, hearing of his arrival, went to see him. The worthy shipowner knew, from Penelons recital, of the captains brave conduct during the storm, and tried to console him. He brought him also the amount of his wages, which Captain Gaumard had not dared to apply for.
As he descended the staircase, Morrel met Penelon, who was going up. Penelon had, it would seem, made good use of his money, for he was newly clad. When he saw his employer, the worthy tar seemed much embarrassed, drew on one side into the corner of the landing-place, passed his quid from one cheek to the other, stared stupidly with his great eyes, and only acknowledged the squeeze of the hand which Morrel as usual gave him by a slight pressure in return. Morrel attributed Penelons embarrassment to the elegance of his attire; it was evident the good fellow had not gone to such an expense on his own account; he was, no doubt, engaged on board some other vessel, and thus his bashfulness arose from the fact of his not having, if we may so express ourselves, worn mourning for the _Pharaon_ longer. Perhaps he had come to tell Captain Gaumard of his good luck, and to offer him employment from his new master.
Worthy fellows! said Morrel, as he went away, may your new master love you as I loved you, and be more fortunate than I have been!
20049m
August rolled by in unceasing efforts on the part of Morrel to renew his credit or revive the old. On the 20th of August it was known at Marseilles that he had left town in the mailcoach, and then it was said that the bills would go to protest at the end of the month, and that Morrel had gone away and left his chief clerk Emmanuel, and his cashier

Cocles, to meet the creditors. But, contrary to all expectation, when the 31st of August came, the house opened as usual, and Cocles appeared behind the grating of the counter, examined all bills presented with the usual scrutiny, and, from first to last, paid all with the usual precision. There came in, moreover, two drafts which M. Morrel had fully anticipated, and which Cocles paid as punctually as the bills which the shipowner had accepted. All this was incomprehensible, and then, with the tenacity peculiar to prophets of bad news, the failure was put off until the end of September.

On the 1st, Morrel returned; he was awaited by his family with extreme anxiety, for from this journey to Paris they hoped great things. Morrel had thought of Danglars, who was now immensely rich, and had lain under great obligations to Morrel in former days, since to him it was owing that Danglars entered the service of the Spanish banker, with whom he had laid the foundations of his vast wealth. It was said at this moment that Danglars was worth from six to eight millions of francs, and had unlimited credit. Danglars, then, without taking a crown from his pocket, could save Morrel; he had but to pass his word for a loan, and Morrel was saved. Morrel had long thought of Danglars, but had kept away from some instinctive motive, and had delayed as long as possible availing himself of this last resource. And Morrel was right, for he returned home crushed by the humiliation of a refusal.

Yet, on his arrival, Morrel did not utter a complaint, or say one harsh word. He embraced his weeping wife and daughter, pressed Emmanuels hand with friendly warmth, and then going to his private room on the second floor had sent for Cocles.

Then, said the two women to Emmanuel, we are indeed ruined.

It was agreed in a brief council held among them, that Julie should write to her brother, who was in garrison at NÃ®mes, to come to them as speedily as possible. The poor women felt instinctively that they required all their strength to support the blow that impended. Besides, Maximilian Morrel, though hardly two-and-twenty, had great influence over his father.

He was a strong-minded, upright young man. At the time when he decided on his profession his father had no desire to choose for him, but had consulted young Maximilians taste. He had at once declared for a military life, and had in consequence studied hard, passed brilliantly through the Polytechnic School, and left it as sub-lieutenant of the 53rd of the line. For a year he had held this rank, and expected promotion on the first vacancy. In his regiment Maximilian Morrel was noted for his rigid observance, not only of the obligations imposed on a soldier, but also of the duties of a man; and he thus gained the name of the stoic. We need hardly say that many of those who gave him this epithet repeated it because they had heard it, and did not even know what it meant.

This was the young man whom his mother and sister called to their aid to sustain them under the serious trial which they felt they would soon have to endure. They had not mistaken the gravity of this event, for the moment after Morrel had entered his private office with Cocles, Julie saw the latter leave it pale, trembling, and his features betraying the utmost consternation. She would have questioned him as he passed by her, but the worthy creature hastened down the staircase with unusual precipitation, and only raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed:

Oh, mademoiselle, mademoiselle, what a dreadful misfortune! Who could ever have believed it!

A moment afterwards Julie saw him go upstairs carrying two or three heavy ledgers, a portfolio, and a bag of money.

Morrel examined the ledgers, opened the portfolio, and counted the money. All his funds amounted to 6,000 or 8,000 francs, his bills receivable up to the 5th to 4,000 or 5,000, which, making the best of everything, gave him 14,000 francs to meet debts amounting to 287,500 francs. He had not even the means for making a possible settlement on

account.
However, when Morrel went down to his dinner, he appeared very calm. This calmness was more alarming to the two women than the deepest dejection would have been. After dinner Morrel usually went out and used to take his coffee at the club of the PhocÃ©ens, and read the _Semaphore_; this day he did not leave the house, but returned to his office.
As to Cocles, he seemed completely bewildered. For part of the day he went into the courtyard, seated himself on a stone with his head bare and exposed to the blazing sun. Emmanuel tried to comfort the women, but his eloquence faltered. The young man was too well acquainted with the business of the house, not to feel that a great catastrophe hung over the Morrel family. Night came, the two women had watched, hoping that when he left his room Morrel would come to them, but they heard him pass before their door, and trying to conceal the noise of his footsteps. They listened; he went into his sleeping-room, and fastened the door inside. Madame Morrel sent her daughter to bed, and half an hour after Julie had retired, she rose, took off her shoes, and went stealthily along the passage, to see through the keyhole what her husband was doing.
In the passage she saw a retreating shadow; it was Julie, who, uneasy herself, had anticipated her mother. The young lady went towards Madame Morrel.
He is writing, she said.
They had understood each other without speaking. Madame Morrel looked again through the keyhole, Morrel was writing; but Madame Morrel remarked, what her daughter had not observed, that her husband was writing on stamped paper. The terrible idea that he was writing his will flashed across her; she shuddered, and yet had not strength to utter a word.
Next day M. Morrel seemed as calm as ever, went into his office as usual, came to his breakfast punctually, and then, after dinner, he placed his daughter beside him, took her head in his arms, and held her for a long time against his bosom. In the evening, Julie told her mother, that although he was apparently so calm, she had noticed that her fathers heart beat violently.
The next two days passed in much the same way. On the evening of the 4th of September, M. Morrel asked his daughter for the key of his study. Julie trembled at this request, which seemed to her of bad omen. Why did her father ask for this key which she always kept, and which was only taken from her in childhood as a punishment? The young girl looked at Morrel.
What have I done wrong, father, she said, that you should take this key from me?
Nothing, my dear, replied the unhappy man, the tears starting to his eyes at this simple question,”nothing, only I want it.
Julie made a pretence to feel for the key. I must have left it in my