Chapter CV

The Cemetery of Père-Lachaise

M. de Boville had indeed met the funeral procession which was taking Valentine to her last home on earth. The weather was dull and stormy, a cold wind shook the few remaining yellow leaves from the boughs of the trees, and scattered them among the crowd which filled the boulevards. M. de Villefort, a true Parisian, considered the cemetery of Père-Lachaise alone worthy of receiving the mortal remains of a Parisian family; there alone the corpses belonging to him would be surrounded by worthy associates. He had therefore purchased a vault, which was quickly occupied by members of his family. On the front of the monument was inscribed: 'The families of Saint-Méran and Villefort,' for such had been the last wish expressed by poor Renée, Valentine's mother. The pompous procession therefore wended its way towards Père-Lachaise from the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Having crossed Paris, it passed through the Faubourg du Temple, then leaving the exterior boulevards, it reached the cemetery. More than fifty private carriages followed the twenty mourning-coaches, and behind them more than five hundred persons joined in the procession on foot. These last consisted of all the young people whom Valentine's death had struck like a thunderbolt, and who, notwithstanding the raw chilliness of the season, could not refrain from paying a last tribute to the memory of the beautiful, chaste, and adorable girl, thus cut off in the flower of her youth.

As they left Paris, an equipage with four horses, at full speed, was seen to draw up suddenly; it contained Monte Cristo. The count left the carriage and mingled in the crowd who followed on foot. Château-Renaud perceived him and immediately alighting from his *coupé*, joined him; Beauchamp did the same.

The count looked attentively through every opening in the crowd; he was evidently watching for someone, but his search ended in disappointment. 'Where is Morrel?' he asked; 'do either of these gentlemen know where he is?'

'We have already asked that question,' said Château-Renaud, 'for none of us has seen him.'

The count was silent, but continued to gaze around him. At length they arrived at the cemetery. The piercing eye of Monte Cristo glanced through clusters of bushes and trees, and was soon relieved from all anxiety, for seeing a shadow glide between the yew-trees, Monte Cristo recognized him whom he sought.

One funeral is generally very much like another in this magnificent metropolis. Black figures are seen scattered over the long white avenues; the silence of earth and heaven is alone broken by the noise made by the crackling branches of hedges planted around the monuments; then follows the melancholy chant of the priests, mingled now and then with a sob of anguish, escaping from some woman concealed behind a mass of flowers.

The shadow Monte Cristo had noticed passed rapidly behind the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse, placed itself close to the heads of the horses belonging to the hearse, and following the undertaker's men, arrived with them at the spot appointed for the burial. Each person's attention was occupied. Monte Cristo saw nothing but the shadow, which no one else observed. Twice the count left the ranks to see whether the object of his interest had any concealed weapon beneath his clothes. When the procession stopped, this shadow was recognized as Morrel, who, with his coat buttoned up to his throat, his face livid, and convulsively crushing his hat between his fingers, leaned against a tree, situated on an elevation commanding the mausoleum, so that none of the funeral details could escape his observation.

Everything was conducted in the usual manner. A few men, the least impressed of all by the scene, pronounced a discourse, some deploring this premature death, others expatiating on the grief of the father, and one very ingenious person quoting the fact that Valentine had solicited pardon of her father for criminals on whom the arm of justice was ready to fall—

'Better still, since it will afford me the pleasure of seeing you.' They shook hands.

'By the way,' said M. de Boville, 'are you not going to the funeral of poor Mademoiselle de Villefort, which I met on my road here?'

'No,' said the banker; 'I have appeared rather ridiculous since that affair of Benedetto, so I remain in the background.'

'Bah, you are wrong. How were you to blame in that affair?'

'Listen—when one bears an irreproachable name, as I do, one is rather sensitive.'

'Everybody pities you, sir; and, above all, Mademoiselle Danglars!'

'Poor Eugénie!' said Danglars; 'do you know she is going to embrace a religious life?'

'No.'

'Alas, it is unhappily but too true. The day after the event, she decided on leaving Paris with a nun of her acquaintance; they are gone to seek a very strict convent in Italy or Spain.'

'Oh, it is terrible!' and M. de Boville retired with this exclamation, after expressing acute sympathy with the father. But he had scarcely left before Danglars, with an energy of action those can alone understand who have seen Robert Macaire represented by Frédérick,[1] exclaimed:

'Fool!'

Then enclosing Monte Cristo's receipt in a little pocket-book, he added:—'Yes, come at twelve o'clock; I shall then be far away.'

Then he double-locked his door, emptied all his drawers, collected about fifty thousand francs in bank-notes, burned several papers, left others exposed to view, and then commenced writing a letter which he addressed:

'To Madame la Baronne Danglars.'

'I will place it on her table myself tonight,' he murmured. Then taking a passport from his drawer he said,—'Good, it is available for two months longer.'

[1] Frédérick Lemaître—French actor (1800-1876). Robert Macaire is the hero of two favourite melodramas—'Chien de Montargis' and 'Chien d'Aubry'—and the name is applied to bold criminals as a term of derision.

'Because they would not spend money so guiltily acquired.'

'And what are they to live upon?'

'The mother retires into the country, and the son enters the army.'

'Well, I must confess, these are scruples.'

'I registered their deed of gift yesterday.'

'And how much did they possess?'

'Oh, not much—from twelve to thirteen hundred thousand francs. But to return to our millions.'

'Certainly,' said Danglars, in the most natural tone in the world. 'Are you then pressed for this money?'

'Yes; for the examination of our cash takes place tomorrow.'

'Tomorrow? Why did you not tell me so before? Why, it is as good as a century! At what hour does the examination take place?'

'At two o'clock.'

'Send at twelve,' said Danglars, smiling.

M. de Boville said nothing, but nodded his head, and took up the portfolio.

'Now I think of it, you can do better,' said Danglars.

'How do you mean?'

'The receipt of M. de Monte Cristo is as good as money; take it to Rothschild's or Lafitte's, and they will take it off your hands at once.'

'What, though payable at Rome?'

'Certainly; it will only cost you a discount of 5,000 or 6,000 francs.'

The receiver started back.

'*Ma foi!*' he said, 'I prefer waiting till tomorrow. What a proposition!'

'I thought, perhaps,' said Danglars with supreme impertinence, 'that you had a deficiency to make up?'

'Indeed,' said the receiver.

'And if that were the case it would be worth while to make some sacrifice.'

'Thank you, no, sir.'

'Then it will be tomorrow.'

'Yes; but without fail.'

'Ah, you are laughing at me; send tomorrow at twelve, and the bank shall be notified.'

'I will come myself.'

until at length they exhausted their stores of metaphor and mournful speeches, elaborate variations on the stanzas of Malherbe to Du Périer.

Monte Cristo heard and saw nothing, or rather he only saw Morrel, whose calmness had a frightful effect on those who knew what was passing in his heart.

'See,' said Beauchamp, pointing out Morrel to Debray. 'What is he doing up there?' And they called Château-Renaud's attention to him.

'How pale he is!' said Château-Renaud, shuddering.

'He is cold,' said Debray.

'Not at all,' said Château-Renaud, slowly; 'I think he is violently agitated. He is very susceptible.'

'Bah,' said Debray; 'he scarcely knew Mademoiselle de Villefort; you said so yourself.'

'True. Still I remember he danced three times with her at Madame de Morcerf's. Do you recollect that ball, count, where you produced such an effect?'

'No, I do not,' replied Monte Cristo, without even knowing of what or to whom he was speaking, so much was he occupied in watching Morrel, who was holding his breath with emotion.

'The discourse is over; farewell, gentlemen,' said the count, unceremoniously.

And he disappeared without anyone seeing whither he went.

The funeral being over, the guests returned to Paris. Château-Renaud looked for a moment for Morrel; but while they were watching the departure of the count, Morrel had quitted his post, and Château-Renaud, failing in his search, joined Debray and Beauchamp.

Monte Cristo concealed himself behind a large tomb and awaited the arrival of Morrel, who by degrees approached the tomb now abandoned by spectators and workmen. Morrel threw a glance around, but before it reached the spot occupied by Monte Cristo the latter had advanced yet nearer, still unperceived. The young man knelt down. The count, with outstretched neck and glaring eyes, stood in an attitude ready to pounce upon Morrel upon the first occasion. Morrel bent his head till it touched the stone, then clutching the grating with both hands, he murmured:

'Oh, Valentine!'

The count's heart was pierced by the utterance of these two words; he stepped forward, and touching the young man's shoulder, said:

'I was looking for you, my friend.' Monte Cristo expected a burst of passion, but he was deceived, for Morrel turning round, said calmly,—

'You see I was praying.' The scrutinizing glance of the count searched the young man from head to foot. He then seemed more easy.

'Shall I drive you back to Paris?' he asked.

'No, thank you.'

'Do you wish anything?'

'Leave me to pray.'

The count withdrew without opposition, but it was only to place himself in a situation where he could watch every movement of Morrel, who at length arose, brushed the dust from his knees, and turned towards Paris, without once looking back. He walked slowly down the Rue de la Roquette. The count, dismissing his carriage, followed him about a hundred paces behind. Maximilian crossed the canal and entered the Rue Meslay by the boulevards.

Five minutes after the door had been closed on Morrel's entrance, it was again opened for the count. Julie was at the entrance of the garden, where she was attentively watching Penelon, who, entering with zeal into his profession of gardener, was very busy grafting some Bengal roses. 'Ah, count,' she exclaimed, with the delight manifested by every member of the family whenever he visited the Rue Meslay.

'Maximilian has just returned, has he not, madame?' asked the count. 'Yes, I think I saw him pass; but pray, call Emmanuel.'

'Excuse me, madame, but I must go up to Maximilian's room this instant,' replied Monte Cristo, 'I have something of the greatest importance to tell him.'

'Go, then,' she said with a charming smile, which accompanied him until he had disappeared.

Monte Cristo soon ran up the staircase conducting from the ground floor to Maximilian's room; when he reached the landing he listened attentively, but all was still. Like many old houses occupied by a single family, the room door was panelled with glass; but it was locked, Maximilian was shut in, and it was impossible to see what was passing in the room, because a red curtain was drawn before the glass. The count's

appear rather strange to the governor. Two days will be a different thing,' said Danglars, smiling.

'Come,' said Boville, with a tone of entire incredulity, 'five millions to that gentleman who just left, and who bowed to me as though he knew me?'

'Perhaps he knows you, though you do not know him; M. de Monte Cristo knows everybody.'

'Five millions!'

'Here is his receipt. Believe your own eyes.' M. de Boville took the paper Danglars presented him, and read:

'Received of Baron Danglars the sum of five million one hundred thousand francs, to be repaid on demand by the house of Thomson & French of Rome.'

'It is really true,' said M. de Boville.

'Do you know the house of Thomson & French?'

'Yes, I once had business to transact with it to the amount of 200,000 francs; but since then I have not heard it mentioned.'

'It is one of the best houses in Europe,' said Danglars, carelessly throwing down the receipt on his desk.

'And he had five millions in your hands alone! Why, this Count of Monte Cristo must be a nabob?'

'Indeed I do not know what he is; he has three unlimited credits—one on me, one on Rothschild, one on Lafitte; and, you see,' he added carelessly, 'he has given me the preference, by leaving a balance of 100,000 francs.'

M. de Boville manifested signs of extraordinary admiration.

'I must visit him,' he said, 'and obtain some pious grant from him.'

'Oh, you may make sure of him; his charities alone amount to 20,000 francs a month.'

'It is magnificent! I will set before him the example of Madame de Morcerf and her son.'

'What example?'

'They gave all their fortune to the hospitals.'

'What fortune?'

'Their own—M. de Morcerf's, who is deceased.'

'For what reason?'

'I never joke with bankers,' said Monte Cristo in a freezing manner, which repelled impertinence; and he turned to the door, just as the valet de chambre announced:

'M. de Boville, Receiver-General of the charities.'

'*Ma foi*,' said Monte Cristo; 'I think I arrived just in time to obtain your signatures, or they would have been disputed with me.'

Danglars again became pale, and hastened to conduct the count out. Monte Cristo exchanged a ceremonious bow with M. de Boville, who was standing in the waiting-room, and who was introduced into Danglars' room as soon as the count had left.

The count's serious face was illumined by a faint smile, as he noticed the portfolio which the receiver-general held in his hand. At the door he found his carriage, and was immediately driven to the bank. Meanwhile Danglars, repressing all emotion, advanced to meet the receiver-general. We need not say that a smile of condescension was stamped upon his lips.

'Good-morning, creditor,' said he; 'for I wager anything it is the creditor who visits me.'

'You are right, baron,' answered M. de Boville; 'the charities present themselves to you through me; the widows and orphans depute me to receive alms to the amount of five millions from you.'

'And yet they say orphans are to be pitied,' said Danglars, wishing to prolong the jest. 'Poor things!'

'Here I am in their name,' said M. de Boville; 'but did you receive my letter yesterday?'

'Yes.'

'I have brought my receipt.'

'My dear M. de Boville, your widows and orphans must oblige me by waiting twenty-four hours, since M. de Monte Cristo whom you just saw leaving here—you did see him, I think?'

'Yes; well?'

'Well, M. de Monte Cristo has just carried off their five millions.'

'How so?'

'The count has an unlimited credit upon me; a credit opened by Thomson & French, of Rome; he came to demand five millions at once, which I paid him with checks on the bank. My funds are deposited there, and you can understand that if I draw out ten millions on the same day it will

anxiety was manifested by a bright colour which seldom appeared on the face of that imperturbable man.

'What shall I do!' he uttered, and reflected for a moment; 'shall I ring? No, the sound of a bell, announcing a visitor, will but accelerate the resolution of one in Maximilian's situation, and then the bell would be followed by a louder noise.'

Monte Cristo trembled from head to foot and as if his determination had been taken with the rapidity of lightning, he struck one of the panes of glass with his elbow; the glass was shivered to atoms, then withdrawing the curtain he saw Morrel, who had been writing at his desk, bound from his seat at the noise of the broken window.

'I beg a thousand pardons,' said the count, 'there is nothing the matter, but I slipped down and broke one of your panes of glass with my elbow. Since it is opened, I will take advantage of it to enter your room; do not disturb yourself—do not disturb yourself!'

And passing his hand through the broken glass, the count opened the door. Morrel, evidently discomposed, came to meet Monte Cristo less with the intention of receiving him than to exclude his entry.

'*Ma foi*,' said Monte Cristo, rubbing his elbow, 'it's all your servant's fault; your stairs are so polished, it is like walking on glass.'

'Are you hurt, sir?' coldly asked Morrel.

'I believe not. But what are you about there? You were writing.'

'I?'

'Your fingers are stained with ink.'

'Ah, true, I was writing. I do sometimes, soldier though I am.'

Monte Cristo advanced into the room; Maximilian was obliged to let him pass, but he followed him.

'You were writing?' said Monte Cristo with a searching look.

'I have already had the honour of telling you I was,' said Morrel.

The count looked around him.

'Your pistols are beside your desk,' said Monte Cristo, pointing with his finger to the pistols on the table.

'I am on the point of starting on a journey,' replied Morrel disdainfully.

'My friend,' exclaimed Monte Cristo in a tone of exquisite sweetness.

'Sir?'

'My friend, my dear Maximilian, do not make a hasty resolution, I entreat you.'

'I make a hasty resolution?' said Morrel, shrugging his shoulders; 'is there anything extraordinary in a journey?'

'Maximilian,' said the count, 'let us both lay aside the mask we have assumed. You no more deceive me with that false calmness than I impose upon you with my frivolous solicitude. You can understand, can you not, that to have acted as I have done, to have broken that glass, to have intruded on the solitude of a friend—you can understand that, to have done all this, I must have been actuated by real uneasiness, or rather by a terrible conviction. Morrel, you are going to destroy yourself!'

'Indeed, count,' said Morrel, shuddering; 'what has put this into your head?'

'I tell you that you are about to destroy yourself,' continued the count, 'and here is proof of what I say;' and, approaching the desk, he removed the sheet of paper which Morrel had placed over the letter he had begun, and took the latter in his hands.

Morrel rushed forward to tear it from him, but Monte Cristo perceiving his intention, seized his wrist with his iron grasp.

'You wish to destroy yourself,' said the count; 'you have written it.'

'Well,' said Morrel, changing his expression of calmness for one of violence—'well, and if I do intend to turn this pistol against myself, who shall prevent me—who will dare prevent me? All my hopes are blighted, my heart is broken, my life a burden, everything around me is sad and mournful; earth has become distasteful to me, and human voices distract me. It is a mercy to let me die, for if I live I shall lose my reason and become mad. When, sir, I tell you all this with tears of heartfelt anguish, can you reply that I am wrong, can you prevent my putting an end to my miserable existence? Tell me, sir, could you have the courage to do so?'

'Yes, Morrel,' said Monte Cristo, with a calmness which contrasted strangely with the young man's excitement; 'yes, I would do so.'

'You?' exclaimed Morrel, with increasing anger and reproach—'you, who have deceived me with false hopes, who have cheered and soothed me with vain promises, when I might, if not have saved her, at least have seen her die in my arms! You, who pretend to understand everything, even the hidden sources of knowledge,—and who enact the part of a guardian angel

'Oh, well, then,' said Monte Cristo, 'I am not particular about these five notes, pay me in a different form; I wished, from curiosity, to take these, that I might be able to say that without any advice or preparation the house of Danglars had paid me five millions without a minute's delay; it would have been remarkable. But here are your bonds; pay me differently;' and he held the bonds towards Danglars, who seized them like a vulture extending its claws to withhold the food that is being wrested from its grasp.

Suddenly he rallied, made a violent effort to restrain himself, and then a smile gradually widened the features of his disturbed countenance. 'Certainly,' he said, 'your receipt is money.'

'Oh dear, yes; and if you were at Rome, the house of Thomson & French would make no more difficulty about paying the money on my receipt than you have just done.'

'Pardon me, count, pardon me.'

'Then I may keep this money?'

'Yes,' said Danglars, while the perspiration started from the roots of his hair. 'Yes, keep it—keep it.'

Monte Cristo replaced the notes in his pocket with that indescribable expression which seemed to say, 'Come, reflect; if you repent there is still time.'

'No,' said Danglars, 'no, decidedly no; keep my signatures. But you know none are so formal as bankers in transacting business; I intended this money for the charity fund, and I seemed to be robbing them if I did not pay them with these precise bonds. How absurd—as if one crown were not as good as another. Excuse me;' and he began to laugh loudly, but nervously.

'Certainly, I excuse you,' said Monte Cristo graciously, 'and pocket them.' And he placed the bonds in his pocket-book.

'But,' said Danglars, 'there is still a sum of one hundred thousand francs?'

'Oh, a mere nothing,' said Monte Cristo. 'The balance would come to about that sum; but keep it, and we shall be quits.'

'Count,' said Danglars, 'are you speaking seriously?'

To the Governor of the Bank

Please pay to my order, from the fund deposited by me, the sum of a million, and charge the same to my account.

Baron Danglars.

'One, two, three, four, five,' said Monte Cristo; 'five millions—why what a Crœsus you are!'

'This is how I transact business,' said Danglars.

'It is really wonderful,' said the count; 'above all, if, as I suppose, it is payable at sight.'

'It is, indeed,' said Danglars.

'It is a fine thing to have such credit; really, it is only in France these things are done. Five millions on five little scraps of paper!—it must be seen to be believed.'

'You do not doubt it?'

'No!'

'You say so with an accent—stay, you shall be convinced; take my clerk to the bank, and you will see him leave it with an order on the Treasury for the same sum.'

'No,' said Monte Cristo folding the five notes, 'most decidedly not; the thing is so curious, I will make the experiment myself. I am credited on you for six millions. I have drawn nine hundred thousand francs, you therefore still owe me five millions and a hundred thousand francs. I will take the five scraps of paper that I now hold as bonds, with your signature alone, and here is a receipt in full for the six millions between us. I had prepared it beforehand, for I am much in want of money today.'

And Monte Cristo placed the bonds in his pocket with one hand, while with the other he held out the receipt to Danglars. If a thunderbolt had fallen at the banker's feet, he could not have experienced greater terror.

'What,' he stammered, 'do you mean to keep that money? Excuse me, excuse me, but I owe this money to the charity fund,—a deposit which I promised to pay this morning.'

upon earth, and could not even find an antidote to a poison administered to a young girl! Ah, sir, indeed you would inspire me with pity, were you not hateful in my eyes.'

'Morrel— '

'Yes; you tell me to lay aside the mask, and I will do so, be satisfied! When you spoke to me at the cemetery, I answered you—my heart was softened; when you arrived here, I allowed you to enter. But since you abuse my confidence, since you have devised a new torture after I thought I had exhausted them all, then, Count of Monte Cristo my pretended benefactor—then, Count of Monte Cristo, the universal guardian, be satisfied, you shall witness the death of your friend;' and Morrel, with a maniacal laugh, again rushed towards the pistols.

'And I again repeat, you shall not commit suicide.'

'Prevent me, then!' replied Morrel, with another struggle, which, like the first, failed in releasing him from the count's iron grasp.

'I will prevent you.'

'And who are you, then, that arrogate to yourself this tyrannical right over free and rational beings?'

'Who am I?' repeated Monte Cristo. 'Listen; I am the only man in the world having the right to say to you, "Morrel, your father's son shall not die today;"' and Monte Cristo, with an expression of majesty and sublimity, advanced with arms folded toward the young man, who, involuntarily overcome by the commanding manner of this man, recoiled a step.

'Why do you mention my father?' stammered he; 'why do you mingle a recollection of him with the affairs of today?'

'Because I am he who saved your father's life when he wished to destroy himself, as you do today—because I am the man who sent the purse to your young sister, and the *Pharaon* to old Morrel—because I am the Edmond Dantès who nursed you, a child, on my knees.'

Morrel made another step back, staggering, breathless, crushed; then all his strength give way, and he fell prostrate at the feet of Monte Cristo. Then his admirable nature underwent a complete and sudden revulsion; he arose, rushed out of the room and to the stairs, exclaiming energetically, 'Julie, Julie—Emmanuel, Emmanuel!'

Monte Cristo endeavoured also to leave, but Maximilian would have died rather than relax his hold of the handle of the door, which he closed

upon the count. Julie, Emmanuel, and some of the servants, ran up in alarm on hearing the cries of Maximilian. Morrel seized their hands, and opening the door exclaimed in a voice choked with sobs:

'On your knees—on your knees—he is our benefactor—the saviour of our father! He is— '

He would have added 'Edmond Dantès,' but the count seized his arm and prevented him.

Julie threw herself into the arms of the count; Emmanuel embraced him as a guardian angel; Morrel again fell on his knees, and struck the ground with his forehead. Then the iron-hearted man felt his heart swell in his breast; a flame seemed to rush from his throat to his eyes, he bent his head and wept. For a while nothing was heard in the room but a succession of sobs, while the incense from their grateful hearts mounted to heaven. Julie had scarcely recovered from her deep emotion when she rushed out of the room, descended to the next floor, ran into the drawing-room with childlike joy and raised the crystal globe which covered the purse given by the unknown of the Allées de Meilhan. Meanwhile, Emmanuel in a broken voice said to the count:

'Oh, count, how could you, hearing us so often speak of our unknown benefactor, seeing us pay such homage of gratitude and adoration to his memory,—how could you continue so long without discovering yourself to us? Oh, it was cruel to us, and—dare I say it?—to you also.'

'Listen, my friends,' said the count—'I may call you so since we have really been friends for the last eleven years—the discovery of this secret has been occasioned by a great event which you must never know. I wished to bury it during my whole life in my own bosom, but your brother Maximilian wrested it from me by a violence he repents of now, I am sure.'

Then turning around, and seeing that Morrel, still on his knees, had thrown himself into an armchair, he added in a low voice, pressing Emmanuel's hand significantly, 'Watch over him.'

'Why so?' asked the young man, surprised.

'I cannot explain myself; but watch over him.' Emmanuel looked around the room and caught sight of the pistols; his eyes rested on the weapons, and he pointed to them. Monte Cristo bent his head. Emmanuel went towards the pistols.

'With Madame Danglars?'

'No, with a relation. But still, we have quite lost our dear Eugénie; for I doubt whether her pride will ever allow her to return to France.'

'Still, baron,' said Monte Cristo, 'family griefs, or indeed any other affliction which would crush a man whose child was his only treasure, are endurable to a millionaire. Philosophers may well say, and practical men will always support the opinion, that money mitigates many trials; and if you admit the efficacy of this sovereign balm, you ought to be very easily consoled—you, the king of finance, the focus of immeasurable power.'

Danglars looked at him askance, as though to ascertain whether he spoke seriously.

'Yes,' he answered, 'if a fortune brings consolation, I ought to be consoled; I am rich.'

'So rich, dear sir, that your fortune resembles the pyramids; if you wished to demolish them you could not, and if it were possible, you would not dare!'

Danglars smiled at the good-natured pleasantry of the count. 'That reminds me,' he said, 'that when you entered I was on the point of signing five little bonds; I have already signed two: will you allow me to do the same to the others?'

'Pray do so.'

There was a moment's silence, during which the noise of the banker's pen was alone heard, while Monte Cristo examined the gilt mouldings on the ceiling.

'Are they Spanish, Haitian, or Neapolitan bonds?' said Monte Cristo.

'No,' said Danglars, smiling, 'they are bonds on the bank of France, payable to bearer. Stay, count,' he added, 'you, who may be called the emperor, if I claim the title of king of finance, have you many pieces of paper of this size, each worth a million?'

The count took into his hands the papers, which Danglars had so proudly presented to him, and read:—