'Help!' cried Caderousse; 'I require a surgeon, not a priest; perhaps I am not mortally wounded—I may not die; perhaps they can yet save my life.'

'Your wounds are so far mortal that, without the three drops I gave you, you would now be dead. Listen, then.'

'Ah,' murmured Caderousse, 'what a strange priest you are; you drive the dying to despair, instead of consoling them.'

'Listen,' continued the abbé. 'When you had betrayed your friend, God began not to strike, but to warn you. Poverty overtook you. You had already passed half your life in coveting that which you might have honorably acquired; and already you contemplated crime under the excuse of want, when God worked a miracle in your behalf, sending you, by my hands, a fortune—brilliant, indeed, for you, who had never possessed any. But this unexpected, unhoped-for, unheard-of fortune sufficed you no longer when you once possessed it; you wished to double it, and how?—by a murder! You succeeded, and then God snatched it from you, and brought you to justice.'

'It was not I who wished to kill the Jew,' said Caderousse; 'it was La Carconte.'

'Yes,' said Monte Cristo, 'and God,—I cannot say in justice, for his justice would have slain you,—but God, in his mercy, spared your life.'

'*Pardieu!* to transport me for life, how merciful!'

'You thought it a mercy then, miserable wretch! The coward who feared death rejoiced at perpetual disgrace; for like all galley-slaves, you said, "I may escape from prison, I cannot from the grave.' And you said truly; the way was opened for you unexpectedly. An Englishman visited Toulon, who had vowed to rescue two men from infamy, and his choice fell on you and your companion. You received a second fortune, money and tranquillity were restored to you, and you, who had been condemned to a felon"s life, might live as other men. Then, wretched creature, then you tempted God a third time. "I have not enough," you said, when you had more than you before possessed, and you committed a third crime, without reason, without excuse. God is wearied; he has punished you.'

Caderousse was fast sinking. 'Give me drink,' said he: 'I thirst—I burn!' Monte Cristo gave him a glass of water. 'And yet that villain, Benedetto, will escape!'

'No one, I tell you, will escape; Benedetto will be punished.'

'Then, you, too, will be punished, for you did not do your duty as a priest—you should have prevented Benedetto from killing me.'

'I?' said the count, with a smile which petrified the dying man, 'when you had just broken your knife against the coat of mail which protected my breast! Yet perhaps if I had found you humble and penitent, I might have prevented Benedetto from killing you; but I found you proud and blood-thirsty, and I left you in the hands of God.'

'I do not believe there is a God,' howled Caderousse; 'you do not believe it; you lie—you lie!'

'Silence,' said the abbé; 'you will force the last drop of blood from your veins. What! you do not believe in God when he is striking you dead? you will not believe in him, who requires but a prayer, a word, a tear, and he will forgive? God, who might have directed the assassin's dagger so as to end your career in a moment, has given you this quarter of an hour for repentance. Reflect, then, wretched man, and repent.'

'No,' said Caderousse, 'no; I will not repent. There is no God; there is no Providence—all comes by chance.'

'There is a Providence; there is a God,' said Monte Cristo, 'of whom you are a striking proof, as you lie in utter despair, denying him, while I stand before you, rich, happy, safe and entreating that God in whom you endeavour not to believe, while in your heart you still believe in him.'

'But who are you, then?' asked Caderousse, fixing his dying eyes on the count.

'Look well at me!' said Monte Cristo, putting the light near his face.

'Well, the abbé—the Abbé Busoni.' Monte Cristo took off the wig which disfigured him, and let fall his black hair, which added so much to the beauty of his pallid features.

'Oh?' said Caderousse, thunderstruck, 'but for that black hair, I should say you were the Englishman, Lord Wilmore.'

'I am neither the Abbé Busoni nor Lord Wilmore,' said Monte Cristo; 'think again,—do you not recollect me?'

There was a magic effect in the count's words, which once more revived the exhausted powers of the miserable man.

'Yes, indeed,' said he; 'I think I have seen you and known you formerly.'

'Yes, Caderousse, you have seen me; you knew me once.'

'Who, then, are you? and why, if you knew me, do you let me die?'

'Because nothing can save you; your wounds are mortal. Had it been possible to save you, I should have considered it another proof of God's mercy, and I would again have endeavoured to restore you, I swear by my father's tomb.'

'By your father's tomb!' said Caderousse, supported by a supernatural power, and half-raising himself to see more distinctly the man who had just taken the oath which all men hold sacred; 'who, then, are you?'

The count had watched the approach of death. He knew this was the last struggle. He approached the dying man, and, leaning over him with a calm and melancholy look, he whispered, 'I am—I am— '

And his almost closed lips uttered a name so low that the count himself appeared afraid to hear it. Caderousse, who had raised himself on his knees, and stretched out his arm, tried to draw back, then clasping his hands, and raising them with a desperate effort, 'Oh, my God, my God!' said he, 'pardon me for having denied thee; thou dost exist, thou art indeed man's father in heaven, and his judge on earth. My God, my Lord, I have long despised thee! Pardon me, my God; receive me, Oh, my Lord!'

Caderousse sighed deeply, and fell back with a groan. The blood no longer flowed from his wounds. He was dead.

'*One!*' said the count mysteriously, his eyes fixed on the corpse, disfigured by so awful a death.

Ten minutes afterwards the surgeon and the procureur arrived, the one accompanied by the porter, the other by Ali, and were received by the Abbé Busoni, who was praying by the side of the corpse.

'I will say he had doubtless given you the plan of this house, in the hope the count would kill you. I will say, likewise, he had apprised the count, by a note, of your intention, and, the count being absent, I read the note and sat up to await you.'

'And he will be guillotined, will he not?' said Caderousse. 'Promise me that, and I will die with that hope.'

'I will say,' continued the count, 'that he followed and watched you the whole time, and when he saw you leave the house, ran to the angle of the wall to conceal himself.'

'Did you see all that?'

'Remember my words: "If you return home safely, I shall believe God has forgiven you, and I will forgive you also."'

'And you did not warn me!' cried Caderousse, raising himself on his elbows. 'You knew I should be killed on leaving this house, and did not warn me!'

'No; for I saw God's justice placed in the hands of Benedetto, and should have thought it sacrilege to oppose the designs of Providence.'

'God's justice! Speak not of it, reverend sir. If God were just, you know how many would be punished who now escape.'

'Patience,' said the abbé, in a tone which made the dying man shudder; 'have patience!'

Caderousse looked at him with amazement.

'Besides,' said the abbé, 'God is merciful to all, as he has been to you; he is first a father, then a judge.'

'Do you then believe in God?' said Caderousse.

'Had I been so unhappy as not to believe in him until now,' said Monte Cristo, 'I must believe on seeing you.'

Caderousse raised his clenched hands towards heaven.

'Listen,' said the abbé, extending his hand over the wounded man, as if to command him to believe; 'this is what the God in whom, on your death-bed, you refuse to believe, has done for you—he gave you health, strength, regular employment, even friends—a life, in fact, which a man might enjoy with a calm conscience. Instead of improving these gifts, rarely granted so abundantly, this has been your course—you have given yourself up to sloth and drunkenness, and in a fit of intoxication have ruined your best friend.'

'Yes; it was Benedetto.'

'The young Corsican?'

'Himself.'

'Your comrade?'

'Yes. After giving me the plan of this house, doubtless hoping I should kill the count and he thus become his heir, or that the count would kill me and I should be out of his way, he waylaid me, and has murdered me.'

'I have also sent for the procureur.'

'He will not come in time; I feel my life fast ebbing.'

'Wait a moment,' said Monte Cristo. He left the room, and returned in five minutes with a phial. The dying man's eyes were all the time riveted on the door, through which he hoped succor would arrive.

'Hasten, reverend sir, hasten! I shall faint again!' Monte Cristo approached, and dropped on his purple lips three or four drops of the contents of the phial. Caderousse drew a deep breath. 'Oh,' said he, 'that is life to me; more, more!'

'Two drops more would kill you,' replied the abbé.

'Oh, send for someone to whom I can denounce the wretch!'

'Shall I write your deposition? You can sign it.'

'Yes, yes,' said Caderousse; and his eyes glistened at the thought of this posthumous revenge. Monte Cristo wrote:

> I die, murdered by the Corsican Benedetto, my comrade in the galleys at Toulon, № 59.

'Quick, quick!' said Caderousse, 'or I shall be unable to sign it.'

Monte Cristo gave the pen to Caderousse, who collected all his strength, signed it, and fell back on his bed, saying:

'You will relate all the rest, reverend sir; you will say he calls himself Andrea Cavalcanti. He lodges at the Hôtel des Princes. Oh, I am dying!' He again fainted. The abbé made him smell the contents of the phial, and he again opened his eyes. His desire for revenge had not forsaken him.

'Ah, you will tell all I have said, will you not, reverend sir?'

'Yes, and much more.'

'What more will you say?'

Chapter LXXXIV

Beauchamp

THE daring attempt to rob the count was the topic of conversation throughout Paris for the next fortnight. The dying man had signed a deposition declaring Benedetto to be the assassin. The police had orders to make the strictest search for the murderer. Caderousse's knife, dark lantern, bunch of keys, and clothing, excepting the waistcoat, which could not be found, were deposited at the registry; the corpse was conveyed to the morgue. The count told everyone that this adventure had happened during his absence at Auteuil, and that he only knew what was related by the Abbé Busoni, who that evening, by mere chance, had requested to pass the night in his house, to examine some valuable books in his library.

Bertuccio alone turned pale whenever Benedetto's name was mentioned in his presence, but there was no reason why anyone should notice his doing so.

Villefort, being called on to prove the crime, was preparing his brief with the same ardour that he was accustomed to exercise when required to speak in criminal cases.

But three weeks had already passed, and the most diligent search had been unsuccessful; the attempted robbery and the murder of the robber by his comrade were almost forgotten in anticipation of the approaching marriage of Mademoiselle Danglars to the Count Andrea Cavalcanti. It was expected that this wedding would shortly take place, as the young man was received at the banker's as the betrothed.

Letters had been despatched to M. Cavalcanti, as the count's father, who highly approved of the union, regretted his inability to leave Parma at that time, and promised a wedding gift of a hundred and fifty thousand

livres. It was agreed that the three millions should be intrusted to Danglars to invest; some persons had warned the young man of the circumstances of his future father-in-law, who had of late sustained repeated losses; but with sublime disinterestedness and confidence the young man refused to listen, or to express a single doubt to the baron.

The baron adored Count Andrea Cavalcanti; not so Mademoiselle Eugénie Danglars. With an instinctive hatred of matrimony, she suffered Andrea's attentions in order to get rid of Morcerf; but when Andrea urged his suit, she betrayed an entire dislike to him. The baron might possibly have perceived it, but, attributing it to a caprice, feigned ignorance.

The delay demanded by Beauchamp had nearly expired. Morcerf appreciated the advice of Monte Cristo to let things die away of their own accord. No one had taken up the remark about the general, and no one had recognized in the officer who betrayed the castle of Yanina the noble count in the House of Peers.

Albert, however, felt no less insulted; the few lines which had irritated him were certainly intended as an insult. Besides, the manner in which Beauchamp had closed the conference left a bitter recollection in his heart. He cherished the thought of the duel, hoping to conceal its true cause even from his seconds. Beauchamp had not been seen since the day he visited Albert, and those of whom the latter inquired always told him he was out on a journey which would detain him some days. Where he was no one knew.

One morning Albert was awakened by his valet de chambre, who announced Beauchamp. Albert rubbed his eyes, ordered his servant to introduce him into the small smoking-room on the ground floor, dressed himself quickly, and went down.

He found Beauchamp pacing the room; on perceiving him Beauchamp stopped.

'Your arrival here, without waiting my visit at your house today, looks well, sir,' said Albert. 'Tell me, may I shake hands with you, saying, "Beauchamp, acknowledge you have injured me, and retain my friendship," or must I simply propose to you a choice of arms?'

'Albert,' said Beauchamp, with a look of sorrow which stupefied the young man, 'let us first sit down and talk.'

'Rather, sir, before we sit down, I must demand your answer.'

Chapter LXXXIII

The Hand of God

CADEROUSSE continued to call piteously, 'Help, reverend sir, help!'

'What is the matter?' asked Monte Cristo.

'Help,' cried Caderousse; 'I am murdered!'

'We are here;—take courage.'

'Ah, it's all over! You are come too late—you are come to see me die. What blows, what blood!'

He fainted. Ali and his master conveyed the wounded man into a room. Monte Cristo motioned to Ali to undress him, and he then examined his dreadful wounds.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'thy vengeance is sometimes delayed, but only that it may fall the more effectually.' Ali looked at his master for further instructions. 'Bring here immediately the king's attorney, M. de Villefort, who lives in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. As you pass the lodge, wake the porter, and send him for a surgeon.'

Ali obeyed, leaving the abbé alone with Caderousse, who had not yet revived.

When the wretched man again opened his eyes, the count looked at him with a mournful expression of pity, and his lips moved as if in prayer. 'A surgeon, reverend sir—a surgeon!' said Caderousse.

'I have sent for one,' replied the abbé.

'I know he cannot save my life, but he may strengthen me to give my evidence.'

'Against whom?'

'Against my murderer.'

'Did you recognize him?'

hair; his eyes were closed, and the mouth was distorted. The murderer, supposing him dead, let fall his head and disappeared.

Then Caderousse, feeling that he was leaving him, raised himself on his elbow, and with a dying voice cried with great effort:

'Murder! I am dying! Help, reverend sir,—help!'

This mournful appeal pierced the darkness. The door of the back-staircase opened, then the side-gate of the garden, and Ali and his master were on the spot with lights.

'Albert,' said the journalist, 'these are questions which it is difficult to answer.'

'I will facilitate it by repeating the question, "Will you, or will you not, retract?"'

'Morcerf, it is not enough to answer "yes" or "no" to questions which concern the honour, the social interest, and the life of such a man as Lieutenant-général the Count of Morcerf, peer of France.'

'What must then be done?'

'What I have done, Albert. I reasoned thus—money, time, and fatigue are nothing compared with the reputation and interests of a whole family; probabilities will not suffice, only facts will justify a deadly combat with a friend. If I strike with the sword, or discharge the contents of a pistol at man with whom, for three years, I have been on terms of intimacy, I must, at least, know why I do so; I must meet him with a heart at ease, and that quiet conscience which a man needs when his own arm must save his life.'

'Well,' said Morcerf, impatiently, 'what does all this mean?'

'It means that I have just returned from Yanina.'

'From Yanina?'

'Yes.'

'Impossible!'

'Here is my passport; examine the visa—Geneva, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Delvino, Yanina. Will you believe the government of a republic, a kingdom, and an empire?' Albert cast his eyes on the passport, then raised them in astonishment to Beauchamp.

'You have been to Yanina?' said he.

'Albert, had you been a stranger, a foreigner, a simple lord, like that Englishman who came to demand satisfaction three or four months since, and whom I killed to get rid of, I should not have taken this trouble; but I thought this mark of consideration due to you. I took a week to go, another to return, four days of quarantine, and forty-eight hours to stay there; that makes three weeks. I returned last night, and here I am.'

'What circumlocution! How long you are before you tell me what I most wish to know?'

'Because, in truth, Albert— '

'You hesitate?'

'Yes,—I fear.'

'You fear to acknowledge that your correspondent has deceived you? Oh, no self-love, Beauchamp. Acknowledge it, Beauchamp; your courage cannot be doubted.'

'Not so,' murmured the journalist; 'on the contrary— '

Albert turned frightfully pale; he endeavoured to speak, but the words died on his lips.

'My friend,' said Beauchamp, in the most affectionate tone, 'I should gladly make an apology; but, alas!— '

'But what?'

'The paragraph was correct, my friend.'

'What? That French officer— '

'Yes.'

'Fernand?'

'Yes.'

'The traitor who surrendered the castle of the man in whose service he was— '

'Pardon me, my friend, that man was your father!'

Albert advanced furiously towards Beauchamp, but the latter restrained him more by a mild look than by his extended hand.

'My friend,' said he, 'here is a proof of it.' Albert opened the paper, it was an attestation of four notable inhabitants of Yanina, proving that Colonel Fernand Mondego, in the service of Ali Tepelini, had surrendered the castle for two million crowns. The signatures were perfectly legal. Albert tottered and fell overpowered in a chair. It could no longer be doubted; the family name was fully given. After a moment's mournful silence, his heart overflowed, and he gave way to a flood of tears. Beauchamp, who had watched with sincere pity the young man's paroxysm of grief, approached him.

'Now, Albert,' said he, 'you understand me—do you not? I wished to see all, and to judge of everything for myself, hoping the explanation would be in your father's favour, and that I might do him justice. But, on the contrary, the particulars which are given prove that Fernand Mondego, raised by Ali Pasha to the rank of governor-general, is no other than Count Fernand of Morcerf; then, recollecting the honour you had done me, in admitting me to your friendship, I hastened to you.'

'As true as I am a Christian,' stammered Caderousse, 'you will make me die of fright!'

'Now begone,' said the count, pointing to the window.

Caderousse, scarcely yet relying on this promise, put his legs out of the window and stood on the ladder.

'Now go down,' said the abbé, folding his arms. Understanding he had nothing more to fear from him, Caderousse began to go down. Then the count brought the taper to the window, that it might be seen in the Champs-Élysées that a man was getting out of the window while another held a light.

'What are you doing, reverend sir? Suppose a watchman should pass?' And he blew out the light. He then descended, but it was only when he felt his foot touch the ground that he was satisfied of his safety.

Monte Cristo returned to his bedroom, and, glancing rapidly from the garden to the street, he saw first Caderousse, who after walking to the end of the garden, fixed his ladder against the wall at a different part from where he came in. The count then looking over into the street, saw the man who appeared to be waiting run in the same direction, and place himself against the angle of the wall where Caderousse would come over. Caderousse climbed the ladder slowly, and looked over the coping to see if the street was quiet. No one could be seen or heard. The clock of the Invalides struck one. Then Caderousse sat astride the coping, and drawing up his ladder passed it over the wall; then he began to descend, or rather to slide down by the two stanchions, which he did with an ease which proved how accustomed he was to the exercise. But, once started, he could not stop. In vain did he see a man start from the shadow when he was halfway down—in vain did he see an arm raised as he touched the ground.

Before he could defend himself that arm struck him so violently in the back that he let go the ladder, crying, 'Help!' A second blow struck him almost immediately in the side, and he fell, calling, 'Help, murder!' Then, as he rolled on the ground, his adversary seized him by the hair, and struck him a third blow in the chest.

This time Caderousse endeavoured to call again, but he could only utter a groan, and he shuddered as the blood flowed from his three wounds. The assassin, finding that he no longer cried out, lifted his head up by the

'Sign it!' continued the count.

'But would you ruin me?'

'If I sought your ruin, fool, I should drag you to the first guard-house; besides, when that note is delivered, in all probability you will have no more to fear. Sign it, then!'

Caderousse signed it.

'The address, "To monsieur the Baron Danglars, banker, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin."'

Caderousse wrote the address. The abbé took the note.

'Now,' said he, 'that suffices—begone!'

'Which way?'

'The way you came.'

'You wish me to get out at that window?'

'You got in very well.'

'Oh, you have some design against me, reverend sir.'

'Idiot! what design can I have?'

'Why, then, not let me out by the door?'

'What would be the advantage of waking the porter?'

'Ah, reverend sir, tell me, do you wish me dead?'

'I wish what God wills.'

'But swear that you will not strike me as I go down.'

'Cowardly fool!'

'What do you intend doing with me?'

'I ask you what can I do? I have tried to make you a happy man, and you have turned out a murderer.'

'Oh, monsieur,' said Caderousse, 'make one more attempt—try me once more!'

'I will,' said the count. 'Listen—you know if I may be relied on.'

'Yes,' said Caderousse.

'If you arrive safely at home— '

'What have I to fear, except from you?'

'If you reach your home safely, leave Paris, leave France, and wherever you may be, so long as you conduct yourself well, I will send you a small annuity; for, if you return home safely, then— '

'Then?' asked Caderousse, shuddering. 'Then I shall believe God has forgiven you, and I will forgive you too.'

Albert, still extended on the chair, covered his face with both hands, as if to prevent the light from reaching him.

'I hastened to you,' continued Beauchamp, 'to tell you, Albert, that in this changing age, the faults of a father cannot revert upon his children. Few have passed through this revolutionary period, in the midst of which we were born, without some stain of infamy or blood to soil the uniform of the soldier, or the gown of the magistrate. Now I have these proofs, Albert, and I am in your confidence, no human power can force me to a duel which your own conscience would reproach you with as criminal, but I come to offer you what you can no longer demand of me. Do you wish these proofs, these attestations, which I alone possess, to be destroyed? Do you wish this frightful secret to remain with us? Confided to me, it shall never escape my lips; say, Albert, my friend, do you wish it?'

Albert threw himself on Beauchamp's neck.

'Ah, noble fellow!' cried he.

'Take these,' said Beauchamp, presenting the papers to Albert.

Albert seized them with a convulsive hand, tore them in pieces, and trembling lest the least vestige should escape and one day appear to confront him, he approached the wax-light, always kept burning for cigars, and burned every fragment.

'Dear, excellent friend,' murmured Albert, still burning the papers.

'Let all be forgotten as a sorrowful dream,' said Beauchamp; 'let it vanish as the last sparks from the blackened paper, and disappear as the smoke from those silent ashes.'

'Yes, yes,' said Albert, 'and may there remain only the eternal friendship which I promised to my deliverer, which shall be transmitted to our children's children, and shall always remind me that I owe my life and the honour of my name to you,—for had this been known, oh, Beauchamp, I should have destroyed myself; or,—no, my poor mother! I could not have killed her by the same blow,—I should have fled from my country.'

'Dear Albert,' said Beauchamp. But this sudden and factitious joy soon forsook the young man, and was succeeded by a still greater grief.

'Well,' said Beauchamp, 'what still oppresses you, my friend?'

'I am broken-hearted,' said Albert. 'Listen, Beauchamp! I cannot thus, in a moment relinquish the respect, the confidence, and pride with which a father's untarnished name inspires a son. Oh, Beauchamp, Beauchamp,

how shall I now approach mine? Shall I draw back my forehead from his embrace, or withhold my hand from his? I am the most wretched of men. Ah, my mother, my poor mother!' said Albert, gazing through his tears at his mother's portrait; 'if you know this, how much must you suffer!'

'Come,' said Beauchamp, taking both his hands, 'take courage, my friend.'

'But how came that first note to be inserted in your journal? Some unknown enemy—an invisible foe—has done this.'

'The more must you fortify yourself, Albert. Let no trace of emotion be visible on your countenance, bear your grief as the cloud bears within it ruin and death—a fatal secret, known only when the storm bursts. Go, my friend, reserve your strength for the moment when the crash shall come.'

'You think, then, all is not over yet?' said Albert, horror-stricken.

'I think nothing, my friend; but all things are possible. By the way— '

'What?' said Albert, seeing that Beauchamp hesitated.

'Are you going to marry Mademoiselle Danglars?'

'Why do you ask me now?'

'Because the rupture or fulfilment of this engagement is connected with the person of whom we were speaking.'

'How?' said Albert, whose brow reddened; 'you think M. Danglars— '

'I ask you only how your engagement stands? Pray put no construction on my words I do not mean they should convey, and give them no undue weight.'

'No.' said Albert, 'the engagement is broken off.'

'Well,' said Beauchamp. Then, seeing the young man was about to relapse into melancholy, 'Let us go out, Albert,' said he; 'a ride in the wood in the phaeton, or on horseback, will refresh you; we will then return to breakfast, and you shall attend to your affairs, and I to mine.'

'Willingly,' said Albert; 'but let us walk. I think a little exertion would do me good.'

The two friends walked out on the fortress. When they arrived at the Madeleine:

'Since we are out,' said Beauchamp, 'let us call on M. de Monte Cristo; he is admirably adapted to revive one's spirits, because he never interrog-

'By Heaven!' cried Caderousse, drawing from his waistcoat an open knife, and striking the count in the breast, 'you shall disclose nothing, reverend sir!'

To Caderousse's great astonishment, the knife, instead of piercing the count's breast, flew back blunted. At the same moment the count seized with his left hand the assassin's wrist, and wrung it with such strength that the knife fell from his stiffened fingers, and Caderousse uttered a cry of pain. But the count, disregarding his cry, continued to wring the bandit's wrist, until, his arm being dislocated, he fell first on his knees, then flat on the floor.

The count then placed his foot on his head, saying, 'I know not what restrains me from crushing thy skull, rascal.'

'Ah, mercy—mercy!' cried Caderousse.

The count withdrew his foot. 'Rise!' said he. Caderousse rose.

'What a wrist you have, reverend sir!' said Caderousse, stroking his arm, all bruised by the fleshy pincers which had held it; 'what a wrist!'

'Silence! God gives me strength to overcome a wild beast like you; in the name of that God I act,—remember that, wretch,—and to spare thee at this moment is still serving him.'

'Oh!' said Caderousse, groaning with pain.

'Take this pen and paper, and write what I dictate.'

'I don't know how to write, reverend sir.'

'You lie! Take this pen, and write!'

Caderousse, awed by the superior power of the abbé, sat down and wrote:

> Sir,
>
> The man whom you are receiving at your house, and to whom you intend to marry your daughter, is a felon who escaped with me from confinement at Toulon. He was № 59, and I № 58. He was called Benedetto, but he is ignorant of his real name, having never known his parents.