'I thank you, gentlemen,' said he, 'for having complied with my request; I feel extremely grateful for this mark of friendship.' Morrel had stepped back as Morcerf approached, and remained at a short distance. 'And to you also, M. Morrel, my thanks are due. Come, there cannot be too many.'

'Sir,' said Maximilian, 'you are not perhaps aware that I am M. de Monte Cristo's friend?'

'I was not sure, but I thought it might be so. So much the better; the more honourable men there are here the better I shall be satisfied.'

'M. Morrel,' said Château-Renaud, 'will you apprise the Count of Monte Cristo that M. de Morcerf is arrived, and we are at his disposal?'

Morrel was preparing to fulfil his commission. Beauchamp had meanwhile drawn the box of pistols from the carriage.

'Stop, gentlemen,' said Albert; 'I have two words to say to the Count of Monte Cristo.'

'In private?' asked Morrel.

'No, sir; before all who are here.'

Albert's witnesses looked at each other. Franz and Debray exchanged some words in a whisper, and Morrel, rejoiced at this unexpected incident, went to fetch the count, who was walking in a retired path with Emmanuel.

'What does he want with me?' said Monte Cristo.

'I do not know, but he wishes to speak to you.'

'Ah?' said Monte Cristo, 'I trust he is not going to tempt me by some fresh insult!'

'I do not think that such is his intention,' said Morrel.

The count advanced, accompanied by Maximilian and Emmanuel. His calm and serene look formed a singular contrast to Albert's grief-stricken face, who approached also, followed by the other four young men.

When at three paces distant from each other, Albert and the count stopped.

'Approach, gentlemen,' said Albert; 'I wish you not to lose one word of what I am about to have the honour of saying to the Count of Monte Cristo, for it must be repeated by you to all who will listen to it, strange as it may appear to you.'

'Proceed, sir,' said the count.

'Sir,' said Albert, at first with a tremulous voice, but which gradually became firmer, 'I reproached you with exposing the conduct of M. de Morcerf in

Epirus, for guilty as I knew he was, I thought you had no right to punish him; but I have since learned that you had that right. It is not Fernand Mondego's treachery towards Ali Pasha which induces me so readily to excuse you, but the treachery of the fisherman Fernand towards you, and the almost unheard-of miseries which were its consequences; and I say, and proclaim it publicly, that you were justified in revenging yourself on my father, and I, his son, thank you for not using greater severity.'

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of the spectators of this unexpected scene, it would not have surprised them more than did Albert's declaration. As for Monte Cristo, his eyes slowly rose towards heaven with an expression of infinite gratitude. He could not understand how Albert's fiery nature, of which he had seen so much among the Roman bandits, had suddenly stooped to this humiliation. He recognized the influence of Mercédès, and saw why her noble heart had not opposed the sacrifice she knew beforehand would be useless.

'Now, sir,' said Albert, 'if you think my apology sufficient, pray give me your hand. Next to the merit of infallibility which you appear to possess, I rank that of candidly acknowledging a fault. But this confession concerns me only. I acted well as a man, but you have acted better than man. An angel alone could have saved one of us from death—that angel came from heaven, if not to make us friends (which, alas, fatality renders impossible), at least to make us esteem each other.'

Monte Cristo, with moistened eye, heaving breast, and lips half open, extended to Albert a hand which the latter pressed with a sentiment resembling respectful fear.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'M. de Monte Cristo receives my apology. I had acted hastily towards him. Hasty actions are generally bad ones. Now my fault is repaired. I hope the world will not call me cowardly for acting as my conscience dictated. But if anyone should entertain a false opinion of me,' added he, drawing himself up as if he would challenge both friends and enemies, 'I shall endeavour to correct his mistake.'

'What happened during the night?' asked Beauchamp of Château-Renaud; 'we appear to make a very sorry figure here.'

'In truth, what Albert has just done is either very despicable or very noble,' replied the baron.

'What can it mean?' said Debray to Franz.

'The Count of Monte Cristo acts dishonorably to M. de Morcerf, and is justified by his son! Had I ten Yaninas in my family, I should only consider myself the more bound to fight ten times.'

As for Monte Cristo, his head was bent down, his arms were powerless. Bowing under the weight of twenty-four years' reminiscences, he thought not of Albert, of Beauchamp, of Château-Renaud, or of any of that group; but he thought of that courageous woman who had come to plead for her son's life, to whom he had offered his, and who had now saved it by the revelation of a dreadful family secret, capable of destroying forever in that young man's heart every feeling of filial piety.

'Providence still,' murmured he; 'now only am I fully convinced of being the emissary of God!'

thinking to want them on a similar occasion. They are quite new, and have not yet been used. Will you examine them.'

'Oh, M. Beauchamp, if you assure me that M. de Morcerf does not know these pistols, you may readily believe that your word will be quite sufficient.'

'Gentlemen,' said Château-Renaud, 'it is not Morcerf coming in that carriage;—faith, it is Franz and Debray!'

The two young men he announced were indeed approaching. 'What chance brings you here, gentlemen?' said Château-Renaud, shaking hands with each of them.

'Because,' said Debray, 'Albert sent this morning to request us to come.' Beauchamp and Château-Renaud exchanged looks of astonishment. 'I think I understand his reason,' said Morrel.

'What is it?'

'Yesterday afternoon I received a letter from M. de Morcerf, begging me to attend the Opera.'

'And I,' said Debray.

'And I also,' said Franz.

'And we, too,' added Beauchamp and Château-Renaud.

'Having wished you all to witness the challenge, he now wishes you to be present at the combat.'

'Exactly so,' said the young men; 'you have probably guessed right.'

'But, after all these arrangements, he does not come himself,' said Château-Renaud. 'Albert is ten minutes after time.'

'There he comes,' said Beauchamp, 'on horseback, at full gallop, followed by a servant.'

'How imprudent,' said Château-Renaud, 'to come on horseback to fight a duel with pistols, after all the instructions I had given him.'

'And besides,' said Beauchamp, 'with a collar above his cravat, an open coat and white waistcoat! Why has he not painted a spot upon his heart?—it would have been more simple.'

Meanwhile Albert had arrived within ten paces of the group formed by the five young men. He jumped from his horse, threw the bridle on his servant's arms, and joined them. He was pale, and his eyes were red and swollen; it was evident that he had not slept. A shade of melancholy gravity overspread his countenance, which was not natural to him.

'I love a young girl, count.'

'Do you love her much?'

'More than my life.'

'Another hope defeated!' said the count. Then, with a sigh, 'Poor Haydée!' murmured he.

'To tell the truth, count, if I knew less of you, I should think that you were less brave than you are.'

'Because I sigh when thinking of someone I am leaving? Come, Morrel, it is not like a soldier to be so bad a judge of courage. Do I regret life? What is it to me, who have passed twenty years between life and death? Moreover, do not alarm yourself, Morrel; this weakness, if it is such, is betrayed to you alone. I know the world is a drawing-room, from which we must retire politely and honestly; that is, with a bow, and our debts of honour paid.'

'That is to the purpose. Have you brought your arms?'

'I?—what for? I hope these gentlemen have theirs.'

'I will inquire,' said Morrel.

'Do; but make no treaty—you understand me?'

'You need not fear.' Morrel advanced towards Beauchamp and Château-Renaud, who, seeing his intention, came to meet him. The three young men bowed to each other courteously, if not affably.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said Morrel, 'but I do not see M. de Morcerf.'

'He sent us word this morning,' replied Château-Renaud, 'that he would meet us on the ground.'

'Ah,' said Morrel. Beauchamp pulled out his watch.

'It is only five minutes past eight,' said he to Morrel; 'there is not much time lost yet.'

'Oh, I made no allusion of that kind,' replied Morrel.

'There is a carriage coming,' said Château-Renaud. It advanced rapidly along one of the avenues leading towards the open space where they were assembled.

'You are doubtless provided with pistols, gentlemen? M. de Monte Cristo yields his right of using his.'

'We had anticipated this kindness on the part of the count,' said Beauchamp, 'and I have brought some weapons which I bought eight or ten days since,

Chapter XCI

Mother and Son

The Count of Monte Cristo bowed to the five young men with a melancholy and dignified smile, and got into his carriage with Maximilian and Emmanuel. Albert, Beauchamp, and Château-Renaud remained alone. Albert looked at his two friends, not timidly, but in a way that appeared to ask their opinion of what he had just done.

'Indeed, my dear friend,' said Beauchamp first, who had either the most feeling or the least dissimulation, 'allow me to congratulate you; this is a very unhoped-for conclusion of a very disagreeable affair.'

Albert remained silent and wrapped in thought. Château-Renaud contented himself with tapping his boot with his flexible cane.

'Are we not going?' said he, after this embarrassing silence.

'When you please,' replied Beauchamp; 'allow me only to compliment M. de Morcerf, who has given proof today of rare chivalric generosity.'

'Oh, yes,' said Château-Renaud.

'It is magnificent,' continued Beauchamp, 'to be able to exercise so much self-control!'

'Assuredly; as for me, I should have been incapable of it,' said Château-Renaud, with most significant coolness.

'Gentlemen,' interrupted Albert, 'I think you did not understand that something very serious had passed between M. de Monte Cristo and myself.'

'Possibly, possibly,' said Beauchamp immediately; 'but every simpleton would not be able to understand your heroism, and sooner or later you will find yourself compelled to explain it to them more energetically than would be convenient to your bodily health and the duration of your life. May I give

you a friendly counsel? Set out for Naples, the Hague, or St. Petersburg—calm countries, where the point of honour is better understood than among our hot-headed Parisians. Seek quietude and oblivion, so that you may return peaceably to France after a few years. Am I not right, M. de Château-Renaud?'

'That is quite my opinion,' said the gentleman; 'nothing induces serious duels so much as a duel forsworn.'

'Thank you, gentlemen,' replied Albert, with a smile of indifference; 'I shall follow your advice—not because you give it, but because I had before intended to quit France. I thank you equally for the service you have rendered me in being my seconds. It is deeply engraved on my heart, and, after what you have just said, I remember that only.'

Château-Renaud and Beauchamp looked at each other; the impression was the same on both of them, and the tone in which Morcerf had just expressed his thanks was so determined that the position would have become embarrassing for all if the conversation had continued.

'Good-bye, Albert,' said Beauchamp suddenly, carelessly extending his hand to the young man. The latter did not appear to arouse from his lethargy; in fact, he did not notice the offered hand.

'Good-bye,' said Château-Renaud in his turn, keeping his little cane in his left hand, and saluting with his right.

Albert's lips scarcely whispered 'Good-bye,' but his look was more explicit; it expressed a whole poem of restrained anger, proud disdain, and generous indignation. He preserved his melancholy and motionless position for some time after his two friends had regained their carriage; then suddenly unfastening his horse from the little tree to which his servant had tied it, he mounted and galloped off in the direction of Paris.

In a quarter of an hour he was entering the house in the Rue du Helder. As he alighted, he thought he saw his father's pale face behind the curtain of the count's bedroom. Albert turned away his head with a sigh, and went to his own apartments. He cast one lingering look on all the luxuries which had rendered life so easy and so happy since his infancy; he looked at the pictures, whose faces seemed to smile, and the landscapes, which appeared painted in brighter colours. Then he took away his mother's portrait, with its oaken frame, leaving the gilt frame from which he took it black and empty. Then he arranged all his beautiful Turkish arms, his fine English guns, his Japanese

'Break his arm—wound him—but do not kill him.'

'I will tell you, Morrel,' said the count, 'that I do not need entreating to spare the life of M. de Morcerf; he shall be so well spared, that he will return quietly with his two friends, while I— '

'And you?'

'That will be another thing; I shall be brought home.'

'No, no,' cried Maximilian, quite unable to restrain his feelings.

'As I told you, my dear Morrel, M. de Morcerf will kill me.'

Morrel looked at him in utter amazement. 'But what has happened, then, since last evening, count?'

'The same thing that happened to Brutus the night before the battle of Philippi; I have seen a ghost.'

'And that ghost— '

'Told me, Morrel, that I had lived long enough.'

Maximilian and Emmanuel looked at each other. Monte Cristo drew out his watch. 'Let us go,' said he; 'it is five minutes past seven, and the appointment was for eight o'clock.'

A carriage was in readiness at the door. Monte Cristo stepped into it with his two friends. He had stopped a moment in the passage to listen at a door, and Maximilian and Emmanuel, who had considerately passed forward a few steps, thought they heard him answer by a sigh to a sob from within. As the clock struck eight they drove up to the place of meeting.

'We are first,' said Morrel, looking out of the window.

'Excuse me, sir,' said Baptistin, who had followed his master with indescribable terror, 'but I think I see a carriage down there under the trees.'

Monte Cristo sprang lightly from the carriage, and offered his hand to assist Emmanuel and Maximilian. The latter retained the count's hand between his.

'I like,' said he, 'to feel a hand like this, when its owner relies on the goodness of his cause.'

'It seems to me,' said Emmanuel, 'that I see two young men down there, who are evidently, waiting.'

Monte Cristo drew Morrel a step or two behind his brother-in-law.

'Maximilian,' said he, 'are your affections disengaged?' Morrel looked at Monte Cristo with astonishment. 'I do not seek your confidence, my dear friend. I only ask you a simple question; answer it;—that is all I require.'

'Well, I hoped to get an exchange of arms,—to substitute the sword for the pistol; the pistol is blind.'

'Have you succeeded?' asked Monte Cristo quickly, with an imperceptible gleam of hope.

'No; for your skill with the sword is so well known.'

'Ah?—who has betrayed me?'

'The skilful swordsman whom you have conquered.'

'And you failed?'

'They positively refused.'

'Morrel,' said the count, 'have you ever seen me fire a pistol?'

'Never.'

'Well, we have time; look.' Monte Cristo took the pistols he held in his hand when Mercédès entered, and fixing an ace of clubs against the iron plate, with four shots he successively shot off the four sides of the club. At each shot Morrel turned pale. He examined the bullets with which Monte Cristo performed this dexterous feat, and saw that they were no larger than buckshot.

'It is astonishing,' said he. 'Look, Emmanuel.' Then turning towards Monte Cristo, 'Count,' said he, 'in the name of all that is dear to you, I entreat you not to kill Albert!—the unhappy youth has a mother.'

'You are right,' said Monte Cristo; 'and I have none.' These words were uttered in a tone which made Morrel shudder.

'You are the offended party, count.'

'Doubtless; what does that imply?'

'That you will fire first.'

'I fire first?'

'Oh, I obtained, or rather claimed that; we had conceded enough for them to yield us that.'

'And at what distance?'

'Twenty paces.' A smile of terrible import passed over the count's lips.

'Morrel,' said he, 'do not forget what you have just seen.'

'The only chance for Albert's safety, then, will arise from your emotion.'

'I suffer from emotion?' said Monte Cristo.

'Or from your generosity, my friend; to so good a marksman as you are, I may say what would appear absurd to another.'

'What is that?'

china, his cups mounted in silver, his artistic bronzes by Feuchères or Barye; examined the cupboards, and placed the key in each; threw into a drawer of his secretaire, which he left open, all the pocket-money he had about him, and with it the thousand fancy jewels from his vases and his jewel-boxes; then he made an exact inventory of everything, and placed it in the most conspicuous part of the table, after putting aside the books and papers which had collected there.

At the beginning of this work, his servant, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, came to his room.

'What do you want?' asked he, with a more sorrowful than angry tone.

'Pardon me, sir,' replied the valet; 'you had forbidden me to disturb you, but the Count of Morcerf has called me.'

'Well!' said Albert.

'I did not like to go to him without first seeing you.'

'Why?'

'Because the count is doubtless aware that I accompanied you to the meeting this morning.'

'It is probable,' said Albert.

'And since he has sent for me, it is doubtless to question me on what happened there. What must I answer?'

'The truth.'

'Then I shall say the duel did not take place?'

'You will say I apologized to the Count of Monte Cristo. Go.'

The valet bowed and retired, and Albert returned to his inventory. As he was finishing this work, the sound of horses prancing in the yard, and the wheels of a carriage shaking his window, attracted his attention. He approached the window, and saw his father get into it, and drive away. The door was scarcely closed when Albert bent his steps to his mother's room; and, no one being there to announce him, he advanced to her bedchamber, and distressed by what he saw and guessed, stopped for one moment at the door.

As if the same idea had animated these two beings, Mercédès was doing the same in her apartments that he had just done in his. Everything was in order,—laces, dresses, jewels, linen, money, all were arranged in the drawers, and the countess was carefully collecting the keys. Albert saw all these preparations

and understood them, and exclaiming, 'My mother!' he threw his arms around her neck.

The artist who could have depicted the expression of these two countenances would certainly have made of them a beautiful picture. All these proofs of an energetic resolution, which Albert did not fear on his own account, alarmed him for his mother. 'What are you doing?' asked he.

'What were you doing?' replied she.

'Oh, my mother!' exclaimed Albert, so overcome he could scarcely speak; 'it is not the same with you and me—you cannot have made the same resolution I have, for I have come to warn you that I bid adieu to your house, and—and to you.'

'I also,' replied Mercédès, 'am going, and I acknowledge I had depended on your accompanying me; have I deceived myself?'

'Mother,' said Albert with firmness. 'I cannot make you share the fate I have planned for myself. I must live henceforth without rank and fortune, and to begin this hard apprenticeship I must borrow from a friend the loaf I shall eat until I have earned one. So, my dear mother, I am going at once to ask Franz to lend me the small sum I shall require to supply my present wants.'

'You, my poor child, suffer poverty and hunger? Oh, do not say so; it will break my resolutions.'

'But not mine, mother,' replied Albert. 'I am young and strong; I believe I am courageous, and since yesterday I have learned the power of will. Alas, my dear mother, some have suffered so much, and yet live, and have raised a new fortune on the ruin of all the promises of happiness which heaven had made them—on the fragments of all the hope which God had given them! I have seen that, mother; I know that from the gulf in which their enemies have plunged them they have risen with so much vigour and glory that in their turn they have ruled their former conquerors, and have punished them. No, mother; from this moment I have done with the past, and accept nothing from it—not even a name, because you can understand that your son cannot bear the name of a man who ought to blush for it before another.'

'Albert, my child,' said Mercédès, 'if I had a stronger heart, that is the counsel I would have given you; your conscience has spoken when my voice became too weak; listen to its dictates. You had friends, Albert; break off their acquaintance. But do not despair; you have life before you, my dear Albert, for you are yet

A moment afterwards he heard a noise in the drawing-room, and went to open the door himself. Morrel was there; he had come twenty minutes before the time appointed.

'I am perhaps come too soon, count,' said he, 'but I frankly acknowledge that I have not closed my eyes all night, nor has anyone in my house. I need to see you strong in your courageous assurance, to recover myself.'

Monte Cristo could not resist this proof of affection; he not only extended his hand to the young man, but flew to him with open arms.

'Morrel,' said he, 'it is a happy day for me, to feel that I am beloved by such a man as you. Good-morning, Emmanuel; you will come with me then, Maximilian?'

'Did you doubt it?' said the young captain.

'But if I were wrong— '

'I watched you during the whole scene of that challenge yesterday; I have been thinking of your firmness all night, and I said to myself that justice must be on your side, or man's countenance is no longer to be relied on.'

'But, Morrel, Albert is your friend?'

'Simply an acquaintance, sir.'

'You met on the same day you first saw me?'

'Yes, that is true; but I should not have recollected it if you had not reminded me.'

'Thank you, Morrel.' Then ringing the bell once, 'Look.' said he to Ali, who came immediately, 'take that to my solicitor. It is my will, Morrel. When I am dead, you will go and examine it.'

'What?' said Morrel, 'you dead?'

'Yes; must I not be prepared for everything, dear friend? But what did you do yesterday after you left me?'

'I went to Tortoni's, where, as I expected, I found Beauchamp and Château-Renaud. I own I was seeking them.'

'Why, when all was arranged?'

'Listen, count; the affair is serious and unavoidable.'

'Did you doubt it!'

'No; the offence was public, and everyone is already talking of it.'

'Well?'

without the twenty millions and the legacies to my servants, may still amount to sixty millions.

He was finishing the last line when a cry behind him made him start, and the pen fell from his hand.

'Haydée,' said he, 'did you read it?'

'Oh, my lord,' said she, 'why are you writing thus at such an hour? Why are you bequeathing all your fortune to me? Are you going to leave me?'

'I am going on a journey, dear child,' said Monte Cristo, with an expression of infinite tenderness and melancholy; 'and if any misfortune should happen to me— '

The count stopped.

'Well?' asked the young girl, with an authoritative tone the count had never observed before, and which startled him.

'Well, if any misfortune happen to me,' replied Monte Cristo, 'I wish my daughter to be happy.' Haydée smiled sorrowfully, and shook her head.

'Do you think of dying, my lord?' said she.

'The wise man, my child, has said, "It is good to think of death."'

'Well, if you die,' said she, 'bequeath your fortune to others, for if you die I shall require nothing;' and, taking the paper, she tore it in four pieces, and threw it into the middle of the room. Then, the effort having exhausted her strength, she fell, not asleep this time, but fainting on the floor.

The count leaned over her and raised her in his arms; and seeing that sweet pale face, those lovely eyes closed, that beautiful form motionless and to all appearance lifeless, the idea occurred to him for the first time, that perhaps she loved him otherwise than as a daughter loves a father.

'Alas,' murmured he, with intense suffering, 'I might, then, have been happy yet.'

Then he carried Haydée to her room, resigned her to the care of her attendants, and returning to his study, which he shut quickly this time, he again copied the destroyed will. As he was finishing, the sound of a cabriolet entering the yard was heard. Monte Cristo approached the window, and saw Maximilian and Emmanuel alight. 'Good,' said he; 'it was time,'—and he sealed his will with three seals.

scarcely twenty-two years old; and as a pure heart like yours wants a spotless name, take my father's—it was Herrera. I am sure, my dear Albert, whatever may be your career, you will soon render that name illustrious. Then, my son, return to the world still more brilliant because of your former sorrows; and if I am wrong, still let me cherish these hopes, for I have no future to look forward to. For me the grave opens when I pass the threshold of this house.'

'I will fulfil all your wishes, my dear mother,' said the young man. 'Yes, I share your hopes; the anger of Heaven will not pursue us, since you are pure and I am innocent. But, since our resolution is formed, let us act promptly. M. de Morcerf went out about half an hour ago; the opportunity is favourable to avoid an explanation.'

'I am ready, my son,' said Mercédès.

Albert ran to fetch a carriage. He recollected that there was a small furnished house to let in the Rue des Saints-Pères, where his mother would find a humble but decent lodging, and thither he intended conducting the countess. As the carriage stopped at the door, and Albert was alighting, a man approached and gave him a letter.

Albert recognized the bearer. 'From the count,' said Bertuccio. Albert took the letter, opened, and read it, then looked round for Bertuccio, but he was gone.

He returned to Mercédès with tears in his eyes and heaving breast, and without uttering a word he gave her the letter. Mercédès read:

Albert,

While showing you that I have discovered your plans, I hope also to convince you of my delicacy. You are free, you leave the count's house, and you take your mother to your home; but reflect, Albert, you owe her more than your poor noble heart can pay her. Keep the struggle for yourself, bear all the suffering, but spare her the trial of poverty which must accompany your first efforts; for she deserves not even the shadow of the misfortune which has this day fallen on her, and Providence is not willing that the innocent should suffer for the guilty. I know you are going to leave the Rue du Helder without taking anything with

you. Do not seek to know how I discovered it; I know it—that is sufficient.

Now, listen, Albert. Twenty-four years ago I returned, proud and joyful, to my country. I had a betrothed, Albert, a lovely girl whom I adored, and I was bringing to my betrothed a hundred and fifty louis, painfully amassed by ceaseless toil. This money was for her; I destined it for her, and, knowing the treachery of the sea I buried our treasure in the little garden of the house my father lived in at Marseilles, on the Allées de Meilhan. Your mother, Albert, knows that poor house well. A short time since I passed through Marseilles, and went to see the old place, which revived so many painful recollections; and in the evening I took a spade and dug in the corner of the garden where I had concealed my treasure. The iron box was there—no one had touched it—under a beautiful fig-tree my father had planted the day I was born, which overshadowed the spot. Well, Albert, this money, which was formerly designed to promote the comfort and tranquillity of the woman I adored, may now, through strange and painful circumstances, be devoted to the same purpose.

Oh, feel for me, who could offer millions to that poor woman, but who return her only the piece of black bread forgotten under my poor roof since the day I was torn from her I loved. You are a generous man, Albert, but perhaps you may be blinded by pride or resentment; if you refuse me, if you ask another for what I have a right to offer you, I will say it is ungenerous of you to refuse the life of your mother at the hands of a man whose father was allowed by your father to die in all the horrors of poverty and despair.

Albert stood pale and motionless to hear what his mother would decide after she had finished reading this letter. Mercédès turned her eyes with an ineffable look towards heaven.

'I accept it,' said she; 'he has a right to pay the dowry, which I shall take with me to some convent!'

although they escape it in this world, it awaits them in another, and that they are only exchanging time for eternity.'

While he was thus agitated by gloomy uncertainties,—wretched waking dreams of grief,—the first rays of morning pierced his windows, and shone upon the pale blue paper on which he had just inscribed his justification of Providence.

It was just five o'clock in the morning when a slight noise like a stifled sigh reached his ear. He turned his head, looked around him, and saw no one; but the sound was repeated distinctly enough to convince him of its reality.

He arose, and quietly opening the door of the drawing-room, saw Haydée, who had fallen on a chair, with her arms hanging down and her beautiful head thrown back. She had been standing at the door, to prevent his going out without seeing her, until sleep, which the young cannot resist, had overpowered her frame, wearied as she was with watching. The noise of the door did not awaken her, and Monte Cristo gazed at her with affectionate regret.

'She remembered that she had a son,' said he; 'and I forgot I had a daughter.' Then, shaking his head sorrowfully, 'Poor Haydée,' said he; 'she wished to see me, to speak to me; she has feared or guessed something. Oh, I cannot go without taking leave of her; I cannot die without confiding her to someone.'

He quietly regained his seat, and wrote under the other lines:

I bequeath to Maximilian Morrel, captain of Spahis,—and son of my former patron, Pierre Morrel, shipowner at Marseilles,—the sum of twenty millions, a part of which may be offered to his sister Julie and brother-in-law Emmanuel, if he does not fear this increase of fortune may mar their happiness. These twenty millions are concealed in my grotto at Monte Cristo, of which Bertuccio knows the secret. If his heart is free, and he will marry Haydée, the daughter of Ali Pasha of Yanina, whom I have brought up with the love of a father, and who has shown the love and tenderness of a daughter for me, he will thus accomplish my last wish. This will has already constituted Haydée heiress of the rest of my fortune, consisting of lands, funds in England, Austria, and Holland, furniture in my different palaces and houses, and which