The fact that henry Armstorng was buried did not seem to hi to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of his senses compelled him to admit. His posture---flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation---the strict confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence impossible to controvert and he acce[ted it without cavil.

But dead---no; he was very very ill. He had, withal, the invalid’s apathy and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he---just a plain, commonplace person gifted, for the time being, with a pathological indifference, the organ that he feared consequences with was torpid.