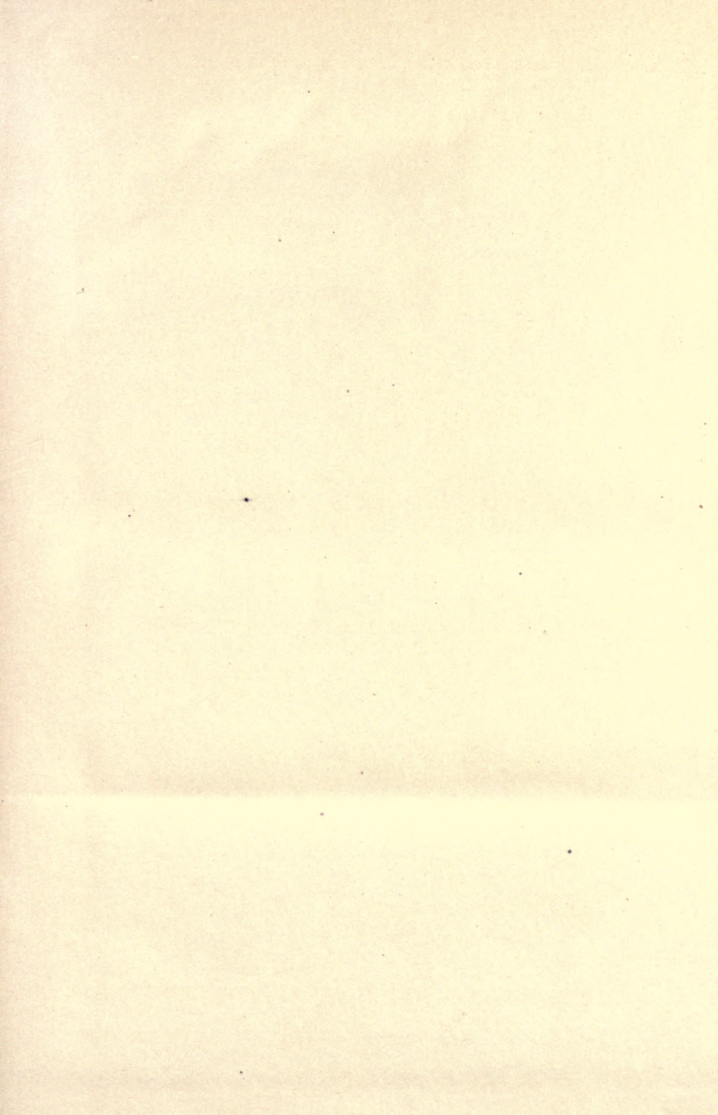


Mrs. C. L. Anderson.

THE
COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO





ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Dumas, Vol. One

THE WORKS OF
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

IN THIRTY VOLUMES



THE COUNT - OF
MONTE CRISTO

VOLUME ONE



ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS ON WOOD BY
EMINENT FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS



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CONTENTS TO VOLUME I.

| CHAPTER I. | |
|--|-------|
| | PAGE. |
| Marseilles—The Arrival. | 1 |
| CHAPTER II. | |
| Father and Son..... | 10 |
| CHAPTER III. | |
| The Catalans..... | 17 |
| CHAPTER IV. | |
| Conspiracy..... | 27 |
| CHAPTER V. | |
| The Marriage-Feast..... | 34 |
| CHAPTER VI. | |
| The Deputy Procureur Du Roi..... | 49 |
| CHAPTER VII. | |
| The Examination..... | 60 |
| CHAPTER VIII. | |
| The Château d'If..... | 70 |
| CHAPTER IX. | |
| The Evening of the Betrothal..... | 78 |
| CHAPTER X. | |
| The Small Cabinet of the Tuilleries..... | 83 |

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| CHAPTER XI. | |
| The Ogre of Corsica..... | 91 |
| CHAPTER XII. | |
| Father and Son..... | 99 |
| CHAPTER XIII. | |
| The Hundred Days..... | 106 |
| CHAPTER XIV. | |
| The Two Prisoners..... | 112 |
| CHAPTER XV. | |
| Number 34 and Number 27..... | 121 |
| CHAPTER XVI. | |
| A Learned Italian..... | 134 |
| CHAPTER XVII. | |
| The Abbé's Chamber.... | 146 |
| CHAPTER XVIII. | |
| The Treasure..... | 169 |
| CHAPTER XIX. | |
| The Third Attack..... | 181 |
| CHAPTER XX. | |
| The Cemetery of the Château d'If..... | 191 |
| CHAPTER XXI. | |
| The Isle of Tiboulén..... | 196 |
| CHAPTER XXII. | |
| The Smugglers..... | 205 |
| CHAPTER XXIII. | |
| The Isle of Monte Cristo..... | 212 |
| CHAPTER XXIV. | |
| The Secret Cave..... | 220 |

CONTENTS.

v

CHAPTER XXV.

| | PAGE. |
|------------------|-------|
| The Unknown..... | 227 |

CHAPTER XXVI.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| The Auberge of Pont Du Gard..... | 236 |
|----------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVII.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| The Recital | 252 |
|-------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVIII.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| The Prison Register..... | 266 |
|--------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIX.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| The House of Morrel & Son..... | 272 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXX.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| The Fifth of September | 284 |
|------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXI.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Italy—"Sinbad the Sailor"..... | 299 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXII.

| | |
|-----------------|-----|
| The Waking..... | 321 |
|-----------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIII.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Roman Bandits..... | 327 |
|--------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIV.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| The Colosseum..... | 355 |
|--------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXV.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| La Mazzolata..... | 384 |
|-------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVI.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| The Carnival at Rome..... | 397 |
|---------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVII.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| The Catacombs of St. Sebastian..... | 414 |
|-------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| The Rendezvous..... | 431 |
|---------------------|-----|

| CHAPTER XXXIX. | | PAGE. |
|---------------------------|--|-------|
| The Guests..... | | 439 |
| CHAPTER XL. | | |
| The Breakfast..... | | 447 |
| CHAPTER XLI. | | |
| The Presentation.... | | 469 |
| CHAPTER XLII. | | |
| Monsieur Bertuccio..... | | 482 |
| CHAPTER XLIII. | | |
| The House of Auteuil..... | | 487 |
| CHAPTER XLIV. | | |
| The Vendetta..... | | 493 |
| CHAPTER XLV. | | |
| The Rain of Blood..... | | 515 |
| CHAPTER XLVI. | | |
| Unlimited Credit..... | | 530 |
| CHAPTER XLVII. | | |
| The Dappled Grays..... | | 545 |
| CHAPTER XLVIII. | | |
| Ideology..... | | 560 |
| CHAPTER XLIX. | | |
| Haydée..... | | 572 |
| CHAPTER L. | | |
| The Morrel Family..... | | 577 |
| CHAPTER LI. | | |
| Pyramus and Thisbe..... | | 586 |
| CHAPTER LII. | | |
| Toxicology..... | | 600 |

The Count of Monte Cristo.

CHAPTER I.

MARSEILLES—THE ARRIVAL.

ON THE 28th of February, 1815, the watch tower of Notre Dame de la Garde signaled the three-master, the Pharaon, from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples.

As usual, a pilot put off immediately, and rounding the Chateau d'If, got on board the vessel between Cape Morgion and the Isle of Rion.

Immediately, and according to custom, the platform of Fort St. Jean was covered with lookers-on; it is always an event at Marseilles for a ship to come into port, especially when this ship, like the Pharaon, had been built, rigged and laden on the stocks of the old Phocée, and belonged to an owner of the city.

The ship drew on; it had safely passed the strait, which some volcanic shock had made between the Isle of Calasareigne and the Isle of Jaros; had doubled Pomègue, and approached the harbor under topsails, jib and foresail, but so slowly and sedately that the idlers, with that instinct which misfortune sends before it, asked one another what misfortune could have happened on board. However, those experienced in navigation saw plainly that if any accident had occurred it was not to the vessel herself, for she bore down with all the evidence of being skillfully handled, the anchor ready to be dropped, the bowsprit-shrouds loose, and beside the pilot, who was steering the Pharaon by the narrow entrance of the port Marseilles, was a young man, who, with activity and vigilant eye, watched every motion of the ship, and repeated each direction of the pilot.

The vague inquietude which prevailed among the spectators had so much affected one of the crowd that he did not await the arrival of the vessel in harbor, but, jumping

into a small skiff, desired to be pulled alongside the Pharaon, which he reached as she rounded the creek of La Réserve.

When the young man on board saw this individual approach he left his station by the pilot, and came, hat in hand, to the side of the ship's bulwarks.

He was a fine, tall, slim young fellow, with black eyes and hair as dark as the raven's wing; and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.

"Ah! is it you, Dantès?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? and why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel!" replied the young man; "a great misfortune, for me especially! Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Capt. Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner, eagerly.

"Is all safe, M. Morrel; and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Capt. Leclere——"

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of considerable resignation. "What happened to the worthy captain?"

"He died."

"Fell into the sea?"

"No, sir, he died of brain fever in dreadful agony." Then, turning to the crew, he said: "Look out there! all ready to drop anchor!"

All hands obeyed. At the same moment the eight or ten seamen who composed the crew, sprang some to the main-sheets, others to the braces, others to the halyards, others to the jib-ropes, and others to the topsail brails. The young sailor gave a look to see his orders were promptly and accurately obeyed, and then turned again to the owner.

"And how did this misfortune occur?" inquired he, resuming the inquiry suspended for a moment.

"Alas! sir, in the most unexpected manner. After a long conversation with the harbor master, Capt. Leclere left Naples greatly disturbed in his mind. At the end of twenty-four hours he was attacked by a fever, and died three days afterward. We performed the usual burial service, and he is at his rest, sewn up in his hammock with two bullets of thirty-six pounds each at his head and heels,

off the island of El Giglio. We bring to his widow his sword and cross of honor. It was worth while, truly," added the young man, with a melancholy smile, "to make war against the English for ten years, and to die in his bed at last, like everybody else."

"Why, you see, Edmond," replied the owner, who appeared more comforted at every moment, "we are all mortal, and the old must make way for the young. If not, why, there would be no promotion; and as you have assured me that the cargo——"

"Is all safe and sound, M. Morrel, take my word for it; and I advise you not to take 1,000*l.* for the profits of the voyage."

Then, as they were just passing the Round Tower, the young man shouted out: "Ready, there, to lower topsails, foresails and jib!"

The order was executed as promptly as if on board a man-of-war.

"Let go! and brail all!" At this last word all the sails were lowered and the bark moved almost imperceptibly onward.

"Now, if you will come on board, M. Morrel," said Dantès, observing the owner's impatience, "here is your supercargo, M. Danglars, coming out of his cabin, who will furnish you with every particular. As for me, I must look after the anchoring, and dress the ship in mourning."

The owner did not wait to be twice invited. He seized a rope which Dantès flung to him, and, with an activity that would have done credit to a sailor, climbed up the side of the ship, while the young man, going to his task, left the conversation to the individual whom he had announced under the name of Danglars, who now came toward the owner. He was a man of 25 or 26 years of age, of unprepossessing countenance, obsequious to his superiors, insolent to his inferiors; and then, besides his position as responsible agent on board, which is always obnoxious to the sailors, he was as much disliked by the crew as Edmond Dantès was beloved by them.

"Well, M. Morrel," said Danglars, "you have heard of the misfortune that has befallen us?"

"Yes—yes! poor Capt. Leclere! He was a brave and an honest man!"

"And a first-rate seaman, grown old between sky and

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