

### WHO LL BUY?

My neighbor wears a coat on dress:—  
She comes with marigold and cress  
All dripping, cooled together.  
The wicker basket in her hand  
Is bright with water and with sand,  
This happy, happy weather!  
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?  
—They grew beneath an April stream,  
Beneath an April sky!

Age's I meet her, flushed and brown,  
With braided and bonnet slipping down:  
She looks upon me eagerly.  
She knows the grassy upland farm  
Where berries ripen high and warm,  
And reddens deeper daily!  
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?  
—She found them in the summer fields,  
Beneath a summer sky.

To-day she enters at my gate:  
She steps inside the sill to wait;  
And so once more I find her.  
Alack! the whirling leaves are brown—  
And he who shook the chestnuts down  
Is standing there behind her!  
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?  
—They found them in the autumn woods,  
Beneath a frosty sky!

—Dora Read Gooale.

## Mathias Sandorf.

—BY—

### JULES VERNE.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE TRIAL.

Istria, which became part of Austria-Hungary in accordance with the treaty of 1815, is a triangular peninsula of which the isthmus forms the base. This peninsula extends from the Gulf of Trieste to the Gulf of Quarnero; and along the coast line are several harbors. Among others, almost at the extreme southern point, is Pola, which the Government was then forming into a dockyard and arsenal of the first rank.

The province more especially on its western coast, is still Italian, and even Venetian in its customs and language. The Slav element, still struggles with the Italian element, and the German element has some difficulty in maintaining its influence.

There are several important towns on the coast and in the interior. Among these are Capo d'Istria and Pirano, whose population is almost entirely employed in the salt works at the mouths of the Risano and Corna-Lunga; Parenzo, the headquarters of the Istrian Diet and the residence of the Bishop; Rivigno, rich in its olive trees, and Pola, where tourists find interest in the superb monuments of Roman origin, and which is destined to become the most important military port in the Adriatic.

But neither of these towns have the right to call itself the capital of Istria. The place that bears that title is Pisino, situated almost in the centre of the triangle, and thither, unknown to them, the prisoners were about to be taken after their secret arrest.

At the door of Zathmar's house a post-chaise was waiting. The four prisoners entered it, and two of the Austrian police, who were put in charge during the journey, took their places beside them. They were thus prevented from exchanging a word which might in any way compromise them or lead to a mutual understanding before their appearance in the dock.

An escort of twelve mounted gendarmes, commanded by a lieutenant, took up their positions in front, behind and at the doors of the carriage, and ten minutes afterwards they were out of the town. Borik was taken direct to the prison at Trieste, and there put into solitary confinement.

Where were the prisoners going? In what fortress of the Austrian Government were they to be lodged, since the castle at Trieste was not to receive them? Count Sandorf and his friends would have been glad to know, but they tried to discover in vain.

The night was dark. By the light of the carriage lamps only the first rank of the mounted escort could be seen. The pace was rapid. Sandorf, Bathory and Zathmar remained motionless and silent in their corners. Sarcany did not seek to break the silence, either to protest against his arrest or to ask why the arrest had been made.

After leaving Trieste the post-chaise made a bend which took it obliquely towards the coast. Count Sandorf, amid the noise of the trotting horses and the jingling sabres could hear the distant murmur of the surf on the rocks along the shore. For a moment a few lights shone out in the night, and almost immediately disappeared. This was the small town of Muggia, which the post-chaise had just passed without halting. Then Sandorf noticed that the road lay into the interior.

At eleven o'clock the chase stopped to change horses. It was only at a farm, where the horses were waiting ready to be harnessed. It was not a post-station.

The escort resumed its journey. The carriage passed along a road among the vineyards where the vines interlaced themselves in festoons to the branches of the mulberry trees. The road was flat and the carriage made rapid progress. The darkness now grew more profound, for heavy clouds, brought up by a violent breeze from the southeast, covered the sky; and although the windows were let down from time to time to admit a little fresh air—for the nights are warm in Istria—it was impossible to distinguish anything even close at hand. Although Sandorf and his friends noted every incident on the road, the direction of the wind and the

time elapsed since their departure, they could not discover the direction in which the carriage was traveling. The object was doubtless to keep it as secret as possible, so that their place of confinement should not be known to the public.

About two o'clock in the morning they again changed horses. As at the first change, the halt did not last five minutes.

Count Sandorf thought he could make out in the gloom a few houses at the end of a road, as though on the extreme outskirts of a town.

This was Buje, the chief place of a district situated about twenty miles south of Muggia.

As soon as the horses were put to the carriage lieutenant spoke a few words to the postillion in a low tone, and the chaise set off at a gallop.

At half-past three o'clock the day began to dawn. An hour later the position of the rising sun would have shown them the direction in which they were going, but the police shut down the shutters, and the interior of the carriage was plunged into complete darkness.

Neither Count Sandorf nor his friends made the least observation. It would not have been replied to; that was certain. The best thing to do was to submit and wait.

An hour or two afterwards—it was difficult to reckon how the time went—the post-chaise stopped for the last time, and the change of horses was very quickly performed at Visnada.

As they left here all that could be noticed was that the road had become very hard. The shouts of the postillion, the cracking of his whip, incessantly urged the horses forward, and the shoes rattled on the hard, stony ground of a mountainous region. A few hills with little clumps of grayish trees could be made out on the horizon. Two or three times the prisoners heard the sounds of a flute. They came from the young shepherds who were playing their curious tunes as they gathered together their flocks of black goats, but this afforded no sufficient indication of the country the prisoners were passing through. That had to be found out without seeing it.

About nine o'clock the chaise went off in quite a different direction. Unless they were mistaken they were descending rapidly after having reached the highest point of their journey. The speed was much increased, and occasionally the wheels had to be skidded.

In fact, after leading through the hilly country commanded by Mont Majeur, the road drops down obliquely as it approaches Pisino. Although the town is very much above sea level it seems to be in a deep valley to judge from the neighboring hills. Some distance before it is reached the campanile above the houses picturesquely grouped on the hillside becomes visible.

Pisino is the chief place of the district, and contains about 24,000 inhabitants. It is situated almost in the centre of the peninsula, and particularly at fair time a large business is done among the mixed population of Morlagues, Slavians of different tribes, and even Teiganes, who flourish there.

The capital of Istria is an old city, and has retained its feudal character. This strikingly appears in the ancient castle, which towers above several more modern military establishments where the administration of the government is carried on.

It was in the courtyard of this castle that the post-chaise stopped on the 9th of June, about ten o'clock in the morning, after a journey of fifteen hours. Count Sandorf, his two companions and Sarcany left the vehicle, and a few minutes afterwards were shown into separate vaulted cells.

Although they had had no communication with each other, and had not been able to exchange ideas in any way, yet Sandorf, Zathmar and Bathory were all engaged in pondering over the same subject. How had the secret of the plot been discovered? Had the police come on the track by chance? There had recently been no correspondence between Trieste and the Hungarian and Transylvanian towns. Was there a traitor in the camp? But who could be the traitor? Confidence had been placed in none. There were no papers to fall into a spy's hands. All the documents had been destroyed. Had they rummaged the most secret corners of the Acquedotto they would not have found a single suspicious note! And that is what had happened. The police had discovered nothing—except the grating, which Zathmar had not destroyed because he wanted it for further use. But unhappily the grating was serious evidence, for it was impossible to explain its use except as a means of ciphered correspondence.

In fact, everything rested on the copy of the message that Sarcany, with Toronthal's connivance, had handed over to the Governor of Trieste after having made out its real meaning. But, unfortunately, that was quite enough to make good the accusation of conspiring against the state; and it has been decided to bring Count Sandorf and his friends before a special tribunal, a military tribunal, which would proceed in military fashion.

Sarcany's game was a deep one, and he played it with the coolness and deliberation that distinguished him. He had allowed himself to be arrested, to be convicted, if need be, on the understanding that he should receive a pardon; and in this way he hoped to disarm suspicion.

Sandorf was completely deceived by him—and who would not have been?—and resolved to do his utmost to clear him of the charge. It would not be difficult, he thought, to show that Sarcany had taken no part in the conspiracy, that he was merely an accountant only recently introduced into Zathmar's house to arrange certain private matters which in no way had reference to the plot. If needful, he could call Silas Toronthal to testify to the young man's innocence. There could be no doubt, therefore, that Sarcany would be found innocent of having been either a principal or accessory, in the event of the prosecution being persisted in.

The Austrian Government knew nothing of the conspiracy beyond what they heard at Trieste. The conspirators of Hungary and Transylvania remained absolutely unknown. There was no trace in existence of their complicity in the plot. Sandorf, Bathory and Zathmar need have felt no anxiety on this head. As far as they were concerned they had made up their minds to deny everything until some material evidence was produced. In that case they knew that their lives were forfeited. Others would one day take up the movement that had now proved abortive. The cause of independence would find new leaders. If they were convicted they would avow what had been their hopes. They would show the object at which they had aimed, and which one day or the other would be attained.

It was not without some reason that Count Sandorf and his two friends thought that the action of the police had been restricted in the matter. At Buja, at Pesti, at Klansenburg, in all the towns in which the rising was to take place at the signal from Trieste inquiries had been made in vain. That was why the Government had arrested the chiefs so secretly at Trieste. They had sent them to Pisino, and desired that nothing should be known of the matter, in the hope that something would happen to betray the senders of the cipher message. The hope was not realized. The expected signal was not given. The movement was stopped for a time at least. The Government had to content itself with trying Sandorf and his companions for high treason.

The inquiries took several days; and it was not till the 20th of June that the proceedings began with the examination of the accused. They were not even confronted with each other, and were only to meet before their judges.

The chiefs of the Trieste conspiracy were, as we have said, to be tried before a court martial. The proceedings before such a court never take long, the trial is conducted very quickly, and there is no delay in the execution of the sentence.

It was so in this matter. On the 25th of June the court martial met in one of the lower rooms of the fortress of Pisino, and the accused were brought before it. The proceedings did not take very long, and nothing startling was discovered.

The court opened at nine o'clock in the morning. Count Sandorf, Count Zathmar and Professor Bathory, on the one side, and Sarcany on the other, saw each other for the first time since their imprisonment. The clasp of the hand which Sandorf and his friend interchanged as they met, gave yet another proof of their unanimity. A sign from Zathmar, and Bathory gave Sandorf to understand that they left him to speak for them. Neither would undertake the defence. All Sandorf had done up till then had been well done. All that he thought fit to say to the judges would be well said. The hearing was a public one. But few persons were present, for the affair had not yet transpired; and the spectators, some twenty in number, belonged to the staff of the castle.

The identity of the accused was first proved. Then, immediately afterwards, Sandorf asked the president the name of the place which he and his companions had been brought for trial, but no reply was given to the question.

The identity of Sarcany was likewise established. He still did nothing to distinguish his case from that of his companions.

Then the fac-simile of the message handed over to the police was produced, and the accused were asked if they remembered receiving the original. They replied that it was the duty of the prosecution to prove that they received it.

At this reply the grating which had been found in Zathmar's desk was produced. Sandorf and his companions could not deny that the grating had been in their possession. They did not try to. To such material evidence there was no reply. The application of the grating permitted the cryptographic letter to be read, and the letter must consequently have been received.

And thus they learned how the secret of the conspiracy had been discovered and the basis on which the prosecution was originated.

From this time forward question and answer passed rapidly and clearly told the story.

Sandorf denied nothing. He spoke on behalf of his two friends. A movement intended to bring about the separation of Hungary from Austria and the autonomic reconstitution of the kingdom of the ancient Magyars had been organized by them. Had they not been arrested it would shortly have broken out, and Hungary would have reconquered its independence. Sandorf claimed to be the chief of the conspiracy, and insisted that his fellow-prisoners were merely his agents. But Zathmar and Bathory protested against this contention, and claimed the honor of having been his accomplices and desired to share his fate.

When the President interrogated the prisoners as to their dealings with others they refused to reply. Not a name was given.

"You have now three heads," said Sandorf, "and that must be enough for you."

Three heads only, for Sandorf then set himself to exculpating Sarcany, a young clerk employed in Count Zathmar's house on the recommendation of Silas Toronthal.

Sarcany could not confirm what Sandorf stated. He knew nothing of the conspiracy. He had been greatly surprised to learn that in this quiet house on the Acquedotto a plot was in progress against the safety of the State. If he had made no protest when he was arrested it was because he had no idea what it was all about.

Neither Count Sandorf nor Sarcany had any difficulty in proving this—and it is probable that the Court had already made up his mind in the matter. At the suggestion of the Judge Advocate the charge against Sarcany was then and there abandoned.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the pleadings were all over, and the sentence was given without even an adjournment. Count Mathias Sandorf, Count Ladislaus Zathmar and Professor Stephen Bathory were found guilty of high treason against the State and sentenced to death.

The prisoners were to be shot in the courtyard of the castle.

The execution was to take place within forty-eight hours. Sarcany was to be kept in custody until the closing of the jail books, which would not take place until after the execution of the sentence.

By the same judgment all the possessions of the prisoners were confiscated. The prisoners were then removed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Long Ago.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The ill wind of despotism was nipping many a bud and killing many a fair plant in England and other countries two centuries ago, and sweeping from their dear native lands so many of the best and noblest of their children. But it was doing also a better deed—it was drifting westward many a cargo of the very people whose past hardships fitted them best for the rough life of a new country, as their grand fidelity to conscience enabled them to lay its foundations firm and deep on the rock, and thereby secure its stability and prosperity for generations to come. It was another "ill wind," nearly a century later, that welded into one the various colonies of the new world, and unfurled that flag of "independence" under which the progress of the United States has become one of the wonders of the world. We conceive the demon of despotism chuckling with delight as the torch of freedom was extinguished in one fair country of Europe after another, smiling in derision at the pitiful efforts of the paltry handfults that had escaped from his grasp to protect themselves on the one side of the sea from the fury of the elements on the one hand and the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the red Indian on the other. But under the fostering care of an unseen hand, the little one became a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, with a rapidly unparalleled in the history of the world; and now the United States, having rid itself of the great blot of domestic slavery, is not only a sure refuge for the oppressed in all parts of the earth, but a glorious witness to the blessedness of freedom, and destined, as we believe, to a leading part in spreading over the world that faith which, by freeing men from tyranny within as well as tyranny without makes them "free indeed."

The persecutor in England had been at first like the dog in the manger, he would neither let his victims live at home nor try to live abroad. At one time eight emigrant ships lay in the Thames with their passengers on board, their goods and chattels all disposed of and their minds buoyant with the thought of the freedom they had never known as home, but were now on the eve of enjoying. But the tyrant would not let them go. Soldiers were sent to clear the ships and drive back the miserable emigrants, poor, helpless, and despairing, to endure while life lasted the miserable oppression from which they seemed to have escaped forever. In another case the emigrants were betrayed by the captain, their goods pillaged, and they themselves sentenced to imprisonment. Was it that their persecutors could not give up the pleasure of slitting the noses and cropping the ears of poor wretches who would not obey their behests, or that they imagined that they would more readily crush the spirit of rebellion in others when it was seen that neither at home nor across the inhospitable ocean could they escape from tyranny so as to obey their consciences in the worship of God?—*The Quiver.*

#### Georgia's Picturesque Ruin.

A more romantic spot than the ruins of Cooper's iron works cannot be found in Georgia. Great rocks rise up in rugged grandeur, bearing on their sides clambering vines and ripening berries. Old houses are crumbling into ruin and trees are growing up through decaying floors. An ancient mill stands on the river's bank and the water goes bounding over the old rock dam. It is a place where civilization and the busy hum of machinery and of human voice has given place again to human nature. Far up the mountain side is a little plateau, where once lived, in a rude rock house, an early pioneer. It is with much difficulty that the place is reached, but when once there the scene that meets the eye is grand and picturesque beyond description. To sit there and watch an autumn sunset is better than to see the vine-clad hills of Italy. Looking out from under the muscadine vine that had climbed up and arched the doorway, the scene down the river was too grand for a poor, weak pen like mine. The old "King of Day" was almost touching the tree tops in the western horizon. A halo of golden glory flooded the world. The white clouds that lay off toward the south seemed to be catching on fire. The river, under the touch of the sun, seemed to be rising to meet the violet-tinted sky. The hills were gloriously radiant under the bewitching touch of that grand light. The old Blue Ridge Mountains towered up far in the east, and their stern faces seemed almost to smile as the sunlight kissed their brows. From the south there came the softest touch of evening air, bearing on its bosom the last sweet essence of summer. From far below there rose the low musical murmur of the river as it splashed over rocks and dimpled in the zephyr-like breath of the air. Above as the sad vines gently swayed in the breeze and gave fit a sweet, soft song that spoke of peace and rest. It was good to be there. The sacred stillness of the place was elevating, purifying, ennobling.—*Cartersville (Ga.) Advertiser.*

merrily as the rest in a grand game of blindman's-buff.

"The stockings must not be given up, on account of the little ones," said grandpa; "so we must be in time to give St. Nicholas a chance;" and soon a motley array of red, blue, and brown hose were swinging before the dying embers of the great Yule-log.

Then, Gladys playing a gay air, all joined in an old Christmas carol, the chorus of which was:

"Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!  
Honored ever shalt thou be!  
All the sweets that love bestows,  
Endless pleasures, wait on those  
Who, like yassals brave and true,  
Give to Christmas homage due."

#### CHRISTMAS AND ITS CAROLS.

From the time when the angels inaugurated the custom, hovering over the stall-cradle of the infant Jesus, carols and songs have ever been the favorite music at the festive season of Christmas, and antiquarians with all their researches have not been able to fix a date at which the popular idea of celebrating the Nativity was not carried out by singing and merry-making.

The old carols, however, were not the long religious ballads now popular among the peasantry of England, and which were substituted by those close cropped enemies to music and mirth, the Puritans, but ditties of good eating and drinking and general jollity, as may be learned from a rare manuscript poem of the Fifteenth Century:

The lowly peple than algates agree,  
And carols singen ever! criste messe tyde,  
Not with shamfastenes bot jocunde,  
And holey bowghes aboute; and al ayde  
The breuning fyre hem eten, and hem drinke,  
And laughen merril, and maken route,  
And ppe, and dansen, and beuenge; ne swinke  
Ne noe thyng els, twaite daye thet wold not.

This is the earliest allusion to the cus-

jects, one being called Dives and Lazarus, commencing in the following whimsical manner, which, when drawn out solemnly by a Derbyshire psalm-singer, has a most ludicrous effect:

As it fell out upon a day, rich Dives sick'n'd  
and d'ed,  
There came two serpens out of hell, his soul  
therein to guide,  
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives, and come along  
with me  
For you've a place provided in hell, to sit on a  
serpent's knee.

Another very curious carol of Christmas-time printed on ballad paper, in black letter, may yet occasionally be found pasted on a Derbyshire cottage wall, which is headed "Christus Natus Est," and which is ornamented with a rude wood-cut of the Nativity, in which are seen a number of domestic animals with labels issuing from their mouths. Thus the rooster crows, *Christus natus est*. The raven asks, *Quando?* The crow answers, *Hac nocte*. The ox bellows, *Ubi? Ubi?* The sheep bleats, *Bethlehem*, while the dove, coming out of a cloud, bears in its beak the legend, *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Very many of the early carols have been irrevocably lost, as they were handed down orally from generation to generation and never became imprisoned in type, and those of the most singular character, too. Old crones crooned them over to the cradled babes, and young maidens learned them from their grandmothers, but cheap literature and national schools have banished these customs, and the carols have gradually faded from memory, a fragment, a stanza, or a line here and there being heard from the lips of a shepherd-lad or a Derbyshire milkmaid. Thus the glad songs of Christmas-tide which enlivened the festivities of royalty in the days when Christmas had its Christmas carols and ladies' sides were hooped like barrels,



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

tom of keeping up the Christmas festivities for twelve days, which accounts for our modern Twelfth Night, a great theatrical and general holiday in England, but to which no attention is paid in this country. The ancient carol at the bringing in of the boar's head at Christmas dinners, still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, is as old as the first Henry, for at his coronation, in 1170, we learn that it was used as follows:

Caput Apri deferre, Revidens landes Domino,  
The bores head in hand bringe I  
With garlandes gay and rosemary  
I pray you all syng merrly  
Quit eris in convivio  
The bores head I understande  
Is the chief service in this lande  
Loke wherever it be fande  
Seryite cum cantio.

Almost all the old carols have Latin burlesque or intermixtures, showing their monastic origin, and it was when the English Reformation had established the Episcopal liturgy that these Latin scraps were banished from the jovial songs of Merry Christmas, the time when everybody was feasted, and when the meanest serving man, the lowliest peasant was welcomed to the most lordly banqueting hall, placed beneath the salt, and among the nobles and fair ladies, sang his rude carols and played his merry pranks; as we read in an old author, "among the Christmas husbandry fare, good drink, a good fire in the hall, brawne, pudding and soue, and mustard withal, beef, mutton and pork shred, pies of the best, pig, veal, goose, capon, and turkey, cheese, apples, and nuts, with a jolly carol to the tune of 'King Solomon.'"

Many of the early Christmas carols are rude in structure, defective in rhyme, and of a childish simplicity in matter which appear very comical to our enlightened generation, while some deal with miracles appertaining to the incarnation, of which nothing short of the most primitive purity could permit the recitation. Of this latter class is the Carol of Holy Mary and the Cherry Tree, still, in a somewhat modernized form, sung by the peasantry and lead miners of the Derbyshire Peak. It commences:

Joseph was an old man  
And an old man was he  
And he married Mary,  
Queen of t'ailors.

Christmas carols were not confined to the birth and boyhood of Christ, but were moulded on other Scriptural sub-

descended to the serving men and humble laborer and have eventually been lost. "The well-belov'd servant" who, as Southey tells us, "in his lord's castle dwelt for many a year," and who

could sing  
Songs for the Wassel, and when the Boar's head  
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with rosemary  
Smoked on the Christmas board.

has made way for the modern fine gentleman immortalized by Thackeray and Punch, and even the Christmas carol itself has not escaped the degeneration of modern times, but has been used as a medium for advertising, as is seen in "A Christmas Carol on Pekoe Tea," wherein we are told:

How Christ was in a manger born,  
And God dwelt in a bush of thorn,  
Which bush of thorn appears to me  
The same that yields the Pekoe tea,

and after a long rignarole of religious fervor and cheap grocery zeal, ends with the devout wish that

All who do these truths condemn  
Ne'er taste one single drop of them  
Here, or in New Jerusalem,

with the added information that Pekoe tea which is perfectly good and fine may be found grateful and useful all the year round, from Christmas to Christmas, at Francis Hoffman's, at the sign of the Golden Caddie on Tower Hill, London. This carol was dedicated to "Queen Caroline and the Princess Carolina and all the Royal Family," and was published in 1729.

In spite of modern change and novel manners, there seems to be a growing fondness for making much of Christmas, and long may it be before its celebration shall become obsolete as its carols. The merry time is at hand and we are able to sing in the words of one of the oldest of these English folksongs:

Good Christians, rise; this is the morn  
When Christ the Saviour he was born;  
All in a stable so lowly,  
At Bethlehem in Galilee,  
Rejoice! our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas day in the morning.

#### Equal to Fire Clay.

You can't destroy a false set of teeth in the rot of a crematory. This I deem one victory of art over nature. Our own teeth we can reduce to ashes with the rest of the body, but false teeth and gold plate hold their own. Silver plates or any other substance used by dentists will disappear, but 4,000 degrees of heat have been turned on artificial teeth without destroying them, and the gold rivets in the teeth after that heat has been applied will also be found intact.—*Crematory expert.*