

JULES VERNE  
MATHIAS SANDORF

Original Translation: George Hanna, London 1886  
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PART 1  
The Conspirators of Trieste  
CHAPTER 1  
The Carrier Pigeon  
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TRIESTE, the capital of Illyria, is a city that consists of two areas very different from one another. One of them, Theresienstadt (Theresa city), is modern and rich, and is solidly built along the shore of the bay from which the land it occupies has been wrested away by man; the other is old, poor, built haphazardly, and squeezed between the Corso, which separates it from the first section, and the slopes of the Karst hill, whose summit is crowned by a picturesque fortress.



The Wharf of San Carlo

The harbor of Trieste is protected by the wharf of San Carlo, and is the preferred mooring place for merchant ships. On this pier cheerfully congregate, and sometimes in somewhat

alarming numbers, groups of homeless wanderers wearing pants, vests, and jackets, appropriately without pockets, since their owners never had, and to all appearance never will have, any money to put in them.

Today, however, the 18th of May, 1867, two individuals dressed slightly better than the rest, stand out among these vagabonds. Unless they ran into a stroke of luck, it seemed improbable that they have ever been burdened with lots of money, and they seemed like the type of people that would do anything to promote that stroke of luck to come.

One calls himself Sarcany, and says he is a native of Tripoli. The other, a Sicilian, is named Zirone. After having traversed the wharf for the tenth time, they finally stopped at its farthest end. From there, they gazed at the horizon to the west of the Gulf of Trieste, as if they hoped to sight the very ship which would bring them their fortune.

“What time is it?” asked Zirone, in Italian, which his comrade spoke as fluently as all the other languages of the Mediterranean.

Sarcany made no reply.

“What a fool I am!” exclaimed the Sicilian. “It is the hour that one gets hungry when one has skipped breakfast!”

In this part of Austria-Hungary there is such a mixture of Austrians, Italians and Slavs that the presence of these two men, although obviously strangers in the city, attracted no attention. Besides, thanks to their dignified demeanor in their long brown capes, which reached down to their boots, no one could have suspected that their pockets were empty.

Sarcany, the younger of the two, was about twenty five, of middle height, well proportioned, and of elegant manners and dress. His name was Sarcany, and nothing more. He did not have a baptismal first name. In fact, being of African origin from Tripoli or Tunisia was never baptized; although his complexion was very dark, his features were more White than Negro.

If ever physiognomy was deceptive, it was so in Sarcany’s case. It required very close scrutiny to discover the deep shrewdness in that handsome, conventional face, with its dark and handsome eyes, thin straight nose, and well cut mouth shaded by a slight moustache. That emotionless face betrayed none of the signs of contempt and hatred induced by a perpetual state of revolt against society. If, as physiognomists claim, and they are frequently correct, every rascal, in spite of all his cleverness, eventually bears witness against himself, Sarcany was a direct contradiction of this. To look at him no one would suspect what he was or what he had been. He induced none of that irresistible aversion usually felt towards cheats and scoundrels, and consequently he was all the more dangerous.

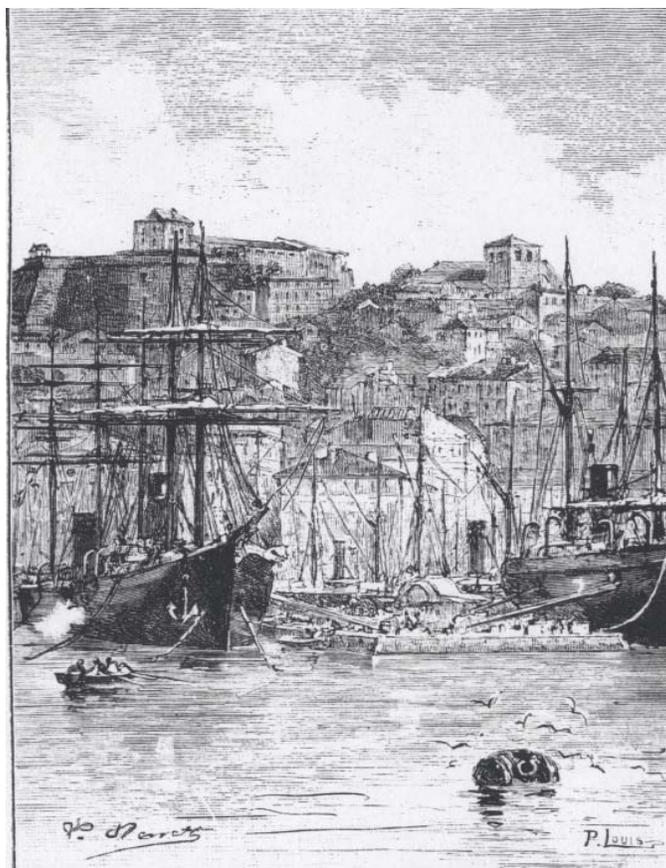
Where had Sarcany spent his childhood? No one knew. Without a doubt he spent his childhood abandoned to himself. How had he been brought up, and by whom? In what corner of Tripoli had he nested during his early years? To what intervention did he owe his escape from numerous harmful situations in that terrible climate? No one could say, maybe not even himself. He was born by chance, driven on by chance, and destined to live by chance! Nevertheless, during his boyhood he had picked up a certain amount of practical knowledge, due to his having to roam about the world, mixing with people of all kinds, and relying on one opportunity after another to secure his daily bread. It was due to similar circumstances that some years ago he came to have business relations with one of the richest houses in Trieste, the house of the banker Silas Toronthal, whose name is intimately connected with this story.



The Grand Canal

Sarcany's companion, the Italian Zirone, was a faithless and lawless man. A true adventurer, he was ever ready to undertake any task whatsoever, and be at the service of the first person that was willing to pay him well, until he met someone else who was willing to pay him better. He was of Sicilian birth, about thirty years old, and was just as capable of suggesting a crime as of carrying it out. Had he known, he might have told people where he was born. In any case, he never willingly revealed his address, assuming he had one. It was in Sicily that his unconventional life style made him acquainted with Sarcany. From then on, they wandered through the world, trying *per fas et nefas* (*legally or illegally; by hook or by crook*) to make a living by their wits. Zirone, a large bearded young man, brown in complexion, and with extremely black hair, tried very hard to hide the look of the scoundrel which, in spite of all his efforts, he was not successful in disguising. Beneath his exuberance, he tried, in vain, to conceal his real character, and being of rather cheerful temperament, he was just as talkative about himself as his younger companion was reserved.

Today, however, Zirone was very restrained in what he had to say. He was obviously concerned about his dinner. The day before, gambling in a disreputable den where he usually lost, Sarcany's resources were wiped out in the last game. Neither one of them knew what they were going to do next. They could only count on chance, and because that 'Providence of the Beggars' did not find them on the wharf of San Carlo, they decided to go in search of it along the streets of the new city.



Trieste

On the squares, the wharfs, and the promenades on both sides of the harbor leading to the grand canal which runs through Trieste, there goes, comes, congregates, hurries, and tears along, in a frenzy of business, a population of about seventy thousand inhabitants of Italian origin, whose mother tongue, which is that of Venice, is lost in a cosmopolitan concert of all the sailors, traders, workmen, and officials who shout and chatter in German, English, French, or Slavic.

Although the city is rich, it by no means follows that all who walk its streets are also rich. No! Even the wealthiest of these could hardly compete with the foreign merchants, English, Armenian, Greeks, and Jews, who are the “aristocracy” of Trieste, and whose extravagant establishments that would be worthy to stand even in the capital of Austria-Hungary. But, besides these, there are many poorer folks that wander from morning till night along the busy streets, bordered with lofty buildings closed like safe deposit boxes that store goods of all descriptions brought to this free port, so well located at the farthest corner of the Adriatic! There are many, who go without breakfast and dinner, loitering on the piers where the vessels of the wealthiest shipping firm of the Continent, the Austrian Lloyds, unload the treasures brought from every part of the world! There are many outcasts, such as those found in London, Liverpool, Marseilles, Havre, Antwerp, and Leghorn, who rub elbows with the opulent ship owners, gathering around their warehouses, where admittance is forbidden them, around the Exchange, whose doors will never open for them, and everywhere around Trieste, where the Lloyd merchants have set

up offices and warehouses, and live harmoniously with the complete approval of the Chamber of Commerce!

Admittedly, in all the great maritime cities of the old and the new world there exists a class of unfortunates of a type specific to these important centers. We don't know where they come from, we don't know why they came, and we are equally ignorant as to where they eventually wind up. Among them, there are considerable numbers of low class people. Many of them are foreigners. The railroads and the steamers have thrown them, as it were, on to a rubbish heap, and there they lie crowding the streets, with the police striving in vain to clear them away.

Then, Sarcany and Zirone, after a final look across the gulf in the direction of the lighthouse on the point of Saint Theresa, left the pier, passed between the Teatro Communale and the square, and reached the Piazza Grande, where they strolled for a quarter of an hour in front of the fountain, which is built of the stone from the neighboring Karst, and stands at the foot of the statue of Charles VI.



At first they remained silent

Then they turned to the left. To tell the truth, Zirone eyed the passers-by as if he had an irresistible desire to rob them. Then, just as the clock struck the Exchange's closing time, they turned towards the large square of Trieste.

"There it is (the Exchange) empty, just like our satchels!" said the Sicilian with a forced laugh.

But Sarcany seemed quite indifferent, and as he yawned hungrily, did not did not pay any attention to his companion's comments.

Then, they crossed the triangular plaza in which stands the bronze statue of the Emperor Leopold I. A shrill whistle from Zirone, quite the whistle of a street boy, put to flight a flock of blue pigeons that were cooing, as usual, under the portico of the old Exchange, very similarly to the way their grey brothers do at Saint Mark's Square in Venice.

Not far away, the Corso opens up, which divides the new from the old Trieste.

It is a wide unfashionable street, with well frequented shops, although without style, resembling more Regent Street in London, or Broadway in New York, than the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. Furthermore, the hustle and bustle is continuous, with a fair number of vehicles going between Piazza Grande and Piazza della Legna, piazzas whose names definitely point to the city's Italian origin. Sarcany made believe not to be tempted by any of the shops, but Zirone could not help giving glances full of desire into those shops. Glances like those cast by those did not have the means to patronize them. There was much that looked inviting, particularly in the delicatessens, and in the "birrerie," where the beer flows more freely than in any other city in Austria-Hungary.

"This Corso increases a person's hunger and thirst," said the Sicilian, clicking his tongue like a bludgeon against his parched lips.

Sarcany replied with only a shrug of his shoulders.

Then, they made the first left turn, and reached the banks of the canal near the swing bridge called Ponte Rosso. They crossed the bridge, and walked along the piers, where even deep draught vessels could be accommodated. Here the temptations aroused by the windows of the shops and stalls were very much reduced. When they reached the church of St. Antonio, Sarcany turned abruptly to the right. His companion followed him in silence. Then they went back along the Corso, and crossed into the old town. Here, the streets, as soon as they begin to climb the slopes of the Karst, become narrow, impassable for vehicles, and are so laid out as to prevent the bora, which blows icily from the north-east, to ravage them. Zirone and Sarcany, being moneyless, were more at home in the old section of Trieste, than in the richer quarters of the new section of the city.

In fact, since their arrival in the Illyrian capital, they lodged in the basement of a modest hotel not far from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Since their bill was unpaid, and grew larger every day, they wanted to avoid the danger of meeting the landlord, so they veered off, crossed the square, and loitered for a few moments near the Arco di Riccardo.

Since they were not interested in admiring the Roman architecture, and because no opportunity had turned up in the almost deserted streets, they ascended the rough footpaths to reach the terrace of the cathedral on top of the Karst.

"Strange idea to climb up here!" muttered Zirone, as he tightened the belt around his mantle.

But he followed his young companion, and from below they could be seen climbing the steps, inappropriately called streets, which lead up the slopes of the Karst. Ten minutes later, hungrier and thirstier than ever, they reached the terrace.

This elevated spot commands a magnificent view to the open sea across the Gulf of Trieste, including the port, animated with its fishing boats passing back and forth, and its steam ships and cargo ships bound outward and homeward, and the whole city, with its suburbs and the farthest houses clustered on the hills. The view had no charm for them! They had seen even nicer views, and besides, they were thinking of the many times they

had come here previously to ponder their misery! Zirone would have preferred a stroll along the rich shops of the Corso. However, they hoped that perhaps the luck, which they were so edgily waiting for, might find them here. It was prudent then to wait there patiently.

At the top of the steps leading to the terrace near the Byzantine cathedral of San Giusto was an enclosure, formerly a cemetery, which now housed a museum of antiquities. There were no more tombs, but under the lower branches of the trees there were remnants of cemetery head stones lying in disorder, and strewn haphazardly in the grass were Roman stele (grave markers), medieval cippi (funeral monuments), pieces of triglyphs, metopes from different ages of the Renaissance, and vitrified blocks with traces of cinders.

The gate of the enclosure was open, and to enter, Sarcany had only to push it. Zirone followed him in satisfying himself with this sad comment:

“If we wanted to commit suicide, this is just the place!”

“And if some one were to suggest it?” asked Sarcany ironically.

“I would decline, my friend! Give me one happy day in ten, and I ask for no more!”

“You will have it, and more!”

“May all the saints of Italy hear you, and heaven knows they number in the hundreds!”

“Come along,” said Sarcany.

They walked along a semicircular path between two rows of urns, and sat down on a large Roman rose-window, which had fallen flat on the ground.

At first they remained silent. This suited Sarcany, but it did not suit his companion. After one or two half stifled yawns, Zirone broke out with:

“Good God! This good fortune, that we have been fools enough to wait for, seems to be a long time coming.”

Sarcany made no reply.

“What an idea,” continued Zirone, “to come and look for it among these ruins! I am afraid we are on the wrong track, my friend. What the devil are we likely to find in this old graveyard? Souls do not need good fortune after they have left their mortal remains behind. When I join them, I shall not worry about a dinner that is late, or a supper that never comes! Let us get away.”

Sarcany, deep in thought, with his looks lost in space, did not move.

Zirone waited a few minutes without saying anything. Then his usual chattiness urged him to say:

“Sarcany,” he said, “do you know in what form I would like this fortune that today seems to have forgotten about two old clients like us, to appear? In the form of one of the couriers from Toronthal’s bank, with a pocketbook full of banknotes which he would hand over to us on behalf of the banker, with a thousand apologies for keeping us waiting for so long.”

“Listen, Zirone,” answered Sarcany, violently raising his eyebrows; “for the last time I tell you that there is nothing to be hoped for from Silas Toronthal.”

“Are you sure of that?”

“Yes, I have no credit left with him, and to my last demands he gave me a definite refusal.”

“That is bad.”

“Very bad, but that’s the way it is.”

“Good, if you have no more credit,” continued Zirone, “it means that you have had the

credit! And what was that due to? It was due to your intelligence and zeal at the service of his firm in certain very delicate matters. During the first months of our stay in Trieste, Toronthal was generous in giving us money. Maybe, by threatening him, you can probably somehow renew your hold on him.”

“If I could have done that, I would have done it already,” replied Sarcany, with a shrug of his shoulders. “And we wouldn’t be at the point of chasing a meal! No, by God! I have no hold on him now; but someday I may have, and when that day comes he shall pay me capital and compound interest for what he refused me today! I think that his business is somewhat shady, and that he is mixed up in several suspicious transactions. Several of those negative events in Germany, in Berlin and Munich, have had their effect in Trieste, and Silas Toronthal seemed rather upset when I saw him last. Let the waters get troubled, and when they are troubled...”



It fell to the ground

“Quite so,” exclaimed Zirone; “but meanwhile we have only water to drink! Look here, Sarcany, I think you might try one more shot at Toronthal! You might tap his cashbox once more, and get enough out of it to pay for our passage to Sicily by way of Malta.”

“And what would we do in Sicily?”

“That is my business. I know the country, and I could assemble a band of a few Maltese, who are a very tough lot without any scruples, and with them we might start a venture. Eh! A thousand devils! Since there is nothing happening here, we might as well clear out, and

let this miserable banker pay for our trip. If you have anything on him, he would rather see you out of Trieste!”

Sarcany shook his head.

“Look! This cannot last much longer! We have come to the end!” added Zirone.

He rose and stamped on the ground with his foot, as if it were a stepmother incapable of nourishing him.

At that moment, he caught sight of a pigeon feebly fluttering down just outside the enclosure. The pigeon’s tired wings could hardly move, as it slowly coasted to the ground. Zirone, without asking himself to which of the one hundred and seventy-seven species of pigeons now known to ornithologists the bird belonged, saw only one thing, that the species it belonged to was edible. And so, after pointing it out to his companion, he devoured it with his eyes.

The bird was evidently exhausted. It had tried to settle on the cornice of the cathedral. Not being able to reach it, the pigeon had dropped on to the roof of the small niche which gave shelter to the statue of San Giusto; but its feeble feet could not support it there either, and it slipped on to the top of a broken column that was wedged in the corner that the tower makes with the front of the church.

Sarcany, silent and still, hardly followed the pigeon in its flight, but Zirone never lost sight of it. The bird came from the north. A long journey must have reduced it to this state of exhaustion. Evidently it was bound for some more distant place; for it immediately started to fly again, and the trajectory it traced in the air forced it to stop again on one of the lower branches of a tree in the old cemetery.

Zirone decided to catch it, and quietly slithered over to the tree. He soon reached the gnarled trunk, climbed up to the fork, and he waited there motionless and silent, like a dog pointing at the game perched above his head.

The pigeon did not see him, and attempted to make another start; but its strength failed again, and a few paces away it fell to the ground.

Instantly, the Sicilian jumped to the ground, stretched out his hand, and seized the bird. Instinctively he went to wring its neck, but he stopped, gave a shout of surprise, and ran back to Sarcany.

“A carrier pigeon!” he said.

“Well, it is a carrier that has just made his last trip,” replied Sarcany.

“Perhaps so,” said Zirone,” but it is unfortunate for those who are waiting for the message that is attached under its wings.”

“A message!” exclaimed Sarcany. “Wait, Zirone, wait! This deserves a reprieve!”

And he stopped the hand of his companion, who again was holding the pigeon’s neck. Then he took the tiny sachet that Zirone had removed, opened it, and removed a cryptogram.

The message contained only eighteen words, arranged in three vertical columns, and this is what it said:

<b>ihnalz</b>	<b>zaemen</b>	<b>ruiopn</b>
<b>arnuro</b>	<b>trvree</b>	<b>mtqssl</b>

<b>adxhnp</b>	<b>estlev</b>	<b>eeuart</b>
<b>aeeeil</b>	<b>ennios</b>	<b>noupvg</b>
<b>spesdr</b>	<b>erssur</b>	<b>outse</b>
<b>eedgnc</b>	<b>toeedt</b>	<b>artuee</b>

There was no indication where the message was coming from or where it was going. It only contained these eighteen words, each composed of an equal number of letters. But, could the message be deciphered without the key? It was not very likely, unless perhaps one was a very clever decipherer, assuming that the cryptogram was not “indecipherable”!

Sarcany, who was at first very disappointed, stood there perplexed because the words told him nothing. Did the message contain something important, and, above all, would it compromise anyone? Not only could this have been true, but it had to be true considering the precautions that had been taken to make it unreadable, in case it fell into unauthorized hands. The use of a carrier pigeon instead of the mail, or the telegraph, definitely gave more proof that the contents of the message were meant to be secret.

“Perhaps,” said Sarcany, “the mystery imbedded in these lines may be the harbinger of our fortune.”

“Then,” answered Zirone, “this pigeon represents the luck that we have been searching for all morning! By God! And, I was going to strangle it! Anyhow, although it is important to keep the message, there is nothing stopping us in cooking the messenger.”

“Don’t be so impetuous, Zirone,” interrupted Sarcany, who saved the bird’s life a second time. “Providing, of course, that the intended receiver of the message lives in Trieste, perhaps the pigeon could tell us where it was bound.”

“And then? Sarcany, you still will not be able to read the message.”

“No, Zirone.”

“Neither would you know where it came from.”

“Exactly! But I will know one of the two correspondents, and that may tell me how to find the other. So, instead of killing this bird, we will feed it, nurture it until it regains its strength, and then help it to reach its destination.”

“With the message?” asked Zirone.

“With the message! Which I will copy exactly, and keep the copy until the time comes to use it.”

Sarcany took a notebook from his pocket, and in pencil he very carefully reproduced the message. Knowing that cryptograms should not be altered in any way, he took great care to keep the words exactly in the same order, in the same position, and at the same distance from one another, as in they were in the original document. Then, he put the copy in his pocket, the message in its sachet, and the sachet in its original position under the pigeon’s wing.

Zirone looked on; but was very doubtful that a fortune could be made from this mystery.

“And now?” he asked.

“Now,” answered Sarcany, “do what you can to take care of the messenger.”

The pigeon seemed to be exhausted more because of hunger than fatigue. Its wings,

however, were not broken, and its temporary weakness seemed to be caused by hunger and thirst rather than by a gunshot from a hunter, or from a stone thrown by some street boy.

Zirone looked around, and found a few seeds on the ground. These, the bird ate eagerly. Then, he quenched the bird's thirst with a few drops of water which the last rain shower left in a piece of ancient pottery. He did his work so well, that in half an hour the pigeon was refreshed and restored, and quite able to resume its interrupted journey.

"If it's going far," said Sarcany, "if its destination is beyond Trieste, it doesn't matter if the pigeon falls on the way, because we will have lost sight of it, and it will be impossible for us to follow. But if it's going to a house in Trieste, its strength is sufficient to take it there, since it will have to fly for only a couple of minutes."

"Right you are," replied the Sicilian; "but even if its destination is in Trieste, how will we know where it lands?"

"We will do our best," answered Sarcany.

And this is what they did:

The cathedral consists of two old Roman churches, one dedicated to the Virgin, the other to San Giusto, the patron saint of Trieste. It is flanked by a very high tower, and has a large rose-window above the main door. This tower has a commanding view over the plateau from Karst Hill, and over the whole city, which looks like a map spread out below the hill. From this high vantage point, they could see the roofs of all the houses, even those clustered on the nearer slopes of the hill that stretched away to the shore of the gulf. Therefore, if the pigeon was freed from the top of the tower, and provided it was not bound for some other city of the Illyrian peninsula, it was not impossible to follow the pigeon's flight, and recognize the house on which it landed.

The attempt could well be successful. It was at least worth trying. The bird only had to be set free.

Sarcany and Zirone left the old cemetery, crossed the open space by the cathedral, and walked towards the tower. One of the ogival doors, the one directly under San Giusto's niche, was open. They went in, and began to climb the winding staircase which led to the floors above.

It took them a couple of minutes to reach the top. There was no balcony, and they stood just underneath the roof. There were two windows on each side of the tower through which they were able to view the horizon towards both the hills and the sea.

Sarcany and Zirone positioned themselves at the windows which looked directly out over Trieste towards the north-west.

The clock in the old sixteenth-century castle on the top of the Karst, behind the cathedral, struck four. It was still broad daylight. The air was clear, and the sun was slowly descending towards the waters of the Adriatic, and illuminated the front of most of the houses that faced the tower.

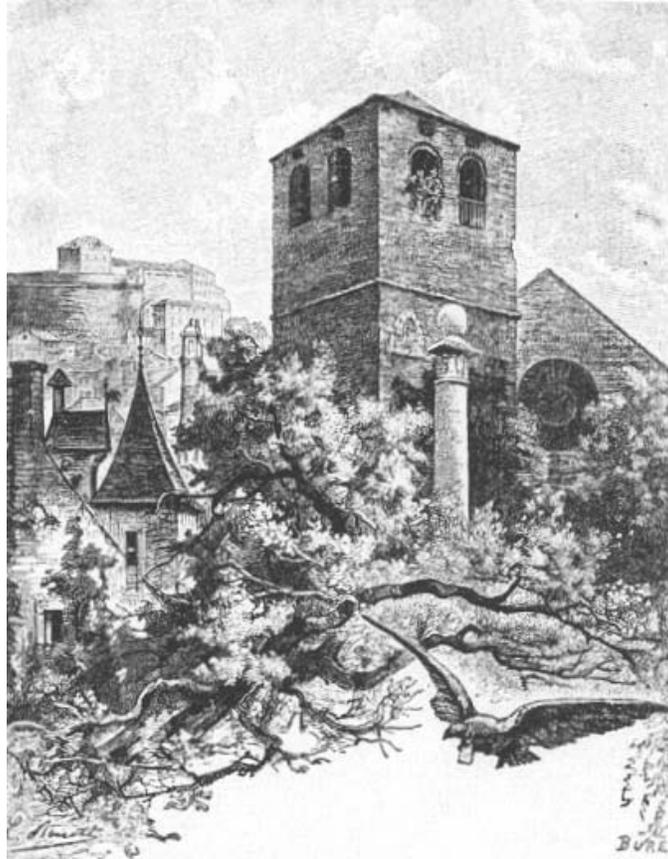
Thus far, circumstances seemed favorable.

Sarcany took the pigeon in his hands, raised it up, encouraged it with a last caress, and released it.

The bird flapped its wings, and, at first, it dropped so quickly that it looked as though it was going to finish its career as an aerial messenger with a cruel fall.

The excitable Sicilian could not restrain a cry of disappointment.

"No! It rises!" exclaimed Sarcany.



It flew off towards the North-West

The pigeon had found its equilibrium in the stratum of the lower air, and, making a sudden turn, flew obliquely towards the north-west part of the city.

Sarcany and Zirone kept the bird in sight.

The pigeon, guided by a fantastic instinct, flew without hesitation. It went straight to its destination, which it would have reached an hour before, had it not been for its forced stop among the trees of the old graveyard.

Sarcany and his companion watched it anxiously, and with great attention. They wondered if it was going to fly beyond the walls of the city, in which case, all their scheming would have amounted to nothing.

It did nothing of the kind.

“I see it! I still see it!” said Zirone, whose sight was extremely keen.

“You must observe,” said Sarcany, “where it makes its descent, so we can determine its exact landing spot.”

A few minutes after its departure, the pigeon settled on a house with one tall gable rising above the rest, in the midst of a clump of trees, in the part of town between the hospital and the public garden. Then it disappeared into an attic window underneath a weather vane of wrought iron that, if Trieste had been in Flanders, could have been the work of Quentin Matsys.

Since the general direction of the pigeon’s flight was ascertained, it would not be very difficult to locate the weather vane, the gable, and the window, and, therefore, the house

inhabited by the person for whom the cryptogram was intended.

Sarcany and Zirone immediately descended the tower, went down the hill, and hurried along the roads leading to the Piazza della Legna. Once there, they started towards the group of houses forming the eastern quarter of the city.

When they reached the junction of the Corsa Stadion, leading to the public garden, and the Acquedotto, a fine avenue of trees leading to the large brewery of Boschetto, the adventurers were doubtful if this was the correct direction. Should they make a right or a left? Instinctively they turned to the right, intending to examine, one after the other, every house along the avenue above which they had noticed the vane among the trees.

They proceeded in this manner, inspecting in turn every gable and roof along the Acquedotto, but they did not see any that looked like the one they sought. Finally, they reached the end of the street.

“There it is!” exclaimed Zirone.



It went straight to its home

There was the weather vane, swinging slowly on its iron spindle in the sea breeze, above an attic window around several pigeons were fluttering.

There was no mistake. The house was identical to the one that the pigeon had flown to.

The exterior of the house was modest, and it formed one of the blocks at the beginning of the Acquedotto.

Sarcany made some inquiries at the neighboring shops, and soon learned all he wished to know.

For many years, the house belonged and was inhabited by Count Ladislas Zathmar.

“Who is this Count Zathmar?” asked Zirone, who was hearing the name for the first time.

“He is the Count Zathmar!” answered Sarcany.

“But perhaps if we were able to question him...”

“Later, Zirone; there’s no hurry! Take it in stride. And now, to our hotel!”

“Yes, it is dinner time for those that have something to dine on!” said Zirone ironically.

“If we do not dine today, it is possible we will dine tomorrow,” answered Sarcany.

“With whom?”

“Who knows, Zirone? Perhaps with Count Zathmar.”

Having no reason to hurry, they walked along quietly. Soon they reached their modest hotel, which, considering that they could not afford to pay the bill, was still much too expensive for them.

A big surprise, however, was in store! A letter addressed to Sarcany had arrived.

The letter contained a 200 florins banknote, the following words, and nothing more:

*Enclosed is the last money you will get from me. It is  
enough to pay your passage to Sicily. Leave, and let me  
hear no more from you.*

*SILAS TORONTHAL*

“God lives!” exclaimed Zirone; “the banker has reconsidered just in time! Surely, we should have never lost confidence in people with money!”

“That is what I say,” said Sarcany.

“The money will be enough to enable us to leave Trieste.”

“No! It will be sufficient to remain here!”