

until he has reduced the book to its primitive sheets. After he has done this with an observant eye, using this and the preceding paper by way of commentary as he goes—we defy him to misunderstand the directions here given.

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES;
OR, THE STORY OF MASANIELLO.

THE history of Naples and Sicily is the history of turmoil and change. More than two hundred years ago there was a witty picture of the Neapolitan nation, as an ass devouring his old harness and looking back for new; under which was represented the constant revolutions it had seen. In two years it had five kings of different countries; in less than four hundred years, forty revolutions. The measure of order was never reached which, gradually established in the other parts of Europe, led to the formation of the Ten Kingdoms; and, the right owner never being able to occupy his own field, it has been left at the mercy of any who chose to take possession of it.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the south of Italy was under the rule of Lombard counts; the Normans succeeded the Lombards; the Germans drove out the Normans. For a time it was then governed by kings of French extraction; next came the Spaniards; after them the French for a little while; but the Spaniards took possession of the country again; and Naples and Sicily (which have always gone together) are now under the iron yoke of a Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon. Of this unhappy country's many rulers, none remained long enough to regard it otherwise than as a means of adding to the wealth and power of that from which they sprang. But of them all, the Spaniards have been the very worst; and the tyranny which our hearts have burned to know is practised in Naples and Sicily now, is but such as has been practised there for the last three hundred years.

The Neapolitans are hot-tempered as the rest of the children of the south, and indolent, from the warm climate and the natural fruitfulness of the soil. Both these evils in their character were fostered by their laws and constitution, such as they were. The country swarmed with nobility, not one-half of whom had more than empty titles. Pride and idleness going hand in hand, they never worked, and were always quarrelling. There is a story of three Neapolitan marquises eating figs off the same tree to keep themselves from starving. The lower orders for the most part lived upon the estates of such noblemen as owned them. Both parties were content with a state of things which easily maintained the one, and added to the consequence and dignity of the other.

Such being the state of things in the country, foreign conquerors found it an easy prey; and Naples being the very garden of Europe, it was probable that any king who had the chance of adding such a treasure to his possessions, would do it gladly. In the interior of the country are the rocky Abruzzi mountains, where the climate is cold;

yet even here the thick woods are full of game. But along the shores of the blue Mediterranean it appears as though man may live almost as did Adam in Paradise, by "dressing and keeping the garden." The soft delicious air is filled with the scent of roses, lilies, myrtles, and all sweet-smelling things, so that only to breathe it is a luxury. In the province of Calabria it is said that the birds sing all the year long, and the roses blow twice over. The slopes of the sunny hills are clothed with waving corn. There, too, clings the lovely vine, with its clusters, and there is the grey old olive. There, as their leaves glitter in the light, have the orange and lemon at once their silver blossoms and their golden fruit. There are the mulberry and the fig, with their purple store and their broad green leaves. There the strange yucca stands, like a bundle of swords, and sends up its pyramid of countless flowers. There rise cool, dark, shady pines, for rest in the heat of the day; and, in the midst of these, on a broad bay, stands the city itself, with the smoke of Vesuvius darkening its blue heaven—so fair, that the Italians say, "See Naples, and then die."

Nor have the hills such riches on their slopes alone, for out of their hearts are dug marble, and valuable minerals. The sea, that stretches out at their feet, yields all kinds of fish; even the juices of the trees give manna, and the very insects work to add to the land's treasures. The mulberry is covered with the yellow cocoons of the silkworm, and beneath the waves toil millions of tiny creatures to give the precious red coral.

The Spaniards became owners of this rich possession in the year 1505; and they began to govern it in a way which, for evil, has never been surpassed even in this evil world. Their rule, indeed, can hardly be called a government at all; a better name for it would be, "a system of tyranny." A Spanish nobleman was sent by the king to act as his deputy or viceroy. He was left pretty much to himself, his chief orders being to get as much treasure as he could out of the fruitful country. To carry out these orders, heavy taxes were laid upon every article of food. The more money the kings of Spain wanted, the more taxes the Neapolitans had to pay. The taxes were rented of the government by Spanish grandees, who, of course, to make their bargain profitable to themselves, ground down the people yet more, and thus they were under a three-fold bondage. Things reached their worst in the times of Philip III and Philip IV. When Philip III came to the throne in 1598, he found that his father had left large debts behind him, so he sent off with all haste to Naples, that more taxes were to be laid on. When Philip IV married the Princess Isabella of France, the wedding was a grand affair indeed; but the news of the gilt barge in which the Princess came, and the diamonds the king gave her, did not comfort the poor Neapolitans for the two millions they had as loyal subjects to send, with their congratulations, to the king on the happy occasion.

At this time the Duke of Ossuna was viceroy, and he was worse than any viceroy who had been before him; he was small in stature, but as great

in wickedness as any man who ever lived. He quartered his soldiers upon the Neapolitans, and threatened any who complained of their excesses; he accused the people as he pleased of great crimes, that they might bribe him to forgive their punishment; he openly scoffed at religion. When the host was elevated, he took a gold piece out of his pocket, and stood adoring it in the eyes of the congregation; he turned the churches into scenes of wickedness; he had a son brought up as a Mahometan. So much does he seem to have run riot in sin, that we scarcely can believe the horrible crimes, contained in the accusation made against him by the city of Naples, were really committed. But this wicked man fell. He became so arrogant, that he made a private war upon the Republic of Venice, and laid other taxes upon the Neapolitans to carry it on. This coming to the king's ears, he was recalled, and sent a prisoner to Spain.

Naples fared no better under his successors. Such things could not be borne much longer, and there were signs of the people's anger, like the signs their burning Vesuvius was then giving, of the approach of a more than commonly fiery explosion. Naples being famous for horses, a horse was represented in its standard; and of this an Italian named Boccolini took advantage in an allegory published at this time, in which he directed his wit against the Spanish rule in Italy. He spoke of the Neapolitan nation as a horse brought to great misery by the cruelty of his keepers. Poor, miserable, galled by his harness, he was brought before a special Parliament assembled in the market-place of Naples, to decide what was to be further laid upon him. Some said one thing, some another; but though they found him so starved that he could hardly stand, and his bones were coming through his skin, the most part were for having him back to the stable with yet more of his food cut off, to bring down all his spirit. Boccolini wrote much more of a like kind, and his book made a great noise; so great, indeed, that the Spaniards made all haste to put down Boccolini, and his book also. They hired four banditti, who found him in Verona after a long hunt; then, going to his lodgings on pretence of visiting him, they crushed him to death by throwing bags of sand on him, which they had taken for the purpose.

And the cry of the city itself was sent up to God, where it is best for all the sorrowful to send their cries. A long poem was passed from hand to hand in the streets of Naples, in which the cruelties of the Spaniards were described, and mercy was begged for themselves—vengeance for their oppressors. A petition from the Lord's Prayer ended every verse; and the following is a translation of part of the mournful supplication:—

THE LAMENT OF NAPLES.

O, pity, pity, for all hope is vain!
Relieve my suffering Christians speedily,
That they be not destroyed by savages,
Our Father!

* * * * *
O Lord, I pray thee, by thy suffering,
That thou wouldst free me from these greedy wolves,

And cause that justice may be done with me,
As it is in heaven.

* * * * *
O God of heaven, how great a thing is this!
They are so lordly, treacherous, and profane,
They rob from us, to give their very dogs
Our bread.

* * * * *
None hath more chance, more variable fate
E'er had, than I, among the nations—none.
Let there not come another Ossuna,
But deliver us from evil.

We see that while the government is held
Of us by this proud, domineering race,
We cannot truly say that here, at Naples,
Thine is the kingdom.

The Duke of Arcos was viceroy in the year 1647, and having, like his predecessors, looked about to see in what quarter more money could be raised, he thought of a plan, at once the most profitable to the king, the most hateful to the people, that could be devised. A tax was laid on all fruit, green and dry, that was sold in the market. The season was just beginning. Fruit being to them a necessary of life, the thirsty Neapolitans were so angry, that the Duke became alarmed, more especially as the Sicilians had just risen, and compelled their viceroy to take the taxes off the chief articles of food. Commissioners were accordingly appointed to discover where, if the fruit-tax were abolished, money could be found. But ere the commissioners had finished their deliberations, the people decided the matter for themselves.

South-east from Naples is the town of Amalfi. Gardens lie among its rocky heights; far below, at the foot of vine-clad steeps and bare cliffs, are the deep blue waters of the Gulf of Salerno. Here, in the year 1623, a fisherman named Aniello had a son whom he named Thomas. The child's two names were shortened into one—Masaniello. He grew up in the midst of that superstition of which the kingdom of Naples has been always the stronghold. To the principal church, once a year, thronged sea-faring men, bringing the best gifts they could as thank-offerings for the birth at Amalfi of Flavio Gioja, the inventor of the mariner's compass, and to see, as they believed, the body of St. Andrew the Fisherman. The people of Amalfi toiled up a steep rough way in the heat to the church of the Capuchins, that they might there adore more relics of the saints than it would be edifying to describe. Masaniello grew up among the cliffs a fine handsome boy, and an active climber, by no means ignorant himself of his gifts, greatly liked too by his companions, for he was quick and stirring, of ready speech and wit, and true in word and deed. His religion seems to have taken a form it must often have done in those days—a mingling of weak superstition and a firm clear faith that God would judge oppressors and defend the right.

While he was still a youth, the old fisherman removed to Naples, where the two carried on the same occupation. Masaniello could not but feel the Spanish yoke most keenly; but yet he held his head the higher for it. When at nineteen he married, he set up over the door of his house the

statue of Charles v, who had granted many privileges to the Neapolitans. He and his friends often had a good grumble about public affairs, which generally ended in the whole party thinking that it would come to pass that the government would hear more of Masaniello than it liked.

As one after another four children arrived, and Masaniello did not find fish come to his nets in equal increase, it became harder and harder to pay the taxes. One day when food and money were very short, Masaniello's wife tried to smuggle a little meal into the house. It was dangerous work, so closely watched as they were. She was discovered and sent to prison, and besides this had to pay a fine of a hundred ducats. How was a fisherman to raise the money? Poor as his furniture was, it must go. It was the burning summer of Naples. That night Masaniello felt in a terribly helpless case—a man left with four weary children and no bed for them to lie on. And the bare house and the weeping infants were to him the type of his country stripped bare by the Spaniards, his countrymen only able to look on and weep.

It was the time when angry murmurs were heard on all sides at the fruit tax. Now, with them, passed from lip to lip the story of Masaniello's wrongs. The Spanish tyranny was felt at last in the inmost heart of the city, and like a torrent of burning lava the Neapolitan spirit poured forth. His friends flocked to Masaniello to hear his story from his own mouth, and he and they declared with one voice that the hour was come for the country to be free. One after another came; as more arrived the others did not go away, and Masaniello found himself at the head of two thousand young Neapolitans, hot and ready for anything.

They seized sticks, and any weapon they could find, and, in their excitement, marched about the streets, shouting, "Let the Pope and the king live, but let the government perish." Old wise-heads laughed, but Masaniello answered, "Let me alone, and you shall see what I will do." They thought to make a great attempt on the day of a festival near at hand, but did not wait so long. News came that the fruiterers were disputing in the market-place as to whether the buyer or the seller should pay the new tax. Masaniello and his party came with all haste. There he stood, who was suffering so much. The uproar increased. Half the city flocked to see and hear. Masaniello shouted to them, as they came, that this was what the government did. They shouted, in answer, "Let the king live, and let the government die!" The fruiterers went on with their quarrel, and, in its eagerness, upset the stalls; and as the apples and pears rolled about the streets, the boys got a good picking. A Lord Anaclerio tried to stop it, by threatening Masaniello with a good whipping and the galleys. He got pelted with the fruit for his pains, and when Masaniello gave him a good blow with a stone, Lord Anaclerio made the best of his way off, to tell the viceroy what was going on, and how he had been treated.

Masaniello now leaped on a fruiterer's stall, and farther excited the crowd by breaking forth into

the following speech: "Rejoice, my dear companions and countrymen; give God thanks, and the glorious Virgin; the time of our redemption draws near. This poor fisherman whom you see barefoot shall, as Moses freed the Israelites from Pharaoh's rod, free you in like manner from taxes and impositions. It was a fisherman—I mean St. Peter—who reduced Rome from Satan's slavery to the liberty of Christ; and another fisherman—Masaniello—shall release Naples, and, with the city, the whole kingdom, from the tyranny of tolls. From henceforth ye shall shake off from your necks the intolerable yoke of so many grievances, which have kept down your spirits hitherto." As he ended his speech by shouting that, so that he could do this, he cared not what became of himself, it did indeed seem to all Naples that the fattered, bare-footed young fisherman was in very truth a deliverer approved of God.

Meanwhile, the angry and terrified Lord Anaclerio had been giving the viceroy an alarming account of the uproar. The Duke of Arcos appears on this occasion as anything but "the right man in the right place"—timid, deceitful, obstinate, but yielding everything at last—the true character of a tyrant; and Lord Anaclerio, still aching from the blow of the stone, had the mortification to find that even the personal injury of a nobleman made no impression, and that he wasted his breath and his indignation. The viceroy would do nothing. So the mob went about in the city, and the smoke curled up from one after another of the custom-houses, as they were set on fire; first, that where the hated fruit-tax was collected, and then those where the tolls on every other kind of food were gathered, casting into the flames magnificent furniture and plate belonging to those who had rented the customs, and thus had literally enriched themselves by their lives. Masaniello, in the midst of the confusion, made a rule which was invariably followed—that on pain of death no one was to take anything out of the fire for his own use.

More than ten thousand men had now gathered. They made for the viceroy's palace, some carrying loaves of bread on the top of their pikes, others with black cloths at the end of their sticks, saying, in a doleful tone, "O brothers, O sisters, join with us!" until they reached the palace; then, all together, they set up a hideous yell. The viceroy thought it was really becoming serious, and time to do something, and he came out on the balcony, and promised to take off the tax on fruit, and half that on corn; but it was too late. The people broke open the doors and swarmed in, trying to find him. He tried to escape and follow his wife into the castle close by, but the drawbridge was up, and so he had to come back. Then he was found hidden in the Franciscan monastery, and dragged out and almost trampled under foot, the people pulling his hair and his whiskers, a hundred fiery eyes glaring down upon him, and a hundred voices roaring at once, "Free us from the taxes!" He then managed to get more clear of them, and, throwing pieces of gold about, rather took off their attention from himself, so that he got into a

neighbouring church. Here he was followed, but, meeting with the archbishop, he wrote a decree in all haste, actually abolishing the taxes on fruit and bread. This the archbishop read in the market-place. It was answered with the cry that it was not enough, for that all taxes should be abolished that had been laid on since the time of the emperor Charles v.

The people felt their need of a leader, and begged the Prince of Bisignano to be their head and mediator with the viceroy. He, poor man, was in a weak state of health, and so not fitted to govern a Neapolitan mob. Very soon he found they were too much for him; he implored them to be quiet, and promised to get what they wanted, but was little heeded. The people poured off on all sides like a flood. Some went to the toll-house for corn, and set it on fire; others broke open the prisons, and freed the prisoners—Masaniello's wife among them, to wonder at what her imprisonment had brought about, and the next moment to see her husband foremost in the tumult; for the Prince of Bisignano becoming tired (as well a sick man might in such a place), got away. The cry for Masaniello was heard on all sides; and he was made captain of the people. And so ended the first day's riot—the hot, uproarious 7th of July, 1647.

[To be continued.]

THE ISLE OF MAN.

WHEN James Boswell mentioned to Dr. Johnson a scheme which he had of making a tour to the Isle of Man, and gave a full account of it, Edmund Burke playfully suggested as a motto the line from Pope—

“The proper study of mankind is Man.”

But the great lexicographer said, “Sir, you will get more by the book than the jaunt will cost you!”

Be this as it may, we fancy that a brief account of this “Elfin land of Mona,” as the poet Collins calls it, will yield, if properly handled, some profit and pleasure for an hour of leisure.

It is but of late years that the Isle of Man has been much and generally visited. Steam has revealed it to the many; and its intermediate position to the surrounding kingdoms renders it ever a remarkable object.

From its principal elevations, such as Sneafeld (Snea-fell, or Snow Mountain), or from the Barcoles, the mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire in England, and Dumfriesshire and Galloway in Scotland, of Arklow and Morne in Ireland, and of North Wales, together with a great extent of the coasts of these countries, may be clearly seen on a fine day. Scotland approaches it most closely, and Wales is most remote, whilst between England and Ireland it is nearly at an equal distance.

The Isle of Man is of a narrow form, and its length is from north-east to south-west. When viewed from afar, it looks like a dark cloud in blue distance peering over the surface of the ocean. On approaching, it seems gradually to arise and expand, disclosing alternate scenes of wild grandeur and rural beauty, looking like Fairy Land. The four

principal places in the Island are Castletown (the capital), Douglas, Ramsey, and Peel. The distance from Liverpool to Castletown is seventy-eight miles, to Douglas seventy-five, and to Ramsey eighty-two; from Fleetwood to Douglas fifty-four miles; from Whitehaven in Cumberland forty-six, and from Dublin to Douglas ninety. The island, from the Point of Ayre to St. Bees' Light, is only twenty-six miles; at Peel, twenty-six miles from the Mull of Galloway in Scotland; and from the Point of Ayre to Burrow Head, Galloway, only sixteen miles; from Peel to Strangford Lough in Ireland, twenty-seven miles; and from the Calf of Man to Holyhead in Anglesea, North Wales, forty-five miles or thereabouts.

Large and good steamers daily ply to and from Liverpool and Douglas, and from Whitehaven, Dublin, and Scotland, occasionally to some port in the island, all at very reasonable rates, during the summer. The general length of the island is about thirty-three miles, and its breadth ranges from eight to twelve miles, whilst the circumference, without following the numerous ins and outs of its coast, is about seventy-five miles. The area of the Isle of Man contains 209 square miles, about one fourth of which is mountain and moorland.

Having given, thus particularly and definitively, the geographical and topographical position of the island, it may be well to refer here to its armorial, or rather, *leg* bearings. The ancient armorial bearing of the king of the Isle of Man, when under Norwegian sway or influence, was a ship with its sails furled, and the motto, “Rex Manniæ et Insularum”—“King of Man and the Isles,” which remained so till the Scotch acquired the sovereignty in 1270. Then Alexander III of Scotland, having conquered the Isle of Man, substituted the curious and remarkable device of “The Three Legs,” which constitutes the emblem or ensign of the island to this present 1860. The heraldic bearing, it may be interesting to some readers to know or recall, is “Gules, three armed Legs proper, conjoined in fess at the upper part of the thigh, flexed in triangle, garnished and spurred to paz,” with the motto “Quocunque jeceris stabit” surrounding it on a garter. Whatever was the herald's original intention in this device, it has been imagined that the three legs refer to the relative situation of the island with respect to the neighbouring nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, previous to the union of any two of them; since which, the symbol does not so well apply. While England, Scotland, and Ireland were hostile and contending nations, the independence of the Isle of Man as a separate state rested on an armed neutrality, and the occasional protection which it might be able to procure from any one of them against the inimical assaults of the other two countries.

The legs are armed, which signifies self-defence; the spurs, it is supposed, signify speed or alacrity; and in whatever position the legs are placed, two of them fall into the attitude of supplication; the third, being upward and behind, appears to be kicking at the assailant against whom the other two are seeking protection or assistance.

The force of the symbol is, that if England had

this, as dishonoured and disgraced beyond redemption. Let me do her justice"—and as the unhappy man went on, his whole manner seemed changed, his harsh and defiant tone died away, and it appeared as though, under compulsion, he was pleading the cause of his daughter against himself. "Grace never reproached me by look, word, or sign. In all the years that have passed since that discovery was made to her, of what you are at liberty to term my baseness, she has clung to me with stronger affection even than before. But her heart is broken, sir; time has not healed the wound. You have seen what she is now; you remember what she once was; and I come to you, Mr. Vivian, partly because you are not an entire stranger, partly because report speaks favourably of you, and, more than all besides, because my daughter permits me to do so; not for pity and compassion—I tell you, Mr. Vivian, I am a proud man, to whom pity would be an insult—but for help."

"Alas! and wherein can I help you, sir?" demanded the clergyman.

"Do you not see?" asked Mr. Draper impatiently; "cannot you understand that the secret knowledge of my—of what you may, if you please, call my—crime, has settled in poor Grace's mind, and cannot be dislodged? that, by her unfortunate privy, she deems herself almost a guilty participator in it? that the remembrance of your friend Eveleigh (and of course she does yet remember him) is rendered cruelly distressing by the knowledge that, in his mind, she herself is associated with all kind of unworthiness?"

"I can understand all this, sir; and yet——"

"I have not yet done, sir," continued the visitor; "the great trouble of Grace is now, not for herself, but for others. She thinks it necessary for my peace of conscience to be reconciled to the man whom there is no doubt she thinks I have injured; and I assume, also, that she thinks it would make Frank Eveleigh happier to think more charitably of her than he does, and at the same time to exercise his Christian forgiveness towards me, sinner as she must in her heart believe me to be. Now, about all this I am profoundly indifferent, as you may see; but I am not indifferent as regards my daughter's life; and if, as the doctors say, there is one hope of saving it, that one thing must be done—I mean the hope must not be thrown away." Saying this, Mr. Draper ceased speaking, and sat gloomily yet anxiously watching the expression of Mr. Vivian's countenance, and waiting his response.

That response came at last. "I believe I understand you, sir, and I will do what you require; only let us perfectly understand each other. I shall make no comment on what you have told me; but say that your object should be attained in the partial restoration of your daughter——"

"Call her back to life, sir, and I lay no restriction and impose no conditions. I promise that I will not interfere; and to prove my sincerity in this, I intend to return home to-morrow. You shall have a clear field, sir; deal as you like with my character; make what confessions you please; it is Grace who

is to be considered now. I trust you, sir," added the visitor, rising and taking his leave.

"Selfish and unprincipled to the last!" murmured Mr. Vivian to himself, when he was once more alone; but his disgust gave way to pity. That night he destroyed the letter which had cost him so much labour, and, in its stead, wrote a short and hasty note, which he himself posted.

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES;

OR, THE STORY OF MASANIELLO.

PART II.

MASANIELLO was at work betimes the next day, dividing his people into companies, and sending orders into all quarters of the city that the inhabitants were to arm. The very women had weapons put into their hands. Word came from the viceroy that he would take off all taxes; Masaniello replied that they would have the privilege granted by Charles v, that no tax should be made without the consent of the Pope, and besides, that the people should nominate the clerk of the market themselves. Great clamour was made for the original document whereby Charles v granted the privilege. One was shown, printed in letters of gold, but it was discovered to be a counterfeit made by the viceroy. The Duke who brought it was nearly torn in pieces by the mob.

Among Masaniello's friends were an old priest named Genovino, and a man named Perrone. They made out a list between them of more than sixty palaces belonging to those who had grown rich on the people. All were burnt, with the splendid furniture, heaps of gold and silver plate, and costly hangings. Round the fires the people shouted, "These goods are our blood." Any one who attempted to keep a single thing for himself was put to death. Such reverence had they for the king himself, that, finding his picture in one of the houses, they carried it up and down the streets, saying, "Let the king live a thousand years, and let the government eternally perish."

The archbishop Filomarini appears throughout as befitting his office, in the character of a peacemaker, and loved and revered by the people. It was not deemed prudent by the viceroy any longer to keep back the true charter of Charles v, and he gave it into the archbishop's hands to read publicly in the cathedral, together with a solemn declaration that he would observe it in every particular, and pardon all offences committed since the insurrection began. *It was a popular step, this being done by the mouth of him who was called "the Father of the City."*

Five days had now passed; on the sixth the archbishop, who had the same influence with Masaniello as he had with every one else, with some difficulty persuaded him to go and pay the viceroy a visit of state. It was harder work to make him change his old blue fisherman's coat and red cap for attire becoming the great occasion and his present importance. He prevailed, however, and a grand procession set forth for Castello Nuovo: Masaniello on a gallant steed, a

plume of feathers in his hat, dressed out in cloth of silver; his brother Marco by his side, all in cloth of gold; the archbishop in his coach, and fifty armed men attending.

The captain of the viceroy's guard was sent to meet the procession, and when Masaniello reached the gates he turned, and, holding up in the eyes of the wondering, rejoicing multitude the charter of Charles v, cried so that all might hear: "We are free from all taxes! Let us rejoice, and give God thanks with eternal sounds of jubilee. This may appear a dream or a vision, yet you see it is truth. Rejoice, and give God thanks for ever." Pointing to their beloved archbishop, who stood by his side, he reminded them how much they owed to him, "their shepherd." Enthusiasm for both was high; it rose higher for Masaniello still, when he said that five days ago, in the uproar, the viceroy had offered him a bribe of two hundred crowns a month if he would stay it; but he only desired the good of the city, and for himself he would not keep even a nail. He only asked that, when he was dead, they would every one say an "Ave Maria" for his soul. And they all answered, "Yes." Then he spoke of the king, and said, "Now shall he find Naples his most precious crown, for what we give, we will give to himself, and, before, it was drunk up by his officers." He asked the archbishop to give him and the people his blessing; and he, raising his hand, uttered the prayer, "Peace be with you." Perhaps only he who offered it, of all those present, felt its full need for that stormy multitude.

They went in. Such a rabble followed that Masaniello was obliged to order them all out. At the head of the grand staircase they met the weak, timid, crafty, courtly duke coming to receive with all honour the strong, bold, true, sun-burnt fisherman; and the brother Marco staring at them and the fine house, and the peace-maker standing by. The viceroy paid Masaniello many compliments, more prudent than sincere; and Masaniello gave the viceroy many thanks, more civil than well-earned, for what he had done. Then they went out, and stood together on an open balcony in sight of the people, parting the best friends in the world, Masaniello being confirmed in his office of captain-general.

The following day Masaniello put on his old coat again; and he was hitherto so far from being lifted up by his success, that he wished with all his heart he could with his old coat return to his old way of life, saying that he had far less trouble as a fisherman than as captain of the people. He could neither read nor write himself, but he had seven secretaries to help him through with his business. From morning till night he sat at a window of his house that overlooked the market-place, to hear all complaints brought to him, petitions being handed up on the top of pikes. The people half worshipped him; he was modest in his manners and lived simply. No king could desire more power. What money he wanted was raised at once for him who, ten days before, had sold his children's bed to pay a fine. Lest arms should be hidden underneath, he ordered the women to put off their fardingales, and the nobility and clergy

their long flowing robes. All were cast off in a moment. But like most of those who have heard it often, Masaniello so little valued the voice of the people, that he remarked one day, as he was going through the street, that though what he had done was for the good of his countrymen, he knew, when he had brought it about, his head would be cut off and his body dragged about the city.

The Duke of Mantaleone had never forgiven either the mob or its leader for the rough treatment he received when he brought the false charter, and now, finding that Masaniello's old friend Perrone was getting jealous of his power, took him into his confidence. The two formed a plot to murder Masaniello, and when they told the viceroy of their design, he helped it on by large bribes, and encouraged it in every possible way. More than five hundred men were engaged in the affair. Masaniello was in the Carmelite Convent, arranging, with the help of the archbishop, the terms of a general peace, and the place was surrounded. The hired murderers broke into the room and fired at him, but the balls only lodged in his clothes, and he escaped. A hundred and fifty of the conspirators were killed on the spot, including Perrone and the duke's brother.

The exertions of the good archbishop for the restoration of peace at length brought it about. Masaniello and the viceroy had a solemn meeting in the cathedral, where the charter of Charles v was read again before the altar, Masaniello standing on the altar-steps with a naked sword in his hand, until the viceroy had sworn to obey it, and to grant a general pardon. Then the Te Deum was sung, and the old walls rang again with the acclamations of the people.

Masaniello now went again in state to visit the viceroy, taking his wife, who was far more set up by her new dignity than he was, and his children, who just before had had no bed to lie on, all dressed out in cloth of gold and silver, in a fine coach. Laughable enough it must have been to see the fisherman and his family in their unaccustomed finery, and probably with dirty faces, entertained with such ceremony by the stately high-bred Spanish duke and duchess. The great lady gave them presents of jewels, and had a sumptuous banquet provided for them. Masaniello had reached the height of his glory.

From this time Masaniello's head began to turn; and instead of the wise, simple-hearted patriot he had shown himself, he acted just like a low and vulgar man who has suddenly come into wealth and power. He was so impertinent to the nobles that he could not be endured. An old gentleman named Spano spoke to him one day in the market-place, and he gave him two slaps on his face; he sent word to the Duke of Caracciolo that he would set fire to his palace and put him to death, because he had not come out of his coach that morning to do him reverence. He commanded the most severe and cruel punishments for light offences, and on a Sunday morning having ordered a great number of persons to be beheaded, the archbishop begged him to put it off, that the holy Sabbath might not be defiled with blood. But even to him he would hardly

listen. He was so suspicious that he would allow none to leave Naples without his permission.

Soon after, he took a ragged company to the castle, "he," says an old chronicle, "having one stocking on and the other off, without band, hat, or sword," and, meeting the viceroy, called for something to eat, and asked him to go with him to Paulsillo, where they might dine together. The viceroy made an excuse, and he and the rabble went off together. Here he threw gold into the sea and made them dive for it; and, having drunk many bottles of wine, that and the heat of the weather (for it was the dog days) made him perfectly frantic. He jumped into the sea to cool himself, and, getting back to the town, sent for a sculptor, whom he commanded to set up inscriptions in marble, all over Naples, in his praise. He could not be suffered to go on in this manner, for he threatened to set the city on fire, and flourished his sword so that people were afraid to go near him. He was got to his own house, which was strongly guarded with soldiers. The next day his chief secretary, Vitale, becoming insolent, had his head cut off by some of the viceroy's party.

It seems that Masaniello became conscious of his own state; for that very day was the festival of the Virgin of Mount Carmel; and while this was going on in the street, before the congregation in the cathedral a sad spectacle took place. Masaniello, his frenzy over, and his mind broken down, made his way into the church, and reached the altar where the archbishop stood to sing mass. Standing there, he gave the archbishop a letter to the viceroy, in which he resigned his power; for, he said, he knew the people were against him now. Then, turning to the assembly, he who had done so much for them piteously begged them not to cast him off. They were, however, unmoved. Presently he fell at the archbishop's feet. Whether it was real repentance not to be repented of we know not, or whether it was the reaction after his fury, we can only tell certainly that, holding a crucifix in his hands, he sadly and humbly accused himself of the sins of his past life, and begged all who heard him to make the like confession for themselves. After this, his words became more foolish, and the archbishop wisely drew him aside, that he might be taken out of the church. It was the last time the people of Naples saw Masaniello alive. Before, when he had stood on the altar-steps, it was to witness the confirming of the liberty he had won, the viceroy himself and the city in his power. A few days had passed, and now, his mind destroyed by what he had done for them, he stood in that very place again and asked their pity, and asked it in vain. And yet that sad and penitent showing of himself seems better than the glad triumphant one. Better for his hearers had it been to act upon his last broken words, than his first eager speech.

Masaniello was lodged in a small chamber opening on the cloisters. Four men were in league with the viceroy, and they, watching their opportunity to put him to death, found him out in the chamber. All fired upon him at once, and he fell on the floor, exclaiming, "Ah! ungrateful traitors!" So

Masaniello died. But the people were not content. A butcher came and chopped off his head, which was carried up and down the streets on a lance. As he had himself foretold, his body was dragged through the gutters. Not one moved a finger to save it from such indignities. All made haste to conciliate the viceroy, and a deputation was sent to congratulate him on the death of the tyrant. We may hope that the services of thanksgiving, and the cheers for the viceroy that followed, were through fear of his power.

The fickle people were not trusted. That very night the duke brought six hundred horse into the city. Only on the following day the people felt what they had lost. The loaf of bread was eleven ounces lighter. The wind changed again. Once more the cry was heard for Masaniello. His body was sought, and found in a ditch, his head was sewn on, and the sorrow and bewailing denied to him while living was wasted on his corpse. It was carried to the cathedral, where a service for the repose of his soul was performed. Then his body was laid upon a hearse, his lifeless head was crowned with a funeral crown, his dead fingers were closed upon a sceptre. A thousand priests gathered and walked before the hearse, drums and trumpets played mournful music. So the funeral procession went slowly and solemnly through the city, halting for one moment under the very balcony where Masaniello had stood with the viceroy. Then, by torchlight, they went to the cathedral, and he was buried. He was twenty-four years old: into the last ten days of his existence were crowded the events of a long life.

The insurrection spread all over the kingdom. The French heard of it, and, by way of annoying the King of Spain, sent the people help. When the Neapolitans saw the French fleet sailing into the bay, they danced in the streets for joy. Now they wished not only to cast off the viceroy, but the king also, and money was coined, bearing the arms of "The Royal Republic." But, Masaniello gone, they wanted a leader. Don John of Austria came at the head of the Spanish fleet, and though at first the people would not listen to any terms he proposed, they were frightened when, after some days, he marched into the city and had a wall battered down. He now offered a pardon, with the abolition of all the taxes, and this was received with loud acclamation. So Naples came back to its old obedience, and, the rest of the country following its example, the blaze died down. The only one dissatisfied was the Duke of Arcos, who had abundance of blame for his bad management.

Naples continued under the Spanish rule until the year 1707, after which it was held by the French for twenty-seven years. In 1734 it was recovered by the Spaniards, and after some time Naples and Sicily were divided from Spain, but the kingdom was given to the Spanish king's son. Of its dark state at present *we all know*.

In the north of Europe there is a small country, like Naples, bordered by the sea, but like it in nothing else. Its climate is foggy and dark, its soil needs constant labour, its people are slow of

thought. Almost at the time when the Normans conquered Naples, they conquered this little country also; but a foreign ruler has never since set his foot in it. Gradually its power has increased. Three hundred years ago the worldly-wise Emperor Charles v declared that it was better to war with all the world than with that country. Wise statesmen have been raised up in it when they were needed; its two revolutions have brought about abiding good. Its people now are the most free on the face of the earth; its power is acknowledged wherever it is named. That country is England. From whence comes it that it differs from the other? Something is due to the firmness of the national character, and an Englishman's love of work. But chiefly is it because, though once the same darkness was here as is still in Naples, by the labours and sufferings of our noble reformers and martyrs the light of God's truth streamed over the land long ago. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, *but* unto thy name be the glory, for thy loving mercy and for thy truth's sake." "It was thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them."

And now a better chance of freedom has come to Naples and Sicily than ever came before; and all England has been stirred by the news. In the midst of our rejoicing over it, there is matter for very earnest consideration. The revolt of Masaniello failed in great part because, having gained liberty, neither he nor his people knew how to use it. Whether this present struggle succeeds any better depends, so it seems to us, upon the free people of England more than upon Garibaldi or any other. When civil tyranny falls in Naples, religious tyranny will fall too. The people will cast their old creed to the moles and to the bats, and if they are offered nothing better in its place, the latter end will be worse than the beginning.

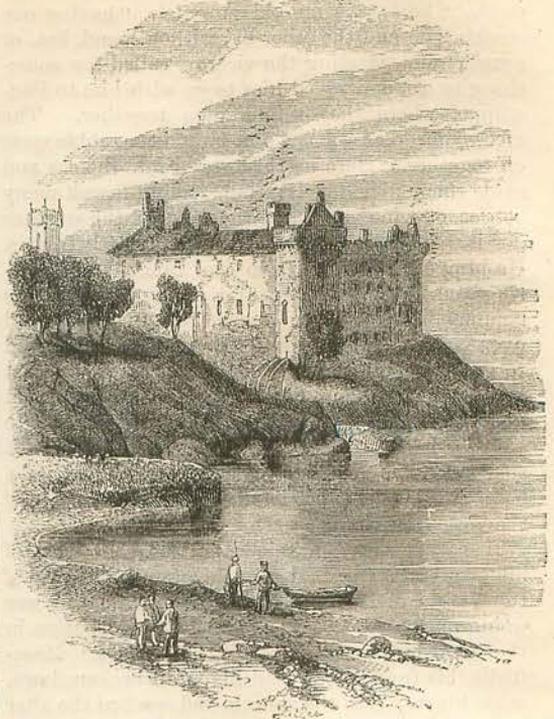
The open Bible makes England what she is, and the knowledge it teaches of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Now, if ever, can that Bible be sent to Naples and Sicily. The sending it will be the raising of the true standard of freedom; and we can, we ought to send it. "If the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed." Better than all other aid will be "the sword of the Spirit, the word of God." Let us show that we prize our own liberty by putting that sword, which has gained it for us, into the hands of those who are now fighting to be free. More than all, we can send with that sword our prayers. We can pray for the people, and for their wonderful great leader; and in these two things, the very best things that could be done, may we help the people of Naples and Sicily.

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

A ROOFLESS PALACE.

It is a misty morning; the carriage windows are wet with steaming small rain, unfavourable for sight-seeing or any commoner species of vision; yet, as we approach Linlithgow, a gleam of the red-

tilled roofs of that quaint old town is perceptible amid the general blur. On a height behind rises



LINLITHGOW PALACE AND LAKE

a square mass of building, dimly defined; but we need no positive outline to declare what it is, and the foggy drapery suits its age and story well.



ST. MICHAEL'S WELL.