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THE REVOLT OF MASANIELLO.  
Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.

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Continued from our last.

MASANIELLO found the duke of Arcos waiting him at the top of the staircase. On perceiving him, Masaniello bowed. The viceroy said, that he deserved a reward for having so well controlled this multitude, so promptly dispensed justice, and so wonderfully organized an army; that he hoped this army would unite with those of Spain in opposing their common enemies; and that, in effecting this, Masaniello would perform the greatest service to Philip IV. that was in the power of a subject to render to his sovereign. Masaniello replied that neither himself nor the people had ever revolted against Philip IV. as the portraits of the king put up with great honor at the corners of the streets, would attest; that he had only wished to lighten the treasury of the burden of the salaries of the excisemen, salaries which (Masaniello had compelled them to give him all information about the matter) exceeded, at least, one-third the duties they received; and that when the city of Naples enjoyed the immunities accorded by the proclamation of Charles V. he would promise that himself and the people would be ready to render perfect obedience to the will of the king. They then entered an apartment where Count Filomarino was waiting, and a profound discussion arose between these three men, so different in profession, character, and station, upon the rights of royalty, and the interests of the people. Then, as the discussion was prolonged some time, the people without, not seeing their chief re-appear, began to shout "Masaniello, Masaniello!" The duke and cardinal grew uneasy as these shouts increased, and Masaniello, smiling at their fears, said, "I will show you, my lords, how tractable are the Neapolitan people!"

He opened a window, and stepped out upon the balcony. When he appeared, the voices burst forth in a single shout, "Viva Masaniello!" But Masaniello had only to place his finger upon his lip, when all this crowd became so silent that it seemed as if the city of eternal flames had suddenly become as lifeless as Herculaneum and Pompeii. Then, in his ordinary tone of voice, which, so great was the silence, was heard by all, distinctly: "It is well," said he; "I have no longer any need of you; let every one retire under penalty of treason!"

All immediately left the square without an observation, without a word, and, five minutes after, this place, filled with more than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, was entirely deserted, with the exception of the sentinel and lazaroni who held the bride of Masaniello's horse. The duke and cardinal gazed upon each other in affright, for at this moment only, did they comprehend the terrible influence of this man. But this display of power showed plainly to the two politicians, with whom Masaniello was treating, that, for the present, at least, they could not refuse anything which he demanded; and it was agreed, before the triumvirate, which had met to decide upon matters which affected the most vital interests of Naples, separated, that the order for the suppression of taxes, should be read, signed, and publicly confirmed, in the presence of all the people who were in revolt. Masaniello repeated, only for the purpose of obtaining their abolition. This point, which was all that had brought Masaniello to the palace being settled, he demanded of the duke of Arcos permission to retire. The duke said he was free to do as he pleased, that he was as much viceroy as himself, that he might regard himself as having a right to visit and leave the palace, in which he had an equal right, whenever he chose. Masaniello bowed again, and accompanied the cardinal to the door of his palace, riding side by side with him, but in such a manner however, as to allow the cardinal's horse to be a head's length in advance of his own. When the cardinal re-entered his palace Masaniello took his way to the market place, where he found collected the great multitude he had dismissed from before the viceroy's palace. He passed the night in the midst of the crowd, despatching public business, and replying to the petitions which were presented to him. This man seemed to be superior to physical necessities; for, during the five nights that his power continued, no one had seen him eat or sleep; from time to time, only, he called for a glass of water, in which were expressed some drops of lemon juice.

The next day was that fixed for the ratification of the treaty, and the conclusion of peace, in the Santa Clara Cathedral. In the morning, Masaniello found two magnificently caparisoned horses, intended for himself and his brother, in waiting. This was a new attention on the part of the viceroy. The two young men mounted, and set out for the palace. They there found the Duke of Arcos and all the court in waiting for them. A numerous cavalcade joined them: the Duke of Arcos placed Masaniello on his right, and his brother on his left, and, followed by all the people, advanced toward the cathedral, where Cardinal Filomarino, who was Archbishop of Naples, received them at the head of his clergy. Each one placed himself, according to the rank which he had received from heaven, or which he had assumed of himself; the cardinal in the middle

of the choir, the Duke of Arcos upon a tribune, and Masaniello with a naked sword in his hand, near the secretary, who read the articles of the treaty, making a pause after finished reading each. Masaniello would then repeat the articles, explaining the bearing to the people, and commenting on the most skillful legislator would have done, after which, upon a sign, that he had nothing more to say, the secretary would pass on. After all the articles were thus read and commented upon, divine service was commenced, which terminated with the Te Deum. A splendid repast awaited the principal actors in this scene, in the palace gardens. Masaniello, his wife and brother had been invited. At first, as usual, Masaniello, who knew very well that he was not the object, of all these honors, would have refused, but Cardinal Filomarino interposed, persuaded the young lazaroni to avoid insulting the viceroy by refusing to dine at his table, and succeeding in inducing him to accept the invitation. A dark cloud, however, might have been seen to pass over his brow, usually so frank and open, which, the cries of admiration and love, from the people, that generally had so much influence over him, could not now drive away. It was remarked that, in returning from the cathedral, his head was bent upon his breast, and the sad expression of his countenance was the more easily observed as, out of respect to the viceroy, and notwithstanding his repeated requests to cover himself, Masaniello, regardless of the ardent rays of the sun, which poured down upon him, carried his hat in his hand. On arriving at the palace he demanded a glass of water, acidulated with lemon juice. It was brought him, and, as he was very warm, he swallowed it at a single draught; in a moment he became so pale that the duchess inquired if he were ill. Masaniello replied that the food water had, no doubt, affected him, and the duchess, smiling, handed him a rosegay to smell. Masaniello carried it to his lips, out of respect to the duchess; but, hardly had he done so, when, by a rapid and involuntary movement, he threw it far from him. The duchess pretended not to have observed this action, and took her seat at table, with Masaniello at her right, and his brother at her left. A place was reserved for the wife of Masaniello between the viceroy and Cardinal Filomarino.

Masaniello was silent and moody during the repast, and seemed to be suffering from some internal pain, of which he did not wish to complain. He was abstracted, and when the duke invited him to drink the king's health, he was compelled to repeat the request before Masaniello seemed to hear him. At last, he rose; his hand trembled as he took his glass, and, at the moment, he was about to carry it to his lips, he fell, fainting, upon the floor.

This occurrence created a great sensation. Masaniello's father rose and cast a terrible glance upon the duke; his wife burst into tears. But the viceroy, with the greatest calmness, remarked, that it was not surprising that the physical force of a man who had neither eaten nor slept for six days and nights, and had passed the greater part of the time engaged in the most violent exercise, under a burning sun, should be exhausted. Hence gave orders to have Masaniello carried into the palace, accompanied himself, saw that he needed nothing, and sent for his own physician. The physician came just as Masaniello recovered his faculties, and declared that his indisposition arose from over exertion, and would soon pass away, if he consented to refrain, for a day or two, from the labor of body and mind to which for some time, he had given himself up. Masaniello smiled bitterly; then, with a movement like that of Hercules, when he plucked from his shoulders the poisoned tunic of Nesses, he tore away the silver cloth robe, which the viceroy had sent him, and, calling in a loud voice for his fisherman's clothes, which were in the little house in the market place, he ran, half naked as he was, to the stables, leaped in the first horse he found, and dashed out of the palace. The viceroy looked after him as he went away, and, when he was out of sight, said: "This man's head is turned," said he; "his sudden greatness has made him mad!" And the courtiers repeated, in a chorus, that Masaniello was mad.

During this time, Masaniello rode at full speed through the streets of Naples, like a mad man, overturning all who came in his way, and stopping only to ask for water. His breast was on fire. In the evening he returned to the market place; his eyes burned with fury; he was delirious, and in his delirium gave the most strange and contradictory orders. The first were obeyed, but it was soon perceived that he was insane, and they ceased to be executed.

His wife and brother watched by him during the whole night. The next day, as he appeared calmer, the two watchers left him to take some repose; but they had hardly gone out, when Masaniello clothed himself in the fragments of the rich dress he had worn on the previous day, and ordered his horse in so imperious a voice, that it was brought to him. He leaped upon it, and, without hat or vest, with nothing upon him but his torn shirt, and ragged trowsers, dashed off at full gallop for the palace. The sentinel did not recognize him, and would have stopped him; but he overturned him, leaped from his horse, rushed into the chamber of the viceroy, said he was dying of hunger, and demanded something to eat. Then, in an instant after, he informed the viceroy that he was about to prepare a collation without the city, and invited him to partake of it. But the viceroy, who did not know what portion of this to credit or disbelieve, and who saw before him an insane man, only, pretended indisposition, and refused to go. Masaniello then, without insisting farther, descended the staircase, leaped upon his horse, dashed out of the

city, of which he almost made the circuit, at full gallop, under a burning sun, and returned to his house, bathed in perspiration. During his ride, as on the day before, he had frequently demanded drink, and it is supposed that he must have drunk, as much as sixteen quarts of water. Overcome with fatigue, he retired to his bed.

During these two days of madness, Arduzone, Reine, and Cananeo, who were eclipsed whilst the dictatorship of Masaniello continued, regained their influence, and made a new division of the city guard.

Masaniello had fallen, when he first threw himself upon his bed, into a deep stupor; but, toward midnight, he awoke, and, although his muscular limbs were shaken with a violent tremor, and his eye burned with the remains of fever, he felt better. At this moment his door opened, and, instead of his wife or brother, whom he expected to see, a man, muffled in a large black cloak, his face covered with a mask of the same colour, entered and advanced silently to the trundle bed, upon which lay this powerful man, at whose beck were the lives of four hundred thousand of his kind.

"Masaniello, poor Masaniello!" said he, letting fall his cloak, and removing his mask. "Salvator Rosa!" cried Masaniello, recognizing his friend, of whom for four days he had lost sight, occupied as Salvator had been with the "Death Troop," in repulsing the Spaniards who had attempted to enter Naples from Salerno.

The two friends threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Yes, yes, poor Masaniello!" cried the fisherman-king, falling back upon his bed. "Have they not well disposed of me, and have I not done well to confide in them! But I wrong myself to say I trusted them, for I have never believed in their fine speeches; I have never had faith in their grand promises. This infamous Cardinal Filomarino has done all; he has, in the holy name of God, deceived me!"

Salvator Rosa listened to his friend with surprise.

"How!" said he, "what I have been told is not true, then?"

"What have you been told, my Salvator?" said Masaniello, with a sad expression.

Rosa was silent.

"You have been told that I was mad; is it not so?" continued Masaniello.

Rosa nodded assent.

"It is all my own fault," said Masaniello; "why did I put my foot in their palace? Was that the place for a poor fisherman? Why did I accept the invitation to their banquet? It was through pride—the demon of pride tempted me, Salvator, and I have been punished."

"What!" cried Rosa, "do you believe that they have had the baseness—"

"They have poisoned me," interrupted Masaniello, in a more decided voice; "they poisoned me twice—he and she—he in a glass of water, she in a bouquet. It is indeed difficult to call them noble, to call them duke and duchess; they who could poison a poor fisherman, full of confidence; who believed that what was sworn was binding—who delivered himself into their hands without distrust!"

"No, no! you deceive yourself Masaniello; the burning sun to which you have been exposed, the unceasing physical labour which you have undergone, and, above all, the great and continued intellectual effort which you have made, that wears out even those who are accustomed to it, these were sufficient to have produced a temporary insanity."

"That is what they say, I know very well," cried Masaniello; "that is what they say, and that is what generations to come will, without doubt, say, also; since you, my friend, you, who are here, face to face with me, repeat the same thing when I affirm the contrary. They poisoned me in a glass of water, and in a bouquet; hardly had I smelled the flowers, hardly had I swallowed the water, before I felt my senses deserting me. A cold sweat started out upon my brow, the earth seemed to be sinking under my feet; the city, the sea, Vesuvius, all seemed whirling round me. Oh! the wretches, the wretches!"

And a burning tear coursed down the cheek of the young Neapolitan.

"Yes, yes," said Salvator Rosa; "yes, I see now that it is indeed true. But, thank heaven! their conspiracy has failed; thank heaven! you are no longer insane; the poison, thank heaven! has yielded to the remedies, and you are saved."

"Yes," replied Masaniello, "but Naples is lost, and wherefore?" asked Salvator Rosa.

"Do you not see," replied Masaniello, "that I am not the same now as I was the day before yesterday? When I command, the people hesitate to obey. They have no longer confidence in me, for they have seen me insane. Besides, have they not whispered to this multitude that I desired to become a king?"

"It is true," replied Salvator, with a gloomy expression, "for that reason, has brought me here."

"And for what purpose? come! speak frankly!"

"For what purpose?" replied Salvator Rosa. "I came to satisfy myself that the report was true and, if true, to stab you to the heart!"

"It is well, Salvator, well!" said Masaniello; "with six such men as you, all would not yet be lost."

"But why do you despair thus?" asked Salvator.

"Because, in the present state of things, I, alone, have the power to lead this people to the attainment of that end, which would probably be effected in a day; and to-morrow morning, this night, is an hour, perhaps, I shall be no longer here to lead them."

Where, then, will you die?"

"A smile of the deepest sadness wandered upon the lips of Masaniello; he raised his eyes to heaven, and then turned them upon Salvator Rosa.

"They will kill me, my friend," said he; "four days ago they attempted to assassinate me, and they failed, because my hour had not come. The day before yesterday they poisoned me, and, if they did not succeed in taking my life, they made me mad. This is a forewarning from heaven, Salvator! The next attempt they make will be the last."

"But why, forewarned as you are, do you not foil their plots by remaining at home?"

"They will say that I am afraid."

"By retaining a sufficient guard to protect you, then, every time you go out of the city!"

"They will say that I wish to become a king."

"But it will not be believed."

"Why, even you have believed it!"

Salvator Rosa bent down his head, and blushed, for there was so much gentleness in Masaniello's reply, that it was not an accusation but a reproach.

"Well, be it so!" replied he; "God's will be done."

Salvator Rosa seated himself on the bed beside his friend.

"What is your intention?" asked Masaniello.

"As for me, whom the Lord has chosen for his servant, I await calmly the cup which I must drink; this is well, for I cannot, should not do otherwise, but you, Salvator, pressed onward by no destiny, bound by no oath, for you to remain in this infamous Babylon, would be madness, would be criminal."

"I shall remain, notwithstanding," said Rosa.

"You will sacrifice yourself without saving me, Salvator—and all your devotion will be folly."

"Happen what may!" replied the painter, "this is my will!"

"Your will? And your sisters? Your mother? Your will! The day on which you acknowledged me as your leader, you agreed to make your will subordinate to mine. Well! my will is, Salvator, that you leave Naples, instantly, that you go to Rome, and throwing yourself at the feet of the holy father, solicit indulgence for me; for these murderers will, in all probability, take my life, without allowing me time to make preparation for death. Do you hear? This is my will. As your chief, I command, as your friend I implore you to obey me."

"It is well," said Salvator Rosa, "I obey." He then unrolled a canvass, drew forth his pencils from a little bundle attached to his belt and sketched, with a firm and rapid hand, that fine portrait of Masaniello, which may be seen at the present day, in the first chamber of the Museum of the Studio at Naples, in which he is represented in his shirt sleeves, with a dark colored cap and bare neck.

The two friends separated, never more to meet again. Salvator Rosa set out on his way to Rome the same night. Masaniello, fatigued with this scene, fell back upon his pillow and slept.

He awoke next morning at the sound of the bell which called the faithful to their devotions. He rose, offered up a prayer, clothed himself in his simple fisherman's dress, descended, crossed the square, and entered the church. It was the fete day of the Virgin of Mount Carmel. Cardinal Filomarino officiated; the church was overflowing with people.

When Masaniello appeared, the crowd opened and made way for him. After the mass was finished, Masaniello went up into the pulpit, and signified that he wished to speak. A profound silence followed, and every one paused to listen to what he had to say.

"My friends," said Masaniello, in a sad, but calm voice, "You were slaves; I have set you free. If you are worthy of that liberty, defend it, for now it affects you only. You have been told that I wished to become a king; I swear by Him who died upon the cross to purchase the liberty of all men, that it is not true. All is now at an end between the world and me. Something tells me that I have only a few hours to live. Friends, remember the only thing I have asked of you, and which you have promised me; say an Ave Maria for my soul, the moment you hear of my death."

All the audience renewed the promise; Masaniello then made a sign to the crowd to leave the church, which was obeyed. When he was alone, he descended from the pulpit, kneeled before the altar of the virgin, and prayed. When he raised his head, a man came to him to say that Cardinal Filomarino waited at the convent to consult with him on state business. Masaniello signified that he would accede to the cardinal's request. The messenger disappeared. Masaniello said a pater and an ave, kissed the amulet, which he wore round his neck, three times, and then advanced towards the vestry. When he reached the door, he heard several voices calling him into the cloister; he went toward the side from which the voices came, but at the moment he put his foot upon the threshold, the report of three muskets were heard, and three balls passed through his breast. This time his hour had come; all the balls took effect. He fell, uttering these words, only:

"Ah, traitors! ah! ungrateful wretches!"

He had recognized in the assassins his three friends, Cananeo, Reina and Arduzone.

Arduzone approached the corpse, decapitated it, and passing through the whole city with the bleeding head in his hand, laid it at the feet of the viceroy. The viceroy examined it for a moment, to be sure that it was Masaniello's, and then, after having paid the promised