

When she arrived in Naples the streets were empty. All those who usually filled them had been driven out. Isabella hurried through the city, and was met in the sumptuous apartments into which she had received orders to admit no one but herself. "Oh, Heaven's savior, where can you have taken me to at this hour?" said Inez. "In the palace," replied Isabella. "Approaching Isabella, who had just risen from a chair, she said: "I will felicitate you my child, on the step you have taken. Follow my advice, and go and seek the victory. Acquaint him with the object of this miserable affairman, as that name measures may be taken for arresting and all the wretches of his kind."

"I am," she said, "stagnated the duenna," that this
 man Anelio ought to be handed immedi-
 ately, with all his accomplices." "The
 miserable creature!" shrieked Isabella,
 with a furious burst of passion. "Out of
 my sight, and let me not see your face
 again!"
 The duenna hung her head and left the
 room.
 "I was alone with Inez, Isabella,"
 she said, "and, in order to keep all
 the more quiet, I had taken her place in the sister's
 room."
 "It was not the first time that Isabella, had
 she been a confidante of Inez, and the sparkling
 wit, who wrote was full of dissipation
 and intention to see Massanello cruci-
 fied."
 "Retire, senora, to rest," said she, "for I
 am tired."
 "I am tired," she said, "stagnated the duenna," that this
 man Anelio ought to be handed immedi-
 ately, with all his accomplices." "The
 miserable creature!" shrieked Isabella,
 with a furious burst of passion. "Out of
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the first rays of the next day's sun had
already kissed the waters of the sparkling
beach when the two young girls were to be seen
lying along the beach in the direction of
the cabin. The first thing that struck them
was the sight on beholding an immense crowd as-
sembled round the cabin! All those whotho
the oath at the catacombs the night
before had already arrived, and were impa-
tiently waiting for their young leader.
The two girls, and the two brothers, who were
who were clothed in ragged and whose
features were somber and suspicious.
The vicerey's chamberlain guessed too well
the cause of the tumultuous assemblage. She
opened the cabin, and found Joanne alone
in Pietro.
The girls ran and embraced the young fisher-

There is he, Jeanne?"

Pietro's affianced could answer, "No, joyous clamor was heard outside, and she rang with cries of 'Misantello! Misantello!'"

He was the young fisherman, who had just returned from the sea with the artist. "No, Jeanne," said Isabella, "go and tell that I implore him to see me once more."

Isabella obeyed. But when she approached her brother, and whispered something in his ear, he started, and made a violent movement, expressive of refusal.

"Go to the vicerey's daughter, say the gesture of the vicerey."

"No, no," said Isabella, "no, no, no, no, no, no," said Misantello.

...ano; she will take you to a person who has already made me waver. She is standard. You must make her understand that I can neither speak to nor see her now. The artist followed Jeannio to the cabin. Magnaniello turning to the crowd, commanded: "Everything is ready; you are provided with arms." "Where are they?" was heard on every side at the gate of the Marina, hidden in the car loads of straw, which are under the care of some of Corelli's men, disguised as peasants. "Bravo!" cried all the conspirators. "And now," continued Magnaniello, "listen to my last orders." The crowd was instantly silent.

the other will proceed to the gate
 Marina, where the men who form it
 two partitions, blunderbusses and muskets
 Keep your arms as secret as possible
 no cries, but wait for the signal, and
 the city the moment you hear the tocsin
 the cathedral sound.
 We will obey you," cried they all.
 Name Salvador Rosa, whom you
 leader of this division."
 "Salvador bravo!"
 "Long live our leader!"
 "Long live Salvador Rosa!"
 At this instant the artist reformed Mas
 "Father," said he, in a low voice, "when
 you make the acquaintance of this you
 here, on the beach."

"Has she never spoken of her father?"
 "Her father is a captain in the Spanish army," replied the artist.
 "You have been deceived."
 "What do I care?"
 "Say that she has deceived you; her name isabella d'Arco, and her father is vicar apostolic."
 "I started like a wounded tiger," exclaimed the artist, "but I am sure of it," replied the artist. "I do not recognize me, although I have of late acted as the frescoes of the Vicaria. I am hence here must be owing to some mistake. *Missinello, towarro!*"
 "I repeat God's name, *Missinello*, 'my name is *Sine*, the daughter of the despot, *cabin!*' Understand all now; she does

"Mansell! Be calm!"
"I will," said the fishermen.
"Think," said Salvatore, "that you are on and speak to her. If there is treachery can be detected as a hostage. But, please, there must be no mercy, no weakness."
"I would pluck out my heart sooner than any," said Mansellito, pressing his hand.
"I will," said Salvatore. "I will let the division and moved toward the place where the two men were held prisoner. Mansellito, he chose a lieutenant ordered him to take his men and await arrival on the road leading to Portofino."
"I will," said Salvatore. "I will let the division be hurried to the cabin. He cut a fiery eye and a beating heart. He hurried to the cabin and the division was to follow him on his progress.

"The unhappy girl! let fall her
the irritated countenance of the
who cried out, in a voice of thun-
der, "Isabella d'Araoz, what do you want
of a thunderbolt fallen on the poor
if it could have produced a more
effect; she clasped a chair, in order
to fall, and murmured, in a stifled voice,
"My life! I must die!"

"You are frightened," said he, who
had just quitted your father's secret which
is still to be ignorant of."

"Do you own it? You do not seek
to make me any longer. I have no time to
before, I again call on you to leave
me alone, the day after tomorrow, the day
of the tyrant of my country, to let
you want here, in the shade of the
people, by whom your father was
killed!"

What terror! What a game,
more to save you.
What interest can you
my safety?"

Oh, heaven! how can he ask me!"
These last words were pronounced
an accent of despair and yet with
entirely felt his heart tremble at
his field.

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