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I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Nancy Grayson Holmes entitled "A Critical Edition of Thomas D'Urfey's The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello." I recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in English.

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A CRITICAL EDITION OF THOMAS D'URFEY'S THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF MASSANIELLO

A Dissertation

Presented for the

Doctor of Philosophy

Degree

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Nancy Grayson Holmes

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This dissertation could never have been completed without the author's access to several great libraries in England--Oxford, Cambridge, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum. These four libraries contained more than one-third of the few extant copies of D'Urfey's Massaniello, as well as newspaper collections and certain Italian chronicles[1] unavailable in any library in the United States. Much necessary research on the play's sources and stage history was conducted in England. I am profoundly indebted to The University of Tennessee's English Department (and particularly to Dr. Percy Adams) for making this research possible through a travel grant that helped defray the expenses of study abroad.

I wish to thank all those librarians in both this country and Great Britain who so promptly provided photocopies of the title pages and of both parts of the play's text. I must also acknowledge the diligent efforts of Ms. Barbara Rystrom and the Interlibrary Loan staff at The University of Georgia in locating some of the obscure materials crucial to research for this dissertation.

Many of the sources, of course, had to be translated. A self-taught "cram course" enabled me to read substantial portions of the works in Italian, but for precise translations of the more difficult passages I relied upon the invaluable assistance of Ms. Daniela Daccò, an Italian graduate student in Romance Languages.

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[1]Capecelatro's three-volume account, Cardinal Filomarino's letters to the Pope, etc.

Seeking outside help with the translating proved more necessary than I had originally realized. Even Daniela found the passages extraordinarily difficult to read, because no period of Italian prose is more baroque and convoluted than that of the seventeenth century.

My greatest debt is to the director of this dissertation, Dr. Percy G. Adams. Without his encouragement at critical junctures over the past five years, I would probably have abandoned efforts to finish my doctoral program. I thank him also for the ready and careful attention he devoted to this writing project once it was underway.

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ABSTRACT

Thomas D'Urfey's two-part tragedy, The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello (1700, 1699), has considerable thematic and literary significance in the history of late Restoration drama, in spite of the play's flaws and initial failure on the stage. It was written as a plea for unity during the last years of William's reign, one of the most politically unstable periods of the seventeenth century. The threat of rebellion and mob rule precipitated by internal dissension prompted D'Urfey to write a strongly didactic play about the Neapolitan rebellion of 1647, which was contemporaneous with the English Civil War and would recall the horrors of republican government. By writing both serious and comic parts in prose, D'Urfey was also trying to inject greater verisimilitude into the tired rhetoric of late Restoration tragedy. In this play, he did manage to achieve one of the period's finest structural and thematic integrations of comic and serious scenes.

A lengthy introduction in six parts precedes this edition of Massaniello. Section I is an evaluation of D'Urfey's entire dramatic achievement for the purpose of reassessing the condemnatory judgments of earlier critics about this most prolific and representative Restoration playwright. The plays are discussed in terms of their predominant elements and of D'Urfey's intentions as a dramatist. Section II contains a plot summary and a study of the chief source for Massaniello, as well as an overview of other chronicles and histories that are crucial to an understanding of the Neapolitan revolution. Also examined are D'Urfey's purposeful tamperings with

historical truth. Section III is a discussion of the play's stage history (both the original production and revivals), in addition to its use of sensationalism and spectacular embellishments. Section IV relates Massaniello's historical and thematic significance for the late 1690's, the political conditions that made such a play appropriate, and the relationship of the Neapolitan uprising to other revolutions that took place at mid-century in England and on the Continent. This part concludes with a discussion of the play's unique features that increase its ideological forcefulness: D'Urfey's innovative treatment of the commonplace rabble scene and his extended portrait of a plebeian leader's exercise of absolute power. Section V, a literary analysis of Massaniello, examines the play's strengths and weaknesses, as well as the elaborate series of parallels and contrasts that clarify D'Urfey's didactic intent. Section VI is a description of the editorial process adopted for this play and an explanation of silent and recorded changes made in the text. Explanatory notes for Parts I and II of Massaniello follow the actual text of the play.

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INTRODUCTION

I. EVALUATION OF D'URFEY'S DRAMATIC CAREER

The study of Restoration drama has profited greatly in recent years from new interpretations which have focused upon the enormous variety of plays written during the period, as well as upon the shaping force of theatrical competition and audience taste. As a result, the canon of Restoration plays now deemed worthy of consideration has been extended much beyond a handful of manners comedies by Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve. This process of re-evaluation is nonetheless far from complete, and its continuance is hampered by the inaccessibility of a large number of plays whose literary or historical significance is beginning to be understood. Thomas D'Urfey remains the most neglected of those playwrights who figured prominently in the stage history of the time.[1] A collected edition of his plays has never been compiled, and only six individual comedies[2] exist in modern editions; furthermore, no critic has yet done justice to D'Urfey's dramatic career or to the extent of his influence upon Restoration drama. Surely the period's most prolific dramatist--and one of its most representative--deserves better treatment.

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[1]Work has been underway for several years on a modern edition of Southerne's complete dramatic works, and a recent dissertation (U. Tenn.) by Julia Rich provides critical readings of all his plays. Crowne's works, available in the collected nineteenth-century edition by Maidment and Logan, have been studied extensively in the unpublished dissertation (Duke, 1964) by Richard L. Capwell. Shadwell and Behn have received wider critical attention. Ravenscroft, like D'Urfey, has been overlooked as a mere farceur, but his influence is probably less significant than D'Urfey's.

[2]Madam Fickle, A Fond Husband, The Virtuous Wife, A Fool's Preferment, Love for Money, and The Richmond Heiress. In addition, there is a facsimile reprint of Wonders in the Sun.

By far the best synopses of D'Urfey's life and career appear in Cyrus L. Day's unpublished dissertation, The Life and Nondramatic Works of Thomas D'Urfey (1930), and in his edition of The Songs of Thomas D'Urfey (1933). Unfortunately, these studies make only perfunctory reference to the thirty-two[3] plays, almost none of it critical commentary. Day's Dates and Performances of Thomas D'Urfey's Plays (1950) does provide assistance to editors of the drama. The value of Robert Stanley Forsythe's Study of the Plays of Thomas D'Urfey (1916) lies mainly in its source studies and plot summaries, though readers must be wary of occasional factual inaccuracies and realize that Forsythe's critical judgments are unreliable and dated. Later assessments of D'Urfey as dramatist are found in the introductions to individual plays edited by Jack Vaughn, Donald Sanville, Raymond Biswanger, and William E. Carpenter, Jr. Each casts light on important aspects of D'Urfey's career, most notably his early sentimentalism, but none gives a satisfactory evaluation of the dramatic output in its entirety. Vaughn, it must be said, attempts an overview but falls short: he dismisses the tragedies and operas as "lacking in merit"[4] and accepts the prevailing critical notion that most of the comedies are nothing but farces, a view sorely in need of leavening. Articles by Kathleen Lynch and C. B. Graham[5]

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[3]Day reports thirty-three plays attributed to D'Urfey but acknowledges that the last (The English Stage Italianiz'd) is spurious.

[4]Two Comedies of Thomas D'Urfey (Cranbury, N. J.: Associated University Presses, Inc., 1976), p. 21.

[5]Lynch, "Thomas D'Urfey's Contribution to Sentimental Comedy," Philological Quarterly, 9 (1930), 249-59; Graham, "The Jonsonian Tradition in the Comedies of Thomas D'Urfey," Modern Language Quarterly, 8 (1947), 47-52.

have been very helpful in discussing D'Urfey's influence upon sentimental comedy and his debt to Jonson, but each article is necessarily limited in scope. Only Robert Hume, in his monumental and exhaustive study of Restoration drama,[6] has commented with insight upon each individual D'Urfey play. There is still a need, however, for a fresh look at the total dramatic achievement of this maligned and too-easily-dismissed playwright. Much of the scorn is undoubtedly justified, but much of it can also be discounted when the student of Restoration drama decides to read the plays of D'Urfey with greater objectivity.

Forsythe, Day, Vaughn, and Biswanger have rehearsed the few known facts about Thomas D'Urfey's life to the point that further reiteration is unnecessary. Day's biography, based on painstaking research in the archives and parish registers of Devonshire and London, is the authoritative account upon which later critics have drawn. In their introductions these same four editors have also summarized the early critical commentary on D'Urfey, including remarks both by his contemporaries (Shadwell, Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele) and by nineteenth- and early twentieth-century literary historians (Genest, Ward, Nettleton, Nicoll, and others). Interested readers will find, in any of these introductions, a full range of the extant references to D'Urfey--from Ward's scathing judgment that he marked "the literary nadir of Restoration comedy"[7] to Addison's and Steele's

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[6]Hume, The Development of English Drama in the Late Seventeenth Century (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1976).

[7]Adolphus W. Ward, A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1899), III, 454.

affectionate, if mildly ironical, anecdotes about their friend. Since the present introduction will concentrate on an evaluation of D'Urfey as dramatist, it would be a waste of precious space to reiterate biographical and critical commentary provided so thoroughly elsewhere.

One of the most remarkable features of D'Urfey's dramatic career is its eclecticism, both in terms of the genres he took under his province and the great variety of elements within individual plays. Day lists twenty-three of the plays as comedies, four as tragedies,[8] four as operas, and one as a tragicomedy. Two of the "comedies," A Common-Wealth of Women and The Banditti, are much closer in mood and technique to tragicomedy, however, and D'Urfey himself labelled each noncomittally "a Play." Massaniello too is only called a history, though all critics refer to it as tragedy. If the plays are difficult to classify accurately into genres, their eclecticism makes further sub-division arbitrary at best. Nicoll tried to identify stages in D'Urfey's career, based mainly on the progression of the plays toward "sentimental comedy proper."[9] Sentimental elements, present even in his first comedy, were in fact more prevalent and sustained in D'Urfey's comedies after 1690. But to imagine a neat pattern of development in any form for D'Urfey's career is to distort the truth. Classifications are dangerous concerning a dramatist whose

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[8]Forsythe and Vaughn, who regard Parts I and II of Massaniello as separate plays, count five tragedies.

[9]Allardyce Nicoll, A History of English Drama, 1660-1900 (Cambridge: The University Press, 1955), I, 275.

plays became an ever-more-complex amalgam of contrasting elements and who thought nothing of writing the racy Don Quixote plays upon the heels of several exemplary comedies. One could possibly discern short stages, each embracing two or three similar plays, but such an exercise would have dubious value. As one of the Restoration's most representative dramatists, D'Urfey was quick to follow--at times to anticipate--rapidly changing trends. The age itself, according to Robert Hume, saw playwrights each season trying "new combinations and permutations" of "recently popular types, devices, plots, characters, and titles."[10] Rather than try to establish (or contrive) stages of development, it is more useful in appraising D'Urfey's career to look briefly at his few tragedies, tragicomedies, and operas and then to examine the strengths and weaknesses of his comedies as a whole in terms of their predominant elements. Any overview of his plays must concentrate on the comedies, which comprised at least two-thirds of his total dramatic production. In a short introduction, of course, the twenty-one comedies cannot be studied separately.

Very little need be said about D'Urfey's three tragicomedies. The Injured Princess is a rewrite of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, and A Common-Wealth of Women is based closely on Fletcher's Sea Voyage; neither improves on the original. These two, plus the third (The Banditti), employ all the devices of romantic tragicomedy--maidens in distress, kidnappings by pirates, shipwrecks, mistaken identities, discovery of long-lost sons or daughters--along with heavy doses of

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[10] Hume, p. 17.

gratuitous farce. A Common-Wealth has several fine tableaux of greed overcoming a shpiwrecked crew, but these scenes play second fiddle to farcical squabbling between Amazons and the ship's men. The Banditti broaches questions of alienation and parent-child relationships gone awry but fails to treat them with any seriousness.

Only Massaniello among the tragedies is truly original and noteworthy, though few critics have realized its significance.[11] Discussion of this play will, of course, occupy later sections of the introduction. The Siege of Memphis, D'Urfey's first play and belated "contribution" to heroic drama, is really quite absurd in its bombast. The author even apologizes in the dedication for "the meanness of the stile, the want of good design, and the ill representation at the Theatre." He should have claimed a few laurels, though, for his portrait of Zelmura--the outrageously ambitious, tyrannical, lustful, and unscrupulous tragedy queen who kills her husband to mount the throne of Egypt. Bussy D'Ambois is obviously an alteration of Chapman's play, which D'Urfey claimed to have purged of its "obsolete Phrases and intolerable Fustian"[12] but in fact did little to improve. The Grecian Heroine, his next-to-last play, was never acted.

Of the four operas, two never reached the stage: The Two Queens of Brentford, a lackluster sequel to Villiers' Rehearsal, and D'Urfey's

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[11] See Hume, as well as Eric Rothstein, Restoration Tragedy: Form and the Process of Change (Madison, Wisconsin: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1967), pp. 169-171. Jack Vaughn's statement is typical of those who have condemned the play: "The two parts of The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello (1699) are D'Urfey's most bombastic tragedies; in sensational dialogue and bloody scenic effects they out-Seneca Seneca" (Two Comedies, p. 21).

[12] Bussy D'Ambois (London, 1691), Dedication.

final play, Ariadne. Contrary to Vaughn's pronouncement that all four operas lack merit,[13] the remaining two are among D'Urfey's most delightful and innovative works. Cinthia and Endimion (1697) more properly belongs in the masque tradition, with classical deities representing virtues and vices, allegorical figures of four great rivers, and pastoral antimasque characters in ineffectual mutiny against the gods. Designed for performance at court before Queen Mary (who died before it could be presented), it is a joyful poetical fable whose "pomp does not degenerate into pomposity, and good humor does not condescend to lewdness."[14] Elevated allegory, pageantry, and burlesque co-exist in fine balance. "The result is one of the very few compositions among the Restoration operas to which the adjective lovely may be truthfully applied."[15] Wonders in the Sun (1706) moves in a different, and more experimental, direction. Conceived as a sequel to Godwin's romance, The Man in the Moone (1638), it is D'Urfey's eclectic contribution to the celestial voyage theme popular in seventeenth-century literature.[16] This unique pastiche blends fantasy, low comedy, spectacle, and satire in ways that anticipate--though in less controlled form--both Gulliver's Travels and The Beggar's Opera. Contrasts of solar and earthly life are

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[13]Vaughn, p. 21.

[14]Eugene Haun, "The Libretti of the Restoration Opera in English: A Study in Theatrical Genres" (Diss. University of Pennsylvania, 1954), pp. 261-62.

[15]Haun, p. 251.

[16]William W. Appleton, Introd., Wonders in the Sun, by Thomas D'Urfey (facsimile, Augustan Reprint Society, 1964), p. ii.

intended as social commentary, but unfortunately the exact import is not always clear. On the other hand, political satire about the high-flyers (Tories) and low-flyers (Whigs) in this kingdom of the birds can hardly be misconstrued. Plot and song interludes are coordinated fairly well. Songs, presented in masque form by emblematic figures, come at the ends of acts as entertainments to divert the solar creatures; in logical progression they set forth the vices and virtues of the court (Act I), the city (Act II), and the country (Act III). Even though Wonders in the Sun failed in the midst of the Italian opera boom, its great originality should not be overlooked.

Throughout his career, D'Urfey was derided as a chief promoter of low, ungenteel, "trick" comedy too heavily dependent on the "forced humours and unnatural events"[17] of farce. The fourth act of Shadwell's A True Widow (1678), in particular, burlesques "the putting out of Candles, kicking down of Tables, falling over Joynt-stools, impossible accidents, and unnatural mistakes"[18] of D'Urfey's immensely popular comedy, A Fond Husband. As Leo Hughes notes, however, "the accuser was [hardly] beyond reproach himself."[19] Shadwell followed his unsuccessful True Widow with a farcical play, The Woman's Captain, and Dryden's Mr. Limberham was admittedly "almost such another piece

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[17]John Dryden, "Preface to An Evening's Love," in Literary Criticism of John Dryden, ed. Arthur C. Kirsch (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1966), p. 92.

[18]A True Widow, in The Complete Works of Thomas Shadwell (London: The Fortune Press, 1927), Dedication, p. 284.

[19]A Century of English Farce (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1956), p. 238.

of businesse as the fond Husband."[20] Much as they hated to admit it, both Shadwell and Dryden--like D'Urfey--were forced to acknowledge the power of audience taste, in all its fickleness.

Of course, as one who wrote primarily popular comedy for entertainment, D'Urfey pandered much more unabashedly to audience whims than did Dryden or Shadwell. But his conception of comic purpose also genuinely differed from theirs. In the dedication to both Sir Charles Sedleys that introduced The Intrigues at Versailles (1697), D'Urfey appraised his own comic talents and comic intent in relation to the demands of his audience. Written late in his career, it is a surprisingly candid estimation of his accomplishments in comedy:

> As the World is full of Various Humours, so the Diversions that Poets are oblig'd to Invent to satisfy 'em, must also be so various. . . . [A]n Audience of this Age is destin'd to use neither Medium, Consideration nor Modesty; wholly resolv'd to like what Indulges the Present Humour, tho' Reason, if they thought it worth looking after, would always Inform 'em, that there is often as much Art, Labour and Wit us'd, in what through the Vitiation of the Pallate they have no Rellish for--as what they willingly swallow with a Voracious Gusto.
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> . . . [A]s I have alwayes Studied Variety to procure Diversion, so have I met with as Various Success . . . But to give Instance that my Industrious Paines have not been wanting to please the Town, if they look into my former Peices, they may find . . . a Variety which has not been every Bodies Tallent; they may find, in the Fond Husband, Regular Comedy with a Good Plot; in the Boarding-School [Love for Money], Satyrical Humour and Characters with another; in the Marriage Hater, a Mixture of all digested with Comical Turnes to the last Scene; Also in the Don Quirros [sic] Farsical Scenes of Mirth, mixt with Variety of Divertive Vocal

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[20] Dryden, Letter to Lord Latimer, in The Letters of John Dryden, ed. Charles E. Ward (Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1942), pp. 11-12.

> Musick and Dancing; . . . some have pleased more, some less, according as the Town Humour eb'd and flow'd; . . .

Nearly all the concerns which preoccupied D'Urfey as a dramatist throughout his life are alluded to in this dedication. His chief goal was "Diversion" through "Variety," and his methods were "Good Plot[s] . . . with Comical Turnes to the last Scene," "Satyrical Humour and Characters," "Farsical Scenes of Mirth," and "Divertive Vocal Musick and Dancing." The attention to dulce in comedy and to plot or "design" he shared with Dryden, as Harold Love has ably demonstrated.[21] "Dryden's notion of the dulce [,however,] involved an explicit hierarchy of pleasures culminating in values like genteelness and urbanity"[22]; the 'noblest pleasure' was achieved through graceful wit, particularly repartee.[23] D'Urfey, who lacked a talent for repartee, more directly identified plot itself as the source of comic pleasure. In the prologue to A Fond Husband, he replied angrily--and perhaps defensively--to Dryden's preface: ". . . in this Age Design no praise can get:/ You cry, it Conversation wants, and Wit,/ As if the Obvious Rules of Comedy,/ Were only dull Grimace and Repartee. . . ."

Though Dryden also emphasized the importance of "just Design"[24] and variety in creating comic delight, his definition came to focus

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[21]"Dryden, Durfey, and the Standard of Comedy," Studies in English Literature, 13, no. 3-4 (1973), 422-36.

[22]Love, p. 425.

[23]See Dryden, "Preface to An Evening's Love," pp. 90-101.

[24]Dryden, "To Mr. Southern; On His Comedy, called the Wives Excuse," in The Poems and Fables of John Dryden, ed. James Kinsley (Oxford: The University Press, 1970), pp. 464-65.

not on the separate elements of repartee or plot but rather on achievement of aesthetic wholeness, a perfection of all the parts of a play. Even in the early "Of Dramatic Poesy," through the voice of Neander he defended the "variety" of English drama as affording "a greater pleasure to the audience" than the stark drama of the French, but he made clear that the parts had to be "managed so regularly that the beauty of the whole be kept entire." Then, as if speaking directly to D'Urfey, he interjected a warning "that the variety become not a perplexed and confused mass of accidents."[25] D'Urfey never subscribed to, or perhaps never understood, Dryden's concept of a harmonious whole. To him, variety meant 'fullness'--of incident, character, song, and spectacle. As a result, he produced comedies with great range and vitality, snatches of brilliance, and frequent originality. Unfortunately, only a few are fine plays in their entirety.

Close examination of the elements of D'Urfey's comedies points up their strengths and flaws. His plots, upon which he staked much of his reputation, vary greatly in skill. Despite a profusion of incidents and complications, many cohere beautifully through careful interrelationships among plots or tight construction of action around a central figure. Whereas most plays of the period "turn on the exploits of the male lead,"[26] a surprising number of D'Urfey's plots revolve around a strong female character--most notably, Madam Fickle,

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[25] Literary Criticism of John Dryden, ed. Kirsch, pp. 40 and 42.

[26] Hume, p. 132.

Madam Tricklove (Squire Oldsapp), Olivia (The Virtuous Wife), and Fulvia (The Richmond Heiress). Some are jilts, some virtuous moralists. Though this innovation was due in part to D'Urfey's emphasis on the sentimental heroine, it also grew undoubtedly out of his instinctive "feel" for the mechanics of plot unity. In terms of sheer plot manipulation, he never surpassed the best of his early comedies. A Fond Husband (1676), for example, is little more than a lighthearted, farcical comedy of sexual intrigue, yet D'Urfey manages the dazzling succession of plots, counterplots, and clever escapes with great dexterity. By contrast, several of his later plays (in particular The Intrigues at Versailles, 1697, and The Old Mode and the New, 1703) failed because of their hopelessly complicated plots.

In the more significant aspects of plot construction, D'Urfey's skill did increase somewhat with time. Squire Oldsapp (1679), on the whole an unexceptional play, nevertheless has a thematic unity not present in the earliest comedies. The bantering (harmless lying) of the humours characters provides light counterpoint to Madam Tricklove's deceitful love affairs, while Pimpo's religious hypocrisy is yet another form of deceit. Almost all the characters are motivated by greed. In this, as in so many D'Urfey comedies, money corrupts and makes the world go round. The play that deals most strikingly with this theme is also, because of its careful construction, D'Urfey's finest comedy. Love for Money (1691) presents a series of resonant parallels and contrasts within a much more complicated plot situation than Squire Oldsapp's. The play is in fact built upon contrasts in

values--among the five sets of lovers; two father-son combinations; cunning jillflirt, boisterous hoydens, and virtuous heroine; rake and virtuous hero; unprincipled guardian and exemplary father. Action in the main plot centers upon Mirtilla, an orphan-heiress swindled out of her fortune, and the cuckolding subplot works well structurally with the main action. Far from disrupting consistency of tone, the harmless boarding-school highjinks actually help leaven Mirtilla's and Merriton's saccharine professions of humility and exalted love. Because of its unequivocal satirical position against love for money and its moral conclusion, the play makes a unified thematic statement. In this comedy, D'Urfey succeeded in combining his early talent for plot manipulation with the carefully constructed contrasts that can elevate a Restoration play above the level of frivolous entertainment. He did so without sacrificing the variety and high spirits which audiences had come to expect from him.

It is unfortunate that D'Urfey failed to construct more of his comedies with the same care. The Bath (1701), one of his finest late comedies, contains some brilliant mockery of social pretensions and commentary on the emerging power of freeholders vis à vis the aristocracy. It also deals significantly with the marital discord problem and offers a new resolution appropriate to the spirit of humane comedy (the marriage in name becomes a marriage in fact as past differences are resolved). This varied, energetic play is marred only by two serious shortcomings: lack of thematic unity through consistent satire and tonal discrepancy between main plot and subplot. Harry Codshead's efforts to poison his brother Charles

in order to claim his inheritance belong in a melodrama or comedy of dark intrigue, not in the subplot to this lighthearted play. The modern reader is often frustrated by D'Urfey's carelessness, his failure (to use the current lingo) "to get his act together." Another prime example is A Fool's Preferment (1688). Into a play of sexual intrigue and gulling, D'Urfey drops a ridiculously incongruous subplot with the trappings of romantic tragicomedy and a mad scene that degenerates into farce. With almost no action or substance, it can hardly be called a "subplot." Furthermore, the cynical main plot ends with one of the most improbable bursts of penitence in Restoration comedy. Yet this play contains some of D'Urfey's most successful and consistent satire. The basset-playing secens are especially good, and Scene 1 of Act III is a masterpiece of subtle insight into English class-consciousness. D'Urfey, an acute observer of human behavior with the comic skill to embody follies on the stage, was at his best in portraying social pretentiousness.

As this brief analysis suggests, most of the satire in D'Urfey's comedies is incidental. Rarely does it become thematically pervasive throughout a given play. In addition to the mockery of social climbing (Madam Fickle, A Fool Turn'd Critick, A Fool's Preferment, Don Quixote, The Bath), there are frequent stabs at town manners (A Fool Turn'd Critick, for example), at modish courtship (Madam Fickle, A Fond Husband), and at fortune-hunting (Richmond Heiress, Love for Money). This list by no means exhausts the varied social commentary of plays that are generally rich in topical references.

Only a few of D'Urfey's comedies were conceived as direct comments on a prevailing political concern, probably because of his

reluctance to embark on controversial themes. Two comedies--The Royalist (1682) and The Modern Prophets (1709)--are devoted predominantly to political satire. The first is surely among the worst dramas spawned by the Popish Plot and Exclusion Crisis. The second is a much finer attack on the French Prophets, religious enthusiasts who crossed into Britain in 1706 for the purpose (many felt) of plotting an uprising in Scotland for the Old Pretender. D'Urfey's intention, as he explains in the preface, "was very serious and moral, and grounded on a Resolution . . . to expose the ridiculous attempt of some Imposters, to set up for true Prophets, undermine reveal'd Religion, and covertly allure the Mob to favour the late Invasion and the Protector's Interest." To that end, he chose "a graver Method than usual," excluding any "loose Intriguing, Cuckold-making, &c." The result is a scathing portrayal of religious hypocrisy and the connection between carnal and religious "satisfaction." Three comedies also contain incidental political satire: Sir Barnaby Whigg (in which the title character is a seditious, fanatical rascal who converts from Whig Dissenter to Catholic and finally to Mahometan [sic]), Love for Money (which satirizes the braggadocia and ineffectual plotting of a band of Jacobite conspirators led by Lady Addleplot), and Wonders in the Sun (previously discussed). Lest D'Urfey be faulted for introducing his satire in fragments, however, it is important to remember that most playwrights of the period followed this practice. "'Restoration' plays are full of social and political commentary, and bits of the philosophy of the time are recognizable enough, but almost without exception they aim more at entertainment

than at deep meaning." It is often impossible, according to Hume, "to find a moral and consistently serious satire."[27]

One further aspect of D'Urfey's plots must be discussed: the undeniably strong farcical element in his plays. Most of the comedies are replete with the devices of farce--disguises, mistaken identities, scenes of night confusion, repetition, exaggeration, improbable incidents, and horseplay. A farcical inclination caused D'Urfey frequently to protract intrigue beyond the point of credulity, to rely too heavily on mechanical plot contrivances, and to let good scenes degenerate into coarse humor or slapstick (as in A Fond Husband, II.iii, where an entertaining courtship scene ends with discussion of one character's treatment for clap). Nevertheless, critics should not dismiss D'Urfey's comedies summarily on account of their heavy doses of farce. Several of his better plays are also among his most farcical. The Virtuous Wife (1680), for example, has a plot full of improbabilities and coincidences, as well as a blunderer in the tradition of Sir Martin Mar-all. Because of Beauford's blundering, the main plot contains more farcical action than usual. At the same time, the serious and humours characters (particularly Olivia and Lady Beardly) are more vividly realized than in most D'Urfey plays. Through the person of Olivia--clever, spirited, undeceived but faithful to her fickle husband--D'Urfey treats female virtue seriously. Within the framework of a marital discord plot, he raises important questions about a woman's rights and the meaning of virtue.

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[27]Hume, pp. 30 and 93.

Olivia is one of the strongest female characters created by a playwright who contributed significantly to the development of sentimental[28] comedy. Several decades ago Kathleen Lynch recognized that D'Urfey's greatest legacy to this type of comedy was the sentimental heroine, as portrayed chiefly in four plays: The Virtuous Wife (1680), Love for Money (1691), The Richmond Heiress (1693), and The Campaigners (1698).[29] (The Bath, 1701, should be added to this list, for reasons previously explained.) Olivia's virtue, which succeeds in reforming her wayward husband Beverly, was new to Restoration comedy. The play ends with "the first of those scenes of 'Friendly Reconcilements' of husband and wife which Colley Cibber introduced so frequently in his dramas . . . ."[30] D'Urfey also broke with tradition in the conclusion to The Richmond Heiress. At the time it was most unusual for a heroine, inspired by a high ideal of marriage, to reject her unworthy lover on moral grounds and refuse to marry. Angelica in The Campaigners became a prototype for the more gentle and undemanding heroine whose goodness alone wins back her strayed gallant. According to Lynch, Mirtilla (Love for Money) "is the most fully portrayed of D'Urfey's heroines and is exhibited in all the more important relationships peculiar to sentimental drama"[31]--as ward of an avaricious

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[28]J. H. Smith prefers the term "exemplary" and Shirley Kenny the term "humane" comedy. The three words vary in emphasis and are therefore not interchangeable. No satisfactory classification for this type of comedy has yet been found.

[29]Lynch, p. 250.

[30]Lynch, p. 252.

[31]Lynch, p. 259.

guardian, as self-pitying but stoic orphan subjected to numerous trials, as modest lover whose behavior is above reproach, as suddenly-discovered heiress. Her courtship scenes with Merriton are emotionally overwrought and far removed from the gay-couple mode. "All of Steele's heroines possess some of Mirtilla's traits."[32]

Lynch writes that about a third of D'Urfey's comedies are tinged, to a greater or lesser extent, with sentimentalism.[33] The number is actually closer to one-half. Some can be called sentimental by virtue of their resolutions only: rakes (or jilts) imbued with libertine cynicism for four acts suddenly become penitent as the play draws to a close. Though such endings strain credulity for the modern reader, Restoration audiences saw them as the triumph of virtue over vice. More often than not, D'Urfey did graft a sentimental change-of-heart onto an otherwise cynical play--in Madam Fickle (1677), The Royalist (1682), A Fool's Preferment (1688), The Marriage-Hater Match'd (1692), and The Campaigners (1698). By contrast, only three plays (A Fond Husband, 1677, Squire Oldsapp, 1679, and Sir Barnaby Whigg, 1681) can be deemed thoroughly unrepentant sex-intrigue comedies. Five D'Urfey plays exhibit a number of other sentimental features besides the final reconciliation scene: The Virtuous Wife, Love for Money, The Richmond Heiress, The Bath, and The Old Mode and the New (1703). As usual, however, these plays resist classification, because hard comedy elements in varying degrees appear in all five.

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[32]Lynch, p. 258.

[33]Lynch, p. 249.

Love for Money is the most fully sentimental, with its melodramatic plot (villainous guardian cheating his ward), pathos (particularly in the scenes of misery envisioned by Mirtilla), virtuous hero, old father venerated rather than scorned, and poetic-justice conclusion. Both types of sentimental comedies--those confined to last-act repentances and those with more full-blown sentimentality--appeared throughout D'Urfey's career. There was clearly no neat progression toward "sentimental comedy proper."[34]

Next to his influence on sentimental drama and heavy reliance on farce, the most discussed feature of D'Urfey's comedy is his constant use of humours characterization. In this, D'Urfey inevitably faced comparison with Shadwell. He was criticized for farcically overdrawing his humours characters and using them merely for laughs instead of for the correction of vice and folly. Dryden wrote that Jonson gave pleasure through "the natural imitation of folly, . . . [but] to entertain an audience perpetually with humour is to carry them from the conversation of gentlemen, and treat them with the follies and extravagances of Bedlam."[35] When confronted with such criticism, D'Urfey maintained that his "Humours" were most definitely inserted for satirical purposes. Questions of intent are of course difficult to resolve; furthermore, as Edward Howard[36] and many others have noted, an element of hyperbole is inherent in satire. Nevertheless,

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[34]See footnote 9.

[35]"Preface to An Evening's Love," pp. 94 and 96.

[36]See The Women's Conquest (London, 1670), Preface.

D'Urfey's primary intention in most cases was probably to divert his audience by exploiting farcical opportunities rather than to encourage reform through satire.

Humours characters are difficult for the modern reader to appreciate fully, because so much of their original success on the stage depended upon the skill of the great comedians who gave them life. Even allowing for this inaccessible dimension, D'Urfey's humours creations are not so original or fully realized as they should be. He unquestionably had the eye and ear of a comic dramatist--a talent for the summarizing detail, the revealing phrase. In addition, most of his characters are both well drawn and well differentiated. Only a few, however, survive for long in the reader's mind, and too often one senses that D'Urfey has merely taken old successes from his trunk and clad them in slightly altered garments for a new play. Many types recur in comedy after comedy: the modish follower of the times, the worshipper of the past (in at least five comedies), the hoyden (in at least four), the doting father with his two booby sons--to mention only a few. Very often paired opposites are introduced to counterpoint divergent attitudes, as with Sir Arthur Oldlove and Old Jollyman in Madam Fickle and Sir Formal Ancient and Old Winelove in A Fool Turn'd Critick. Occasionally a whole comedy exists for the display of its humours characters. D'Urfey explains in the preface to Don Quixote, Part I (1694) that he was simply in search of "humour." He does in fact "milk [Don Quixote's] humour for all it is worth"[37] but in the process creates creditable

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[37]Hume, p. 385.

stage versions of the knight-errant and his squire. He even adds a few lively humours of his own, like Mary the Buxom, to Cervantes's roster. The Marriage-Hater Match'd (1692) is essentially a parade of foolish humours characters, only a few of whom are well-drawn and original. At times a character intended as a humour butt is complex enough to elicit sympathy. Lady Beardly in The Virtuous Wife was played by the female impersonator James Nokes and obviously designed for mockery as a ridiculously vain old hag. Yet the sympathy she engenders in being aware of her foolishness makes the crude mockery seem cruel. Much the same problem exists with another of D'Urfey's fine creations, Gillian Homebred in The Bath. On the one hand she is a plain-speaking, commonsensical touchstone to satirize the affectations of Lydia and Delia, and on the other the target of a gulling scheme. It is disturbing to find two of D'Urfey's most vividly drawn and memorable humours characters marred by ambiguous presentation.

One final aspect of D'Urfey's comedies must be mentioned in passing: the song and spectacle that provided varied fare for his audiences. D'Urfey's renown as a songwriter exceeded his reputation as a playwright. "The extraordinary popularity of [his] songs," says Cyrus Day, "is a phenomenon that must be reckoned with in any comprehensive estimate of late seventeenth and early eighteenth century literature. . . . Nearly everybody was familiar with his ditties, and sang them with gusto upon appropriate occasions."[38]

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[38]The Songs of Thomas D'Urfey (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1933), pp. 28-29.

Small wonder then that his own plays and those of many of his contemporaries were interlaced with his original songs. Day notes that D'Urfey's success was due "in no small measure to the composers who set his songs to music."[39] Purcell supplied all or part of the incidental music for eight of D'Urfey's plays.[40] In addition to songs, Restoration audiences demanded the visual excitement of increasingly elaborate staging. Intense competition between the Duke's and King's companies in the first two decades of the period provided the impetus for more and more costly spectacular effects with changeable scenery and machines. After 1695 when Betterton's group broke away from the United Company, renewed competition plus tighter licensing procedures gave rise to plays that could satisfy the public's insatiable thirst for staging thrills and at the same time pass the censor's pen. By the end of the century, jaded audiences expected to be amused with song and dance interludes and ever-more-bizarre trick staging. D'Urfey rose to the occasion, sometimes producing eclectic works of great originality. Wonders in the Sun belongs to this period, as do his other experimental varieties of opera. Massaniello too bears the imprint of an increased demand for spectacle.

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[39] Day, p. 33.

[40] The eight plays were The Virtuous Wife, Sir Barnaby Whigg, A Fool's Preferment, The Marriage-Hater Match'd, The Richmond Heiress, and the three parts of Don Quixote. To do justice to the songs in D'Urfey's plays would require a full-length study. Fortunately, Day's book provides a fine overview.

Which of D'Urfey's plays can be considered his best? A few deserve attention on the strength of one or two elements: A Fond Husband for its dexterity of plot and its historical influence as the first Restoration comedy to focus on cuckolding; A Fool's Preferment and Don Quixote, Part II for their fine social satire; The Modern Prophets for its caustic political-religious satire. However, the best of his comedies (in spite of their flaws) are Love for Money, The Virtuous Wife, The Richmond Heiress, and The Bath. All four have fullness, vitality, and greater cohesiveness than most D'Urfey plays; all four also contributed innovations to the development of Restoration comedy. To the list of D'Urfey's best plays must be added his operas, Cinthia and Endimion and Wonders in the Sun, as well as his only tragedy of worth, Massaniello. The reasons for including this last drama should become apparent in the pages that follow.

II. PLOT SUMMARY AND SOURCE STUDY

A. Plot Summary

Part I

Massaniello, a young fisherman of Naples, heads an uprising against the Spanish Viceroy and Neapolitan nobility whose recently imposed taxes ("Gabells") threaten to crush the common people. Allied with him in the beginning are Genovino, a scurrilous Jesuit seeking revenge against the nobility for promoting Fillomerino to the archbishopric, and Perone, a powerful bandit chief. Genovino tries to persuade Massaniello not to burn the seized property of the nobles but to let the church save it for "pious uses." Seeing through his scheme, Massaniello teases him by promising to build a fortune for himself. Once Genovino realizes he cannot control the rebel leader, he vows to destroy him. In the meantime, Perone has been stung by the mob's preference for Massaniello as captain-general and is easily persuaded to join in Genovino's deceitful effort to ruin his rival.

The nobility too are divided in their response to the uprising. The Duke of Mataloni and his brother, Don Peppo, derisively belittle the rabble's strength as well as its cause, while Cardinal Fillomerino urges them to listen to the people's just complaints. Don Peppo reveals his plot to usurp Mataloni's office as chief farmer of the gabells.

A confrontation then takes place between the opposing forces, and Massaniello insolently slaps a fish in the face of Mataloni's steward, Gervasio. Having been proclaimed leader of the rebel forces,

Massaniello appoints his artisan deputies and names Rock Brasile "Secretary o'th' People." Rock vows to use the office for self-enrichment. After Massaniello has ordered the burning of several noble estates, Rock extorts money out of Don Tiberio, Prince of Bissignano (chosen by Massaniello as liaison between the people and the viceregal court) in return for information about the proscribed houses. Blowzabella and her retinue of women march in armed with weapons and adorned with plundered jewels. Shortly thereafter, Blowzabella leads in her latest captive, the Duchess of Mataloni, whose jewels she stuffs about her person. Massaniello falls in love with the Duchess and orders Rock to "make her supple" for him. Blowzabella in turn flirts with Don Tiberio, who tries to use her attentions to secure good treatment for the wife of his friend Mataloni.

Cardinal Fillomerino tells the Duke of Mataloni about Don Peppo's plan to explode a mine under the marketplace of Naples to kill not only Massaniello and his companions but Perone and the Duke and Duchess as well. Mataloni is shocked at this heinous plot but feigns ignorance of Don Peppo's full scheme when the conspirators enter to discuss their final plans. In order to save himself and the Duchess, Mataloni disguises himself as a bandit and reveals the plot to Massaniello, who orders the arrest of the conspirators. After Massaniello has dispensed justice to three "delinquents" of Naples, Bissignano enters with word that Don Peppo and his faction, along with all the Jesuit accomplices except Genovino, have been put to death. Perone is then seized in Massaniello's presence, a shot is fired at Massaniello but misses him, and all the banditti are carried

away. Bissignano reports that the Viceroy is ready to grant the Neapolitans their requested charter. In a discussion with Cardinal Fillomerino about religious hypocrisy and rebellion, Massaniello is so moved by the Archbishop's piety that he promises to return to his humble fishing trade once the charter is ratified.

Massaniello grants the Archbishop's request to visit the imprisoned Duchess of Mataloni but sends Mataloni (still disguised as a bandit) to eavesdrop on their conversation. Rock is asked to attend the Archbishop, and Genovino is dispatched to frighten the Duchess into satisfying Massaniello's lust. When Mataloni hears his wife describe Massaniello's advances, he decides to test her fidelity. She is prevented from drinking poison only in the nick of time. Rock and Genovino enter and are seized by Mataloni, who then escapes from prison with the Duchess. During a heated argument, Genovino slips into Rock's pocket a golden purse that had belonged to Don Peppo. His inhibitions loosened by wine, Massaniello enters to enjoy the Duchess. Genovino points to the purse as proof of Rock's complicity with Don Peppo and accuses him of being bribed to aid the Duchess's escape. Massaniello orders Rock beaten and hanged. One of the Jesuits then presents a list of the Powder-plot conspirators, with Genovino's signature conspicuously displayed. The old priest too is led off to be killed. Part I closes with an announcement of the charter's ratification and with Bissignano's prediction that Massaniello will become a victim of his own ambition.

Part II

As Act I opens, Naples is still under siege and the nobility confined without access to necessary provisions. The Duke and Duchess of Mataloni have joined the Viceroy after their escape. Aurelia, the Vicequeen, enters in a rage at Massaniello's letter requesting that she influence the Viceroy to return the Duchess, Belleraiza, and to send along Fellicia for Pedro's enjoyment. Bissignano then arrives with news that Massaniello's intoxicated brain has cleared and that he now feels ashamed of these demands. The Viceroy agrees to meet Massaniello at the Cathedral on the following day to ratify the people's charter. Massaniello asks Blowzabella to plan a banquet for the nobility in celebration of the momentous occasion.

After the confirmation ceremony, Massaniello prepares to relinquish his authority. Most of his relatives and subordinates, enamoured with their newly acquired power, are appalled by his decision. Cosmo and Pedro, Massaniello's brother, immediately try to weaken his resolve with wine and with a lie that the Cardinal is plotting with the Duke of Mataloni and other enemies to destroy him as soon as he gives up his command. They promise also to seize Belleraiza for him, if he will first revoke his orders for laying down arms. Massaniello yields to their desires. Cosmo and Pietro capture Aurelia, Belleraiza, and Fellicia, along with the Dukes of Mataloni and Caivano, during their evening walk in the garden. At this low point in the fortunes of the nobility, San Genaro in a vision assures the Viceroy and Archbishop that heaven has decreed an imminent end to the disorder. Persuaded by the brutal kidnappings that Massaniello

cannot be trusted, Cardinal Fillomerino turns his support to the Viceroy and vows to crush the rebel leader. Pedro brings the captives before a drunk Massaniello. Mataloni and Belleraiza are sent to prison, Fellicia is carried off by Pedro, and Aurelia remains to defy Massaniello with a ranting fearlessness that earns his respect and moves him to free her.

Acting on orders to bring Belleraiza to Massaniello, Cosmo enters her prison cell and is stabbed by Mataloni. The Duke and Duchess escape but are pursued; Belleraiza is recaptured. In the meantime Pedro rapes Fellicia, and her grief-stricken father Caivano dies. Enraged over Mataloni's escape, Massaniello strikes Bissignano--thus alienating his last intermediary with the nobility. Bissignano tells the Cardinal and Viceroy that Massaniello has become completely mad, torturing and killing friends and enemies alike in his paranoia. A plot is devised to assassinate Massaniello. Bissignano proposes to use his influence with Blowzabella to gain a private audience with Massaniello.

Weary of her futile attempts to seduce Bissignano, Blowzabella has now turned her amorous attentions to the valet Pimpwell. In order to get rid of Bissignano, she foolishly hands him the key to Massaniello's chamber. Just as Massaniello orders his companions to strip Belleraiza naked, Bissignano and Mataloni rush into the chamber with their guards. Massaniello shoots three of the guards before being killed by his arch-enemy Mataloni. At the same time, Aurelia is "treating" Blowzabella and her friends to an entertainment, in which their fates are enacted in masque form. Death, the Devil, and the

Hangman then seize the guests. As the play ends, Massaniello's headless body is dragged across the stage by horses, and the bodies of Blowzabella, Pedro, and Pietro are seen hanging upon gibbets. Cardinal Fillomerino recounts the people's fickle defection from Massaniello and warns that rebels, blinded by ambition, "cannot prosper long."

B. Source Study

In writing The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello, D'Urfey relied almost entirely upon Alessandro Giraffi's An Exact Historie of the Late Revolutions in Naples; and of Their Monstrous Successes, printed in Italian in 1647 and translated into English by James Howell in 1650. Aside from the Duke of Guise's Memoirs,[1] which begin after the death of Masaniello, Giraffi's narrative remains the only eyewitness account of the Neapolitan rebellion that has been translated into English. Even allowing for the remote possibility that D'Urfey could read Italian, there is no reason to suspect that he used a source other than Giraffi. Those incidents in the play with an historical basis follow Giraffi more closely than they do other chroniclers, and D'Urfey's departures from this source are departures from all other accounts of the rebellion as well.[2] Furthermore, the idiosyncratic spelling of certain characters' names can be

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[1] Memoirs of Henry Duke of Guise, Relating his Passage to Naples, and heading there the Second Revolt of that People, Englished (London, 1669).

[2] See pp. 38-41 for a discussion of the other main eyewitness accounts and the later histories dealing with Masaniello's rebellion.

traced to Giraffi, as can several brief passages quoted almost verbatim from the English translation of his text.

These quotations, of course, provide the most incontrovertible evidence of D'Urfey's source for Massaniello. Shortly after Part I begins, Cardinal Fillomerino reminds the Neapolitan nobility of kingdoms throughout history that have been destroyed by internal dissension. His examples, and the simile likening a city to a ship, come directly from page nine of Giraffi's account.[3] Mataloni's encomium to Naples ("the Queen of Cities, Mother of Hero's--Metropolis and Rendezvouz of Princes, and in her full six hundred Thousand Souls, as Absolute as any natural Monarch"--Part I, V.i.16-18) echoes Giraffi's language expressing awe at a poor fisherman's rise to command of this great city.[4] Massaniello's speech of egotistical rant and larger-than-life desires--his final speech in Part I--also takes its images from Giraffi.[5] Further borrowings are mentioned in the explanatory notes following the play's text.

D'Urfey does not follow Giraffi in the spelling of all the characters' names. He doubles the s in "Bisignano" as well as the l in "Filomarino" and reduces the two r's in "Perrone" to one. These spellings vary routinely from one chronicle to another, whereas the spelling of "Masaniello" remains fairly uniform. D'Urfey's doubling the s (and his or the printer's careless misspelling of the name as

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[3]Quoted in explanatory note to Part I, I. 86-95.

[4]Giraffi, p. 76.

[5]Giraffi, pp. 124-25.

"Massainello" in Part II) is unique, so far as this editor has been able to determine. It is significant, however, that D'Urfey uses Giraffi's spellings for "Genovino" and "Mataloni,"[6] when other historians write the names as "Genoino" (or Genuino") and "Maddaloni."[7]

Certain incidents and emphases in D'Urfey's play also point directly to the text of Giraffi. Francis Midon, writing a "revisionist" history of the rebellion in 1729, dismisses as false and absurd the account of a plot to place explosives under the city and poison the aqueducts--an account he says originated with Giraffi.[8] This story forms an important part of the conspirators' plot in D'Urfey's Massaniello, Part I (III.ii). In his narrative Giraffi reproduces an obscure letter from the Neapolitan nobleman, Astorgio Agnese, describing Cardinal Filomarino's vision of San Gennaro ("with a Sword in his hand") over the Church of the Carmine[9]; this account likely prompted D'Urfey to include "an Apparition of St. Genaro . . . with his Sword drawn" (Part II, III.ii). Giraffi's report that Masaniello did in fact order a baker burned alive in his own oven for having sold underweight bread to the poor helps explain the bizarre and troubling examples D'Urfey uses to demonstrate the fisherman's

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[6]Giraffi alternates between the spellings "Mataloni" and "Matalone."

[7]When referring to the historical figure Masaniello, I shall use the standard spelling of his name; D'Urfey's spelling will be followed only in references to the character in the play. The same pattern will apply to the names of other characters.

[8]Midon, The History of the Rise and Fall of Masaniello, The Fisherman of Naples (London, 1729), p. 131. See Giraffi, pp. 63-65.

[9]Giraffi, pp. 137-39.

"justice" (Part I, IV.i). From Giraffi comes the idea, so central to D'Urfey's play, that Massaniello's relatives persuaded him not to relinquish his power and that wine precipitated his tyrannical madness.[10] Most important, D'Urfey (like Giraffi) emphasizes the strong influence of Archbishop Filomarino upon Masaniello and the former's role as chief liaison between the nobility and populace, whereas most other chroniclers see Genoino as the brains and director of the revolt at every stage.[11] Most also carry their narratives beyond the murder of Masaniello to his hero's funeral on the following day. D'Urfey, relying upon Giraffi, concludes his play with Masaniello's death and mutilation. It is no exaggeration to say that every incident in the play based on historical fact or belief can be found in Giraffi's text. Though many of these events are related in other accounts as well, there is no reason to think D'Urfey consulted more than one historical source.

However, he did tamper with historical accuracy, in most cases to strengthen the play's ideological purpose. Most striking are the changes in character. The Duke of Maddaloni, according to Giraffi and other chroniclers/historians, was a cruel, evil man who hired several hundred banditti to infiltrate the city of Naples, assassinate Masaniello and other captains of the people, and (if Giraffi is to be believed) blow up the marketplace and poison the city's water tanks

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[10] Giraffi, pp. 123-25.

[11] The relative influence of these two men constitutes one of the major differences among historical accounts of the 1647 rebellion.

and grain. Oddly enough D'Urfey chooses to portray him as an exemplary figure, the noble antithesis of Massaniello. In order to do so, he rewrites history to make Don Peppo the engineer of this aborted plot and Mataloni, his brother, one of the intended victims. By having Mataloni explain that Don Peppo, "a Nature ever prompt to Cruelty, . . . oft would set me on the plague the People" (Part I, III.ii.50-51), D'Urfey also tries to mitigate any previous impression of the Duke's inhumanity. Genovino, by contrast, becomes more evil than the historical figure. There is no record that the priest Genoino sought the archbishopric or nursed a grudge against Cardinal Filomarino, nor that he was a member of the Jesuit order. He did not break with Masaniello until the latter had clearly betrayed the popular cause both men served; he did not participate in the assassination plot and of course was not killed for complicity in that plot.[12] D'Urfey's Genovino is a conniving, insidious, self-seeking Jesuit, intended as a foil to the Archbishop and as the vehicle for hard-hitting satire against a distrusted religious order. In the play the Prince of Bissignano is less sympathetic to the people and more instrumental through the later days of the rebellion than the real-life figure. The Viceroy too has an arrogant intransigence foreign to the true Duke of Arcos, who by most accounts made a good-faith effort to satisfy the people's demands. His earnestness is apparent in the many letters included in Giraffi's narrative. Not unexpectedly,

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[12]For further information about the real Maddaloni and Genoino, see the explanatory notes (Dramatis Personae, Part I).

D'Urfey also alters the character of Masaniello to exaggerate the changes of mind and implant a perverse lustfulness which has no basis in fact. To those who have read the authoritative historical evaluations of Masaniello's character, such distortions are disturbing. To his great credit, however, D'Urfey does not create a cardboard figure devoid of all complexity. Drawing upon the reasonably fair-minded portrayal of Masaniello in Giraffi's narrative, he does present his protagonist in more balanced perspective than one would expect in an overtly didactic play.

Many of the minor characters are fabrications of D'Urfey's brain; a few others are historical personages mentioned briefly by Giraffi but "fleshed out" and altered beyond recognition by the playwright. D'Urfey turns his imagination loose, for example, upon Giraffi's passing references to the Duke of Caivano, the Duchess of Arcos, and Masaniello's wife. In the process, each becomes a character far removed from any authentic portrait.[13] The artisans--individual members of the normally faceless rabble--as well as Massaniello's lewd companions in Part II, Cosmo and Pietro, are entirely D'Urfey's creations. The same can be said for Blowzabella's lackey and maid, Pimponio (Pimpwell) and La Poope. In short, most of the comic characters originated with D'Urfey. Chroniclers allude to a cousin of Masaniello active in the revolt but not to any brother. For symmetry and reinforcement of theme, D'Urfey gives Massaniello a brother (Pedro) and a sister-in-law (Ursula), who joins with Blowzabella

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[13]See explanatory notes (Dramatis Personae, Parts I and II).

in putting on airs. Fellicia is invented in Part II as the daughter of Caivano and the innocent victim of Pedro's lust.

D'Urfey took hints from Giraffi for a few of the comic scenes but embellished them with his own imagination. Though Rock Brasile's bribery schemes are not historical, the scene in which he forces the Archbishop to strip his outer garments probably was suggested by a brief passage in Giraffi:

> The first order that was published by Masaniello upon Thursday morning betimes, was, That all men shold go without cloaks, gowns, wide cassocks, or such like, which was generally obeyed, not only of the common sort, but of all the Nobility, of all the Church-men, and Religious Orders; . . . their Eminences themselves went without upper garments all the while that Masaniello reign'd.[14]

In all likelihood, the following description gave rise not only to the scene of Blowzabella's visit to the Vicequeen (Part II, V.iv) but to all of her vivid jewel-flaunting scenes as well:

> The Comedy of this day [Sunday, July 15] had not been compleat, if the wife of Masaniello also had not acted her part; who about the evening went to the Castle clad in cloth of silver, with a chain of gold and other jewells and gallantries, which the Duchesse of Arcos had formerly sent her: She went in a very stately Coach of the Duke of Mataloni's, which was made for the day of his marriage, ... She was accompained with divers Gentlewomen of quality, who complied with the times, and they went also richly adorn'd: But these were no other then Masaniello's Mother, and two Sisters, and other Kinswomen of his, all Fishermens Daughters; . . . . When she came to the Viceroy's Palace, there were Sedans sent for her and her company, with a gard of Halberdeers, Pages and Laquays to attend them: Then were they brought in to the Duchess, where they found a great deal of welcom and dainties. The Duchesse presented her with a rich Diamond, . . .[15]

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[14]Giraffi, p. 77.

[15]Giraffi, pp. 123-24.

Capecelatro also recounts this visit in detail,[16] and the Duke of Guise's Memoirs contain a fascinating description of the wife of Gennaro Annese, the coarse plebeian who became captain-general of the Neapolitan Republic in November after Masaniello's death. This latter description[17] would have been available to D'Urfey in English and could possibly have supplemented the Giraffi account.

Many non-comic scenes have been added or altered by D'Urfey. The bad marital relationship of Massaniello and Blowzabella is fictional; so is Massaniello's lust for Belleraiza. Though Maddaloni and his wife were reputedly devoted, D'Urfey has completely invented their rapturous love scenes. He has also added a rape scene in Part II for increased pathos. The fact that Maddaloni frequently evaded capture through disguises probably suggested to D'Urfey the idea of the Duke's infiltrating Massaniello's group disguised as a bandit (Part I, IV.i) and his subsequent escapes. In truth, Maddaloni avoided contact with the popular leaders after his brief stint as the Viceroy's intercessor. He also did not kill Masaniello. As a playwright, D'Urfey realized the dramatic impact of having antagonist murder protagonist. Finally, two of the confrontation scenes--between Massaniello and the Archbishop in Part I (IV.ii) and between

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[16] Diario di Francesco Capecelatro, contenante la storia della cose avvenute nel reame di Napoli negli anni 1647-1650, ed. Angelo Granito (Napoli, 1850-54), I, p. 86.

[17] "[Annese's wife] brought the first Dish, having on a Gown of Skie-coloured wrought Satin embrodered with Silver, with a Farthingale, a Chain of Jewels, and a fair Necklace of Pearl, with Pendants of Diamonds in her Ears, all plundered from the Duchess of Matalone" (p. 115).

Massaniello and Aurelia in Part II (III.iii)--originated with D'Urfey.

One would expect D'Urfey to have read an earlier English play, The Rebellion of Naples, or The Tragedy of Massinello (1651), written by a purported eyewitness of the insurrection. Genest is quite right, however, in doubting whether D'Urfey had borrowed from this play by T. B. or even seen it.[18] He could hardly have benefitted from using it as a source. By any measure, the play is dreadful--badly written and inexcusably inaccurate (because touted as a true account). Its distortions of history, unlike those in D'Urfey's play, serve no good purpose. From the outset T. B.'s Massinello is a weak puppet in the hands of Genuino, yet at the same time a petty. corrupt, self-seeking monster of a man. He connives with Genuino to rob the people; he steals away by night to adore his own monument; he breaks his wife's neck in a fit of rage. At the end, he rises from the dead to proclaim the moral of the play: rebellion always fails. Much of this play is preoccupied with Massinello's bizarre and totally fictitious family relationships, which form a kind of Cinderella-myth perverted with elements of the macabre. His second wife and her ugly daughter pit themselves against the beautiful daughter by his first wife. In spiteful vengeance, Wife #2 stabs and maims the daughter of Wife #1; after Massinello has broken the neck of Wife #2, her daughter poisons the daughter of Wife #1 and, inadvertently, the kind grandmother as well. As punishment, the

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[18]John Genest, Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830 (Bath: H.E. Carrington, 1832), II, p. 161.

murderess is cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs. Woven into this tale of absurd horrors is a Romeo-and-Juliet love story involving the Vicequeen's son and Massinello's beautiful daughter. Of course, Masaniello (at twenty-seven years of age) could hardly have had a marriageable daughter, but then violations of history do not concern the author of this "true" account. Little more need be said, except to emphasize the distance between T. B.'s and D'Urfey's plays. Close comparison reveals that they have only a few incidents in common. Both have a scene of three citizens appearing before Massinello to receive "justice," including the deceitful baker who is sentenced to burn in his own oven. Since this incident appears in Giraffi, however, D'Urfey would not have had to read about it in T. B.'s play. In fact, this earlier play can be dismissed with reasonable certainty as a source for D'Urfey's Massaniello.

Though D'Urfey based his play upon Giraffi's account of the insurrection, anyone who reads the play should be familiar with other seventeenth-century chronicles detailing the long series of revolts and counter-revolts that rocked Naples in 1647-48. Both these and the interpretations by later historians provide necessary background for an understanding of the play. The history of the revolution, its causes and implications, is also fascinating in itself. Capecelatro's three-volume journal is generally regarded as the most authoritative contemporary chronicle of the Neapolitan rebellion. Like all other contemporary accounts, it must be read in full awareness of its particular bias. Capecelatro, a highly regarded nobleman from Capuana near Naples, reveals a predictable

conservatism and intolerance regarding this popular uprising. "His writings attack, in stereotypical language, everything and every person he considered offensive to his principles."[19] Nonetheless, his writings are indispensable as a source. The account by Donzelli,[20] openly sympathetic to the people's grievances, stands in stark contrast to Capecelatro's reading of events. A day-by-day exposition of events similar to Giraffi's chronicle is Il Mas'Aniello; overo, Discoursi narrativi la sollevatione di Napoli, written by Gabriele Tontoli in 1648. Francesco Palermo's collection of unedited documents about Neapolitan history to 1667 contains, with other valuable writings, the letters of Archbishop Filomarino to the Pope.[21] As mentioned earlier, the Memoirs of Henry, Duke of Guise, begin with his passage to Naples after the death of Masaniello and concern primarily his leadership of the second revolt.

The studies of later historians have corrected misunderstandings and distortions endemic to contemporary accounts of so disruptive a course of events. The best nineteenth-century narrative is Alfred de (von) Reumont's Naples Under Spanish Dominion: The Carafas of Maddaloni and Masaniello, translated from the German and published

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[19]Michelangelo Schipa, Masaniello (Bari: G. Laterza & figli, 1925), p. 65.

[20]Giuseppe Donzelli, Parthenope liberata, overo Racconto dell heroica risolutione fatta dal popolo di Napoli per sottrarsi con tutto il regno dall'insopportabil giogo delli Spagnuoli (Napoli: Ottanio Beltrano, 1647).

[21]Francesco Palermo, Narrazioni e documenti sulla storia del regno di Napoli dall'anno 1552 al 1667 (Firenze, 1842); Ascanio Filomarino, Lettere sulle novita accadute in Napoli l'anno 1647.

in English in 1853. Its account begins more than a century before the 1647 rebellion and continues to the demise of the Spanish vice-royalty in 1713. Though detailed and on the whole reliable, it does perpetuate a few inaccuracies that twentieth-century historians have detected. Two histories written in the early part of this century are particularly distinguished. Benedetto Croce's Storia del regno di Napoli[22] retains its primacy among histories of the Italian South; himself a Neapolitan, Croce was able to apply great breadth and simplicity of vision to the enormously complex social and political history of southern Italy. Michelangelo Schipa's Masaniello is unquestionably the most authoritative reading of events surrounding the series of revolutions in 1647-48. It should be read as a corrective to the biased seventeenth-century chronicles. Among the more recent comprehensive histories of Naples, two have been especially helpful to this editor: Vittorio Gleijeses's La storia di Napoli dalle origini ai nostri giorni[23] for its clear exposition of a confusing succession of upheavals, and Tommaso Pedio's Storia della storiografia del regno di Napoli nei secoli XVI e XVII[24] for its analysis of the chronicles' overall shortcomings as well as the strengths and weaknesses of each individual account. For scholars of

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[22]Croce, Storia . . . (Bari: Giuseppe Laterza & figli, 1925); English translation by Frances Frenaye, History of the Kingdom of Naples, ed. H. Stuart Hughes (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1970).

[23]Gleijeses, La storia . . . (Napoli: Societa Editrice Napoletana, 1977; I Edizione 1974).

[24]Pedio, Storia . . . (Chiaravalle Centrale: Edizioni Frama's, 1973).

southern Italian history, Pedio's evaluations of an exhaustive list of works are most useful; of course, many of the works can be found only in Italy.

III. STAGE HISTORY

Very little is known about the initial performance(s) of The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello. Though Genest questions whether the play was acted at all on the basis that no performers' names are listed with the Dramatis Personae,[1] evidence points rather strongly to a first production at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane no later than the end of May 1699. The prologue to Part II laments the presence of springtime diversions that draw people away from the theatres:

> The Season too our Interest does oppose,
> Warm Weather and May-Fair are Martial Foes;
> For whilst th'Great at th'Park in Coaches Loll,
> And Dames of humbler Fortunes foot the Mall,
> And Citts divert themselves at Miller's Droll.
> We strut alas, who cease no Pains nor Care,
> To empty Boxes, and to Benches bare. (ll. 8-14)

The Post Boy (June 24-27, 1699) also advertises a printing of the "Second Collection of New Songs and Ballads, with the Songs and Dialogues in the First and Second part of Massaniello. By Tho. Durfey . . . Sold by H. Playford . . . and at all the Musick-Shops in Town."[2] Furthermore, the play is listed twice in The Term Catalogues for 1699--in June and again in November. The latter entry reads "as it is Acted at the Theatre Royal." According to Sybil Rosenfeld, theatrical advertisements of the period drew no distinction

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[1]John Genest, Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, II, p. 158.

[2]See Sybil Rosenfeld, "Dramatic Advertisements in the Burney Newspapers 1660-1700," PMLA, 51 (1936), 149.

between "is acted," "was acted," and "acted at," but The Term Catalogues routinely used the first of these phrases. She also notes that "the play had been performed if it was so announced."[3] Pinkethman's name is on the prologue to Part I, and Mrs. Rogers indicates in the epilogue that she played the Duchess of Mataloni; Miss Campian in the epilogue to Part II speaks of having acted the part of Fellicia.

Largely because daily newspapers by the 1720's were devoting more space to theatrical news (though not to dramatic criticism),[4] more information exists about the revival of Massaniello for six performances[5] at Lincoln's Inn Fields between July 31, 1724, and May 21, 1725. The play, "[n]ot acted these Twenty Years," had been "carefully revised and altered from Mr. D'Urfey," according to an advertisement in the Daily Courant (No. 7107) for the July 31 production. Genest cites information by Chetwood that Thomas Walker, who played Massaniello, had taken "some pains one summer to contract the two parts . . . into one."[6] Just how this shortened version differed from the original--or whether Chetwood's report is even accurate--remains a mystery. Day feels that Walker probably did not

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[3]Rosenfeld, p. 127.

[4]William Van Lennep, The London Stage, 1660-1800. A Calendar of Plays, Part I: 1660-1700 (Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press, 1964), p. clxx.

[5]Seven were scheduled. The August 21, 1724, performance was cancelled because of the illness of several actors.

[6]Genest, III, pp. 148-49.

revise the play himself.[7] Newspaper promotions only refer to alterations of the play's embellishments: "A new dance: Fishermen and Their Wives" for the July 31 performance (D.C., 7107); "a New Prologue" for those of August 4 and 7 (D.C., 7110 and 7117); a new setting for "the Original Ballad In Praise of Fishing . . . to be sung by Leveridge" on March 29, 1725, as well as "[a] solemn Piece of Music (Vocal and Instrumental) performed at the Confirmation of the Charter" (D.C., 7316); several new dances (a "Louvre . . . Irish Dance . . . Chacone . . . [and] Polonese") for the May 21 production (D.C., 7362). "There is a Piece of Scenery, entirely new, part of which will be the Statue and Inscription of Massaniello" (Daily Journal, March 25, 1725). On April 24, 1725, D'Urfey's play shared the stage with a famous pantomime afterpiece, The Necromancer. The 1723-24 theatrical season had witnessed the burgeoning popularity of double bills.[8] One wonders at the endurance of eighteenth-century audiences, who would willingly sit through a tragedy in two five-act parts, followed by "a Dramatick-Entertainment of Dancing in Grotesque Characters" (D.C., 7339).

These advertisements also list the performers. In addition to Walker (renowned for his playing of Macheath in The Beggar's Opera), the revival starred Hulett as Mataloni, Leigh and later Boheme as

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[7]Cyrus L. Day, Dates and Performances of Thomas D'Urfey's Plays (Charlottesville, Virginia: Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia, 1950), p. 20.

[8]Emmet L. Avery, The London Stage, 1660-1800. A Calendar of Plays, Part II: 1700-1729 (Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press, 1960), p. cxviii.

the Cardinal, Smith and also Ogden as the Viceroy, and Mrs. Moffett as Belleraiza. The comic roles were played by several leading comedians of the time, in particular Will and Hildebrand Bullock and James Spiller.[9] Benefit productions were given on March 29, 1725, for Walker and on May 21 for Giles, Randal, and Mrs. Aylett.[10]

Just why the play was revived after more than twenty years is not altogether clear. Probably several factors contributed, not the least of which was D'Urfey's death a year before on February 26, 1723. Lincoln's Inn Fields, regarded as less "loyal" than Drury Lane in the partisan world of the theatre during the first third of the century,[11] was also in special need of reasserting its loyalty to the King. One of its actors, John Ogden, had been committed to Newgate in November 1722 for "Treasonable Words," and William Marshall had been sent even more recently (August 1724) to Bridewell for irreverent public behavior[12] during the anniversary celebration of the Hanoverian succession.[13] With its professions of fidelity to the ruling monarch and its oft-repeated cry "Long live the King . . .," Massaniello would have helped redeem the tarnished reputation of Lincoln's Inn Fields. A letter written by Mr. J. Friendly to the

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[9]Other performers: Bissignano--Ogden and Diggs, Pedro--Huddy, Don Peppo--Chapman; comic roles (specific parts unlisted): Morgan, Hall, Norris, Hippisley, Butcher.

[10]Daily Courant, Nos. 7316 and 7362.

[11]Avery, London Stage, II, p. clxi.

[12]He had ridden "triumphantly in a Turnip-Cart, with a Crown and a Pair of Horns on his Head" (Avery, p. clxiii).

[13]Avery, London Stage, II, p. clxiii.

editor of The Daily Journal just before the Passion Week performance of Massaniello provides less speculative information about the purpose of the play's revival. It is too long to quote in full, but a few excerpts are very revealing:

> It was with great Pleasure that I observed in a publick Paper a Design to revive a Play, formed on one of the most striking Events we meet with in Ancient or Modern History. . . . It is, I find to be performed at the Beginning of the Holidays, on Monday March 29; and will, I doubt not, with the several Improvements and Additions, agreeably surprize the Town; especially since, as I hear, it is not aimed in the least to be a Party-Play, but the contrary; to check that Spirit of Opposition to the higher Powers, that sometimes prevails in the lower Classes of Mankind, by the Fate of the principal Agents in this Tragedy.
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> Thro' the whole, [Massaniello] shewed a great Popularity of Spirit, and Contempt of Life. He kept his Followers in the most exact Discipline, so far, that on the least Signal, a profound Silence, a general Stop or Motion, ensued, in a Crowd, consisting of several Hundred Thousands. But his Neglect of providing a timely Security to himself, and the Event of some ill-govern'd Conduct, prove, how difficult it is to maintain the Possession of Power, gained by a popular Insurrection.[14]

In 1724-25 the English government did have to contend with rioting in the main cities of Scotland over a proposed tax on either malt or ale--disturbances which the Duke of Roxburgh encouraged in order to discredit the Walpole administration. It also faced the threat of an uprising in Ireland inflamed by the publication of Swift's "Drapier's Letters."[15] But in England itself at this time there appears to have been no particular "Spirit of Opposition to the Higher Powers" on the part of "the lower Classes of Mankind." Very

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[14]Burney Papers, British Museum Library, Vol. 244B, No. 1307 (March 25, 1725).

[15]Justin McCarthy, A History of the Four Georges (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1885), I, pp. 240-51.

likely the play was viewed as a general warning against an ever-present threat. Mr. Friendly's use of the qualifier "sometimes" would seem to reinforce that assumption.[16]

In the nineteenth century Massaniello was apparently revived at Drury Lane under the direction of Alfred Bunn, who became lessee of both Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1833. Bunn billed the play as an opera. According to one anecdote, Templeton was scheduled to sing in Massaniello after finishing a show the same night at Covent Garden. Panting, he arrived on stage after much delay, only to catch his moustache on the end of the stage manager's violin.[17]

It is not surprising that Massaniello should have been regarded as an opera. Like so many of D'Urfey's late plays, it is a baroque hybrid--a "union of drama and embellishment," to use Van Lennep's phrase.[18] By the end of the Restoration period, and even more strikingly in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, theatres favored "a fully rounded program of drama, music, dance, and specialties that would attract and please the whole range of taste in London."[19] No playwright, of course, satisfied the public demand for diverse entertainment the way D'Urfey did. With Massaniello and other Restoration versions of what the modern age calls "total

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[16]Section IV of the Introduction contains a detailed explanation of the historical background and political purpose for the original production of Massaniello.

[17]W. J. MacQueen-Pope, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (London: W. H. Allen, 1946), pp. 266-68.

[18]The London Stage, I, p. cix.

[19]Avery, The London Stage, II, p. cxii.

theatre," much of the appeal came from spectacle in all its varied forms.

Massaniello was in fact "so thickly studded with songs" that it could "compete with the vogue of Italian operas" at the turn of the century.[20] The best known song from the play was probably "The Fisherman's Song," which opens Act IV in Part I. Advertisements for the revival in 1724-25 announce specifically that "The Original Song: In Praise of Fishing" has been retained (D.C., 7107, 7110, 7117) and, for the Walker benefit, "(new set) to be sung by Leveridge"[21] (D.C., 7316). It is the only song thus singled out.

To D'Urfey's credit, all songs in the play relate functionally to the plot and serve particular purposes. They also cover a wide range of moods. Two songs sung by St. Genaro are visionary in foretelling the outcome of events: in Part I, Act II, a "Dialogue Sung between Fate and St. Genaro" that describes Massaniello's role as a divine instrument who will die when his task is finished; in Part II, Act III, a "Song of Comfort" that heaven has finally decreed an end to the disorder and suffering. Both songs leave no doubt about the play's moral intent. In a scene meant to evoke pathos (Act IV of Part II), the innocent Fellicia sings two ballads to stall for

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[20] Robert Gale Noyes, "Conventions of Song in Restoration Tragedy," PMLA, 53 (1938), 164.

[21] In addition, Leveridge is billed as having one of the vocal parts for the Confirmation of the Charter scene. He and Salway, who also performed in Massaniello, were two of a small handful of singers sufficiently famous to receive special mention in the newspaper advertisements for plays.

time against her rapist. Yet another mood is created with a solemn "Song . . . in Recitative," which forms part of the ceremony for confirmation of the charter in the second part (Act II). For the Passion Week performance in 1725, a special program of vocal and instrumental music was orchestrated for this scene (Daily Courant, No. 7316). Banquet songs are used several times throughout the play to divert characters on stage. The song in praise of fishing appropriately sets the scene for Massaniello's carousing dinner with his low-born companions. To celebrate his escape from the assassins' bullets, Massaniello gives a banquet for the people and provides "Musical Diversion" in the form of "a comical Entertainment of Singing and Dancing" entitled "A Dialogue between two Fish-Wives" (Part I, Act V).

D'Urfey's most effective use of songs comes in two scenes which afforded that combination of varied entertainments so agreeable to late Restoration audiences. In the second part (Act II, Scene 2), Blowzabella stages a grand banquet for her 'betters' in characteristically bad taste. The diversions (which she considers impressive) consist of "Mimicking Dancing at a Ball with Clowns, Morrice-dancers and Tumblers mixt, and several Humourous Songs and Dialogues" by a town-sharper, a chimney-sweep, and a cook-maid. Fittingly indecorous, this low-brow ragout of entertainment only mocks Blowzabella's constantly repeated desire to "do Great Things now." Part II concludes with the most elaborate and functional spectacle of all: a pageant combining music, song, and dance to enact in masque form the imminent fate of Blowzabella and the remainder of Massaniello's compatriots.

This time Aurelia orchestrates the show. As Blowzabella and Pimpwell watch uncomprehendingly, a "Song is Sung . . . representing Rebellion" and symbolic figures from Hell dramatize the torments in store for rebels. At the end of a dance, Death, the Hangman, and the Devil seize their group of still-befuddled victims and lead them away to their doom.

In yet another form of stage spectacle, Massaniello was a product of its times. The Restoration inherited from the Renaissance a taste for crude realism and sensational effects.[22] Hume writes that in the 1690's "villain and especially villainess plays, replete with shock tactics, enjoy[ed] a vogue."[23] In view of this taste for the shockingly realistic, the staging of two grisly scenes in Massaniello should come as no surprise:

> The dummy bodies here [final scene of Part II] exhibited in horrid mutilation were very exactly modelled and naturally colored to correspond in detail with the players who acted Masaniello, Blowzabella, and Pedro. So also when in Part I of this same tragedy when the severed heads of Don Peppo di Caraffa and the brigand Perone are produced, these counterfeits were made to the particular likeness of the actors. The features were distorted and smeared with seeming blood.[24]

By comparison with the gruesome scenes of Mrs. Pix's Ibrahim, Banks's Cyrus the Great, and any number of other blood-and-torture tragedies

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[22] Montague Summers, The Restoration Theatre (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1934), p. 201. See also Rothstein, Restoration Tragedy, pp. 156-7.

[23] The Development of English Drama in the Late Seventeenth Century, p. 201.

[24] Summers, p. 207.

of the late 1690's, these scenes from Massaniello seem only mildly sensational. At least their horror is historically authentic and purposeful in terms of the play's overt didacticism.

Appreciation of a tragedy like D'Urfey's Massaniello requires an understanding of the demands placed upon late seventeenth-century playwrights by audiences who relished a preponderance of varied spectacular effects. It also requires greater effort at envisioning staged spectacle and more tolerance than most modern readers are willing to exercise for a kind of baroque theatre that stressed embellishments nearly as much as the drama itself. These embellishments gave great energy and fullness to plays of the period. To judge Massaniello without considering the impact of its diverse forms of spectacle is to judge it unfairly and to overlook much of its experimental freshness.

IV. HISTORICAL AND THEMATIC SIGNIFICANCE

In the seventeenth century, the rebellion of Masaniello and the months of civil strife that followed in its wake had significance beyond the boundaries of Italy. That significance continued in a limited way into the next two centuries. The Neapolitan insurrection of 1647 was one of at least seven revolutions that occurred in the middle two decades of the seventeenth century in England and on the Continent. Only in 1848 were revolutions more widespread.[1] Four of the revolts broke out in the Spanish Empire against an oppressive system of government which had increasingly exploited its dependencies to finance involvements on several fronts in the Thirty Years' War. The demands of Philip IV and Oliyares, his chief minister, for tax money from Catalonia and Portugal sparked revolts aimed ultimately at political independence. Portugal did in fact become a separate kingdom in 1668. The peasant uprisings in Naples and Palermo (Sicily) also began as reactions to crippling taxation but developed into assaults on the whole social order. Both were inspired by some vaguely defined idea of a mixed government in which the common people would share power equally with the viceroy and nobles; both achieved temporary relief from oppressive policies and taxation but failed to change the basic system of government. The French people derived no benefit from the complicated series of revolts by various factions

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[1]H. G. Koenigsberger, "The Revolt of Palermo in 1647," Cambridge Historical Journal, 8 (1946), 130.

and classes known collectively as "the Fronde"; if anything, the monarchy emerged from these struggles more powerful than before. Bloodless contention in the Netherlands between federalists and separatists did result in twenty-two years of republican pensionary government under the progressive leadership of Holland's Jan de Witt. In 1672, however, six of the United Provinces voted to make the stadtholderate hereditary in the House of Orange, and William III moved steadily throughout his reign to consolidate the government in a manner approaching absolute monarchy. In England the republican experiment made possible by civil war degenerated into military rule that finally necessitated the restoration of the Stuarts. Even though England went back to her former method of government, Parliament nevertheless loomed larger than before.[2]

It would be a mistake to overemphasize any relationship between the revolutions in Naples and England or the influence of one upon the other. They were strikingly different in form. The Neapolitan insurrection was essentially an economic and class revolution, in which the miserably poor lazzaroni[3] rose in protest against a

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[2]For further information on the history of these revolts, their similarities and differences, see the article by Koenigsberger and Roger B. Merriman's Six Contemporaneous Revolutions (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1938).

[3]This name, which originally meant "lepers," was first used during Masaniello's rebellion to designate the "host of miserable strays" (Croce, p. 119) that made up the populace of Naples. They lived in open-air simplicity, observed no law, and inspired fear by virtue of their criminality and enormous numbers. According to legends that grew out of the 1647 revolt, lazzaroni "became a byword for all that was thieving, treacherous, seditious, lazy and corrupt. There is not such another race of rogues as the common people of Naples." See Harold Acton, The Bourbons of Naples (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1956), p. 9.

merciless system of taxation and those responsible for enforcing it. The huge plebeian class of Naples was governed without representation--its Eletto del popolo a puppet of the viceroy, the parliament merely an instrument for voting "donatives" demanded by the viceroy to meet the Spanish Crown's insatiable needs.[4] At the urging of Genoino, the movement's sole political theorist, the rebels sought not only abolition of all gabelle (excise taxes) imposed since the time of Charles V but also voting power equal to that of the nobility. Political reform was unfortunately "an idea far above the people's heads"[5]; it had little chance of realization, given the revolution's weak intellectual underpinnings, the general ignorance of its plebeian leaders and masses, and the absence of a traditionally independent parliament. The English Civil War, on the other hand, had a much richer intellectual basis and a long tradition of citizen participation in government upon which to predicate change. Though it arose in part out of financial grievances (the king's sources of unparliamentary revenue), its motivating passions were religious and constitutional rather than economic. Two questions preoccupied those in revolt: episcopacy and the authority of Parliament versus that of the Crown. Furthermore, the English revolution involved no

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[4]One donative followed another until duties had been placed on nearly every article of trade and consumption. Three-fourths of the entire excessively oppressive tax burden of Naples fell upon the poor (De Reumont, Naples Under Spanish Dominion, p. 160). When a duty was finally levied on fruit, the staple summertime food of the lazzaroni, rebel instigators (Genoino, Perrone, and Masaniello) decided the time was ripe for organizing the populace in revolt.

[5]Croce, p. 38.

clear division of social classes. Many yeomen filled the royalist ranks, and members of certain large landowning families (Pembroke, Warwick, Essex, Manchester, etc.) fought on the side of Parliament. The Roundhead armies were raised by merchants and led by landed gentlemen like Cromwell and Ireton. "[T]he London mob was not the wreckage of a ruined society . . . but was largely composed of and wholly guided by prosperous shopkeepers and apprentices, many of them descended from gentle families."[6]

In direction, the two revolutions were somewhat more similar. Both began as attacks upon unpopular ministers rather than the king. The English Parliament was reluctant at first to take measures against Charles, preferring to attribute his mistakes to the machinations of Strafford and Laud. In Naples the crowd's revolutionary hatred was directed primarily against two classes of people: the nouveaux riches farmers of the gabelle (low-born men who had acquired scandalous wealth, purchased titles, and become severe persecutors of the poor) and the governing nobility who had voted to impose taxes from which they themselves were exempt. The cry throughout the first stage of the revolt--"Let the King of Spain live, but let the ill government die"--absolved the people (so they thought) from the charge of rebellion.[7] The revolutions in both Naples and

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[6] G. M. Trevelyan, England under the Stuarts (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1949, 1st ed. 1904), p. 192.

[7] Only after Don Giovanni d'Austria, bastard son of Philip IV, betrayed the people did they turn against the Spanish monarchy. On October 1, 1647, he arrived with the Spanish fleet to secure Italy's coast from the French. Promising to honor the viceroy's concessions if the people laid down their arms, he then entered the city, assaulted it with cannon fire, and abused the populace.

England also were destroyed from within. Each saw the establishment of a republic that eventually had to be maintained through military rule. The English republicans alienated most of their countrymen by purging the Commons, proclaiming sovereignty for the Rump, and executing King Charles--ironically, all in the name of the people. Military despotism was the final outrage. Naples became a republic in October 1647, with the plebeian Gennaro Annese as captain-general and shortly thereafter Henri de Guise as doge. Guise ingratiated himself with the republicans for the self-serving purpose of re-establishing the royal line of his Angevin ancestors, who had ruled Naples from 1268 to 1442.[8] Annese and Guise tried to kill each other. In order to control the intractable insurgent forces, Guise introduced military rule--a move which only increased the people's hatred toward him. By January "[t]he rebellion had exhausted itself; the republic was an empty name."[9] The revolution failed ultimately because no compromise was possible between the nobility and populace of Naples. At odds with the Spanish government and desiring its overthrow, the

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[8]Guise's plans interfered with Mazarin's own designs on behalf of France for wresting Naples from Spain. Mazarin launched two expeditions against Naples, in 1647 and 1654. Both his and Guise's plots failed. It is interesting to note that John Nalson, a Tory historian, accused Cardinal Richelieu of secretly influencing the English rebellion. See An Impartial Collection of the Great Affairs of State, From the Beginning of the Scotch Rebellion in the Year MDCXXXIX, To the Murther of King Charles I (London, 1682-3). According to Roger Coke, Cromwell's alliances with France assisted in the rise of that country. See A Detection of the Court and State of England during The Four Last Reigns And the Inter-regnum (London, 3rd ed. 1697).

[9]De Reumont, p. 375.

Neapolitan nobility[10] nevertheless was forced by its hatred and fear of the mob to side with Spain. On April 5, 1648, the revolution ended with restoration of Spanish control after nine months of mob dominion--a restoration welcomed, as in England, by nobility and common people alike. Though the Spanish king failed to enact promised changes in government and representation, his replacement of Arcos with the more conciliatory viceroy Oñate did lead to temporary abolishment of onerous taxes and a favoring of the people's interests over the nobility's. It was a limited victory, because in time Spanish oppression returned.

If the Neapolitan rebellion had only limited effect upon government within the Spanish dominions, it nevertheless acquired a romantic and idealistic significance to later generations. In the nineteenth century particularly, the story of Masaniello was transformed into a legend of republican propaganda. A performance of the opera celebrating his legend, La Muette de Portici (by Scribe and Delavigne, music by Auber), roused the Belgians to a fervor of patriotism in August 1830 that touched off their revolution for independence.[11] Several novels appeared to "correct" the unflattering portraits of Masaniello and present him as hero; one was a three-

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[10]The nobility of Naples had as notorious a reputation for singularity as the lazzaroni. They were essentially decadent feudal barons, willful and unruly, idle, concerned little for the public welfare. Many not only protected the banditti who robbed the countryside but were themselves bandit chiefs. Alliances between brigands and certain scions of leading noble families (e.g., Perrone and the Duke of Maddaloni) played a crucial role in the 1647 rebellion.

[11]Croce, p. 39, and Cecil Headlam, The Story of Naples (Nendeln/Liechtenstein: Kraus-Thomson, Ltd., 1971), p. 331.

volume romance by Horace Smith (who complained in his preface that Tom D'Urfey "to please the Stuarts, got up a drama . . . intended as a slur on the commotions in England"[12]). The legend of Masaniello grew in fascination with the appearance of Lady Morgan's Life and Times of Salvator Rosa in 1824. This biography repeated and immortalized the story first iterated by DeDominici about a group of artists who fought with the Neapolitan rebels by day and painted by night. In truth this "Company of Death" never existed, nor did its supposed members (Aniello Falcone, Salvator Rosa, Micco Spadaro, and others) take part in the insurrection.[13] The myth survived nonetheless to become a part of later histories and romances concerning the Neapolitan rebellion.

Even at the time of its occurrence, the revolt led by Masaniello drew attention outside Italy. Croce notes that "medals were struck in various parts of Europe bearing the image of Cromwell on one side and that of Masaniello on the other"; furthermore, Spinoza was so taken with Masaniello that he drew himself in rough fisherman's garb and hung a portrait of the peasant leader in his bedroom at The

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[12]Massaniello; An Historical Romance (London: Henry Colburn, 1842). See also F. Bayford Harrison, Masaniello: A Nine Days' Wonder (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh, 1886) which claims "to paint a true picture of the wonderful leader of an equally wonderful revolt."

[13]Micco Spadaro did paint a number of scenes of this uprising. For further information on the mythical Compagnia della Morte, see F. Saxl, "The Battle Scene without a Hero: Aniello Falcone and his Patrons," Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes, 3 (1939-40), 70-87; A. DeRinaldis, Neapolitan Painting of the Seicento (Florence: Pantheon casa editrice, 1929); Michael Kitson, Introduction to catalog, Salvator Rosa, prepared for exhibition at Hayward Gallery (London: Shenval Press, 1973).

Hague.[14] Englishmen became familiar with the events in Naples chiefly through the 1650 translation of Giraffi's Le Rivolutioni di Napoli by the famous letter-writer James Howell. Even though the correspondence of that period makes little mention of Giraffi's book, "it certainly did not pass wholly unnoticed, for a second edition was published in 1663-4."[15] Howell's translation probably accounts for references to Masaniello's rebellion in several Restoration histories of the English Civil War. Though most seventeenth-century historians allude only in general terms, if at all, to the European upheavals contemporaneous with those in England, a few mention Naples by name. James Heath, for example, gives a litany of kingdoms in ferment and attributes to "the Malicious Influence of some Planets" the fact that "some ages more than others are infested with Trouble-worlds." Heath goes on to place Cromwell

> as a Medium or Mean, betwixt . . . Wallenstein Duke of Friesland the Emperors General, who . . . aspired to the Imperial Diadem, but perished in the attempt; and Thomas Anello the famous Fisherman of Naples, who dyed in the frantick possession of the power he had so wonderfully attained to . . . .[16]

At one point in City Politiques, John Crowne's satirical comedy set in Naples, a direct parallel is also drawn between Cromwell and

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[14]Croce, p. 39.

[15]R. B. Merriman, p. 98.

[16]Heath, Flagellum: or The Life and Death, Birth and Burial of O. Cromwell, The late Usurper (London, 1663), To the Reader. See also William Pudsey, A Political Essay: or, Summary Review of the Kings and Government of England Since the Norman Conquest (London, 1698), p. 142.

Masaniello as rebel leaders. In Act IV, Scene 1, Dr. Sanchy reads a paper drafted by the Tories which laments the discovery of "a pernicious plot" threatening the whole kingdom's security--"the Rump Committee of Safety, Noll and Dick in England, and Massaniello here, having proved the wisest laws to be of little force to keep out tyranny under no prince, or no lawful prince."[17]

This allusion in Crowne's play is significant, because it points up the connection that the Restoration world inevitably made between Cromwell and Masaniello in spite of their differences. It also reveals that both were considered prototypical tyrants who had threatened the security of entire kingdoms. Histories written in the second half of the century by and large paint Cromwell as a man with "the properties of all evil beasts"[18] or "that Imp of Satan, compounded of all Vice and Violence, and Titan-like Courage."[19] Masaniello too was accorded his share of vituperation by seventeenth-century Italian chroniclers; not until much later did the equally unrealistic glorification set in. In D'Urfey's play he receives the same sorts of appellations as Cromwell: "this odious Monster"[20](Part II, V.ii.47), "Crawling Snake" and "Lernean Hidra" (Part II, II.i.9.187), "Hell's half-blood"

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[17]John Crowne, City Politiques, ed. John H. Wilson (Lincoln, Nebraska: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1967), p. 96.

[18]Royce MacGillivray, Restoration Historians and the English Civil War (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1974), p. 94.

[19]John Hacket, Scrina Reserata (London, 1693), II, p. 223.

[20]The word "Monster" is used too many times to count, especially in Part II.

(Part II, III.iii.118), "curs'd Hell-hound" (Part II, IV.i.42), and a host of other such vitriolic epithets. His association with Cromwell in the Restoration mind meant that a play about Masaniello would recall the Commonwealth experience, that most terrifying of experiments in republican rule and mob tyranny/anarchy whose replay had to be avoided at all cost. Indeed, D'Urfey refers explicitly to the danger. In Part I, Don Tiberio laments that "Hell is just setting up a Common-wealth, and all the Devils conspire against Nobility" (III.i.115-16), and again in Part II the Cardinal speaks of Massaniello's villainous design to "set up his base Ignominious self, as Viceroy, and turn us to a hated Commonwealth" (III.ii.137-38). References to "Commonwealth" would also have triggered an association with Hobbes as he was commonly misunderstood. The century's greatest exponent of monarchical absolutism, Hobbes was ironically thought to have provided philosophical justification for the Commonwealth by sanctioning any authority that could seize power. Clarendon regards the Leviathan as "a sly address to Cromwell."[21] Restoration villains modelled on the popular misconceptions of both Hobbes and Machiavelli were tyrants and usurpers "associated with ruthless political and personal self-seeking of any kind."[22] Significantly, in Part II of D'Urfey's play the Viceroy calls Massaniello "th' Leviathan" who will be swallowed "into the deepest Pit of the Infernals" (I.i.171-3).

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[21]Louis Teeter, "The Dramatic Use of Hobbes's Political Ideas," Journal of English Literary History, 3 (1936), 146.

[22]Geoffrey Marshall, Restoration Serious Drama (Norman, Oklahoma: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1975), p. 27.

"By its own frequent testimony the Restoration attributed its escape from a second civil war to the memory of the first."[23] Nothing was more important than preserving moderation through constant reminders of past excesses that jeopardized the nation's stability and order. In his preface to The Royalist, a play set in 1658 shortly before Cromwell's death, D'Urfey warns that conditions for rebellion recur and must be countered: "Nor is it proper we should forget . . . offenses of that barbarous and unparallel'd nature, but rather strive with our utmost vigillance and power to oppose and detect 'em." This play is one of many political dramas during the period of the Popish Plot and Exclusion Controversy that present parallels with the Interregnum. Most see a resurgence of the same unruly forces at work in the events of 1678-82.

Again in 1699 ominous notes on a number of fronts raised the specter of another civil war. More than at any time since the Exclusion Crisis Englishmen needed to be reminded of the conditions that produce rebellion and anarchy. The 1698 Parliament, when so many Tory opponents of placemen and of high taxation were voted into office, was one of "the electoral shocks" of the late seventeenth century.[24] The war with France halted temporarily by the Treaty of Ryswick and the threat of a Jacobite restoration lessened by Louis XIV's belated recognition of William as King, Parliament felt free

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[23]John M. Wallace, "Dryden and History: A Problem in Allegorical Reading," Journal of English Literary History, 36 (1969), 289.

[24]David Ogg, England in the Reigns of James II and William III (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955), p. 127.

to revel in the luxury of domestic faction. William knew only too well that maintaining strong armed forces was essential to the prevention of another war. Yet Parliament cut the army drastically to seven thousand men--stripping England of its necessary defenses--and voted vindictively to oust William's loyal Dutch Blue Guards, who had fought in every major battle of the war. It also refused to grant money to reduce the national debt, thus setting the stage for an economic crisis. This strongly Tory, anti-Dutch, and anti-army Commons preoccupied itself "with private animosities and party quarrels and [thought] little of the national interest."[25] In coping with the most intransigent Parliament of his reign, William also had little support from his ministry. The Whig Junto (Russell, Montagu, Somers), who had helped direct national affairs in the final stages of the war, was now trying to undercut the efforts of William and fellow Whigs Shrewsbury and Sunderland; furthermore, the Junto had lost its hold over Whigs in the House of Commons, in part because of a serious party split between court and country factions. William was isolated, without a true power base, as Parliament took one action after another to limit severely the royal prerogative.

Looming on the immediate horizon was the problem of the Spanish Succession. Negotiations for the First Partition Treaty began in March 1698, by which time the English army had almost ceased to exist

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[25]William III in a letter to Heinsius, February 22, 1698, quoted in Stephen B. Baxter, William III and the Defense of European Liberty: 1650-1702 (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1966), pp. 363-4.

and Parliament seemed immune to appreciating the gravity of foreign affairs. Events took a precarious turn in February 1699, when the death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria negated the terms of that first treaty. War was inevitable unless a second treaty could be concluded. Even in the event of a peaceful solution, the Spanish throne would now go to either a Bourbon or a Hapsburg--both possibilities unfavorable to English interests and to the balance of power in Europe which William had done so much to preserve. William realized, if the war-weary Parliament did not, that France under Louis XIV was in a position to seize the entire inheritance as soon as Carlos II died.[26]

Such were the conditions of domestic and foreign affairs that prompted D'Urfey to write The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello. The last years of William's reign, especially 1698-1700, were some of the most unstable in the Restoration period. Parliament, immersed in party squabbles and oblivious to the menace hanging over Europe, was bent on weakening the position of the King yet was too weak and divided itself to provide desperately needed leadership. Englishmen with a sense of history knew that internal dissension increased the danger not only of civil war and anarchy but also of external invasion--or, in this case, of a power vacuum which France would undoubtedly exploit. Though D'Urfey does not dramatize the later stages of the Neapolitan rebellion when France became involved on two fronts, it was hardly without design that he included a strong

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[26] The inept King of Spain died in October 1700.

warning in the first scene of his play against destructive factions: "What greater Plague can there befall a City, than a Disunion and divided Interest? . . . A City is like a Ship, Divisions are her Leaks,--and whilst the Mariners fight, the Sea runs in and drowns all" (Part I, I.i.85-95). Nor was it purely in the interest of structural symmetry that he created dissension among the nobility equal to that dividing the populace. Don Peppo's jealous plotting against his brother, the Duke of Mataloni, has no basis in history. In Part II Blowzabella and Pimpwell also discuss the English court in a way that seems to refer pointedly to the political situation near the end of the century:

> Blowzabella. [A]s to your State-affairs, we hear there are great feuds amongst ye as well as here; tho' the King has done great things for 'em, and they say--is a very brave Man.
> Pimpwell. Ay, he is so, Madam,--but you must know that we English have some Affinity with the nature of some Dogs we have there, we never receive a good Bone but we snap at our Benefactor's Fingers. (I.ii.105-12)

The entire atmosphere of Massaniello is suffused with duplicity, just as most of William's reign was marked by divided loyalties and great treachery in high places.[27] To some devout Jacobites, even plots against William seemed patriotic.

Contributing to this aura of deceit were the suspected connivings of Jesuits. The March 7, 1699, Flying Post prints the Commons's request that William remove "all Papists and others who disown Your Majesty's Government, from the City of London and parts adjacent." The Commons reports to have

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[27] Ogg, p. 361.

> certain Information, That great numbers of Popish Priests and Jesuits . . . intrude themselves into the presence of Sick and Dying Persons, with design to prevail upon them in their weakness, to be Reconcil'd to the Church of Rome, and daily endeavour to Pervert and Seduce from their Allegiance Your Majesty's good Subjects.

D'Urfey has taken liberties with history to fill Massaniello with caustic anti-Jesuit propaganda. He could safely do so because of the Jesuits's reputation as a breed apart from most Catholics and their long association in the public mind with seditious plots.[28]

D'Urfey had no intention of writing a play with obvious personal references or even a parallel play like The Duke of Guise based upon direct analogy of characters and events. The two parts of Massaniello constitute a general warning[29] for the times, an account of an earlier rebellion whose relevance to the events of 1699 is purely thematic. That relevance is enhanced by tamperings with historical truth. Not only did D'Urfey customarily avoid personal satire but in the post-Collier years, when playwrights and theatre companies were all too aware of tighter licensing procedures, anything construed as seditious or libellous would have been particularly ill-advised.[30]

For various reasons a play about the Neapolitan rebellion was extremely appropriate as a comment on the political situation near

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[28]For further discussion of the reasons behind the play's attacks on Jesuits, see explanatory note to Part I, I.i.8.

[29]These categories of political plays are Hume's. See The Development of English Drama in the Late Seventeenth Century, pp. 220-25.

[30]Betterton's King Henry IV, written in this period (January 1700), was altered to avoid political and moral objections: the rebels were made unattractive, Henry IV's status as usurper mollified, churchmen removed from the rebels' plot, and profanity deleted. See Hume, p. 441.

the end of William's reign. In the first place, France was again seeking control of the Spanish possessions in Italy (Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Milan); success would assure her dominance in the Mediterranean. With France much stronger now than at mid-century, England had greater cause to fear Louis's enhanced power in any large area of Europe. Second, fidelity to the King had been reverently maintained through Masaniello's rebellion, the first stage of the revolution. As a Williamite, D'Urfey doubtless was attracted to the story of an insurrection directed not against a monarch but against an "ill government." Locke's Two Treatises of Government (published 1690) had introduced to Englishmen the notion that, in a constitutional monarchy, fault could lie with the legislature as much as with the king.[31] In the play, Massaniello denies that he is a rebel on the basis that he sought to strengthen the King's position which had been diminished by policies of the nobility:

> I love the King, and for him and my Country, have undertook this dangerous Enterprize; the People were opprest with loading Gabells, and in th'Oppression, the King's Honour tainted, which I resolve to abolish, tho I die for't.
> (Part I, IV.ii.143-47)

Though D'Urfey underplays the culpability of the Neapolitan nobles for ills visited upon the people, he does indict the dissension in their ranks and also places no blame for conditions on the king. Third, no better subjects could be found for a fiercely ideological play about the horrors of mob rule than the Neapolitan lazzaroni, so

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[31] John Locke, Two Treatises of Government, ed. Peter Laslett (Cambridge: University Press, 1967; 1st ed. 1960), p. 114.

much more uncivilized than their counterparts in the English Civil War. Fourth, the strange history of Masaniello's demise (his abrupt degeneration into irrationality and despotism, his increasing pliability in the hands of more unprincipled rabble members he had undertaken to lead) confirmed in the most graphic way imaginable the Restoration's grave fears of government under a popular leader. In the end, the easy manipulation of Masaniello created that government of "masterless men" which Hobbes had fearfully predicted.[32] "[T]he miseries of Tyranny are less, than those of Anarchy" wrote Samuel Parker in 1670.[33] The rule of a man like Masaniello brought on the worst of all possible worlds: tyranny and anarchy combined.

If his logic seems strained to the modern mind, D'Urfey's fear that domestic dissension inevitably would pave the way for rebellion and mob rule made sense from the Restoration point of view. Civil discord purely and simply increased a nation's vulnerability. The rabble, according to Dorax in Don Sebastian, are "skum/ That still rise upmost when the Nation boyls."[34] And Captain Jonas, a seditious rascal in D'Urfey's The Royalist, remarks to the Chairman of the Sequestration Committee: "[Y]ou know, Sir Oliver, that we Brothers of the Brain, in troubled Waters always fish best: 'Tis your unsetled

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[32] Merritt Y. Hughes, "Dryden as a Statist," Philological Quarterly, 6 (1927), 347.

[33] A Discourse of Ecclesiastical Politie (London, 1670), p. 215.

[34] Dryden: The Dramatic Works, ed. Montague Summers (London: The Nonesuch Press, 1932), VI, 105.

Government that we must thrive in. . . ."[35] Conditions were especially favorable for popular unrest in the late 1690's. War had raised prices and taxes to unprecedented levels (particularly in England and Holland), and reactions were beginning to set in. New taxes imposed on burials and marriages in 1696 had already provoked days of mob rioting in Amsterdam.[36] The lower-middle classes were also becoming more politically conscious, more aware of their collective strength. They directed their resentment for the most part against Parliament instead of the King; throughout his reign, in fact, William remained much more popular with the common people than with the upper classes of Englishmen.[37] In two years (early 1701) the freeholders of Kent would present a petition to the Commons, asking that it listen to "the voice of the people" who wanted William to assist England's allies and thereby insure the nation's safety. Shortly thereafter Defoe would draft his famous "Legion Memorial," which purported to express the opinion of "many thousands of the good people of England" in asserting their rights and Parliament's duties.[38] It condemned the seizure of the Kentish petitioners, rehearsed a long list of the Commons's failings, and

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[35]D'Urfey, The Royalist (London, 1682), 14.

[36]Henri and Barbara van der Zee, William and Mary (London: Macmillan London Ltd., 1973), p. 406.

[37]Baxter, pp. 370, 373.

[38]Defoe, quoted in Walter Wilson, Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe (London: Hurst, Chance, & Co., 1830), I, p. 395.

denounced the "saucy, indecent reproaches" made to the King.[39] D'Urfey's attitude toward the common people was poles apart from Defoe's, but his awareness of their growing political clout underlay the severe indictment of popular rule that is central to his play Massaniello.[40]

There was nothing new about D'Urfey's condemnation of the mob. A deep contempt for human beings in the mass runs through Restoration literature. Actually this attitude was inherited from the Renaissance, as demonstrated by Shakespeare's Roman plays, and then reinforced and hardened by the experience of the Civil War. Writers of the time show almost no awareness, let alone sympathy, for what later ages have recognized as "social problems." Evil kingdoms are exposed (as in Venice Preserv'd and Lucius Junius Brutus), but the source

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[39] Van der Zee, p. 464; see also Ogg, pp. 462-63.

[40] Southerne's Fate of Capua (1700)--and to a lesser degree Rowe's Tamerlane (1701)--express many of the same concerns as D'Urfey's play. The Capuan senate is dangerously divided between supporters of Carthage and of Rome. As the play opens, Decius Magius (the real conscience of Capua) warns against making peace with any foreign foe in Italy and reminds the senators of Capua's huge debt to its ally, Rome. It would be hard to miss the parallel with Parliament's unwillingness to join the allied cause against France, especially in support of the Dutch. While the senate wavers, the rabble has mutinied and is marching to the senate to murder its members. "One and all/ They cry, the Senate's Councils are too slow,/ That they intend to come and quicken 'em" (p. 6). One senator realizes that "[t]hey bear us ancient hate on former Scores:/ And what the Priviledge of such lawless Times,/ May set 'em on to act, is to be fear'd" (p. 7). The messenger warns, "They've vow'd to Murder you, and so give up/ The Commonwealth void of all Government/ To Hannibal, and Carthaginian Power,/ To model new, and stamp what form he please" (p. 7). Tamerlane omits the concern for mob rule but makes a strong statement about the internecine fighting and duplicity that weaken a nation's foreign policy. In this greatest of all encomiums to King William, fault lies not with the monarch but with those who serve under him.

of the evil is almost always a wicked king or his advisors--not the monarchical system itself, social and economic inequality, or any other fault stemming "from the framework of society."[41] Seventeenth-century historians, both in Italy and in England, do not see their society as fatally flawed.[42] Nor do historians or belletristic writers really acknowledge just causes of the people's dis-ease. Reverence for stability and order, combined with distrust of democracy or republicanism as the chief threat to that order, produced the Restoration's stereotypical conception of the 'rascal many.' Even Locke is careful to stipulate that his doctrine of the equality of men presupposes their possession of reason, a faculty which the Restoration generally found lacking in the rabble. Locke equivocates about the rights of the lower classes, saying at one point that despotical power "can only be exercised over the propertyless."[43] It is interesting too that, despite his sympathy for the rebels' cause in Lucius Junius Brutus, Lee stops short of endorsing republicanism

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[41]Marshall, p. 35. Southerne's Oroonoko, which reveals a sensitive awareness of the cruelty and demeaning nature of slavery as an institution, is an exception.

[42]Clarendon, the greatest of the Civil War historians, regarded this conflict as the work of individuals, chance, and Providence rather than as an evolution of classes, economic forces, or ideas. See Hugh Trevor-Roper, "Clarendon and the Practice of History," in Milton and Clarendon (Los Angeles: William A. Clark Memorial Library, 1965), pp. 35-37. Tommaso Pedio writes in Storia della storiografia del regno di Napoli that "none of the chroniclers [of the Neapolitan rebellion] understand the real causes of the riots. . . . They do not consider that these riots had their origin in the deep contention among the different social classes and in the ancient aspirations of the popular class to enter the political life of the country" (p. 123).

[43]Two Treatises of Government, ed. Laslett, p. 402.

because of the weakness of men like Vinditius that it brings to power.[44]

Rabble scenes, already common in English drama, became "a favorite device of politically-oriented tragedies after 1675."[45] In all but a few the treatment is very conventional. Several brief scenes involving nameless tradesmen or citizens (usually labelled 1st, 2nd, and 3rd) are scattered through a given play to provide some low-comic relief and to confirm preconceived attitudes about the mob's incapacity for governing. Often they are shown responding to an agitator (e.g., Melanax in The Duke of Guise or Mustapha in Don Sebastian), who manipulates them easily for self-serving ends. A complex of damning qualities emerges routinely from these tableaux of the crowd: fickle waywardness, stupidity, coarseness, intemperance, blind credulity, cruelty, and lawlessness. Above all the mob is beastly--a savage, many-headed monster from prehistory. This same animalistic imagery prevails in non-dramatic satire as well (most notably in Absalom and Achitophel and The Medall). Scenes of the crowd actually raised to power and ruling in all its hypocritical boldness appear more frequently in comedies inspired by the Popish Plot (The Committee, The Roundheads, and City Politiques). All these portraits uphold the basic Restoration postulate that "[f]reedom in subjects is not nor cannot be."[46]

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[44]See J. M. Armistead, "The Tragicomic Design of Lucius Junius Brutus: Madness as Providential Therapy," Papers on Language & Literature, 15 (1979), 38-51.

[45]Rothstein, p. 69.

[46]Dryden, The Conquest of Granada, in John Dryden: Three Plays, ed. George Saintsbury (New York: Hill & Wang, 1957), p. 90.

Toward the end of the century, two playwrights achieved originality in different ways with the commonplace rabble scene. Southerne opens The Fate of Capua with a conventional depiction of the mutinous mob intent on violence, followed by a scene of its masterful manipulation by Pacuvius; at this point the rabble is nothing but weak and vacuous. As the play progresses, however, and the crowd becomes increasingly disillusioned with Hannibal's grand promises, Southerne accords it a narrative and choral function that fosters audience sympathy. Contempt changes to pity as the people reach a stoic acceptance of their self-inflicted ruin and the audience is made to understand the impact of catastrophic change on the common people. D'Urfey infuses new life into the rabble scene in quite another manner. Though his characterization of the mob in Massaniello conforms to the standard Restoration attitude, it is developed not in a few brief scenes but through the course of a two-part drama. No other play of the period, serious or comic, contains so extended a portrait of the rabble in positions of authority or so scathing an indictment of mob rule. Furthermore, no other play (with the possible exception of Otway's History and Fall of Caius Marius) concentrates so fully on a plebeian leader's rise to power and the consequences it brought on himself and the state.

D'Urfey's presentation of Massaniello is not without problems for the modern reader. In Part I he is a character of raised consciousness, capable of curbing the excesses of the crowd and of maintaining self-control; in Part II he is both puppet and tyrant, at once manipulated by his men and despotic in indulging his unchecked will.

As in many other didactic plays of the Restoration the change occurs abruptly, because subtleties of internal alteration matter less than overall moral design. The "flaw" that precipitates this change (his susceptibility to the effects of wine) also strikes those accustomed to truly tragic flaws as a cheap mechanical device, even if historically it was part of the reason for Masaniello's fall. Moreover, the play suffers from a problem common to Restoration tragedy:[47] the didactic function works counter to creation of a sense of tragic grandeur. Playwrights of the late 1690's were particularly sensitive to the critical prescriptions of Dennis and Collier, both of whom stressed the corrective function of tragedy through overt display of poetic--or, more accurately, providential--justice.[48] The predetermined outcome of Massaniello is thus clearly revealed through visions and other "signs" early in the play, yet D'Urfey does not hesitate to show the greatness of Massaniello that gives him the potential for grandeur. He is a character of some complexity, markedly flawed but also depicted with strengths that differentiate him from the rabble he leads. However, as Hume observes, it is rare to find "the tragic sense" or "genuine complexity of character" in Restoration tragedy.[49] Its purposes lay elsewhere.

If D'Urfey's handling of Massaniello appears inconsistent and overly mechanical from a literary point of view, it is perfectly

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[47]Because decorum still required elevated status for the protagonists of tragedy, D'Urfey classifies Massaniello only as a history. Its pattern of action, however, is tragic.

[48]Hume, p. 153.

[49]Hume, pp. 187 and 205.

consistent ideologically. At the time the play was written, its moral statement was of pre-eminent importance. To make his point fully clear, D'Urfey merges in Massaniello qualities which the Restoration identified with several character types, primarily the "natural" man, the iconoclastic hero, and the Hobbesian villain. Massaniello is man "in a state of nature," uncivilized and iconoclastic, but unlike Almanzor he becomes increasingly asocial. As the play progresses, he loses all conception of the public good and takes on the destructive egotism of a Nero or a Crimalhaz. The Restoration was particularly unforgiving of those exceptional individuals who remained laws unto themselves. In refusing to channel the passions by a reasoned exercise of the will, they lost self-control and became threats to an ordered society. Without self-restraint, they were incapable of truly virtuous and heroic action. Once Massaniello loses control over his great passions, once he begins to act by appetite alone, he plunges quickly and headlong into villainy. His speech becomes crazed with villainous rant and claims of divine sanction for evil acts; in fact, his first ranting speech at the close of Part I signals to the audience this sudden degeneration of character. Like Abdalla in The Conquest of Granada, he stands as "testimony to the evil effects of unchecked passion and weakness of will."[50] Through the course of the play he also becomes less differentiated from the common rabble, taking on its traits of intemperance and malleability. His troubling inconsistency (which appears

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[50] Marshall, p. 31.

increasingly in Part II as vacillations between the claims of love and honor) is actually very consistent in view of the fact that waywardness was regarded as a salient trait of the lower classes. The play's pattern of action has a clear moral design. D'Urfey implies the impossibility of sustained enlightened action on the part of a popular ruler endowed with absolute power. Because of weaknesses of character, a leader like Massaniello will predictably destroy himself.

V. LITERARY ANALYSIS

Even more than most plays of the Restoration, The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello depends thematically upon a series of parallels and contrasts among characters, situations, and scenic moods. As suggested in previous chapters, D'Urfey manipulated the historical accounts to accentuate--and in some cases invent--these parallels and contrasts for the purpose of clarifying his play's didactic intent.

A number of the contrasts help define the character of Massaniello. In the first act D'Urfey is careful to establish distinctions between Massaniello and his henchmen placed in positions of authority. Bartallo, Gaspar, and the other artisans are at once cruel and cowardly; their bravado is merely borrowed assertiveness, an echo of Massaniello's courageous insolence, as the scene of confrontation (I.131-249) with Don Peppo and Gervasio demonstrates. Massaniello's ambition is mingled with an unselfish desire to help the people and a determination to avoid any taint of personal greed. By comparison, his compatriots (particularly Rock Brasile) have completely self-serving motives. Unable to comprehend their leader's lack of covetousness, they violate his proscriptions against plundering. Massaniello has a moral sense absent in those he endows with power. Despite antagonism toward popular rulers, D'Urfey clearly paints a half-sympathetic portrait of Massaniello in Part I. Scenes like the debate with Cardinal Filomarino (IV.ii) are inserted in part to reveal the vein of altruism and moral sincerity in this remarkable plebeian leader. Certain other scenes troubling to the

modern reader can be understood, if not appreciated, as attempts to define through contrast. The grotesque trial of "Delinquents" (Part I, IV.i), for all its heavy-handedness, does show Massaniello as his own man--thwarting Rock's and Valasco's attempts to manipulate his judgments and dispensing justice on equal terms to relatives and non-relatives alike. In this scene he renders ridiculous Valasco's boast that Rock can "wind the General about his Hand like a skein of Silk" (l. 283-4); later this boasting becomes all too true, as in the scene where Massaniello easily succumbs to Pimpwell's manifest flattery (Part II, IV.ii).

Contrasts with yet other characters flesh out the portrait of Massaniello. Against Mataloni's deep love for his wife, Belleraiza, is counterposed Massaniello's lust for her. Genovino, in his thorough corruption and his venal desire to promote dissension, contrasts not only with the Archbishop but with Massaniello as well. In Act II, Scene 1, an important test of wills takes place between Massaniello and Genovino. Each regards the other as his instrument, yet Massaniello emerges with the upper hand. He taunts the old priest and refuses to be duped by one whose motives he fully understands. Blowzabella's obsession with the trappings of wealth contrasts pointedly with her husband's disdain for finery. Later, his constant clothes-changing becomes emblematic of indecision and a failure of resolve. Most unusual of all is the contrast in Part II between Massaniello and Aurelia, the Vice-Queen. It is possible to stomach Aurelia's vainglorious rants only if one realizes that D'Urfey intended them as a direct counter to the debased attitudes of the

rabble leaders. When the Vice-Queen boasts of her noble spirit and greatness of soul, when others commend her "untainted Honour, and unconquer'd Courage" (III.ii.16-17), the reader is being directed to a definition of true nobility and to an awareness of how far the plebeians fall short in both deeds and understanding. Aurelia swears she "would tear out this Tongue, rather than let it give a vile Consent to what my Honour told me was Ignoble" (III.ii.20-21); the contrast with Massaniello, who has compromised his honor by indulging an ignoble lust for Belleraiza, is obvious and purposeful. Against the Vice-Queen's self-proclaimed strength of will is posed Massaniello's increasing waywardness.

Situations central to the play are also built upon parallels, with their inherent contrasts. Discord prevails among both nobility and populace. Don Peppo plots to usurp the position of his brother Mataloni, just as Perone conspires against Massaniello. Perone and Don Peppo join forces in the Powder-plot along with Genovino to kill both stumbling blocks to their power. Don Peppo's evil is essential to D'Urfey's development of the Duke of Mataloni as the exemplary antagonist to Massaniello. Revelation of the conspiracy not only makes credible Mataloni's charge that it was Don Peppo who "set [him] on to plague the People" (Part II, III.ii.51) but also forces the Duke into a chastened awareness of his severity, arrogance, and "former rash neglect" (1. 56) of the populace. "[T]he Cholerick Duke" (Part II, II.i.197) acquires self-knowledge through "Affliction" and, in the process, distances himself from the scurvy rascals who would destroy Naples for selfish gain. Other parallels draw necessary

distinctions between the nobility and the lower classes. Blowzabella's attempts to seduce Don Tiberio, for example, form a comic parody of Massaniello's lustful pursuit of Belleraiza--and of the even crueller rape of Fellicia by Pedro. All lechery in this play is the province of the rabble. In each instance it contrasts starkly with the love of Mataloni and Belleraiza, which is presented as a kind of passion experienced only by those of noble blood and noble spirit. D'Urfey is much concerned, in fact, with contrasting noble behavior on every score with its perverse imitation by plebeians who perceive only the superficial trappings that accompany high station. The words "nobility" and "greatness" resound throughout the play in speeches of characters on both sides. If Aurelia, Arcos, and Mataloni seem immodestly certain of their inclusion among the "Great Souls" of the earth, the reader should remember that D'Urfey intends a purposeful contrast with Blowzabella's fatuous refrain, "We must do great things now." The rabble's constant mimicking of the nobility becomes increasingly less funny and more ironic as the play progresses.[1]

Alternating with the scenes of rebellion and intrigue are scenes in two contrasting moods, pathetic and comic. D'Urfey's mingling of pathos with his historical theme was characteristic of

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[1]Two parallel banquet scenes demonstrate this pattern of action. In the first part (IV.i) the group of drinking artisans mimic courtly behavior at their own crude level of understanding; the discussion is nasty but harmless. In Part II (V.iii) a similar drinking bout, this time involving Massaniello, turns into a cruel attempt to strip Belleraiza naked and expose her to mockery and scorn.

serious drama in the 1690's.[2] The self-conscious grief of Belleraiza ("Oh, racking Torture, was e'er Misery so truly great as Mine?"--Part I, II.ii.23-24), her desire to retreat with Mataloni into a life of pastoral simplicity[3] (Part II, I.i.93-100), the rape of the virgin Fellicia, the willingness of heroines to die rather than compromise their "Vertue"--all these elements of pathos in Massaniello are pervasive in serious plays throughout the late Restoration period. D'Urfey does make one interesting change in the pattern. Instead of the usual contrast in sentimental tragedy between a haughty, ranting villainess and a softer distressed heroine, D'Urfey's play presents three differing but exemplary female figures: two softer heroines (Belleraiza and Fellicia) and one (Aurelia) who takes on the traits of the villainous tragedy queen. In rants that make Massaniello's look pale, Aurelia proclaims the greatness of her soul and her obsession with revenge. She is the hardened, yet virtuous, counterpart of Belleraiza and the totally innocent Fellicia.

Unfortunately, modern taste finds little to praise in the language conveying this pathos. It is rhetoric that protests too much, seems too highly inflated with self-pitying expressions of misery and melting love. Even worse, it depends upon conventional, interchangeable images[4] that violate every twentieth-century canon

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[2]Hume, The Development of English Drama in the Late Seventeenth Century, p. 399.

[3]See Rothstein, Restoration Tragedy, pp. 113-16, for a discussion of the pastoral wish in late seventeenth-century drama.

[4]See Moody Prior, The Language of Tragedy (New York: Columbia University Press, 1947), p. 175.

of "good writing." Belleraiza talks of the "Sea of Sorrow" within her "Breast" (Part I, II.ii.48-49), and Mataloni wishes that "our winged Spirits like two friendly Turtles [could] fly to the Mansions of the Blest above, and there together coo our Mutual Love" (Part II, IV.i.10-12). Is it any wonder that a modern reader remains unmoved? D'Urfey's diction of pathos, however, is hardly atypical of the period, except for being written (as a daring experiment) in prose rather than in verse. Late Restoration audiences demanded increasing doses of pathetic sentiment and obviously approved of the language by which it was expressed. As the epilogue to the first part of Massaniello suggests (11. 13-19), playwrights could rely upon pathos to win approval for a play when other parts might fail to please.

If the late seventeenth-century inflated and artificial rhetoric of pathos has lost its appeal, the same cannot be said for scenes of comic contrast. Few tragedies of the period achieve a finer integration of serious and comic parts than Massaniello. The play has no real subplot; instead, comic scenes unite structurally and thematically with action in the serious plot. The comedy exists not for mere relief but for the purpose of developing D'Urfey's theme concerning the natural and unnatural uses of authority. Without such scenes, much of the play's ideological impact would be diluted. They bring to life what D'Urfey and many of his contemporaries imagined as the terrifying ramifications of mob rule. In addition, comic and serious scenes co-exist without any violation of decorum.

D'Urfey's lifelong experience as primarily a comic dramatist stood him in good stead with the writing of a play like Massaniello.

Only Dryden and Otway--both also experienced in comedy--were able to make similar creative use of comic techniques within serious drama. D'Urfey, in fact, might well have echoed Dryden's boast about Don Sebastian: "I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any man could have invented [a comedy] which had been more of a piece, and more depending, on the serious part of the design."[5] D'Urfey does not follow Dryden's pattern of regularly alternating parallel episodes of the serious and comic, though several comic scenes in Massaniello do act as analogues to the main action. Blowzabella's attempted seduction of the Prince of Bissignano (Part I, III.i and V.i) has already been mentioned as a comic version of at least two far darker sexual violations. In like manner, her ridiculous parading in plundered jewels (Part I, II.i) follows immediately upon a scene in which Massaniello orders that all goods be burned rather than appropriated for private gain; Blowzabella's plundering is the comic infraction of his order. D'Urfey's comic scenes and characters within this play differ in their dramatic functions. Blowzabella's antics are for the most part purely humorous, whereas the episodes involving Rock Brasile and Massaniello's "cabinet" of artisans have a much uglier underside. Scenes of Rock conducting his resourceful bribery business are meant to strike an audience as simultaneously funny and heinous. In this relentless exposure of ugliness underneath humor, Massaniello recalls Venice Preserv'd with its Antonio-

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[5]Dryden: The Dramatic Works, ed. Montague Summers, Preface to Don Sebastian, VI, 25.

Aquilina subplot. Comic scenes in both plays reveal perverse behavior that has corollaries in the main action. Both plays point to an unmistakable connection between physical and political unnaturalness.

Several of the comic characters are especially well drawn. Blowzabella, certainly the most memorable, may rightfully take her place amid the crème de la crème of all D'Urfey's comic creations--a distinction (or rather, "great thing") that no doubt would please her. With a few deft strokes, D'Urfey gives her a language all her own through which she unwittingly paints her portrait. Low, colloquial expressions (many with double meanings she does not comprehend) keep deflating her pretentious diction:

> . . . pray don't be too cogitabund: . . . ye shall have curious Sport, your Highness shall laugh 'till you burst your self . . . . I think they told me 'twas Manners to go before her into my own House, ---- humh, well, I see Breeding increases in me wonderfully. (Part II, II.i.146-59)
> [W]e'll go and settle our Stomachs with a dram or two of my Water; for you must know, my Lord, I make such Water, such heavenly Water, ... (Part I, V.i.252-4)

The rhythm too is revealing of character. She speaks at a rapid, flustered pace, words tripping over themselves and running in circles--all this loquacity suggesting little but the vacuity of her own mind. Rothstein has drawn attention to a characteristic Blowzabella speech that demonstrates D'Urfey's skill with the language of comedy.[6] Decked in jewels and using all her wiles to seduce Don Tiberio, Blowzabella is frustrated to learn that he approaches her on behalf of the Duchess:

> Oh, gad so, the Dutchess my Prisoner; and you desire--why look, my Lord, if we should all have our Desires, what

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[6]Restoration Tragedy, p. 172.

> would the World come to? Why you may desire one thing, and I may desire another thing, when as things may happen, you can neither have your thing, nor I have my thing; oh my word, this is a great thing to consider of--and you must think I know my Post, my Lord, what I must do; great things now.
> (Part I, III.i.210-16)

Possibly D'Urfey recalled Behn's Lady Lambert (The Roundheads) or Robert Howard's Mrs. Day (The Committee) when he conceived Blowzabella. Both women are vain and full of social pretensions. Mrs. Day, like Blowzabella, considers herself one "of the better sort" and insists on being called "your Ladyship," in spite of the fact that she is a crude, garrulous bore. The similarities, however, are not striking enough to suggest that Blowzabella owes her genesis to any other character.

For the most part the other comic characters are also distinctive and well-differentiated. Each artisan quite expectedly has a particular idiom, reflective of his given trade, yet D'Urfey distinguishes one from another still further. Scipio, for example, stutters and bumbles around Rock Brasile in an awkward, half-endearing way (see Part I, II.i.194-211) that renders him a more comical figure than the other tradesmen. Next to Blowzabella, Rock and Pimpwell are the most fully realized comic characters--one a thoroughly corrupt profiteer of the rebel cause, the other a consummate flatterer. Both become victims of their own stupidity and aggrandized notions of self-importance.

D'Urfey's Massaniello undeniably contains weak spots. The play should be shorter to quicken the overall pace and eliminate superfluous scenes. It would probably be more effective in five acts rather than ten, especially since substantial portions of Part II could

profitably be excised. On the whole, Part I is stronger than Part II. One wishes that Thomas Walker's contraction of the two parts into one remained extant, if indeed such a version ever existed. Nonetheless, it is not difficult to imagine which scenes he would have omitted or shortened. The reader could most certainly do with less of Aurelia and even of Mataloni and Belleraiza, despite D'Urfey's reasons for demonstrating the nobility's suffering and greatness of soul. Act I, Scene 1 and Act IV, Scene 3 (both in the second part) seem unnecessarily protracted, for example, and the episode in which Mataloni tests his wife's virtue out of perverse "Curiosity" (Part I, V.ii) only tarnishes the Duke's image. Because it violates his character as previously presented, this latter episode should never have been written into the play. Most scenes involving Blowzabella not only add needed levity to the drama but also enhance its thematic development. D'Urfey's inventiveness must have grown slack, however, with Act I, Scene 2 in the second part; it is nothing more than routine social satire, full of stale jests and farcical exaggeration. One or two of the banquet scenes could easily be shorter. Perhaps most of all an editor would wish to rewrite the trial of "Delinquents" (Part I, IV.i), a scene of grotesque, caricaturistic distortion whose import is less than clear. Massaniello's concept of justice needs to be demonstrated, but surely D'Urfey could have dramatized it in a less awkward way. Some of the speeches could also stand revision. Though it was characteristic of the period, the contrived, overwrought rhetoric of pathos does detract from the play's effectiveness. In addition, there are a number of embarrassing lines like Massaniello's

description of the effect that passion for Belleraiza has upon him: "Oh how I burn within me,----my Brain-pan Glows, and my Heart's all on fire.----Hot, Soultry, soultry" (Part II, III.iii.39-40).

These flaws should not be allowed to overshadow the strengths of the play, however. Many of the scenes are effective and memorable: those exposing Blowzabella's insipid vanity and the vulgar tradesmen's abuse of power; those in which artisans mimic the nobility; Blowzabella's seduction and later dismissal of Don Tiberio; the debate between Massaniello and the Archbishop; the episodes wherein Massaniello confronts Genoino and Rock Brasile; Pimpwell's manipulation of Massaniello; and the parallel banquet scenes hosted by Blowzabella and Aurelia. The entire first act, always so important to the success of any play, is particularly well-handled in this drama. Within the space of a few hundred lines, D'Urfey characterizes most major figures in the play and also establishes those character contrasts and conspiracies that shape the subsequent action.

Finally, in spite of its initial failure with Restoration audiences, Massaniello must be seen as a play with stylistic as well as thematic significance in the history of English drama. It was conceived at the time as a daring experiment in prose tragedy, an attempt to achieve greater verisimilitude while using the conventions of Restoration tragedy and without violating principles of decorum. D'Urfey gave the plebeians a low idiom and the nobility "a natural but more elevated prose"[7]--a difference in styles which reinforced

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[7]Rothstein, p. 172. I am indebted to his discussion of Massaniello's stylistic innovations (pp. 170-72).

his thematic concern with hierarchical distinctions. Through prose, he was striving for more accurate mimesis in the serious as well as comic parts. Furthermore, the play's subject ("the anarchic brutality of the mob"[8]) gave renewed plausibility to the overworked devices of Restoration tragedy: love-honor dilemmas, visions, pastoral desires, tyrannic lust and rape, bloody sensationalism. D'Urfey tried--and succeeded--in casting a longer gaze upon the rabble and depicting it with a more devastating "truth to life" than had any previous playwright. His play, for all its shortcomings, deserves an attention it has failed to receive for nearly three hundred years.

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[8] Rothstein, p. 170.

VI. EDITION AND TEXT

Only one edition of The Famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello was ever printed. There was also only one issue, without variant states. The first part was dated 1700 and the second part, oddly enough, 1699; both appeared in quarto. Separate entries in The Term Catalogues for June and November 1699 list different publishers and seem therefore to suggest the possibility of more than one edition. This editor, however, obtained photocopies of the title pages for Parts I and II of all the copies of Massaniello known to be in existence. All are identical, and all bear the imprint of "John Nutt, near Stationers Hall" whose name appears in the June 1699 Term Catalogue entry. No extant copy bears the imprint of either publisher listed in the November entry: "H. Playford at the Temple Change" or "B. Tooke at the Middle Temple in Fleet Street."[1] The explanation is not altogether clear. Titles did sometimes appear in The Term Catalogues a short time before publication; there are also numerous instances of the simultaneous publication of a work by various printers, a certain number of title pages being printed with each publisher's name.[2] Neither fact really accounts for the non-existence of title pages bearing Playford's and Tooke's names, however.

In view of the fact that all the title pages are identical, one can assume the presence of only one issue. Meticulous examination

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[1]Edward Arber, ed., The Term Catalogues, 1668-1709 (London, 1903), III, pp. 149 & 157.

[2]Ronald B. McKerrow, An Introduction to Bibliography for Literary Students (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1927), pp. 138 & 176.

of several copies of the full play in this country, as well as all the copies in English libraries[3], also revealed no evidence of variant states. All copies appeared to be the same in every way, down to the most obvious typographical errors.

This editor has been guided generally by conservative principles with regard to changes in the original text. Because inconsistency in spelling, capitalization, and punctuation was characteristic of the period, no attempt has been made to standardize the irregular readings within the spoken lines. As closely as possible, the original spacing has also been preserved. D'Urfey was very careless in revising proofs of his plays. For this reason, glaring errors (omitted syllables, fused words, and other mistakes of typesetting) have been corrected and the incorrect forms acknowledged in footnotes.

A few silent changes were deemed necessary. All speech tags have been expanded and spelled consistently to accord with the spelling in the Dramatis Personae of each part. Massaniello's name therefore becomes "Massainello" throughout Part II, because it is spelled that way in the list of characters and elsewhere in the text of the second part. The same policy pertains to two other characters: Don Tiberio (called "Bissignano" in Part II) and the Dutchess of Mataloni (called "Belleraiza" in II). Names of characters in the stage directions have also been spelled as they appear in the speech

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[3]Copies from the following U. S. libraries: Yale, Columbia, Folger, University of Pennsylvania, University of Chicago; 8 full and 2 partial copies in the Bodleian (Oxford), British Museum, Victoria and Albert, and Cambridge University libraries. There are 12 extant copies in the United States, 8 plus 2 half copies in England, and 2 in Scotland (National Library in Edinburgh).

tags. Where brackets were omitted from stage directions within speeches, they have silently been supplied. A period follows each stage direction. Though most irregularities in italicizing have been retained, the I's and initial letters randomly printed in italics have been converted to Roman type. In addition, the long s has been converted to modern s and all catchwords omitted.

TEXT OF PLAY

The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

RISE and FALL

OF

MASSANIELLO.

In Two Parts.

WRITTEN

By Mr. THO. D'URFEY.

LONDON

Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall. 1700.

Dramatis Personae.*

Don Tiberio, Prince of Bissignano.

Duke of Mataloni.

Don Peppo di Caraffa, his Brother.

Cardinal Fillomerino, Arch-Bishop of Naples.

Massaniello, alias Thomas Annello of Amalfi. First a Fisherman, and after made Captain-General of the Neapolitans.

Pedro di Amalfi, his Brother--------a Ruffian.

Julio Genovino--------a Jesuit, his Counsellor.

Perone. A famous Banditti; at first, accomplice with Massaniello, afterwards brib'd against him by Mataloni's Faction.

Rock Brasile. A Roguish Insolent Scrivener; afterwards made Secretary and Adjutant to Massaniello.

Bartallo--------a Butcher.
Valasco---------a Taylor.
Jacomo----------a Miller.
Gaspar----------a Smith.
Scipio----------a Cobler.

Principal of the Mob, belonging to Massaniello.

W O M E N.

Dona Aurelia--------the Vice-Queen.

Belleraiza--------her Sister; Dutchess of Mataloni.

Blowzabella--------Wife to Massaniello.

Belvidore---------a Tanner's Wife.

Ursula--------Wife to Pedro.

A Servant Wench, with other Women, Wives, Sisters, &c. belonging to the Mob; together with Suitors, Priests, Choristers, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants. The Scene, Naples; the Time, Four days.

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*Gervasio, Mataloni's steward, is omitted from the list.

2) Mataloni's name is confusingly printed on the same line as Bissignano's.

21) Dona Aurelia does not appear as a character in Part I.

22) Belleraiza's title is printed below her name as if the Dutchess of Mataloni were a separate character.

To the Right Honourable

T H O M A S Lord L E I G H,

O F

Stone-Leigh, in the County of Warwick.

My Lord,

When the Great Atticus retir'd from Rome, to employ his happy Hours amongst Rural Pleasures, tho his Contentment by that resolution, might be judg'd most Dear to him, at a distance from the Town's Hurry and Noise, to indulge with the charming Quiet, and sweet Diversions of the Country, yet nevertheless, the Merit and Vertue of such a Patron being too highly Celebrated, to let any envious Space be a Bar to their Addresses; Horace, Ovid, and the rest, never fail'd in their Poetical Correspondence, nor in often Dedicating to so great a Judge, their choicest of Labours.

'Tis from this Scien, my Lord, that my present Ambition Sprouts and Grows; and tho the Work I present, is not so worthy as it ought to be (aspiring to this Honour;) and likewise tho my Acquaintance and Knowledge of your Lordship, is scarce old enough to warrant this Presumption, yet you have so large an Interest in Fame, that I am well assur'd, your unquestion'd Reputation will Dignify the one, and your offer'd Courtesie, and generous Affability, Excuse and Pardon the other.

The most material part of other Dedications, I am sensible, are generally stuff'd with the Patron's Praises, and tho my Lord, your generous Hospitality, your admirable Temper of Mind, and many other flourishing Vertues, which the World owns you to be Master of, may justly exact from a Poet his best Skill in an Encomium, yet fear to Offend, or lessen the value of a Modest Courtesie, which in its own Nature, is above all that I can Write to Extol it, makes me desist from a Theme fit to Inspire the best of Pens, and Improve the richest of Fansies.

'Tis doubtless the depraved Quality of the present Times, which makes that often appear Flattery, which considering the real Merit of the Person, may properly be but Justice. The greatest Wits of former Ages, I am sure, were of this Opinion, that never spar'd with their highest Elegance, to Illustrate the Character of their Patrons, who in return, with their choicest Favours, express'd their Gratitude, without Blushing, or believing that to be a Compliment, which was Naturally a due belonging to their Merit.

When Sacred Virgil by Augustus sate
To read the Work he was to Dedicate,
The Praises ev'n Extravagant did seem,
Yet Caesar did not think he Flatter'd him.

But this in our Adulterated Age, is now looked on as an Offence, and consequently the Meritorious miss of their Plaudit. Be pleas'd therefore, My Lord, to believe, I Think what I dare not Write, and if your Lordship will be pleas'd to accept of this way of introducing my self into your Favour, it will be as well the greatest Happiness, as highest Honour,

My L O R D,

To Your Lordship's Eternally Obliged,

And Most Humble Servant,

Tho. D'urfey.

PROLOGUE

By Mr. Pinkethman, [holding a Paper with Prick'd Notes, in his Hand.]

If I'm of Age, to know what's Good from Bad,
I must declare our Patentees are Mad;
They've known my Comick Humour all along,
And yet this Morning sent me here----a Song,
A nimble dapper Dancing-Master too,
And bids me chuse, for nothing else will do.
Mad, Mad, stark Mad. Let's see, Sol la, me, sol. [Sings.
Zooks, how like Midnight Screeker shall I howl;
For can they ever think I will comply----
I Dance, I Sing;* they'd as good bid me Fly. [Capers awkerdly.
For as to th'first, my English Bulk's not made;
I want an Air for Monsieur's Capring Trade:
And for the next,--------
If they expect, I'll be a Capon for't,
I'd have 'em know, my Salary's too short;
I'd do much for Diversion of the Town,
But not do something to lose all my own.
Ah, Sirs, you are the cause of these our Streights,
You still have been our dire malignant Fates:
By your lewd Humours first, which when we follow'd
Our Smutty Plays out of our Doors were Hollow'd,
And Zealous Spirits 'gainst our Function Bellow'd.
And then besides, your Critick Quality,
Makes such a wretched Drug of Poetry,
That we are forc'd, to help our Withering Bays,
Strangers to Hire, of Sigismundian Race,
At Price so dear, we purchase Voices Killing,
They're Laughing at us, when we think 'em Trilling.
Oh, what vast Sums, since our late Vein of Plotting,
Have both our Houses paid, for Quavering and for Cutting:
So much, that I in Melancholy Case,
With looking Gravely, have quite spoil'd my Face:
They may be Merry, as their Gains provoke,
But I, a Loser, have forgot to Joak.
I was a taking Fool some time ago,
But now as out of Fashion as a Beau;
My Trade's quite spoil'd, I cannot vend my Ware,
Ah, would to Heav'n I were a Dancing Bear,
Or any other Monster, but a Player,
A singing French Baboon, just come from Lorrain,
A Hedg-hog, giv't but out that I am Foreign,
I'll draw the City Fops, and Suburb Whores,
And Cheat the Town by Sixes, and by Fours.
But since our Poet is resolv'd to day
Once more to entertain you with a Play,

A famous Story, and known lately True,
Mixt with good Humour, and good Musick too,
Which there is in it, give the Devil his due:
I'll once more hope too, it will please your Fansies,
As well as if it were all Songs and Dances.
And if some Foes their Malice should pursue,
Let but our Friends do generous Justice too,
We'll Criticks fear no more, those Play degraders,
Than Wise Men did of late the new Invaders.
The first, our Heroes of sharp Understanding,
On Wit's fair Island, shall oppose from Landing.
Th'last, which some say, meer Courtesie retards
From coming, being Civil to our Guards,
Should, e'er their Hot-brain'd Frenzy hither call 'em;
Oh, how our Terrible Train'd-Bands would maul 'em.

EPILOGUE,

By Mrs. Rogers.

For fear ill-Humour in your Hearts should reign,
And that you should be in the Damning Vein,
At my Suit, that am not oft so bold,
Suspend your Judgment, till the Tale be told.
A Rebel's Rise, we only now Present,
The next Part shews his Fall and Punishment;
And Unjust Judges you may well be thought,
That Sentence, e'er you have heard out the Fault.
For my own part, plagu'd with no envious Fury,
Were I to sit among the Poet's Jury,
He should come off, and have a Plaudit free,
For th'Character of my kind Lord and me:
A Husband vent'ring so to save his Wife,
And she, for his sake, slighting her own Life;
Our good Example, is enough today,
Were there no Merit else to save the Play:
Turtles whom Love, so mutually does Wound;
Such Rarities----where are they to be found?
Therefore Gallants all, that your Spouses love,
Pleas'd with the Subject, must our Scenes approve:
And you, fair Ladies, that have Husbands dear,
Concern'd must in the Poet's Cause appear;
Nor let the Virgin Stars forget to shine,
As they expect a Lover like to mine.
As for the rest that slight these solid Matters,
The wild Town Doxies, and the Marriage haters,
If them you cannot Convert, you can Confound;
Give but your Hands, and let Consert go round,
Their Hisses soon will in your Claps be Drown'd.

The Famous HISTORY OF THE Rise and Fall of Massaniello.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Noise within of Shouting, and crying Down with the Gabells; Down with Mataloni, and Viva, Viva Massaniello; Viva Massaniello. Then Enter Genovino Solus.

Genovino. Shout on, ye Sons of Clamour, louder still,
And fright the Grandees with obstreperous Noise,
Whilst I secure in Darling Policies,
Am pleas'd with the success of my Designs against this vile ungrateful City Naples. Did ever Jesuit Wrong'd die Unreveng'd, if he had power to effect it? No, the working Brain would burst quite through the Skull, with the excess of Boiling Rage fermented, sooner than leave that Scandal on our Order, That we forgive those that Affront the Priesthood. They lately chose Philomerino Cardinal, and the officious Nobles throng'd the Conclave to shut out my Deserts from being President, as I so long Expected; which to revenge,----I've subtilly wove my self into the Councels of the new Rais'd Plebeian, Massaniello, who tho a Fisherman,--has yet a Spirit of unmatched Force; a Head too as well turn'd for Mischief as this here----and who now with Resolution and Sense, not found before in such Course Breeding, has stirr'd the People to put down the Gabells; some Numbers are already rose, and--Mataloni and his Confederates, the Marks they shoot at. That Bow I'll help to bend; ---- Oh!--here's the Idol Cardinal and the Great Duke----
They Plot their own Affair;
I'll to the Rabble and do Mischief there. [Exit.

Enter Cardinal, Duke di Mataloni, Don Peppo and Attendants.

Mataloni. Five hundred Boys, let 'em not Fright your Eminence, Switches and Rods will send 'em Home agen.

Cardinal. My Lord, I am not Frighted, yet let my Caution be of some use, if only to prepare Your Grace to take into consideration the danger of such sudden Insurrections.

Don Peppo. What Danger can there be? These Hot-brain'd Youths that march about with Weapons made of Canes, I'll undertake at th' sight of a Whip and Bell, Like foisting Curs, shall skulk into their Corners.

Mataloni. The hungry Mice are hunting after Cheese, a Cat will scare 'em all; --besides the number is Inconsiderable.

Cardinal. They encrease hourly, and Men begin to follow 'em; not only so, but Headed, as I hear, by a Bold Fellow, who

tho but a Fisherman, has yet strange Courage and uncommon Parts; one who I'm told, has, when his Net lay Idle, sat often down to read in Politicks, and in his spare time study'd to catch Men.

Don Peppo. Yes, Chapmen,--my good Lord,----Men for his purpose; Stewards of Families, or Clerks of Kitchens, Men proper to buy up his Fish.

Mataloni. Ha, ha, ha, ha. I hear indeed a Ruffian, one Massaniello, is the Ringleader of a Rout of Beggars, Fellows that wear half Breeches and no Stockings, cry out against me, chosen by the Vice-Roy, and th' rest that Farm 'em, for imposing Gabells on their Commodities: Your Grace no doubt, has heard too That I grow Rich--with such Oppressions.

Cardinal. The Rabble's Voice, My Lord, can give no Scandal. 'Tis bruited so indeed.

Don Peppo. Tripe-eating Rogues.

Cardinal. My Lord, my holy Function does oblige me to preach up Moderation, and to counsel those I want Power to Govern--And I could wish Your Grace would make your self more lov'd by th' People, who, I confess, cry loudly on th' Exactions you late have crush'd 'em with: Nay, they now spare not to say the King's Abus'd,--and that your Avarice puts all these Fetters on 'em.

Mataloni. My good Lord Cardinal, you were just now for preaching Moderation; but now methinks your Talk seems byass'd Interest, and as the Rabble Dictate.

Cardinal. I must be plain.

Don Peppo. And Sincere, good my Lord: And since that word has scap'd your Lips so Gravely, I must beg leave as plainly too to tell your----humble Eminence, that this upstart Humility of yours, is of too new a Date to gain great Credit; your Scarlet Robe wore late a blushing Dignity, more us'd to awe the Rabble, than to sooth 'em.

Mataloni. Were the Church Slander'd, then what Chains, what Irons, what new Device in th' terrible Inquisition, must plague the Heretick People?

Cardinal. Nay, my Lords, Let not your Passion so far blind your Reason, as to mistake me, since my only aims are to promote Peace among us,--which I fear the People mean to hinder.

Don Peppo. Damn the People.

Cardinal. Observe my Lord, that Curse has Echo'd back again into your Ears, and only hurts you, not the People. [Shout within.

Mataloni. Hah--let's hear him; his Eminence is Preaching.

Cardinal. Some Instructions I think in truth are proper; therefore Historically take this with you, my Lords, and I have done. What greater Plague can there befall a City, than a Disunion and divided Interest? What destroy'd Carthage, but two mighty Factions, the Barchiniani and th' Hanoniani? What maintain'd War in France for Sixty Years, but Jars 'twixt th' House of Burgundy and Orleans? Or what late brought to England Desolation, and caused so many several bloody Battles, wherein were Eighty of their Nobles Slain, but th' Faction of the Houses,

York and Lancaster? And nothing, be assured, can urge our Ruine so soon as that in Naples.--A City is like a Ship, Divisions are her Leaks,--and whilst the Mariners fight, the Sea runs in and drowns all.----I have done, only one word more--The Neapolitans, as I've observ'd 'em, are not like a Top,----they will not sleep with Scourging. Farewell my Lords.

[Exit Cardinal.

Mataloni. This dreaming Churchman, pamper'd and grown rich, fears every little Gust will blow his House down.

Don Peppo. Ay, that's the Moral of his History--his Bags; the Cardinal quakes even at the thought of Plunder.

Mataloni. How now Gervasio, what's the News?

Enter Gervasio.

Gervasio. The Rogues are gathering still, they're now Two Thousand.

Don Peppo. What Boys or Men?

Gervasio. Both now, and roar like Thunder.

Mataloni. Mushromes bred out of Dunghills. Brother, stay here whilst I go to the Vice-Roy to demand some of his Guards to quell this Petty Hydra: In the mean time, if any more of the Rascals straggle this way--speak not in Rage, but fright 'em with Whips and th' Gallies,--I'll be with ye strait.

[Exit Mataloni.

Don Peppo. Fright 'em, yes, faint-hearted Brother, Timorous Mataloni, I would do more than fright 'em, for your Office--which if my Plots are prosperous,--I shall not long despair of; fright 'em, Confound 'em, I shall ne'er have Patience to let the Villains waste their Garlick Breath in answering me a word--I shall thrust their Souls out.

Massaniello within, crying his Fish. Roches, Roches; come buy my Flounders, come buy my Flounders.

Gervasio. That's he, my Lord, that's Massaniello; that's their plaguy Ringleader--I know his Voice.

Don Peppo. The Rascal comes upon us; stand back Gervasio; let's observe 'em a little.

Enter Massaniello, cloath'd like a Fisherman, with a long Pole and a Basket of Fish hanging at's Back; with Bartallo, Valasco, Jacomo, Gaspar, and Scipio, cloath'd like their Functions.

Massaniello. Buy my Flounders, come buy my Flounders.---- Bartallo, where's Perrone, my Brother Pedro,--and the People?

Bartallo. Taking down the Arms of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, my Glorious Boy, according to thy Order, to carry to the Market place.

Massaniello. 'Tis well, those Arms are Badges of our future Freedom, for it shall come to that, my Lads; be well assur'd it shall, now we are up.

Gervasio. How the Rogue swells and battens in his Impudence; Gad I don't like him, he has a devilish Look.

Don Peppo. Peace, we shall take down his Swelling presently, ----let's hear a little more.

Massaniello. Well, my bold Brethren, and how d'ye like Proceedings ha?

Omnes. Bravely, bravely; beyond Expectation.

Massaniello. The Gabells shall all down, Boys, there's my Hand on't; never shall more Exactions be in Naples.

Omnes. A Massaniello; a Massaniello.

Massaniello. How many Butchers are come to day, my noble Brother of the Cleaver, hah?

Bartallo. Threescore and five, my Child of Thunder--all brave Fellows, Rogues us'd to knock out Brains hourly, without Consideration, and paddle in Blood up to the Elbows;--there's ne'er a one of 'em but shall take an Enemy by the Lugs,--stick a Knife in's Gullet like a Calf, and hang him up with a Hook in's Nostrils--say but thou the word, my brave Backsword Man.

Don Peppo. Here's a rare Rascal for ye.

Gervasio. Ay, they are curiously match'd indeed, if the whole Pack are such Beagles, Heav'n defend me from being the Game they Hunt for.

Massaniello. And what says my Vulcan, my Fire-drake here, how many Anvils want their Hammers to day, ha?

Gaspar. Fifty and odd, and more a coming too; woe be to the Gabellers if any of these meet 'em,--or a thing call'd a Steward to any of 'em,--such a sort of a Rogue, let him look to his Sconce I faith.

Gervasio. Oh Lord! [Gervasio Starts.

Gaspar. There will be a score of red-hot Forks in his Guts, before he can get out so many words to beg their Pardon.

Gervasio. Oh bloody minded Hell hounds, what an Ague have they given me----

Valasco. The Princes of the Thimble will be there in shoals too, following a Colours of their own making.

Jacomo. No Grinding will be neither, the Mill-stones rest in Peace this day.

Scipio. And all old Shoes soak Water;--every Cobler leaves off his Work, and runs to stitch the Government: ----Not one Profession, but brings in Numbers: --So that by to Morrow, the City will scarce hold 'em.

Massaniello. Rare rare News--Sirs, and merrily strait we'll meet 'em, and then go hunt for this Leviathan here, the Farmer of the Gabells,--Duke of Mataloni,--and when we have found him----

Don Peppo. And what when ye have found him--you Mouth of these Herring eaters?--What stinking Fish would you present his Grace?

Massaniello. Stinking Fish;--here if your Lordship's Nose be sound, smell to my Basket.

Scipio. His Lordship;--Who is't Jacomo, can'st tell?

Jacomo. Ay, ay, a rank Enemy, I know him well enough, 'tis the Duke of Mataloni's Brother, Don Peppo di Caraffa.

Bartallo. Don Peppo, Don Pimpo; --what if he be a Don,-- Hem, here are those dare look him in the Face, for all his Titles.

Valasco. Ay, Ay, 'tis not his Whiskers there that can fright us, Neighbours.

Massaniello. Well, what thinks your Lordship now, are they Sweet or no? --I confess, they don't smell of Musk, as your Jacket does there; but for the true scent of wholsom Fish, I dare vouch for 'em.

Don Peppo. Sirrah, Sirrah, for this Sawciness, expect the Lash, and for the next, the Gallies: --Go Gervasio, and take account of his Fish;--demand the Gabell, if he denies it, Seize 'em.

Gervasio. The Dog has a plaguy surly Look,--I am half afraid to venture on him: Come Friend, let's see, let's see your Fish; come, come, nay quickly, you had best.

Massaniello. What would you see Friend? --Hum, dost love Flounders? Can'st eat one raw, Hum. [Slaps one in his Face.

Gervasio. My Lord, d'ye observe this?--Did ye see the sawcy Rascal?

Don Peppo. Monstrous! Is your Insolence then grown to such a height; that in the Person of the Great Duke of Mataloni's Steward, ye dare affront the Government's Decrees, ordering all Gabells duly to be paid.

Massaniello. We dare; and to prove it, the said Government's Decree, and Great Duke's Order, I Massaniello, Gudgeon Catcher of this City of Naples, and Friend to the People, Order, henceforth to be Null and Void.

Scipio. And we'll stand by thee;--one and all Boys, one and all.

Omnes. Ay, ay, one and all, one and all.

Don Peppo. You, most impudent of Scoundrels,--you Order; why what are you?

Massaniello. Why faith, one that has formerly sold Fish for Money, but my Generosity being provok'd by these your civil Commands; I will, for once, give 'em your Lordship's Tarrier here free Cost. [Flings one at Gervasio.

Don Peppo. Hah,--is it possible?--Well, here are those coming I hope will do me Justice,---- [Lays his hand on his Sword.

[Shout within.

Massaniello. That there will indeed, ----you hear they are very near ye; in the mean time, no Drawing, my Lord---- no shewing Weapons, If your Sword peeps, your Throat will be in danger----

Gaspar. No, nor no Gabells and please ye, but as much Fish and like your Rogueship, as you will----there's a delicate Roach [To Gervasio.

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214) Text reads "haid," obviously a misprint for "paid."

Bartallo. And there's a couple of Flounders, as good as e'er Tooth was put in.

Jacomo. Nay faith, let's make 'em up a Dish.

[They pelt Gervasio with Fish.

[Shout within.

Valasco. Ay, ay, the Gabell Monger shan't say we grutch him.

Scipio. No, no, he shall be frankly us'd.

Don Peppo. The Rabble here, nay, then 'tis in vain to stay for the Guards, I must run fort,---- [Exit, they Pelting him.

Bartallo. No, no, hold, a word with you first, good Mr. Steward.

Enter Perone, Pedro, Genovino, Rock Brasile, and the Rabble, Perone bearing the Arms of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

[They Seize Gervasio.

Pedro. How now Brother, what's the matter?

Massaniello. Not much, I have only been playing the rough Game a little, told part of my Mind to Don Peppo di Carraffa, and given a dish of Fish of my own Dressing, to Mr. Steward there; I mean with the Sawce about his Ears or so, that's all.

Bartallo. And troth, since I am come so luckily to know his Worship's Title here----I mean to give him a desert of my own preparing too----when my Knife is sharp enough.----You have an ill Voice Friend, and can sing the Duke your Master's Praises but Hoarsly, yet----I'll make you an admirable Choirister presently.

[Whetting his Knife.

Gervasio. You will not use a Gentleman and a Scholar Rudely, I hope.

Rock. Rudely, no not in the least; why look ye, Friend, I'll tell ye how we'll use ye; First, because you say you're a Gentleman, and so consequently a Cuckold Maker, and as probably would play upon occasion, your Game at Hot-cocles with our Wives, Sisters, and Daughters----you shall only be sequestred, sweet Sir, you understand me, that's all. And Secondly, As being likewise a Scholar,--and no doubt, a Wit,----a Poet, and so forth,--the Waters of Helicon shall sprinkle your Clod-pate--hey to the Pump, to the Pump with him Neighbours.

Rabble. Ay, ay, Pump the Gentleman, Pump the Gentleman.

Genovino. No, no, hold Friends, and hear me a little, I'll take him aside and Examin him----work upon his fear and hopes of Liberty, till he speaks Treason against the People, or mould him till he abuses the Church, then Impeach him and deliver him up to 'em, to knock out his Brains.

Perone. There's the true Humour of a Jesuite to a hair----d'e hear Sir Priest--can you think of no Punishment for a Delinquent, but knocking out of his Brains presently?

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250) Rock Brasile is one character, even though a comma separates the two parts of his name in the original text.

Genovino. None so effectual, Friend, as the Case stands now with the People, who have been often oppressed by the effects of this Fellow's Office; and understanding Corporal limited Punishment, I have cautiously observ'd, has ran the risque of future Revenge;----but when the Brains are fairly out, you may be satisfied the Understanding can do no Mischief.

Perone. This Fellow's Roguery outvies the worst even of my Inclinations----that have been bred a Banditto from my Childhood, I find I am a Novice in Mischief to this Priest here. [Aside.

Massaniello. Brother, thou say'st well, it shall be so, let the Gentleman's Courtly Courage be washed away at the Pump, ----then uncase him like a Rabbet,----to bring him as near as can be to the mode and fashion of the People--and when his Furr is off, and one Ear left in Pawn for his good Behaviour, turn the Crop-ear'd Rascal loose----to complain to his Fellows; for now I think on't, to make a Capon of him----will be too much Honour, we'll do that for his Master when we catch him--and so away with him Boys.

Gervasio. O Tempora! O Mores!

Pedro. Mores, mores.--What, you speak Latin, to affront our Learning, ye Rascal, do ye; --go, go, away with him Boys, sowse him and his Mores together.

Omnes. Ay, ay,----come away Mores,--jog on Mores; we'll have no Mores amongst us.

Perone. Hold, hold, Sirs, not so fast----his Master was once my Patron, and did me an especial Favour, therefore this once pray let my Interest free him.

Massaniello. Your Interest,----why how now Perone, dare you pretend to Interest, when I have given my Orders?

Rock. We'll have no Interest nor Orders, but Massaniello's; therefore once more I say, away with the Gentleman, Pump the Gentleman, Crop the Gentleman, I say.

Omnes. Ay ay,--away with him, away with him.

[Exit some with Gervasio.

Perone. No Interest but Massaniello's, have my Life and Actions been so worthless, and is my Character so Insignificant, that he must order all--I have been thought a Person fit----

Massaniello. For what? To rob a Marketwoman of her Butter?

Perone. And spoil your Fish, you mean, for by that deed perhaps your Cods-head might want Sawse, hah.

Massaniello. Or at the head of thy Banditti's Troop, hast thou Attack'd a poor Itinerant Taylor, and Robb'd him of his Thimble and his Bodkin?

Perone. I've something sharper than a Bodkin here, shall make my Party good----'gainst any Grig-bobber or Trout-catcher in Naples, if he dares. [They Draw upon one anether.

Pedro. How now Villain, dare you assault my Brother?

Bartallo. Part 'em, part 'em, keep 'em assunder.

Perone. I rob a Taylor, a fusty Dog fish.

Valasco. Look ye Friends----not too much upon the Taylors

d'e see; a Taylor is not a thing to be too much Joak'd upon; a Taylor can cut a hole in a Coat, as well as stitch it up d'e see; and therefore Mum, there's no more to be said of a Taylor.

Massaniello. Let me come to him, and I'll paunch the Rogue, I'll use him as he does a Rifled Traveller, bore out a Gut, and peg it to a Tree, then whip him round till he has spun his Soul out.

Rock. Hey day, what is the Devil in us all on th' sudden--why my Masters, are ye Bewitch'd; what a pox, have ye forgot the Proverb, That when Thieves fall out--why sure you can't forget the Proverb--come, come, for shame put up; why how the Devil will ye Plunder other Folks Houses, if ye destroy your own Tenements before hand?

Genovino. Come, come, rest thee quiet, Friend, and let 'em try one another, there may be good Policy in't,----for dost hear, if one of 'em Fall,----we are sure 'tother has Mettle, and is certainly a brave Fellow.

Rock. Hum----a fine Counsellor indeed, so there be but Mischief done, this Rogue cares not how it comes about.

Pedro. Brazile's i' th' right; Is this a time for Fewds? And shall desire of being Chief, spoil all?----you know by this time the City's all in Uproar, the Court Alarm'd too, and shall our Jangling grind Swords for our own Throats, that so late swore to whet 'em for our Enemies Destruction? Come, come, let me propose to heal this Difference:----Will ye both consent the People shall decide it, that he who they make Choice of shall Command?

Massaniello. What I've already done, was for the People, and therefore you are sure of my Consent.

Perone. I'm for the Publick good as much as any, and therefore never will oppose their Choice.

Rock. Why, that's well said,----for look ye my Masters, pray remember the Faggot in the Fable,----If we hold together, the Devil cannot break us, but if we unbind and lie assunder, every Addle-pate will snap us like so many Switches;----therefore prick up your Ears, ye Sons of Sedition, and elevate your Voices strongly;----which will ye have for your Captain-General----a Perone, or a Massaniello?

Omnes. A Massaniello; a Massaniello.

Genovino. 'Tis most fit and properly Chosen; I think I have made him my Creature. [Aside.] For who can be more fit to lead you on, than he who first propos'd your means of Freedom? Proceed therefore my Son, and Cramp these Courtiers, and what my weak Brain can assist thee in, be sure of and command. I'll do't for Conscience sake, not worldly Profit, for Heav'n knows, I only hope to be----

Rock. Arch-Bishop of Naples----or so, that's all.

Genovino. Recorded in the Chronicle of Time, for carrying on so good a Work.

Perone. Rare Dog still; ----if Dissimulation had the effect of Poyson, how that Fellow's Belly had been swell'd by this time;

Hum----has this many-Headed Monster deserted me too? ----Well, since it must be so, I'll work by Cunning, and seem to join with them, in acknowledging their Doughty General here, till I have means and power to Revenge--and then pour on his Head with Fiercest Rancour. [Aside.] Well Sir, since I see the People find ye worthy of this Honour, [To Massaniello. and that I may ne'er be counted hinderer of this Great Work we aim at----I am content to submit to your Command----and to prove it, thus shew my Homage; Shout then once more with me, Friends, and cry, Long live Thomas Annello of Amalfi, alias Massaniello, Captain-General of the Neapolitans.

Omnes. Long live Thomas Annello of Amalfi, alias Massaniello, Captain-General of the Neapolitans.---- [They Shout.

Massaniello. My Friends, I thank ye, and my brave Perone, live henceforth in my Bosom as my Brother; and first then, to endear my self the better, I'll give thee my Commission for my Major----Joynt with my Brother in Command and Love. Next my brave Ajax, I appoint thee Captain. [To Bartallo. My exquisite Man-Maker, thou shalt be Lieutenant. [To Valasco.] And Stichite cum Stampo, my brave Cobler, Ensign; all my Boys, all shall have Offices fitting your Worth and Bravery of Souls; particularly thou, my witty Currier of the Law, my Quarrel-Broker, thou Pen and Ink Man, as my Bosom Favourite, I create my Secretary and Pillar of the State. [To Rock.

Rock. Thank your good Lordship;----nay, I knew 'twould come to this, for the Crown of my Head has itch'd damnably of late, a certain Sign of approaching Dignity:----I knew I should be a Great Man,----Secretary o' th' People,--rare rare Place! Gad I'll make the Money stick to my Fingers bravely, as soon as ever I come into't.

Massaniello. Raise high the Arms of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who by his Charter, granted Naples Freedom, without curs'd Gabels, or these late Exactions; Then let us send a Message to the Palace of Don Tiberio, Prince of Bissignano, who I design to be our Emissary between the Vice-Roy and our dear lov'd People; and Trusty Rock, I appoint to Summon him: If he comply with us and our Interest, he's Safe; if not, immediate Ruine seizes him.

Follow me, Friends all,
To the great Cathedral,
Where we'll hear Mass with shew of high Devotion;
And as we pass along, be this our Cry,
Let the King Live, but the ill Government Die:
Then th' Saints Invoke,----and to do all things well,
First we will say our Prayers,
Genovino. And then Rebel-------- [Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

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396) "General" is hyphenated and inadvertently given an extra syllable in the text: Captain-Geneneral.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*St. Genaro Recorded Protector of Naples.

The Cathedral dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Carmine, where Massaniello is discover'd lying a Sleep under the Altar, the People Guarding him: Dialogue Sung between Fate and *St. Genaro, at a distance: Then Musick is heard, and a Song, expressing Revolutions to come; which ended, Massaniello rises and Speaks.

S O N G between Fate and St. Genaro.

Fate. FRom Azure Plains, blest with Eternal Day,
Celestial flowry Groves, that ne'er decay;
From Lucid Rocks that Sol's bright Rays let in,
Where with unclouded Brow,
I sate and view'd the Deeps below,
And saw my Female Drudges Spin;
I Fate am come, thy Courage to improve,
'Tis the Eternal's Doom Engrav'd in Adamant above;
And oh! thou drowsie Deity,
That dost in Slumbers bind
The Body of Mortality,
And calm the stormy Mind;
No more, no more his Brain possess
With the soft Charm of gentle Peace;
He must awake to bloody Wars,
Unbounded Fury, civil Jars,
And is by Heav'ns decree, for wondrous deeds design'd.

St. Genaro Protector of Naples, descends and Sings.

St. Genaro. To mighty Fate all must obey,
And conq'ring Hero's greatest Kings,
Amongst the rest of human things,
Yield to his dreadful Sway.
Yet view thy Book of Dooms once more,
Thou there wilt find one happy hour,
When Naples shall be free from Rebel power;
'Tis sure as the revolving year,
And I her darling Saint appear,
To stop thy Fury, lest it should exceed,
And tell thee, tho' permission of this ill,
Is Sacr'd Mystery and th' Eternal's Will,
Yet he that does the Deed,
For doing it must bleed.

Fate. Hear each Neighbouring Destiny,
Who the Souls of Mortals free,
Hear my Voice, and strait obey,
Heav'n commands, the Work must stay.
Such a number and no more,
Must encrease your fatal store,
And he must die, the task being o'er:
Remember all 'tis so decree'd,
That he that does this mighty Deed,
For doing it must bleed.

Massaniello. Miraculous Vision! O Celestial Deity! Thou that inspir'st my heart to undertake by Mystick words dress'd in harmonious Sound, things that surpass Experienc'd Understanding; as with thy blest Idea in my Dream I have been Extasi'd -- so teach me now [Kisses his Medal.] the way to act, the Sense to comprehend these Wonders, meant for the relief of Naples; with Sacred Power, Charm my plebeian Soul; let but my Country's Freedom crown the Period, my threaten'd Fall I'll then despise and Laugh at.

Mount o'er all Dangers that would stop my way,
And make the proudest of our Foes Obey. [Shout within. Here comes my Jesuit, my new Church Engine, us'd to encourage Fires, not to quench 'em, whose Head and Counsels till I'm fix'd, I yield to; but when the Sword I grasp with Power Supream, I'll trust a Priest no longer with my Politicks.

Enter Genovino.

Massaniello. How now, my Brain's Inspirer, what's the News?

Genovino. News that will make the Vice-Roy quake, my Son; we're now full twenty Thousand, Arm'd and Resolute, and e'er the Sun plunges in Western Seas----'tis well believ'd, shall double twice the number: The eager People throng us.

Massaniello. What meant that Shout?

Genovino. They are burning now the House of Don Rocella, Farmer of the Gabells, with all his costly Furniture and Plate, huge Coffers too, pregnant with Gold and Jewels, pursuant to your Order lately made, enrich the Flame, and dazle the Beholders: Then as each wealthy Burthen is thrown in, the People shout their Joy.

Massaniello. 'Tis as I'd have it.

Genovino. Now will I sound him in my own Affair, the time is apt, [Aside.] Troth my brave Son of Flame, I must deal plainly,----I confess my Heart was mov'd with some Compassion at the Sight.

Massaniello. Your Eyes were only dazl'd too, that was all.

Genovino. Zeal for the Cause, my Son, may be too Strong, that rashly throws away the precious means that can impower and

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43) "Mortals free" written as one word.

arm the Cause-defenders to prosecute their pious Undertaking.

Massaniello. Honest Intention must impower and arm us, and the despoiling of Delinquents Treasure, will let the world know, 'tis th'impulse of Conscience, and not of Gain, that rights the injur'd People.

Genovino. Call it not Conscience, say Necessity, the word will do as well:----Th'impulse of Conscience; What is't you mean, good Son?

Massaniello. I did believe, that word would suffocate his Understanding. [Aside.

Genovino. Conscience is but our tendrest part of Reason; and Reason urging our Self-preservation, shews it must be too by the goods of Fortune: The Church is Indigent, which might be help'd by sharing Wealth, thus----strangely thrown away.

Massaniello. The Church is rich in Grace.

Genovino. Grace----Grace is no Glebe to gratify the Body, tho it may feast the Soul:----Grace buys not Cassocks for one, tho 'tother shine with spiritual Cloathing; therefore I say, these Treasures might be sav'd for pious uses; my self I mention not, tho my needs perhaps are urgent, but for the Church, for if the Church wants Necessaries, its Flock will want Instruction.

Massaniello. Oh your Charity binds ye to that for your reward Celestial.

Genovino. Our Charity! and for reward Celestial: Our Charity! why certainly he's Craz'd, he would else know a Jesuit ne'er had any. [Aside.

Massaniello. But now I think on't, you have clear'd my sight, and from henceforth I shall discern much better; for who e'er understood the worth of Gold, or like the black Robe, with such sense can praise it? Since then you have inspir'd me with such Knowledge, I am resolv'd to prize the gaudy Mammon, rake up large heaps, and build my self a Fortune, too strong for Fate to Level:----This is thy Policy I know, my Machiavil, to have me Rich, then consequently Great----and it shall thrive as thou hast forg'd it; ----for thy self, I know thou art so Temperate ----so Religious, Devotion and the luxury of Prayer, is thy delicious Banquet; ----feed on my Father.

Feast and grow fat with thy Seraphick Toils
Whilst I regale upon these golden Spoils. [Exit.

Genovino. Whilst he regales upon 'em----very good, this snagged Swordfish Banters me----'tis plain; he'll rake up heaps and build himself a Fortune----as I have Plotted--hum--that was not my meaning; and since he will not understand me right, perhaps I'll make the meaning--his Destruction; this fruitful Brain can work the other way; can, nay, I now resolve on't, it shall do't, since he'll afford me nothing but Devotion to fatten with, I shall not court his Keeping; he says, I feast on Prayers, Seraphick Joys; but I know he's a Dunce, and now he's gone,-- he lies.

Rock. Valasco.

Valasco. Sir. [Enter Rock and Valasco.

Rock. Come, bring a Table, a great Chair, Pen, Ink and Paper,----quickly, come stir, stir--and don't think to sit still Cross-leg'd at your Work, as you did when you were a Taylor; remember you are a Clerk now--and in place to mend the State--not with a Needle, but a Pen, ye Rogue.

Valasco. Well, well, d'e see, your Worship knows well enough how I us'd to flourish my Shop-Bills----I put down all our Trade for Flourishing, that all our Parish knows----I made the best M's, O's and B's d'e see of any of our Trade; M, for Stay-Tape, O, for Lockram, and B, for Canvas; I out-did 'em all cleverly, therefore I warrant ye your Worship need not doubt my Clerkship. [Rock reads a Paper, [Exit to fetch the things.

Genovino. Oh! here's that impudent Scoundrel, his new Favourite; this Fellow must have Office and Preferment, when I must be neglected, 'tis very well, let me consider a little.

Enter Valasco with a Table, &c.

Rock. Hum, let me see a list of the Delinquents: their number, Thirty two:--Ah. How every one of these will bribe me, to save their Houses from burning, which sha'n't be obtain'd with a little, that I resolve on; rare, rare Fortune! gad I'm Transported at it.

Genovino. Oh, now I have it, Perone must be my Engine; his late disgust against this proud Fish-General----is but hid over with some subtle Embers, the Fire will soon break out agen, and shall not want for blowing.

Rock. How now, what makes this Priest here, with a clowdy Low'r upon his Forehead too, as if the Devil and his Conscience had been just quarrelling about some State Strategem----hum, this houshold Pagod, with a Breath like an Easterly Wind, this Reverend Caterpillar shan't spoil my Fruit I'm resolv'd on't. D'e hear there, 'tis the General's Pleasure, that all forbear this Place, appointed for Examination of Delinquents.--Oh, is your Reverence there, I cry you Mercy,----but you must excuse me, I must know my Place. [Sits down to the Table.

Genovino. Your Place, Sir,

Rock. Yes, my Place, Sir,----nay, nay, don't think to fright me with your Picture of the Inquisition there, your terrible Phiz in Frowns, I say, I say agen, I know my Place, Sir.

Genovino. And I mine, Sir, is not this the Church?

Rock. The Church----good Domine, what then, was the Church made for no more uses than yours? Was the Church built only to roost the Rooks, I mean the Jesuits--Pish, don't ye see we make a Garrison on't. How now, Captain. Enter Bartallo.

Bartallo. We have seiz'd on the Horses, and please you, for the General's use, where must they be put?

Rock. Hum--stay a little--put,--why put 'em in the North isle, just by the Pulpit.

Genovino. Here's fine Management! bless me, is that a place for Horses?

Rock. Horses, yes, Sir, and why not for Horses?--gad, as things go now, I think 'tis fill'd with a better sort of Cattle, than with your Tribe, by much; for if a Horse can't do the General better Service than a Jesuit, my Politicks are very barren.----Well, what now, Lieutenant.

Enter Scipio.

Scipio. Why and like your good Honour, Mr. Sec. Sec. Secar--

Rock. Well, well, Mr. Secretary; I know what thou would'st say; what apox, does my Title stick in thy Throat?

Scipio. Ay, ay, Mr. Secretary, and please ye, there's the great Don----within, Don--Don--why look now, if my Brain ben't as spungy as an old Shoe Soal, Don--Don--wheigh--why what a Dickins ails my Pate now? I us'd to be as sharp as an Awl, wheigh--the Great great Man and please ye, that you sent the Writing--the what d'e call't, the Sammon to this Morning.

Rock. The Sammon, the Summons, ye Block-head you; ah, this Fellow will never make a Statesman:----Oh I know him now, 'tis the Great Prince of Bissignano, Don Tiberio, whom I have frighted hither by the General's Order. Valasco,--go you and introduce him--and d'e hear, put on your face of Business and look Grum upon him--'twill draw his Purse the sooner.

Valasco. I warrant ye--I'll look upon him d'e see, as another great Don us'd to look upon me, when I went to carry in my Bill. [Exeunt Scipio and Valasco.

Rock. Come, come, Sir, no more of your Chancel Grimaces, your Brow Lectures now,--here's matters of State going forward, which I know you all long to have a finger in,--but Mum for that, my good Mass John--some wiser than some; therefore Presto I say,-- and let your Learning please to withdraw it self instantly into your Study; --shew, shew your Back side, I beseech ye, Sir.

Genovino. I shall, Sir, and shew it whole too, which yours shall not be long, if Whips with Wyre, retain their lashing faculty, if it do's, then say this Brain's fit only to make Sawce on; and so I give ye to old Belzebub; now my intention's right, you may depend on't. [Exit Genovino.

Rock. Pox on him, what a Jerk the Rogue has given my Apprehension, for tho I know I'm now too Great to be in danger of such a Punishment,--yet his words have made me as uneasie-- as if the Cat with Nine-tails were just coming cross my Shoulders. ----I have deserv'd Whipping, and worse than Whipping, I confess, in many Passages of my Life, but I think that's more than he knows; I was thirteen Years together bred up under a Roguish Pettifogger, where I learn'd to be a Law-Cheat, to take all Advantages by the fore-top that afforded Money, and bid perpetual defiance to Honesty and Conscience, yet still I 'scaped--and now the Dice run higher, I think my self in a Post rather to cause others to be Whip'd, than to be Flaug'd my self. Oh here's the Prince--hum, now for a sullen morose Look, a damn'd ill-natur'd Phiz--like a City Magistrate pronouncing Sentence of

Death upon a young lusty Highwayman, that he was satisfy'd a little while before, had made him a Cuckold.

Enter Don Tiberio with a Purse, and Valasco.

Don Tiberio. Well my mighty Sir in Office--now I have given ye your Fee, which by your Signs you taught my Apprehension, what progress will you make in my Affairs? Where must this Summons lead me?

Valasco. Why yonder, d'e see, Sir,--yonder's the Secretary, and as keen at his Business as a pair of Sheers upon a Cutting-board:----Hark ye, Sir, I must tell ye he's plaguy deaf of this hithermost Ear--and the Drum on't is not to be penetrated, unless by the chink of Money; that Purse perhaps may stand your Friend, or else it will be a hard matter to make him hear, yet I'll try him;--Sir, Sir,----here's the great Don----the Prince you sent for, come to----

Rock. The Duke of Cavano's House too----noted, that burns to Morrow.

Don Tiberio. By Heaven, my Kinsman, one of our Houses Principals----and if I heard the Gorgon Head speak right, he said his House----must burn to morrow----hear ye, you Sir, you Minister of Fate and deeds of Horrour, what said you of the Duke of Cavano? --he will not answer me, or hears me not.

Valasco. Oh I told ye, Sir--he was very thick of Hearing.

Don Tiberio. And yet my Purse can cure it.

Valasco. Hum----the Purse has a particular Vertue indeed; Gold has its precious faculty--for Ears as well as Eyes, Gold will do it cleverly.

Don Tiberio. Thou art a very Rogue, through all thy Senses.

Rock. The next, the Duke of Mataloni.

Don Tiberio. Hah----my Friend too----Hear me thou---Son of Mammon, I charge thee answer me,----and for a Bribe, take here this golden Offering----but speak, I conjure thee. [Gives the Purse.

Rock. Valasco, set the Gentleman a Chair.

Don Tiberio. What must befall my Friend, my Bosom Intimate, dear as its innate Guest, my Heart----my Mataloni.

Rock. He is Proscrib'd, his Wife is to be Seiz'd, and their House burnt and Plunder'd.

Don Tiberio. When, when, thou Author of damn'd News?

Rock. At Seven this Evening; ----and now, Sir, no more Questions, you've had your Penniworth; ----nor is it usual with me to afford such rich Discoveries so cheap.

Don Tiberio. At Seven, curst Chance, how much it wants of that now, I know not, nor how to be Resolv'd, for here am I, on forfeit of Estate and Life, Summon'd to attend the General of the Rabble----and so incapable to aid my Friend----yet stay, some Notice might be given:--Dost hear, my Friend, what Hour is't think'st thou now? Curse on his sordid Soul, he's Dumb agen. [to Valasco, he Grimaces, but won't speak.] This damn'd mercenary Rogue expects Money----only to tell what a Clock 'tis; well there,

there's another Sop, good Cerberus----now wilt thou tell me?

Valasco. I on my Conscience, think it may be Five,---- and pray Sir, be Patient, you'll be hear'd presently, the General d'e see, is coming.

Don Tiberio. These are rare Rogues in Office, they use a Nobleman like a Dog-whipper: ----Hark thee, Friend, one thing more, if your speaking Clock be not quite run down, I must request, and there's all I have to purchase it, which is, to call one of my Servants hither, for I have forgot a Paper at home, which concerns me extreamly.

Valasco. It shall be done, and cleverly. [taking the Money. [Exit.

Don Tiberio. I've yet, I hope, time enough to set down in my Tables their horrible Resolves, and to forewarn the Duke of his approaching Danger. [Writes in his Tables.

Enter Valasco, with a Servant.

Valasco. Come hither with thy best speed, convey these Tables to the Duke of Mataloni----run as thy Life were in thy haste concern'd--he will Reward thee well.

Servant. I Fly, my Lord. [Exit Servant.

Rock. Are the Chandlers Wives dispatch'd to the Hospital, to Rave there, whose Husbands were Hang'd this Morning?

Valasco. All, all, and please ye----I saw a Dozen of 'em roaring together in a Flock; and 'twill be a warning to the rest, I'll warrant ye, how they use false Weights and Scales.

Rock. Nay, I doubt not but we shall bring things to some order in time. Adso----my Lord the Prince, what are you here still? --Alas, my Head is so busied with things of Importance, that I protest I had forgot your Highness;----well I suppose you would fain know the General's Business with ye----but as for that matter, without----

Don Tiberio. Without, if he means more Gold, he must Coin it, for on my Honour, I'm drawn dry already.

Rock. Without, I say, the Means to procure the Secret, it will, I suppose, be Impossible:----Hem, hem--Times are alter'd, my Lord, they were yours once--hem--hem, now we come in for our share.--Hum,--Odzooks, here comes the General himself----Pox on him, this was a little too soon tho, or I had had that Ring on his Finger there for another Discovery.

Enter Massaniello, Perone, Bartallo, Scipio, Jacomo, and the Rabble.

Massaniello. The Houses I Proscrib'd, let 'em all down, but on your Lives, no more, without my Order; the Plunder too, I will consider on--and henceforth, remember, without the form of Speaking, to understand your Duty by my Motion.

Jacomo. We shall, most Noble Sir, wag but your Hand, Thumb, Finger, or but Nod,----'tis done as quick as Lightning.

Massaniello. Begin you at St. Carlo,----throw your Brand at Cavano's Palace; and my Favourite Captain, be sure you singe the Traitor Mataloni, let not a post remain to bear his Structure, but let your fury burn his Goods as greedily as late he suck'd the Life-blood of the People----away.----

[He waves his Hand, they start out.

Omnes. We're gone, brave General.

Massaniello. There's Discipline; this looks like a Commander. ----Hah, yonder's the Prince, Perone, a word with thee.----Thou see'st that Lord there--he is the only Man I'd chose 'mongst all the Court, to negotiate Matters between us and the Vice-Roy;---- within this Paper is my Will contain'd,----I'm positive here, and so I would have thee, If he denies what there is offer'd to him-- tell him he shares the Fate of Mataloni; --go, take him aside, pretend I've weighty Business, and cannot hold Discourse with him my self.

Perone. Leviathan Impudence, but I'll smother all yet, let him swell on, and he will burst himself---- [Aside.] My Lord, the General's Head being full of Business, has order'd me to unfold his Pleasure to ye.

Enter Pedro, and whispers Massaniello.

Don Tiberio. His Pleasure,--insolent Slave,--this is another upstart Devil, he looks too as if he all his Life had smoak'd in Pluto's Kitchen; not deign--a word, Sir, what is his Mightiness so cram'd----

Perone. Softly, my Lord, he has quick Ears, and then---- come, no more words, but follow me.

Don Tiberio. I vex in vain--'tis madness to oppose 'em. Oh! Fortune, Fortune, whither wilt thou hurry me? [Exit with Perone.

Massaniello. What are the Women up too, say'st thou, Brother, and Blowzabella my Wife, at their Head?

Pedro. Most Captain like Ifaith----my Spouse is got amongst 'em too for Company; these at the head of Numbers, strut in the Streets, and Arm'd with such variety of Weapons, 'twould e'en puzzle Arithmetick; --they're ready for an Attack too, an Attack.

Massaniello. Hah, hah, hah.----What Goose or Turky wall'd round with powerful Crust, are they for Storming?

Pedro. 'Zooks, they talk of battering Castle-walls, and I know not what; and my Sister Blowze is so wrapt up with the thought of Plundring the Dutchess Mataloni of her Jewels, that her very words are nothing but Pearl and Diamonds.--Hark'e, here they come Ifaith--now observe and wonder.

[Shout, and strange Sounds made within.

Enter Blowzabella, Ursula, and Rabble of other Women, dress'd Ridiculously, and Arm'd with several sorts of Weapons, bringing in three Prisoners.

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335) "Be sure" written as one word.

Blowzabella. Bring in the Prisoners, and keep your Ranks--Close my Lasses,--Wheel to the Right, to the Right, to the Right about; there see now--Where's the General? Where's the brave Tomazo?----Oh, art thou there my Scanderbeg, come Kiss me, and then tell me--how dost thou like me,--hah?

Massaniello. Like thee, hah, hah, hah, why this is Wonderful; prithee Wife, what mean'st thou?--What Work hast thou been cutting out, hah?

Blowzabella. Plundring, Plundring, My Lad, Plundring, Stripping Lace off of Petticoats, and pulling Gold Rings off of Fingers.----In short, I have been Bobbing for a sort of Female-Grigs--they call forsooth your Gentlewomen,----could'st thou imagin, whilst thou wert fishing for Courtiers, that I would sit idly at home fleaing of Eels? ----No, no, Child, I rose as thou didst, own'd and carry'd the Cause; then gath'ring my She Swash-bucklers together, Arm'd instantly, and wheree'er we saw a Silk-worm crawl, we Seiz'd her; see, here's one of 'em, this, this is forsooth a Gentlewoman, and as I'm told, belong'd to the Vice-Queen:----You may suppose the Dress I have put her in, has somewhat alter'd her, but upon the Honour of a Fish-wife, she's a Gantlewoman every inch of her.

Massaniello. Why Faith that may be, but her Air seems to have very much of the Vulgar in't at present.

Ursula. This is the superfine Madam de Rocell, Wife to the Prior, Farmer of the Gabells, she had Brooches of Diamonds about her when I met her first, and Bobs of Pearl in her Ears as big as Pears; alas--what pity 'tis, that Madam should be strip'd, but Madam, I hope you'll Excuse it, we are rude Common-People Madam----your Servant good Madam, in Troth 'tis great Pity.----

Pedro. My Spouse there may shew her sham Pity as she pleases, but if I had met Madam in a bie Place--I believe I should have made bold to have stript her a little further----Gad she has a dainty Face for all her Rags, and puts me so in mind of a plump black-ey'd Beggar-wench I had once.

Massaniello. But what's the 'tother there?

Blowzabella. And this here is one of the Marrow-puddings of Trade, a Citizen's Wife, a sleek, fine, fat, little finical thing, that would melt in a Courtier's Mouth like a Comfit: I took her Oagling at her Shop-door, and truss'd her up under my Wing like a Gizard:----she had her Gems and her Pearls too,--besides a fine golden Gown, that her Cuckold bought her by Cheating the People, at Twelve i' th' Hundred;----there she is a little moody, I see, at her odd Rigging;--her Husband may take his Tortoise again, if he pleases, but for her Shell--that's dispos'd of.

Massaniello. Bradamant--why ye all have done Gloriously----gloriously--and what's to be the next Exploit, dear Wedlock, hah?

Blowzabella. The Dutchess of Mataloni; we have contriv'd it, therefore leave it to our Management, and if before to Morrow Noon, thou see'st me not trick'd in her Jewels like an Indian Queen,----then say, which some believe impossible--a Woman's

Mischief has Miscarried.----And to shew thee that we are capable of doing greater things than you imagin, you shall see us Exercise, and pray observe what Diligence has learn'd, Handle your Arms there.

[A Dance here, shewing their Exercise.

Massaniello. 'Tis well, and Soldier-like--go on then, my Bellona, and you, Brother, to the Gate of San Lorenzo;
March with your Troops, and as you pass, still cry,
Let the King live, but the ill Government Die.

[Exit severally.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mataloni, Dutchess, and a Servant, the Duke holding the Tables in his Hand.

Dutchess. Oh, I can never bear it, my dear Lord, that moment you depart, my Life-blood follows.

Mataloni. Why then, let Fate contrive its bloodiest Scene, I'll stay and dare all Accidents, grasp thee thus----within the circle of my eager Arms, and smile on the grim Hell-hounds that would part us.

Dutchess. Could I go with thee, Heaven, what would I venture! what Walls would I climb, or what vast Deeps would I plunge! for tho I shew a Woman in my Tears, my Courage----yet for you would hazard Wonders.

Mataloni. I know thou could'st, thou quintessence of Goodness, do more than Woman;--but Oh, I must not suffer thee! I know thou would'st, with me, leap from the Window into the Moat, as I must, for my Safety, but I'll not do't to hinder thee,----no, 'tis but Death, if I stay here----and 'twill be that without thee.

Dutchess. Oh, name not Death, I had forgot that Horror!

Mataloni. Give Friend, your Lord, my best Acknowledgment, but tell him, I'm resolv'd to stand my Fortune.

Dutchess. Not for the World----Oh, pardon me dear Life, my Womanish Folly, I had forgot your danger, you are proscrib'd to Die if you are found, yet I would keep ye here: Oh, racking Torture, was e'er Misery so truly great as mine? ----Go, go, my Lord, my Doom in those curst Tables, is but trivial Imprisonment, and perhaps a daily Basting by the Rabble, Village Curs, or Cold, or Hunger, matters of nothing,--but yours is Death, my Lord, Life's deprivation;--the full gust of Horror blows with that word; upon me--endless Woe, Despair, and all the Miseries of Humanity fall then at once upon my wretched Head,
And make me, that so late implor'd your stay,
Distracted beg ye now to haste away.

Mataloni. Great Providence, whose all-controlling Will, hast for our Crimes, sent down this Plague on Naples, and mak'st the sparks of bright Nobility, lie hid in the vile Ashes of the Rabble, behold with pity, Beauty in distress, with Vertue join'd, than that more Charming far;

Oh, let her still thy Care peculiar be,
And always blest, what e'er becomes of me.

Dutchess. Oh, hear me too--thus low with bended Duty, I beg the Power that taught us first to Love, to look on him most perfect in that Passion, and best deserving it in its Perfection:

To guard his Life, Celestial care employ,
And I shall find all Blessings in my Joy.

Mataloni. One dear Embrace then, and so part. [She Weeps.] What yet again? Nay, I must Chide ye now, we both have Pray'd, and must not doubt Success.

Dutchess. Oh, pardon me, within my Breast is such a Sea of Sorrow, some must o'erflow the Banks, I cannot help it.

Mataloni. I'll make the Fences stronger with fresh hopes of our quick Meeting and repeated Joy, so once more Adieu, Sweet.

Dutchess. My Life's sole Joy, Farewel.

Mataloni. Come, bear up boldly, and now to the fatal Window, through which my Brother is already gone, unseen by the Blood-hounds that have us in the Wind, and stop all other ways and avenues: One kind Look more, and turn that way, Sweet.

Thus when o'ercome by fierce Diseases power,
The sad Physician gives his Patient o'er.
Thus does the Tyrant of our Lives, controll.
And thus divides the Body from the Soul.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Perone and Genovino.

Genovino. You may believe me.

Perone. And may be abus'd; you have not yet enough, Sir, clear'd your Credit.

Genovino. You shall have further proof, my venturous Actions shall henceforth justify my Inclination, and back the force of these bold Words, which are,

That from my Heart, I loath this Upstart Fellow;
This headstrong Fool; this Mushroom, Massaniello.

Perone. You say enough; but may one trust a Jesuit, knowing his Principles?

Genovino. When the trust propos'd relates to his Revenge, be sure you may.

Perone. Nay, Sir, I will be sure; for to deal plainly, I have not yet been bred with any Candor for Persons of your Order.

Genovino. I believe it, and will not stick to say, perhaps with reason, the People generally, have strange Notions of us, and you, I see, are biass'd by Opinion.----'Tis true, Church-Interest, and the forward Zeal we use to prop its Power, raises us many Enemies, some whereof, burst into rude and vilifying Terms, and in plain words, Abuse us.

Perone. Yes indeed, I have often heard 'em deal so plainly with ye, to say, You're all a pack of Rogues.

Genovino. Ha, ha, ha,--'tis likely--but you must know then, Sir Captain, these were all Sophisters.

Perone. How, how, Sophisters?

Genovino. Even so, you may depend on't; I know it by their word of double meaning--for Rogue was meant no more than Polititian, a witty Rogue, a subtile Rogue, a rich Rogue; the word is oft mistook, but means no harm; why Knave, 'cause 'tis obsolete, is now Corrupted, which meant of old, a Servant, and no more: Then, Sir, as you may be a Knave, yet Honest, so we two may be Rogues, and yet no Villains.

Perone. At this rate, this Fellow will make it out, that a Son of a Whore may have an honest Woman to his Mother.

Genovino. But come, Captain, pray be particular--a little more; ----What noted Crime are we found guilty of?

Perone. Ah--numbers, numbers, Sir, more than your Beads can furnish ye with Prayers to make atonement for, but one among the rest most Scandalous; they say, you'll set your Penitents a Gaming for Masses for their Souls, and that the Fortunate delivering you that still sit by, his Winnings, has his sins Pardon'd him for his luck at Cribbage.

Genovino. Why look'e, as to Penitents dole for Masses, truly there may be something in't, and practicable, but that we play

at Cribbage, is a Story, our Game is always Putt, we know no Cribbage.

Perone. Oh, with your Reverence's leave, I know you'll vouch all Games, rather than lose the Stakes: But come, to th' Point. Suppose thou art Sincere in this Affair, what's to be done with Massaniello? What shall we Murder him----ha Boy?

Genovino. Convey a Bullet cleanly through his Head,---- not Murder him, no, no, that were Undecent.

Perone. Nay, nay, I know he uses the Church scurvily, that is he denies 'em Money, and that's a Damning Sin.

Genovino. Oh, past hope of Pardon.

Perone. And if I should Murder him----

Genovino. Why ye should have Absolution, the thing is excellent Service, but the word grates.

Perone. And what Security for no Betraying?

Genovino. The sacred Word and Honour of the College, who all will join in the Confederacy, to animate the giddy Hot-brain'd People, and in his stead, to make you General: Come, Captain, 'tis in vain longer to hide your close Design, a Jesuit's Head is waking, when others are in Dreams; we have found out your Correspondence with Carraffa's Faction, and know you are Intrigu'd with Mataloni: ----Since then we know this, yet make no discovery, ----you see the Danger's equal, therefore may trust----let us be Rogues, or otherwise, 'tis no matter.

Perone. And you will bring your Brethren to vouch this.

Genovino. Go with me and be satisfi'd, however the World taints us for Treacheries, we are true to one another;----come, be Wise, resolve on Massaniello's Fall----then Rise.

Perone. Well, Sir, lead on, and as I find this real, a Throat may soon be Cut.

Genovino. I ask no more. Be then our General, and take the Church's Blessing.

[Crosses him. [Exeunt.

Enter Massaniello Guarded, and Don Tiberio. [Petitioners waiting with Papers.]

Massaniello. My Lord, I lately sent you my Decree, have you resolv'd upon't?

Don Tiberio. What Sir, to negotiate the Peoples Business.

Massaniello. With the Vice-Roy; yes, 'twas set down so.

Don Tiberio. In what Sir, with my Honour I can serve 'em, I'll ne'er refuse to do my Country good, provided 'tis no blemish to Nobility.

Massaniello. My Lord, you so much Idolize Nobility, that you'd even make the very word a Scare-Crow, but we are no such Children to be frighted; Nobility,----what's that but Power and Riches, the Will to Govern, and the Means to do so; a Titular Nobleness, is vacant Air, a trifling Sound of no Validity: What care I how the Herald's Art can Blazon, since I've Power and Riches, I've Nobility, or good my Lord, what am I in your Fancy?

Don Tiberio. You are I know not what, something that 'mongst all Tongues, must want a Title; you are beyond Prodigious,

Language fails and Reason's at a loss, that would Expound ye; your Pardon Sir, I am but newly practis'd in the Trade of Flattery and Dissimulation.

Massaniello. What, and yet a Courtier! Damnation! is that Possible? Did ever Creature breath in that rank Air, that was not skill'd in both those Qualities? ----Not Flatter nor Dissemble, say not Live; for riotous Meat and Drink, nor gawdy Cloaths, Hounds, Horses, Whores, your constant Properties in their Perfection, are not half so natural as Flattery and Dissembling to a Courtier.

Don Tiberio. I shall not make this good, Sir.

Massaniello. Shall ye Comply? [Enter Rock and Petitioners, who give Papers to Massaniello.] Come, come, you must, 'tis Death, if you deny.

Don Tiberio. Was ever Plague so mortally Severe? Had ever Kingdom so debas'd a Curse? the Noble Blood of my great Ancestors boils in my Veins with Anger and Disdain, and yet the Frown of this Plebeian Fellow, spight of my Nature, Aws me; sure 'tis th' effect of Witch-craft, Hell is just setting up a Common-wealth, and all the Devils conspire against Nobility.

Rock. Your Wife Sir, with the Dutchess Mataloni Rifl'd and Plunder'd, are just coming in;--she's as good as her word Faith, she has stuck her self all over with Jewels, as thick as a Sir-loyn of Roast-Beef is with Rosemary at Christmas,--I had a fling at her Grace too, I told her a Lye, and had a Diamond-Ring worth a hundred Ducats for't.----Rare, rare doings, Sir,----gad little did I think of ever living to see such blessed days.

Enter Blowzabella, awkerdly dress'd and deck'd with Jewels; then Dutchess Mataloni, led by Ursula, and the Dutchess in mean Habit, Weeping.

Massaniello. Attend all to Morrow Morning, and I'll give ye Hearing [to Petitioners.

Don Tiberio. Bane to my Eyes----who would thank Providence for that dear Gift, that was confin'd to see such dismal Sights as these?

Ursula. Why Sister, you don't mind my Brother there.

Blowzabella. Oh--I look the Greater for that, ye Fool, Husbands and Wives should be careless of one another; ----besides, what have I Trick'd up my self thus for, but that every Body should see me now, and I see no Body; besides, this is nothing ----the next time I Dress, the Son, Moon, and Seven Stars---- shall look like Farthing-candles to me. Sister, prithee mind Tomaz now, do but see how he stares at me; I'll take no notice of him, but pretend to be full of Business, as he does.

Massaniello. She thinks she's Fine, I warrant, 's Death and Hell,----was ever any thing so Monstrous----as course Deformity in gawdy Trappings, I nauseate it, but must not shew it now.----Hah, what was that! methought a Dart shot from that Mourning Beauty----pierc'd through my Soul; my Soul, tho of a

piece with my course Body, yet feels the smart, obeys the power of Beauty, and makes me say aloud----She's Admirable.

Dutchess. No more, my Lord, let my Misfortunes hide me for ever from your sight, and I do beseech ye, leave me.

Don Tiberio. Thou Beauteous Partner of my dearest Friend, thou charming Form that now mak'st Sorrow amiable; I will, but yet believe, thou Shrine of Vertue, 'tis only that I may the better serve thee; my Stars have here condemn'd me to their Interest, an Interest that I hate as I love Honour; and if that metamorphos'd Female Brute there, has any spark of Womanish softness in her, she shall in spite of Nature, use ye well.

[They Whisper.

Blowzabella. Carry the Prisoner to the place I order'd.--What say ye, Sir, would ye speak with me? ----Hum, well, what is't?

Massaniello. She goars and wounds me still; and now methinks the whole, composure of my Frame, is alter'd--I tremble and am asham'd to know my self.--Hah, what did I say I Trembl'd, 'tis impossible, can my Heart tremble, that is steel'd with Power? Trembling implies a Fear; what can I fear, that have unquestion'd Power to command all, and can enjoy what e'er that Power possesses:--Agen--there's no looking on her, I'm all o'er Flame o' th'sudden:----Well, 'tis but ask and have, I'll send her word I like her, and if she prove peevish, fright her a little with her Lord's Proscription and she yields presently.--Rock, come hither, Thou saw'st that weeping Woman there.

Rock. Who, Sir, the Dutchess? Ay, she's a delicate bit faith,--gad I like her very well.

Massaniello. You do so.

Rock. Yes, Sir, under favour, I intend----I intend----

Massaniello. What is't you intend----hah?

Rock. Why Sir, I intend, I intend to----

Massaniello. Sir--------

Rock. I say Sir, I intend to make her do your Excellency Justice.

Massaniello. You shall do so, go get her for me presently.

Rock. Get her, What does your Honour mean? ----Have you a Paper ready? VVould you have her Sign any thing?

Massaniello. Yes, Sir, and Seal too.----Therefore good Monsieur Secretary, I would advise you to practice your Employment, and make her supple d'hear? Supple for me, fit to take my Impression, and let your Liking flag, Sir Ink-Bottle; these are your Ears yet I suppose.

Rock. They are so, I suppose my Lord, I have had 'em a pretty while.

Massaniello. 'Tis well; if you would have 'em so remain, be Diligent; you understand me. [Exit Massaniello and Guards.

Rock. Hum--sits the VVind there--understand ye? Yes, yes, a Pox on ye, ye have given us all occasion to understand ye; we know now what he means by a pinch by the Ear, a tweak by the Nose, as well as if he had spoke Spanish: ----He, I find, has a mind to the Dutchess himself, and I as principal Officer in Trust,

must sollicite her for him; 'tis so, there's no avoiding it, if I design to keep my Place, this must be done; and I see now, 'tis in vain to think to make my self a Great Man, without being a Pimp into the bargain. [Exit.

Don Tiberio. VVill it please you to give me an Answer to my Suit, Madam?

Blowzabella. VVhy look'e Sir, cry Mercy----I think you are a Prince tho.

Don Tiberio. And your Ladyship's Humble Servant.

Blowzabella. Hum, that may not be much a-miss, as things may happen, Od'sfish, the Man's well made----

Don Tiberio. 'Tis Madam, in favour of the Dutchess, let me desire----

Blowzabella. Oh, gad so, the Dutchess my Prisoner; and you desire--why look, my Lord, if we should all have our Desires, what would the VVorld come to? VVhy you may desire one thing, and I may desire another thing, when as things may happen, you can neither have your thing, nor I have my thing; oh my word, this is a great thing to consider of----and you must think I know my Post, my Lord, what I must do; great things now.

Don Tiberio. Pox on her, has she forgot already the great things she us'd to do, when she sold Sprats at the Castle-Gate? ----Ah, how the State-Mackarel Surveys me; it may chance, that I may have a Hook for her, if it be so, the Dutchess shall gain her end I'm sure.

Blowzabella. VVell, I swear, I think I have not seen a more likely Person, the Man truly has, as one may say, a mighty promising Countenance; well, he has so, and he has a Suit to me, good agen; and perhaps I've a Business for him to do, very well still; why the World is alter'd now, and things are chang'd from what they were, and Odsfish, I must not be as I have been---- what, I must do great things now.

Don Tiberio. I'm still in hopes, Madam, you are thinking how to gratify my request.

Blowzabella. My Lord, you speak well, gratify; you would be Gratify'd you say, and desire my Prisoner may be tenderly us'd, and have Servants about her; well, my Lord, and how, pray, would you gratify for such a Favour?----Come, you are a Courtier, I am at present dispos'd to see a little of those Finicals;----How d'e begin?

Don Tiberio. Why, first, Madam, with all respect imaginable, I approach--

Blowzabella. Odsfish, is that approaching? Why, my Lord, you stand stock still.

Don Tiberio. At a respectful distance, Madam, always when we address to Great Persons. With Familiars; 'tis true, we often approach to the Lips.

Blowzabella. Ay, ay, to the Lips--Odsfish, that's better by half, if you must approach, approach as you should approach, to the purpose, my Lord.

Don Tiberio. Madam, this Favour is too great.

Blowzabella. Puh,--never speak on't, my Lord, I am not so

strait-lac'd, but I can be familiar with my Equals upon occasion, and if you have an inclination to approach once agen, my Lord----

Don Tiberio. The Devil--this is worse than her refusal;---- Oh, how I hate an Oyster that opens of its own accord--but come, once more for the Dutchess's sake, I'll defy Garlick----

Blowzabella. So, my Lord, and now what think ye of my Person and Appearance? Pray be a little curious----here's no Rumper above, my Lord, nor no crooked Legs below.

Don Tiberio. Oh, Madam, your Person, like the rest, must be Admir'd.

Blowzabella. 'Tis true, Fortune us'd me a little coursely formerly, as to sell Fish, or so--but as to a Person, bring me any of your fine Ladies to discourse with me, or so, and Gads-fish, then you shall see.

Don Tiberio. Ah, you are so very exact by Nature, that methinks those Jewels might well be spar'd----

Blowzabella. Why truly Nature has not been niggardly, but by giving me these Jewels, Fortune I see, designs to be honest, and be out of my Debt, and I must use her now she's in Humour.

Don Tiberio. How the Dowdy has stuck her self in the dear Dutchess's Ornaments, and how like a Devil midst the Starry Region --does she appear: But hush----I must at her agen----[Aside.] Come, Madam, do but dispatch this Grant, and then you bind me ever.

Blowzabella. Well, my Lord, let's walk in, and as I find your Reasons are substantial--I shall incline the more.----A handsom Man I'll be sworn he is----and approaches very well--why look'e things are alter'd now, and if my Husband should chance to be a Cuckold, why 'tis no more than what's in Fashion; I must not be as I have been, I must do great things now----Come, my Lord. [Exeunt.

Enter Dutchess, Rock whispering Ursula at a distance.

Dutchess. How near are those poor Wretches to despair, who dare too nicely scan the Acts of Providence? And, Oh, how grosly vile is poor Mortality, when it too highly values its Weak Reason, and fansies Heav'n has done its Merit wrong----if I should number all my past Offences, can they deserve this Scourge, this worst of Misery? Yes, if Heaven thinks so: Let me then be Obedient, and like Great Cato's Daughter, bear Misfortunes with more than Roman Constancy; yet if Grief grows too strong, here is the Means, this dear Reliever Rescues me for ever, [Shews a Viol] Yonder are my Persecutors, and some new Plague I find, is hatching now between 'em: Fate do thy worst, let my dear Lord but 'scape 'em, these Mischiefs I'll contemn, and seem as Merry----as if their Villanies were my Diversion.

Rock. Once more I tell ye, you must deliver up your Charge to me, I have Business with her from the General, things of Importance Women, weighty Matters; there is a pressing Affair going forward--you must give way too, therefore be gone I say,

your Husbands are yonder, toaping a full Bowl for joy of the good Plunder, at the Duke of Caivano's; go, go, and colour your Gills there, and leave this Lady to my management.

Ursula. Ay, with all my Heart, methinks I long to see how my Husband Pedro looks in his fine Golden Coat. Adsheartlikins, I warrant he's as proud as 'twere any Don himself. [Exeunt.

Rock. Hem, hem, Madam, in short, you must know, Madam, that is, Madam, if you don't know already, that I am his Excellency's Secretary. [Rock pulls off his Hat awkerdly.

Dutchess. His Excellency's Secretary! bless me, how can I deserve this Honour? please ye, Sir, to take a Chair.

[He sits down.

Rock. You have very favourable Stars--Madam, for as you say, this Honour is not bestow'd on every one--especially without Money. [Aside.

Dutchess. But how comes it, I beseech ye, Sir, that I am made thus Happy?

Rock. Why, you must know, Madam, that the General, who neither sees, says, nor does any thing without me, thought fit to take my hint of Commendation of that Forehead, Nose and Mouth of yours, after which too, to speak Unvulgarly, I express'd my self in praise of the Lilies and Roses in your Cheeks, your white Neck, and so forth, and at last, gave him signification, that you were altogether a very tolerable Person.

Dutchess. Thou are in all Significations Intolerable I'm sure. [Aside.] Indeed, Sir, you oblige me extreamly, and I can't forbear saying, that I am not a little proud, setting aside the General's liking, Sir, of the obliging Applause of a Person of your Merit and great Office.

Rock. Hum, 'tis so, I must be the Man I see, she begins to be sweet upon me already. [Aside.] Why faith, Madam, I must needs think those that are Wise, will always distinguish a Person of Place and Trust; you may Cringe and Compliment Kings and Keyzars, if you please, but to us you must come, if you'd have your Business done.

Dutchess. Sir, I know it very well--and therefore since I've th'honour of your liking, what's matter what the General says or does?

Rock. Ah, what a bewitching Smile was there----she has charm'd me so I cannot speak a word, and I must be a Traytor in spite of my Teeth. ----

Dutchess. Besides, to shew my self grateful, Sir,--and give ye Praise for Praise, in my fancy now, that Chestnut Phiz of yours, but especially that Nose, prognosticating strange Events, is wondrous Taking.

Rock. I have her fast, for if she likes my Nose once, the rest follows in course.----But hark'e Madam, is this in Earnest? Am I so fine a Person faith--I should be glad to have some favour from ye as a proof.

Dutchess. A Favour, you shall, take this Cordial and drink my Health--'tis a warm Philtre will encrease your Flame: To shew

you too 'tis an especial Favour, I'll use it with a Gust, when there's occasion; come, Sir, take six Go downs.

Rock. Hum--what a Plague does she mean? It can't be Poison sure--Gad, I don't like the colour on't; why faith, Madam, I must beg your Pardon, I an't dry at present.

Dutchess. Oh, Luxury! Great Men, Sir, are always Thirsty;-- come, you must take it.

Rock. But Madam, I have sworn never to drink between Meals.

Dutchess. How, Sir, know then, since you such Grace refuse,
Fortune thus flies ye, and Revenge a Rogue pursues.
[Exit Dutchess.

Rock. That is, she'll tell the General, and he shall Hang me----gad I must after her and prevent that tho, for all my Fooling. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cardinal and Mataloni.

Mataloni. My Lord, if ever humble Penitence yet influenc'd a Heart, believe, mine feels it; Oh, let me kneel and kiss your sacred Robe, thus low beg Pardon for my past Offence, then from my Soul thank you for this Discovery.

Cardinal. 'Tis too much, my Lord, pray rise, Heav'n knows, how the vast bulk of your Misfortunes oppress my Heart, deep sense of which, and pity to your Lady, who is involv'd too in the general Ruine, has made me willing to divulge this Secret, which a bigotted Jesuit, craz'd with the Plot even forc'd into my Bosom.

Mataloni. Hell of Barbarity! a Brother do this, a Brother plot my Ruin and my Wife's, for in her Death, is mine, with greatest Horror, and this too only for ambitious Vanity, to forge another Plot--without my knowledge, even as his Hot-Brain pleas'd.

Cardinal. There's th' Arch-Contrivance, he knew your tender Passion for your Lady, a Prisoner in Massaniello's House, would ne'er give your consent to act revenge by Fire; and therefore to effect his double Plot, you and Perone were to be Ignorant, for different Ends, you on your Lady's score, and he as being design'd a Sacrifice with Massaniello, who, they give out, shall fall by Sword or Pistol; but 'tis indeed resolv'd by firing Mines under the Marketplace, and when the Throng is most, to blow up both, and to accompany 'em, your Lady and a hundred thousand Vulgar.

Mataloni. Prodigious Villany!

Cardinal. Of Powder for this Action, fifty Cantara's--are stow'd in several Places under Ground, enough to shake all Naples into Ruines, and glut Revenge with such a horrid Massacree--no Age could ever Parallel.

Mataloni. My Flesh trembles and Blood grows cold, even at the apprehension: Unnatural Viper! for a Brother's Name from henceforth I renounce, as also a Brother's Nature, by thy accurst Example, for 'tis past doubt, that with my Wife and the rest, when

this most dreadful Blow had once been given (had not your gracious Clemency sav'd me by this Discovery) I too had shar'd this Ruin.

Cardinal. That's not unlikely, for your Brother's aim, compacted with some Dons of his rank Faction, we find, is now for setting up himself, when Massaniello and the rest were Dead, Chief Farmer of the Gabells in your stead.

Mataloni. I see it now, plain as the Sun at Noon, thou venerable Parent of my Life, for this Discovery gives me all that can be call'd in Life a Blessing, saving her who is much dearer than my Life, my Soul: How shall I pay my Thanks? How pour out my full Heart? And how Adore thee?

Cardinal. Calm, calm your self, my Lord, and--cease this Rapture, I'm paid in the good Action.

Mataloni. May all Stains be wip'd for ever from that Honourable Scarlet, for this your Piety----Oh, this base Carraffa! this bloody Brother! But yet 'tis no more than what the Scheme of his past Life has promis'd, a Nature ever prompt to Cruelty, hardn'd in Ill, he oft would set me on to plague the People, and do things Unnatural, of which the Gabells late imposed, was one,----and which being too severe, has now Undone us.

Cardinal. My Lord, I see your Sense is now serene, and therefore I should be most Uncharitable to twit ye with your former rash neglect: Oh! what a sacred Tutor is Affliction? T'instruct Humanity, and give erring Nature the means to know it self.----Farewell, my Lord, excuse Paternal Love and honest Care, if it now sound too harshly in your Ear; ----the Lot is cast, you must divert this Strategem, or she you love amongst the common Crowd is lost for ever; they are now coming hither to their last Consultation; I was Invited, but made shift to excuse it; indeed I lik'd it not, I wish the Rebels quell'd, but cannot wish that way; --but you must stand the brunt, and countenance 'em, say as they say, and work your Ends the better:

Be Wise then, 'tis the Crisis of your Fate,
One Hour lost now, the rest come all too late.

[Exit Cardinal.

Mataloni. How have I been mistaken in this Man; this Great, and yet this good Man? This is indeed a Churchman----studied in Morals too, and has a Conscience: If the Body of the Roman Priesthood were like him, just in Actions as in Words, Preaching no more than they would Execute, nor busied but in case of general Good, how many Converts would approach the Altars,

Suck up their hallow'd Breath, and Kneel and Pray?
That now neglect, and heed not what they say.

Enter Gervasio.

Gervasio. Oh, my Lord, is your Grace here? That's well, your Brother and the rest of the Cabal, are just upon Entring, Perone too with the Banditti, and a whole bundle of Jesuits following----gad the Mischief will thrive, I'm sure, because they have a hand in't: We shall broil this King of Herrings now i'faith----I han't forgot the Rascal's Fish-Treat; a Pox on him,

he has made me hate the name of Fish ever since.

Mataloni. This Rascal is my Brother's Creature too, a Bear-Cub, that he could lick into what Shape he pleas'd.--Well, suck your Paws, d'e hear, and grow Fat with hopes of your Revenge, but leave me to my Thoughts. Oh, here they come;

Now rank Dissimulation, act thy Part,
Tongue, hush my Rage, and Looks disguise my Heart.

Enter Don Peppo, Perone, and several Banditti.

Gervasio. The Jesuits are coming,--and one bold daring Fellow among 'em, who says, he'll begin first and fire the Train under the Upstart's House.

Don Peppo. Hush, my Brother's here----not a word more now, bid him----do't, and tell him he shall be great as his own Wishes ---- [Aside to him.

Mataloni. Well, are all things in a readiness? ----Who fires the happy Piece at this proud Fellow?

Don Peppo. Who but the brave Perone, the Soul of Naples; his Harquebuss is Charg'd, and his Heart willing.

Perone. Ay, ay, my Lord, let me alone to fire him.

Mataloni. I heard the t'other Rascal talk of firing a Train as they came in; 'sDeath, the Scoundrels quibble with me----and can ye aim well, Sir?

Perone. I think I can, my Lord----I have kill'd Black-Birds without a Rest before now; but if I should fail, here are some more will second me, what say ye, my bold Lads, hah?

1 Banditto. Why Captain, give but the word of Command, your Enemy lies there, look'e, be it who 'twill.

2 Banditto. Captain--I'll not only kill who you have a mind to, d'e mark me, but if you command me, I'll Eat him afterwards.

Perone. There's a brave Fellow now, my Lord.

Mataloni. A prodigious brave Fellow indeed----Damnation! what Devils have I about me? But what are these?

[Enter Genovino and other Jesuits.

Don Peppo. Oh, these, Brother, these are Friends, woven in our Plot, Fathers of the Church, who with the rest of 'em, resolve to assist us.

Mataloni. Nay, then't must be a Powder-plot, I'm sure.---- Hah, I have it now, and Death shall never alter me.----But first, for a Decoy; well, Gentlemen, this Undertaking will be Dangerous, and therefore requires Wariness and Diligence----you'll find me ready at a Minute's warning, but first, I must Disguise my self, which done,

Believe, ye all command my Head and Heart----
Villains, to Ruine ye, not take your part. [Aside.]

[Exit Mataloni.

Perone. Methought the Duke your Brother went out Cloudy.

Don Peppo. No, no, his Head is only busie about his Disguise ----he has some reason tho, if he knew all.----[Aside.] Your Reverence is Welcome; these Fathers, I suppose, come from the rest, all sworn Friends to our purpose.

Genovino. All, all resolved, my Lord----they'll first assist with Prayer, and then with Powder, all sworn to quell the Church's Enemies,----And now, my brave Captain, since I've so well perform'd the trust you gave me, I hope you'll think a Jesuit may be Honest.

Perone. Honest, yes, to his promise to do Mischief, I never doubted that; but come, I'm glad to see you here however.

1 Jesuit. When the Laity Rebell against the Church, the Mischief that comes of it, lies on their Heads, tho the Church Execute it.

Don Peppo. There's Sophistry for ye----he calls the non payment of Church Masses, Rebellion against it--but let him talk, he's a sure Rogue of my side; ----he is to fire the Market place.
[To Gervasio.

Gervasio. A gad, and I'll warrant he'll do't--he has a Face like a very Salamander it self.

2 Jesuit. Oh, bloody-minded Villains! If my Discovery to the Cardinal, put no stop to this Business--I shall ne'er Sleep agen: ----Oh, Conscience, Conscience. [Aside.

Genovino. My Sons, be then Couragious, and go on--to do a deed will gain perpetual Glory; and to excite the Cause, pray hear this Fable; The Birds and Beasts, had once a fierce Dispute, how both their Kinds should make one Government;----this side set the Lyon up as Monarch o'er 'em, but th'Feather'd Kind were for Democracy; both Parties daily strong Excursions made, but neither for long time, the Conquest had--till at the last a sly old Politick Fox spoke to his Comerades thus;

----My Friends, this Jar
must end by Strategem, and not by War.
I'll undertake when next the Birds appear,
To catch a Hundred Thousand in a Snare----
And then the rest must yield, the Case is clear.----

I think, my Sons, this needs no Application, therefore go on.

Don Peppo. The Father speaks like an Oracle, let's Embrace, and then go on.

Omnes. Ay, ay, let's go on, let's go on. [Embrace all.

Perone. Away then, each to his several Charge--and when the cheerful Sun begins to gild the Market-place to Morrow, in all his Pride I'll fell this Giant down.

Omnes. And we'll to the utmost Second brave Perone.
[Exeunt all but Don Peppo.

Don Peppo. Now soar my well plum'd Hopes, and--gracious Fortune once fix thy Wheel, and on the highest Spoke set me but up; if I fear falling, Scorn me: Methinks my Heart's grown larger since my Plot.----Into what a Labyrinth of knotty Mischief have I involv'd these over-heated Fools, who severally believe they gain that Prize, which they all work for me, to their Destruction; for at that very Instant that bold Perone hunts Massaniello's Life, so to succeed him----his own, with all the rest, fly up in Fumo: The Jesuits too are Tools; for that once done, some Troops of Spanish Dons already rais'd,----Confederates all in our intended

Greatness, shall crush those Moles to nothing.----But hold,--
my Brother and his Wife, whose Fate are both inevitable--there's
the worst twinge----but what are Brother, Sister, Kindred, or
Friends, to him, that bold Ambition onward guides.
Ambition that made Angels once Rebel,
And from Celestial Throne, sink down to Hell.
[Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaspar, Scipio, Ursula, and Belvidore, sitting at a Table as Feasting.

The Fisherman's SONG

Of all the World's Enjoyments,
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
with Fishing can compare:
Some Preach, some Write,
Some Swear, some Fight;
All Golden Lucre courting,
But Fishing still bears off
the Bell,
For Profit or for Sporting.
Then who a Jolly Fisherman,
A Fisherman will be,
His Throat must wet
Just like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

II.

The Country Squire loves Running
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
Another fancies Gunning
For Wild-Ducks in his Grounds:
This Hunts, that Fowls;
This Hawks, Dick Bowls,
No greater Pleasure wishing,
But Tom that tells what Sport
excells,
Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
CHORUS. Then who, &c.

III.

A good Westfalia Gammon,
Is counted dainty Fare;
But what is't to a Salmon
Just taken from the Ware?
Wheat-Ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, and Rayles,
Are priz'd while Season's
lasting,
But all must stoop to
Crawfish Soop,
Or I've no Skill in Tasting.
CHORUS. Then who, &c.

IV.

Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much
pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too;
A Penance for no Brains:
They run, they Leap,
Now High, now Deep,
Whilst he that Fishing chuses,
With ease may do't,
Nay more, to boot
May entertain the Muses.
CHORUS. Then who, &c.

V.

And tho some envious Wranglers,
to jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
who stand so long i'th'Cold:
They wait on Miss,
We wait on this,
And think it easie Labour,
And if you'd know,
Fish profits too,
Consult our Holland Neighbour.
CHORUS. Then who a Jolly, &c.

Pedro. Come, let's have another Song, my Jolly Lads, and then 'tother Brimmer, which shall be once more, Confusion to all Gentry.

Gaspar. Ay, come, away with't----but I think we have their

Heads upon the Anvel pretty well now, Neighbour.

Bartallo. Ay, ay, we may lay by our Hammers and our Cleavers; now Brother, ----the Sword is the Tool of Confusion now, and so let's drink about.

Jacomo. Gad, I was so fine, my Wife did not know me to day; I gave her a Buss at the Mill-door, and Odzokers, the Jade took me for a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.

Gaspar. 'Tis a sign a Courtier has been about your Hopper then, Brother, some body or other has been taking Toll in your Absence; what, the Mill must go round, Brother, the Mill must go round, ha, ha, ha.

Scipio. Ay, ay, tho the Soal be rent from the Upper-leather, as the saying is, That work must go forward--gad, would my Neighbour would drop once and give the Crow a Pudding, as the saying is, that I might take a Stitch with her, she's a rare fresh crummy Lass;--she's no Pin-buttock, not she Ifaith.

Bartallo. Why well said, Neighbour,--faith I'm of thy mind--I'd give a dish of Marrow-bones,--nay, all the new Rigging of my Captain-ship here, to beat up with her for a Voluntier.

Scipio. Come, Colonel Pedro, let's have Madam Ursula's Health round, and give you Joy of your new Title, good Madam, and then to Madam Belvidore there----Health to your good Ladyships both.

Pedro. Why, well said, Lieutenant,--come with all my Heart.

Ursula. And I'll yours in Rhenish-wine and Sugar; what we must drink Costly now, I'm a Lady, and then we'll hear another Song; this Musick with Drinking, is very pretty.

Belvidore. 'Tis so, Sister; but for my part, I love a Song that raises the Spirits and makes one merry.

Pedro. Why well said, my Lass of Mettle, this was a notable Ditty Ifaith: Prithee Jacomo do but observe my Wife in her new Rigging there; a Pox on her, she looks for all the World like thy Mare when she has a Martingal on.

Gaspar. Come, come Boys, strike up there while the Iron's hot, let's have a Song and a Dance----come. [Song and Dance.

Enter Rock hastily.

Pedro. Oh Mr. Secretary, Welcom----but why so late, my man of Politicks? why thou'rt six Bumpers behind at least.

Rock. Ay, a Pox on't, and shan't have time neither now I'm come, to drink one of 'em.--Odsheartlikins, you must leave off Junketing immediately, for the General's just coming hither to hear Causes; I brought a damn'd Fellow to him this Morning, a lowring, horn-fac'd Banditti Rogue, who pretended earnest Business, that has put him so upon the fret with some Discovery, that there's no speaking to him, he snaps and snarls at one just like a Dog in a Coach-box----Oons, he call'd me Pimp and Clod-pate just now, only for telling him what a Clock 'twas, tho he ask'd me the question. [Table taken off.

Bartallo. Adso, away with the Bottles then.

Pedro. Do so, and let's talk of some new Intelligence to find out the Duke of Mataloni,--that will put him into Humour--presently.

Rock. Here he comes, and that Devil Banditti with him still; I wonder who he is----'tis a plaguy poor Rascal--and I'm sure, had not a Penny about him, because he gave me no Fee----for which I would have kept him from the General----but 'twas such a surly Dog, and those damnable Whiskers struck such an Awe into me--that Egad he made me do what he would, in spite of my Teeth.

[Enter Massaniello, and Mataloni, disguis'd like a Banditti.

Massaniello. Thou has well deserv'd thy Life; and thy Discovery is of such weight, as makes me still thy Debtor.

Mataloni. Have you given Order to Secure Carraffa?

Massaniello. 'Tis done, and Spies are likewise on Perone, to watch his Motions, who at this Instant, I hear, waits for Admittance.

Mataloni. 'Tis well; and all the Avenues that reach the Powder, are they taken care of?

Massaniello. All, all, with strictest Diligence.----My better Genius, how shall I pay my Gratitude----tell me thy Circumstances, that I may reward thee--for saving me, and two Thirds of the People: Whence, and what art thou?

Mataloni. One of Fortune's Bubbles, blown up and down a while about the World, and when I break, am Nothing: My Race and Birth-right, if you can believe me, perhaps are yet too good for what I seem, but that may be my Pride, so heed it not: If you'd have more know me then by my outside, which in the Figure I at present bear, expresses me--a Rogue.

Rock. Pithy and short; it does so indeed.

Massaniello. This Male-contented slander on thy self,---- bears yet a relish of some hidden Honesty; thou shalt be mine, and such a Trust I'll give thee, as by its Profit shall reward this Service.

Mataloni. Pray, Sir, not too much of your Trust, I may deceive ye; for what I have done, perhaps I had my Reasons, but if you burthen me with Place and Office----I shall do like most of the rest in such Cases; I shall serve my self in the first place, I tell ye that before hand.

Massaniello. Oh, this Bluntness better recommends thee to me, it shews thou art no Courtier, no favourer of accursed Mataloni, nor the damn'd Gabellers, therefore observe me, some of the Traitors are by this time Seiz'd, and rash Perone attends his certain Ruin.----Withdraw a while, till I dispatch some Business, which done, we'll discourse farther; in the mean time, I tell thee, I am pleas'd with thee.

Mataloni. And I, if my Design succeed, most happy.

[Exit Mataloni.

Massaniello. Brother, I order'd you to burn the Plunder, but you will have your way, I see.----What my Bull's-head Captain and the Cobler, Embroider'd too--and the Women foisting here too, pshaw, pull off your Trappings, and send those things away,---- we have no Smock business now.

Pedro. Smock-business,--gad if I had said as much, the Tanner's Wife there would have broke my Head I'm sure;--what a Devil ails him.

Bartallo. Why, Whiskers that went out there, has bewitch'd him, I believe.

Pedro. D'e hear Spouse, I see he's in a damn'd ill Humour, therefore prithee be gone.

Ursula. Merry gap, what's he too good to speak to us Civilly.

Massaniello. How now, What Noise is that?

Rock. They People are mad, I think, they throng the Market-place so, that they ride upon one another's Backs; the Jesuits Horse one another like wild Stallions;--Perone's Exalted too, and to my thinking, would fain get foremost.

Massaniello. Brother, and the rest of ye, keep here this Post, and on your Life, observe my Motions.----Are any yet let in,

[Sits down at a Table.

Rock. Yes, three or four Delinquents, who were Try'd this Morning by the Court your Lordship set up for such Causes, and who now are sent to you to receive Judgment; They are a Baker and a Fisherman: But in the Rear of these,--appear two Ghosts or starv'd Skelitons, whom the Prince of Bissignano sends hither to plead their Cause themselves to you, strange fleshless Creatures, I would not have you see 'em Faith; their Bones rattle as they walk like a Bag of Chess-men, and these accuse a Lawyer, ----a rich Lawyer, a Friend of mine, my Lord, of Roguery---- poor Ideots, they are like to get much by't.

Massaniello. We'll admit 'em all, but let Perone keep at distance till they're dispatch'd.

Rock. Valasco,----d'e hear. [Whispers Valasco.

Valasco. It shall be done---- [Exit Valasco.

Enter Baker, Fish-monger, and two Women Ragged and Disfigur'd, with shagged Hair about their Ears, and looking pale and lean, as if just Starv'd; then enter the Lawyer, who Whispers Rock.

[Rock sits down and looks over Papers]

Massaniello. Read the Bills of Accusation against these Delinquents severally, then let me know each Man particularly.---- First, What's he?

Rock. So please ye, a Baker----Try'd and Convicted in your Lordship's Court of Justice----For that he not having the fear of any thing before his Eyes, and a world of such formal Stuff, my Lord, sold Bread to the Poor sixteen Ounces in six and Thirty too Light--and that too most of it Dough bak'd--to lie heavy on his Customers Stomachs, that they might not find out his Cheat.

Massaniello. Hum--for Bread Dough-bak'd, and too light sixteen Ounces, well, let his Oven be heated presently, and in it bake that Baker; bake him, d'e hear, to a Crust----then dole him round in Parcels of sixteen Ounces weight to all the Poor that are Injur'd.

Baker. Oh, that ever I was Born----Mercy, my Lord, Mercy.

Massaniello. Away, Bake him, I say--on your Lives see it done. Proceed, who'd the next? [Exeunt some with the Baker.

Rock. A Fisherman, who brags he is Related to your Lordship, his Crime is, That being sent by a poor Labourer, who works by the Week abroad, to his Wife, lying in with Twins, with some Fish proper for her condition, she pulling out her Purse to pay him, he robb'd her of it, for want of which, she and her two Infants are since Starv'd.

Massaniello. Pshaw, is that all,--why if they are Dead, the Parish is eas'd of an Incumbrance; Ods me, and now I look on him better, this honest Man is a Relation of mine indeed, for if I han't forgot----

Fisherman. Oh lack a day, Master Thomas Annello--why sure you can't forget your Cousin Bobber the Smelt-man----why I am your Sister's Son, and please ye; and you may remember, how Merry we were last Lammas at the Herring catching----well gads bobs, Cousin, I'm huge glad of your good Fortune.

Massaniello. Thank'e, thank'e--good Cousin; a Chair there for my Kinsman.

Fisherman. Hem, Hem-------- [A Chair brought and he sits down.

Massaniello. Well, Cousin, and prithee what is this foolish Business about this Purse--what I warrant thou took'st it Joakingly, didst not--thou hadst occasion for a little Money--for some Frolick or so, I warrant.

Fisherman. Ha, ha, ha, ha.--Why in Troth Cousin, I had so, you have nick'd it; Gads bobs, you know I was always given to Frolicks and to play Arch tricks,--and I think this was pretty enough:--You shall hear how 'twas.----The Woman you must know, Cousin, was newly brought to Bed, and lay grunting for Fish, and the Fool her Husband, had no more wit that to send me to her, when she might as well have come to Market her self, if all be true as I have heard of 'em--well—in came I--out came her Purse --and whip, says Jethro, I had it in a Moment, so scowr'd off--and over a Brimmer Laugh'd heartily afterwards, with my Brother Topers, at the dissembling Carrion----and faith; as you say, Cousin, I think there was good Service done in't, for the Dam and her Cubbs, would have certainly incumber'd the Parish--and to deal plainly,--I hear I have prevented that, for they're all Dead--ha, ha, ha, she'll want no more Fish in haste, nor her Brats squall no more for the Sucking-bottle, ha, ha, ha.

Massaniello. So--and for this notable good Service, this same pretty Joak, Cousin, these foolish Lawyers have Convicted thee.

Fisherman. Senseless Law-Rogues, they have in troth, Cousin --but I knew I had a sure Card of you; nay, the Pimps thought to fright me with Raw-head and Bloody bones too, and told me, that my Blood drop for drop, should be shed for theirs, and that the liquor in my Veins, who am one of the Family of the famous Annello's of Amalfi should run through the Streets, like the

---

195) "Two" spelled "too."

Kennels in a Rainy day:----What says the brave top of our House, shall it, shall it, hah, Cousin.

Massaniello. No not a drop Cousin--there's my Hand on't----let the bold Spirits of my noble Kindred, Kill, Starve, or Drown, or Poison whom they please, must knavish Law or foolish Justice controll 'em in this Juncture too, when they hope to be Preferr'd? No, 'tis enough that they are Kin to me----and why am I in Power, but to Exalt 'em?

Fisherman. Right, my dear Cousin, right--Gads bobs, I could kiss thy Foot, hem! hem! Oons, I'll be reveng'd of those Law Rogues that Try'd me, as soon as ever I'm Preferr'd. [Aside.] Well, well, and dear Cousin, you were talking of Exalting---- when, when must I be Exalted----hum--I am nearest Related of any ----I am your Sister's Son, you know.

Massaniello. Why Cousin, within this Hour.

Fisherman. Shall I faith, Gads bobs----I will kiss thy Foot now [Falls down and kisses his Shooe.] But where, where, dear top of the renowned Annells of Amalfi--where?

Massaniello. Why, upon a Sign-post.

Fisherman. A Sign-post----ha, ha, ha,----well, well, Cousin, --I know you're a rare Joaker; a Sign-post, very pretty faith, ha, ha, ha. [They Seize him.

Massaniello. Go some of ye, and Exalt my Cousin, that is, Hang him instantly upon a Sign-post.

Fisherman. Ah Cousin, dear Cousin, you carry the Jest too far now, you do I'faith.

Massaniello. Hang him in Chains----but let no Blood be spilt upon your Lives, he is my Kinsman, and I've given my Word; and so adieu good Cousin--d'e hear, be sure you do it decently, and let him be with Ceremony Exalted.----Come, the next, the next.

Fisherman. Exalted, O Lord! why are ye in Earnest then? Why Cousin Thomas, sure you Joak--dear Cousin Thomas--sure you Joak. [They drag him out.

Massaniello. Away, I say.--------

Lawyer. Hum, this is somewhat odd, my Friend.

Valasco. Oh--a poor Rogue----I knew he'd be Hang'd, for all the General's Joaking.

Lawyer. Well, my good Friend--take care d'e hear, and there's your Fee--I have given the Secretary a hundred Ducats already.

Valasco. Why look'e, Sir,--you have given me two Ducats here, if you don't come off d'e see, as cleverly as a husk from a roasted Chestnut, why then my two Ears are at your Service:---- I heard the Secretary say as much just now----and he, he can do any thing; you shall see him wind the General about his Hand like a skein of Silk. [The two Women give Massaniello a Paper.

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266) "Kinsman" misspelled "Kisman."
267) "Be sure" written as one word.

Massaniello. What monstrous things are here, that freez my Blood with Horror of the Crimes, and make me mad with Wonder!--bless me, what Figures too, I'll read agen----the Prince of Bissignano's Letter.

> Your Excellency is to know, your Suiters are a Widow and her Daughter; the Widow's Husband, some seventeen Years since, Dying, left his Brother a Lawyer, his Executor, to pay her sixteen hundred Ducats for her Dowry, and as much for her Daughter's Portion, instead of which, to defraud both, he hath Villanously and Unnaturally Immur'd 'em between four Walls in a Cave, giving out, They were Dead, and ever since fed 'em there with Bread, roots and Water; their Miseries will appear visible before ye, and your Justice on the Offender be Nobly Remarkable,--------
>
> Bissignano.

Incomparable Villany, I'm amaz'd at it; come forward Wretches, and Express your selves--Which is the Widow of you, and which the Daughter?

Pedro. If thou wilt Marry now Captain, here's a rare Bargain for thee----here's one won't be proud of her Bills and Bonds--this Widow will go off cheap enough--and the Maiden Daughter too--I believe, would hardly stand priming and mincing upon such an occasion, she has a Skin there would make a rare pair of Fox-hunting Boots.

Bartallo. Are they Birds or Beasts, I wonder--and of what World are they? For ours, in all appearance, they're utter Strangers to----I warrant that Scoundrel the Lawyer, is in a smoaky Sweat now--Ods bobs, this Cause of his looks but scurvily.

Widow. If Misery extream can deserve Pity--or injur'd Innocence can hope Redress, give ear to my sad Story, and do Justice, for all that Paper mentions, is most true, full Seventeen Years forced by that barbarous Brother, we have told the Hours in that loathsom Prison, fed with the dross of Earth, unwholsom Roots, Bread candied o'er with Mould and stinking Water, all that could make Calamity grow dreadful, and yet not Kill us, we have suffer'd daily; The damp cold Earth our Beds, hard Stones our Pillows, and nightly visited with roapy Snails, that crawl'd upon our Faces, big swolen Spiders, the scream of Weezels, Rats, and Croaking Toads in Consort joined, was still our hateful horrid Musick, whilst dismal Darkness added to the Horror.

Lawyer. My Lord, I beseech your good Lordship, let her prate no longer she was Mad my Lord--she was Mad--And 'tis true, I kept her a little Hardly--but 'twas only to bring her to her Wits agen----Hark'e, Friend, I would the Secretary would put in a word now. [To Gervasio. [Aside.

---

329) First syllable of "Secretary" omitted.

Gervasio. O no matter, no matter, he'll bring ye cleverly off at last, whether he does or no, Man.

Massaniello. Go on there----What say you?

Daughter. The Summer's choaking heat, and Winter's cold, both which with their alternate Misery torturing our Bodies, have quite changed out Natures, our Skins like barks of Trees, our Hair like Furies, with Eagles Talons on instead of Nails, and Savage all, but in doleful Sound, breathing from our numb'd, starv'd and tormented Bodies--our Voices, that cry out aloud for Justice, for Justice, that our wretched Trunks may feel one Hour's Pleasure, tho we die the next.

Massaniello. You shall have Justice, sound substantial Justice, as the Fact merits or your Revenge could ask; Go take that Lawyer there, that rank rich rascal, that common Murderer of Common-Pleas, that Capias, that foul blotted Writ of Error--take him, d'e hear, and strip him first Naked, then Immure him between those very Walls where these have lain, let his Food be Wax and Parchment, and his Drink, the Liquor that has Damn'd his Soul, his Ink;

And whilst the Widow his Estate enjoys,
Let him Rave, Groan, and Languish till he dies.

Lawyer. Mercy on me, why Friend, Friend, the Secretary don't speak a word for me.

Valasco. Hum--why faith your Business does not come off so cleverly as I thought it would, and I can't part with my Ears very well neither; but d'e hear, Sir, let 'em Starve ye if they dare, let 'em take your Estate, I warrant he'll maul 'em when you're Dead cleverly, never fear, Man.

Lawyer. When I'm Dead, Oh miserable Comfort! have I Cheated so many to be a prey to Cheats my self at last; Oh, Lawyer, Lawyer, what will become of thy Soul?

Enter Bissignano, Perone, Banditti.

Pedro. Brother, the Prince attends to speak with ye.

[Exit with Lawyer and Women.

Massaniello. Is Execution done then? [To Bissignano.

Bissignano. I saw it all perform'd,--and with Alacrity; Carraffa and his Faction all are Dead, the Jesuits also, only Genovino, who, as it seems, intending to discover 'em, has sav'd himself, but all the rest have Suffer'd; the eager People gave a loose to Cruelty, their Heads and Hands cut off, and stuck upon Posts, adorn the Market-place, and all their Bodies mangled and torn to pieces by the Rabble.

Massaniello. 'Tis well; --your Ear, my Lord [Whispers] 'Tis most certain so, therefore stand still and mark th'Event.

Bissignano. I am Amaz'd.----

Massaniello. Fellows in Arms, especially Perone, the chief of my bold Undertakers: Hear me; some Plots are late found out against my Life, the Authors of it Seiz'd and Executed, and since for the People's good, I think my Safety--may be material, let all stand at distance but those I appoint, till I Explain my self; What says the brave Banditti's Captain there? Is it not reasonable?

Perone. Your singling me out, Sir, to ask that Question, is somewhat odd methinks--but let us stand as you please--I think I all along have kept my Distance as well as any, I grutch ye no Respect that I know of.

Massaniello. Surly, but yet my Friend, you know, he's Honest, honest as his damn'd Brethren in a Robbery--you'll find it so, let Honesty be try'd; Seize him and Search him instantly, and those Banditti's there, the Villains come to Murder me.

[They seize Perone.

Perone. Ah, surpriz'd just in the Minute; Oh damn'd ill Fortune!

1 Banditto. Fate, guide my Hand, have at thee. [Shoots a Pistol, but misses him.

2 Banditto. And mine--------

Massaniello. Hah--have they miss'd me; then thanks to Providence, and thou, dear Figure of my blessed Angel, that still defends my Life against all Danger, go drag 'em to their Deaths; tear 'em to pieces, and let their Heads be fixed among the rest.

Perone. I was a Fool, or thine had grin'd there first. Death I deserve for that, and so Confusion seize ye.

[Perone and Banditti are carry'd off.

Pedro. The Rascals hid their Arms under Cloaks, and by that trick deceiv'd us.

Massaniello. 'Tis well remembred; be it Order'd instantly, on pain of Death, no Man to wear a Cloak or upper Garment, of what degree soever, they shall have no more coverings for their Knavery; From High, to Low, Let all Men walk in Querpo. Go see my Commands obey'd, and strictly, as their Lives will answer it.

Rock. Ay gad, and with all my Heart--for I know a plaguy rich Cardinal that wears a huge long red Coat, and if he does not Bribe me well, I'll strip him to his Shirt in the first place; 'sdheart, this new Order will bring in a Tun of Money, --and I'll about it instantly--Gervasio--come. [Exeunt Rock and Gervasio.

Bissignano. This happy chance, which I Congratulate, shews the Divine Powers hold ye in regard; Respect them, Sir, and cease your rigid Violence, Burning and Plunder: the Vice-Roy greets ye fair too, and now agrees to grant, for th'Peoples good, Great Charles th'Emperor's Charter; my self last night was at a Consultation with him, and the good Cardinal Fillomarino --who has besides the Grant, a Present for ye.

Massaniello. I'll Visit him this Moment; he has a Character 'tis said, beyond the Title even of Goodness--Honest and Conscientious, yet a Cardinal; 'tis wondrous, and I scarce believe it true.

Bissignano. Truth, may good Angels guide ye to pursue.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Cardinal Solus, Reading.

Cardinal. Immortal Seneca, whose sacred Morals inflame the Sense, and ease the troubled Minds of those that can discern and taste thy Learning, how valued were't thou in these sad Times, to Naples, if every one were skill'd in those rich Jewels, which in their value, are Inestimable; but as the Peoples Plague is Ignorance, so the dire want of thy Philosophy, makes still more sharp to them, the darts of Fortune----What Noise is that within? Good Heav'n defend me! --the State's Distress, makes every little blast appear a Whirl-wind--It comes nearer still, this must be of some Moment.

Enter Rock and Valasco.

Rock. Bring up the Guards to th' door, ye sawcy Slaves, how dare ye contradict the General's Order? ----Is it your Pleasure, my Lord Scarlet-Cap, to affront the Supream power---- hoh.----

Cardinal. What mean ye, Sir?

Rock. What mean I, Sir, you shall know presently, Sir,-- Valasco--strip him--if you can read without your Spectacles, there's my Warrant for it. [gives a Paper.

Cardinal. Well, Sir, I see your Power and my Patience, as in other things, must also appear in this [Valasco takes off his upper Robes] But pray how far does your Commission tend? Not to my Skin,--I hope.

Rock. No, no, my Lord--to your Shirt only--I'll proceed no further, I will not shew the Church's Nakedness----tho some of you give her but Tinsel Cloathing.----To your Shirt, to your Shirt----no further.

Cardinal. My Shirt--alas, Sir, Age has so craz'd my Body-- and long Infirmity so weaken'd me, should you proceed so in this cold bleak Season, 'twould Kill me;----have you quite forgot Humanity?

Rock. Oh, my Lord, I know you can Talk----I know you have a large capacious Wit, my Lord, and a large Purse too; my Lord, if you would save your shrivel'd Carkass, then let that speak for ye, that's the Philosophy confutes me always, the rest is paltry, paltry.

Cardinal. My Purse is the Rhetorick must save me! no, to bribe Barbarity, is to indulge the sin--I will not give a Penny.

Rock. Come, come, Uncase, uncase then, the fine Weather will make you chatter your Repentance shortly, I make no doubt on't.

[Enter Massaniello.

[Valasco goes to strip him further.

Massaniello. Hah, hands off there----What are ye doing, Villains?

Rock. Oons, the General--we were only zealous in executing your Order, and please ye -- and because the old Bishop was obstinate, we thought to fright him a little, that was all.

Massaniello. Avant, ye Scoundrels, whose Souls have more of Dirt than th'basest Dung hills; my Orders were to wear no upper Garments, but you will stretch, you will; put on his Robe agen, Rogues, and then be gone. [they dress him agen.

Rock. He is particular; be gone--ah, y'are a rare Fellow to call a Great Officer Scoundrel, but come--Valasco, a pox on him, we must go. [Exeunt.

Massaniello. He bears an awful Aspect----Gravity with Wisdom join'd, appear in every Feature, and seem to force a Reverence----well, what then, Looks do deceive us often.

Cardinal. Is this the Prodigy, the Instrument of Heaven, and Scourge of Naples? He has a daring Front, quick Eye, and a Vivacity uncommon in such Meanness, Fatal, and through th' whole Physiognomy is something strangely Terrible.

Massaniello. Th'Outside's Awful,----th'Inside now I'll try,
And want of Learning----Reason shall supply.
Well, Reverend Sir, you have survey'd my Figure now sufficiently, would you know ought besides.

Cardinal. If the strange Frenzy the Age is sway'd with, would permit your Temper to Reason calmly----I confess I would, Sir.

Massaniello. Proceed then, I am Calm, let us sit down. [They sit.] And to the purpose now, --what would you know?

Cardinal: What you think of your self?

Massaniello. Why of my self I think--but yet may Err-- as you do of Religion--Good I intend I'm sure----tho in my Practice perhaps are Mistakes.

Cardinal. But we have no Perhaps, Religion is a firm and solid Basis, a sure Foundation, and the Matter good too we put in Practice.

Massaniello. So you Preach indeed, but should we come to seek a Heavenly dwelling amongst your Schisms and Artful Heresies, your Pro and Con, your intricate Church Sophistry, instead of Pious plain Soul-saving Doctrine, which with sound Truths should give us safe Retreat, not Babel in all its height of monstrous Jarring, e'er shew'd such strange Confusions.

Cardinal. The Church cannot Err;----
Some of her Mortal Sons through frailty may.

Massaniello. And those cause all their Flock to go Astray. Your Learning only serves to guild your Fallacies; your Words and Deeds are never of a Piece;
You prate of Heav'n, tho 'tis Earth you love,
Your Hearts are here, tho Eyes are fix'd Above.
Seven deadly sins blot out the Cardinal Vertues; rank Avarice, abhorr'd Hipocrisie, sharp Tongu'd Detraction, and inveterate Envy, hot Leachery, and Charity quite frozen; with your dear darling sin, King-killing, Murder, nest in the Bosom of your Politick Conclave.

Cardinal. I am Amaz'd, a Fisherman to talk thus, 'tis most Miraculous. [Aside.

Massaniello. Crimes of all Natures,

That ever did or shall Infest the Globe,
Lie close and brood under your Scarlet Robe.

Cardinal. Nay, now your Passion is predominant, you break your Promise.

Massaniello. Only a little Zealous for my Cause----I give you the same liberty, speak boldly.

Cardinal. So I shall, and Honestly, and therefore must take leave to ask a Question.

Massaniello. Do, I will Answer.

Cardinal. Are you not a Rebel?

Massaniello. I know not by my Soul----'tis a State Title which yet I want a Definition of, but I will ask the People--their Logick shall discuss it, and then I'll tell ye:----In the mean time, to answer with a Question, resolve me Cardinal, are not you a Hypocrite?

Cardinal. My Conscience prompts me to reply to that without delay, or more demurring,----No.

Massaniello. Well should I grant you once it may be so,
I'm sure your Tribe can't such another show.

Cardinal. A Hypocrite,----Oh let these bubling drops that outwards force their way from their old Fountains, through very shame, that my unhappy Age should be affronted with so vile a Question, declare my detestation of that Crime----you do not know me, Sir.

Massaniello. Perhaps nor my self neither. Now I have Answer'd ye; those Tears have shock'd me, I relent o'th'sudden. [Aside.

Cardinal. Then I will teach ye, Sir, to know your self, for should I fail to speak for fear of Death, or stand in awe of your unweildy Power; or as you have disgrac'd my Sacred Function, by stripping off my Robe, tho my Life were next, yet should I Sue or Flatter ye, to save it----poorly beg Pity, then I were a Hypocrite, then you might think me a corrupt Time-server, then you might brand me; no, no, rash young Man, a Good Man never fears to die, his Sands are still before his Eyes, he sees 'em run,--and all his pious Deeds proportion'd to 'em----this makes me dauntless; this controuls your power,----and spite of Tortures, strengthens me to tell ye you're a Rebel.

Massaniello. Very good----go on.

Cardinal. A most notorious Rebel; a vile Name that bears the greatest and most odious Infamy, breaker of Laws, contemner of Religion, Author of Murders and unnatural Riot, Fire, Plunder, and most horrid Devastation. Are not you this?

Massaniello. In part, yet not a Rebel----I love the King, and for him and my Country, have undertook this dangerous Enterprize; the People were opprest with loading Gabells, and in th' Oppression, the King's Honour Tainted, which I resolve to abolish, tho I die for't----and so I do this, so by my Labour I give ease to Naples, so the grieved People are by me Enfranchised, may I be torn in pieces by the Rabble, my Head be mounted on a Pole, my Body dragg'd through the goary Streets, whilst each vein

spouts Blood out like a Conduit, I am happy, proud of my Fortune, shall contentedly die, and gladly yield my Soul without a Sigh.

Cardinal. Miraculous still----the more I hear him speak, the more I wonder.

Massaniello. If my design to quell some of the Court--whose Avarice cramp'd us all, be call'd Rebellion----or justly punishing of those, be Murder.----To palliate that, I've only this to say, it is the Times Distress that causes it; uncommon Crimes have forc'd down Heaven's Vengeance,----and suppose me, tho unworthy, chose the means to work its Ends by.

Cardinal. You must not suppose it,--'tis Impious and the height of Arrogance; 'tis making Judgment of Eternal Wisdom, and Heaven the Author of the Ills you do--you rather ought to think, nay and believe Vengeance will fall on you if you repent not.

Massaniello. My Heart melts strangely, my hard stubborn Heart; Oh, what a power has Piety----

Cardinal. What sacred Vision or Inspiring Prophet gave you commission to be Tyrant here?----suppose the People Wrong'd, are you Omnipotence to scourge the Wrongers, and anticipate Heaven's Justice, through proud Will and rash Presumption--come, come, Repent, cast down your Usurp'd Power----and reverence Heaven, that thus far suffer'd ye,----and turn'd to Benefits foul Disobedience, but cease from future Ill.

Massaniello. This is a good Man, Deceit can never have such fair Appearance; his words have turn'd my Eyes into my Soul, and his sound Reason changed my very Nature:----Thou Reverend best Instructer of my Soul, thou hast convinced me, and I now am Penitent: and if my Actions since for th'general Good, may be forgiven by Heav'n and the Vice-Roy, this to perform, by all that's Sacred, Carmine's bless'd Virgin, and your holy self----soon as the Articles of Charles the Emperor are Ratify'd to th'People----to renounce all my Command and Power, and return to my poor Occupation, Fishery;

There with my peaceful Nett my days pass o'er,
And never dream of proud Ambition more.----

Cardinal. Now thy good Genius prompts,----'twas spoke Divinely; perform this Vow, and yet be bless'd for ever; ---- and from the Vice-Roy, I have here Commission to say, those Articles shall all be Ratify'd, and Gabells quite Abolished---- besides a Present from him to your self.

Massaniello. Oh, let me kiss the Feet of my Director,---- and beg his Pardon for th'Irreverend Sin late acted, in the rudeness to Disrobe him----I am a Dog, a sordid gross Plebeian, untutor'd in Humanity, a vile clod of Earth, and you should Spurn [Falls at's Feet.] me hence, lest I defile ye--but Pardon, I beseech ye, lest Distraction make me commit an Outrage on my self.

Cardinal. 'Tis all forgiven, and forgot; thus from my Heart I give ye Absolution: And now pray rise, and hear what I'm in Charge of from the Vice-Roy, who as a forerunner to his

future Favour, presents ye with a Suit of rich Apparel----and will himself meet ye at your appointment, there to confirm the Articles.

Massaniello. I'll meet him with all Joy, but for his rich Present, alas, my gracious Father, I'm unworthy----for a poor Fisherman these I have on, are rich enough in Conscience.

Cardinal. Your Person indeed, that goes each day Cloath'd with Renown, Apparel can ne'er Imbellish more; but yet 'tis proper now, not as a Fisherman, but Captain-General of the Neapolitans; th'Honour of which, obliges ye to wear a Garb befitting; besides your condescension to the Vice-Roy.

Massaniello. I am convinc'd, and now will act a Courtier, since you will have it so.

Cardinal. Hark, the Cathedral Bell Rings, I must attend, will you be there?

Massaniello. I'll wait upon your Eminence, and after meet the People, who desire some Musical Diversion, for joy of my late 'scape: I'll first be Fine, and then receive their Kindness. ----Thus till the Charter is confirm'd, I'll Revel in fluttering Gayety and frollick Mirth:

Which done, the gawdy Trash away I'll spurn,
And to the Canvas I now wear, return.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mataloni Solus.

Mataloni. Oh, mighty Love----how is thy wondrous Power shewn in the dangerous round of my hard Fortunes, and what a narrow Isthmus stands between my future Comfort, and my present Ruin, led on by thee, tho almost in Despair----to free my Soul's best Joy, my Belleraiza; I've 'twixt the Paws of a fierce Monster ventur'd, whose rancorous Heart thirsts for my Life; whose Hatred, would make a Feast of Cruelty upon me, and gorge my Blood with Woolvish Appetite----yet for my Love, my Wife, I venture all--and only now want glorious Opportunity to bring it to Perfection----my late Discovery has fix'd me in the Heart of this bold Fellow----this bold, nay, I may say, this wondrous Creature; for is it not a Prodigy in Nature, that a base Boy, poor, ragged, and bare-footed----nay, even the lowest of the wretched Vulgar, should in an Instant, as by Inspiration, be qualified to hold Dispute with Cardinals, negotiate State Affairs of grand Importance; draw out a powerful Army to Rebel, Command 'em, and with a Nod, a Beck, an uncontroll'd Motion, subject all Naples; Naples, the Queen of Cities, Mother of Hero's---- Metropolis and Rendezvouz of Princes, and in her full six hundred Thousand Souls, as Absolute as any natural Monarch----tis above Wonder--Let me wait Heaven's Pleasure then, for now it is not in my power to crush him, but with the Ruin of my self, and Love; here is his Ring, which gives me powerful Trust, and Privilege to pass the Guards at any time----This may be of great use to my Design; besides, he treats me now as his best Friend--and Spy upon his Enemies--I'll feed him with such hopes----hark, they are coming from Mass--in Pomp, I hear, and a Solemnity is made to entertain him--well, let him mount,

Ambitious Fool, dash'd by the turn of Times,
The harder falls, the higher that he climbs.

Enter Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Hautboys, a Martial Symphony, Cardinal, and Massaniello in a Fishing Habit; then Don Tiberio leading Blowzabella stuck with Jewels; then Pedro leading Ursula, then Bartallo, Rock, Valasco, Jacomo, Gaspar, Scipio; they stop, and Massaniello speaks.

Massaniello. Let twenty Troops be drawn up round my House; then let two Thousand Halberts line the Gate-way, and on their Lives, no Noise--nor none press further. If it were proper your Eminence could taste a little of our Entertainment, I should be happy, but since Religious Temperance obliges otherwise, I cease my Suit--Is there ought else, my Lord, you would Command?

Cardinal. Only your Licence for an Hour, to Visit Sir, the Dutchess Mataloni.

Massaniello starts.

Massaniello. My Lord, you shall have Licence. How her very Name, spite of my Resolves, does kindle my late Flame. Come hither--Rock--what said the Dutchess to my Suit?

[Aside to him.

Rock. Why, Sir, at first, she was at her Hums and Haws a little, but I manag'd her so, that her Stomach began to come down apace.

Massaniello. Oh, she is sweeter than Arabian Odours.

Rock. Ay, Sir, and whiter than the new fallen Snow.

Massaniello. She is so, but prithee praise her not, it Tortures me.

Rock. Not Praise her, why, Sir, is there any harm in't, or if you should Enjoy--her, is that such a Miracle?

Massaniello. Enjoy her, 'sDeath, that word has shot me through----no more, I charge ye--my late made Vow of Honesty and Vertue, and the awful Look there of that Holy Man--they shall, they must restrain me, but then Beauty and such a sweet Revenge on Mataloni--Oh, how my Veins swell!

Rock. Pshaw, pshaw, Sir, I hope you a'nt scrupulous--why, I'll make her as supple as a Glove for ye, there shall be no need of Courting.

Massaniello. Well, I'll think further on't, in the mean time, you must go wait on my Lord Cardinal to her.

Rock. The Cardinal----what a Devil, must I Pimp for him too--pray my Lord, consider my Place, good my Lord.

Massaniello. Oh, his is only a Visit, and no more.

Rock. A Visit--gad I don't like him--he's Gray, but not very Good, I believe.

Massaniello. My new Banditto Friend there, shall go with ye too----Grasso, come hither, thou seest the Love I bear thee, and the Trust I have imposed; take then a Secret from me; go with the Cardinal, to Visit the young Dutchess; the Ring I gave thee, gets admittance to her----then plant thy self cunningly to hear their Talk--and afterwards let me be a partaker--hah, wilt thou be diligent?

Mataloni. Nay, if ye doubt me, y'had best employ another.

Massaniello. Enough----I do not, my good Lord Cardinal, these will direct ye to the Dutchess's Lodging.

Cardinal. Sir, you Oblige me---- [Exeunt Cardinal, Mataloni, and Rock.

[Musick sounds, and a Banquet set out here.]

Blowzabella. Well, my Lord, I am mightily pleas'd--you like my Dress so well, and I think, tho I ha'n't been bred at Court, and perhaps may want a little of their Air, as they call it---- yet these Jewels don't disfigure me. Odsfish, this upon my Breast here, cost a thousand Ducats, and this upon my Rump here, as much more. [Turns round and shews her Jewels.

Don Tiberio. Oh, Madam, and adorning so graceful a Person

too, they receive an extraordinary Advantage----I wonder those she Plunder'd of 'em, should tell her the Price. [Aside.

Blowzabella. Humh--Adorning my Person--Well, my Lord, you have the prettiest words pop out now and then to oblige me ----Odsfish, you have, that I could hear ye all day methinks: But come, let's hear the Musick, and Eat and Drink, and be Merry.

Pedro. What, my Brother is not in the Dumps still, I hope.

Ursula. No, no, but State Affairs lie a little heavy you must think----Why truly I find my self a little Graver since I was a Lady, than I was before.

Blowzabella. Come, my Lord General--Odsfish, what are ye posing on the Musick, and a Banquet stays for us----you act a Courtier rarely indeed; why, you are as dull as if you were a Gudgeon-catching; come away, and seat your self for shame---- what, we must do great things now.

They Seat themselves, and then follows a comical Entertainment of Singing and Dancing; which ended, Enter Genovino and Soldiers, with the Heads of Carraffa and Perone on Poles, another bearing Mataloni's Habit.

A Dialogue between two Fish-Wives.

1st Fishwife.
How comes it now good Mrs. Sprat,
You are so Impudent of late?
T'endeavour to forstall my Wares,
And thrust your Nose in my Affairs,
What is't you would be at?

2d. Fishwife.
What means the Blowz? my actions shew,
I scorn both your Affairs and you;
I hope my Trade is not so small,
To help it, I should yours forestall,
Sure 'tis not come to that?

1st Fishwife.
Come, come, I know you carry't high,
But yesterday the Neighbours swore
That you did all the Herrings buy,
That I had bargain'd for before.

2d. Fishwife.
They lye, I am the very'st Jade
That e'er at door a By-blow laid,
If I did any Herrings buy,
I'd have ye know,
Ye filthy Sow,
I've other Fish to fry.

1st Fishwife.
Come, come, you did, you did, ye Quean,
And in the Ale-house cross the Green,
To Breakfast drill'd my Husband by.

Both Sing together.

2d. I'd have ye know.
1st. Ye did, ye Quean.
2d. Ye filthy Sow.
1st. Ye did, ye Quean.
2d. And drill'd my Husband by.
1st. I've other Fish to fry.

2d. Fishwife.
Ye dirty Mawks--would I but go
To graft my spouse a Horn or so,
I've Customers of Lords or Knights,
Would be my Friends both days and nights,
And take it for a favour too.
1st Fishwife.
Thou long hast brag'd of this I own
When only Scowndrels of the Town,
Were still employ'd to till your Ground.
2d. Fishwife.
Of which your Husband's one.
1st Fishwife.
He was, but he soon found his dangerous case,
He knows thou art not Sound.
2d. Fishwife.
Not sound--you Trollop--by this light,
To vex thee, now I'll tell the truth in spite;
He does love me, thy Husband's mine,
Our Hands, our Lips, our ----we join;
And when we sit and Sing, and Play,
Has wish'd thee Hang'd a hundred times a day.
1st Fishwife.
I'll slit that Nose.
2nd Fishwife.
He says, that Mouth
Is like the Pole, 'twill reach from North to South.
And if your there so wide
You know full well,
The Tales men tell,
What they suspect beside.
1st Fish. Ye Carrion.
2d Fish. Ye Mawkin.
1st Fish. Ye Slattern.
2d Fish. Ye Puss.

Both together.
I'll teach you to slander me, thus & thus.
I'll teach you to Cuckold me thus, thus & thus.

Genovino. This 'tis to bear a Brain----so well I've Plotted, I am unsuspected of the late Conspiracy----and now have formed another Protean Plot, to seat my self securely.

Massaniello. What mean those Objects?

Genovino. The Heads of your two Mortal Enemies--Carraffa and Perone, the People bring to add to your Diversion; and Mataloni had not Hell aided him, had never escap'd; I was so near him, that I reach'd his Skin here, but the Snake crawl'd away.

Massaniello. Damn the Jilt Fortune,----had I hook'd him too, my Heart had been at Ease; Oh, with what pleasure could I employ this Sword to rip him open, these Teeth to bite his Heart, these busie Fingers, to tear the Beard from off his hated Face, as now from this Curs'd Traitor, damn'd Carraffa.

[Pulls off the Beard from Carraffa's Head.

Genovino. I hunted hard, tho I miss'd my Game; and tho some of my Brethren were found Tardy--of which some twenty six being since Impeach'd--I have seen Executed--yet I hope the General heard of my Diligence.

Massaniello. I did, my Politick Father, thou are Honest.

Genovino. Thou are a Coxcomb, and I'm satisfy'd. [Aside.

Massaniello. But this Mataloni still goads my Heart---- hah, have I no way to Revenge my self?----Yet now I have it--

his Wife, his Wife must do't, I'm now resolv'd on't--I'll send this Priest to fright her further, and then Attack my self--
A Bottle or two more, will make me fit----the Prince there must know nothing----I'll leave him therefore here----Go once more, mount the Traitors Heads. And, Brother----and you my Officers, I invite ye to my Closet for an hour, to drink a private Brimmer ----come along Boys, we'll have one Glass before we part, Success to our next meeting in the Cathedral.

Omnes. Bless the General, Bless the D. [Exeunt all but Don Tiberio, Blowzabella, &c.

Don Tiberio. 'dsheart, they are all gone, and have left me to be Baited. [Aside.

Ursula. Gadslid, did ye ever see such Sneaks as the General and my Major are, if they ha'n't flinch'd from the Glass, to go and parboil their Guts with Coffee now----there's no Spirit in Spanish, poise on't, I hate such Trifling----if we come to be Merry, let's go through stitch; where do's the Prince's Health stand? [Blowzabella sits and throws Pellets at the Prince.

Belvidore. Here 'tis, and o'er the Left-hand Thumb it comes to himself; here's your Health, my Lord--would I had him in one of our Tan-pits at home. [Aside.

Blowzabella. Ah, he's a precious one-------- [Pelts him.

Don Tiberio. I must get out some way or other, this rampant Fish-Wife will pelt my Eyes out else.

Blowzabella. My Lord, I think I heard you say, you were never Married, and truly you deserve to be Priz'd for't extreamly ----Odsfish, a Batchelor has such a peremptory sort of way with him to Married Men; Oh, faugh, a Married Man's quite another thing, I know't by my Husband.

Don Tiberio. So, if Cuckolding this Fish-General now were a Revenge sufficient for the Nobility----I think I'm in a fair way to Oblige 'em.

Belvidore. Madam Ursula, what thinks your Ladiship of another Song?

Ursula. Why truly Madam, very well, if your Ladiship will oblige us.

Belvidore. Nay, Madam, the best Voice must be preferr'd always.

Blowzabella. Nay, nay,----rather than let both your Ladyships bustle about it, I'll do it my self----my Lord the Prince, prithee come and sit nearer me----and don't lie glaring at me with your Twinklers, but come and hear my Song, 'tis a merry one I'll promise ye; now how d'e like it. [Sings here.

Don Tiberio. Oh, 'tis most Ravishingly well, Madam--thus am I oblig'd to Lye two or three times a day at least to keep my self in Favour. 'dsDeath, there's no getting off: Oh, I think I have it--[Pulls out a Paper.] Odso, I had forgot a

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239) Misprinted as "Pulls a out Paper."

business of Importance, which the General should have seen before; I beg your Pardon, Ladies, I must be abrupt and go seek him.

Blowzabella. Pshaw, not yet, my Lord, not yet, 'tis time enough to seek him, come, come, pray let our Business be done here first.

Don Tiberio. Oh, Madam, 'tis from the Vice-Roy, and of prodigious Consequence: Curse on my Fortune, that envy's me this pleasurable Minute, but I'll dispatch and return, Ladies, with all haste imaginable.

Blowzabella. Well, you know my Closet, my Lord--and since you must go, pray dispatch quickly--and you shall find us there; we'll go and settle our Stomachs with a dram or two of my Water; for you must know, my Lord, I make such Water, such heavenly Water, it will make a young Fellow frisk up to the Moon, and an old Fellow's Heart dance the Canaries.

Don Tiberio. I am instructed, Madam, your Humble Servant: 'Tis well I found his Excuse--I should have been Drunk too, if I had staid, I find. [Exit Don Tiberio.

Blowzabella. Well, Odsfish, he's the Prince of a Man every way--and we'll have his Health agen before we part, I'faith; Come, let's enjoy our selves, we'll think no more of the sneaking and pinching of our former days, but hug Fortune, and take Pleasure in by Belly-fulls; come along, Lasses: What, we must do great things now. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mataloni and Rock.

Rock. She's in her private Alcove there--and the Cardinal's gone to her, I suppose to help her in her secret Devotion, these Churchmen are rare Terriers, they can hunt in a dark Corner rarely. Od, she's a lushious Creature, Friend, hast ever seen her? When he's gone, I'll try if I can Ferret her my self.

Mataloni. Curst Imp of Beelzebub, what does he say? But d'e hear, Friend, I'm order'd here unseen, to observe their Actions, let us withdraw then--the General at yonder door would have you to wait his coming--and then give me Notice.

Rock. Well, Sir, I hear ye; I do most damnably hate this Fellow, and yet I dare not quarrel with him--and yet the Rascal interlopes upon my Business--and I find, creeps into the General's Favour every day more and more--and must Ruin me in time; say you so, why then be wise, Friend, and Ruin him first--send him packing, and if thou hast not two penny worth of Courage, Oons, buy two penny worth of Rats-bain, and that will do't every whit as well. [Exit Rock.

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241) Misprinted as "Prrdon."

Mataloni. I've sent that Fellow on a trivial Errand: because he should not hear the approaching Passages, and see where my dear Belleraiza comes; Oh, how my Heart pants with uncommon Joy which my hopes give me of my good Success--she Weeps, hah, and looks pale--and talks with Passion; perhaps these Devils may have wrong'd her Vertue----Oh, Hell, if that be so, I'm lost for ever; I am afraid to hear, and yet must listen.

Enter Cardinal and Dutchess.

Dutchess. Thus every hour they torture me, first, they fright me with my Lord's being Taken, and then follows the Villain's Brutal Love.

Cardinal. Let your kind Heart with this assurance rest, he yet is free and safe.

Dutchess. Blest be that Tongue, the pangs and hourly sorrows I must suffer for him, now I shall bear the better--for I expect this Evening a fresh Onset, another odious Love-sollicitation, and now I am prepar'd.

Mataloni. Prepar'd for it! how my Impatience burns me--I'll go forward and try her now my self.

Cardinal. Oh, this perfidious wicked faithless Wretch! he swore to me, and bound it also with solemn Vows and serious Protestations, to be the Author of no more vile Actions; he promis'd to lay down Arms too, and then take up his old Mechanick Occupation--but his unbalanc'd Head forgets it; thus want of Honour in all base Born Creatures, make 'em so little value things so Weighty.

Dutchess. Yonder another of his Engines comes--Oh, how I hate that horrid baneful Face, and the more horrid purpose he's Employ'd in, which rather than consent to, or be forc'd, I've yet a means left in my power to help me, one dear, dear Remedy I've yet obtain'd, to keep my Faith to my dear Lord, and free me. [Shews the Viol of Poison.]

Cardinal. Take heed best Daughter----how you offend the Deity, or doubt the aid of Providence, by using Violence on your self, you have heard self-Murderers Punishment.

Dutchess. Oh, preach it not, good Father--Heaven were unmerciful; cruel Extent, to expect gen'rous Vertue should wait to the last Moment for a Miracle.

Cardinal. Heaven guard ye sooner, I do not doubt it will--your Business seems with us, Sir--what's your Commission?

Mataloni. The General expects a private Conference with the Lady--the Business is not proper for your Ear, my Lord.

Cardinal. If 'tis a sin Affair, as I suspect, it is most proper that I should be near, with hold Admonitions to prevent it.

Mataloni. Prevent the sallies of hot Love, my Lord, with cold Divinity, 'tis vain, vain Labour, good your Grace retire---- to you Madam, I am to tell this News--your Lord is Taken, and by the General's Order, Dies to Morrow, unless to night your beauteous Charms repeal it.

Dutchess. Peace, horrid Screech-Owle----Oh, for a Basilisks Eyes to blast the Author of the dreadfulest Tydings that e'er

forc'd through the Ear into the Heart. [Weeps.] What think ye now, My Lord, of patient Virtue, waiting for Champion Guards sent down from Heaven, one Hours delay may cause the brave Intention too late to be effected; the Ravisher's coming, Hells Gates are open, and he rushes in, methinks I hear him already, no more hope of Divine help then--but be sudden. [Apart.

Mataloni. My Lord, your Absense will be very requisite.

Cardinal. My Presence is much more----I will not still--but with my Bosom bare, oppose the worst that Lust and Rage can offer to her Chastity. Oh, thou bright Mirrour of Celestial goodness, thou Pattern in perfection of blest Women, think not I e'er will leave thee till I'm Dead, no, we'll both die e'er Villainy shall Prosper; then when the Beams of Immortality have rarified this Clod we wear below,

The glorious Stars of Piety and Love,
Shall we mount upwards, and be fix'd Above.

Mataloni. Madam, you see the Cardinal's Old and Obstinate, I hope you will consider better.

Dutchess. It is, it is resolved, I'll do it with a Smile, and calm as Infants in a Lethargy--and so prevent the Death of that good Man--that honest Bishop, for he's one I'm sure.---- I have consider'd, Sir, [To Mataloni.

Mataloni. Now hold my Temper----well, Madam, what's the result?

Dutchess. Why, Sir, Extremity conquers all Resolves--my Husband's Death and my own Misery, are things of Weight----pray take aside the Cardinal, and mould him but to give me Absolution, only to satisfie a scrupulous Conscience, and then I'll give an Answer satisfactory.

Mataloni. Tho that dire Answer gives me Life or Death--my fatal Curiosity must hear it.--A word, my Lord [Goes to the Cardinal--then she pulls out the Viol.

Dutchess. Now aid me, Love--ye Powers that value Honour, strengthen my Heart and Hand. [Is preparing to drink.

Cardinal. Away--hold, noblest Daughter, dash the Poison down, famish Despair, still let us trust to Providence.

Mataloni. Hah--the Poison----Almighty Powers, what had I like to have done! Oh, thou sweet Angel. [Rushes to Embrace.

Dutchess. Stand off, blackest Devil. [She pushes him back.

Mataloni. Off my Disguise--Oh, let thy sight be free, whilst to thy panting Heart, I give thy Husband----thy Love, thy Mataloni.

Dutchess. Mataloni, Is't possible! Oh, thou Extream of Joy! [Embraces him eagerly.

Mataloni. My Wife, my Soul, my dearest Belleraiza--forgive my late Curiosity, which but for this good Lord's preventing it, had damn'd me past Redemption----Oh, thou best of Women.

Cardinal. This is th'exactest work of Providence.
The sacred Grace was here ev'n to a Miracle.

Mataloni. How I've adventur'd, and what Dangers pass'd, I'll tell at better leasure, let it suffice now----this Ring gives means for your delivery, which we'll this Instant put in Execution.

Dutchess. New Joy so crowds my Heart, I cannot bear it.
Cardinal. Hark'e, some body's coming sure.
Mataloni. 'Tis so; here's th'Secretary--hah, and that Villain Jesuit that broac'd the late Conspiracy--stand still, my Love, I'll get but th'Wind of 'em--and then we are safe enough.
[Goes behind the Door.
Enter Rock and Genovino.
Rock. Look'e, they're together still----I think the Devil's in these Cardinals--when once they get a Woman into their Clutches, they'll never let her go.
Genovino. Why, Sir, I hope you don't doubt but we can distinguish Blessings Sir, of which a Woman is not I think, the meanest, when she is Beautiful and Kind which this must be through meer necessity, she knows she's in the Trap.
Mataloni. And so are you--good Pole cat, and your Fellow Vermin there. [draws.
Genovino. Horror----who is't I see--the Duke of Mataloni.
Rock. The Devil.
Mataloni. Stir not a Foot, Villains----for if you do, your Souls follow the Motion; and tho your Crimes deserve immediate Hell, yet from the noble hand of Mataloni--thus grovelling down, your baseness keeps ye safe.----Come my fair Love, and my most honoured Father, this is our happy Moment, let's pursue it. On my Disguise once more, and in my Chamber I've one for thee, my Blessing; then through the Guards we'll haste to th'Vice-Roy's Castle, and leave these lock'd up close to plot new Mischief.
[They lock Rock and Genovino in, then Exeunt.
Cardinal. Heaven's Care, admir'd Mataloni----go lead on.
Dutchess. Thus does just Heav'n atone for cares of Life,
With the best Husband,
Mataloni. And most Charming Wife.
Rock. We have made a rare hand on't; a Plague on your Mouse-trap, you ominous Vermin, let's see now if you can Conjure us out here: let's hear your Sophistry; break open the Lock there, with a Pox t'e.
Genovino. I might as well Curse your dull Pate, Sir Scribler, to let a slight Disguise out-Wit ye thus----how came he into Trust?
Rock. Why the Devil ow'd me a spight; I brought him to the General first, 'tis true, mistaking him for a Banditto---- and finding him even bloated with a Discovery;----but what's that to the present purpose? What business had you there with the Dutchess? 'Twas to know that, drew me hither after ye, I had been safe else.
Genovino. I had particular Order, I was to Pump her.

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125) Speech tag reads "Mataloni," but line is obviously spoken by the Cardinal.

149) Broken letter in text makes it impossible to determine whether "these" or "those" is intended.

Rock. Were ye so, Timothy Transub----were ye so indeed; and for which pumping Design, there's a good Thump for ye Rascal: d'sheart, another Interloper in my Business, come on Rogue, are ye good at Procuring, as soon as ever ye have got into the Bobtail'd Mode, a swell'd Nose and a black Eye, are proper for ye; I'll make ye look a right Baud presently.

[They Fight.

Genovino. This Purse shall do me Justice instantly--I'll be reveng'd, nay, tho I loose the Money, the Spirit moves now, and thou shalt feel my Anger.

[In the Scuffle puts a Purse into Rock's Pocket; they fight on. Enter Massaniello with a Key.

Massaniello. Heated with Wine, and fit now for the purpose; Where is this Charming Dutchess, whose bright Beauty e'er since I saw her, has inflam'd my Heart; my Heart, that has possession of all Pleasures that Greatness brings in its full range of Power, shall Sate its Wishes with one Bliss beyond it, the best and dearest, a fair Ladies Love, then I may boast, I have been truly Happy.--The Cardinal is gone hence, but where's the Lady; and where my Creatures, Rock and Genovino.

Rock. Ah, he's Fluster'd, I see--we shall have a rare time on't----would I were any where, but where I am, tho 'twere in an Oven that had just been heated, I could not be in a greater Sweat I'm sure.

Massaniello. Hah, are not these they--or do my Eyes deceive me? Is not that Rock?

Rock. The Ghost of Rock, and please ye, but not the real Substance, that was frighted away with an Apparition of the Duke of Mataloni, that was here just now.

Massaniello. How he tortures me----what, Mataloni, Dog-bolt.

Rock. Why Sir, in short then, since it must out, the Banditto Captain that you have Entertained and Trusted--was that Devil, Duke of Mataloni in Disguise.

Massaniello. Hell blast thy Tongue, and where, where's the Lady, Rascal?

Rock. Gone, gone, Sir, gone----he threatn'd to Murder us if we cry'd out or stirr'd, and then took her away, and Lock'd us in----and by virtue of the Ring you gave him----they're past the Guards by this time.

Massaniello. How my Rage Choaks me--I could tear my self, dash my besotted head, and with these hands pull from their Sockets these dull useless Lights----that could not guide my sense in such an Exigent--Sense, Death and Hell, I had no Sense --not Soul; for had I either, or my Sight, or Feeling--I must know what my Nature so Abhorr'd----through the meer force of strong Antipathy. Hah, but now I think on't Dog, 'twas your Officious Villany first brought him to me----how came it? Answer that Slave.

Rock. Alack, by chance, my Lord--------mere chance; he said, he had great Business with ye.

Genovino. Ah, Mr. Secretary, no more Deceits, respect your Conscience, good Mr. Secretary.

Massaniello. What say'st thou, art thou privy to any thing? Does he play False with me?

Rock. Not I, my Lord, upon my Soul. What does that Rascal mean?

Genovino. My Lord, though I see his Conscience is quite sear'd, yet I must ease my own----the Man is Guilty----Accomplice with Carraffa and their Faction----and brib'd to assist the Dutchess's Escape.

Massaniello. Oh, monstrous Hell-hound.

Rock. Here's a damn'd Rogue, for ye, here's a Priest for the Devil----I hope your Excellency won't believe him----for may I be Parboil'd, or Roasted upon a Grid Iron my Lord, if ever I saw Carraffa.

Genovino. Oh, vile, vile Sinner,--dar'st thou look in my Face and say this?

Rock. Look in thy Face--why thou confounded Villain---- I confess, thy Impudence does dazle me--but I beseech ye, my Lord don't believe him.

Genovino. Not believe me, why, my Lord, he own'd it a little before you came, upon which, my Choler being rais'd, we had a Bustle and some Blows, which is the occasion of this my disorder both of Head and Habit:--But for a more convincing Proof, search him, my Lord, and without doubt, you may find Carraffa's Purse, in which the Golden Bribe is now about him.

Rock. Search me, Satan----send all thy Imps to do't, I fear 'em not----but come, I'll do't my self----I'll make a plain Discovery, my Lord, Empty my self before ye----Oh, Murder, Treason. [Pulls out the Purse.

Massaniello. The very Purse, by Jove----and with Carraffa's Cypher on't; Oh, damn'd, damn'd Traitor.

Genovino. You have made a very plain Discovery, in Troth, Mr. Secretary.

Massaniello. I will be so reveng'd.----Here Father.
[Gives him the Purse.

Rock. I am Bewitch'd----I'm not able to speak--Oh, Dog, Dog, Dog.

Massaniello. This Key unlocks all the Doors----where are my Guards there. [He unlocks the Door.

Rock. I beseech your Lordship, hear me but a word.

Massaniello. Away Contagion----Seize that Traitor there, Whip him round the Market-place, then Hang him in Chains, for Crows and Daws to feed on.

Enter Bissignano, Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaspar, Scipio, 2d. Jesuit and Guards.

Genovino. I think now, Friend, I am better than my Word---- I only promis'd ye a Whipping, you know----and now have added something more.

Rock. Oh, that my hands were at Liberty, Devil.

2 Jesuit. Alack, is he th'occasion of thy Sentence? have

Patience a little, and my tender Conscience shall help thee to a Revenge--My Lord, be pleas'd to read that Paper.

[Gives Massaniello a Paper.

Massaniello. What's here! a List of the Conspirators in the Powder-Plot and Genovino's hand amongst the foremost---- 'Tis so, I know his Character, and this the Fellow that the Cardinal spoke of, who made the first Discovery----Guards, take that Jesuit too, and use him like the other.

Genovino. Oh, Devil, hast thou deserted me at last?

Rock. So, so come along Priest;----we shall see now how that sleek Back of yours can bear the Lash--and your Neck become a Halter----and now you may give your self to the Devil too, if you please.

Genovino. Well, the gaping Rascals shall not hear me confess any thing; however, I'll be true to our Order--who I know, will all vouch my Innocence, pray my Soul out of Purgatory, and make me a Saint for ever into the bargain.

[Exeunt Guards, with Rock and Genovino.

Don Tiberio. These were both Rogues, and have deserved their Punishment. But now, Sir, to some Business of more Weight; the Vice-Roy and Great Colateral Council--have caus'd the Articles to be Engraved like those of Old of Charles the Fifth and Ferdinand, all that your Heart can wish, to free the People ----is there Inscrib'd with care and diligence. A Marble Monument is Erected likewise, where in large Golden Letters is Decyphered the Infranchisement of Naples from all Gabells---- by Great Massaniello.----You are desir'd therefore to meet in the Cathedral Church to Morrow, where after high Mass and Celestial Musick, the Deed's to be on both sides Sealed and Ratified.

Massaniello. I'll hear no more of trifling Business now, my Head contains a Tempest, my Brain burns fiercer than Aetna or Vesuvius's Mounts----I'm mad with Rage, and therefore let all Nature, like me, be in Confusion; he that speaks of Order and discretion in Affairs, is my Foe; my hour, shall be Mankind's, and in that moment when I Wisely act, let them be struck with endless Lethargy:----am I not here Supream? I am; and yet my Soul Wishes to Sway the rest----and that the Globe obey'd my Will--I would confine the Winds----stop the due course of Seas, and make the Sun influence the World by my peculiar Order; but since that cannot be, let this suffice----

That with a Nod, vast Legions I Command,
And from Tyrannick Yoaks have freed the Groaning Land.

[Exit Massaniello.

Pedro. My Lord, You must not mind what he says now. Love, Anger and Claret, have made him at present a little out of Order, but you shall see he'll quickly come to himself again.

Bartallo. He talks none of the Wisest now, 'tis true, but for all that, I'll wage a fat Bullock against one of thy Sacks of Meal, Neighbour, that he goes to Church as soberly to Morrow as the Cardinal himself.

Jacomo. Oh, no doubt on't, no doubt on't.

Scipio. Where's Valasco? I warrant now his Master's gone to be Hang'd, that poor Rascal will be out at Elbows agen.

Gaspar. Ay and out at heels too, if thou out of thy Noble Compassion do'st not help to mend him, Cobler.

Don Tiberio. Well, Friends, you'll put the General in mind then, you know 'tis a Business of Concern.

Jacomo. We will, we will, my Lord.

Don Tiberio. He has sworn to lay down Arms, and yet I doubt him, for Power, like new Wine, in so young a Head, may well intoxicate and turn the Brain--yet not to do't, ushers his certain Ruin; for let Rebellion revel for a while, and by th' Almighty's Suffrage----plague a Kingdom, there will be yet an hour mark'd out for Vengeance; this then I Prophecy for Massaniello;

Though high on Fortune's Wheel he's seated now,
A time soon comes, when he must fall as low.

[Curtain falls.

The End of the First Part.

THE FAMOUS

History and Fall

OF

MASSAINELLO:

OR, A

FISHERMAN

A

PRINCE.

The Second PART.

Written by Mr. DURFEY.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Nutt near Stationers-Hall, 1699.

P R O L O G U E to the Second Part.

As some stale Luckless Mistress of the Town,
With former Lovers out of Favour grown;
Tries Art in vain new Appetite to raise,
And bring into fresh Play her slighted Face:
In such forlorn condition now are Plays.
The Muses Grace no longer can perswade,
We find their Beauty, or your Taste decay'd.
The Season too our Interest does oppose,
Warm Weather and May-Fair are Martial Foes;
For whilst th'Great at th'Park in Coaches Loll,
And Dames of humbler Fortunes foot the Mall,
And Citts divert themselves at Miller's Droll.
We strut alas, who cease no Pains nor Care,
To empty Boxes, and to Benches bare:
Hear what a Dismal sound from Hollow Walls,
Fills our sad Ears when a fierce Hero bawls.
Thus when y'are absent our own Knells we Toll,
And loss of you is our departed Soul:
Hard Fate too, that the Sun that brings us Flowers,
And cheers the Nation round with Genial Powers,
Should to all Harvests be a friend but ours.
Yet thus it is, when as their Zeal's inclin'd
To praise his Beams, we pray for Rain and Wind:
In Rain to Marrobone no Bowler goes,
And Wind the Ladies from the Circle blows:
But when the Sun shines cleer, then all are fled,
Whilst we like Cattle in a Parch'd-up Mead,
Condemn'd to one poor Barren spot of Ground,
Run to next Covert, where cool Draughts are found;
There chew the Cud our Audience turn'd away,
And drink to better Fortune the next day.
This your hard usage oft has forc'd us to;
You will not sure such Rigour always shew;
Our Second Part needs must indulge your Taste,
'Tis th'Rebels Fall, much shorter too than th'Last.
Let a regard to both, your Humour sway,
Let some be for the Park, some for the Play.
As for you Bowling Sparks can you find here
No other sport as good this time o' th' Year,
Is Side-Box quite forgot, and the Masqu'd Dear?
Nay then we must despair we shall prevail,
All Hopes are gone, when Wit and Women fail.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.*

Don Rodrigo Pons de Leon, Viceroy of Naples and Duke of Arcos.

Don Tiberio — Prince of Bissignano.

Guiseppe — Duke de Caivano.

Cardinal Fillomarino, — Archbishop of Naples.

Duke di Mataloni.

Massainello, — General of the Neapolitans.

Pedro di Amalfi, — His Brother a Ruffian.

Pimponio, — A Villain and Parasite, but Witty and Comical, Gentleman-Usher to Blowzabella.

Cosmo and Pietro — Two Young Lewd Fellows Companions to Massainello.

WOMEN.

Dona Aurelia, — The Vice-Queen.

Dona Beleraiza, — Dutchess of Mataloni.

Dona Fellicia, — Daughter to the Duke di Caivano and her Niece.

Blowzabella, — Wife to Massainello.

Ursula, — Her Woman.

Suitors, Musicians, Masquers, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The Scene Naples, the Time Four Days.

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*La Poop, Blowzabella's female attendant, is omitted from the list of characters.

THE FAMOUS
History and Fall
OF
MASSAINELLO

ACT I. SCENE I.

Viceroy, Caivano, Cardinal, Mataloni.

Viceroy. Still does Heaven's Anger reign; still is poor Naples crush'd by the weight of proud Rebellious Power; Nature, and the whole Face of Things are alter'd, and seem to yield the sway to Mad Confusion: Yet in the Hurry of our strange Misfortunes, methinks I feel a spark of Joy, my Lord,* to see you safe, and having heard your Story, at once rejoyce and wonder.

*To Mataloni.

Mataloni. I humbly thank your Highness; and declare amongst the Plunder of the Harassed Nobles, tho' I have felt the worst Barbarity, Rebels could act, or Malice make inveterate; Yet my relieving my dear Belleraiza, tho' my unnatural Brother lost his Life for't, has clearly wip'd off Fortune's Injuries, and made me once more happy.

Caivano. And to Parallel your Joy, my Lord, let me exert my own: I have a Daughter dear to me as Health, or the Life-blood that warms my Aged Heart; Train'd up in good by an Indulgent Mother, and ever since Kind, Vertuous and Obedient; she by your timely notice Scap'd from Outrage, and e're the Horrour of my Houses Burning, was sav'd with me to bless you for the Deed.

Cardinal. Almighty Powers, what horrid sounds are these! Plunder and Burnings are the dismal Knels that Toll perpetually! Black Horrour, Revels, and Ruin Triumphs in the Streets of Naples; whil'st in the Viceroy's watry downcast Eyes, we read the baleful Tidings of Distress: But yet, my Lord, we must not drink Despair; that Draught let me throw by, and dash the Goblet, urg'd by the Fiends to hinder future Blessings.

Viceroy. No, my Good Lord, my Courage is my Antidote against Despair, and keeps the Poyson from me; yet to a Soul less great than mine to see, the strange Revolves of Fate, the Court's Dishonour, the Ruin of our best Nobility, the danger of our Starving; all Provisions on pain of Death, being hindred to come near us; and this commanded by a Beggar's Brat; A base Plebeian moulded from a Dunghill! This to a Heart less brave,

my Lord, might shock and force the Soul from her Religious Ward, to prompt a desperate Action.

Cardinal. Therefore, Faith, and it's Twin-sister, Hope, must rule your Reason.

Viceroy. Therefore it does so; but my Wife, I fear, has other Sentiments; her noble Spirit, bred from the Princely Race of the Medinae, to be block'd up, and as it were Imprison'd by the Rabble, breeds a ferment in her Breast, not easie to be quell'd.

Mataloni. She is brave and Royal----and disdains to sue,
A Soul Divine, and only worthy you.----

Caivano. Though her Confinement must be Irksome to her, being block'd up at Land----yet th'Sea is open; which poor Advantage tho' of slight regard is, as I understand, now her best Comfort; for every Evening in her Rich Felluca, accompanied by my Daughter, who to please her, sings to her Lute, and Charms the Neighb'ring Ecchoes, between the Castle-Port, and the Wide Ocean, she Rows to take the Air.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. So please your Excellence, the Vice-Queen in hast desires to have Audience.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza, and Fellicia.

Viceroy. Tell her she's Welcome.----More ill News, I fear, has reach'd her knowledg, for her Cloudy Brow seems to foretell a Storm. Now Madam----What's the Matter?

Aurelia. Matter of Death,--Nay, more, Damnation, were it in my power: Oh that as my just Anger makes my Breath vent out these loud Complaints, it had the power to blast this Monster with Eternal Plagues,----this Skreeking Mandrake, this vile Earth-born Clod, that dares Prophanely thus send Sawcy Missives to blast the Eyes, and grieve the Hearts of Princes.

[Shews a Letter.

Viceroy. From Massainello?

Aurelia. He! -- the ill-bred Rebel! Writes in a Stile as if he were my Equal, Advice to me--that I should speak to you, to you my Lord, as you expect his Favour,----his Favour, Oh Gygantick Impudence! would make Hell blush, and every Fiend wear Crimson; To send him back the Dutchess Mataloni!

Mataloni. Audacious Slave!

Aurelia. His Ruffian Brother too would see my Neice,--my dear Fellicia here too as a Suitor: Oh how a Noble and August Disdain warms every Sinew!----How the Active Blood
Burns in my Veins, and makes my Heart all flame,
So eager am I to revenge this shame.

Cardinal. Have Patience, Gracious Madam.

Aurelia. 'Tis impossible: Such Injuries are past all Moderating: He says, the Duke there basely stole his Wife, whom he design'd to keep there as a Hostage, till th'Articles were Seal'd; and if Submission does not attone, and is not made on th'Instant, she too sent back together with my Neice. He ends his Scrowl with a vainglorious Rant, that he'l send

Power to fetch her back by force; and beat the Castle-walls about our Ears.

Belleraiza. Oh that my Sorrows had but force enough to lay me in my Grave, that I might rest!

Mataloni. I hope my Love does wish too, I should be with her there.

Belleraiza. Or that you and I were Villagers, born in some far remote and peaceful Land, that War's Confusion ne'er did understand; where we instead of Greatness had been blest, with darling Comforts from our daily Labour; where Love still exercis'd his Charming Power, and sweet Contentment made us wish no more;

Where Anxious Cares of State could ne'er return,
But happy Joys succeed each Night and Morn.

Fellicia. But how shall poor Fellicia hope for Comfort, if from her Father she is forc'd away? Oh let me stand the worst of Fortune's Malice, rather than from my Life's Original, be parted till I'm dead: Besides, to tell me of a Ruffian's Love,----tortures my Heart so, I e'en hate my self for giving him occasion but to name it. Love, as I'm told, is the Soul's choicest Blessing; the greatest Joy that can reward the Brave; or Beauty joyn'd with Vertue can expect. A Sacred charming and peculiar Grace; and e'er that's forc'd, which Merit should enjoy, by Rebel-power, good Heaven let me die.

Caivano. Thou Living Mirrour of thy Mother's Sweetness! in whom I now behold by kind reflection, the former Joy that us'd to warm my Heart, take this Assurance from a tender Father,--never to separate thy Duty from me, nor yield thee up for fear of any Torture that Cruelty can threaten.

Viceroy. And what say you, my Lord?

Mataloni. When I consent to send the Panting Heart from out my Bosom, I mean its dearest Guest, my Belleraiza,--a Hostage to Rebellious Insolence; may the curst Rabble, like a Flock of Vultures, tear me to pieces as a common Prey.

Cardinal. Nor will I e'er advise it,--------Villany is still most slily couch'd with a pretence most specious: The Relapse of this uncurb'd Plebeian----wounds my Breast, with such a hated sense of his Impiety, that I abhor all Motions he can make, therefore let's trust in Heaven and our Arms.

Viceroy. Your Eminence has spoke my Heart; let's fortifie, and to his Face send back his Insolent Message, with a resolv'd denial; then relie on Heaven's relief, or bravely fighting die.

Aurelia. Die!----'tis a Pleasure to my Soul to think on't, so we may die reveng'd----or at least frustrate, the barbarous Plots of base Plebeian Mischief.

Viceroy. 'Tis what shall Crown our Souls with Endless Bliss for a Pain Momentary.

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132) Both this speech and the following one are attributed to Caivano; one probably belongs to the Viceroy.

Caivano. Which Infants hardly shrink at.

Aurelia. Learn of me ye withering Blossoms of distress'd Nobility, how to defie the Ills of Destiny, and worst of Fortune's Malice. Steel your Hearts with Honour first; then with Generous Resolution; and let Aurelia nobly guide your Steps into the Temple of Perpetual Glory, by a brave Deed irksome to our soft Natures: Yet Portia and Great Sophonisba were our fam'd Examples, and when Lawless Power, and Savage fury threatens with Captivity,--when that hour comes, mark me ye Twinns of Vertue when you behold my Conquer'd Spirits faint, with a bright Dagger drench'd in my warm Gore, or my Eyes languish with some Poysonous Draught, which my own hand has nobly ministred.----

Then chuse your fate equal in each degree,
Scorn poor Rebellious Rage, and die like me.

[Exit with Belleraiza and Fellicia.

Cardinal. Thus when a noble Heart inspir'd with Honour is fill'd with the sharp sense of smarting Wrongs ---- thus still it vents its Sorrow,----I must follow her. And tho' I see Grief's Fever rages high, perhaps with care, good Reasons may abate it.

Viceroy. Stay, good my Lord, a moment, for I think I see the Noble Bissignano coming.

Mataloni. 'Tis he, my Lord, and in his Cheerful Countenance, I hope I read good News. [Enter Bissignano.

Viceroy. Pray Heaven it prove so.

Bissignano. Health to the Viceroy----and to all the rest, my Gracious Lord, and you my Noble Kinsmen.

Viceroy. My good Lord, as well as Wretches who are hourly frighted with Cannons Battering, or Proscription's Terrour, as well as those whom a close Siege has rendred incapable of getting Necessaries, or as well as those by Hunger almost pin'd or grip'd by pinching Sorrow, can bid you welcome, we return your Courtesie. And now desire to know our several Dooms; You are Fate's Minister; the Tongue of Destiny;-- What Order bring you now? what dreadful Thunder, since his revolt of Sealing th'Articles, and his damn'd Message to send back the Dutchess; must we leave our half-starv'd Bodies? Hah! what says th'Leviathan? Who's to be swallow'd next?

Bissignano. Himself, my Lord, into the deepest Pit of the Infernals, sooner than such fear'd harm, should touch your Highness? No, no, my Lord, I bring ye better News; the Wind is chang'd, and his Intoxicated Brain reliev'd by Rest, which the full Bowls before distemper'd, he now resumes his Sense, and seems asham'd of his late breach of Promise to the Cardinal.

Viceroy. Is't possible! can he relent!

Bissignano. He does with great Concernment; owns too his late rude Message to the Vice-Queen; and says, the Duke's Escape with his fair Lady was noble and well-plotted.

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137) A comma separate "Fortune's" and "Malice" in the text.

Mataloni. This looks too sudden, I fear a Snake lurks underneath these Flowers;----prepar'd to sting.----But what concerning th'Articles----Does he intend----

Bissignano. There lyes the best and chiefest of my Embassie, --his Head grown sober now, and the hot Fumes of Drinking being abated, with a Look that pictur'd Gravity with Awker'd Grace:----He bid me thus express him: Tell his Excellence, Don Roderick Pons de Leon, Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of Naples under great King Philip, that I the General of the Neapolitans----Tomas----but vulgarly call'd Massainello, after my shame for late Miscarriages, which my Intemperance urg'd, do beg his Pardon,----and will, as I late gave my word, to morrow, meet him in the Cathedral, there to Seal the Articles of Infranchisement o'th'People from Gabels, and all heavy Impositions pursuant to Great Charles the Emperor's Charter; and that it may last in perpetual memory, a splendid Monument shall be erected, with an Inscription writ in Golden Characters, This wondrous Action famous to Posterity.

Caivano. Blest Turn of Fortune! now the Air clears agen, ----and th'Sun begins to clear our drooping Plants by Sorrow numb'd and blasted.----But will this Humour hold?

Bissignano. Most certainly,----his Orders are given out--Then you my Lord* he spoke of next with mighty Reverence; he stil'd you----wise, his good and Gracious Father: And tho' he knew your Eminence's Charity so great, you would Absolve him; yet his shame would hardly let him beg it.

*to the Cardinal.

Mataloni. This is wonderful!----But owing all to my Good Lord Cardinal's management, whose Sacred Wit, and Influencing Reasons, with a Seraphick power of Spiritual Vertue, have charm'd a human Soul into this Clod, and made him melt before the Beams of Piety.

Cardinal. My Lords, my Heart is full of Joy to find kind Heaven at last has blest my happy Labour,----with such fair hopes of a full Crop hereafter;--and now I hold it an especial action that the Vice-Queen be instantly inform'd of this great Act of Providence; 'twill calm her.----

Hush, the rough Billows that now wildly Rowl,
And quell the storm that Rages in her Soul.

Viceroy. It shall be so, I'll instantly go to her, and then prepare for the Great Deed to Morrow:--And since the Change of Empire and of States are done by Heaven's Immutable Decree, and human Power opposes it in vain;

No more the Sacred doom let us withstand;
Reason directs, the Powers above Command.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Blowzabella and La Poop, the first in her Night-dress drinking Chocolate.

Blowzabella. Who's there, La Poop?--Where are ye?

La Poop. A vot Service, Madam----vill you please to be dresse?

Blowzabella. No, no, wait a little longer-- this is but my first Pot of Chocolate, I have drank but six of my Ten Dishes yet.

La Poop. Ah bless your Ladiship----you have de ver leetell Stomach--you soop, soop, soop--de pauvre quantity de Chocolate in de Morning, but you Eat noting all de day long, besides dat is considerable. Ma foy you vill never put your shape in de fashion, if you piddle, piddle--at dis rate.

Blowzabella. Shape!--Odsfish, I Cram my self so every day, that I'm ready to break my Stayes--I can't tell--what thou wouldst have me do more to make my shape fashionable.

La Poop. Ah Madam, de down-right Trute of de ting is you must wear no Stay at all: -- 'Tis below de Womans of Qualitee, ----I mean dat is marry--to pinsh--de Hip or de Belly.--See dat be no marry, expect de Husband must pinsh a leetle,--and reason good.--But de Wife must let all ting be looses,--and shew full, plump,--wid shild, or widout shild, dat is all one, plump, plump, 'tis de ver graceful fashion mafoy.

Blowzabella. Plump,--nay, if I am taken for one of the Lean ones, the Looker on sees double, and the Devil made the Spectacles; I'm sure I han't felt any Ribs I have this Ten years: And I weigh,* let me see I weigh just three and fifty Stone, and two Pound.

*Sups her Chocolate.

La Poop. Aw dat is noting----dere is one Relation of mine in France, dat is call Madamoselle La Poope, dat weigh tre hundred Stone: But see Madam here come de Lady your Sister,-- and your new Gentleman Usher wid her, who come to Comb your Head; I hear he is born in England--but is bred in France,-- or else he be no fit for your Service, Mafoy.

Enter Ursula and Pimpwell with a Combing Cloth.

Blowzabella. Oh Madam Ursula----how fares thy Ladiship's Body? Come Prithee sit thee down,--and take a dish of Chocolate, whilst I have my Head order'd, by my new Fellow here: the great Ladies I hear use Men for their Morning Service; and now our Condition is alter'd, we must follow the Mode: What we must do great things now.

Ursula. 'Tis a good handsome Black Fellow*, and perhaps has no stinking Breath.

*Ursula's Dish is fill'd by La Poop.

Pimpwell. Which is more than she can say for her self to my knowledge; I found that out by her whispering me just now.

[Aside.

Blowzabella. Well Friend, and Prithee what is thy Name, I have, I think, never ask'd thee that yet, did I?

Pimpwell. Humh--not above forty times, Madam; but 'tis natural for Great Ladies to forget.

Blowzabella. Ay, 'tis so.----

Pimpwell. What Essence will your Ladiship use to day, Jessamine, Tubarose, or Amber?

Blowzabella. The dearest, the dearest always:--But as I was saying, Humh----Prithee what was't, I ask'd thee just now: Ha?

Pimpwell. Oh very well, Madam, that looks mighty great indeed; why you ask'd me my Name, and you must know, Madam, that in England I was Christned, Dick Pimpwell,--but am Dignified since I came hither with the Title of Signiour Ricardo. I'm of a Family, Madam, that carried no ordinary Reputation there, if you ever knew any thing of the English Court, you must have heard of the Pimpwells I'm sure.

Ursula. Yes, yes, we hear frequently both of your Courtiers and Citizens too, and sometimes have great diversions with 'em.

Pimpwell. In History, I suppose Madam.

Ursula. No, but in Ballads,----and I think that's the better way by much.

Pimpwell. 'Gad she's in the right, for the Histories of our former Kings and Nobles are better done in Ballads, than in any Chronicle I ever saw yet there.

Blowzabella. Well, and--dost hear me,--What humour are your young Town-fellows of, how do they wear the day out to divert themselves?

Pimpwell. Why in the Morning they cherish two of their Senses, Madam, Seeing and Smelling: Seeing by the Court they make to a great Looking-Glass; Smelling by Covering themselves from Head to Foot with sweet Powder; and then at Night they Indulge the other three,----Hearing with the Noise of Fiddles; and Tasting and Feeling with a Whore and a Bottle.

Ursula. A good merry sort of a Scoundrel, this -- I warrant this Fellow has been a Player there, or some such thing: -- Well, but I hear they have the name of Rakehells amongst 'em, and are so horribly given to scandal, that they'l abuse all Woman-kind, as well those they have to do with, as those they have not; and rather then not have the pleasure of Tatling, by their Good-will they'l say any thing.----

Pimpwell. Ah--there I must beg your Pardon, Madam, I can name you one thing that by their Good-will they never say.

Blowzabella. What's that, Prithee?

Pimpwell. Their--Prayers, Madam.

Blowzabella. No--why I thought they were most horrible Sticklers for Religion.

Pimpwell. Right, Madam,--they are horrible ones indeed, and 'tis as natural to 'em as to Slaves in the Mines to Dig their Ore; and like that too is generally manag'd, -- for he that toils and labours most about it Ten to one knows the least of the matter.

Ursula. And, Ha, ha, ha, well--as to Generation, and that sort of diversion, what are--they are very prone to Coupling, at what Age do they Marry?

Pimpwell. Why the Males never by their Good-will,--but as to the Females, by their Good-will, as soon as they can speak.

Blowzabella. Ha, ha, ha, ye Rascal, well, and as to your State-affairs, we hear there are great feuds amongst ye as well as here; tho' the King has done great things for 'em, and they say--is a very brave Man.

Pimpwell. Ay, he is so, Madam,--but you must know that we English have some Affinity with the nature of some Dogs we have there, We never receive a good Bone but we snap at our Benefactor's Fingers.

Ursula. Ha, ha, why Sister -- this is an Arch Rogue, this Fellow has more about him than we see.

Pimpwell. Ah, a great deal more, I assure ye, Madam,-- your Ladiship shall find I have notable Parts upon occasion.

Blowzabella. Ha, ha, ha, why Sirrah, you'r an Arch Rogue indeed, as she says*: But dost hear; My Fellow, La Poop, told me thou has been in France too: What didst learn there, Prithee, ha?

*Patting him with her hand.

Pimpwell. Aw, Madam, there I learnt the most material things in the whole World, which are, to tye a Muff on with an Air, and to make a huge Back-Perruke for a great Lord, that shall reach down to his Hams: But above all to use like a Gentleman the Comb and the Puff, in the Lady's Service; as thus, now Madam thus, thus*: This Powder has such vertue, that it will take away all the Freckles --and make the Face as Beautiful at Fourscore as at Five and twenty.

*Puffs her Face all over.

Blowzabella. Odsfish it has a notable scent with it indeed.

Ursula. And will it take away Freckles, say'st thou? Well, I'm resolv'd to try the Experiment then to Morrow. --I'le be Pufft all over, for I've a world of 'em about me.

Blowzabella. Wert thou ever in Holland?

Pimpwell. Yes, Madam, just long enough to spoil my Stomach.

Ursula. Why don't they dress Meat well?

Pimpwell. Yes, if you can allow the General Sawce, for there is but one sort there.

Blowzabella. And what's that, Prithee?

Pimpwell. Butter, Butter, Madam,----if you have a cold Jowle of Salmon, and not a Dish of Melted Butter with it, you affront the Constitution of the Country.

Ursula. But of what Humours are they, Prithee?

Pimpwell. Why they are greater Lovers of good Bargains than good Breeding; they fight well when there's occasion; and drink largely whether there is or no:----In fine, they are the best Skeyters in a great Frost, but the worst Dancing Masters in Christendom.

Enter Pedro Hastily.

Pedro. Come, Hey where's my Sister Blowze? Oh are ye here! My Brother the General wants ye to give Orders for the Ceremony to Morrow at the Signing of the Articles: Your Massainello has carried it now I'faith, he's at the Top, and we'l keep him there in spite of his Scruples of Conscience; he would have you likewise invite the Vice-Queen and her Ladies to a Musick-feast. A Ball I think they call it.----'Tis the Mode amongst Great People.----Come, come away, and you shall know more.

Blowzabella. Odsfish, Brother--but my Hair is not done up, you see, nor my Face quite Patch'd, is it?

Pimpwell. No, Madam, not half: Besides, ----here's two delicate ones,--that will take a great deal of time to place well; I brought 'em from France, and call 'em Venus and Adonis: ----The one is for the upper Lip, and t'other for the under, and the witty fancy to have 'em there is----that they may be perpetually kissing one another.

Blowzabella. Well, well, ye witty Rogue, let 'em kiss one another in the next Room then -- for I must go to my Husband Massainello. -- But d'ee hear, Sirrah, I'll prefer ye.----Stick to me close; d'ee hear?

Pimpwell. Zooks, Madam, but here's my Cupid, this must sit Enthroned upon your Ladiship's Nose, or I'm undone.

[Sticks a great Patch on her Nose.

Blowzabella. Ha, ha, ha,----Well, Odsfish I like this Fellow strangely, Well Sirrah,----stick close to me, and I'll do your business; d'ee hear,--Hah! times are not as they have been: What, we must do Great Things now!

Pimpwell. In this New Lottery I can't miss a Prize,
When Nobles fall, Valet de Chambers rise.----

[Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Outer Isle of the Cathedral.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Mataloni, Caivano, and Attendants.

Aurelia. What? they are coming then.

Mataloni. Yes, and in Pomp, I hear; the Dunghill-Upstart dress'd in Glittering Tissue--with his Sword drawn comes foremost of the Band, and proudly at the Head of fifty Thousand, even Justles with the Viceroy.

Aurelia. The Crawling Snake--warm'd by hot Popular Vapours of Applause, now shews his Sting, and would be thought a Dragon: Oh why permits th'avenging power his Thunder, to cleave the Oaks, and shatter Marble Rocks, yet leaves this Prodigy to walk abroad safe and unblasted by Etherial fire?

Caivano. Have patience, Madam, and let us mark the Consequence; 'tis bruited he will lay down all Command, and when the Articles are Sign'd to the People, return to his base Function.

Mataloni. He'l be Damn'd first--there are too many Woolvish Bloodhounds near him, to urge on mischief, tho' he had resolv'd against it--to let him keep his Promise.

Belleraiza. 'Tis most true, for added to his Grovelling sense of Honour he has a Humour various as the Winds, which now visited with the Gust of Greatness, blows his hot Brain to such a Blazing flame, his Soul cannot resist the Rash Emotions, nor do I like this his pretended Coolness, relating to my Escape, but must believe, were the poor Bird once more within his Cage, her warbling Mones would hardly purchase freedom.

Fellicia. Ah were I so confin'd,--my Soul's so weak--I fear 'twould poorly wait upon my Body.--Yet were my Fate so cruel to submit me to hazard Bondage from this Hellish Crew, upon the first approach of that dishonour to quell my fears, and trembling timerous nature:

I hope brave Aunt your Hand would set me free,
And give my Fame by Death Eternity.

Aurelia. My dear Fellicia, my Soul should influence thine, and make thee Valiant: Oh how I scorn our present vile Condition, nor could my swelling heart contain it self at the receiving late a Sawcy Message under the Glozing umbrage of Civility--from that she-Porpess th'Fish-wife Blowzabella,--who by the Gentleman forsooth of her Chamber, sent to Invite me to a Ball to Night; Was ever Insolence like it! Shall Medina's Noble Daughter and Wife to mighty Roderick, Taint her self, by breathing Air with the vile Jakes of Naples! Oh how a just disdain inflam'd my Bosom!

---

6) Text reads "stress'd," obviously a misprint for "dress'd."

Caivano. Your Excellence must needs highly resent it; and yet the Occasions of the present times, the Peace of Naples settling in this Juncture, and Massainello by a slight to his Wife, being piqu'd might have the humour to revolt,--urg'd your great heart, I hear, to curb its motions, and condescend to grant it.

Aurelia. Y'have judg'd me right, my Lord, I did consent, but with a just Contempt you may imagin.

[Trumpets and Voices heard within.

Mataloni. By this Musick the Choir is coming, and the Viceroy near, who comes through th'Inner part of the Cathedral ----where the Monument's Erected.--Here your Excellence may place your self and view the Ceremony.

The Scene opens, and discovers a Rich Monument, with this Inscription in Golden Letters, under St. Gennaro's Figure. The Tyranny of Nobles being repressed: The Gabels being Abolished: The Publick and Private Enemies of our Country being subdued: The Gracious Privileges of Ferdinand the First, Frederick King of Aragon, and Charles the Emperor being Confirmed and Renewed: Philip the Fourth being Catholick King, and Don Roderick Pons de Leon Duke of Arcos Viceroy, by the Wondrous Valour and Conduct of Thomas Annello de Amalphi alias Massainello the General, the most Faithful People of Naples, and Liberty being redeem'd: This Monument was Erected as a Memorial of his Victory obtain'd, and an Emblem of his Fame to all Posterity.

The Priests appear in the Front, then Blowzabella, Ursula and her Party come from the other side of the Stage, and place themselves over against the Vice-Queen and her Ladies. Blowzabella comes in strutting ridiculous and proudly Looking on the Dutchess.

Belleraiza. Bless my Eye, the Pageant appears yonder.

[Blowzabella Curseys to Aurelia who returns lightly.

Aurelia. What can the Tinsel Poppet make its Honour too, this is wonderful!----Agen!--nay then I must Mimick it. [Curseys.

Mataloni. But see, Madam, yonder comes the Fire-drake.

Here the Choir comes forward Singing; after them the Great Cardinal Fillomarino Myter'd, bearing a Crosier in his Right Hand, and the Ancient Charter of Naples in the Left. Then Enter Bissignano and Pedro bearing the Arms of the Emperor Charles the Fifth; then Enter the Viceroy carrying the new Articles; and Massainello Richly Attired on his Left Hand, with his Sword drawn; then the Guards and Attendants on both Sides, they walk in Couples round the Stage; then the Viceroy and Massainello, dividing, go and stand on either side the Monument; then Pedro Cosmo Pietro and Attendants divide on each side the Stage; the Priests go backwards Singing

into the Body of the Church, only two Principals, who bring a Cushion and lay before the Cardinal, who Kneels on it in the middle of the Stage, and speaks to the Statue of St. Gennaro.

Cardinal. Great Saint the Guardian of us all below,
To whom thy Votaries thus humbly bow,
Smile on thy Sons, that with Devotion Pray,
And bless the mighty Deeds are done to day.

Here they repeat this, all joyning their Voices in a Chorus: Then the Cardinal carries up the Charter to Massainello, and the Viceroy Sealing and delivering him his Articles, Massainello puts up his Sword: Then this Song being in Recitative in Praise of St. Gennaro and the Peace, is Sung.

A S O N G in Two Parts, at the Solemnity of Massainello.

Glory thou Mortal Paradise,
Best Joy of Noble Souls,
That all Delights below the Skies,
Surpasses and Controules.
In Martial Sounds be now Express'd,
And let the Spacious Globe be blest.
As now our happy Nation,
Sweet Peace her Beauteous Face appears,
Now shew your Power ye Tuneful Spheres;
Let Angels Sing and Charm all Ears:
For Wondrous is th'Occasion.

Massainello. 'Tis now, our Great Protector St. Gennaro by my bold Hand has happy Naples freed,--and now, my Lord, the heavy Yoke laid by--that on my Neck I for the People wore: Thus low I bow to your Authority.--And as plain Massainello, (a poor Fisherman) yet in that poorness born to do great Actions, if I've the Law offended, or your Excellence, I submit my Body to be broke o'th'Wheel, or any Torture that you please to order:
Since I have ended well, this great Affair,
What else concerns my life's not worth my Care.

Viceroy. Sir, you have greatly done,--and I wish I could say well,--yet in one kind I must confess it is. Your life's secure too----the King has not proscrib'd ye, and I could wish some of these Nobles could as well acquit ye as I, that give ye what I promis'd, Pardon.

[Cardinal Whispers Massainello.

Massainello. I humbly thank your Excellence.

[Here the Vice-Queen and Ladies meet with Blowzabella and her Company; a dumb Complement passes between 'em.

Aurelia. Come, we will go and see this Commick-Stuff,---- if for nothing else but to divert the Spleen.

Belleraiza. Nay, if 'tis possible to Laugh we shall certainly have occasion.

Fellicia. Bless us, what a Head she has, and how she jets about and smiles on the Prince there?

[Cardinal whispers Massainello.

Blowzabella. Madam, will your Highness---please to go; --Madam, the Dutchesses, I must have your Company too, and pray don't be too cogitabund: I suppose, ---- your Grace is concern'd a little about these Jewels of yours that you see me wear; but come, get out of your dumps,----Odsfish when you and I are better acquainted, such Trifles shall break no squares, ----I have enough besides.

Belleraiza. Oh Madam! I assure ye, my Thoughts were otherwise employ'd.

Blowzabella. Humb---what upon my Ball----I warrant,-- why I'le promise ye, ye shall have curious Sport, your Highness shall laugh 'till you burst your self.

Aurelia. Was there ever such a Monster?

Blowzabella. Come, pray therefore follow me, I think they told me 'twas Manners to go before her into my own House, ----humh, well, I see Breeding increases in me wonderfully, and 'tis but reasonable: What, I must do great things now?

[Exeunt Vice-Queen, Blowzabella and the rest.

Massainello. I am School'd my Lord,----but when I see that Beauty, that charming Consort of the Man----I hate,---- then----I revolt and wish him dead, nay, damn'd,----so I were, ----But no more, shes gon and now I'me cool again,----And since I've given my word to treat 'em fairly, aid me Dissimulation ----Great Mataloni and my Lord Caivano, t'excuse what I have done in right oth'People, against your States and You, looks like Dissembling,----and to beg pardon, Fear: Yet I am sorry, sorry that you mistaking did such Wrongs, and that I e're had Cause so to revenge 'em.

Mataloni. When of the Cause you are the only Judge, Sir, the rash Effects you cannot wonder at.

Caivano. Un-bridled Power seldome makes use of Reason, 'tis blind, and all its Actions are Precipitate, and in such Cases when the Mischiefs done, 'tis little Satisfaction to be Sorry.

Massainello. Nay, since y'are so sullen Lords, I'le change the Notion, I'me sorry now that I have us'd such Courtesy.

Mataloni. Wrongs have wide Mouths Sir.

Viceroy. Patience good my Lord.

Cardinal. In this present Juncture you know not what you do.

Mataloni. I beg your Pardon,----and will withdraw for fear of farther Arguments, but tho' I'me now crush'd by that Lernean Hidra, an Hour may come,----when his Hearts-blood shall pay for't.

Caivano. I'me gon my Lord, Heaven prosper your Intentions.

[Exit Mataloni and Caivano.

Massainello. Furies and Fire, were not those two the Rankest of all the Peoples Enemies,----Farmers oth'Gabells, bloated and gorg'd with their abhorr'd Oppressions till I rose up to quell it; Death, not burn 'em, Gigantick,--Impudence, and how dares Mataloni, that lives but by my Leave?

Cardinal. Pray Calm your Passion; 'tis Infirmity and want of Temper in the Cholerick Duke that thus misguides his Reason: And now Son, since your Designs have gain'd a happy Period, I do conjure you by my sacred Office, to keep your Promise and lay down your Arms, so shall you gain a deathless Reputation, and future Saints shall Consecrate your Story.

Pedro. Hah, what says the canting Cardinal? Lets hear a little.

Viceroy. You shall have such Provision in retirement as your own Heart can wish.----

Massainello. I expect none, but am resolved, thou best of all the Priesthood, to follow thy Direction and Disband,-- the Fortune I desire, is only this, my late Fish-tackling---- Rod and Hook and Line, in lieu of which I here give up my Sword.

Cosmo. O Lord, O Lord, we are utterly un-done if this hold.

Pedro. Sure he's distracted! Why Brother de'e know what you say?

Massainello. Most certainly, and what I mean too Brother.

Cardinal. Remove, cast the Mist from thy dull Eyes, Friend, once see clearly.

Pedro. Nay, if y'are thereabouts----I've a Trick left to fetch him about yet: A Bottle Cosmo, a Bottle with something I'le infuse in't will do his Bus'ness I'me sure; come, we'el prepare for't instantly,----and snap him as he comes out.

[Exit Pedro and Cosmo.

Massainello. That dreadful Sword inured to Blood and Slaughter, that when I shook it made all Naples quake, Naples and her six hundred Thousand Souls shake like an Osier,---- rest in Peace for ever; and with my Power Farewell too these Trappings: Off ye vain Trifles,---- Throws away Hat off ye gawdy nothings, let me appear and Peruke. as Man was first Created, before fantastick Forms debauch'd his Reason, and th'Bodies clothing vitiated the Soul; off, off, I say.

Viceroy. Nay, now your Zeal's too Eager, let me intreat your Patience at this time.

Cardinal. 'Tis decent, there are many Eyes upon ye that may mistake this forward Zeal for Frenzy.

Massainello. I'me obedient, yet I would do something to shew I bid my Farewell to Dignity freely and with some warmth, --To morrow Noon shall see it all perform'd.

Cardinal. My Blessing on thee.

Viceroy. My perpetual Favour.

Massainello. Thus shall my Fame resound in future Story.
And Babes un-born sing Massainello's Glory.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A Banquet, and Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Blowzabella, Ursula, Bissignano, Cosmo, Pedro and others, Pimpwell and La Poope waiting, the rest all seated, Blowzabella rises.

Blowzabella. Ricardo.

Pimpwell. Madam.

Blowzabella. Did you bid the Wench take Care that she provided Sugar and Cinamon enough for the Pancakes--and that she should fry 'em in Oyl instead of Butter?

Pimpwell. Yes Madam, and that it should be the Sugar of Eight-pence the Pound, that your Ladyship reserves for high Holy-days, and the best Company.

Blowzabella. 'Tis well Ricky, 'tis very well done: Mind your Business de'e hear and stick close to me, and I'le speak to my Husband to get ye the Government you spoke to me about, --Well, and did you order the Legg of Pork and Potato's to be sent her Highnesses Gentlemen, for a second Course?

Pimpwell. Yes Madam, and that the Ten-shilling Beer should be Tap'd for 'em and given about in Sack-glasses, that it might look the Genteeler.

Blowzabella. That's well again, mighty well introth Ricky: --And are the Morris, Ropedancers and Tumblers all ready for the Ball, ha!

Pimpwell. All, all, Madam, the Fidlers too, and the t'other Fellow says, he can Bate his Bulls and Bears, and if you please the Tiger at a Minute's warning.

Blowzabella. Can he? Well, Odsfish I love that Sport at my Heart: Besides 'twill draw all the Great States-Men here, --they'l neglect the carrying on their great Cause to Day, to see that I'me sure,--but harken, a word in thy Ear. [Whispers.

Aurelia. Was there ever such a Supper! The very sight of that huge Conger-Eel there makes me sick.

Bissignano. 'Tis Alamode de Fish-wife, Madam,--Ha, ha, ha, your Highness sees she treats in her own fashion.

Belleraiza. The Musical Entertainment, I warrant will be a Curiosity.

Fellicia. Methinks her Gentleman Usher there, who is so familiar with her, should lead her up a Dance.

Blowzabella. Now will I whisper with this young Fellow to try if I can make the Prince Jealous,----for I'm told, nothing increases Love like Jealousie.----Well Ricky, and as to this Government thou wert speaking of,----must I speak for thee, hast a mind to be a Don, Ricky?

Pimpwell. Yes, indeed Madam, to speak the Truth, I've had a huge mind to be a Don--a great while.

Blowzabella. Well, say no more, thou shalt be a Don---- the General shall do it out of hand:--What, there must be a Patent for't I suppose, and thou know'st his way of doing that.

Pimpwell. Yes, Madam, a Tweak by the Ear, it seems, is his Order of Counsel, and a Kick o'th'Breech, his way of passing a Patent.

Blowzabella. Right, thou hast it,----therefore stick close to me, d'ee hear, and it shall be done out of hand,----I'll have thee kick'd on the first opportunity.

Pimpwell. Ah thank your good Ladiship.----A Don, Oh how I'll strutt!

Bissignano. My Hostess's mannerly way of leaving the Company all this while, is somewhat Novel too, Madam.

Aurelia. She designs to treat us with Variety; Oh now we shall have her agen.

Blowzabella. So----does your Highness eat; Odsfish you have a very Pidling Stomack----why that Codshead will be cold there, ----Ah you'd have done better by half, Madam, if you had taken a Whett as I did before hand.

Aurelia. A Whett, what's that I beseech ye?

Blowzabella. Why a good Brimmer of sharpning Liquor to prepare your Stomach,----and by your Eating so little I find yours to be very cold,----Will your Highness accept of a Beer-glass of Nants?

Aurelia. Nants,----well I am horrible unskill'd in this new Dialect of yours, and so ignorant that I must desire to know what that is too.

Blowzabella. Odsfish----not know what Nants is----a Lady of your Breeding, and ignorant of heavenly Brandy! Odsfish then Miracles are not ceas'd.

Bissignano. Ah, this is not a Lady of your strain, Madam, this is the Vice-Queen.

Blowzabella. Why if she were an Empress, my Lord, she might know and tast a Cup of good Nants, I hope, and her Title shrink ne'er a Jot the more in the wetting, neither,----But come let's turn the Discourse to hear the Musick, and see the Ball, your Highness shall see how you like our way. -------- Come begin there.

Here follows a Comical Entertainment of Mimicking Dancing at a Ball with Clowns, Morrice-dancers and Tumblers mixt, and several Humourous Songs and Dialogues, which Ended, Aurelia, Bissignano, and Ladies rise.

A Dialogue between a Town-Sharper and his Hostess.

Sharper.

Whilst wretched Fools sneak up and down,
Play hide and seek about the Town;
Deprest by Debts, and Fortunes frown,
By Duns too kept in awe:
Whenever my Occasions call,
And 'mongst my Cre-di-tors I fall,
Ive one fine Song that Pays 'em all;
Fa la,----la.

Hostess.
Good morrow Sir, I'm glad to see
Your Humour is so brisk and free,
I hope the better 'tis for me.
If you your Purse will draw:
Y've been two Years at Bed and
Board,
And I, Lord help me, took your
Word,
But now must have what here is
Scor'd,
For all your Fa, la la----la.
Sharper.
My Purse, sweet Hostess, is
but lank,
But I have something else
in bank;
And you at home I'll kindly
thank,
With charming sweet Sol fa.
We'l sit and Chaunt from Morn
to Noon,
No Nightingal in May or June;
Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,
As fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
Hostess.
You take me for an Ideot sure,
Will this fine Tune my debt
secure;
Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,
Or keep me from the Law,
To buy your Shirts there's
Money lent,
Besides in Meat and Drink
more spent;
And can you think I pay my Rent,
With fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
Sharper.
I'll teach thee such a pretty
Song,
Shall please both Rich, Poor,
Old, and Young;
Get thee a Husband Stout and
Strong,
Some Country Rich Jack-Daw;
Nay more I'll bring to quit
my Scores,
A crew of Toping Sons of
Whores;
Shall Drink all Night and
Charm the Hours,
With fa, la, la,la,la,la,&c.
Hostess.
Ye cunning Rogue this
wheedling Talk,
You fancy will rub out my
Chalk;
But I your sly design will
balk,
When you to Jayl I draw;
Your boasted Song's a
foolish thing,
For do but you the Money
bring,
You'll find I can already
sing,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
Sharper.
Well since Dame Fortune is
my Foe,
And that I must to Prison go.
Let's have a Neat Frisk
or so,
And then Rub on the Law.
Hostess.
Well since you're on a
merry Pin,
And make so slight the
Counter-Gin,
I'll do't, and let the
Time begin
With Fa, la, la, &c.
Sharper.
Has not my Dance ill
Humour charm'd?
Hostess.
I must confess my Blood
is warm'd.
And heart I hope by love
alarm'd.
Sharper.
To laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Hostess.
You think you've catch'd me,
now I smile,
Sharper.
No that I'll do at Night
dear Child.
Hostess.
Well I'll the Bayliffs stop
a while
To try your Fa la, &c.

Enter a Chimney-Sweeper's Boy and Sings.

Boy.

Sweep, sweep, sweep,
My Lord and Madam Sleep,
Whil'st I i' th'Chimney creep,
And sweep, sweep, sweep.
He nimbly clumb up to the top,
Without a Ladder or a Rope,
And sweep, sweep, sweep,
Who calls the Chimney-sweep?

Enter a Cook-maid with a Ladle Yawning.

Cook-maid.

Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
Ye bawling Bratt what's here to do?
With this your Sooty Devils trade,
If with this squalling noise you make,
My Lord and Lady chance to wake,
I vow I'll break your head.
Boy.
Oh! Sicely, why so full of wrath?
You know I only mean,
To sweep the Chimney clean,
Lest Soot should fall and spoil the Broath.
Cookmaid.
You Youngsters have another way to deal,
Pretend to sweep, but come to steal.
Boy.
Nay now my Honours touch'd and soon,
I'll make you sing another Tune.
Cookmaid.
Come, Sirrah, come I've lately lost a spoon.
Boy.
Can no one be the thief but I?
Ye've found me still an honest Boy;
You know I've kept your counsel too,
And never hinted farther,
What in the Kitchin Larder,
I once saw you and John the Coachman do?
Cookmaid.
Ye little Rogue, how did you dare,
To peep on such a grand affair?
Boy.
I saw it and will tell it too,
The Garters you had on were blue;
I'll publish every thing was done,
Because you tax me with your Spoon.
Cookmaid.
I did but jest, come let's be friends,
I'll fetch thee what shall make amends.
Exit Cook.
Boy.
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
I saw the Coachman creep.
Into the Stable dark and deep,
When I by chance did peep.

Enter Cookmaid with a great Piece of Bread and Butter.

Cook-maid.

No more of that upon your life,
We are contracted Man and Wife;
And what you then did chance to see,
Was all in th'way of honesty:

We've given our Words and
both shook hands,
And that's as firm as
Marriage bands.
Boy.
Get me my Breakfast to
my wish,
With no more Spoons thrown
in my Dish;
Agen upon a Truss of Hay,
You both may in the Stable
play;
And I that peep,
and sweep and peep,
And sweep, and peep, will
nothing say.
Cook-maid.
I'll feed thee till I cloy,
My pretty, pretty Boy;
Thou shalt thy Breakfast
have each morn.
Boy.
And you all night shall
have your joy.
Chorus.
Thou shalt, &c.

Well, what thinks your Highness, is not this Novel as you call it?

Aurelia. 'Tis so Extraordinary that I want words to praise it, and therefore intend to retire and make that the Product of a second thought: Come, my Lord.

Belleraiza. Had the Times been setled, I could have laugh'd at the Extravagance of it well enough.

Fellicia. And--I--'tis well enough to see once.

[Exeunt Bissignano, Vice-Queen and Ladies.

Enter a Servant, whispers Blowzabella.

Blowzabella. Lights--there--for her Highness.---- The General speak with me in the Morning, say'st thou; Well, tell him I'll come. -- Now Ricky, stick close to me, thou shalt go too:

And if I raise thee to a Prince's fellow,
Thy Hat thrown up cry Viva Blowzabella.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Massainello in his Fisherman's Habit, and Pimpwell dress'd in the same manner, the first bearing a Rod and Fishing-Basket.

Massainello. My Wife so angry, say'st thou?

Pimpwell. Angry, Oh that ever I was born,----Why d'ee think, Sir, she can be pleas'd? You may Metamorphose me into what shape you think fit, you may flea me as you do one of your Eels,--and then instead of the Robe of a Lord, put the Shell of a Lobster upon me -- as your Fishiness shall see good to determine,----but to think that the high spirited Blowzabella, ----will shrink from a Crab to a Craw-fish, and leave a silken Gown with a Gold Galloon for a Grogram Jacket with a Copper Edging, is but vain Imagination--I can tell ye but that, Sir.

Massainello. My Brother then I hear too grumbles at it,-- But when I give my reasons, I don't doubt. ----

Pimpwell. Oh bless me! Reasons!--Reasons to lay by a Noble Habit which made ye fit to accompany Kings and Princes-- and put on a damn'd dirty Doublet here,----which makes you and my self too, wo be the time, look as if we were fit for nothing but a Dog-Kennel.----Zooks do but look upon your self a little, Sir,--------do but view your Person round----Ods Sammon and Eels, and Thornback!----Is this the Mighty Man, I saw yesterday -- Is this Massainello?

Massainello. Well, well, this Deed will settle my Renown for ever, and I have consulted my Reason about it.

Pimpwell. Reason agen,----Reason, to lay by a Glittering Sword that made ye look like a General, to take up a confounded Switch there to make just the figure of a sneaking Gudgeon-catcher in a Lands-chap, to leave the Command of all th'Coffers in Naple's Gold, Silver, Jewels, and th'Devils and all--to plunder a little tyny dribling Brook for a few Roches and Dace-- Gads-diggers if this be Reason!----

Massainello. Well, well, no more of your Disputes, Sir.

Pimpwell. Mum--I ha' done----but there's his Brother, and some of his Mettled Comerades drinking in the next room, that will tell him a piece of their minds presently.----Oh here he comes, and the hot-headed Cosmo with him--if they can get but to fluster him with a Brimmer or two, as they have prepared it, --the Cause is our own still.-------- [Apart.

Enter Pedro and Cosmo.

Massainello. So Brother,--still with your fluttering Trinkets on? What you dislike my resolution of laying down I hear.

Pedro. And reason good, --what Spirit of sloth has seiz'd on ye the sudden, to ruin your self and us, and all our hopes?

Cosmo. 'Tis that Priest's doings, that same long tongu'd Cardinal, that Reverend Hypocrite, has debauched the General.

Massainello. Cousin, you have a Priviledge, else I must tell ye, I should not bear this Language.

Gosmo. Not from a Friend whose Heart as well as Tongue acts but to serve ye,----Come, come, you must; therefore I boldly tell ye, you are impos'd upon, flatter'd, betray'd, the Cardinal with Inveterate Mataloni,--and old Caivano--brood in hourly Counsels how to destroy ye.

Massainello. Ha, that agen.--------

Pedro. He says the Cardinal with your Enemies Plot to destroy ye, which, they'r to execute that very hour you cease Command; there's one revolted from 'em within, that was their Servant, who has confess'd it all; besides, you might note if you remember well, at our last meeting some weighty thing hung on 'em,--by their rough looks, and surly answers--to ye.

Massainello. They were indeed more dogged than was usual.

Cosmo. 'Twas from their hopes to snap ye unguarded and unfriended, and if you will deliver up your Throat.--

Massainello. No, Cousin, not so neither.

Pedro. If you will from the Commander of all Naples-- Its power too in your hands,----accept their Charity, and stand to th'courtesie of Mataloni.

Cosmo. Your known vow'd Enemy--who burns with Expectation of your disbanding, that he then may cope ye,----when I your faithful Kinsman and your Friend--can baulk his Plots, and put it in your power so to revenge your self--you have forgot the Dutchess.

Massainello. Forgot her, the Taper was newly extinct indeed, but yet thy Breath revives it.

Pimpwell. This is my Province, now I'll put in a word: The Dutchess, Sir, sweet as a full blown Rose in Summer Mornings,----e'er gentle Breezes had blown off the Pearls, the Dew had sprinkled on it; then a Skin, smooth, soft, and whiter than the Purest Ermine,--and such a shape so charming and provoking--'twould make a God of him that did enjoy her.

Massainello. Prithee no more, she's gone.

Cosmo. Gone, no, Sir, not from my reach--I know her haunts, and how to snap her hourly; nay the whole Covey of them, I've mark'd my Game, and they are mine at will.----

Pedro. Such a revenge now on Mataloni's Treachery were worth the General's notice.----

Massainello. Oh how my Blood boyls with Revenge and Love.

Cosmo. Give me your hand,--and now believe I honour ye,-- I know you love the Dutchess too, and ye shall have her,--revoke your Orders for laying down Arms till things are setled more, ----and if within this hour I bring ye not the Dutchess, and her Neice to Court your favour,----hold me a Rogue and Lyer.

Massainello. Thou amazest me!

Pimpwell. Oh here's the Female Teizer; Come, now 'twill work rarely.

Enter Blowzabella Weeping, and La Poope: Another carrying her Fine Gown and Head.

Blowzabella. D'ee hear, you French Kickshaw, Diable La Poope, don't tell me of his Order, to have me strip'd; but carry

back those dirty things agen, or my Fist shall pound thee into Powder,--What Maggot's in your Head now, in the name of Beelzebub, to dub me to be a Lady, and think to undub me agen at a Minutes warning? Oh I could cry my Eyes out to think*, to think*, that ever I should have a Husband that should be such a Fool!--Huswife, away with the Rags, I say, or I will so Mawl your French Carcass. [Throws the Clothes at her Head.

*Sobs and Crys.

La Poop. He day! wat a Deevil is de matra! He commande one ting, and see commande on oder ting!----de Deevil take dem both. [Exit.

Enter Ursula.

Pimpwell. Here comes another of the Litter, the Kennel is rouzed rarely.

Ursula. Why sure this News is not true that I hear: Odslidikins, what do I see, what is he got into his sneaking, louzy, nasty Fisherman's Garb agen!----Why Brother,----Brother, odd I'm asham'd to call him so now, hearkee, do you ever think.--

Blowzabella. Sir, can you ever think. [Both Bawl loudly.

Massainello. Buz--I shall be worried.

Pedro. Come, come, no more Spouse, he will consider.

Cosmo. Come, Cousin, pray step in with us and take a Glass or two, amongst some Friends of ours there, you will find the Servant of the Dukes, hear but his Story, no doubt you will be satisfied.

Massainello. Well, I will hear him, but sure it can't be true.

Cosmo. As true as you shall have the Dutchess here her self within this hour perhaps--the Duke too--will you believe me then?

Massainello. Oh Jove for her I'de do or believe any thing. [Exit with Blowzabella and Ursula.

Pedro. So he's wrought rarely,----three or four full Brimmers, I know will fluster him, so he'l quickly forget all his past Promises: But will this Fellow that we have hir'd, stand fast and swear without a Blush?

Cosmo. A Blush! Prithee, he was bred a Lawyer, he knows not what it is: Go, go, away to the Company,----and be sure you drink him to a pitch; this is my time to make a Rape on the others.----Hah----from this Window I can see the Garden, where every day they take their Evening Walks,--and see by Heaven they'r yonder, the Vice-Queen too,--this is a Prize indeed, and I that always lov'd with Ambition, will push my Fortune now,--Are the Soldiers ready?

Pedro. All Arm'd at the Castle-Gate.

Cosmo. Farewell,----wish me good Luck then. [Exit Cosmo.

Pedro. That I will for my own sake,----how have I fir'd this wild hot-headed Fool, to seize the Vice-Queen, and bring me her Neice,--that sweet and tender Bud of Blooming Beauty,

Must by my heat be made full blown to night,
My beating Pulse tells me I'm near delight. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Mataloni, and Caivano.

Aurelia. This Pleasant Walk so near the Rebels Garrison; curse on the Coward Fates, we durst not use, till late, the Truce was made, which when I think on, tho' the Place be happy, and the Sweets of Nature abound here in their Pride, Clear Fountains, Flowers of Excellent Natures in Arbors twin'd, and Sun defying Coverts, tho' all that can delight the sense dwell here, yet that disgrace makes it ungrateful to me.

Mataloni. The Ills of Fate, Madam, are no Disgraces, but tryals of the virtue of Great Souls; had fam'd Aurelia ne'er oppos'd the Darts of Trayterous Fortune, her Renown had lessen'd,

Her life's swift Sands had then unnoted run,
Whose Glory now shines brighter than the Sun.

Belleraiza. Great Souls that so are try'd, ought to get Fame, for sure they feel Fate's worst Serenity; for what can be more sharp than for Nobility----untainted Honour, and unconquer'd Courage, to stoop perforce to gross Plebeian humour, and yield to their Commands whom they despise?

Aurelia. That would I never do whilst I had life, no with these Hands I would tear out this Tongue, rather than let it give a vile Consent to what my Honour told me was Ignoble, or should my Eyes give a relenting Glance, and seem by base fear to betray my Vertue, fir'd with just Anger I should root 'em thence, and cast the false Misguiders on the floor.

Fellicia. She talks and thinks to do as she has said,
So I think too were I a Captive made;
At least I tell her that I could death defye,
Yet Life's so sweet, I am afraid I lye. [Aside.

Aurelia. Did my Lord tell you he would meet us here?

Caivano. Madam, he did, as soon as the Affairs were finished at the Council: They expect this Evening a Resignation under Hand and Seal, of Massainello's Power, and a full Order for the Disbanding of the Rabble.

Aurelia. I fear he trusts too much, would he were come. In the mean time, my dear Fellicia, let's see that Sarabrand I love so well.

They Dance here: Then Enter Rushing in Cosmo, Pedro, and Soldiers: Mataloni, and Caivano, make some Resistance, but are overpower'd and taken with Belleraiza and Fellicia.

Mataloni. What Friends are you that in the time of Truce dare violate th'late Order by this Outrage?

Pedro. Such, Sir, as have so little sense of Order, that we are never pleas'd more than to break it.----Come my young Rose you must prepare for th'Limbeck. [To Fellicia.

Cosmo. And you Majestick Beauty--for a Love so mingled with Ambition, your own Soul has not a greater sense on't.

Aurelia. What mean the Villains--Oh--that a Thunderbolt.----
Cosmo. Oh that a Thunderbolt----
Would fall and clear the Black and Cloudy Air,
Then we should see the Weather would be fair.
Fellicia. Oh, tho' you kill me, do not hurt my Father,---- he's old and weak, pray pull him not so hard.
Pedro. For your sake, pretty one, we'l use him Civilly.---- Come, come, Old Sir, there's no resisting. [To Caivano.
Caivano. Not one Blow to revenge me!
Cosmo. Bear off the Ladies down to the Felluca, and bid the Rowers bring it to the Shore.
Aurelia. Away ye Slaves, off ye vile Clods of Earth: Hah, dare ye touch me? Then Aid ye Powers above,----send down your darting flames ye Elements, blast these vile Wretches with your quickest fires:
Let fiercest Vengeance Ravishers pursue;
Burn 'em, Oh Burn 'em, tho' you Burn me too.
[They are forc'd off.
Enter Viceroy and Cardinal.
Viceroy. The Ecchoing sound that wafted through the Trees to me seem'd like the Cry of Women.
Cardinal. I could not hear distinctly, but must wonder, the Ladies are not here,----this is the place.
[Page creeps out of a Bush.
Page. Oh my Lord, I have the saddest News to tell your Highness, that ever Tongue yet utter'd:----The Vice-Queen and the Ladies, accompanied with the Dukes Mataloni and Caivano, as they were walking here to take the Air, were seiz'd on by a Rout of Ruffians; and notwithstanding all Resistance, and the Cries the Ladies made, no Guards of yours being ne'er, are forc'd away by Water. [Viceroy hangs down his Head.
Cardinal. Didst thou know any of 'em?
Page. Not by their Faces: But know they came from the Mobb-General's Quarter,--their Number, Looks, and Actions so frighted me, I crept into a Bush to hide me from 'em.
Viceroy. Ye Powers that Govern Human Fates below----end my curst days, this is too much to bear.
Cardinal. I have not words enough to comfort him, my Reason's at a loss with this distress, and all Philosophy would work in vain.
Viceroy. Are all the Stars our foes! Oh cruel Fate, are all thy Darts devoted to Rebellion!--And thou the Genius of the wrong'd Nobility, that for a Series of Revolving years, didst Guard the Honour of our Ancestors,----where art thou now! Oh why dost thou desert us?
Cardinal. But above all, the Guardian of our Naples,---- Divine Genaro, our August Protector,----from thy bright Palace built on Plains of Light, accompany'd with dazling Seraphims, and Heaven-born Angels, who sing Hymns of Joy in Visionary Dreams, to sleeping Mortals, with Mediating Grace, gain Mercy for us, and turn these dire Afflictions into Comfort.

Here the Clouds open, and an Apparition of St. Genaro is seen, with his Sword drawn: He Sings the Song of Comfort, and then disappears.

The S O N G.

Weep no more, no longer sigh and groan,
All Heaven's angry Darts are thrown.
A Sacred Councel late was held Above,
Blest with the Presence of Almighty Jove;
Where Pardons Seal'd, Peace does your Joys Restore,
And dire Rebellions now shall Rage no more.
See how the Clouds give way,
And Dazling Atoms Play,
In Consorts Shining Day:
To drive your Cares away.
The great Disposer of all Things,
To Pardon does Incline:
And now to form Disorders brings,
Who late made Peasants tread on Kings,
To shew his Power Divine.

Viceroy. Blest Apparition, saw ye ought, my Lord?

Cardinal. Most certainly, through opening Clouds appear'd the Glorious Saint with Visage full of Joy,--as a blest Omen of our future comfort; methought the Spheres too joyn'd in Sacred Harmony, and a Coelestial Voice with Charming power, piercing my Ears, made all my Senses happy.--A Sword drawn too!

Viceroy. There was, I saw it clearly.--which seems to instruct us to use ours once more, and trust no longer to the fluttering humour, the vain Proposals, or unminded Promises of this vile whimsical and perjur'd Rebel.

Cardinal. It must be so, therefore proceed, my Lord.---- And with unwearied Zeal I still will serve ye,----for since this last, this Brutal violence too well assures us of his Breach of Vows, and that the Witchcraft of his dazling Power, too far Inchants him to lay down in quiet: Let us resolve to make a Push for all;----I lately sought, 'tis true, to reconcile,---- th'unnatural Jars, believing what was done by this bold Fellow was to Ease the People,----who were opprest; and that he would disband, as he once swore----when that was done; but now this Villany has op'd my Eyes to see,----'tis a Rebellious Itch to quell the Nobles, and set up his base Ignominious self, as Viceroy, and turn us to a hated Commonwealth.

Viceroy. 'Tis so, my Lord, 'tis plain, that's his Ambition.

Cardinal. It shall be crush'd----like his vile self to earth, never to rise agen;--Now you shall see the different Fate between th'Inspir'd Nobles, and the Grovelling Vulgar, and the base mettle of this new Coyn'd upstart, the Guilding worn away of his Hypocrisie: Arm then my Lord, and so let all the Court, who with this Vision of the blest Gennaro, and my own

Reasons, I'll so Influence, Honour in Naples shall exert its Grandeur, and th'Rabble once more know their Slavish distance.

Viceroy. Oh how thy Sacred Words inflame my Courage, thou precious Gem, amongst a Crowd of Pebbles, best of thy Function, let me but revenge.----

Cardinal. Revenge, why that shall be the dear twin-word;---- Joyn'd with fair Justice, to begin the work;----be but your Highness patient, and bear your Losses, as becomes your Place, let my Prophetick Brain give you this Comfort:

The hour comes on when the vile Herd shall Groan
Beneath the wonted Yoke, and dread the Nobles Frown.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Massainello Fluster'd, Dress'd again in his Rich Clothes, Pedro half Drunk too, and Pimpwell Combing his Perruke, Pedro with a Sword in his Hand.

Pedro. Now, Brother, you shew like your self.

Pimpwell. Shew!----Oh happy hour,----shew, S'bud he looks like Alexander the Great,----I mean like Pompey,----I mean like Julius Caesar,----I mean like Hannibal,----I mean, I mean, like himself,--------and that's a thousand times better than any of 'em;--Oh rare, rare Sight! 'od I could even hang my self for Joy.

Massainello. I'll teach 'em how to Plot: Give me my Hat and Feather.

Pimpwell. There, there, my Lord, there's the purest Pulvillio in't, and the most exquisite Essence of Amber,---- 'twill make the Women follow ye in Shoals.

Pedro. And this shall make the Mataloni Faction,----and th' Caivano's shake*, whilst all the rest of th'Court study new ways of Poor Submissions. *Gives him a Sword.

Massainello. Oh thou bright Raiser of my Towring Glory, thou hast been wanting to my hand too long; thou that wert wont to hew my way to Greatness, and through opposing Crowds, make Lanes before me, how shall I make amends, and flesh thee first?

Pedro. Two Kinsmen to the Viceroy were this Morning taken dispersing Libels,----and Encouraging the Spaniards to a Mutiny.

Massainello. Let 'em be brought this Evening to the Market-place, and there on them I'll try the Temper of my Weapon,---- and take their Heads off with this Blade my self.

Pimpwell. It shall be done, my Lord:----Odzookers, he has it, now the Medaera works.

Pedro. How now, what's this!----what my dear Cosmo!---- So soon return'd!-------- [Shout within.

Enter Cosmo.

Massainello. Well, what success, my brave Adventurer?

Cosmo. What I could wish: I have 'em all in th'Net, Sir, the Dukes, the Ladies, and the haughty Vice-Queen to boot; and

now I hope you'l think your Kinsman loves ye:----You may seize the Dutchess, now Sir, she's your Quary.

Massainello. Thou Soul of my Contentment, best of Kinsmen*: Oh how I burn within me,----my Brain-pan Glows, and my Heart's all on fire.----Hot, Soultry, soultry. *Embraces Him.

Pedro. And we'l take care to keep ye so.--------The Wine has play'd its part, I see. [Aside.

Pimpwell. There never was any good to be done with drinking Small-beer,----but now you see strong stout Medaera can do Wonders:----Odshertslikins t'has turn'd him inside out, and made quite another Man of him.

Massainello. Come, Cousin, shall we not see your Prize?

Cosmo. Bring in the Prisoners there.

Enter Pedro bringing Vice-Queen, Mataloni, Caivano, Belleraiza and Fellicia,--------Guards.

Massainello. You may remember, when I met you last, I shew'd some taste of Courtesie,----now proud Dons----should you both Grovel at my Feet, and beg for't, I would with scorn refuse and spurn ye from me.

Caivano. Spurn your Companions, base and perjur'd Monster.

Mataloni. Thy sordid Villany can't touch our Souls,-- those are above an abject Rebel's reach.

Massainello. Abject, thou wretched Piece of fluttering Folly, thou gay Court-Butterfly, that I can squeeze to nothing with my Fingers; thou are abject, for what is that but to be still subservient to a Superiour Power, Slave to the Will of him that Commands, and such art thou to me.

Mataloni. No, thou art Slave to me, for I contemn thee;-- my Soul disdains to breath its Vital Air, where thy Infection comes, and scorns to answer, or change a word more, to save my Life.

Massainello. Be sullen then, I'll Parly with your---- Wife, Sir,----Madam, your Husband's Choler as 'tis vain, so 'tis ridiculous; but you, I hope, know how [To Belleraiza. to reconcile; I have few words, but you may Guess my meaning. [Kisses her Hand.

Belleraiza. 'Tho I had rather die, yet for some Reasons I must permit him.

Mataloni. Furies and Fire, must I live and see this!

Aurelia. She stands so coldly, and not spit in's Face.

Massainello. Oh, Madam, I have heard of your Great Spirit, ----and mean to Conjure it. A word with you anon. For th' present, Duke, know you may thank your Lady, for what no Power on Earth but this her Courtesie----could e'er have gain'd, which is a License from me--to take your Leave of her.----Go, Captain, bear 'em both to Prison, and when I send this Ring----bring me the Lady.

Cosmo. 'Tis done, my Lord. [Exit Cosmo with Mataloni and Belleraiza.

Pimpwell. Ay, ay, 'tis done, my Lord,----any thing in the world, Egad, now things go so rarely.

Massainello. Let that Old Signiour be confin'd particularly: ----I hear he's good at Plotting.

Fellicia. Ah let me go with my Father, I beseech ye:-- Look in my Face, believe I am no Plotter,----I know not what is wrong, much less can do it.

Pedro. So much the better, you can do something else that is as fitting for ye, you are my Charge,----you sha'not want your Father.

Pimpwell. Ah happy Miss, the Major will take a great deal of Care of ye, therefore dont----be a Child, don't cry, the Major will take a huge deal of Care of ye. [Pedro Carries Her out.

Fellicia. Oh Father, Aunt, Oh Heaven help, help, help. [Pedro carries her out.

Caivano. This Blow must reach my heart; Fate thou hast done thy worst. [Exit Caivano.

Pimpwell. Come, come, old Gentleman, I'll see you fast enough,----now will there come fifty Duckets at least for a good Lodging; rare, rare times, rare.

Aurelia. Death and Confusion! Can the Sun yet shine,---- such Villanies as these, methinks, should darken it, blot out all Nature, and return----old Chaos----into its Primitive nothing. ----Oh may all Curses.---- [Massainello and Aurelia walk Angerly up and down the Stage.

Massainello. Curse on, curse on, a Woman when she Curses, makes still a Blessing follow.

Aurelia. Why am I left, thou Devil?

Massainello. For the Devil!--for I intend thou shalt Blaspheme so much that he shall fetch thee Headlong.

Aurelia. What! and thou stand by, thy Goary Paws reeking in Blood of Nobles. Is there a Morsel through all the Shambles of Dam'd Reprobates, so proper for his Diet as thy self, thou that from Infancy wert Hell's half-blood, and since still Train'd amongst the Infernal Brood?

To Beelzebub himself of Kin so near,
Thou'lt hardly change thy Nature, when thou'rt there.

Massainello. I chuse an ill one because early taught,
A Man's good Nature makes--a Woman naught:
Copying their Mischiefs, I my own pursue,
And th'nearer to a Devil, the nearer you.

Aurelia. Thou art as near it as the thing will bear:
Search Hell, a Rebel is the greatest there.
But thus to play the Dilatory Fiend, to Teaze me all this while with thy curst Figure, and not bring forth the Rack, the Wheel, the Torture, Poyson or Sword, to ease me from thy self, the worst and most infective Plague of all, is the curst Quintessence of Cruelty, and I grow Mad with my Despair.

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99) Stage direction inexplicably repeated.

132) First letter is missing from "and" (no doubt dropped off rule before printing).

Massainello. 'Tis reasonable; I am Mad too, and so are all my People; the Times are Mad, we should be in the fashion: But now I think on't, I will ask a Question, and if your Rage can stop, answer me: Were I your Prisoner as you now are mine, How would you use me?

Aurelia. I must answer, calmly.

Massainello. As your fierce Nature will permit.

Aurelia. Thus then, as calmly as the Seas wild Surges Roar, when Stormy Winds oppose 'em, I would kill thee: To ask a Woman choaking for Revenge, how she would use her most Inveterate Enemy!--Impertinent Fool, why I would kill thy Soul, if I could reach it too; but for thy Body, it should be burnt with Pincers, thy Heart cut out, and after torn in Pieces with Wild Horses, till there was not the bigness of a Finger to shew the Pattern of a Horrid Villain:

Speaks Raging.

But trod and mash'd o'er all the odious frame,----
And Pounded to the Dunghill whence it came.

There's calmly for ye.----Now what's my Doom?

Massainello. Your Liberty:----What neither Fawning, Prayers nor Tears could purchase; this frank Confession has obtain'd,----y'are free; Conduct her through the Guards to th' Viceroy's Castle,----I do't to shew ye, I fear Threats so little, that I dare all your Power to defeat me; and now resolve I will maintain my own, because I think it becomes me.

Aurelia. So, Sir,----and tho' I have my Life on these conditions, yet I will take it to contrive thy Ruin; which like a Sybil I do Prophesie shall be perform'd as late I mention'd it.

Massainello. If our Blest Stars kind Influence afford.
I'll Court no Stars or Planets,---but my Sword.

[Exeunt Severally.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Mataloni and Belleraiza, in Prison.

Belleraiza. One Minute more, and then the Fatal Message Tolls our sad Separation. Sure two Hearts fast joyn'd by Love, and fram'd for one another, ne'er felt a weighty violence like ours. Indifference gains its point and has its ease; the Days and Nights are worn away in Pleasures; but to be passionate in Love is deadly; Dire Fate resolves, grown envious of our Bliss, to rob us of the Paradise of each other.

Mataloni. Yet this were nothing could we die together; could our winged Spirits like two friendly Turtles fly to the Mansions of the Blest above, and there together coo our Mutual Love:----Who would not leave this Tottering Tenement, this Hovel Life with Joy,----to change so Richly?

Belleraiza. Nay, we must die together, my dear Lord; our Lives are one, and when your ceases Action, you may assure your self mine is no more.

Mataloni. But I alas! am doom'd to Death more cruel than what Tormenters give the common way, to leave thee here to bear their Barbarous Usage; leave the dear Beauty which once blest my Life with Raptures of true Pleasure, to be sullied, Grasp'd and prophan'd by Insolent Brutality; and tho' I know thy Vertue ne'er will yield, 'tis double death to think on thy distress.

Belleraiza. Yield, no, no, I hope my Dearest is confirm'd in that; nor had I suffer'd late that nauseous Rebel to touch my Hand, but for your sake, my Lord: I knew my Face had charm'd his Brutal Soul, and that by soft'ning his Barbarity, I could get means thus to enjoy your Company, which else had been impossible.

Mataloni. I know it, and thank thee for this Blessing it procur'd me: Besides, I've had more favour from the Monster;----a Servant of my own allotted me to do my private business, and such a business;---- I've employed him in, Oh Belleraiza! Embraces Her.

Belleraiza. Speak out, my Lord; in Belleraiza's Bosom all Secrets are secure.

Mataloni. Canst thou endure the odious Infamy, that I should turn base Pander?

Belleraiza. I hate a Pander.

Mataloni. That, that's the meaning of this Upstart's kindness, believing I'll promote his Bestial Love to my dear Belleraiza.

Belleraiza. Horrid Wretch! curs'd Hell-hound!

Mataloni. Now if I find the means, though't be by death to free us both from this Extream of Misery, will my sweet Love consent?

Belleraiza. With better will, than ever miserable condemn'd Captive, accepted freedom. [Enter Servant with Dagger.

Mataloni. See, the tryal comes. So, hast thou succeeded well?

Servant. I have, my Lord,----tho' with some little hazard of my Life, being search'd by the Out-guards,----but naming the Dutchess, they discharg'd me presently,----and there's the effects of your Commands.

Mataloni. 'Tis well done,----withdraw a while: [Exit Servant. ----See here my Love, this was the business meant, to buy this Dagger: Canst thou not guess the use on't?

Belleraiza. I do, and thus make bare my Breast to meet it; let that dear hand but strike, I shall find Heaven before my Soul be ready.

Mataloni. It must be so, to leave thee here with Ruffians, ----will to Eternity disturb my rest,----for I must die thou know'st; then if thou lov'st me, thou'lt love this kind tho' cruel Resolution, first to kill thee, and afterwards my self.

Belleraiza. I do, and on thy Lips bless thee for ever.

Mataloni. Oh my Soul's happiness! [They Embrace.

Enter Cosmo with a Ring.

Cosmo. My Heart's so full of hopes t'enjoy Aurelia, and sate my strong desires with Princely Beauty, that I am tardy in my Office to bring the Dutchess to the General. Here is his Ring, by which his Pleasure's known in all Affairs in Love as well as Power,----this is the fatal Circle that must part the Married Lovers,----and yonder see they are,

Close Billing like two harmless Turtle Doves,
Unweary still of their Connubial Loves.

Mataloni. We are disturb'd; see yonder Glares the Meteor ----that now portends our Ruin.

Belleraiza. One moment longer, and we had both been happy.

Cosmo. Madam, you know my Message by this Ring,--the General expects ye, pray make hast, for I have Business of my own so urgent, I can wait no delays.

Mataloni. Men in great Places must be full of Business; am not I sent for?

Cosmo. No, no, my Lord, you are fixt in the wrong Station, the Wheel is turn'd, you are not now at Court.

Mataloni. And yet my Wife's sent for to Privy Councel! What, what is her Business there?

Cosmo. Why, with plain dealing, if you needs must know, her Business there is to make you a Cuckold.

Mataloni. I have a Message first to send.

Cosmo. What's that?

Mataloni. You, to the Devil, Sir. [Stabs him.

Cosmo. Oh I am Damn'd. [Dies.

Mataloni. Start not, my Love, nor let thy Cheeks grow pale, but adore Providence for this happy Accident, that marks us out instead of Fate our Freedom;----here is the Ring that

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68) Text reads "sat," obviously a misprint for "sate."

guides us through the Labyrinth, by whose Despotick Power we pass the Guards, and then instead of Death live every happy.

Belleraiza. Now I shall think there is a Joy for Lovers uncommon from the rest in sweet Elizium;

This Bliss unlook'd for seems like Heaven's care,
Which only those that love like us could share.

Mataloni. But first I must disguise me in his Habit: What, ho, Lorenzo!

Servant. What Service, my good Lord? [Enter Lorenzo.

Mataloni. Drag in that Body,--and help me in a Business that is necessary.

Servant. With all my heart,--Oh are ye here Don Dogsface? You were a Rogue in Office, I am glad y'are paid your wages.

[Drags Him in.

Mataloni. Happy Success thus! may we always prove.

Belleraiza. Blest be this day when Fortune favour'd Love.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Pedro and Fellicia.

Pedro. Come, come, no more Evasions, no more Woman's Tricks, I thought you were too young for 'em; but to the Point, will you Love me without more stir or Preambles?

Fellicia. Good, Sir, have pity on me. [Weeps.

Pedro. Pity, why I have Love for thee, I tell thee,---- that is, I think 'tis Love, I'm sure I've a mind to thee,---- therefore no more of these dissembling Tears--but buckle too without more trouble: Come, will you comply, I say?

Fellicia. Alas, to what, Sir?

Pedro. Humh--there's Woman-kind agen now,----they always love to hear it nam'd before they venture,--why to my will:---- Come, come, you are not too young to understand the manner.

Fellicia. Indeed I am, Sir, Oh--pray don't look so cruelly upon me, I will do any thing I can to please ye, but for my Love, my good, my poor Old Father had it all, I ne'er Lov'd ought besides. [Weeps.

Pedro. Nay look, if ye practise your Tricks upon me, I must begin the rough Game; I've no fine words, not I, mine is a downright meaning, and with Love, or without, I must be satisfied that's in short.

Fellicia. How, Sir, which--way? Oh do not burn me with your fiery Eyes.

Pedro. Agen--which way? Gad I must speak it broad,--she has an Itch to hear it on my Life.

Fellicia. I'll sing a Pretty Song to please ye, Sir,-- 'twas made upon a poor unhappy Maid, forc'd in a Wood by a rude Barbarous Ruffian, and Rob'd and Ravish'd,----I know not what that is, but she was sadly us'd.

Pedro. What has she made a Song upon her self before-hand?

[She Sings.
He led her by the Milk white hand into a Covert shady,
He swore he'd give her House and Land, and she shou'd be a Lady.
Her Cheeks were spread with Crimson red; at last he made her squeak out.
The naughty man a Trick began that I'm asham'd to speak out.

Quaint and fine i'faith, what a pretty little warbling Pipe the Gipsie has--Oh--how I long to spoil it,--Come, come, my little Canary Bird, Musick is most proper at Meals, I must fall too now.

Fellicia. Oh some kind Angel now look down and save me: Oh but you ha'nt heard me sing a merry Song yet, I have of the Devil and a Fryer, how they were playing a Game at Cross Bunns, and how the Frier Cheated him. [Sings agen.

The Devil he pull'd off his Jacket of flame,
The Fryer he pull'd off his Cowle,
The Devil took him for a Dunce of the Game,
The Fryer took him for a Fool:
He piqu'd, and repiqu'd him so oft,
That at last he swore by the Jolly fat Nuns,
If Cards came no better than those that are past,
Oh! Oh! I shall lose all my Bunns.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha,----how the young Cockatrice----tickles me with her shrill Note,----But come prithee, now let me strike up my fit of mirth.

Fellicia. Y've ne'er a Fiddle, Sir.

Pedro. Oh then I'll make use of yours.

Fellicia. Sweet, dear kind Sir,----A poor unhappy Girle! besides I'm ugly too.

Pedro. Ye lye, ye Baggage, ye lye, y'are handsome enough in Conscience. [Seizes.

Fellicia. Oh that the Earth would swallow me. [Weeps.

Pietro within. Major where are ye?

Fellicia. Oh blessed sound!

Pedro. Ah Plague of all delays,----'twas th'Captains voice sure,----Hah, he's coming,----go get ye in ye little Hypocrite, and prepare your self, d'ee hear, I'll be with ye presently.---- Now Captain----What News---- [Shuts in Fellicia.

Enter Pietro.

Pietro. News that distracts us all: The General's mad yonder, the Duke of Mataloni has kill'd Cosmo, and with the Ring

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82, 88, 89) Pedro's name given in speech tags and stage direction, though Pietro's name is intended.

freed both him self and th'Dutchess,--he's coming hither with the Prince of Bissignano, but in so strange a humour.

Pedro. All the better, get our Friends ready Captain, against he cools, to drink him up agen, and be sure contrive to keep him from sleep: I have a little Business now, but at night I'll second ye.

Pietro. I'll not fail my part, he has not had a Nap this four days, nor shan't if Business can hinder. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Massainello in a Rage with Bissignano and Guards.

Massainello. Let twenty Cannons fire against the Castle: --Down with the Houses in Toledo-Street, I will not leave a Don a Hole to Nest in: And in Revenge of Mataloni's Subtlety, and Cosmo's Death,--Kill all ye take of them; Burn, Ravish, Plunder.--------

I choak with Rage, and cannot vent my Gall,
Till there's a Desolation of 'em all.

Bissignano. This is stark Frenzy, Sir, for Honour's sake ----think, e'er ye Act this Outrage;----Has the Duke done more than is natural? And since you have forgot and broke your Promise, in other things relating to the State, had he been wise to trust you with his Wife?

Massainello. Peace, Babling Fool, Hell take thee quick for naming her. [Strikes him.

Bissignano. Then Life's my scorn, I'll die this moment. [Offers to Draw, Guards withhold it.

Massainello. That thou shalt not neither:----Away with him then, give him Liberty, I'll take down his proud heart without confining.

Bissignano. And if it e'er forgives thee, curse me Heaven. [Exit Bissignano Guarded.

Re-enter Pietro.

Massainello. Thy Looks are cheerful, what good News?

Pietro. Rare, rare, Sir, the Party you sent after the Duke and's Wife o're took 'em, but he being disguised in Cosmo's habit, this Fact not known, was by the Guards--neglected, but she's forc'd from him and brought back to Prison.

Massainello. Ah----had the half kind Fates----but caught him too, my wishes had been full:----But come, however I have his better part, and that shall serve to cool my flame a little: Come hither Friend; what, thou art but a Captain?

Pietro. No more, my Lord.

Massainello. Give me thy Nose, March out and be a Colonel. [Pulls Him by the Nose and Cuffs Him.

Pietro. I am your Lordship's ever. [Exit Pietro.

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97) Speech also attributed mistakenly to Pedro.

125) Text reads "his Fact," probably a misprint for "this Fact."

Massainello. Oh Power, methinks I feel thee still more Charming, and my Revenge on Mataloni seems,----now not so----hopeless:----Death, I never name him, but the word chills my Veins; An Ominous Blast, methinks, shrivels my Nerves,----and makes my Blood clodd and grow cold as if the word were fatal, ----Pish,----'tis meer fancy, think on the Prisoner, she shall attone;----Now Hate and Love are equal.

Enter Pimpwell.

Pimpwell. I hear he is in pretty good Humour now, and therefore will venture upon him:----Yonder's the Dutchess, my good Lord,----we have got her agen;----why what a perverse thing 'tis,----Odd your Lordship e'en us'd her too civilly; if you would have taken my Advice, you should have Pinnion'd her, Cramp'd her, bound her to her Good Behaviour: A proud Minx to slight such an Honour.

Massainello. Thou'rt in the right; how dost thou honest Fellow?

Pimpwell. Ah----mighty well, and like your Honour; and especially when I see you smile and look cheerfully:----And I can tell ye something will make ye more merry,----we have set this Vagabond Duke too,----we'l have him if he be above Ground.

Massainello. I ever found thee diligent:--What Paper hast thau there?

Pimpwell. Phugh, a Letter from my Good Lady to your Honour; she is pleas'd to over-value my small Parts and please ye. Now for my Government,--and Oh the Stars, Planets, Comets, Meteors, Fiery Flapdragons, and Will-o'th'-Wisps stand by me now, or may ye never more furnish an Almanack.

Massainello. Ha, ha,--why Blowze speaks kindly of thee here.

Pimpwell. Ah----Bless her good Honour----and forgive me one thing I had like to have forgot, my Lord,----I hear the People certainly design to vote your Honour----for Viceroy.----

Massainello. D'e they, that's well, she writes in thy behalf here for the Government of Aversi,----'tis thine, there, there, A Patent for thee, go and Govern. [Kicks Him.

Pimpwell. Ah thank your good Lordship, from my Soul, and happy be the Toe that kicks me to the Government, to which in State I go. [Exit.

Massainello. Thus like Immortal, Jove thus uncontrould, shall great Massainello act his Pleasure, whilst Trembling Nations stand amaz'd to view him. Is there a higher Spoke in Fortune's Wheel, than where I stand?----No, but methinks with the Prodigious heighth my Head grows dizzy. Stay, to morrow I'm a Viceroy, next a King; then wherefore shines that Sun so far above me; or how dares yonder Moon and Stars by Night pretend to Ape my Glory? Oh my hot Brain, is there a thing in Nature that is cold?----A real Substance that bears the name----of Ice? sure 'tis all Fiction, the Globe's compos'd of Fire, the Element's all Flame; and mine's more fierce than all, and more consuming:

I from my Bosom breath a Hotter Hell,
Than Phaeton on Africk when he fell.

S C E N E III.

Enter Viceroy, Mataloni and Aurelia.

Viceroy. You have no Leisure now for Grief, my Lord, Revenge must fill your Bosom, thoughts of that,--charm and possess your Senses, 'tis your Deeds and not your Sorrows now must do you Justice.

Mataloni. Oh let Fate once afford me but the means, but one, one, lucky minute,--I'll forgive all my past miseries.

Viceroy. Let us not despair,--the Pious Cardinal has made a Progress beyond our Expectation.

Aurelia. He's too old, too dull, and loses time in grave Advising: Our way should be some deep stroke at a heat, some Stratagem to sink 'em at a Blow, without depending on Consideration, some Mine to mount 'em up, some Gulph to drown 'em, or with a wish could we obtain the Lightning Coelestial, Blazes of Ethereal Fire; or Bribe the Thunder Rowling in the Clouds to break just o're their Heads, and mash 'em all; that were a joyful Sight.

Viceroy. But these are Things impossible.

Aurelia. Oh that my Power were half so active as my vigorous Will,----that this vast Weed, this monstrous spreading Mushrome, that insolently gave me Life and Freedom, both from his hands, so much to my dishonour, might feel my Fury in its noble nature; at least that he might see my Glorious Anger, and my just detestation of my self, for being curst so far, so poorly fated to take 'em as his Courtesie.

Mataloni. 'Tis still the nature of Mechanick Villains, to make by insolent action an Affront,----what they design a Kindness: I warrant he look'd stately.

Aurelia. Like the World's Emperour,--as if we all were clos'd up in a Bubble, which he could puff to nothing: Oh I am Mad, mad, and could tear my hated self to pieces; Curse my unhappy Stars, and make a Contract even with the Prince of the Infernal Mansions,--so I might perfect my Revenge.

Viceroy. Calmer, calmer, you torment your self too much.

Aurelia. Oh talk not of Calmness, I've a Storm within me, and it must blow before the Rain will follow,--[Weeps.]--Hah, can I be so base, so meanly spirited to shed a Tear too, a foolish Drop,--'tis gone,--and with it all my Womanly soft temper,----for when I think upon your Belleraiza, and the Distress of my dear, dear Fellicia,----both now Confin'd amongst these worst of Devils,

Fury unquenchable my Breast does burn,
I change my Nature, and a Dragon turn. [Exit.

Viceroy. I cannot blame her for unbridled Passion: Because her grief is weighty; a sense of Honour too severely great, but you, my Lord, I fear, by her last words are struck afresh.

Mataloni. 'Tis true, the name of Belleraiza shot me, shot me to th'Heart, but I have pull'd the Dart out, and will be whole agen,----What's to be done, my Lord?

Viceroy. Immediate Diligence to aggravate the People, whom the Cardinal,----who by his vertue always gain'd their Love, possesses now with Massainello's Madness, upon which Thousands have late revolted from him,----being daily abus'd, some kill'd, some wounded, as his Humour pleases,----and on the least Incouragement we are told, will turn against him.

Mataloni. Oh that Joyful hour!

Viceroy. Here comes his Gracious Eminence.

Mataloni. And I think the Prince of Bissignano.

Viceroy. 'Tis the same, his coming must produce something of moment.

Enter Cardinal and Bissignano.

Cardinal. Health to your Highness.

Bissignano. Long and many years happy and flourishing.

Viceroy. This from you, my Lord, the General's Moderator, is somewhat strange.

Bissignano. True, I was Moderator, but not Sycophant; but now believe, my Lord, I am his Fate,----he's now stark Frantick, all his Actions shew it, worrys the Nobles that don't Bow and Cringe, and do him Reverence as he passes by, as a Wolf does a Flock of harmless Sheep;--Kills, Tortures his own Friends, and plays the Devil, even with those very Rogues that set him up.

Cardinal. And that those Crush him is most natural.

Bissignano. Besides, a Barbarous Action done last Night, too bad to be related----Innocent Fellicia your sweet Neice, my Lord, savagely Ravish'd by his Villain Brother; at which sad News her Father, Old Caivano,----being close Imprison'd too, since dy'd with Grief.

Mataloni. Accursed Dog, Oh, my thoughts murder me! Oh Belleraiza!

Bissignano. Nothing of her is Nois'd, hope well, my Lord.

Cardinal. And prudently let's manage: Has your Highness spread all those Papers round about the City, importing from the King a General Pardon to all the People that lay down their Arms.

Viceroy. Most carefully,----and find it has the same Effects I wish, for Numbers have observed it, and Deserted.

Bissignano. Most certainly they have,----on which occasion the Tyrant-Rebel, tho' he's always fluster'd, has yet a Pang of Fear, and keeps up close,----doubles even his Guards, and shews an Apprehension of what I hope will happen.

Mataloni. How shall I come to unkennel this Damn'd Fox, this Bloody, this most Hellish--

Bissignano. Fortune, my Lord, shews ye the way, by me; it is my luck, for now I'll call it so, to have an Interest in his Night's Confident, his Blowzabella,----she, if she holds her Humour as 'twas lately,----will scarce deny me any ask'd for favour; nor will she balk at this, if I request it, to give me th'opportunity to see him privately.

Viceroy. It looks with a good face, proceed my Lord.

Bissignano. 'Tis the easier to be done,----because the breach about the Blow, the Villain lately gave me is suppos'd

reconcil'd, which if I e're forgive, may this right hand refuse to do me reason: My Drift is unsuspected, and being done, when I have moulded her, you shall have notice.

Mataloni. Oh that the Wings of Time mov'd faster! I am impatient till the Minute comes.

Bissignano. Yet too much hast, my Lord, may ruin all: Let us meet once more here, and then consult about some methods to be us'd.

Cardinal. 'Tis reasonable,----whilst I assist at the Cathedral, and there by subtle means disperse more Papers, and fix the People in their hopes of Pardon.

Viceroy. Six Troops of Spanish Horse,----shall all be ready against the Signal's given for our meeting, which I could wish were suddenly.

Bissignano. To morrow, e're th'Rosie Guide has usher'd in the Sun; in the mean time let all be husht as Death,----'tis Freedom that's at stake, then let's be close and cautious.

Silent as Infants in soft Dreams appear;
Or Lovers--when they know--that Spies are near.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bissignano, Blowzabella, Pimpwell, and La Poop.

Blowzabella. La Poop, Go tell the Ladies that are come to visit me, I suppose to beg something,----that I'll not be seen to day; tell I'm troubled with Vapours, and keep my Chamber.

La Poop. I sall, Madam, I have alway one Lye ready for your Ladiship ven ever you have de occasion,----vor me know ver well de Lye be as proper vor de File de Chambre, as de old Gown of her Lady ven she leave off. [Exit La Poop.

Blowzabella. Well, my Lord, and as you were saying, give me your hand; nay, nay, you might have spar'd that,---- [Kisses it. for I have been so busie setting in order some new Jewels to wear, that Odsfish I forgot to wash 'em to day.

Bissignano. Ay or this Week either, on my Conscience: Well, if my Guts don't come up now, I'm happy.

Pimpwell. Hum, this long Chin'd Don is very familiar, methinks, but if this hold, I shall make bold to let him know there are some Governours his Equals, to be first serv'd;--Gad my quality shall be known now. I have it: What, we must do great things now.

Blowzabella. Ay, ay, you say enough of my Beauty, and my good shape, now y'are in the fit; but I have had but slender Proofs from a Person as I thought of your Ability.

Bissignano. Hum, what a Devil shall I say now, for the truth is I have always shun'd her as a Hare does a Hound, when she hears the Horn near her. [Aside.] Oh, Madam, Business, business, 'tis that has always occasion'd my misfortune.

Pimpwell. I beseech ye, Madam, let him mind his--hem--hem, and let others--that are more diligent--and men of quality too mind yours.

Bissignano. So, thank my Stars,--I have a Rival now,--of a Valet de Chambre.

Blowzabella. Time was my Lord, when that face of yours could do something with me,----but you Courtiers are so dull in matters of moment, that a Woman of spirit grows weary of ye presently.----My Lord, prithee come hither and put this Patch on right. [To Pimpwell.

Pimpwell. Humph, humph, poor Prince how he looks now? [Aside.] Pray Madam, dispatch his Business, and send him away, I have a word or two to speak t'ee in private.

Blowzabella. And what Private Business--hast thou with me, ha,--Go, you are a Rogue;--You are so uppish now y're a Man of Quality.

Bissignano. Ay, 'tis even so, I find I'm a meer Cast-away, --but I must Collogue till I get my Ends of her however.

Blowzabella. Well, my Lord, and what other Business have you with me, besides your Address? what, you would speak with the General?

Bissignano. Yes, Madam, and about earnest Business concerns him.

Pimpwell. Lend him your Key, Madam, don't go your self to introduce him; 'tis below ye: Besides, you know he'l be every minute troubling ye, for he's employ'd continually.

Blowzabella. 'Tis true, therefore I'll put that trouble off my hands: There, my Lord, that Key admits ye to him; and now d'ee hear, you may negotiate your own publick Business-- without troubling mine in private.

Pimpwell. Ay, d'ee hear, my Lord, you understand without troubling ours in private.

Bissignano. Blest Accident, Fortune has thrown that into my hands unexpected, that else I should have half-damn'd my Soul with Lying and Flattery to get from her, [Aside.] I hear, Madam, the General's busie now with some Friends, an hour hence will be time enough for me.

Blowzabella. Oh, when you please:----Your Servant, my Lord.

Pimpwell. Your Servant, good my Lord;----there, there's the Door, my Lord.

Bissignano. Insolent Rogue, he sees not yet the Fiend that's hovering o're him. [Aside.

Blowzabella. The General is busie,--'tis true, that is, he's Drinking: A Daily Affair that my Brother Pedro always [Exit employs him in: he says politickly, but I'm sure Bissignano. 'tis an insufferable Plague to me, for he's now and then stark mad,--runs up and down without his Hat, and but one Stockin on, stares like a Fury, and never comes to visit me, but after three or four words we fall to Cuffs;--here lies his Perruke, and there my Head-dress; but Odsfish I'll be reveng'd of him.---- Come, my Lord, let's go in, Come. [Pats Him.

Pimpwell. My Lord,--my Lord--how purely--it sounds, and what a figure I shall make, when for Air or so,----I whip over agen into my own Country England. Zooks how my Title will rattle there!--Here's Don Ricardo arriv'd, they cry presently: Then to the Park I scowre, then to the Play-house, then the Side-box, then behind the Scenes, and then prattle with the little pretty Tuzzy Muzzy, winking, Pinking Rogues; Ah Le Plasire charmant, dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. -- Gad I was so wrapt with my new Fortune,--that I had almost forgot your Ladiship.

Blowzabella. Had ye so: Come Sirrah, come your ways in and take a Dram of my Bottle,----I'll give ye something shall rub up your remembrance presently; Come Ricky--come Sirrah.--

Pimpwell. March on Don, march on, Oh happy, happy Rogue! What, we must do great things now. [Exeunt.

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50) Misprinted as "dont't."

S C E N E II.

Enter Viceroy and Cardinal.

Viceroy. Blest News! The Face of things wears; sudden Change, revolting Crowds throng hourly to the Castle,--and beg for Pardon, promising to turn and serve with,--The Rebell's humour's now so monstrous grown, that he spares none, murders his Friends and Kinsmen, Racks and breaks o'th'Wheel for every Trifle, not heeding Sex nor Age, Desert nor Quality.

Cardinal. His Madness, we may well believe will last too, he has not slept this Week.

Viceroy. And every day they drink him to a height.

Cardinal. That works for us,----and makes him do such mischiefs that now the People Generally hate him; the Vice-Queen's Prayer is heard, for that she may be thoroughly satisfied with sweet Revenge, which I confess my best Divinity can't in this Juncture disallow;--we only want the generous performance of Bissignano's--Promise,--and Mataloni's Valour to effect it, and then Revenge is sure.

Enter Mataloni Leading Fellicia, her Hair dishevel'd, and Mouth Bloody, as Ravish'd.

Viceroy. But who comes yonder, Oh my Tortur'd Soul!---- Who is't? I see my dear, my sweet Fellicia.

Mataloni. Had ever Beauty so severe a Blast, or tender Innocence so hard a Fate! The Ravisher it seems Mad with his Guilt, and fearing 'twould exasperate the People soon,----as the Barbarous Action was perform'd, close cover'd with a Veil convey'd her hither.

Fellicia. Bury me quick, Oh do not look upon me, but pity and revenge,--Oh if a wretched ruin'd Virgin's Prayer can touch your Hearts, pity me and revenge. [Exit.

Cardinal. My Heart is wounded, and my Reason fails me,---- why such things are, I must not dare not ask,----the Mystery of Religion, curbs my thoughts,----and there is nothing left me but to wonder:

Why Innocence to such distress can fall,
None e'er can know but only who knows all.

Enter Bissignano with a Key.

Viceroy. Welcome, most Noble Lord,----good Luck I hope has blest us in your coming.

Bissignano. Good, as 'tis possible,----here is the fatal Key that opens Hell, where all the Fiends sit in Triumphant Revels, amongst their Brimming Bowls, fearless of Danger.--Now

---

13) "Thoroughly" misprinted as "throughly."

let us plunge 'em to the inmost Cavern,--where Sulphurous Caldrons boyl, with hottest fury -- I sent a Message to the Vice-Queen lately----to get the Blowze the Fish-wife out o'th'way by inviting her to Musick,----or a Banquet; and she resolves on't; this being done, our way is clear, our Hearts and Hands are ready to crush this odious Monster.

Mataloni. Lead, Brave Prince.

Bissignano. And yet it is, below our selves, methinks, to taint our Hands with his vile Blood----our Slaves shall do the Drudgery.

Mataloni. I'll be there however,----lest some damn'd Accident

Viceroy. Should Intervene and stop the wish'd Affair.

Cardinal. And I'll go beg,----your good Success by Prayer.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Discovers Massainello just risen from Table, where Pedro, Pietro and others were Drinking.

Massainello. She has defy'd my Love, and dares my Cruelty; Is Massainello to be dar'd, ----no,----Woman, thou soon shalt find the Thunderbolts of Jove, and all the fierce Artillery of Heaven----too weak to balk my Power,----Yet she Smiles, and when I talk of Rape----or Death with Torment, points to the Sky as if from thence she hop'd fresh Succours to relieve her.

Pedro. Harkee,----don't mind him, he's got now into one of his moody Fits:--------Come, come, drink about.

Pietro. He has sent for the Dutchess,----and I suppose will be somewhat rough with her Grace, if she keeps her old Humour;--Ten to one but we shall see some Scratching, Mewing and Caterwawling between 'em.

Massainello. Caesar Lubrano, Tursis and Zavalio, three mighty Dons that proudly look'd upon me as I thought with Contempt, shall die to Night, their Houses Burnt and Plundered; ----nor stop I here, but all their Heads and Hands from Bodies chopt, and then Nail'd upon Crosses,--shall stand to adorn th' Entrance of my Palace; and had I but that Devil Mataloni,---- but here's one half of him, the Fiend split in two, this part is Woman.

Guards bring in Belleraiza.

Belleraiza. Well, Sir, what Torture next? you flag and cool, my Courage can endure a thousand worse, than these I feel of Darkness and Solitude,----my Humour too is fix'd just as it was, for know I hate ye still.

Massainello. And I thee now, so rankly, I could wish thou wert a Man, that being of the stronger Constitution, thou might'st feel pain the more.

Pedro. So she has netled him already,----there's no moulding her to any thing by fair means,----she's obstinate still,----what a Devil is this Vertue, I wonder that Women stickle so about, ----They can sell it for nothing, I never heard it was worth a Groat.

Pietro. Ah---the General never went the right way to work with her; if any Woman denies me impertinently, 'tis but knocking her down, and there's an end of the matter.

Belleraiza. Will you not prove the force then of your hatred? Order the Rack or Wheel, or any thing, so you dismiss me.

Massainello. Poor Obstinate,--art thou so fond of Pain?

Belleraiza. Pain--will be pleasure, so I save my Honour.

Massainello. Your Honour! Since then--y'are of that so tender--I thank ye, you have shewn the way to plague ye,--I am not ignorant, a Woman's Will can when its stubborn defie death and horror,--if that Fantastick whimsie be secure,--and I have found one of this sort are you:

Your Honour safe, you all my Power defie,
Then first I'll kill your Honour e're you die.

For to divert my self and my Companions thou shalt here be strip'd stark naked in our view, each charming Limb which Fool's mistake for Beauty,----expos'd even to my Guards to mock and scorn.

Belleraiza. Torment of Torments, what have I heard him say?

Massainello. Here, seize on her, and use the haughty Mischief as I command, that we may view the Beauty's she's so proud of, and judge whither perfection or defects are most excelling. [They seize her.

Pedro. We shall have some fresh Play presently.

Belleraiza. Oh, I have been too rash,--thus at your Feet --I beg your pardon, and repent my words: Burn, tear me piecemeal, for provoking ye, invent new Tortures that were never heard of,--to glut your Cruelty, and I'll call it Justice, but let me scape the shame of being expos'd.

Massainello. Oh does it pinch ye now,--is--thin skin'd Honour so nice that a meer sight on't makes ye squeak.--I say uncloth her, for I now, methinks, expect a certain pleasure, to behold a Body that Mankind oft Damn their Souls for.

Belleraiza. Oh I will never rise but rooted here,--fix till my life forsakes me.

Massainello. Tear off her hold,--and strip her instantly; and when she's so disgrac'd, take off her Head, and send it to her Yoke-mate Mataloni.

Here Enter Bissignano, Mataloni, with a Pistol and Guards.

Mataloni. That shall not need,--he comes to fetch the whole, here's Mataloni's self. [Seizes her, she Embraces him.

Belleraiza. Oh,--Extasie!

Mataloni. Fall on my Soldiers. [He fights with the Guards.

Massainello. Hah surpriz'd! yet you shall buy me dearly, Despair assist me.

Bissignano Fights with Pedro and Disarms him. Massainello kills three of the Guards, and strives to get near to Belleraiza, --Mataloni shoots him with a Pistol,--------He falls.

Massainello. Ah--Coward Fates! had my last minute prosper'd, ----to reach thy Life, my own had fled with joy; but thou hast stop'd me,
Stop'd all my Glory----in its full carreer,
And sent th'Ambitious Soul I know not where. [Dies.
Mataloni. With thee die all my Fears: Oh my Soul's Joy, ----once more, I see there's a kind Star for Lovers. [Embraces her.
Belleraiza. I cannot speak: Ah let my Eyes express me.
Bissignano. Secure those Rebels; then with speed let's go to meet the Viceroy and the Cardinal.
Mataloni. Let the Spanish Troops be drawn up near the--- Castle, ready to publish when the Word is given the Death of this proud Monster.
Soldier. They shall, my Lord.
Bissignano. And now thou Glorious Saint, Protector of our Kingdom, thus we thank thee.
Mataloni. Thank thee with Joy for this Propitious Hour,
That frees Glad Naples--from Rebellious Power.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aurelia and Ladies.

Aurelia. What is th'Pageant come?
1 Lady. So, please your Highness, I saw the Coach stop now at the Gate.
2 Lady. Her Sister too, and the whole Tribe of Fish-wives.
Aurelia. And is the Mask--prepar'd as I gave Order?
1 Lady. Yes, Madam, and the Hangman, Death and the Devil too, with their proper Ornaments, all ready to wait on her.
2 Lady. Her Mackerel Ladiship,--I dare affirm was never in her Life so Entertain'd.
Aurelia. Not as she shall be e're I part with her,--By this time sure the Destinies have play'd their fatal Game, and the bold Rebel has in Hell his payment, as Noble Bissignano, sent me word, they then had plotted, and the hour's now past,--It must be done; th'uncommon Joy I feel, gives me assurance his Death will be their sport,--whilst I divert me with his Mawking here, and shew her Beastly self by a reflection. She comes, and with a Pride I warrant, proper.----Who waits there? Set Chairs out for her Mightiness--and her Retinue, and when the Mask begins, let one stand by her to explain the Figures.

Enter Blowzabella, Pimpwell, Ursula, and Attendants.

Blowzabella. Well, Odsfish, 'tis a happy thing to be a Woman of Quality: Had I been a poor Jade now, the Devil of any Ball, Mask, or what d'ee call it had been made for me,--and now lookee, the Vice-Queen thinks it her duty to shew me respect,-- On my word, this is a great point gain'd.

Pimpwell. Ay, Madam, --I warrant she has some suit or other to your Ladiship; and faith, Madam, if you'l take my Counsel, don't be too forward, let her wait a little,----'tis the Method at Court always.

Blowzabella. 'Tis so, Boy, thou'rt in the right.----Come now, let's hear this Stuff.

The Masque begins. Enter a Fisherman and Fishwife, and Dance.

Servant. Now that your Greatness may understand the Figures, --you must know that the first is a Fisherman, and the Dowdy his Wife.

Blowzabella. Ha, ha, ha,--Odsfish that's pleasant enough. ----Well, and prithee what's t'other?

Servant. Th'other is a Monster representing Rebellion.

Pimpwell. I warrant that's a troublesome Rascal.

Then Enter a Figure drest like Pimpwell, and a Valet bearing a Robe and a Gown, Fine Clothes Tawdry.

Servant. This is a Rascally Fellow, that's got into Office, and serves the others in their Villanies, his Name is Pride,---- a Pimp, a Scoundrel.----

Pimpwell. Odd, methinks, the Fellow has a pretty kind of an Appearance: Gad I think he's like me: Come, let's hear him.

Then they Dress the Fisherman and his Wife in the Robe and Gown, who Strutt about.

Then Enter three Figures, the one Representing Death, the other a Hangman, the third the Devil.

Blowzabella. Oh Gad, what Nauseous Scraggy Rascal's that-- foh--I abominate th'sight of him.

Pimpwell. And I the t'other,----methinks he looks like the Hangman.

Servant. Right, Sir, he is one,----the t'other is, Madam, a strange surly positive morose Fellow, his Name is Death; few of you Ladies like him, he has not Flesh enough; the other, one that represents Rebellion.

A Solemn Introduction of Instrumental Musick, and then this Song is Sung by Mr. Pate, representing Rebellion.

From Burning Caves the dreadful'st part of Hell,
Where Fiends with Flaming Tongues in pain Eternal dwell,

And damn'd by me on Earth in dismal horror yell;
I come to shew these Wretches here,
What they are doom'd to bear.
I come to shew what Torment must ensue,
What endless Plagues are for Rebellion due.
Appear then each Slave
Of Fate, Hell, and the Grave:
Appear in your Terror, and wound their curst Eyes
With Sulphur perfum'd too ye Furies arise.
1 Fury. Ha, ha, ha, ha, we laugh aloud. [Furies and others
We laugh, we laugh aloud, arise.
And of our Fortune still are proud,
When e're to Hell the Rebels crowd.
2 Fury. These to worst Pangs----Grim Pluto does condemn,
Our heaps of Coals are shovel'd all to them.
3 Fury. And when in Limbo's Freezing Lake,
We in another kind
Damnations Plague expect to find
Proud Rebels still our Places take,
And Grind their Gnashing Teeth and quake.
1 Fury. He may chance to find mercy who quaffs a full Bowl.
2 Fury. And the Whore-master too may make friends for his Soul.
3 Fury. But the Rebel unpardon'd for ever shall howl.
Chorus of all. He may chance, &c.

Then a Dance; at the End of which Death and the Hangman come and seize on Pimpwell and Blowzabella, and the Devil on Ursula, and the rest. Exeunt.

Pimpwell. I warrant that's a troublesome Fellow.
Blowzabella. Eyh, Eyh,----What would the Raw-bon'd Rascal have? Oh hideous! Hands off, Sirrah. Was ever such an Abuse?
Servant. 'Tis part of the Entertainment, Madam, you must go with him.
Blowzabella. Go with him, I'll see the Devil have him first.
Ursula. And his Dam,----the t'other here----Hands off Sirrah; you'l grow sawcy presently.
Pimpwell. And what would you have with me ye Impudent Rascal? D'ee see how you soil my Coat? [To the Hangman.
Servant. Oh he has a Halter, Sir, will cure ye of all Fashions presently. In short, Goody Fishwife, the Villain your Husband's dead, and yours Madam will be presently, therefore all ye have to console upon is to hang decently by one another: But first that you may die in your right Stations, kneel there and pay your Homage.
Blowzabella. Ah--Treason, Treason, where are my Guards?--
Pimpwell. Help, help there, I'm a Lord----Good People.
Servant. Ye Lye, ye are a Pimp, ye Rogue, they must Guard ye to the Gallows.
Aurelia. What can your Mightynesses bow so low, you that so late could dash at the Nobility, and kick your Kennel-dirt

up in their Faces; Hah! can you Truckle now ye Groveling Slaves, y'are in your right Stations,----low as your Parent-clod. Then throw their hated Carcasses on Dunghills, drag 'em to death; at last the hour is come, tho' long expected, which my indulgent Genius did reserve to gratifie the labour of my Soul for all its Torments during this Rebellion ---- Mean Souls when wrong'd, mean Satisfaction take.

The great can only be with Blood repaid.
And Death the least Attonement can be made.

[Exit Aurelia.

Enter Viceroy, Mataloni, Cardinal, Bissignano, Aurelia, and Guards.

Mataloni. Oh how the Slaves can Truckle, when they find how the Tide runs against 'em!

Viceroy. My Lord Cardinal----your Eminence was in the Marketplace; How did they rellish my first Proclamation?

Cardinal. Just as all Rabble do in Turns of Times; those that but two days past, would have stemm'd Torrents, run to the mouth of a new mounted Cannon, and finger'd even the Ball for Massainello: ----Now when they heard his Death, and found the Tide turn, laid present hold upon your Act of Grace, and were so far from naming him as General, that they even rent their Throats with this loud cry, Long live the King, and our most Noble Viceroy.

Bissignano. Nay more, no sooner had they seen his Body as it lay dead, but with Impetuous Fury they chopt his Head off first, and next his Hands, and on a Poll exalted them in view, ----then dragg'd the Trunk with Horses through the Streets.

Belleraiza. Ador'd be St. Genaro, and the Powers, that to their former Glory have restor'd----Abandon'd Naples, and its Ancient Peace:

But letting Gratitude peculiar move
At once being blest with Liberty and Love.

[Shout within.

Viceroy. They now even offend me with their Zeal, making the Prospect of my Palace here, their place of Execution! Open that Folding-door, and you may see the Reward of dire Rebellion.

Here the S C E N E Opens and discovers the Trunk of Massainello Headless and Handless, dragg'd by Horses, his Head and Hands fastned to a Pole, with an Inscription, and behind these the Bodies of Blowzabella, Pedro and Pietro Hanging upon Gibbets.

Cardinal. A dreadful Sight! Yet bears it a good Moral,
Discovering the vain state of Worldly Greatness;
And what a slippery way he treads that chuses
The Path of vain Ambition,----wanting Power
To keep the great Resolves to which he swore.

Had Massainello when he Sign'd the Articles,
Renounc'd his Sway, and modestly retir'd,
The Action past so Great, so Beneficial,
Would almost have Atton'd for his Rebellion:
He had deserv'd a Golden Statue rais'd
To keep his Fame to perpetuity;
But his Ambition blinding his weak Eyes,
Turn'd his hot Brain, and broke the Reins of Reason.
The Moral to all Rebels doth belong,
They may a while, but cannot prosper long.
And Heaven's use of 'em is thus made known,
First to purge others Crimes, and last their own.
[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

FOR

Miss CAMPIAN.

Dress'd in the Fashion that I now appear,
My Spanish Garb, and loose dishevel'd Hair;
A Gay Town-Spark, one of the Toasting Gang
Just now came to me, and thus made Harangue:
Madam, says he, and straight I found by this,
He thought 'twould Anger me to call me Miss;
Your part of being ravish'd, Ma'm, says he,
Has stop'd my Vitals quite, quite Ravish'd me.
Pray let me kiss your Hand; Oh fye, Sir, no:
Nay, Pish, cry'd I, and put him by just so:
Yet thank'd him, that he lik'd my Part to day.
Burn me, says he, I like you; Damn the Play.
Then mutter'd something softly in my Ear,
Something of Hundreds setling by the Year.
I colour'd like a Rose, and trembled too;
For Heaven knows for 'em what I was to do.
But taking heart I angry answer'd thus:
What mean ye, Sir, d'ee take me for Miss--------
A certain Lady we have lately lost?
And at that word finding he'd make more pother,
I started up and said, I'd call my Mother.
At that, says he, and as he spoke it smil'd,
Why sure you wont----you wont be such a Child,
There's none but Babies let their Mothers know.
I was asham'd that he should think me so.
We love the Childish scandal to prevent,
To be thought fit, altho' we don't consent;
So much confus'd I left him----this Relation
I leave for you, Sirs, to make Application.
If you forsake our Plays, and I am slighted,
You see at least I one way may be righted,
Young as I am----Knight-Errant can provide,
That me to Paris will on Cock-horse guide.

FINIS.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

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PART I

Dramatis Personae.

1. Don Tiberio, Prince of Bissignano: A member of one of Naples' greatest and most ancient baronial families, the Sanseverini, who for centuries had "exercised an almost royal power" [Croce, p. 98], Bisignano had recently served as Field-Master and Colonel-General of the Battalion of Naples (the popular army) and, during Masaniello's rebellion, was practically the only baron to champion the cause of the people. "[B]y his innated benignity [he] had made himself belov'd of all . . .; [the people] desir'd that he wold be pleas'd to be their Defender and intercessor 'twixt them and the Vice-Roy . . ." [Giraffi, p. 21]. It was actually Genoino who suggested making the Prince of Bisignano visible head of the insurrection.

2. Duke of Mataloni: Diomed Carafa, the Duke of Maddaloni and head of the great Carafa family, was well-known as an opponent of Spanish dominion. De Reumont describes him as "a genuine representative of the Neapolitan nobility, brilliant and extravagant, resisting all restraint, despising every law, only recognizing his own privileges" [p. 412]. Having been imprisoned by the Viceroy for "transactions with the banditti and arbitrary conduct towards the people" [De Reumont, p. 315], Maddaloni was strangely released at order of the Viceroy to intercede with the rioters. His efforts as negotiator ended with Masaniello's unprecedented assault upon his person in the marketplace of Naples. The personal grudge Masaniello

bore Carafa stemmed from a beating months before by Maddaloni's servants and grew to all-consuming hatred when Maddaloni hired Perrone and a band of several hundred banditti to assassinate the rebel leaders. Giraffi [p. 65] reports that Maddaloni had also plotted to poison the aqueducts and place explosives under the city. Midon, writing in 1729, discounts the feasibility of any attempt to blow up the city [p. 131], however, and Filomarino writes the Pope about drinking a glass of water in front of the populace to dispel rumors that the bandits had poisoned the water tank of Naples [p. 384]. After the aborted assassination plot, Maddaloni became chief enemy of the people. Masaniello set four thousand ducats upon the head of Carafa, who time and again eluded capture. Maddaloni died in prison near Madrid in 1660.

3. Don Peppo di Caraffa: Giuseppe Carafa, brother of the Duke of Maddaloni, was a banditti chief infamous for criminal activities. Hunted down after the attempt on Masaniello's life--an attempt he helped to mastermind, Don Giuseppe was brutally decapitated in the Piazza del Cerriglio and his head afterwards displayed on a pike in the Mercato. Few had been more hated than this first noble slain in the rebellion. Capecelatro writes that Giuseppe Carafa was "of a lively and acute mind, but too fierce in his spirit and tending toward cruelty and friendship . . . with rascals who, under his protection, committed terrible crimes . . . which were not punished by the royal officers out of consideration for Don Giuseppe. These and other causes drew upon him the hatred of the populace" [quoted in Schipa, p. 602]. Don Giuseppe's power struggle against Maddaloni

was apparently fabricated by D'Urfey.

4. Cardinal Fillomerino: Ascanio Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, undoubtedly wielded great influence with Masaniello and the populace and was able to prevent a number of mob excesses. During the early days of the rebellion, he sympathized with the people and admired their leader until (as he wrote in letters to the Pope) Masaniello's wisdom changed to madness, recklessness, and tyranny. Though he is a figure of unquestionable integrity in D'Urfey's play, and in accounts such as Capecelatro's and Giraffi's, several chroniclers and historians present him in a less salutary light. Tontoli's eyewitness account says that Filomarino exercised cunning to curry the people's favor, criticizing none of their actions in an effort to "gain dominion over Mas'aniello and his followers" [p. 172]; Masaniello regarded the Archbishop as little less than divine. De Reumont describes Cardinal Filomarino as "narrow-minded and mean-spirited, but a careful and affectionate pastor." He mentions Filomarino's frequent quarrels with the viceroys and his "inveterate spite against the Spaniards" [p. 173]. Schipa speaks of rancor and vengeance in the Archbishop's dealings with members of his own sedile [p. 69].

5. Massaniello: Tomaso Aniello, commonly called Masaniello, was born near the Neapolitan Mercato in 1620 of parents from Amalfi. Too poor to be a fisherman, he subsisted by selling fish and by performing a number of other legal and illegal "jobs." D'Urfey's main source, Giraffi, describes him as "pleasant, of a middle stature, black-ey'd, rather lean then fat, . . . of a good countenance,

stout and lively . . ." [p. 8]. In letters to the Pope, Cardinal Filomarino has great praise for the poor fish-vendor catapulted into sudden leadership:

> This Masaniello has risen in a few days to such a height of authority and influence, and has known how to acquire so much respect and obedience, that he makes the whole town tremble by his decrees, ... He shows discretion, wisdom, and moderation; in short, he has become a king in this town, and the most glorious and triumphant in the world. He who has not seen him cannot imagine him; and he who has cannot describe him exactly to others. [p. 385]

Filomarino's judgment must of course be balanced against that of other chroniclers and historians. Schipa, in the most authoritative modern account of the Neapolitan revolt, describes a "vicious, dissolute gambler and swearer, . . . [with] enough proud temerity and stubbornness to charm the group of impoverished rascals who swarmed in his area" [p. 73]. The portraits of both Filomarino and Schipa are necessary to an understanding of so vacillating and contradictory a figure as Masaniello; taken together, they do much to negate what appears to be a crippling dramatic flaw in D'Urfey's play: character inconsistency and invraisemblance. The historical Masaniello, like his dramatic counterpart, was a complete chameleon.

8. Pedro di Amalfi: Apparently created by D'Urfey. Schipa does mention Giovanni, a younger brother of Masaniello who helped lead the early riots, but Giovanni's role was minor enough to be overlooked in most accounts of the rebellion. Giraffi says nothing about a brother of Masaniello. It is unlikely also that D'Urfey would have changed the name completely.

9. Julio Genovino: Giulio Genoino was unquestionably the chief instigator and driving force behind the 1647 rebellion in Naples.

He alone possessed sufficient political vision to channel the popular insurrectionary fury to a precise objective: restoration of the privileges of Charles V. Eighty years old at the outbreak of the revolt, he had devoted most of his life to the struggle against tyranny and for equality of franchise between the nobility and populace. Genoino predicated his plan for reform upon the medieval concept of an alliance between the oldest patrician families and the people, against the newer unscrupulous nobility in positions of control. In 1620, as Eletto del Popolo in Naples, he became chief counselor to the Viceroy Ossuna in a joint effort to increase the power of the poor classes against the growing interference of the nobility. He also produced a series of essays, interpreting Neapolitan history as a record of the nobility's usurpation of power from the people. Such direct challenges to their authority enraged the nobles, who quickly tried Genoino in absentia (to prevent his petitioning the King of Spain) and condemned him to life imprisonment. He spent years thereafter in Spanish and African prisons and, upon release, was forced to subsist for many years on soldiers' alms. In time he secured four thousand ducats to pay the King for his freedom.

On the basis of his early training as both priest and lawyer, Genoino petitioned for and was promised a prominent position in the Collegio dei Dottori; once in Rome, however, he found the position denied him because of his prison record. Eventually migrating once again to Naples, he propagandized sub rosa for at least three years before the 1647 rebellion and developed contacts with such leaders of the Mercato as Perrone. One of his friends, studying to be a monk at the Carmine, introduced Genoino to Masaniello; in the fish-

vendor, Genoino "found the man he needed to impose his ideas, a young man with the audacity and strength he no longer possessed" [Gleijeses, p. 601].

Capecelatro as well as most modern historians believe that, throughout the revolt, Genoino exerted more influence than Cardinal Filomarino over Masaniello. According to Schipa, Masaniello "went on being only the executor of the orders of Genoino, who was the real head of the secret committee resident at the Mercato" [p. 85]. Masaniello referred to Genoino as "nostro padre e padrone" (our father and lord) [Schipa, p. 97]. "Il vecchio agitatore e demagogo" directed almost every action in the revolt from behind the scenes. In the later days of the rebellion, after paranoia and irrationality overcame Masaniello, a power struggle did in fact develop between the two men. Whereas most of the seventeenth-century chroniclers accuse Genoino of plotting Masaniello's overthrow, later historians emphasize his moderation and his conviction that killing the popular leader was too dangerous a solution.

After the murder of Masaniello, the Viceroy decided to capitalize on Genoino's popularity with the people by appointing him president of one of the courts of justice and also president of the Collegio dei Dottori, once so hostile to him. During the chaos that followed Masaniello's death, Genoino stood up for popular rights but was also careful to keep the people calm, respectful of the law, and faithful to the King and Viceroy. He prevented several burnings and repressed the threatened riots of silk and wool workers. The lower classes eventually turned on him, however, out of envy for his new fortune

and resentment against the limitations he forced upon them. Saved by honorable exile to Sardinia, he migrated from there to Spain and finally to Minorca, where he died--ending "a life as long as it had been mischievous" [De Reumont, p. 341].

10. Perone: Domenico Perrone, the notorious banditto captain who had sought refuge in the Church of the Carmine, emerged even earlier than Masaniello as a leader in the riots of July 1647. D'Urfey's depiction of his duplicity is accurate, except that no historical accounts allude to a real power struggle between Perrone and Masaniello. It was in all probability Perrone's long, clandestine association with Maddaloni--and the enticement of bribery money--that led him to betray the insurrection. After Masaniello accosted Maddaloni in the marketplace and ordered him imprisoned, Perrone arranged his escape. Perrone also led the banditti hired to assassinate Masaniello and was one of the first to fall victim to the crowd; a note found in his pockets implicated the Carafa brothers. Perrone's head, along with Giuseppe Carafa's, was displayed on a pike in the Mercato.

12-19. Rock Brasile, Bartallo, Valasco, Jacomo, Caspar, and Scipio: All invented by D'Urfey.

21. Dona Aurelia: Only scant references are made to the Duchess of Arcos, the Vice-queen. Most relevant to this play are descriptions of her public behavior toward Masaniello's wife and relatives. She received them with condescension and feigned warmth, "arrogantly kissed Masaniello's wife on the mouth as if they were equal" and presented her with "a gold necklace, diamonds, and precious rings" [Capecelatro, I, p. 86].

22. Belleraiza, Dutchess of Mataloni: Antonia Carracciolo is described by De Reumont as "tenderly loved by her husband, who often found means to visit her unrecognized" [pp. 395-96]. In hopes of finding the elusive Maddaloni and forcing him to answer questions about his relationship with the banditti, Viceroy Oñate ordered the Duchess to come to Naples under pain of a fine. Eventually, in 1652, the Duchess effected a reconciliation between her husband and the Viceroy.

23. Blowzabella: D'Urfey's comic creation bears little resemblance to Masaniello's historical wife, Bernadina Pisa. Furthermore, no chroniclers mention a strained marital relationship or any rumor of adultery.

24-25. Belvidore and Ursula: Both characters invented by D'Urfey.

Dedication.

2. Thomas Lord Leigh: Thomas, Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, was the only son and heir of the Honorable Sir Thomas Leigh, by his second wife Jane. Baptized June 17, 1652, he attended Oxford and took his seat in the Lords on January 26, 1673/4. He was a trustee of Balsall Hospital. The son and grandson of staunch Royalists, he himself was reputedly "[a]n honest, debauched Tory" [Hearne]. In 1707 he joined other Tory peers in signing a protest against the Act of Union with Scotland. Lord Leigh had two wives, Elizabeth (d. 1678) and Eleanor, the latter of whom bore him four sons and four daughters. He died November 12, 1710. [G. E. Cokayne, The Complete Peerage; Arthur Collins, Peerage of England, VII.]

6. Atticus: Titus Pomponius (109-32 B.C.) was a Roman literary patron and intimate friend of Cicero. Born of a wealthy family, he left Rome for Athens to avoid the civil warfare between Sulla and Marius in Italy and to live as an Epicurean philosopher devoted to study. His long residence in Athens occasioned the surname "Atticus." After peace was restored to Rome, he returned in 65 B.C. His house on the Quirinal became a gathering place for literary figures.

Prologue.

1. Mr. Pinkethman: William Pinkethman, who probably appeared in both parts of Massaniello, was one of the most popular low comedians of the late Restoration and early eighteenth-century stage. He had roles in several of D'Urfey's late comedies: Min Heer Tomas in The Campaigners, Charles Codshead in The Bath, Maggothead in The Old Mode and the New. As a comedy team, Pinkethman and William Bullock became the successors to Nokes and Leigh. Pinkethman retired from the stage in 1724 and died in September 1725.

20-24. "Ah, Sirs, . . . Bellow'd": A reference to the difficulty of pleasing audiences in the wake of Collier's attack upon the stage.

28. Sigismundian Race: Exact meaning is unclear, though D'Urfey seems to be referring to the vogue of importing foreign operatic singers to perform in English plays. One Sigismund (1368-1437) was king of Hungary and Holy Roman Emperor; three others (Sigismund I, II, and III) served as kings of Poland, and the latter also as king of Sweden, from 1467 to 1632.

Epilogue.

1. Mrs. Rogers: Surprisingly little is known about Jane Rogers, considering her long and varied career on the early eighteenth-century stage. "Her range was remarkable, and she seems to have been able to handle comedy and tragedy equally well. . . . She was apparently capable of playing young coquettes, sweet young ladies, sophisticated women of fashion, and tragic heroines of the pathetic variety" [Highfill et al, A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, . . . 1660-1800, II, p. 402]. In Massaniello Mrs. Rogers played the pathetic heroine, Belleraiza. She married Christopher Bullock in 1717 and bore him two sons and a daughter. She died in Ireland in 1739.

27. Doxies: Mistresses, prostitutes (slang).

29. Consert: Concert (agreement).

Act I, Scene 1.

1. Gabells: Gabelle, excise duties, were originally levied only in emergency cases but became permanent taxes under Viceroy Toledo's administration, a century before Masaniello.

8. Jesuit: As stated in Chapter II, the real Genoino was not a Jesuit. One can only speculate about political events late in William's reign that would have caused D'Urfey to attack the Society of Jesus so virulently in Massaniello, Part I. Over the past century, the Jesuits had become the most feared and hated Catholic society in England on the basis of their constant intrigues--or suspected intrigues--to re-establish Catholicism as the state religion. "One of the most persistent clichés of Protestant historiography [concerned] the incredible political guile, the incorrigible militancy

and the total unscrupulousness of the Jesuits" [J. L. Miller, Popery and Politics in England, 1660-1688, pp. 48-49]. A 1596 textbook (The Jesuits' Memorial for the Intended Reformation of England) was readily available in manuscript, and Englishmen realized only too well that the crusading zeal it inspired had not waned. Jesuits were implicated for involvement in the Gunpowder Plot (1605), accused by some historians of conniving with Richelieu to help promote the English Civil War, and charged by Titus Oates with complicity in the Popish Plot. Many were executed in 1679. By that time, "mob, judges, and jury attached no weight to the oaths of Jesuits, for all believed them to hold the casuistic doctrine that it was pardonable to lie in the interest of the Church" [Trevelyan, England under the Stuarts, p. 382]--a doctrine which Genovino propounds in the play. Through Father Petre, Clerk of the Royal Closet, the Jesuits probably did wield considerable influence during James II's reign. They also allied themselves closely with Louis XIV in his aggressive push for Catholic hegemony in Europe. That goal stood a good chance of being realized through settlement of the Spanish Succession. It would only have been natural in 1699 for D'Urfey and other Englishmen to see Jesuits intriguing behind the scenes once again in the interests of France. In addition, the March 7, 1699 edition of The Flying Post testifies to the widely-held belief that "the late Horrid intended assassination [of William in 1696 was] contrived and carried on . . . by Papists" in league with those who professed loyalty to the Church of England. In all likelihood apprehension about the settlement of Carlos II's dominions, combined with knowledge of

Jesuit machinations, provoked D'Urfey to fill his play with anti-Jesuit propaganda.

86-95. "What destroy'd Carthage, . . . drowns all": cf. Giraffi, p. 9:

> What destroy'd Carthage? the two Factions of Barchiniani and Hanoniani: What maintain'd war in France for 60. years, but the dissention of the House of Burgundy and Orleans? What brought so much desolation to England, and caused seven fearfull battells, wherein 80. Princes of the illustrious bloud were slaine, but the faction of the Houses of Lancaster and York? And what ranvers'd and confounded the tranquillity of the Florentine Republic but the faction of the Bianchi and Neri? In summe, the same that a Fever is to a naturall body, the same is disunion in a City or Kingdome. A City is a ship, and divisions are the leaks, through which, while the Mariners fight one with the other, the water enters and drowns all: The wise Pilot who steers ought to stop those leaks, and make up the breaches of division, and reserve himself without trusting any other for the helm, and specially not to place there any capricious heads, or factious spirits; But above all things to be sure to keep himself still Lord and Patron of the vessell.

87. The Barchiniani and th'Hanoniani: Shortly after the surrender of Carthage to Rome in the First Punic War, a revolt of the Carthaginian mercenaries broke out in 240 B.C. Command of the troops to put down this rebellion was divided between two long-standing enemies, Hamilcar Barca (the father of Hannibal) and Hanno the Great. The Carthaginian senate accordingly split into two factions. Shared command by the two generals only produced quarrels and indecision. Rome, which at first had remained neutral in this revolt, decided to answer the appeals of the mercenaries for aid and sent an expedition in 238 B.C. to seize Sardinia and Corsica from Carthage.

89. Th'House of Burgundy and Orleans: Because of the weakness and insanity of Charles VI of France (1380-1422), serious rivalry

for influence developed between the dukes of Burgundy and Orléans--rivalry which culminated in the assassination of Orléans. France then split into two large factions, the Burgundians and Armagnacs (Orléanists). In the absence of leadership from Charles VI, the government became corrupt and popular unrest broke out in 1413. This civil conflict in France enabled Henry V of England to reopen the Hundred Years' War and claim the French throne. In the Battle of Agincourt (1415), France was decisively beaten.

121. Roches: Roaches, small freshwater fish of the carp family, were common in the rivers of northern Europe.

133-4. Arms of the Emperor Charles V: Charles V had supposedly issued an edict in 1522 which confirmed a set of privileges granted the people in 1507 by Ferdinand the Catholic. According to Genoino, who insisted upon the existence of the documents, these privileges placed the people on equal footing politically with the nobility and relieved the former of taxation. Nothing but production of the authentic documents would appease the populace. After the papers had been located in the monastery of San Paulo and found to contain less than Genoino expected, he consented to fill in the gaps. Accounts of the rebellion make no mention of the "Arms" of Charles V, though his name and the privileges he had confirmed became a rallying cry for those in revolt.

154. Lugs: Ears.

181. Leviathan: Despite associations of this word with Hobbes, here it means "a man of vast and formidable power or enormous wealth" [OED].

208. Slaps one in his Face: This incident is not historical. Masaniello did accost the Duke of Maddaloni physically, forcing him down from his saddle and binding him with ropes. This startling affront, writes De Reumont, did away with "[t]he last remnant of personal respect for the nobility, which the populace had preserved on earlier occasions. . . . The hand of Masaniello had torn asunder the tie of centuries of habit" [p. 318]. D'Urfey weakens the assault but preserves its significance.

216-17. Gudgeon-Catcher of this City of Naples: Gudgeon is a small European freshwater fish, frequently used for bait. The figurative meaning (a gullible, credulous person who will bite at any bait) is also intended.

226. Tarrier: Obscene or vulgar form of "terrier."

269. Hot-cocles: A rustic game in which one player lay face downwards, or knelt down with his eyes covered, and being struck on the back by the others in turn, guessed who struck him [OED]. Brasile is obviously punning upon the word "cuckold."

291. Banditto: The banditti of Naples, notorious all over Europe, posed a huge problem for the governing authorities. Brigandage was "an old and inveterate evil, that had spread itself through Italy during the whole of the middle ages" [De Reumont, p. 163] and remained entrenched in the social fabric mainly because of complicity between bandits and both nobles and clergymen. Bandit chiefs like Perone benefitted from the right to asylum in churches and monasteries; in return they saw that the clergy shared in their spoils. As mentioned in Chapter IV, men of illustrious families frequently became chiefs

of the banditti. The relationship between Perone and the Duke of Mataloni in D'Urfey's play is historically accurate.

300. To make a Capon of him: To castrate.

329. Grig-bobber: One who bobs for eels.

343-4. The Proverb, That "when Thieves fall out": "When thieves fall out, true (honest) men come by their own."

367. The Faggot in the Fable: In Aesop's fable, a husbandman used the following example to reconcile his quarrelsome family: He tied a bundle of sticks into a faggot and asked each of his sons to break it. All tried in vain. Untying the faggot, he gave them the sticks to break easily one by one. The father then noted, "As long as you remain united, [you] are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone." [Manuel Komroff, The Great Fables (New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, 1928), pp. 3-4.]

386. Many-Headed Monster: The rabble.

404-5. Stichite cum Stampo: Translation unclear; probably a bastard Latin-Italian phrase playing upon Scipio's trade as a cobbler.

428. Let the King live, but the ill Government Die: Masaniello insisted that this slogan be recited as a constant reminder of the purpose of the rebellion. Croce notes [pp. 77-78] that Southern Italians had long regarded the King of Spain as an earthly patron who sent judges through the provinces to hear the people's grievances and to punish tyrannical abuses of the nobility.

Act II, Scene 1.

5. St. Genaro: San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples, was canonized for having saved the city from destruction during an

eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

70. Full twenty Thousand: Giraffi reports that a crowd of more than fifty thousand had risen in revolt by the end of the first day.

74-75. Don Rocella, Farmer of the Gabells: Giraffi writes that the Duke de Roccella (alternately spelled "Rocella") was asked by the people to help find the original copy of privileges granted by Charles V. The copy he presented having been declared imperfect, the Duke was imprisoned in the Monastery del Carmine under the guard of his friend, Perrone, who enabled him to escape [cf. pp. 33-34]. Roccella's house, along with Mataloni's, was scheduled for burning on the third day but saved by intervention of Cardinal Filomarino [cf. p. 51]. D'Urfey confusedly calls Don Rocella--and later the Prïor of Rocella, Duke of Mataloni, and Duke of Caivano--"farmer[s] of the Gabells." Giraffi and other chroniclers, however, make a clear distinction between these members of the old nobility who voted the taxes and the nouveaux riches tax collectors/speculators (most of whom were foreigners, in particular Genoese). The nobility's dissolute extravagance and irresponsibility had permitted the rapid rise of this new class of economic overlords.

76-77. Your Order lately made: Masaniello had ordered, upon pain of death, that no one plunder for personal gain but that all jewels and furnishings be consigned to the flames.

103. Glebe: Earth, soil, land; specifically also a portion of land assigned to a clergyman as part of his benefice [OED].

145. Flourish: Intended in the double sense of "to write decoratively" and "to embellish."

148. Lockram: A linen fabric.

167. Pagod: A person extravagantly reverenced, like some heathen deity.

207. Grum: Gloomy, morose, surly.

252. The Duke of Cavano's House: According to Giraffi [pp. 44 and 57], the populace burned the great palaces and ostentatious furnishings of the Duke of Caivano on two separate occasions. One of the wealthiest of Neapolitan nobles, Caivano was regarded as a chief enemy of the people. D'Urfey makes him a character in Part II of Massaniello (cf. note to Dramatis Personae of Part II).

372. Blowze: A beggar's trull; a ruddy, fat-faced wench [OED]. Sancho in D'Urfey's Don Quixote plays refers to Teresa as his "Blouze," and there are references in The Bath to "all the Blowza-belles in Dorset" and "the Knight . . ./ That keeps a Blowze, and beats his Spouse" [V.iii].

383. Scanderbeg: Iskender Bey (1403-1467), national hero of the Albanians. D'Urfey alludes to him frequently (cf. Madam Fickle, III.i; The Campaigners, III.i; A Fool's Preferment, II.i).

403-4. Madam de Rocell, Wife to the Prior: The Prior of Rocella, of the same family as the Duke, was summoned by the people to locate the privileges of Charles V believed housed in the monastery of St. Laurence. The counterfeit copy he produced provoked the ire of the populace, and he only narrowly escaped death. Cardinal Filomarino saved the Prior's house, like the Duke of Rocella's, from burning on the third day of the riots [cf. Giraffi, pp. 33-34 and 51]. Giraffi does not mention the Prior's wife.

410. Bie Place: By-place; "bie" is an obsolete spelling of "by."

415. Marrow-puddings: A vulgar term for "penis"; "bellyful of marrow-pudding" meant "pregnancy" [Farmer, Slang and Its Analogues, IV, p. 286].

425. Bradamant: Bradamante, the female warrior of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso and Spenser's Faerie Queene.

Act III, Scene 1.

15. Candor: Impartiality, openness of mind.

41-42. "The Fortunate . . . Winnings." In the contorted syntax of this sentence, "Fortunate" is the subject and "Winnings" the object of "delivering."

46. Putt: An old card game in which three cards are dealt to each of two, three, or four players [OED].

138. Farthing-candles: Presumably, very inexpensive candles that cast a poor light. Since a farthing was worth only one-fourth of a penny, it came to connote something small or practically worthless.

218. Sprats: Small sea fishes; also applied to persons as a term of contempt [OED].

235. Finicals: Actions that are finicky, i.e. those of a sophisticated courtier.

256. Rumper: Meaning unclear; perhaps a misspelling of "rumple" (a fold or wrinkle). Besides its obvious definition ("buttocks"), "rump" also referred to a whore and "rumper" to a whoremaster--neither of which fits the sense of the passage.

263. Exact: Perfect, "finished," refined.

287. Great Cato's Daughter: Porcia (Portia), daughter of the morally uncompromising Stoic statesman Cato and wife of Brutus, one of Caesar's assassins. Having borne with great constancy her father's decision to commit suicide rather than live under Caesar's dictatorship and her husband's decision to join the conspiracy against Caesar, Porcia took her own life after the Battle of Philippi (42 B.C.), which ended with Brutus's defeat and suicide. Her endurance was a model of Stoic courage.

Act III, Scene 2.

21-22. Firing Mines under the Marketplace: cf. Giraffi, p. 64. Later historians have doubted that such a plan to blow up the city existed. In Giraffi's account, Perone and Mataloni mastermind the assassination and explosives plot as much as Don Peppo.

26. Cantara's: Cantar (or cantara), a measure of capacity and weight used in some countries bordering on the Mediterranean; it varies greatly according to the locality (from 73 3/4 pounds in Rome to 502 3/4 pounds in Syria). Brydone speaks in 1773 of "186 Mortars . . . to throw a hundred cantars of cannon-ball or stones" [OED].

120. Powder-plot: Such a reference would recall for Restoration audiences the infamous Gunpowder Plot of 1605, in which Jesuits were heavily involved.

148-49. A Face like a very Salamander it self: i.e., a face able to withstand fire, like the mythical salamander.

155-65. The Birds and Beasts . . . clear: Source undetermined.

Act IV, Scene 1.

51. Give the Crow a Pudding: Die; originally, "hang on a gibbet" [Farmer and Henley, Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English].

52. Take a Stitch with her: Lie with her [Partridge, A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English].

53. Crummy: Plump, full-figured [OED].

53. Pin-buttock. A narrow or sharp buttock [OED].

70. Martingal: Martingale, a strap or arrangement of straps fastened at one end to the noseband, bit, or reins and at the other to the girth to prevent a horse from rearing or throwing back his head [OED].

78. Junketing: Feasting, banqueting, merrymaking.

136. Foisting: Cheating, roguery; in this case, fraudulent removal and appropriation of goods to themselves.

138. Smock business: In the seventeenth century particularly, the term "smock" used in conjunction with another word (e.g., "smock-agent,""smock-council") suggested loose conduct or immorality related to women [OED and Farmer & Henley].

180. Sold Bread to the Poor sixteen Ounces in six and Thirty too Light: One of the people's chief grievances was the selling of underweight bread. According to Giraffi, a loaf of bread was scarcely twenty-two ounces at the time the revolt broke out; an order of the Viceroy increased the required weight to thirty-three ounces shortly thereafter [cf. pp. 15, 25, and 30].

181. Dough-bak'd: Imperfectly baked, so as to remain doughy.

204. Lammas: August 1, observed in the early English Church

as a harvest festival in which loaves of bread made from the first ripe corn were consecrated.

345. Capias: A writ commanding an officer to arrest the person named in it.

410. In Querpo: In cuerpo, i.e. without the cloak or upper garment.

Act IV, Scene 2.

2. Seneca: The statesman, Stoic philosopher, and leading intellectual figure of Rome during the middle of the 1st century A.D. Regarded as a 'physician' of the soul, Seneca stressed ethics and spiritual self-sufficiency as the path to virtue. The Cardinal's reference is to Seneca's moral writings on the benefits of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, especially his descriptions of the disastrous effects of the passions (fear, pleasure, pain, desire) and the ways for bringing them under control.

31. This cold bleak Season: D'Urfey seems to forget the fact that the action takes place in midsummer.

202-4. A Suit of rich Apparel . . . to confirm the Articles: cf. Giraffi, p. 87.

Act V, Scene 1.

18-21. Subject all Naples . . . any natural Monarch: cf. Giraffi, p. 76:

> . . . subjugated all Naples: Naples, the head of such a Kingdom, the Metropolis of so many Provinces, the Queen of so many Cities, the Mother of so many glorious Hero's, the Rendezvouz of Princes, the Nurse of so many valiant Champions, and spiritful Cavaliers; this Naples by the

impenetrable judgments of Heaven, though having six hundred thousand souls in her, saw her self commanded by a poor abject vile Fisher-boy . . . .

52. Stomach: Haughtiness, obstinacy.

120. By-blow: Probably intended in the figurative sense, i.e. an illegitimate child who enters the world by a side-stroke [Partridge].

140. Drill'd my Husband by: Enticed my husband by degrees.

144. Mawks: A vulgar slattern, a whore [Farmer & Henley]. "Mawkin" (l. 163) or "malkin" connoted an untidy, slatternly female, especially a servant or country wench [OED].

209. Go through stitch: Accomplish, bring to a finish [Farmer & Henley].

211. Belvidore: Name omitted from the list of characters entering the stage (ll. 32-37).

213. Tan-pits: Pits or vats for treating fishing nets, sails, etc. with tanners' ooze or some preserving substance [OED].

253. I make such Water: D'Urfey obviously intends to emphasize Blowzabella's vulgarity, since "to make water" was the crude term for "urinate." (cf. Don Quixote, Part II, p. 44, where Mannel tries to teach Sancho's wife and daughter to say "make a Natural Evacuation" rather than "make Water.")

255. Canaries: A lively Spanish dance, supposedly derived from the aborigines of the Canary Islands [OED].

Act V, Scene 2.

168. Pump her: Double meaning (to manipulate by eliciting information from her and to copulate with her).

169. Timothy Transub: Reference unknown.

303. Out at Elbows: Ragged, poor; literally, to have a coat worn out at the elbows.

PART II

Prologue.

12. Miller's Droll: Reference undetermined.

24. Marrobone: Marylebone, a borough on the northwest side of London whose name derives from the old church of St. Mary-le-bourne. Marylebone Gardens opened in the early eighteenth century. Designed at first for the fashionable, they later had a more mixed clientele. Among the Gardens' chief attractions were a bowling green and tea gardens. Special concerts and fireworks displays, as well as music for dancing, enabled Marylebone to compete successfully for a time with Ranelagh and other gardens. [Christopher Trent, Greater London (London: Phoenix House, 1965), p. 182.]

Dramatis Persona.

1. Don Rodrigo Pons de Leon, Viceroy of Naples and Duke of Arcos: Appointed Viceroy in February 1646, the Duke of Arcos served until he was deposed by the local Neapolitan government in January 1648. Historians disagree in assessing his attitude and performance during the stages of the revolution. Some (e.g., De Reumont) accuse him of craftily promoting dissension between the nobility and populace, playing off one group against the other. Giraffi and Schipa on the other hand praise him for patience, prudence, and a good-faith effort to satisfy the people's demands.

3. Guiseppe, Duke of Caivano: Don Giovan Angelo Barile, in his capacity as Secretary-General of the Kingdom of Naples, had often practiced corrupt politics to secure large grants of money for himself and the Spanish authorities. Known as a tool of the Viceroy, he became one of the most hated nobles in the Kingdom. Five of his palaces housing over fifty thousand ducats' worth of art treasures were burned in the July riots.

9-13. Pimponio, Cosmo, Pietro: Created by D'Urfey.

17, 20. Dona Fellicia, Ursula: Also original to D'Urfey.

Act I, Scene 1.

33-34. All Provisions on pain of Death, being hindred to come near us: Giraffi writes that Masaniello commanded the withholding of provisions from those ensconced in Castlenuovo--the Viceroy and his family, Spanish ministers, officers, etc.--because he suspected the Viceroy's complicity in the aborted assassination plot [p. 70, misnumbered as 54].

41-42. The Princely Race of the Medinae: Giraffi refers once [p. 51] to the House of Medina. Since 1445 a prominent Spanish noble family had held the duchy of Medina Sidonia; its most famous duke was Don Alonzo Pérez de Guzmán, who commanded the Spanish forces in the battle of the Armada. The most recent Duke of Medina, married to Anna Carafa, served as Viceroy of Naples until his recall in 1644. Despite Aurelia's grandiose claims, this Duke's covetousness and ostentation were notorious. During his rule the Palace of Posilipo was rebuilt at huge expense, and offices were sold shamelessly to extort money [cf. De Reumont, p. 219].

140. Portia and Great Sophonisba: Portia (cf. note for Part I, III.ii.287); Sophonisba, daughter of the Carthaginian general Hasdrubal, drank poison provided by her lover Masinissa rather than surrender herself to the captivity of Scipio. Because both women took their own lives to avoid capture and submission to tyranny, Aurelia regards them as models of heroism.

190. King Philip: Philip IV of Spain.

Act I, Scene 2.

27-28. Three and fifty Stone, and two Pound: 744 pounds; a typical example of D'Urfey's use of farcical exaggeration.

135. Pufft all over: "Puff" also meant "to bloat, to fill with wind, falsehood, conceit" [Farmer].

142-50. Butter, Butter, . . . Christendom: In view of the ill feelings Englishmen in general harbored against the Dutch in the late 1690's (cf. Chapter IV), it is not surprising to find D'Urfey inserting anti-Dutch jibes gratuitously into this play. Actually, resentment stemmed from commercial rivalries which had brought on the Anglo-Dutch wars several decades earlier and from the Dutch people's republican sympathies. Apparently the common conception of the Dutchman had changed little since that time. An English broadside of the 1660's described him as a "Lusty, Fat Two-legged Cheeseworm: a creature that is so addicted to eating butter, drinking fat drink, and sliding, that all the world knows him for a slippery fellow" [Van der Zee, William and Mary, p. 38]. Among other D'Urfey plays, Madam Fickle, Sir Barnaby Whigg, and Don Quixote, Part II also contain anti-Dutch commentary.

Act II, Scene 1.

43. Jakes: The only meaning given in slang dictionaries is "privy."

81. Fire-drake: A fiery dragon, a fiery meteor; also a person fond of fighting [OED].

187. Lernean Hidra: In Greek mythology, the fabulous, many-headed snake of the marshes of Lerna, which regenerated new heads as fast as the old were cut off.

223. Osier: A species of willow with pliant branches.

Act II, Scene 2.

21. Morris: A grotesque dance performed by persons in fancy costume, usually representing characters from the Robin Hood legend; term referred to any mumming performance which featured fantastic dancing [OED]. Cf. also II.ii.85.

95. Duns: Importunate creditors or agents employed to collect debts [OED].

140. Jack-Daw: Figurative term for a loquacious person [OED].

123. Counter-Gin: Exact meaning unclear; possibly a reference to "gin" as a snare or as an instrument of torture (the rack) [OED].

206-7. Well . . . it?: Spoken by Blowzabella.

Act III, Scene 1.

6. Flea me: Old form of "flay," to strip the skin off a person or animal.

11. Galloon: A narrow, close-woven ribbon or braid of gold, silver, or silk thread, used to trim clothing [OED].

21. Thornback: Ray or skate.

28. Lands-chap: Alternate spelling for "landscape."

30. Dace: A small, carp-like freshwater fish.

34. Mettled: Full of mettle; also, half-drunk.

69. Cope ye: Perhaps derived from French couper, "to strike."

98. Kickshaw: A frivolous person; derived from the word's original application to dainty, elegant, but valueless objects [OED].

Act III, Scene 2.

44. Limbeck: Alembic, a vessel used in distilling; by extension, the word designates anything that transforms, purifies, or refines.

Act III, Scene 3.

14. Pulvillio: A perfumed powder, used often for powdering periwigs.

39. Brain-pan: The skull (literally, that which contains the brain).

Act IV, Scene 2.

72. Cockatrice: A common prostitute, harlot.

162. Flapdragons: Probably intended in the original sense of dragon-head figures with snapping jaws that were carried about by mummers at Christmas [OED].

188. Phaeton: In Greek mythology Phaethon was the son of Helios, the sun god, and the nymph Clymene. Attempting to drive his father's chariot across the skies, he was unable to control the fiery steeds who flew so low that a part of the earth (supposedly the Sahara Desert) was scorched. Earth called to Zeus for help, and he hurled

a thunderbolt at Phaethon. The youth fell to his death in the river Eridanus.

Act IV, Scene 3.

69. Worrys: One of three meanings may be implied: 1) strangles, 2) harasses by rough treatment, or 3) assails with hostile speech.

Act V, Scene 4.

16. Mawking: Whore; cf. note to Part I, V.i.144.

Epilogue.

3. Miss Campian: Mary Anne Campion (1687-1706), had "a brief but sparkling career at Drury Lane and in the concert halls" as a singer, dancer, and harpsichordist. She was also fluent in Italian. Miss Campion retired from the stage in March 1704 and in May 1706 died from "a hectic fever." [Highfill et al, A Biographical Dictionary of Actors, Actresses . . ., p. 31].

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VITA

Nancy Grayson Holmes was born on May 9, 1947, in Roanoke, Virginia, and grew up in Blacksburg, Virginia, a neighboring university town. She graduated from Blacksburg High School in 1965. The following September she entered Westhampton College of The University of Richmond, Virginia. Two years later she transferred to The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, from which she earned an A. B. in English in June 1969 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

On August 16, 1969, she married Eric Mills Holmes and moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where he entered private law practice. She worked for two years as executive secretary to the Director of the Atlanta Public Library. In 1971 her husband accepted a job as a law professor at The University of Tennessee, and in January 1972 the author began graduate studies in English at that university. In August 1973 she earned her Master's degree. During her program of studies, she held both graduate and teaching assistantships in the Department of English. Shortly after completing all course work and language requirements for the doctorate in English, she moved in late August 1974 to New York City, where her husband entered the JSD program at Columbia University. In August 1975 the author passed her last preliminary examination for the doctorate.

That same month she moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and taught part-time for one-and-one-half years at Chatham College. Since 1977 she has lived in Athens, Georgia, where she has worked fulltime as a writer and editor in the office of the president of The University of Georgia.