

# MASANIELLO;

OR, THE

## FISH'OMAN OF NAPLES.

A Fish Tale,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

ROBERT B. BROUGH,

AUTHOR OF

"The Moustache Movement," "Medea," "Crinoline," "Lord Bateman," "Kensington Gardens," &c.; and (jointly) of  
"The Enchanted Isle," "Sphinx," "Mephistophiles,"  
"Camaralzaman and Badoura," "Last Edition  
of Ivanhoe," &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

909748

DEDICATION.

To MRS. ALFRED WIGAN.

DEAR MADAM,

Accept the dedication of this trifle, to the success of which you so largely contributed by your admirable stage management, and numerous happy suggestions.

Amongst the latter I will especially mention the excellent idea of adding to the piscatorial aberrations of Masaniello, in the mad scene, some wild reminiscences of the past theatrical career of Robson—by the adoption of which, the ludicrousness of the original notion was more than doubled.

The pleasure that the remembrance of your co-operation affords me, is only marred by the knowledge that it must be some time ere I can again enjoy that advantage, and, still more, by that of the painful cause of your temporary withdrawal from public life.

In the common and not wholly selfish hope, that the speedy recovery of your gifted husband, will restore you both to us at an early date, none can join more heartily or sincerely, than,

Dear MADAM,

Your admiring and grateful fellow-labourer,

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

London, July 7, 1857.

✓ X 6366908

## MASANIELLO.

As Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on  
Thursday, July 2nd, 1857.

The Scenery by Mr. GRAY and ASSISTANTS. The Dresses by Mr. DOBSON and Mrs. CURL. The Properties by Mr. LIGHTFOOT. The Machinery by Miss SUTHERLAND. The Dances by Mr. MILANO. The Overture and Musical Arrangements generally by Mr. BARNARD.

### Characters.

#### ARISTOCRATS.

ALPHONSO ( <i>Prince of Somewhere—Attached to the Spanish Embassy at the Court of Naples, also to Elvira</i> ) .....	MISS SWANBOROUGH.
LORENZO ..... ( <i>his Friend</i> ) .....	MISS THIRLWALL.
ELVIRA ( <i>Princess of Somewhere Else (the Locality being uncertain)—Attached to the Attaché above alluded to</i> ) .....	MISS HUGHES.

#### PLEBEIANS.

MASANIELLO ( <i>Fishmonger and General Dealer. "Whitebait Dinners Provided. Country Orders Attended to on the Shortest Notice, &amp;c." (Vide Card). The Greatest Plebeian of the Common Lot</i> ) .....	Mr. F. ROBSON.
PIETRO } BORELLA } ( <i>Rowers in the same Boat</i> ) .....	Mr. H. COOPER.
CORENO }	Mr. DANVERS. Mr. F. CONEY.
SELVA ( <i>otherwise 7 of the B Division—the Myrmidon of a Despotic Government</i> ) ...	Mr. G. COOKE.
BILLIBARLO } DOGGIA ..... } ( <i>Gamins of Naples</i> ) .....	Miss BROMLEY. Miss EVANS.
FENELLA ( <i>the Fisherman of Naples—a Young Lady suffering from a Severe Attack of Blighted Affections, but who never told her love, because she couldn't—played on this occasion, as on all previous ones, by a Dummy</i> ) .....	Madlle. HECKMAN.
SUZANNA ( <i>a Waiting Maid Waiting to be Asked in Marriage</i> ) .....	Miss COTTRELL.
TOLLA CONTADINI } GIUDA GALIGANI } ( <i>Ladies of the Halle</i> ) .....	Mrs. MELFORT. Miss GREGORY. Miss H. CUSHNIE.

MASANIELLO.

Scenery, Incidents, &c.

SCENE THE FIRST—A Front Scene, representing  
**THE UNION OF A PAIR OF FLATS.**

SCENE THE SECOND.

**THE BAY OF NAPLES,**

Representing a very Fine Day, in spite of the remonstrance of the Painter, who said it would have been more consistant to have MADE-IT-A-RAINY-UN. (He is supposed to have meant "Mediterranean," but the question remains an open one).

SCENE THE THIRD.

**ROOM IN THE VICEROY'S PALACE,**

*Wherein will be found the greatest Room for imagination to furnish.*

SCENE THE FOURTH.

**THE MARKET PLACE,**

In which will be represented a Violent Outbreak that, it is hoped, will become popular.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

**Interior of Masaniello's Cabin,**

**GRAND PROCESSION,**

*In which Mr. F. ROBSON will perform a Daring Equestrian Act on the back of a highly-trained — Quadruped, which must be seen in order to be appreciated.*

SCENE THE SIXTH.

**Banqueting Hall in the Palace,**

**WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.**

SIMULTANEOUS

**CONCLUSION OF WAR AND PIECE**

*Suppression of a Popular Outbreak, and unexpected*

**BREAKING OUT IN A FRESH PLACE**

## MASANIELLO.

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SCENE I.—FRONT GARDENS OF THE VICEROY'S PALACE.

*Prepared for the marriage festivities of Alphonso and Elvira.*

Enter L. 2 e., BORELLA, PIETRO, and CORENA, *in the style of street singers*; BORELLA holds a scrap of music paper in his hand and acts as conductor, beating time with the palms of his hands: PIETRO gloomily apart, R.

BOR. We're just in time, before the wedding crowd;  
If not melodious, let's at least be loud.  
To any music festival, sure fame,  
With or without a "Handel" to its name.  
Now, all together! cheerful, soft, yet thrilling;  
(confidentially) And mind, our price for moving on's  
a shilling.

*Bridal Chorus.—AIR—“We are poor men from Manchester.”*

We are poor men from Portici,  
Who have got no work to do,  
And seize this opportunity  
To earn a brown or two,  
By wishing all felicity  
To bride and bridegroom too—oo—oo.  
We are poor men from Portici,  
And we've got no work to do.

*At end of chorus, FISHERMEN and others (amongst them a very small Boy), enter L. U. E.*

PIETRO. (R., sullenly) Come on! we're wasting time in  
this here garden;  
Them bloated Holigarchs won't stand a farden.

## MASANIELLO.

[SC. I.]

*Enter SELVA, r. 1 E., followed by POLICEMEN.*

SELVA. (l. c.) Catch them, alive or dead, they all were in it,  
Ev'ry man, Giacomo. (POLICEMEN seize FISHERMEN  
rudely)

BOR. (r. c.) Here, stop a minute,  
What have we done?

SELVA. (*writing hastily in a note book*) "The villains  
dared protest

'Gainst the legality of their arrest."

Don't criminate yourselves. (*he watches eagerly to  
take down their words*)

BOR. We were but singing,  
In hopes, since times are hard, some cash of bringing.

SELVA. (*writing*) "The rebels by their ringleader's admission  
Disturb'd the peace, to better their condition."

Secure their papers.

(*a POLICEMAN takes music from BORELLA and  
hands it to SELVA, who glances rapidly at it*)

This will hang them soon!

PIETRO. (*defiantly*) It won't convict me, I was out of tune.

BOR. (*explaining the music and pointing with his finger*)  
A mere concerted piece—

SELVA. (*writing*) "One of the faction  
Confessed to a concerted plan of action—"

BOR. Begining upon C—

SELVA. (*writing*) "The agitation"

"Commencing with the sea-coast population!"

BOR. Then running from the Major—

SELVA. (*writes*) "With perversion"  
"Of the militia, leading to desertion."

BOR. We strike three flats—

SELVA. (*writes*) "Armed violence they bring  
"Against myself—the viceroy, and the king!"

(*shutting up his book*) It's a clear case for dungeons,  
bolts and staples.

*Enter ALPHONSO, l. u. e., in wedding costume, LORENZO  
(in the same) following.*

ALPH. Release your prisoners! (*down, c.*)

SELVA. (*rebukingly*) Sir! This is Naples.

ALPH. (*bows corrected*) Yet strain a point on this, my wedding day :

If there's a fine, or anything, I'll pay.

LOREN. (r. c.) And after all for such a trifling matter.

SELVA. (*crossing quickly over to LORENZO*) Young man I beg your pardon, who's your hatter ?

That shape's illegal, I must put you down ;

(*writes*) " Attempt to revolutionize the crown."

ALPH. (l. c.) I'll bail my friend, he shan't give you the slip.

SELVA. (*looking at him sternly*) Your Royal Highness—

ALPH. Well ?

SELVA. (*inspecting ALPHONSO's chin carefully*) I miss your tip.

I must report you.

ALPH. Well, report away.

SELVA. (*writes*) " The Prince Alphonso has been shaved to-day,

" In such a manner as would make him seem

" Opposed to the Imperial Regime."

Prince or no Prince, you'll find the matter grave.

(*breaking off abruptly and looking round sharply*) There's some one cracking nuts ! Secure the slave !

(*the POLICE in a body rush upon the small FISHER*

*BOY, r. who is cracking nuts, and secure him, threatening him with their truncheons*)

SELVA. Make no resistance, ruffian. Hold him tight !

(*writes*) " A fiendish plot, has just been brought to light,

" Its object being to bombard the town

" By small shells, thrown in quick succession down ;

" And in the army cause dismay, infernal,

" By smashing every Spanish Kernel."

(*sniffing the air*) Somebody's smoking ! Find him out, my man !

1ST POLICE. (r. c.) Please sir, it's Mount Vesuvius !

SELVA. (*drawing his truncheon*) What, again ?

Follow me lads ! All minor business scorning,

To give that mountain—

ALPH. (l.) What ?

SELVA. A second warning !

*Exit r. 1 e., followed by POLICEMEN leaving their late PRISONERS.*

**ALPH.** (*to FISHERMEN*) My friends, you'll find the savoury polony,

Also the farinaceous macaroni,

Spread in the servants' hall. Go!

**PETRO.** (*gloomily aside, r.*) Not a brown!

This pamper'd Harris-tocracy must down

*Exeunt FISHERMEN, R. U. E.*

**ALPH.** (*r.*) Now, ere the altar claims its victims, speak—

What sport has crown'd your game of hide and seek?

Have you discovered any traces yet

Of my sweet fish-fag—of our lost *muette*?

**LOREN.** (*l.*) I've search'd each dumb asylum in the land,

And ev'ry oyster-shop along the Strand—

Always the same result. They ask what I

May please to want—"Fenella!" my reply.

The answer coming, I feel ne'er a doubt of—

"Don't keep it!" or, "The article we're out of!"

*Song.—LORENZO.—Air.—"The Mistletoe Bough."*

I have sought her in France, I have sought her in Spain,  
I have sought her in England, but sought her in vain;  
In the last-mention'd country, I thought I had got  
Some clue to her footsteps—but found I had not—  
I was told that in Billingsgate Market renown'd  
Of the trade piscatorial the queens would be found,  
But the fishwomen, all of them, said with a sneer,  
You must be jolly green to seek dumb-women here!

*Chorus. (Duo)—Where has she mizzled, and how?*

Where has she mizzled, and how?

**ALPH.** Enough! I'm justly punish'd!

**LOREN.** Don't quite see it—

Most enviable party—

**ALPH.** I agree it

Is true my bride Elvira is most fair,

That she adores me. is neither here or there;

And has advantages of birth and station,

Wealth, wardrobe, beauty, taste, and education

Over the poor, deserted, wrong'd Fenella;

But on the other hand, reflect, old feller,

What were these merits, aye, or twice their sum  
Weigh'd 'gainst the precious gift of being dumb?

LOREN. (*wringing his hand feelingly*) Enough! Ill furnished  
is my word, Exchequer;

I can but say—my friend, sustain your pecker!

You've lost indeed a treasure, yet take heart.

ALPH. I'll strive; my time draws near, was that the cart—  
I mean the vehicle that brings my bride up?

LOREN. I think it was.

ALPH. Don't leave me till I'm tied up!  
(vacantly feeling his neck)

I wonder if it's painful, or takes long!

LOREN. Pshaw! 'tis no hanging matter.

ALPH. (still wildly) I was wrong.  
They don't hang princes?

LOREN. Are you mad?

ALPH. Well said!

Methinks I am about to lose my head!

(starts with a shudder of horror) Horrible thought!  
(feeling the back of his neck)

LOREN. Your drift, in vain, I search.

ALPH. I'm told they axe a man three times in church  
Before they settle him. Don't let them do it.

(clinging to LORENZO)

LOREN. Be calm!

ALPH. (recovering) A passing weakness! I'll go through it!  
Ne'er fear me; but the bridal train approaches,  
(with forced gaiety, going, L.) Let's go and help the  
ladies from the coaches.

LOREN. (encouraging him) That's more the style.

(they go towards, L.)

ALPH. (collapsing again, LORENZO supports him) Oh!

LOREN. Queer again?

ALPH. (in a feeble voice) Not very!  
Yet, take me somewhere for a glass of sherry.

LORENZO leads him out, L. 1 E. in a feeble condition.

Enter ELVIRA, BRIDESMAIDS, GUESTS, &c., L. 2 E.—the POPULACE, including PIETRO and the other FISHERMEN, enter R. and L. U. E. who wipe their mouths and displaying traces of recent refreshment—(N.B.—The costume of the

*period will enable ELVIRA to wear an enormous skirt, with crinoline, without anachronism).*

*Scena.—ELVIRA—(from "Lucia," going off into the melody of "Lord Lovel")*

Two lovers to day by the conjugal rite,  
United are going to be;

Alphonso the brave, the name of the knight,  
And his consort the lady you see—ee—ee.

*Chorus.—And his consort, &c.*

It was only proposed as a marriage of state,  
But the prince they affianced to me—

Caused languishing thoughts to come into my pate,  
In a day, or p'raps two, or p'raps three—ee—ee.

*Chorus.—In a day, &c.*

So to live like two lovers through life we propose,  
With affection that nothing can tire;

Exclusively walking on leaves of the rose,  
Keeping out of the way of the briar—iar—iar!

*Chorus.—Keeping out, &c.*

**ELVIRA.** Where is my maid? I bade her meet me here;  
In case of accidents one's never clear:

What may not happen with a new-made toilette!

A stitch may drop—a tuck come loose, and spoil it.

**PIETRO.** (*up R., aside to FISHERMEN, pointing to ELVIRA's skirt*) You hear and see! Them upstarts think  
about

Nothing but tucking in, and blowing out!

*Enter SUZANNA, (Elvira's chambermaid) L. 2 E. She is prettily dressed, but wears a natty miniature blacksmith's apron. She also carries a little box of blacksmith's tools.*

**ELVIRA.** (R. C.) Really, Suzanna, you're a pretty maid!

**SUZ.** (L. C.) Can't help it, ma'am—my work box I'd mislaid.

**ELVIRA.** Your work box—

**SUZ.** Yes, new fashion's saving sense,  
Makes dress making a needle-less expense;  
All millinery firms, must be forthwith  
Known by the very common name of Smith.  
(turns her mistress round, inspecting dress)

There's a screw loose here! Stop! just a rivet.

(she knocks a nail in ELVIRA's waistband—which gives a metallic sound)

Now you're as right as the proverbial trivet,  
Though the skirt's excellence is far from super,  
You really must employ another cooper.

ELVIRA. Pray have you done, Suzanna?

SUZ. Here's a curl  
Requires adjusting.

PIETRO. (aside to FISHERMEN) Look at that there girl;—  
Ain't it disgusting? Let me ask, would she  
Bestow such trouble upon you or me?

ELVIRA. Enough! the Prince must be impatient. What  
Henceforth shall throw a shadow on our lot,  
Or interpose a barrier between us?

(a smash heard, R. U. E.—general sensation)  
Suz. Some individual tumbling through the green 'us!

*Hurried music.*—FENELLA enters, R. U. E., running away from SELVA and POLICE: she runs distractedly round the stage, eventually hiding behind ELVIRA's skirt.

ELVIRA. (L. C., alarmed) Who are you?—what's your name?—where do you lodge?

SELVA. (R.) She'll tell you she can't speak; but that's a dodge.

ELVIRA. (checks him) You say you're dumb? (FENELLA nods) With such a deprivation,  
Of course you've had a ballet education?

(FENELLA dances)  
Then you can give us of your case a notion;  
We can all read the poetry of motion.

(FENELLA dances again)

Interpret her, Suzanna.

SUZ. Neatly told:  
She lost the power of speech when six weeks old.

ELVIRA. Where do you live? (FENELLA dances)

SUZ. She says, not long ago  
She lived in Portici—(FENELLA corrects her)—Your pardon—no.

She means, at least, not quite in Portici ;  
On an adjacent district of the sea.

ELVIRA. Continue !

*Music.—“The Ratcatcher’s Daughter” ballet-ized.*

FENELLA in pantomime explains that her father  
caught rats, and she sold sprats, and that she  
was treated with deference by the upper classes.

SUZ. Born of parents, who, though poor,  
Were not dishonest. Her papa would lure,  
By sportsman-like devices, a small game,  
It would not be poetical to name ;  
While she herself, the treasures of the sea,  
Sold round about in that vicinity ;  
Earning by her grace, beauty, and propriety,  
Mark’d homage from the very best society.

(FENELLA dances a *pas de satisfaction*—highly pleased at being understood so well—to the “doodle dum” portion of the air)

SELVA. (coming forward, R., impatiently) Here ! this ain’t evidence ! You come with me ! (seizes her)

ELVIRA. Policeman, number seven. Let her be !

(SELVA lets go in dudgeon and retires back)  
Proceed ! Yet cut it short. I mean no levity,  
But, step it ! on the sole of wit—called brevity.

(FENELLA dances)

You loved a gentleman well-born and rich ?

SUZ. But lacking the behaviour of *sich* !

(FENELLA shows that he promises all sorts of devotion, and gave her a small plaid scarf she wears)

ELVIRA. He promised of his love the whole amount ?

SUZ. And gave you that small check upon account ?

(FENELLA assents)

ELVIRA. The soul of honour he appeared to you,

SUZ. But then he disappeared, which spoilt the view.

ELVIRA. And though he’d promised marriage—nothing less—

You do not bear his name—nor his address.

SUZ. To learn his name and rank you persevered,

When the Police, just like them, interfered

And lock’d you up.

SELVA. We had the viceroy's warrant!

ELVIRA. Peace! There is in this some treachery abhorrent.

*Music.—“Nix my Do’ly.” FENELLA’s pantomime in keeping with the last part of that song.*

And you escaped from prison ere your time  
Of punishment was out? (FENELLA weeps)

SELVA. Ain’t that a crime?

ELVIRA. There dry your tears, my love—the Prince and I  
Will see that you are righted, by and bye.  
Your faithless swain in justice shall not falter—

Enter LORENZO, R. D. 2 E.

LORENZ. The Prince awaits your highness at the altar!

Allow me? (offering to conduct her)

ELVIRA. (to FENELLA) For the present, then, adieu.

*The Bridal Procession exits into chapel, R. 2 E.*

LORENZO and ELVIRA first.

SELVA. (to crowd) Now then, you roughs, where are you  
shoving to? (keeps them in order)

SUZ. (selecting things from her box) I’d better follow  
them, I take for granted.

The usual smelling bottles will be wanted.

(going R., SELVA stops her, pulling her back, he  
takes his note-book out)

SELVA. Stop! answer me a question.

SUZ. What about?

SELVA. (calmly preparing to write) What is your name,  
and when’s your Sunday out?

SUZ. Impertinence! Exit, R. 2 E.

SELVA. I’ll have a hi on her!

(FENELLA is trying to look at the marriage  
ceremony, supposed to be taking place outside  
R., the POLICE keep her back)

Now, we can’t have you kicking up a stir.

(to POLICE) Don’t hurt her, only keep her from  
aggression. (FENELLA struggles with POLICE)

(aside) A very common case in our profession.

Marriage in high life, all quite smooth and hearty,  
Intrusion of excited female party.

You understand—we just escaped the row.

There! you can let her go! They're married now!

(Music.—FENELLA utters a despairing cry and faints in the arms of a FISHERMAN, L., PEASANT GIRLS, &c., proffer her assistance; SELVA arranges the crowd)

*The bridal procession re-enters, r. 2 e., ALPHONSO, ELVIRA, LORENZA, SUZANNA, BRIDESMAIDS, &c.*

ALPH. (l. c., aside) I've been and done it!

ELVIRA. (r. c.) Dearest, you look pale.

ALPH. Excess of joy.

ELVIRA. Well! listen to a tale.

ALPH. It's not a fish tail.

ELVIRA. Fish tail?

ALPH. Pardon me.

My thoughts are wandering, and all at sea.

LOREN. (r.) The Prince supp'd out last night.

ALPH. That plea's a sham 'un.

I know what you would hint—but 'twas the salmon!

ELVIRA. (crossing to l. c.) No matter! Here's a case your heart to melt.

Let us, like two good souls—

ALPH. (c., vacantly) "Two soles—one smelt."

My life, I'm listening.

ELVIRA. (l. c.) This gentle maid,  
By breach of promise shamefully betrayed—

(ALPHONSO, c., has his head averted; to FENELLA, l., whom she takes by the hand)

Why, how you tremble! she is dumb; but that's

A trifle—had you heard her cry of—

ALPH. (looking for the first time at FENELLA, screams frantically) Sprats!

(ALPHONSO falls senseless into the arms of LORENZO; tremendous sensation)

*Ensemble.—Bridal Chorus.—“Lucia.”*

CHORUS. Here's an eclipse to a new honeymoon!

Joy on the head outright hit.

If Hymen's torch is quench'd so soon,

Where was the use to light it?

*Solo.—LORENZO.*

Their hands are join'd ; but after this,  
 What power their hearts can make fast ?  
 Gone are their hopes of wedded bliss,  
 And mine of wedding breakfast.  
 Elvira's budding dreams of love  
 Have come to early closing.  
 With that neat speech I'd got by heart,  
 The bridesmaid's for proposing.

CHORUS. Here's an eclipse, &c.

*Exeunt ALPHONSO, ELVIRA, &c., L. U. E., FISHERMEN, POPULACE, &c., R. U. E. After the exit of the PRINCIPALS, SELVA clears the stage of the POPULACE, by exercise of his official authority.*

## SCENE II.—THE SEA SHORE.

*With "Masaniello's Oyster and Supper Rooms, shut up by Act of Parliament."*

*Great meeting of the unemployed.—BORELLA, CORENO, BILLIBARLO, DOGGIA, FISHERMEN, PEASANTS, &c. discovered.*

ALL. Chair! chair! chair! chair!

BOR. (R.) My friends, pray be content;  
 The chair is taken—in distress for rent.

OMNES. Oh !

BOR. But men whom public indignation warns,  
 Need not to sit on chairs, or stand on forms.

Masaniello will be here anon,  
 And will address the meeting : he is gone  
 His usual circuit with the breakfast shrimps.

BILLI. (L., looking off, R. U. E.) He comes in angry strides  
 and fitful limps.

DOGGIA. (L.) His eye with sense of some new outrage  
 twinkles.

*Enter MASANIELLO quickly, R. U. E., he carries a small basket and a measure.*

MAS. (C.) They've done it now !—they've laid a tax on  
 winkles !

OMNES. Oh! (*a sensation of horror*)

MAS. It's true: where folks would "half a gallon" say,  
I couldn't bring them to the pint to-day.

It's time that we did something. (*to a FISHERMAN*)  
Take my basket.

Are you all ready?—But I needn't ask it.  
We'll open the proceedings with a song;  
Professional, but mystic, and not long.

*Barcarolle.—(preludize with original air, first 16 bars, then go suddenly into "My poor Dog Tray.")*

*Solo.—MASANIELLO.*

But, unless my watch is fast,  
The morning time is past,  
And to sing of the dawn it's too late in the day;  
Yet I've tried a change of air,  
Almost more than I can bear,  
It reminds me of my old dog Tray.  
Old dog Tray was ever faithful,  
Grief came upon him, though, one day,  
For the governmental hacks  
Would insist upon his tax,  
Which was fatal to my old dog Tray.

*Chorus.—For the governmental hacks, &c.*  
He was very good at rats,  
And a mortal foe to cats,  
We were more like brothers than I care to say;  
But eight shillings every year,  
For his company was dear,  
And there's nothing left of old dog Tray.  
Old dog Tray had a plateful  
Of bones and potatoes one fine day,  
And inside the sav'ry mass hid,  
Was a dose of prussic acid,  
Which made an end of old dog Tray.

*Chorus.—Old dog Tray had a plateful, &c.*

*Enter PIETRO, R. U. E. and down c.*

MAS. (*running to him*) My friend return'd! To spare me,  
be so kind.

Well? You've been out all night; but never mind,

---

\* The verse subsequently added to the above will be found at page 41.

My friends (*to FISHERMEN*) In virtue of my chairman's power  
 This meeting is adjourned for half an hour.  
 You'll find the sands nice walking, and productive  
 Of specimens of sea-weed most productive.

FISHERMEN *disperse severally.*

(*eagerly to PIETRO*) Now your news, quick!

PIETRO (R.) Well—

MAS. (*interrupting*) Don't be aggravating;  
 Think of the days of anguish I've been waiting  
 For tidings of my poor lost lamb—

PIETRO. Your sister—  
 Is—

MAS. Man! It's Tuesday fortnight since I miss'd her!  
 We never separated for a week—  
 Since we—I mean since I—she *couldn't* speak.

PIETRO. I mean to say—

MAS. Then, say it like a man!  
 On Saturdays they wash'd us in one pan.  
 We ran about like ponies in one tether;  
 Eat, drank, played dumps, were whipp'd, and whopp'd  
 together!

The self-same infant-couch at night we crept in,  
 Till I got big, and crack'd the crib we slept in.

PIETRO. Well, hear a party—

MAS. He *has* no relations  
 Or else he wouldn't trifle with my patience.

PIETRO. Fenella is—

MAS. Dead!

PIETRO. No; but—

MAS. P'raps in service;  
 Worn off her legs worse than a whirling dervise  
 (crosses, R.)

Upon some upstart dame attendance dancer  
 She'll suit in this respect. She'll never answer!

PIETRO. Not that—but—

MAS. Or a bonnet maker? Good!  
 No bonnet maker makes a liveli-hood.

PIETRO. (*getting loud and trying to be heard*) Fenella  
 is—

MAS. Why from my knowledge mask her?  
 PIETRO. She—  
 MAS. Yes.  
 PIETRO. Is—  
 MAS. What?

FENELLA appears on rock piece, R. U. E.  
 PIETRO. (L., pointing to rock, R. U. E.) Up there! So go and ask her.

MAS. (gets L. C.) That skirt! those ankles! Tears bedim my vista.

Yes; 'tis my long—my middle sized—lost sister!

(FENELLA looking at the sea, betrays suicidal intentions—MASANIELLO starts with horror)  
 What's she about?

PIETRO. She's looking at the water.

MAS. She cannot be—and yet—my father's daughter!  
 You know the legend? Going to make a hole in it,  
 And throw her body, like a poor flat sole in it.

(they watch FENELLA eagerly)  
 PIETRO. She'll do it, sure as fate!

MAS. I'll omen'd prophet!

(following Fenella's movements breathlessly)  
 She kneels—bends forward—and—

(FENELLA suddenly changes her intention)  
 Thinks better of it!

(great relief of MASANIELLO and PIETRO—they retire a little, L.; FENELLA comes down from the rock, not seeing them, and walks pensively forward)

MAS. Follow her steps! While she descends the hillock, we Will watch her terpsichorean soliloquy.

(FENELLA dances a soliloquy, MASANIELLO watches her, becoming tragically excited as he does so, clinging to the arm of PIETRO, and coming forward gradually, L.; PIETRO endeavours to calm him)

MAS. Shall this be borne?

PIETRO. What?

MAS.

Peter, you're a fool !  
 'Twould seem you've never been to dancing school.  
 Could any language more distinctly speak  
 All her adventures since last Tuesday week ?  
 My heart's emotions I no more can smother ;  
 Injured Fenella, come to your big brother !

(they rush into each other's arms and come forward together, c.)

Now shut your mouth—I understand it all.  
 (to PIETRO) Call in our friends !

*Exit PIETRO, L. U. E.*

The oligarchs must fall !

I'll teach your spark to come his false vows flashing ;  
 He'd come to court !—Let him expect a smashing !  
 Prepare my arms—each weapon in our hovel—  
 The oyster knives—the meat axe, and the shovel !  
 Sharpen with Flanders brick each scrap of metal.

(FENELLA is going)

Stop ! I shall want a helmet—scour the kettle.

*Exit FENELLA into cottage, R. 3 E.*

*Re-enter all the FISHERMEN, &c., assembled by PIETRO.*

My friends, the tyrant government of Spain  
 Is sticking the war ninepence on again.

OMNES. (*indignant sensation*) Oh !

MAS. Nor that alone !—the shameful Small Beer Act,  
 By which my livelihood has been attacked, (*pointing to the house, R.*)

Is to extend its powers of putting down  
 To all the early breakfast stalls in town.

OMNES. Oh !

MAS. Likewise those temples, where, at humble prices,  
 The poor can worship at the shrine of Ices.

OMNES. Oh !

BILLI. (L.) They'll padlock next the baked potatoe cans.

DOGGIA. (L.) Friends, rally 'round your threaten'd dogs' meat vans.

MAS. (c.) Has anybody aught to move ?

PIETRO. (R.) Worse luck,  
 I had—the bailiffs moved it on a truck.

CORENO. The soil is ours by right.

MAS. You prove your case;  
Your claim is obvious, on the very face.

Now, go on grumbling.

DOGGIA. (*bringing forward a ragged BRIGAND*) Here's a worthy member

Says he's not found a purse since last Decemeer.

BOR. (R.) With this Free Trade I find it's no use struggling;  
There's no encouragement to honest smuggling.

TWO OR THREE TOGETHER.—I—I—

OMNES. Order! chair!

BILLI. (L., *vigorously*) My wrongs shall have expression,  
I am a Lazzaroni by profession;

Well, you'll believe me—not the truth to shirk,  
For the last fortnight I have been forced to work!

OMNES. Oh!

FISHER BOY. (*advancing R.*) Down with the tyrants!

MAS.

Sir! (*tremendous sensation*)

BOY.

Down with the tyrants!

OMNES. Down with the tyrants!

MAS.

They already tremble;  
In the fruit market let us all assemble—

There we can sow—a Cockneyism pardon—  
Our seeds of freedom in a Common Garden.

*Song.—MASANIELLO and CHORUS.—Air.—“Swiftly goes the Oyster Boat.”*

Oh, deftly hide the oyster knife,  
With toasting forks galore,  
And other means of taking life,  
Among your market store.  
We'll whistle up a jolly breeze,  
Despite each soldier fellow,  
That Mass-in-red 'twill rather tease  
To beat old Mass-an-iello.

*Chorus.—Oh, deftly, &c.*

I built a grot one oyster day,  
And stuck a light inside;  
I recollect I made it pay,  
And oft the dodge re-tried.

To-day, we'll pile up lots of shells,  
 And midst them make a shine,  
 And from the much astonished swells  
 Secure the means to dine !

*Chorus.—Oh, deftly, &c.*

*Enter SELVA, R. 1. E.—Sudden uneasiness of CONSPIRATORS.*

SELVA. Disperse !

MAS. (*politely*) I beg your pardon !

SELVA. You're conspiring !

MAS. Quite a mistake, the landscape we're admiring—  
 Loyal as Eldon's, Cannings, Burke's, or Chatham's ;  
 We are, in fact, a mere fortuitous concurrence of  
 antagonistic atoms.

Nice weather !

SELVA. (*uneasily, but politely gradually crossing to L. 1 E.*)  
 Very, for the time of year.

(*aside*) They're rather numerous—I'm not safe here !

MAS. (R.) Coolish !

SELVA. (by L. 1 E.) I find it so. I can inform you !

(*nodding*)

MAS. Look in next time you're passing, and I'll warm you !

*They hustle him off, L. 1 E., then resume the chorus  
 and dance with great hilarity)*

*Chorus.—Oh, deftly hide the oyster knife, &c.*

(*they dance up the stage, and some off, L. U. E.,  
 the rest are closed in*)

### SCENE III.—A FRONT CHAMBER IN PALACE.

*Enter ALPHONSO, followed by LORENZO, vacantly, L. 1 E.*

ALPH. (c.) Lorenzo, plead for me !

LOREN. Shouldn't know how,

Never could manage anything like row.

ALPH. Lorenzo, you're an ass—a brainless cub.

LOREN. Heard fellows say so often at the club.

ALPH. Yet plan some means her anger to abate.

LOREN. Bracelets !

ALPH. Alas ! She's heaps of them.

LOREN. Try plate !

*Enter ELVIRA, R. 1 E.*

ALPH. I've there no chance.—She wouldn't even touch  
A single spoon.

LOREN. (*stolid throughout*) Well, then—you haven't much,  
Stop! Here's a dodge! The fellow in the play,  
Forgot the name—but something in his way  
Round shoulder'd party—stopp'd by undertakers;  
You know—bet kingdom on a horse—no takers.

ALPH. I've wit enough his foggy drift to see;  
(*passionately throws his sword before ELVIRA, as she stands, R., and kneels à la Richard III.—ELVIRA starts at the suddenness of the proceeding*)

Take up the sword again,—or take up me.

LOREN. (L.) That's him.

ELVIRA. (R.) Oh, gracious! What a turn you gave me.

ALPH. (c.) A good one! It deserves another. Save me,  
By hanging all past faults upon the shelf.

ELVIRA. Thou hast but this excuse,—to hang thyself.

ALPH. About thy neck? Let me be hang'd this minute.

ELVIRA. I would I knew thy heart.

ALPH. There's nothing in it,  
Except thy beauteous image.

ELVIRA. You are playful;  
Of images, no doubt, you've there a trayful.

ALPH. You wrong a Spaniard, in him to infer  
One trait of the Italian character.

ELVIRA. To break Fenella's heart!

ALPH. Much as I rue it,  
It was thy beauteous face, that made me do it.

ELVIRA. Bother the man! Was ever known the like,  
Since the proverbial "peskiness" of Ike.

*Trio.—Air.—"Pesky Ike."*

ELVIRA. I meant to leave you, sir, outright,  
Or stay away for a lengthy time;

ALPH. A nice girl's face, though in anger bright  
Good nature makes sublime!

ELVIRA. I kinder feel all over like—

Well—I can't tell exactly how;

LOREN. (*aside*) The notion me appears to strike  
They're better for having had that row.

*Second Verse.*

ELVIRA. I kinder hoped when first you knelt,  
    You'd soon get up and quit my side;

ALPH. A kinder hope my bosom felt,  
    And I guess you'll let me bide.

ELVIRA. You told Fenella you lov'd her dear;

ALPH. Elvira then, I didn't know.

ELVIRA. It's no use kneeling all night here—

ALPH. Then, give us a hand!

*(she raises him up)*

LOREN. *(aside)* All right! I'll go!

*Exit LORENZO, L. 1 E.*

*Third Verse.*

ELVIRA. *(aside)* I kinder think Lorenzo's gone  
    What a thoughtful man! it was there  
        he stood *(to ALPHONSO)*  
    If you're really sorry for what you're done,

ALPH. To be nigh you makes me good.

ELVIRA. I guess you must have been right bad—

ALPH. To touch those lips would make me well.

ELVIRA. Are you sure?

ALPH. Yes, quite!

ELVIRA. I should be too glad! *(kisses him)*  
LORENZO *re-enters and witnesses the operation*  
*with dismay.*

LOREN. If she didn't—well, 'taint no use to tell.

*Exit LORENZO, L. R.*

ALPHONSO and ELVIRA look rather confused.

ALPH. A mild young man! discreet—though somewhat  
    sappy.

ELVIRA. But we must make that poor Fenella happy.  
    Be mine the pleasure, her forlorn existence  
    To pacify and comfort, *(aside)* at a distance—  
    Let's seek her out!

ALPH. I'll call an officer.

ELVIRA. A change of scene will be so good for her.  
*(aside)* Though actuated by the purest pity,  
    I can't deny she's dangerously pretty.

*Enter SUZANNA, L. 1 E.*

Find a policeman!

Suz. That's not always easy;  
 Yet, wishing at all sacrifice to please ye,  
 Thinking you might require such legal Nemesis,  
 I've managed to retain one on the premises.

*Makes a sign—enter SELVA, l. 1 E., eating; he bows respectfully.*

ALPH. Seek your dumb prisoner of yesterday.  
 We would befriend her: bid her step this way.

(*SELVA bows in silence*)  
 Thus, then, begins our honeymoon in earnest;—  
 My reformation shall be of the sternest.  
 Let's go to market.

ELVIRA. Rapture!

ALPH. (*leading her out*) One more kiss.  
 Lamb—Strawberries—Asparagus—

ELVIRA. Oh, bliss!

*Exeunt ALPHONSO and ELVIRA, l. 1 E.*

SUZ. You'll stay to dinner?

SELVA. Couldn't do it.

SUZ. Pray!

SELVA. Impossible, my angel; for to-day  
 Signs of the times there are, too plain for scorning—  
 There'll be some broken heads before the morning.  
 Violent outbreaks are upon the *tappy*.

SUZ. Your French pronunciation is not happy  
 On the *tapis*.

SELVA. Well, there, you needn't harp it.  
 Suppose we say, the Kidderminster carpet.

*Song.—SELVA. Air.—“Death of Nelson.”*

On this eventful day,  
 It ain't the Kinchen Lay,  
 That claims our watchful ken;  
 The danger that provokes,  
 Not emptied fobs or pokes,  
 Nor ticket-of-leave our men.

The case is something much more grave,  
 And we as heroes must behave,

Nor think of beef or beauty;  
 No hiding now in hall or lobby—  
 Naples expects that every bobby,  
 This day will go on duty!

*Exit heroically, r. 1 E., followed by SUZANNA admiringly.*

#### SCENE IV.—THE MARKET PLACE IN NAPLES.

(Set much as in the original) booths, stalls, &c., with various placards, such as "Caccemalivo no more Tarantula's or any other Spiders. "Lillivizzando," "Ingani," and other specimens of choice Italian.

Enter severally—TOLLA MALONI, and other MARKET WOMEN, LAZZARONI, CITIZENS, &c.: FENELLA dances in with a small basket of fish on her head, and takes her place on a stool by r. 1 E.

*Market Chorus.—(from original Opera).*

Come buy ! come buy ! 'tis market day.  
 We've flowers and fruits and fish as well.  
 All good enough in every way ;  
 If not to eat, at least to sell.  
 St. Michael's fine, just boil'd, just boil'd.  
 Live shrimps well mixed from last week's tray ;  
 Fine new potatoes hardly spoil'd.  
 Come buy ! come buy ! 'tis market day.

A FISHERMAN. Mackarel four a shilling here !  
 FLOWER GIRL. Penny a bunch for lad or lass !  
 FRUITERER. Shilling a hundred, now my dear !  
 COSTAMONGER. Y-a-a-ah sparrow grass !

CHORUS. Come buy ! come buy ! &c.

(ALPHONSO and ELVIRA enter at back, L. U. E., followed by SUZANNA bearing a market basket well filled ; ALPHONSO buys a bouquet which he gives to ELVIRA ; they come forward, FENELLA looks tearfully at them)

ALPH. My love, we've done our marketing, and so—  
 As I'm no longer fond of fish, let's go.  
 (turns to go r., ELVIRA seeing FENELLA turns him abruptly the other way)

ELVIRA. Not that way!

ALPH. Dearest, 'tis the shortest cut  
Through the grand avenue.

ELVIRA. (*still pulling him round to L.*) I know it—but—

ALPH. But what?

ELVIRA. (*pettishly*) I choose to go this way!

ALPH. (*astonished*) My love!

ELVIRA. But pray, don't let me hinder you,

ALPH. My love!

I only wish'd—(*aside, sighing*) This at the least  
is early!

(*resigned*) If you the—the greens department,  
smooth and curly,

Prefer, by all means, let us go, my dear.

Some edifying things you'll see and hear

From such as deal in carrots, mats and delf,

Not every Costa'—can conduct himself.

(*aside*) Yes, it is premature! but let us start. (*going, L.*)

ELVIRA. (*aside*) To play the vixen cut me to the heart;  
Yet he's not seen her, so I must n't care.

*Exit ALPHONSO and ELVIRA, L. U. E.*

SELVA has entered behind—he whispers SUZANNA (*as she is about to follow them*) pointing to an article of game she has in the basket.

SELVA. (*aside to SUZANNA*) To-morrow's dinner?

SUZ. (*aside in reply*) Monday's.

*Exit, L. U. E.*

SELVA. (*booking it*) I'll be there!

*Going up, espies FENELLA, R.—she recognises him in alarm—he catches her by the wrist.*

Oh, here you are, miss! Just you come with me;  
This time you won't get off so easily!

*Consternation amongst the MARKET WOMEN—*

*FENELLA implores protection—TOLLA MALONI comes forward.*

TOLLA (L.) Arrest a lady of the Halle?

SELVA (R.) I mean to!

TOLLA (*politely*) Do you indeed? Ladies, this must be seen to.

*The MARKET-WOMEN surround SELVA and his CAPTIVE.*

SELVA. Now, I don't want a row !

TOLLA. (*with bland irony*) How strange, if true  
Gentlemen in your line so often do.

SELVA. Now, do you want me ?

TOLLA. Want you ? Saints forbid !  
Where should I ever find you, if I did ?

GIUDA. Pinch him !

BETTA. Throw something at him !

GIUDA. Pull his hair !

TOLLA. Ladies ! Remember where you are ! Speak fair.  
Don't make us lose our tempers, be so good,  
Since to forget ourselves—

SELVA. Now——

TOLLA. What ! you would !

(*getting him round to L.*)

You rat from pantries dark and coalholes shady,  
I'll let you know you're talking to a lady ;  
Give it the villain ! Let him know his doom !  
Upon our sex's weakness who'd presume.

(*the attack him*)

SELVA. (*aside*) I've got my match ! I'll strike them yet  
with or.

Stand back ! or dread the terrors of the *lor.*

(*they fall back a little—SELVA is about to drag  
FENELLA out, R. U. E., when he is met by  
BILLIBARLO, C.)*

BILLI. Nobody leaves the market !

SELVA. Why not, pray ?

*Enter PIETRO, L. U. E.*

PIETRO. Masaniello's carriage stops the way.

*Enter BORELLA and other CONSPIRATORS, with concealed  
weapons among their merchandize, they separate and  
make way for the entrance of MASANIELLO in a "West-  
minster brougham," drawn by a donkey—SELVA and  
FENELLA get down, R.*

MAS. Now, what's all this ? (*jumping down*) Just hold  
his head, Borella,

He's rather fresh this morning. What, Fenella,  
(*FENELLA runs to his arms*)

Again in trouble, this fond heart to harrow.

SELVA. (*trying to recapture FENELLA*) You hold your jaw,  
and move on with your barrow.

MAS. (*eyeing him contemptuously*) Officer in the blues, this  
opposition

May possibly endanger your commission,  
You'll find your berth too hot for you.

SELVA. Far from it!

I'm not afraid of you—you ain't the comet!

MAS. No, less combustible, perchance you'll find me,  
I've an inflammatory train behind me.

SELVA. This vagrant star may set in blaze the town;  
He must be taken up or else put down.

Seize him!

MAS. Indeed! If once I sees him do it,  
The members of your government shall rue it.

SELVA. We vote for peace!

MAS. Come to the poll my hearty!

(*a POLICEMAN collars him and is knocked down  
senseless with one blow*)

The shew of hands is for the warlike party.

(*all the CONSPIRATORS put their hands up; general  
commotion; the CONSPIRATORS display their weapons,  
running to and fro; FENELLA mounts the  
“brougham,” and distributes weapons concealed  
among the fish, vegetables, &c.; SELVA runs  
out, L., pursued by the WOMEN; the prostrate  
POLICEMAN is removed, R.*

MAS. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is floor'd!

Run hence, proclaim it! have it shouted—roar'd!

Up with the barricades—the blow is struck

Butchers! bring all your steels—and all your pluck!

Greengrocers! hucksters! shew these Spanish  
minions

The weight of your rope mats—and your *rope-inions*,  
(shout)

Piemen, all hot! get up your steam to-day!

They've toss'd you long enough—now make them  
pay!

(to PIETRO L. hurriedly) You to the milkman's  
quarters—swift as ruin!

Bid them be early up, of course, *and doing.*

*Exit PIETRO L. 1 E.*

(to BORELLA, R.) Rouse up the bakers—let their  
flow'r at least!

Go to ferment the rising in the 'east.

*Exit BORELLA, R. 1 E.*

Oblige me with a light?

*Re-enter BORELLA, R., with torch.*

Thank you. I've got one!

Now then, to light the fire, and put the pot on!

Have ev'ry blue-coat lobster crimson dyed,

And ev'ry soldier, "smoked"—hung up and dried!

Dealers in pickled shell-fish of the sea,

Be this your war cry—"Whilks and Liberty!"

*The scene ending with a general meleé; the POLICE re-enter, and fight the POPULACE: bells ringing; drums beating; and rattles springing; the various market produce is thrown about as in a pantomime; a single combat between MASANIELLO and 1ST POLICEMAN, in which MASANIELLO is the victor: grand tableau: red-fire; and the scene is closed in.*

#### SCENE V.—INTERIOR OF *Masaniello's Cabin.*

*Sails hanging, c. as curtains.*

FENELLA enters rapidly to music, and exits, L. 2 E.,

MASANIELLO enters, L. 1 E.

MAS. I fear my people for emancipation,  
Were scarcely in a state of preparation;  
They all want titles, spite of my rebukes,  
And grumble if I make them less than dukes.  
Upon the courage of our troops I'd wager,  
But then we've no grade lower than a major;  
And to our hopes financial there's this wrecker,  
We've sixteen chancellors, and no Exchequer.  
But here, in sleep, let me my cares escape.

(takes chair and sits exhausted near R. 2 E., dozing over back of the chair)

*Music.—Re-enter FENELLA, pale and agitated.*

Oh, drat that girl! she's always in some scrape!  
What now? Be brief—I want to go to sleep;  
Put as much language in a single leap  
As you can manage. (FENELLA dances) Eloquent and  
terse!

She says the state of things get worse and worse.  
Those last remarks of yours again deliver.

(FENELLA dances again)

Discipline's at an end upon the river;  
Upon the paddle-box they crowd and reel,  
And talk—oh, horror!—to the man at the wheel!  
Eh! the cabs have struck; their claims thus specified—  
Ten pounds a mile, and us to ride inside!

(*a knocking heard, c.*)

Well, ere you tell us any horrors more,  
Suppose you see who's knocking at the door.

(FENELLA goes hastily to opening, c., and returns  
making signs with her fingers)

A deputation?—let them call again.

Enter SELVA en Lazzarino, l. 1 E., with a bonnet rouge, and carrying a red flag; he is arm in arm with PIETRO; the latter in his original unwashed condition, but decorated with sundry ornaments that do not belong to him; hat and feathers too large for him—BILLIBARLO and DOGGIA following him.

MAS. (aside) Bother!

SELVA. We are deputed, citizen—

MAS. (starting at the voice and drawing his knife) Spies in the camp! a peeler in disguise!

SELVA. Stop! I've turned democrat! let's fraternize.

(MASANIELLO receives his embrace coldly and with suspicion)

I'd see all tyrants from the gallows pendant,  
Particularly our late Sup'rintendant.

MAS. Your business?

SELVA. We're deputed by the town  
To ask you if you'd like to earn a crown.

MAS. (starting) A crown!

DOGGIA. Just so ! The youthful population  
Want the excitement of a coronation.

BILLI. Why, yes ! we're somewhat *blasè*, and no wonder,  
There's not another pastrycook's to plunder.

MAS. (*aside, in a state of great exaltation*) A crown ! To  
be a king ! Ye gods, the thought—  
To reign ! with what exalted visions fraught !  
To raise a good man starving in the street,  
To wealth and honours for his virtue's meet ;  
To mark some proud oppressor, like an oak  
Tow'ring secure, and be his lightning stroke !  
To sway vast seas of men from side to side,  
For the earth's good—as doth the moon the tide ;  
To leave a name that lisping babes shall prate,  
And works, whose ruins, to the world's last date,  
Shall make men cry with wonder at the scan,  
“Here are the traces of a great good man !” (*sud-*  
*denly cooling down*)

How very like a whale, in words and wishes,  
For a small man who deals in little fishes !

Gentlemen, follow me ! *Exit, L. 2 E.*

(*during this FENELLA has sat in chair, R., and  
feigns to be asleep*)

SELVA. (*aside, fiercely to PIETRO, going, L. 2 E.*) Swift—  
we must post things !

The Prince Alphonso dies.

PIETRO. Yes, down with most things !

*Exeunt SELVA, PIETRO, DOGGIA, and BILLIBARLO, L. 2 E.*

*Music.—A knock heard.—Enter ALPHONSO and ELVIRA,  
disguised as itinerant Italian minstrels, c., the former  
with a hurdy-gurdy.*

ALPH. (*aside to ELVIRA*) Now, dearest, courage—nerve—  
and lots of blarney !

(*to FENELLA, who starts up from chair, R., at  
seeing them*)

Pieta Signora pover' Italiani !

(*FENELLA recognises him*)

Fenella ! Trapp'd as sure as e'er was mouse.

ELVIRA. (L.) P'raps you'll pretend you didn't know the  
house ?

ALPH. (c.) Fenella—

ELVIRA. Not too friendly, if you please.

ALPH. Woman! Is this a time for jealousies?

Fenella, you've been injured—but the plight  
You see me in—

ALPH. She says it serves you right!

(ALPHONSO sighs)

*Duet.—Hurdy-gurdy accompaniment.—Air “Gentle Zitella.”*

ALPH. Injured Fenella,  
We're flitting away;  
Horrida Bella  
Forbids us to stay.  
I'm of the party  
Of Royalists quash'd;  
Contempt the most hearty  
For all the unwash'd.  
I feel—so—Fenella,  
Just help us away!  
The neck of a feller  
Is risk'd while I stay.

ELVIRA. Injured Fenella,  
Stow us away  
Into some cellar,  
Or coal-hole, I pray.  
He for his conduct,  
A fair excuse brings—  
In the young person  
Before you who sings.

ALPH. Injured Fenella,  
'Tis too late, I fear;  
Masaniell—er  
And party are here!

*Re-enter MASANIELLO, SELVA, PIETRO, BILLIBARLO, and DOGGIA, l. 2 e.*

MAS. My friends we've nothing for you! Pray move on!

ALPH. (*aside*) The scoundrels know me! we had best be gone.

(PIETRO takes a rope from his pocket, and crosses behind to take the measure of ALPHONSO's neck)

PIETRO. (up, r. c.) Just let me measure you for a few inches.

ALPH. By whose authority?

PIETRO. Chief Justice Lynch's.

ALPH. (striking him) Stand off—Plebeian!

MAS. (l. c. astonished) Minstrel! You possess, It seems, the organ of Combativeness.

PIETRO. 'Tis Prince Alphonso!

MAS. (drawing his knife) Ha! my sister's wronger!

(FENELLA begs him to be calm)

My love, you're right. I'll wait a little longer!

I'm calm: the rights of hospitality

Must be respected. Strangers, you are free;

And in the language of Peruvian Rolla,

"The individual who moves to follow—"

You know the rest.

ALPH. (haughtily) This leniency is rash!

I shall return, and send you all to smash!

*Exit c. d. ALPHONSO and ELVIRA; they cast grateful glances towards FENELLA; the MAL-CONTENTS make a rush at him as he is going; MASANIELLO interposes with an axe, which he takes from side of door, r.*

MAS. Are you, or I, the lord of this interior?

SELVA. Mustn't a free man hang his own superior?

PIETRO. We have but changed our tyrants!

MAS. (c.) Dread my ire! *Exit c. d.*

SELVA. (l. c.) Masaniello's goose is at the fire!

*The sail at back is raised, and the procession of CITY MAGNATES, &c., enter to invest MASANIELLO with his new dignities. Amongst the banners is one with the inscription—"Italy has Broken her Irons;" another has a large bar of soap hung on to a standard, with the inscription—"The Original Naples—Castille won't Wash;" a bag of money hung on to a pole, with the legend—"We have Collared the*

*Spanish."* Business as in the original, burlesqued; a large toy horse for MASANIELLO to mount, &c., &c. All exeunt, R. U. E., FENELLA follows the procession, conceitedly turning up her nose at her former associates.

SCENE VI.—*Palace, set as in the opera. Vesuvius in the distance.*

Enter SUZANNA, TOLLA MALONI, BETTA MARTINI, GUIDA CALIGANI, and other MARKET WOMEN; all preposterously overdressed, and giving themselves fine lady airs.

SUZ. (c.) Ladies, be seated while they make our tea,  
The gentlemen will join us presently;  
They're getting rather noisy o'er their claret.

TOLLA. (l.) That filthy sour stuff; I can abear it,  
To see men drink it like wholesome porter,  
And eating pickled plums, in salt and water.

BETTA. (r.) My dear your ignorance you still will shew;  
Olives—not plums—a kind of gherkin.

TOLLA. Oh!  
(the WOMEN listen)

Chorus within, L.—Air.—“We won’t go home till morning.”

Here’s a health to Masaniello,  
As loud as our lungs can bellow,  
For he’s a jolly good fellow.  
Which nobody can deny.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! &c.  
(jingling of glasses, &c.)

SUZ. (looking off, l.) The chief is on his legs,  
GUIDA. Upon his pins,  
And needles I should say—

TOLLA. How wild he grins!  
And pale as yonder batter pudding—

BETTA. Custard!

GUIDA. And see, he’s pouring sherry in the mustard!

SUZ. Sheer nervousness appears his speech to stifle.

TOLLA. (horrified) He’s eating soap suds!

SUZ. Nonsense! That’s a trifle!  
(crosses, l.)

Hush! he begins to speak, yet scarcely able—  
 (crash, L.)

Ah!

TOLLA. What?

SUZ. He's disappeared beneath the table!

TOLLA. I told him he'd be ill—he wouldn't stop  
 Drinking that effervescent ginger pop,  
 In the long bottles silvered round the top.

*Enter, L. 2 E., SELVA, PIETRO, FISHERMEN, and LORENZO  
 (with a banjo), all rather flushed; some bring drinking  
 cups, fruit, &c.*

SELVA. (entering) He'll be all right, to spoil his nap were  
 cruel,

He wants no physic, (aside) and he's got his gruel.

(to PIETRO) You're sure you can rely upon the pill?

PIETRO. (L.) The article was warranted to kill—  
 But first to drive him mad.

SELVA. Mad!

PIETRO. Ah! I said it!

Mad as a hatter, who would give us credit.

SELVA. Good! Our new tyrant won't oppress us long!

PIETRO. Whispering's vulgar! Silence for a song!

LORENZO. (coming forward with banjo) This revolution's  
 trick there's no forgiving,  
 I've to amuse these plebs to earn a living.

*Song.—LORENZO.—Air.—“With a Dooda.”*

I'm knock'd down for a comic song!

With a dooda! with a doodaa!

Got one five score verses long,

With a doodaa! with a doodaa, day!

I've lungs to sing all night,

I've a voice to sing all day,

Therefore post your money till the hat's quite full,

Dis nigger doesn't mean to go away.

ALL. Whooh!

Words in songs don't count for much,

With a doodaa! with a doodaa!

I'm a singer, and behave as such,

With a doodaa! with a doodaa, day!

I've got an air all right, I'll learn the words some day;  
 It's a bacchanalian ditty I'm supposed to have sung,  
 And to finish it I only have to say—

ALL.

Whooh !

(at end of song they pair off, and dance the Tarantella, which is suddenly stopped by the entrance of BORELLA, L. U. E., terrified and shouting)

BORELLA. To arms or legs ! Your safety fight or run for—  
 The royalists are on us !

PIETRO. (L.) Then we're done for !

BOR. (c.) The Prince Alphonso, with ten thousand men,  
 Is at the gates.

PIETRO. Tell them to call again !

BOR. Alas ! they keep continually knocking  
 Our comrades on the head !

TOLLA. (L. c.) How very shocking !

SUZ. (c.) Masaniello's power alone can save us !

BOR. Count not on his assistance. Like Gustavus,  
 He's a victim to a party.

1ST FISHERMAN. (R.) How ! not dead ?

BOR. Why, no ; but there's a screw loose in his head,  
 So very loose it seems, in point of fact

I rather fear the timber must be crack'd.

Now, fiercely as himself, he thinks he's leading  
 His troops o'er mountains of the slain and bleeding.  
 Then breaking off in parodies and jokes,  
 He seems to think himself all sorts of folks.

See ! where he comes !

SELVA. (R. aside to PIETRO) Things take an ugly focus ;  
 Avenging blades will for our hocus—poke us !

*Exit SELVA, R. 1 E.*

TOLLA. (R. c.) Oh ! how that mighty intellect is shaken !  
 (all get to R.)

*Enter MASANIELLO L. 2 E. in a very splendid dress,  
 ridiculously disordered.*

MAS. My lord, the Earl of Hammersmith is taken !  
 Stop ! that's in Hamlet. I'm Masaniello !  
 To be or not to was—that's in Othello,

Translated into Irish—for Ristori.

Pop goes the Weasel—that's from Trovatore;

(*breaks off into a portion of the Dagger Dance  
from Macbeth*)

BOR. (*coming down L. to others, aside*) You see, he's very bad indeed, poor fellow.

He quite forgets that he's Masaniello!

MAS. (*taking BORELLA's hand*) Silenzio Pescator, &c.

(*singing a scrap from the Italian opera*)

PIETRO. (*L. offering sword*) Come, rouse your wits—our enemies advance:

Here! take your sword—and lead us—

(*holding sword before him*)

MAS. Such a dance!

(*dances part of the "Yellow Dwarf" hornpipe*)

BOR. See how his thoughts are wand'ring to a distance—  
In remote phases of some past existence.

MAS. I know that wasn't right. Will some of you  
Inform me, who I am—and what to do?

BOR. (*L.*) You are our chief! Do you not know me, sir?

MAS. Excellent well!—You are a fishmonger!  
And I'm your chieftain.

PIETRO. (*r.*) Are you not, my lad?

MAS. Aye—ev'ry inch a king-fisher—not bad! (*chuckles*)

The monarch of the deep—my lord of scales;

Here's a discovery—I'm Prince of Whales!

Starboard your helm—'bout ship and shorten sail,  
Or dread the lashing of these fins and tail.

Think not to pierce this hide of Indian rubber. (*weeps*)

A whale! Oh, yes! A whale of tears! All blubber!

Suz. (*L. c.*) Oh! thou side piercing sight!

MAS. I'm very limp—  
And small—and flabby! Hang it! I'm a shrimp!

*Song.—MASANIELLO.—Air—"I'm Afloat."*

I'm a shrimp! I'm a shrimp, of diminutive size,

Inspect my antennæ, and look at my eyes;

I'm a natural syphon, when dipped in a cup,

For I drain the contents to the latest drop up.

I care not for craw-fish—I heed not the prawn,

From a flavour especial my fame has been drawn.

Nor e'en to the crab, or the lobster I'll yield,  
 When I'm properly cooked, and efficiently peel'd.  
 Quick! quick! pile your coals—let your saucepan be deep!  
 For the weather is warm and I'm not sure to keep;  
 Off! off with my head—split my shell into three,  
 I'm a shrimp ! I'm a shrimp—to be eaten with tea.

1<sup>ST</sup> FISHERMAN (*R. indignantly*) He has been poisoned!

MAS. Poison ! Stop a bit !

I'm off again ! Some legend—what was it ?  
 A case of poisoning through breaking laws,  
 And disobedience to governors.  
 Oh ! (*sings*)

It is of a rich merchant that in London did dwell,  
 And he had a fair daughter, an uncommon nice young gal,  
 Her name it was—

*He sees FENELLA who enters, l. 2 E., looking at him despairingly with clasped hands—he stops perplexed, looking at her.*

No, it wasn't—that's another.

She's some one else's daughter;—I'm her brother ?

(*sings despairingly*) Doodle dum, doodle day, &c.

(*suddenly glides into the "Corsican Brothers" business from "The Discreet Princess," following FENELLA about the stage, she receding from him horrified. Alarms, drums, and cannon heard*)

BOR. Hark to the trumpet's bray, the cannon's bellow!  
 For one brief moment be Masaniello.

MAS. You're right ; it's time I did with these alarms.  
 Give us the cue.

BOR. *Oui nos tyrans !*

MAS. (*wildly*) *Mes armes !*

(*they give him a sword : he is about to rush off at the head of his comrades—he stops and sings*)

(*From the burlesque of "Medea."*)

Procrastination's the thief of time they say :  
 I've said a lot of stuff that wasn't in the play ;  
 Please bear in mind, though, as some extenuation,  
 I'm still a victim to mental aberration.

By the time I've fought a little,  
 P'raps I may be brought a little,  
 Round a kinder sorter little  
 Nearer reason's ray ;—  
 Want to lose of blood a little,  
 Clear my brain from muddle it'll,  
 Save, or it'll solve the riddle.  
 Fol the riddle lay.

*Exeunt OMNES, R., led by MASANIELLO. Alarms. guns, drum, bell, shouts, &c.—different CHARACTERS cross the stage, fighting, or running away,*

*Re-enter PIETRO, R. 2 E., dragging in ELVIRA; and BORELLA, dragging LORENZO.*

PIETRO. (L.) You don't escape ! You're young, and rich, and handsome !

BOR. (R.) You're not worth much ; but you may fetch a ransom.

*Re-enter MASANIELLO and FENELLA, R. 1 E.*

MAS Villains, stand off !

PIETRO. Off !

MAS. Yes—and in a hurry !

You won't ? Then—(knocks PIETRO down) Peter, I'm extremely sorry.

*FISHERMEN, PEASANTS, &c., crowd in,\* R. and L., just witnessing the act.*

OMNES. Treason !

MAS. (c.) No ; justice ! Let our conquerors quake.

(*a cabbage stump is thrown, from R., which hits MASANIELLO*)

That was a conkeror, and no mistake !

All is not lost ;—though million foes be at—

(*a cat is thrown, which hits him*)

(*turning to BORELLA, R.*) I know it wasn't you—it was the cat.

Still, if each freeman to his comrade sticks

Cemented, to support the cause, like—

(*a brickbat hits him—he staggers, and says, broken-heartedly*)

Bricks !

This is a wound than all my suff'rings smarter ;  
I thought myself the brick ; but I'm the martyr.

*Enter BILLIBARLO, L. U. E.*

BILLI. We are surrounded ! There is no escape !

OMNES. Down with the wretch who got us in this scrape.

(they fall upon MASANIELLO, with the various  
things thrown upon the stage—he falls)

*Enter ALPHONSO, LORENZO, and POLICE, R., quickly ; SELVA following, having resumed his Policeman's dress— he immediately takes BORELLA and MORENA into custody.*

ALPH. Too late to save him ! Tortures yet untold  
His dastard murderers shall suffer.

MAS. (feebley) Hold !

(the CROWD separate and he is seen on the ground,  
c., pale and bleeding, trying to support himself  
with one hand—he speaks feebly, rising in voice  
and posture gradually)

These men were blind—scarce taught to feel their way,  
I dragged them, unprepar'd, to glaring day ;  
Their brains grew hot with licence, as with wine.  
Pardon them—pity them, the fault was mine.

(falls headlong, apparently dead)

ALPH. (to audience) As far as I'm concerned, the pardon's granted,

But a more general amnesty is wanted ;  
Guilty, by law, I fear we all must be,  
For having taken too much liberty ;  
But, p'raps, you won't enforce it to the letter—

MAS. (sitting up) Cheer'd by that hope, I feel a little better.  
(tries to get up)

ALPH. Mind, you're not strong !

MAS. Of that don't be too certain ;  
(rising with difficulty)

See how I feel when they've droppe'd the curtain.

ELVIRA. Lean on my hand.

MAS. Why—to support me long enough,  
Your little hand, my dear, I fear's not strong enough.

(to Audience)

To lean on yours, I'd rather make a shift;  
Mind if you floor me, I'm beyond a lift.

*Finale.—Air.—“My poor dog Tray.”*

MAS. (*solo*) But to finish up the play  
In the usual sort of way,  
We want some effect with a red fire shine;  
But you see for such vagaries,  
We should have a lot of faires;  
And we've nothing in the fairy line.

(*turning to back scene*) Old Mount Vesuvius to oblige us,  
P'raps you'll consent to fire away,  
With a storm of cinders pluvious.

(*eruption of Vesuvius at back and red fire*)

(*bows*) You're extremely kind, Vesuvius,  
That's all we want to end this play.

Chorus. Old Mount Vesuvius to oblige us,  
Kindly consent's to fire away,  
With a storm of cinders pluvious.  
You're extremely kind, Vesuvius,  
That's all we want to end this play.

POLICE.	FISHERMEN.	FISHERMEN.
SELVA.	BORELLA.	PIETRO.
ALPHONSO.	ELVIRA.	PEASANTRY.
R.	MASAN.	FENELLA.
		LORENZO.
		L.

*Third verse of “Poor Dog Tray,” from page 16.*

They bore him from my sight,  
For it overcame me quite,  
I was ill, I was wretched, I was wasting away;  
From my food I loathing turned,  
And my dinner beer I spurned,  
A thinking of my old dog Tray.  
Old dog Tray I met again, though;  
To eat, they persuaded me one day,  
With some tempting mutton pies,  
In the which I recognise,  
The flavour of my old dog Tray.

## MASANIELLO.

### Costumes.

**PRINCE ALPHONSO.**—White satin Spanish shirt and cloak, white silk tights, white hat and feather, boots with lace, and sword.

**LORENZO.**—Pink satin Spanish shirt and cloak, hat and feather, boots with lace, and silk tights.

**SELVA.**—Blue frock coat trimmed with silver, large hat and feather, black bucket boots, and gauntlets.

**BORELLA, PIETRO, BILLIBARLO, DOGGIA, and FISHERMEN.**—Various coloured striped and red shirts, trunks or petticoat trousers, fleshing arms and leggings, buff shoes, with worsted sandals, binding jackets slung over their shoulders, and red and striped caps.

**MASANIELLO.**—*First Dress*: red striped shirt, brown trunks, fleshing arms and legs, striped cap, and shoes. *Second Dress*: crimson satin jacket and trunks trimmed with silver, and bucket boots, with lace.

**POLICEMEN.**—Similar to SELVA's dress.

**ELVIRA.**—Rich white satin train dress, with white veil and flowers.

**SUZANNA.**—White merino skirt, blue short over petticoat, and red under ditto, and small leather apron.

**TOLLA MALONI, GRIDIA CALIGANI, and BETTA MARTINI.**—Various coloured skirts and bodices, and Neapolitan head dresses.

**FENELLA.**—Similar to FENELLA, in the Opera.

**BRIDESMAIDS.**—White satin, with blue gauze dresses over, and blue gauze veils.

**MARKET WOMEN.**—Coloured skirts, bodices, and head dresses.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R.C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.