

A COMPLETE
OPERA LIBRETTO

OF

FATINITZA.

A

Comic Opera

IN 3 ACTS,

BY

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ

Containing all the Words and Songs.

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ARGUMENT.

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A HANDSOME and very youthful lieutenant of a Circassian regiment in the Russian army, named Vladimir Samoiloff, while masquerading in girl's dress, under the name of Fatinitza, is met by a rough old general, Count Timofey Kantchukoff, who falls violently in love with him. Vladimir extricates himself from this dilemma, and afterwards, in Odessa, meets the general's niece, the Princess Lydia Imanovan, whom he knows only as Lydia; and the two form a romantic attachment. Hearing this, the old general has the young officer transferred to the outposts of the Russian army on the Danube.

The piece opens with a scene in camp before Rustchuk. After some characteristic military scenes, during which Vladimir tells the story of his love for Lydia, an American newspaper special correspondent, Julian Hardy, the good genius of about everybody in the piece, is brought on by the Cossacks as a spy, but is recognized by Vladimir as an old friend. To relieve the *ennui* of camp-life he proposes that they have some private theatricals, — a suggestion which is hailed with delight. Vladimir agrees to play the "leading lady;" and, while all the company has retired to dress for the rehearsal, Gen. Kantchukoff arrives unexpectedly. He pours upon Julian, who escapes by showing his passports, and quite gets the better of the old general by his professional impudence. Vladimir then comes on in peasant-girl's attire, and is recognized by the general as his first and only love, Fatinitza. Then come the cadets, soldiers, and officers, disguised in all sorts of absurd costumes, to the great astonishment and inter se rage of the general, who is, however, conciliated by the pretended Fatinitza, who coaxes him to let the offenders go. Glad to be left alone with his love, the general orders them off to drill; but his love-making is interrupted by the announcement of the arrival of his niece, the Princess Lydia, whose noble rank is thus first revealed to Vladimir, who fears recognition in his disguise. Complications are again smoothed over by the correspondent, who explains the resemblance by telling the princess that Fatinitza is her lover Vladimir's sister. The general commends Fatinitza to the princess and goes off to inspect the troops. A band of Bashi-Bazouks then steal upon the scene, surprise the Russian works, and capture the princess, Vladimir, and Julian; leaving the latter behind, however, to arrange for ransom for their captives. Just as they are going, the Russian troops return, but are prevented from bringing upon the retreating Turks by the general, for fear that they "might hit Fatinitza!"

The second act shows us the harem of the reform Turk, Izzet Pasha, the governor of the Turkish fortress; and there are some comical scenes with his family of four wives. Vladimir, still in woman's guise, and Lydia are brought in as captives; and the Pasha announces to his four "better-halves" that he is about to add Lydia to their number, much to their vexation. Then comes Julian with the Russian sergeant Steipann, to arrange for the release of the captives. The Pasha is willing to give up Fatinitza, but refuses to part with Lydia. Steipann is dispatched to carry the Pasha's terms to the general, with a secret message from Julian, telling how he can surprise the Turks with his army; Julian having obtained the knowledge from Vladimir, who, in a previous scene, has declared his identity to Lydia, and also to the four wives, whom he persuades to abet their escape. Julian is left as the guest of the Pasha, and the two have a very jolly time together. A "Karagois," or Turkish shadow pantomime, is gotten up for the entertainment of the strangers; but it is given an unlooked for conclusion by the arrival of the Russians, who come to rescue their friends.

The third act takes place in the general's summer palace, near Odessa. The princess has been promised by the general to a maimed and crippled old friend of his; but Julian arrives with Vladimir, and, through the ingenuity of the former, matters are smoothed over; and the general, who finds in the Fatinitza, whose coming he has been impatiently expecting, nothing but a veiled negress, bearing that name, is made to believe that the real Fatinitza has died from grief at her separation from him, and so he consents to the union of her brother Vladimir, whom she commits to his care in a parting letter, to his niece.

F A T I N I T Z A.

ACT I.

- Guard** Who goes there ? attention all ! etc.
 Get up ! Ho there ye lazy knaves.
 Already day is here, hurry up, hurry up !
 The drum to wake is beating,
 To wake the trumpet calls !
 Up ; ye cowards ; where's your hearing ?
 Form in steady, martial bearing ;
 Up, be going, late 'tis growing :
 How much more noise must I devise
 To make you rise ?
 When in robes of white, earth lies before me,
 Bright with frost and snow, delight comes o'er me !
 Then, in icy fetters though she's bound,
 Russia stands again with splendour crown'd.
 B-r-r-r- ! etc. (shivering with cold),
 When the whist'ling wind hear,
 B-r-r-r-r ! etc.
 Blow as if to split the ear
 B-r-r-r-r ! etc.
 Ten thousand bombs ! ah, what delight !
 No Russian is he who feels it not a right !
 B-r-r-r-r ! etc.
 Those cadets, deuce take them, sleeping,
 From their beds they're not yet creeping !
 Heard they not the call that sounded ?
 But, what's this ? what is this ?
 I am confounded, what is this ?
- Steipann** Too great a liberty it is to allow such a row, no,
 'Twould to duty be remiss ;
 There, enough ?
 Come, be quiet ! no, no, I forsooth will not submit !
 Leave me alone, I yield me now,
 One 'gainst you all, I yield, and to your valor bow !
 However nice, it seems to me this may suffice !
 Hold up, hold up.
 It seems to me that this must stay,
 This now, must stop, I say,
 Or else, in truth, there'll something be to pay,
 If one alone in hand should be,
 I swear that he'll have work to do with me !
 Now stay ! b-r-r-r-r, etc.

Already this is quite enough, now stay !

B-r-r-r-r, etc.

My patience is exhausted quite, now stay,

B-r-r-r-r, etc.

By hundred thousand bombs ! ye rogues, day or
night,

With me he'll have to fight !

Cadets. Ha, ha, ha, etc., be on your guard come on !

Now, bravely, piff, paff, he's yielding piff, paff,

He can resist us not much more, hurrah !

He's yielding, piff, paff, come, onward, piff, paff,

Still on he goes in speedy flight,

For pity asks the coward wight !

Ha, ha, ha, ha, he yields all right,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, what valor bright

Ha, ha, ha, etc., we've hurried him, and worried
him, hurrah !

When in robes of white earth lies before us,

Bright with frost and snow, delight comes o'er us ;

Then in icy gems although she's bound,

Russia stands a queen with splendor crowned,

B-r-r-r-r, B-r-r-r-r, when whistling winds I hear!

b-r-r-r-r &c.

Blow, as if to split the ear, b-r-r-r-r, &c.

Ten thousand bombs, ah what delight !

No Russian is he, who feels not aright. ha, ha, &c.

All Cadets Ha, ha, ha ! Hurrah !

Osipp. Hey there, you rogues !

Tran. The Lieutenant !

Good morning Lieutenant.

All. Good morning !

Osipp. Good morning ! you are no longer in the academy,
youngsters. Here, in the great military school before the
enemy, you must leave off your boyish pranks.

Tran. Nothing to eat at that !

Fedor. Nothing to drink !

Nipiphar. No balls !

Wasili. No theatres !

Dimitri. No women !

Osipp. Women ! why Dimitri ! you must be thinking of
your nurse, you fragment of a soldier.

Dimitri. Oh ! The Grand Duke is here on the Danube with
forty-five thousand men. If I were not a whole man, then
you would say, forty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety
nine and a half men ; ergo I am a whole man.

Osipp. So, you whole man, reach us your brandy Flask
mine is empty.

Dimitri. Mine too !

Tran. Just in time ! here comes a sutler.

All. A sutler ! Bravo !

Vuika. Whiskey, whiskey,
Whiskey here, who wants to buy,
Health and strength it will supply !

Whiskey, here's good whiskey,
Whiskey, gentlemen, who wants to buy.

Osipp. Well, now, what are the Turks doing over there?

Vuika. Me know not ! me not know, Gospod. But, yes !
yesterday did the Turks try to come over the frozen Danube.
and—ha, ha, ha, ice break !

Osipp. So if the ice had not been weak, we should have
had a surprise.

Vuika. Surprise, Gospod, ah ? Moslem—no courage, and
only four hundred men.

Dimitri. So ! just double the strength of our pickets !

Vuika, Just what I wanted to know.

Capt. Vasil. Dimitri Fedorowich !

The Others. The Captain ! good morning Captain !

Vasil. Good morning ! three days barrack arrest for
talking too much.

Dimitri. Captain

Vasil. Not a word more. Right about—march !

Vasil. And this scoundrel of a gypsy may go home to the
devil !

Vuika. O Gospod ! mercy—

Vasil. Away with him ! have you paid the woman ?

All. Yes captain !

Vasil. So then—basta !

Osipp. Twenty degrees below zero last night.

Vasil. It is devilish slow out here ?

Osipp. That is true !

Steipann. Oh, I smell wutky.

Tran. Here old cartridge case have a drink.

The Others. Drink ! drink !

Steipann. Slowly ! slowly ! each man in his turn ; order must
be maintained.

Vasil. Tran !

Tran. Captain !

Vasil. How about breakfast ? who is the officer of the day.

Tran. Officer of the day.

Fedor. Lieut. Vladimir !

Tran. Lieut. Vladimir !

Vasil. Where in the devil is he ?

Fedor. In bed !

Tran. In bed ? we'll soon wake him ! our morning
serenade at the academy !

Chorus of Cadets and Soldiers.

Cadets. Still snoring, still a-sleep he's lying, tochin ta, &c.

Wake up ? 'tis late, the hours are flying, &c.

Soldiers. Ope wide your eyes, to-day's bright beams,

And stop your snoring, and your dreams, &c., &c.,

Late it grows, late it grows, &c., &c.

DREAM SONG.—*Recitation.*

Vladimir Why, ah ! why did you thus wake me ?

And rend from me such a sweet, enchanting
dream !

From my heart 'twill ne'er depart ?

For it was a dream of love?
 Yes a dream that fancy wove.
 Charms, that visions thus unfold,
 I may never more behold!

Cadets. That is fine! fine indeed!
 From his heart? but, why so?

Of a wife? fair and mild
 Go on, in tender style,
 Describe your charming dream meanwhile.

Vladimir Her, to the air around me,
 My lip dares not yet name;
 But she whose charms have bound me,
 To me in visions came.

Sang she there with voice enchanting
 That caus'd my heart to move,
 And throb with burning love,
 Beneath her glances haunting,
 She fill'd a cup with sparkling wine,
 And gave me with a look divine;
 With ardent passion burning,
 My lips approach'd it yearning.

Alas! O fortune capricious!
 That moment delicious
 Was lost with the dream!
 O hapless fate! O hapless fate,
 It vanish'd and fled with the dream!

Cadets. What pity! what pity!
 It fled with the dream, etc.

Vladimir. O vision! the face so beaming,
 Where pride and softness met,
 A smile did send me, seeming
 Love's message, ne'er forget
 I felt the trembling pressure
 Of her soft hand in mine,
 Her breathing, soft and fine
 I heard in fitful measure.

Our lips, one sole desire alights,
 Our hearts, one single vow unites,
 The witchery of her glances,
 A languor soft enhances,
 Alas! O fortune etc.

Vasil. You have been dreaming, Vladimir?

Vladimir. Yes. Ah!!!

Vasil. A regular alarm gun of a sigh. Are you in love?
 Hey?

Vasil. Who is the fair one?

Vladimir. I must keep the name a secret, Vasil!

Dimitri. His sweetheart's name is Lydia—I heard it in his
 sleep

Vasil. So her name is Lydia—a stage name?

Vladimir. Oh, no; she belongs to the aristocracy. While in
 Odessa I broke my ankle in consequence of being thrown
 from my horse. The lady in question was driving past at the

time, and in spite of the remonstrance of her companion, who called her Lydia Imanovna, she took me into her carriage, and brought me to my lodgings, whither she sent daily to ask after me. I had scarcely recovered when I was ordered here. Wherefore, and I have been able to learn who she was.

Vasil. You were placed under my command with the special remark, that an officer in the army, in high position, had requested you to be transferred because his ward had looked too deeply into your eyes !

Vladimir The deuce !

Osipp. Poor fellow, banished to the outposts on account of your handsome eyes.

Vladimir And if there were only a skirmish here once in a while a surprise from the enemy—some kind of an occupation but this—

REPORTER'S SONG.

Stephen What's that noise ?

Cossacks A spy, a spy,

Stephen Who can he be ?

Cossacks We'll see, we'll see !

Julian Ah ! wait till I explain !

Cossacks He thinks we shall believe.

Julian But all know who I am

Cossacks Thou art a cut-throat knave !

Julian You honor me too much, my friends.

Cadets, Soldiers, etc., Let us hang him !

Julian Oh thank you, for such favors kind !

Cad. Sold. We will hang thee !

Julian I'm grateful though the boon's declined !

Cad. Sold. By the neck.

Julian Ah ! what delight !

Cad. Sold. You soon shall see !

Vladimir Julian here ?

Julian Vladimir !

Cad. Sold. Who in the deuce now can he be ?

Vladimir Juliano Golz, a writer for the Press, by Russians much esteemed !

Julian Employers sent me hither with the special mission trusted of observing and recording all the deeds of war progressing ; and 'tis thus you find me here, a war reporter, by your leave !

Cad. Sold. A Reporter ? what is that, etc.

Julian A reporter, I propose,
Is a man, who all things knows.
Stay, while I explain.

With my note-book every where,

Always ready, prompt and free,

Here to-day, to-morrow there,

Naught can be unknown to me.

Day by day I gather facts,

Every I-tem that attracts

And awakes the reader's mind

Seeking out, I al-ways find.
 Now with vigor, oft with grace,
 But for falsehood find no place,
 In my diary you'll see,
 Breathing actuality,
 What has scarcely yet occur'd,
 I compose, and give it word.
 What the future still conceals,
 I set upright, on its heels.
 Things to come, I write out giving
 Some one dead, who still is living,
 And, in my succeeding letter,
 Bring him to, and all goes better,
 Here, to-day, to-morrow gone,
 Night and day still moving on ?
 There's no club, no boudoir free,
 That can close its door to me ;
 To the font with babes I go,
 At the altar kneel with brides,
 At the funerals with the dead ;
 All of good or ill I heed.
 Is one knighted at the court,
 Should some guilty wretch be hung,
 Both are things that find a tongue,
 In my future report.
 Balls in season I attend,
 In balloons on high ascend ;
 Should a theft committed be,
 Ere 'tis known to police, 'tis known to me !
 To the scenes of conflagrations,
 With the engine men I run,
 To processions and cremations,
 Fights or feasts, I see the fun.
 Meetings, sermons, and flirtations,
 Gay parades, illuminations,
 Races, dances revolutions,
 The dansants, or executions !
 Thus to all in turn I go,
 All I see and all I know !
 Prime donne, praise their art.
 Dancers, good advice impart !
 Rising genius, give renown,
 Soon to see it tumble down !
 Notice profits and applauses,
 Plead of concertists the causes,
 Singers' trials, gains and losses.
 These have part in my profession
 Writing articles, reviewing,
 And inventing oft at need—
 If of faith 'tis worthy shewing—
 One to wonder at and heed !
 Easy to find those whose wits are straying !
 But thus the journalist is never caught.

Merry and steady
 Witty and ready—
 Frank and always with good humour fraught.
 One, in short, whose trade, forsooth?
 Is to knead with falsehood, truth.
 Wit, in universal dress,

Cadets & Sold. In faith that's good! Original, *ses qui pedal*,
 pyramidal, in fact, a knowing youth.

Julian Means a reporter for the press

Cad. & Sold. And hence we'll know, who have to confess.

Julian Who mingles truth with falsehood's lies,
 One day affirms the next denies.

Cad. & Sold. What means "Reporter for the Press."

Julian This, full of jovial happiness,
 Is a reporter of the press.

Vasil. I beg your pardon, sir, for the extreme zeal of our
 cossacks; but you can easily see—

Julian I can easily see? don't mention it, captain. I am
 charmed and delighted at their slight mistake.

Vladimir How is that?

Julian Why my dear sir, it will make a glorious special
 for the press. "Pursuit and capture of our special corres-
 pondent by Cossacks?" "Brave but futile resistance?"
 "Rough sons of the North?" "Tough like ponies of the
 Steppes?" "Long lances!" "Dragged away at a tearing
 gallop!" Threatened with the Knout? Commander a culti-
 vated officer? "Cordial reception!" "Bountiful dinner,"
 &c., &c. By jove, sir, I can't do this adventure short of a
 column and a half.

Vladimir You will have to out that "bountiful dinner" old
 fellow; we have hardly a thing to eat ourselves.

Julian So much the better! what is the use of being war
 correspondent? just wait for "the Herald" six Weeks hence,
 and you will wonder at the quantities of dainties you have set
 before me!

Military Cook. The shtshee is ready.

Julian Beg pardon, lieutenant; but what the deuce was
 it they said was ready?

Vladimir The shtshee, our "bountiful dinner?"

Julian Ah? so the shtshee is——?

Vladimir A mixed mess of cabbage, beets, parsnips, gun-
 powder, mutton, &c. Between you and me, a dish for the
 dogs; but we have nothing else.

Julian Ah, thanks for your timely explanation! but tell
 me, can you drink allash with this so-called "shtshee?"

Vladimir If we only had some at hand to be sure—

Julian Well, I'm your man, then; for I happen to have
 two bottles in my bag.

All Officers Allash! allash!

Vladimir Upon my word, friend, you are developing quali-
 ties which fill us all with the deepest respect.

Vasil. What lucky star leads you to us?

Julian This lucky star is called "journalistic enterprise."

The editor wrote to me, "Are you observing the movements of the Turks?" Well, I have been observing the movements of the Turks through my field-glass.

Vladimir And what kind of movements did they make?

Julian I saw standing on the banks of the beautiful Blue Danube—which happens to be green wherever I have seen it—a Moslem who was doing so—

Vasil. So you can simply write to your paper "The Turks are freezing!"

Julian Captain, how little you comprehend the descriptive powers of a "Herald" correspondent! I write, heavily underscored, "Postscript—In consequence of personal observations, I am enabled to inform you that the Turkish army is in motion, and is taking comprehensive measures to defy the rigors of a winter campaign!"

Vasil. And in this way history is made! Long live the "Herald" correspondent!

All Hurrah!

Dimitri Ahem!

All What's the matter?

Dimitri I haven't had a drop.

Vasil. Well, come out you rogue, we will forgive you.

Dimitri Fedorowitch, the most indiscreet gosling in camp.

Julian Young man, indiscretion is a virtue which I appreciate highly. Let us be friends, and now gentlemen, let merriment be the order of the day. How do you manage to divert to monotony of camp routine?

Vladimir We eat, we drink; we drink and we sleep—when the Turks will let us.

Julian Well—and the ladies?

Vasil. With the exception of a few ancient gypsies we have not seen a woman of any sort for three months.

Julian And amidst such a state of things can my friend Vladimir manage to exist? He, a second Faublas, the hero of one of the most delicious adventures.

Osipp. Aha! we understand—Lydia.

Julian Lydia! Lydia! to the best of my knowledge, her name was Katinka.

Tran. And was formerly called Lydia? Incomprehensible!

Vasil. I find it very comprehensible. One is called Lydia, the other Katinka.

Osipp. So Katinka is another.

Vladimir Yes, Katinka is another.

All Long live Katinka!

Vasil. Well, I should say you have made good use of your time. What was it about Katinka? Out with it!

Julian Katinka is the young wife of an aged diplomat—a lady who regards marriage as a duet for three voices. One day—

Vladimir I must protect the lady lady from journalistic malice. One day she wrote to me, "My husband is going to London; I, to our estate in the Caucasus. My companion is ill and unable to go with me. Her position is not yet filled. I know a person whom I regard as adapted to the place.

Will this person have the courage and love to share my loneliness with me?"

Vasil. Ah, I understand, by the person—

Vladimir I was meant, I did not need a second hint, but donned feminine attire was presented to the servants as Fatinitza, the new companion, and undertook the journey with the countess. On the evening of our arrival, a carriage rattled into the courtyard, and out of a tenfold fur cloak was unwrapped—

Vasil. Holy Petrovitch; the husband!

Vladimir No! his brother—an officer of high degree in the army, a uniformed Polar Bear in the rough—who surprised us with the announcement of a long visit. To behold me, and to fall mortally in love with me, was the work of a moment with him.

Vasil. Then you must have looked devilish handsome as a girl.

Vladimir So said the Polar Bear! he followed me as if demented. Fearful of discovery, I was compelled to flee. Fatinitza became Lieutenant Vladimir again. Such comrades, was the end of the adventure with Katinka.

Vasil. What? the lad knows such stories as these keeps them to himself all this while! for shame, comrade? why furnished with all its details, this story might have whiled away an hour or so ennui here in camp.

Julian The deuce? why don't you do as the French used to do in the Crimea, and improvise a theatre in camp?

Tran. That would be sport!

All. Wouldn't it?

Vasil. A theatre without ladies?

Julian Why, do you imagine the French used to have a tragedian and a comical old woman detailed to every company? and, why, here we have the fair Fatinitza!

All. Hurrah! so we have? Bravo? now let us set about it?

Vasil. What! we get up such mummeries?

All. Yes captain; we are so fearfully bored.

Vasil. Well then go ahead.

All. Bravo! hurrah?

Vladimir But what shall we play?

Julian I can help you out with that.

Osipp. I'll wager he has a whole theatre repertoire in his bag—or at least a comedy.

Julian You have guessed it.

Vasil. Queer provender!

Julian Mere accident. A young dramatist presented me with a copy of his tragedy, in one act "The Treacherous Postal Card, or the letter carriers revenge!"

Vladimir A tragedy?

Julian No comedy ever made me laugh so heartily as this tragedy. Now to work!

Vladimir And I—the leading lady—what shall I wear?

Vasil. An old soldier's cloak and the cook's apron?

Vladimir Oh, my feminine vanity could not stand that !
 Steipann I know just what you want. The soldiers found a Wallachian peasant girl's entire Sunday outfit in a deserted hut last week.

Julian Good enough ! so we can have our full dress rehearsal to-day ; to-morrow the performance in the light of a dazzling snow illumination. A critical asthetical notice of the same in the next " Herald."

Osipp. I hope you will not take us down too hard.

Julian No fear of that.

Exit of Cadets.

Julian Easy to find those whose wits are straying,
 But thus the journalist is never caught,
 Merry and steady, witty and ready,

Cadets and Chor. In faith that's good !

Julian Frank and with pleasant humour fraught !

Chorus Now to work.

Cadets We must no more delay.

Julian To labour now

Chorus Let us haste !

Cadets There's much to do to-day !

Julian Well then shalt thou,

Chorus No more time,

Cadets The parts we've got to con,

Julian First act or be

Chorus Must be waste.

Cadets The dresses to try on

Julian The tyrant be !

Chorus What a pleasant thought.

Julian The leaders part for me,

Steipann The prompter here you see,

Vasil. The old man I will be !

Chorus A grand success will soon be wrought

Fedor I'll sing the tenor high,

Tran. In choruses sing I !

Osipp. And I'll the villain try,

All So good by we go now,

Cadets To devise, to arrange, to prepare ;

Chorus All to prepare, tschin ta, etc.

Cadets And if an orchestra should fail us, tschin ta, etc.

And he who don't applaud with zeal,

Of bread and water be his meal !

Tschin, ta, ta, etc.

We are sure to succeed,

And for this whole troupe in accord,

Are licensed to applaud.

Steipann So I am to write of the parts in this cold ! B-r-r-r. I must make fire up first. So then, how shall I begin ? Scene. first : " Susanna alone, she sits on a sofa bathed in tears—wet handkerchief. If she doesn't get the rheumatics !" " Loud. I Here have the portrait of my husband !" Ah yes ! It says loud—so it must be this way !" " Here I have the portrait of

my husband!" "As A.S., A.S.," what in the deuce does that mean? A S. At Schnapps perhaps. Yes! yes At Schnapps. Most natural thing in the world; the husband is at his schnapps. My husband at his schnapps. "The more I see of my husband, the better I like my lover!" Ha, ha, ha, pretty good! B-r-r-r! How cold! Must fire up again. What? empty so quick? Well, I must go and draw on my reserves. Husband at his Schnapps!

Thousand fifes and Drums.—*Aria*

Kantschukoff Thousand fifes and drums, and cannon!

Where are all the guards on duty?

Base poltroons,
These dragoons!

I'll scratch their hides and spoil their beauty,
I'll stratch their hides and spoil their beauty,
To set them shaking,

And loud howls making,
I know how!

I'm General here! Kantschukoff,

I'm General here! Kantschukoff.

Brave and skilful in commanding,

Both Tartars and Cossacks,

And, how to manage, understanding

Mongolians and Mujiks!

Finns and Russians

Turcomanians, Samoïdes and Lithuanians,

Greeks, Kamschatkans,

Letts and Druses,

Lapps, Bulgarians and Tunguses!

Every regiment in line

I keep with this light whip

Fst! Fst! Ah yes! I lash them Fst,

Ah, yes I lash them fst,

Upon their backs with my own hand I thrash them,

With this I lash them, fst! ah, yes, I lash them,
fst!

A brave commander is the valiant chief Kantschukoff!

From one fault a thousand springing,

Admits no discretion,

But to the wants each one is bringing,

I pay no attention?

Better argue without wincing,

By this instrument convincing,

Spur the lazy laggards moving,

Talent wakes to seek improving,

Ev'ry regiment in Heere kennt dies instrument!
fst, fst, &c.

Steipann Good Lord! the general of the division.

General Halt!

Steipann General!

Gen. Knave, you tremble! I see you know me! who are
you, soul of a dog?

- Ste. Corporal Steipann, secretary of the company.
 Gen. Your papers.
 Ste. Here General!
 Gen. Forage certificate—Roster—good!
 Ste. Good clear writing isn't it General?
 Gen. "Here I have the portrait of my husband at his schnapps. So much the more I like my lover?" By the beard of St. Peter! what is all that devilish nonsense?
 Ste. General!
 Gen. Adjutant!
 Adjutant General!
 Gen. One hundred lashes with the knout for this scoundrel!
 Ste. Mercy, General.
 Gen. Hold you jaw! I'll show you a husband at his schnapps!
 Julian That will make some jolly sport!
 Gen. And here! a civilian? a spy? two hundred lashes!
 Julian Beg pardon! I am—
 Gen. I don't care a candle what you are! first the knout, and then the explanation.
 Julian Oh! quite the contrary! here is my passport!
 Gen. Countersigned by the Grand Duke! very well!
 But this rascal here—the knout!
 Ste. General!
 Gen. One hundred lashes correctly counted!
 Ste. Mercy! mercy!
 Julian One hundred lashes! horrible! I must tell Vladimir and his comrades who has come.
 Gen. Halt!
 Julian Whom have I the honor of obeying.
 Gen. I am Count Timofey Kantschukoff, commanding general of this division. And you—
 Julian I, a newspaper correspondent.
 Gen. Bah! I have often wondered what you fellows were made for. I suppose you are all only round here to betray our movements.
 Julian Movements? the army hasn't moved for three months!
 Gen. Your herald our defeats to all quarters of the world.
 Julian We would have been very glad to have heralded some victories; but—
 Gen. You exaggerate our losses.
 Julian Ah! General what would be thought of the strength of your army if we hadn't.
 Gen. All the same, I can't use any newspaper man here at the front. You will please walk back to Bucharest between two cossacks.
 Julian But General—
 Gen. I don't want the slightest blunder I make telegraphed all over the world.
 Julian Then make no blunders!

- Gen. Now, what do you know about strategy?
- Julian Not much of that kind, but I understand what blunders are, and I make my living by blaming them. But strategic blunders are not the worst a person can make, General.
- Gen. Ah!
- Julian Now, may all my eloquence help me! He must let me up on the poor corporal. My frosty friend, I read in these weather-beaten features, that, in spite of your rough exterior, you have a warm and humane heart.
- Gen. Can he read my love for Fatinitza in my nose?
- Julian And if I can beg off fifty lashes it will be something. Therefore, General, I appeal to your heart.
- Gen. We are all human, every one has his sensitive spot.
- Julian Corporals, too, haven't they?
- Gen. Corporals and generals. I have experienced it myself.
- Julian What! he too
- Gen. Once in my life.
- Julian Oh, these Russians!
- Gen. But I feel it still!
- Julian Well, that knout must have cut pretty deep!
- Gen. She was my first and only love!
- Julian Love and I thought the knout!
- Gen. I loved her,—and she reciprocated! yes sir, she reciprocated.
- Julian I have not the slightest disposition to doubt it,
- Gen. My happiness lasted but a few days. She disappeared and since then I have been vainly striving to find her.
- Vladimir Here I am at last!
- Gen. Chorrt Vasmi!! Fatinitza! speak of angels, and they appear.
- Vladimir O Lord, the Polar Bear!
- Julian He the Polar bear, the bombshell has burst!
- Gen. What Fatinitza, idol of my heart, you here,—in this costume?
- Vladimir Yes—I—
- Julian The young lady came to see her brother, Lieutenant Vladimir, she donned this costume that she might journey with greater security.
- Gen. Her brother? Where is this brother?
- Vladimir He is—he was—
- Julian The Turks attempted a surprise yesterday, and Lieut. Vladimir was captured after a heroic resistance.
- Gen. The Vladimir shall be rewarded!
- Julian His sister brought ransom money! That's what I call imagination!
- Vasil. I look gloriously in the clothes, dearest niece!
- Gen. Chorrt Vasmi! you infernal hound!
- Vasil. Great guns! the general! company to arms!
- Sentries To arms! to arms!
- Vasil. Attention company! Present arms!

- Gen. Chorrt Vasmi ! Hound of a captain ; this will cost
you your command !
- Steipann Help ! help ! Oh General ! mercy ! mercy !
- Adjutant The general ordered one hundred lashes !
- Gen. One hundred ! three hundred ! five hundred !
And every tenth man in the company one thousand.
- Julian He is strong in his decimals !
- Adjutant As you command general.
- Julian Fatinitza must help us now !
- Vladimir I understand !

DUET.

- Vladimir If thou, with a true heart,
Lov'st me so dearly,
Hope I sincerely thou'lt pardon all,
All that love tender
Claims, love will render,
Love knows not how to deny love's call !
Here I'll stay no longer pouting,
Frowning sullenly and doubting,
He who hopes to gain my love
Must laugh, and never angry prove.
Laugh a bit !
- Kantschukoff Ha, ha, ha, &c.
- Vladimir Come laugh a little more ?
Wilt laugh or not more gaily !
Ah ! faces that are cross give no delight,
Only those that laugh can please the sight.
Laugh once more, a gentle roar, a little more,
Faces that are cross &c.
- Kantschukoff Ha, ha, ha, &c.
- Vladimir Laugh out a little more, more, bravo, bravo,
I'm now less cruel than before.

General Well then, for the first time in my life I will let
mercy temper justice for your sake, Fatinitza. But there be
some punishment.

The entire Company. Saluto, General !

Gen. Bless you my children ! Captain, company drill for
two hours. That's how I get them out of the way !

Vasil. At your command, General,

Gen. I shall soon be at hand to witness your manœuvres.

Vasil. At your command, General.

Gen. Now get out of this !

Vasil. Company, right about face ! march !

Chorus When in robes of white &c.

Julian I must make a first-class special out of that ! what
a pity I can't sketch.

Viadimir It is now high time for Fatinitza to disappear and
for Lieutenant Vladimir to come on the scene.

Gen. Fatinitza, at last we are alone together ! Idol of
my heart ! come, come ? and now let me press the first sweet
kiss of our meeting upon your maiden lips !

Vlad. Heavens ! and I have just been drinking allash !

- Gen. The same shy, coy creature of old ! just one kiss
only one kiss Fatinitza.
- Vlad. On my forehead, General.
- Gen. Call me Timofey.
- Vlad. On my forehead, Timofey.
- Gen. What a fool I would be !
- Vlad. Ha ! monster !
- Gen. Oh, balsam, ambro sia, nectar !
- Vlad. He doesn't say a word about allash !
- Gen. Listen, beloved maiden ? I will gain a sacred right
unto thee. This ring, it shall seal our union.
- Vlad. I dare not take it !
- Gen. You must ! you must ! so, so ! now you are mine
for life, my betrothed, soon my wife !
- Vlad. His wife ! Chorrt Vasmi ! that is the first offer of
marriage I ever had.
- Gen. So much the better ! so much the better !
- Vlad. How much shall I save myself ? But General—
- Gen. Call me Timofey, affianced, husband and take this
kiss of betrothel—
- Vlad. On my hand, on my hand Timofey !
- Gen. Ah, demunition ! a kiss betrothal on the hand !
On the mouth ! on the mouth !
- Julian General, general !
- Gen. Chorrt Vasmi ! Who dares disturb me ?
- Julian I general with permission.
- Vlad. Somebody at last !
- Julian General I have to announce that a splendid sleigh
is coming this way !
- Gen. What's that to me ? What is it ?
- Julian A glance with my field-glass discovered a hand-
some young lady in the sleigh.
- Gen. A lady ! Holy Petrovilch ! my niece ! I had for-
gotten her entirely. The girl has her head filled with fan-
tastic notions. She wants to see the war herself ; but she
will be sent to a convent. What has the Princess Lydia
Imanorna to do in camp.
- Vlad. Lydia ! Heavens ! General !
- Gen. Call me Timofey !
- Vlad. Pimofey, what is the name of your niece ?
- Gen. Lydia Imanorna. The deuce take her !
- Vlad. Heaven ! What shall I do ? It's all up with me
now, my dear fellow.
- Julian Why ?
- Vlad. I love Lydia Imanora, she is the cause of my having
been transferred to this place. She will recognise me. What
shall I do ?
- Julian Don't worry old boy : I will secure you.

SLEIGHING SONG.

- Lydia At head quarters, dearest uncle I arrive with
eager longing.
To behold upon the field itself,

- The proofs of valor bright !
Kantshuckoff Buried here, mid snowdrifts frightful,
 What you wish, pray now confide.
- Lydia** Oh ! a sleigh-ride is de-lightful,
 And romantic, too, beside !
 What delight within a light sleigh seated, onward
 bounding,
 And to hear the tinkling bells in measure gaily
 sounding
 To sweep and sway,
 Like zephyrs at their play,
 So light, so bright !
 Thus young love flies away !
 To sweep and sway, like winds at play,
 Thus like a breath we pass away.
- Vladimir** 'Tis she, 'tis she ! what delight my heart doth fill !
Julian and }
Kantshuckoff } So light ! so bright, o'er the smooth icy way,
- Vladimir** I seem to dream,
Julian and }
Kantshuckoff } To sweep and sway,
- Vlad.** Am I truly waking, still ?
Julian and }
Kantshuckoff } Like zephyrs at their play !
- Lydia** Safe and warm, by robes of fur protected,
 All fret and care from my thoughts rejected
 Forms now in sight,
 Swiftly take flight,
 Ah ! often times thus disappear
 Dreams that to the heart were dear !
 Ah ! 'tis vain thus recalling
 Visions vanished to-day,
 Hence, away !
 Such thoughts enthralling !
 Coursers light, speed away ! away !
 What delight upon a light sleigh seated ; onward
 bounding ;
 And to hear the tinkling bells in measure gaily
 sounding ?
 To sweep and sway, like zephyrs at their play,
 So light so bright !
 Thus young love flies away.
- Jul.** }
Vlad. } Ah ! what delight, in rapid flight
Kant. }
- Lydia** To rush and fly o'er ice and snow, and like the
 wind we swiftly go !
- Jul.** }
Vlad. } To glide and dash like the lightnings flash !
Kant. }
- Lydia** Ah ? . . . &c.
- Jul.** }
Kant. } The bells are sounding.

Vlad. So near to me
 Julian The gay steeds bounding
 Vlad. Her do I see, vision lovely
 Love's brightest dream !

THERE'S A CLOISTER NEAR THE FIELD.—QUARTET.

Kantschukoff There's a cloister near the field,
 That to you will shelter yield

Lydia In a cloister you'd confine me,
 Your exploits from me concealing,
 While I here may safely stand,
 And see all, close at hand !

Kant. Would it in you becoming be
 To here unprotected ?
 Has't on risks reflected
 Of what may chance to thee ?
 And therefore, as I plainly see,
 How dull would be such dwelling,
 This gentle dame if willing,
 Shall thy companion be.

Vlad. Oh, Heaven ! alas !

Lydia This young lady ?

Kant. Yes this lady !

Lydia What do I see ?

Kant. This now, is fine !

Lydia This lady fair, the truth to tell ;
 With wonder makes me tremble,
 So much doth she resemble,
 A youth I once knew well !

Vlad. To whom your courtesy did show,
 That aided and relieved him,
 Perhaps you have believed him,
 Forgetful 'tis not so.

Lydia

Vlad. } I must confess, 'tis a peculiar case, &c.,

Jul. } The fact absurd doth seem, I think 'tis all a

Kant. } dream. &c.

But this affair is hard,
 I cannot understand,
 The fact absurd, &c.

Lydia And do you know the youth I mention ?

Yes surely he my brother is !

Julian She is his sister !

Lydia 'Tis surprising

Kant. And to his sister he is twin !

Lydia Where at present, is your brother ?

Vlad. They made him prisoner yesterday

Jul. }

Kant. } To ransom him. she came this way !

Lydia For him we will united pray !

Julian Their prayers together they will say

If he disguised as maid was taken,
 Fortunate the captor is !

- Kant.** To-day 'tis late already,
At the cloister to instate you ; we must accommo-
date you,
For well or ill, with us !
Meanwhile, as at my quarters,
Many may be standing by,
Yet in here, you may be quiet,
And rest you without fuss !
- Lydia** Ah ! what now ! will happen ?
Vlad. Ah ! Oh, Heaven ! I think so !
Julian Ah ! now joy ! be with you !
Kant. The place is small for two,
But you can make it do ;
Tho' narrow is the space,
You'll find room to embrace !
- Lydia** } Oh, yes, that's true ! I will with all my heart !
Vlad. }
- Kant.** Come on !
All right, now, and keep up good heart !
- Julian** He in a nice warm nest will hide
While I am freezing here outside !
- All** All is right ! all is right !
Such resemblance near !
Doth most strange appear !
- Lydia** Wav'ring doubts o'er flood the soul with stupor
dull ;
- Vlad.** } A stupor doubt o'er flows the soul,
Julian }
- Kant.** Doubt o'er flows the soul ;
Lydia In that glance, now shineth bright,
Vlad. In that glance, I see the tender flame that lights
up mine,
- Julian** In their glances shineth bright,
The flame that hearts unite,
- Kant.** Those glances shining bright like flames unite !
Lydia The tender flame that doth my heart relight !
Julian Oh ! what a brilliant item waits insertion by my
journal.
- Vlad.** 'Tis she that wins my heart with her enchantment !
Kant. This plan now consummated !
Lydia Sweet enchantment !
Julian Within a convents gates an officer supernal,
Vlad. Or doth desire mislead, her presence feigning ?
Kant. And appetites well sated,
Lydia Here, beside him !
Julian Will teach the monks to march in line
And how to drill in arms with handy skill,
- Kant.** No more I'll leave, don't fear ;
Vlad. Oh image fair, ah, do not fly away
Lydia Fly not away, if 'tis a dream,
Julian A fair battalion feminine,
Perhaps he'll raise at wil,
Vlad. If I dream, let me not wake again.

- Lydia** I would not wake again !
Julian Oh what a brilliant item awaits insertion in my journal.
Kant. No one can molest you here, can harm you here !
 no, no,
Lydia Doth he control my heart by spells enchaining ?
Vlad. Doth she control my heart by spells enchaining ?
Kant. The plan now consummated,
Julian Within a convent's gates, &c.
Lydia Or doth desire &c.
Vlad. Or doth desire &c.
Kant. With your appetites &c.
General Quicker, livelier, there you infernal rascals ?
 One ! two ! left ! right ! left ! right !
Hardy Miss Fatinitza must forget her brother.
Vlad. Be assured my respect for Lydia is equal to my love.
Hardy However it be, it is better that I should be at hand.
The ladies will excuse me, I have left some of my luggage in there.

NOW UP, AWAY.—FINALE.

- Chorus of Bashi-Bazouks.** Now up away !
 No sound betray
 To warn them of the raid impending ?
 Be watchful, keen,
 Let naught be seen ;
 They can't escape their doom depending
 If bold indeed,
 We must succeed,
 And naught allow to fail at need, at need !
 Bashi-Bazouks if to your skill shall fate accord
 its favors still,
 With booty laden you'll return.
 And sing in triumph all you earn,
 Yok, yok, yok, tra, la, la, &c.
 The grandest booty of the war,
 La, la, la, &c.
 Light of foot, on we go,
 To conceal our raid impending, silent, slow,
 Forward now,
 No escape for them will show, now chance for them
 will show !
 Yok, yok, yok, &c.
 The grandest booty &c.
Hassan Here we have three ! there are three in here
Chorus They are ours, they are ours,
 As pris'ners we'll secure them !
Vladimir You must o'er throw and slay me
 Ere you take from me !
Hassan A maid in arms, was e'er such fun ! ah, ah, ah, ah,
 beneath the sun, ah, ah, ah,
Vlad, Leave her alone ; ah help some one !

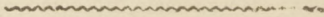
- Hassan It makes me laugh, ah, ah, ah, such fun ;
 Lydia Valor brave and bold ! you robbers hold.
 Vlad.
- Julian A case to be worked up is here, an article will soon appear.
- Hassan No arm as power to wrest you now, from me,
 Lydia } No, no, I ne'er to you will surrender !
 Vlad. }
- Hassan Resist no more, as pris'ners now surrender ;
 Julian I'll now begin !
- Hassan Vain are prayers, and vain your threats will be.
 Lydia While I still may, will I resist your sway !
 Vlad.
- Hassan The victors brave
 Will you enslave, then quickly yield,
 Julian An officer of jovial part,
 Lydia } Yes, yes, yes, yes.
 Vlad. }
- Hassan Your prayers in vain !
 Lydia } I shall resist, resist your sway,
 Vlad. }
- Julian Investing in a maiden's heart,
 Hassan Yes, you'll follow in the victory gain ?
 Chorus We the victory gain ?
 Julian And wounded sore by Cupid's dart,
 Lydia Yes, yes, yes, in my breast the fury raging,
 Vlad.
- Hassan Now come ! your prayers and threats are vain ?
 Julian He tho't the cloister he would gain,
 And with the fair one there remain !
 Lydia } Finds relief, itself assuaging :
 Vlad. } You are all as outlaws banded ;
 Hassan Come on ! we will no longer stay !
 Julian They strolled together towards the gate,
 Lydia Soldiers ? no ! but traitors branded ;
 Vlad. }
- Julian When on the way, thro' cruel fate,
 Lydia } Yes, all your fire will soon expire
 Vlad. }
- Hassan Your rage and fire will soon expire
 Julian Just like a flash from a cloudless sky
 Lydia } When 'neath the flag, 'neath the flag of our soldiers
 Vlad. } so brave.
- Hassan In vain your prayers, your threats and airs,
 Julian The Turks did dash on them on the sly !
 Hassan You'll follow in the victor's train,
 Lydia } The victor comes, our lives to save, our lives to save
 Vlad. }
- Julian Shots followed fast behind like hail,
 Hassan You'll follow in the victors train,
 Julian Mid cries and howls, without avail.
 Lydia When 'neath the play of soldiers brave,
 Vlad. The conqu'ror comes our lives to save !

- Hassan** Your threats are vain, you'll in the victors train ?
Julian Regiments of friends at last appear,
Hassan Then come, no more delay ?
Julian A general fight took place at sight,
Lydia } You're a band of thieving knaves,
Vlad. }
Hassan We are weary of this stay
Julian Of which I here results will write :
Lydia } Soldiers not, but trait'rous slaves, yes you are
Vlad. } trait'rous slaves !
Julian Of Turks, a thousand bit the dust,
 While we but but one brave man lost !
Hassan No more delay, no more delay, no more delay !
Hassan You may buy again,
 Those dames with price of gold,
 As mediator bold,
 You'll here remain !
Julian Your humble servant !
Hassan Six thousand roubles is the price !
Julian That's not outrageous !
Hassan Or in gold sequins,
 We're not nice,
Julian With greatest pleasure !
Hassan And good or bad make no delay,
Julian No doubts admitted !
Hassan Lest they should at the Harem stay !
Lydia } Alas ! despair
Vlad. }
Julian Alas ! 'tis bad
Chorus of Bulgarians. Oh, Heav'n ! what's this ?
Chorus Hh, ha ! that's good,
Lydia } All hope of aid is banished now !
Vlad. }
Julian There's naught to say, and naught to do !
Bulga. They drag two ladies with them now !
Chorus Your hope is vain,
 As pris'ner we'll remain I maintain,
Lydia } Pris'ners here we remain, freedom they shall never
Vlad. } regain
Bulga. Pris'ners, etc.
Chorus He who'd save you's far away,
Lydia } Where is he ? where can he be ? with his band why
Vlad. } tarries he.
Julian Where is he ? where can he be ? Kantschukoff why
 tarries he ?
Bulga. Where is he & where can he be ? with his band why
 tarries he ?
Chorus Where is he, where can he be ? with his band why
 tarries he ?
Lydia } Ah, ah, where is he ? where can he be ? why tarries
Vlad. } he
Julian Farewell cloister, harum, scarum, thou art
 changed into a Harem, inmates turn, or law,

- To Odalisque, for some Bashaw !
- Bulga. Where can he be ? where does he stay ; the soldiers
brave, why tarries stay ?
- Chorus Where can he lay ? I will not stay, we weary longer
here to stay ?
- Julian Here a moral I will draw, pyramidal,
- Chorus No more delay,
- Lydia }
Vlad. } Cowards, traitors, robbers, all !
- Bulga. Corwards, etc.
- Chorus Quickly, promptly, off away
We will not stay we're weary of this delay.
- Viuka. The Russians are coming
- Julian Help ! charge ! murder ! prepare to receive cavalry
- Kant. Stay ! cease firing, you might kill my Fatinitza !
- Hassan Quick to the Harem !
- Lydia }
Vlad. } Robbers, traitors, coward knaves !
- Julian I will make a grand final !
- Bulga. Robbers, etc.
- Chorus None can take you hence, ye slaves !
- Julian I'll make an article of this, with continuations in
twelve numbers.
- Hardy Help !
- Kant. Halt there, you might hit Fatinitza.

Curtain.

END OF ACT I.



SECOND ACT.

"Kismet."

The harem of Izzet Pasha in the fortress of Rutschuk. A large room decorated in rich and fantastic Oriental style, and hung with tapestry. Rear part of stage raised three steps, and separated from foreground by a handsome iron grating with a wide opening, C. In back-ground a recess with an oriel window built outwards. Broad, comfortable divans of rich material along the walls. No other furniture except richly carved shelf-places on the walls, and high cushions, and pillows on the divans. R. and L. curtained doors with borders the color of the curtains. L. a "mongal," a sort of wooden stand, supporting a copper basin filled with glowing coals. A can for coffee on the same. Brass tongs for taking the coals to light pipes with.

Nursidah, Zuleika, Diona, Besika, Slaves, Negro Boys.

TOILET CHORUS.

To the native fascinations
Of a face that's fair and charming,
Novel graces art doth add with lavish hand,
All to please the lover's eye,
All to please the lover's eye,
These unfold at his command,
Every charm, languish and sigh! la, la, la,
Coquetting, la, la, &c.
Coquette, with fond caresses!
That is the way!

Nursidah Upon the shoulders, powders soft enhance their
whiteness!

Suleika They're here!

Diona While on the cheeks the roses
Sometimes need reviving!

With this!

Besika I'd tinge the lids, to give the eyes more fire, and
brightness!

That's well?

Suleika Reach me the powders white?

They're here!

Nursidah The carmine hand to me?

Oh, Well,

Diona Where can the black dye be?

'Tis here!

Besika Bring perfumed water light!

Suleika The powders white!

Yes, here!

Nursidah The carmine here!

Diona The black is near!

Yes, here!

Besika } The dark forms light! Odalisque, mid charms
Nursidah } install thee, to the native fascinations,
Now thy lord doth design to call thee.

Diona } Be careful! to the native fascinations,
Suleika }

Chorus } Odalisque, mid charms install thee, &c.

Besika } Of a face that's fair and charming,

Nursidah } Novel graces combinations art doth add, &c.

Diona } Of a face &c.
Suleika }

Besika } Soft words and tenderness ! thus all things try !
 Nursidah } Maids no more delaying ! come your care displaying,
 Let my lord, surveying, find me fair to sight !

Diona }
 Suleika } Soft words, &c.

Mustapha What ! still prinking ? hurry now !
 His Highness is coming !

The women Izzet Pasha ? ah !

Mustapha Here he is already !

Zuleika Let me kiss thine eyes, O lord and master !

The Others Me too ! me too !

Izzet Come, let up ! whose turn is it to kiss me to-day.

All Mine ! mine ! mine !

Izzet Sabr ! Sabr ! (meaning patience) order must be maintained—even in a harem ! you know in principle I am opposed to the institution of a harem. But for the present I express my sentiments by maintaining the custom of paying attentions to only one wife a day. It won't do to bring on the reforms all in a lump, you see ! so then, who is the favored one to-day ?

Zuleika I am lord and master !

Izzet Sabr ! allow me to verify ! Zuleika, Diona, Besika, Nursidah, Zuleika ; correct good moring dear ! the rest of you get out of this.

The Others Oh !

Izzet Or rather—no—stay and listen !

The Four To hear is to obey. We listen.

Izzet I have concluded to give you a new companion.

The Four A fifth wife ? shame, shame !

Izzet But enough of this ! my faithful Hassan Bey has captured two beautiful Christian maidens. He wishes to make me a present of them ; and I can hardly refuse him, and be consistent, since the reform party in Turkey is friendly to the Christians. I believe a man cannot show his regard for ladies better than by marrying them—whether polygamously or monogamously is immaterial to me !

All For shame !

Izzet Silence ! I am friendly to the Christians, and in my own peculiar way give expression to the prevalent reformatory ideas—by reforming my harem.

WHEN SICK MEN ARE FALLING.

Izzet Pasha When sick men are falling, and growing more ill,
 Strong measures to save them, must be used with
 skill,

To lie on soft lounges from morning till night,
 Will fail to restore them, and bring them all right,
 If a doctor is called in, their ills to dispell,
 He'll order waking and he'll order shaking,
 To make them get well, &c.

O Bosphorus charming ! tho'rt badly deranged,
 Thy shores to a hospital seem to me changed,

Thy treasury's empty and loans would be vain,
 Thy last operation still causes thee pain,
 If a doctor is called &c.

Zuleika So our lord and master loves us no more !

Izzet Oh, yes ! of course I love you ; but instead of being quartered, you must hereafter share my heart in fifths or sixths. It is plenty large enough !

Izzet Oh, don't make such a fuss, ladies ! it's practical reform I want.

All the women for shame !

Izzet Sabr ! silence !

Mustapha Exalted sir ! Hassan Bey humbly begs admittance he brings the Christian maidens.

The women For shame !

Izzet Hold your tongues ! put down your veils, and wrap yourselves in your mantles ; and Mustapha, see that not a soul of them stirs ; if they do intimidate them. The flogging of women is antagonistic to reform principles ; but, in practice, the institution has a strikingly persuasive power. I don't want the new-comers to receive a poor impression of my marital life at first sight. If one of them stirs Mustapha, you know how to persuade them to keep quiet.

Hassan Exalted sir, here are the two Christian maidens.
 May the sun of your favour shine upon them !

Izzet Stand aside, maiden, and let me see your companion.

Izzet Allah, il allah ! what a charming vision ! fair stranger, and the rest of you listen ; you are my favourite, the chosen one of my heart— you and no other.

Four women. The huzzy ! misfortune shower down on her !
 away with her !

Izzet Mustapha !

Mustapha Effindem ?

Izzet Pesuade them !

Come my beloved one ! share the place of honor with me, and reign over us all !

Lydia Away !

Vladimir Your highness, Princess Lydia Imanorna is the niece of the Russian General commanding the forces across the Danube.

Izzet So much the better ! I have been longing for a Russian General's niece in my harem for sometime.

Vladimir You cannot refuse a handsome ransom for the Princess.

Izzet Who can make me take it.

Vladimir International law.

Izzet International law ? International law—to me an Occidental expression—is mere bosh !

Lydia Oh, horrible !

Vladimir Be calm, princess, be calm, we will trust in Russian valor to rescue us.

Izzet The Princess Lydia shall be my favourite from this day forth. Where is my pocket handkerchief ? she is weep-

Ing. Oh, yes ! it is in the wash ! Mustapha !

Mustapha Effiendim !

Izzet Lend me your handkerchief.

Hassan Your highness, it was this man whose coming led us to the Russians.

Vuika Your most extremely exalted highness

Izzet Very well ; you shall be rewarded in a princely manner.

Vuika Oh, your highness ! Gospod !

Izzet Let me finish. You shall be rewarded in a princely manner as soon as we receive our money from Stamboul ! they are already owing us forty-two month's salary.

Vuika But, Gospod, I am a poor man of low station.

Izzet And I am a poor man in high station ; that is the only difference between us.

Vuika Oh, Gospod !

Izzet Well then, give the rascal ten shekels.

Vuika Ten shekels ! Gospod, I am devoted to you for lifetime ; I—but he has given me only five !

Izzet That's all right. Everybody who has anything to do with us Turks must be satisfied with fifty per cent, and consider themselves lucky to get that.

Vuika Oh, these devilish shabby Moslems !

Vladimir The Russians pay what they promise.

Vuika Just wait, Pasha ; I shall be revenged !

Izzet One thing more. The Muscovitish attire of my bride destroys the illusion. Mustapha, get the best clothing and jewellery ready. And you ? what is your name !

Vladimir Vladi—Fatinitza, your highness.

Izzet Well Fatinitza, in the mean while you can assist your mistress at her toilet until these perturbed spirits here have calmed themselves a little. The rest of you follow me, and listen to a half-hour's lecture on domestic economy !

Exit of Izzet, with his wives and slaves.

Izzet He'll order waking &c.

Wives } He'll order waking &c.

Slaves }

I FEAR TO THINK.—DUET.

Vladimir I fear to think what is her destiny,

Lydia I fear to think what fate, shall be,

Vlad. With dread and doubt I think what will the ending be, what will it be ?

Lydia What is my destiny,

What will of all the ending be ?

The case a serious look doth brear,

But I'm not ready to despair,

Amid so many griefs,

Some joy doth still remain,

One friend I shall retain !

Vlad. Now honor commands,

Thy lips unseal.

Lydia Here are the gems, the robe and veil,

- Vlad. This, love doth withstand,
No, not yet reveal !
What shall I do or say ? which shall I heed ? which
voice obey ?
- Lydia Costly ! charming, yes !
Wilt thou begin my hair to smooth and dress ?
- Vlad. Break not, O heart, thy grief repress !
- Lydia This string of pearls becomes me well :
Wilt lend me your aid ?
- Vlad. With all my heart I'll be your maid !
- Lydia Let us commence !
- Vlad. You are obey'd.
- Lydia But ah, be careful what you do !
Ah, such trembling movements nothing will avail,
- Vlad. Such trembling &c.
- Lydia The hand is all unskill'd 'tis plain,
She knows not how her efforts only fail.
- Vlad. The hand &c.
I know not &c.
My efforts &c.
- Lydia She tries, but loses time in vain ;
The cause of such a trembling hand,
I cannot understand.
- Vlad. I try but lose my time in vain ;
The cause of such a trembling hand,
She cannot understand.
- Lydia If she knows not the way,
If she knows not the way,
I'll dress myself to-day !
- Vlad. Oh, pardon me I pray,
Oh, pardon me I pray,
I'm not to blame to-day !
- Lydia Well then will you be so kind,
As to lend me now your hand,
I arrange this pretty garland on my hair !
Now tastefully these pearls arrange for me !
- Vlad. Ah ! she will drive me mad, I see,
- Lydia This diadem is rich and rare ! 'tis well !
- Vlad. Yes, yes !
- Lydia Now come !
- Vlad. I'm here,
- Lydia Let's finish now, 'tis growing late !
- Vlad. I'm here, and will not make you wait.
- Lydia But ah, be careful what you do,
Such trembling movements &c.
- Vlad. Such trembling movements &c.
- Lydia If she knows not the way,
I'll dress myself to-day ! &c., ah, ah, ah, ah,
I'll dress myself to-day, ah, to-day.
- Vlad. Oh ! pardon me I pray,
I'm not to blame to-day
This trembling hand,
I understand, ah ! yes, pardon me I pray,

- Ah, to-day.
 Lydia I'll dress myself !
 Vlad. No more, no more !
 I'm not with silence gifted !
 Lydia What's coming now, what would you say ?
 Vlad. Howe'er my future it may mould,
 I have resolv'd it must be told,
 Lydia What myst'ry dost conceal ;
 Come speak, the truth reveal,
 Vlad. Fraternal love burns within me,
 And inspires me to tell you here,
 Pray, I now for Vladimir,
 Who with love wastes away,
 Lydia What is this myst'ry he will reveal to me ?
 Vlad. Ask that thy heart, pity should sway,
 I ask that pity thy warm heart should sway !
 Lydia Moreover !
 Vlad. He ne'er hath courage found to reveal his affection,
 Lydia Is't true ?
 Vlad. But hides the fire profound,
 That he feels, from detection !
 Lydia Oh ! Heav'n !
 Vlad. If softly thy tender heart is waking,
 Lydia Thought so bright,
 Vlad. To tho'ts of a love so true, ah yes !
 Lydia What delight !
 Vlad. He will see it, he will know,
 Lydia He ? Speak out then. What ?
 Vlad. He will listen, and will hear,
 If love should hope, not fear.
 Lydia Oh heart within my breast, be still !
 Vlad. Look on him with pitying eye,
 And do not pardon to him deny,
 To him who such love doth on thee bestow,
 And that brother, that brother am I !
 Lydia Ah ! what ails me !
 I seem to dream, and fear all may not be true,
 Is he with me ?
 What rapture in a thought so new, so new !
 Vlad. 'Tis like a dream !
 She's here with me !
 Ah yes ! she's still with me.
 'Tis like a dream ! will it then fade !
 Lydia I seem to dream !
 He standing here !
 Vlad. One single word !
 Lydia But what's to be ?
 Vlad. That asks for love !
 Lydia Enough for now,
 Vlad. And may I hope ?
 Lydia I scarcely know,
 I wish it so !
 Vlad. But here and now,

Lydia \ Fate turns now kindly from sorrows past,
 Vlad. \ Fate turns, etc.,
 Lydia \ Hope beckons me on with a smile at last,
 Vlad. \ Hope beckons, etc.
 Lydia } Sweet voices of Faith, from above,
 Vlad. } There softly whisp'ring words of love
 The hour of sorrow's past, and love doth smile at
 last, love smiles at last.
 Vlad. \ And may I hope then?
 Lydia \ Who asks for little, may hope for more!
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } Voices whisper words of love!

Enter the Four Women.

Nursidah \ Come sisters, we cannot allow our lord and master
 to take this christian maiden as a wife. Come
 let us scratch out her eyes.
 The Three \ Others \ Revenge! Revenge!
 Vlad. \ For heaven's sake ladies, don't come to blows!
 You are beside yourselves with rage. I compre-
 hend the situation, and sympathize with you.
 Nursidah \ What, christian maiden! you, too, hate your com-
 panion?
 Vlad. \ Hate? Quite the contrary!
 Nursidah \ Perhaps you would like to put yourself in her place.
 Vlad. \ No, upon my honor! Hear me, charming com-
 panions, a hundred thousand piastres shall be
 yours if you help to set us free—her and me.
 Nursidah \ A hundred thousand piastres!
 Diona \ And we should be rid of them both!
 Vlad. \ But it must be soon—this very day, I give you my
 word of honor as an officer, that you shall receive
 the money.
 Nursidah \ Your word of honor as an officer?
 Vlad. \ Quite right. The word of honor which an officer
 over yonder has given me—a Russian Lieutenant.
 Nursidah \ Whom you love?
 Vlad. \ Unspeakably! He and I are one in body and soul!
 Nursidah \ And he has many women in his harem?
 Vlad. \ Unfortunately he has not. Occidental civilization
 stupidly forbids a cavalry officer driving a charming four-in-
 hand as you before his chariot of life.
 Zuleika \ But what shall we do?
 Vlad. \ Find us some means of escape. As I said a hundred
 thousand piastres are yours.
 Nursidah \ You can trust in all of us.
 Vlad. \ Most glorious!
 Diona. \ But can we trust in you?
 Vlad. \ Upon my honor!
 Besika \ Honor? you are a woman?
 Vlad. \ Perhaps not so much as you think; and, if it will
 win your confidence, then, listen! The Princess Lydia is
 worshipped by a young Russian.
 Zuleika \ And this Russian; where is he?

Vlad. Not far from here.
 All Where? Where?
 Vlad. Will you swear to assist him?
 All We swear!
 Vlad. Well, then!

IS IT A MAN.—SEXTET.

Vlad. Well then, know that this young Russian is myself!
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } They're all half crazed.
 Nursidah, Besika, } Ah! A man, a man, is't true?
 Diona, Zuleika } A man, a man, is't true?
 Vlad. } So much amazed!
 Lydia }
 The four women. With us he's jesting,
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } They're whisp'ring and smiling!
 Women You are untruthful, it cannot be, no?
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } Like startled doves affrighted,
 Women We closely scan;
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } These maids fly up, excited,
 Women A man is she?
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } If you breathe the name of man,
 Women What then are we? no, no,
 Vlad. }
 Lydia } If you only speak of man,
 They go circling round in their flight,
 But soon alight, recover'd from their fright.
 Nursidah Thou a man? it cannot be!
 Face and form say no, you see,
 Rosy cheeks, like those you wear,
 Man ne'er boasted such a pair!
 Rosy cheeks like those you wear!
 Men don't wear, no!
 Ha, ha, thou a man? it cannot be! &c.
 Diona Thou a man? no say not so!
 'Twould be falsehood, lies, you know,
 Little, feet like those you own,
 Are, thank heav'n, for us alone!
 Little feet like those you own, ours alone yes!
 Ha, ha, ha, thou a man no, say not so!
 Ha, ha, ha, thou a man it cannot be!
 Zuleika Thou a man? no 'tis not true!
 Men could never laugh like you!
 Merry glance, like that you throw,
 Eye of man could never show!
 Merry glance like that you throw,
 Men ne'er show, no!
 Ha, ha, ha, thou a man? no 'tis not true,
 Ha, ha, ha, thou a man? it cannot be.

- Besika** Thou a man it makes me laugh !
Where do men have e'en the half,
Such a charming mouth as this,
With such coral lips to kiss !
Such a charming mouth as this,
Made to kiss, no !
Ha, ha, ha, thou a man ? it makes me laugh,
Ha, ha, ha, thou a man ? it cannot be !
- Vlad.** Too many charms and graces
You are pleased to find in me ;
Half those your fancy traces,
Might well make me vain you see !
You err, come touch me bravely,
Proof you'll find I'm not a miss.
Then on each mouth I'll naively leave a kiss !
- Women** Ah yes ! a kiss thus offered.
As a proof of sex may serve,
A young man's lips will swiftly
Send a thrill thro' every nerve !
So if your lips are not like ice ;
But like a bright flame burn,
That you're a young man, sweet and nice,
To doubt no more, we'll learn.
Come kiss me now ! without delay,
The riddle's key thou'lt quickly show,
If thou'rt a man, we soon shall no !
- Lydia** Hold up !
- Women** I'd like to see
What right has she
To thus prohibit
This fair exhibit
That goes, forsooth,
To show the truth,
Our mouths just missing
The proffer'd kissing, why ?
- Lydia** Because I have th' right !
And he is greedy, quite.
Now cease this vain contention,
About a foolish flirt ;
No kisses or caresses
Must you from me divert !
- Women** If true pray tell us why ?
- Lydia** I try to conceal, in vain,
The flame that within me is burning bright ;
To him I devote all love's sweet pain.
- Nursidah** } Of this fond and this only delight
Diona } Oh, gentle heart, to thee I'll ever faithful be,
Kuleika }
Besika } We clearly see, no doubts remain,
Lydia } Yes, Devoted,
- Nursidah** } Thou openest Heav'n to me
Diona }

Zuleika } From every claim
 Besika }
 Lydia I will be,
 Nursidah } More, ask I not from thee,
 Diona }
 Zuleika } We set you free,
 Besika }
 Lydia } No more I ask, or wish from thee
 Nursidah } E'er true to thee my heart shall be !
 Diona }
 Zuleika } From every claim we set you free !
 Besika } A pledge of friendship be this right hand !
 Lydia } That Heav'n have pity, let us now demand !
 All What at evening friendly shadows
 Shroud the skies with their dark veil,
 Then the work must be accomplished,
 With strong hearts it cannot fail.
 Keep on guard, with courage steel'd,
 Be our plans with care conceal'd,
 So that nothing be reveal'd,
 Ere the day is o'er,
 Shall freedom smile on us once more,
 Keep on guard, with courage steel'd
 All conceal nought reveal ;
 Now the work must finish'd be,
 Ere day is o'er,
 Shall freedom smile once more ;
 Zuleika With this key, unlock the wicket
 Of the cloister near the thicket.
 Besika Down the ladder, softly, mind you,
 You will in th' garden find you !
 Nursidah Easy passage then you'll get
 On the river frozen yet,
 All If the darkness us avail,
 In the work we cannot fail,
 Strong in heart !
 Bold in deed,
 In this work we'll succeed
 When at evening, friendly shadows shroud
 skies with their dark viel,
 Then the work must be accomplish'd,
 With strong hearts we cannot fail,
 Keep on guard, with courage steel'd,
 Be our plans with care concealed,
 So that nothing be reveal'd.
 Ere the day is o'er,
 Shall freedom smile on us once more !
 Keep on guard, with courage steel'd
 Strong in heart, bold in deed,
 Thus the work will sure succeed.
 Ere day is o'er,
 Will freedom smile once more
 Yes, before the day is o'er,

Freedom here shall smile once more !
 Ere day is o'er,
 We'll smile once more !

Mustapha Nobody here ; so much the better. Bring in the
 Russian envoys !

Julian Ah ! Salem ! aleikum ! Have the honour ! What,
 nobody here ?

Steipann Ah, Mr. Julian ! there is some kind of musselman
 back there.

Julian Effendi ! salem aleikum ! Allah, il Allah, Rahat
 lekum.

Julian My supply of Turkish is exhausted. Steipann,
 suppose you try.

Steipann I know only three Turkish words, rachi, pillaw,
 and bakshish ; that last meaning a fee
 Suppose we try that. Bakshish !

Mustapha Effendi !

Julian The word fee has a wonderful effect in all languages !
 Where is his Excellency ?

Mustapha You will soon be permitted to sun yourself in his
 presence.

Julian May I be permitted to ask in whose presence I am
 sunning myself at present ?

Mustapha I am Mustapha, guardian of the harem,

Julian Oh fortunate man ! So the care of the many better
 halves of his Excellency is trusted to you.

Mustapha Evett ! Yes !

Vlad. His voice ! It is he, with Steipann ! Julian my
 dear old boy ! How are you ?

Steipann Holy Petrovitch ! the lieutenant !

Mustapha Allah kerim ! Apart, apart ! March in there,
 bold girl ! or—

Steipann Beg pardon ! but, my dear Kislara aga !—

Mustapha Silence, Giaour ! It would cost me my head if his
 Excellency should learn that the sanctity of this
 harem had been violated.

Julian Hush ! make no fuss about it. She is my sweet-
 heart.

Mustapha I understand.

Vlad. Don't make any fuss about it ; I am his sister

Mustapha Impossible !

Steipann Let up, a little Moslem ; she is his wife.

Mustapha Allah kerim ! His sister, his sweetheart, and the
 mother of his children ! Oh, the muscovites !

Vlad. You come with ransom for Lydia and me.

Hold Mustapha's attention for a minute :

I want to speak a word with Steipann. Steipann !

Steipann Lieutenant—!—Fatinitza, I meant to say.

Julian We will leave them by themselves a moment,
 Effendi.

He is her long lost father !

Mustapha Allah bilier ! what relations !

Vlad. Here is the key.

- Steipann I understand lieutenant. I thought I would bring your uniform along in case you wanted it.
- Mustapha Allah kerim ! the pasha is coming ! away, maiden ! away to your chamber !
- Vlad. I have told Steipann everything. Now try to send back to our camp as soon as possible.
- Mustapha Away, or we are lost !
- Vlad. Now take care and be vigilant.
- Mustapha Off with you now, or we shall lose our heads !
- Mustapha The Russian envoy's, your highness !
- Izzet Kosh geldin ! you are welcome ! Mustapha !
- Mustapha Effindim ?
- Izzet Coffee ! Tobacco !
- Mustapha Kafédshi ! Chibudshi !
- Izzet You have come, O stranger, to offer a ransom for one of my prisoners.
- Julian For both of them, your highness.
- Izzet Then you will be disappointed. I shall retain the charming Lydia for myself, as for the other she is nothing to me.
- Julian So much the more to the General.
- Izzet I will return her—in exchange for money, of course
Now what do you offer for Fatinitza ?
- Julian Ahem !
- Mustapha Your highness she is his wife.
- Izzet Then I will press him.
- Julian Well your highness, I think a thousand roubles is plenty for her.
- Izzet Oh, she is worth five times that sum !
- Julian Five thousand roubles ? your highness is jesting !
I will give you two thousand.
- Izzet Four thousand ; those are the bottom figures !
- Julian Then I guess we'll let you keep her, and welcome your highness.
- Izzet Allah, il allah ! I keep your wife ?
- Julian She has a lot of faults : her greatest is a total lack of womanly qualities.
- Izzet In spite of that she will cost you thirty-five hundred. But I will give up Lydia at no price. Her kismet willed that she should fall to me, and shall never have cause to regret it.
- Julian Kismet ?
- Izzet Yes, kismet—Mussulman for fate.
- Julian Ah I understand.
- Izzet We go it blind on Kismet.
- Julian Well then, will your highness allow me a dispatch to Count Kantschukoff, whom I must inform of your inexorable will ?
- Izzet You may. Mustapha,
- Mustapha Effindim ?
- Izzet Have this conducted with bandaged eyes as far as the river.
- Mustapha And the other ?

- Izzet Remains my guest.
- Julian Now, Steipann, tell the General six thousand men are not enough ; we need twenty thousand.
- Steipann All right sir.
- Izzet Until the return of the Muscovite, O stranger ! you shall partake of Izzet Pasha's hospitality.
- Servant Effendim !
- Izzet Champagne !
- Julian Three claps of the hand means champagne in Turkish. I must make a note of that ! I had an idea that wine was forbidden to Mussulmans.
- Izzet Champagne is no wine.
- Julian O Veure Cliquot ! Could you only hear that ? What is champagne, then, if it is not wine ?
- Izzet Yellow Soda-water.
- Julian Schooners ! Very good !
- Izzet And if it were wine I wouldn't care a fig. I am a reform Turk ! Haha reform is a good word ! How do you like it, stranger ?
- Julian First class, your highness ; but I will no longer remain a stranger to you. I am Julian Hardy, an American journalist.
- Izzet Aha ! an Effendi—who—
- Julian Who knows, sees, hears, and listens to everything ; puts it on paper ; ventilates every question.
- Izzet A paper ventilator ! aha !
- Julian You've said it, pasha !
- Izzet Well, and are you going to ventilate me ?
- Julian The article is already in my head—"Izzet Pasha, or the Practical Reform Turk."
- Izzet Very good ! Here's to you, Hardy Effendi !
- Julian The same to you, old boy ! you're a trump of a Pasha ! you're making heaven of earth ! What splendid champagne ! What an enchanting existence ! and this Kismet, this delightful Kismet !
- Izzet Yes, Kismet, neck or nothing.
- EVERY AUTHOR IS AT BEGINNING.—KISMET DUETT.
- Izzet Pasha Ev'ry author is at beginning
Hopeful ever,
Hopeless never !
- Julian Ev'ry maiden is at beginning,
Timid ever,
Brazen never !
- Izzet If then the world the author hisses,
That is his Kismet !
- Julian If then the maid risks all in kisses,
That is her Kismet !
- Izzet And when with trials his life doth fill !
- Julian And she for kisses is seeking still ;
- Izzet He'll say :
- Julian She'll say :
- Izzet Kismet !
- Julian Kismet !

- Izzet } Modes and women, both are fate,
 Julian } Ever changeful alike, are they!
 Drain the cup of joy to-day,
 Don't delay, Love away,
 Who knows what may be soon his Kismet, etc. ;
- Izzet Ev'ry bride is at first beginning,
 Loving ever, saucy never !
- Julian Ev'ry husband is at beginning
 Happy ever, ugly never !
- Izzet But when the upper hand she's taking,
 That is her Kismet !
- Julian He sometimes feels his head is aching,
 That is his Kismet !
- Izzet And yet, while showing her teeth at will !
- Julian And he while rubbing his poor head still,
- Izzet She'll say :
- Julian He'll say :
- Izzet Kismet !
- Julian Kismet !
- Izzet }
 Julian } Modes of women, etc.
- Julian Oh, what a pity, Pasha, that the Koran forbids
 you to show me your harem !
- Izzet The Koran forbids nothing of the sort !
- Julian What, really ?
- Izzet Haha ! No of course not ! We Moslems made
 the rule ourselves.
- Julian Well, if that is so, brother Pasha, then—you know—
 just give me an introduction to your wives.
- Izzet Yok ! Yok ! That would'nt do.
- Julian Only think what a chance it is to make you
 famous ! When I sling off an article, " Izzet Pasha's Harem,
 the practical Reform Turk "—
- Izzet Haha ! That wouldn't be bad.
- Julian I will call you the finest comoiseur of feminine beauty.
- Izzet That's just what I am—you bet !
- Julian I will describe the charms of each wife in the most
 enthusiastic and poetical style.
- Izzet That will be fame. It will be a good advertise-
 ment—give me a chance to sell the whole four
 of them. The women are about as good as new !
 So you shall see them brother.
- Julian That's right ! Trot 'em out old boy !
- Izzet But simply look at them. Remember, now, simply
 look at them !
- Julian I understand. In our exhibitions it always says,
 " Please do not handle the goods."
- Izzet Yes, that's what I meant !
- Mustapha Effendi ?
- Izzet The women !
- Izzet Now you shall see how a wise wife knows the
 sound of her own bell.
- Julian By jove they are trained like dogs in a circus !

BELL SO SILVERY.—BELL SEXTETTE

- Nursidah Bell so silv'ry thy sweet ringing
 On us calls to be near at hand ;
 And each fair one is springing
 To obey our Bashaw's new command.
- Julian Thus veiled, they all are alike to me !
- Izzet This is Nursidah, a trifle dear,
 Six thousand crowns paid I for her here !
- Suleika Bell so silv'ry, thy sweet ringing.
 On us calls to be near at hand,
 To obey our Bashaw's late command !
- Julian If I mistake not, the damsel is fair !
- Izzet This is Zuleika, both fair and ripe,
 For her I did exchange a Turkish pipe,
- Nursidah } How kind he seems, how gallant and gay,
 Suleika } The stranger hath a right pleasant way,
 Julian Of envy worthy you well may be !
- Izzet Just wait a bit there more to see !
- Diona Bell of silver thy sweet ringing,
 On us calls to be near at hand ;
 And each fair one is springing to obey our
 Bashaw's high command.
- Julian I seem to wander, and gaze in a dream !
- Izzet This is Diona ! to me of worth,
 She came to honor my day of birth.
- Besika Silver Bell voice, thy sweet ringing.
 On us calls to be near at, hand ;
 I obey our Bashaw's high command !
- Julian A piquante set,
 In faith, is this quartette !
- Izzet Besika had I, in change well suited,
 For one that left her, and then scooted.
- Julian I envy you, as I said before,
 That with so much, you can ask for more !
- Nursidah } How kind he seems, how gallant and gay,
 Besika }
 Diona } The stranger hath a right pleasant way
 Zuleika }
 Izzet With open mouth he stands !
- Nursidah } Ah ! see how surprised he is,
 Besika }
 Diona }
 Zuleika }
- Julian How charming a view is this,
 Izzet He looks with surprise at this,
 Women With his eyes fixed ecstasies,
 Julian That fills the eyes with ecstasies,
 Izzet Rolling his eyes in ecstasies,
 Women All gallantly doth he find,
 Julian What exquisite forms I find,
 Izzet Therefore it can't be gain said,
 Women Amiable, charming, fair and kind.

- Julian Graceful, beyond compare, and kind.
 Izzet Without compare the choice is made.
 Women Allah! Allah! Leave us not, stranger, now for
 the war!
- Julian Allah! Allah! I'd like, most certain to be Bashaw!
 Izzet Allah! Allah! All these fair beauties my treasures
 are!
 He the press makes his profession,
 Ev'ry thing knowing,
 Sees all that's going,
 Of views, as artist gives expression,
 Wisdom e'er showing,
 Judgment stowing!
 I would have him see you all,
 Rise, and let your veils down fall!
- Julian Ah!
 Women Ah! See how surprised he is,
 Julian How charming a view is this,
 Izzet Ah! what says he?
 Slaves Ah! looks he surprised at this;
 Women With his eyes fixed in ecstasies.
 Julian Filling the eyes with ecstasies.
 Izzet Like a statue he stands,
 Slaves Fixed are his eyes in ecstasies,
 Women All, gallantly doth he find,
 Julian What exquisite forms I find,
 Izzet Ha! how seems it?
 Slaves Well! ne'er can it be gain said,
 Women Amiable, charming, fair and kind,
 Julian Graceful beyond compare, and kind.
 Izzet Have you gazed yet enough
 Slaves With judgment good the choice is made.
 Women Allah! Allah! Leave us not, stranger, now, for
 the war!
- Julian Allah! Allah! I'd like most certain to be Bashaw!
 Izzet They're charming? Eh? they please you?
 Of rarest types they are all, indeed!
- Slaves Allah! Allah! Leave us not, stranger, for the war!
 Izzet Dost love me alone? Come speak out, is it true?
- Nursidah Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
 Izzet They affirm it!
 Julian Would kisses from others give pleasure to you?
- Nursidah No, no, no, no, no.
 Izzet They deny it!
 Julian Virtue is active?
- Nursidah Yes, yes!
 Julian And men attractive?
- Nursidah No, No!
 Julian You like flirtation?
- Nursidah Yes, yes!
 Julian Mistification?
- Nursidah }
 Besika } No, no! It a case is not amiss;

- Julian } All ! woman's the same wherever you go
 Izzet }
 Slaves } Say a yes for no,
 Nursidah } We refuse, but the no, still means yes,
 Pesika }
 Izzet } She winks to you, yes, while she says to you, no,
 Julian }
 Slaves } A no for yes,
 Nursidah } If the other way we go.
 Besika }
 Julian } The difference between them, amounts but to this,
 Izzet }
 Slaves } With us this is the common way, with us, etc.
 Nursidah } We assent, but the yes still means no
 Besika }
 Julian } They say to you no, but intend it for yes !
 Izzet }
 Nursidah } Many times, as you guess, No is close beside yes !
 Besika }
 Julian } No variation lies in nationalities.
 Izzet } From Caucasus to Chili they're the same.
 Julian } 'Tis almost time for our friends to come.
 Izzet } Now for the Karagois.
 Julian } What is that ? if I may ask.
 Izzet } Karagois is a shadow play, the comedy of the
 Moslem.
 Julian } Aha, by jove. I breath freer ! what luck !
 What splendid material for descriptive writing !
 Lydia } Let us pray that the plan of our friends may
 succeed.
 Julian } It is time for them. Has Vladimir told you all
 Princess ?
 Lydia } He has. But now we must be silent.
 Izzet } Where is Marsaldshi ?
 Marsaldshi } Here, exalted sir !
 Izzet } Begin !

THE KARAGOIS TURKISH SHADOW PLAY.

FINALE.

- Marsaldshi } Ben-jemin and Suréma is the title of the play.
 With which I'll entertain you, if so you wish, to
 day :
 Disturb not my recital by noise on questions tame
 And if you've aught to speak of—well, keep still,
 all the same.
 1 } Suréma lovely daughter of Jussulff the Kabyle,
 A child, above sixteen summers did many charms
 reveal,
 Fell deep in love ! the object to whom heart she
 gave.
 Was Benin, the handsome, who was, in fact, her
 slave.

- 2 But he had no suspicion where she her love had
placed,
Ne'er dream'd that he, her servant, was her idol
graced,
He was so cold, that anger awoke within her heart ;
What dame would not be wrathful at such neglect-
ful part ?
- 3 She shrewdly thus address'd him, " How crimson
is your cheek,
You seem unwell and troubled ; if ill, what ails
you speak !
I judge that you are feverish by your unsteady gait
Sit down near me, and rest you, and all your griefs
relate."
- 4 A Hebrew was Ben-Jemin, Ben Jochem's son,
they say,
Alarmed, of spies suspicious, he turned and ran
away
Surprised, enrag'd Suréma to angry words gave
vent ;
She cried " You bashful Jew boy, hold up, stop,
be a man."
The lov'd one kept on running, and after him she ran !
Two aged pious ladies o'er heard what had occurred,
And rushed to tell the father with many a dam-
ning word,
- 6 What they themselves had witness'd from their
retreat near by.
The Prince at first, believed not his daughter was
so sly,
But when they convinced him, enraged by what
he heard,
He smote all things about him and tore his hair
and beard.
- 7 Of his wild beasts the keeper a darkey, call'd he
there,
With many an angry gesture, and many a venge-
ful air ;
He whispered something fearful to his astonished
ear,
And then his heart grew calmer, his voice more soft
and clear
- 8 Suréma found it irksome, and could not long endure
To be angry with her lov'd one for what he could
not cure.
The fire within her bosom could not be quench'd
at will.
So she made to Ben confession that she adored him
still.
- 9 But scarcely had the lovers begun to taste their
bliss,
And lose wits and senses in many a loving kiss,

When with roarings loud, terrific, that through
the still air rung.

Two wild beasts from the thicket rushed out and
towards them sprung.

Izzet Pasha Two Russians ! the play is new and good ; make
those wild beasts appear ; that would not be so
bad.

Lydia At last !

Izzet Go on then, go on, then—
Don't you interrupt !

Lydia On us it smiles again !

Izzet The play is good, ah, ah, 'tis good and makes me
laugh,

Lydia Sweet liberty,

Russian Chorus Hurrah, Hurrah,

Lydia Come onward.

Turkish Chorus What's that noise, that disturbance ?

Izzet What's that noise that disturbance ?

Lydia By your bold deeds the vict'ry is completed,

Russian Chorus Hurrah, Hurrah !

Lydia Now forward, Oh soldiers brave my heart excites
within me !

Izzet Allah, allah !

Turkish Chorus Allah, allah !

Lydia Oh, help ! Oh, help !

Vlad. Lydia, Julian relief now is here

Lydia Russia now in all her splendour shines !

Vlad. For heavn's sake don't let him recognize me,

Nursid, Besika, }
Diona, Suleika } Allah, o'er us in thy splendour shine !

Izzet Allah, on these Russian traitors fall !

Julian {
Steipann } Russia now in all her splendour shines !

Kantschukoff Russia now, etc.

Russian Chorus Russia now, etc.,

Turkish Chorus Allah, on these Russian traitors fall !

Kant. Surrender yourselves without opposition
No one departs from here.

Izzet This is Kismet.

General Where is she ? Where is Fatinitza ?

Julian Fatinitza has been carried off.

Kant. Fatinitza carried off ? Just wait Pasha ! for that I
annex all your wives.

Zuleika Exalted sir we shall follow you with pleasure
That shall be your punishment, you reform Turk !

The other Women Evett ! Evett ! Yes, Yes !

Izzet Mustapha, persuade them !

Mustapha To hear is to obey !

Kant. Chorrt Vasimi ! You son of a Turk !

Take the women with you, and you Pasha the
knout for you.

Izzet Oh, Kismet ! Kismet !

Izzet Allah !

- Kant. And the knout waits for the Pasha,
 Russians Hurrah !
 Lydia Oh, how through the golden haze
 Nursida, Besika } Oh, how through the, etc.
 Diona, Suleika }
 Izzet Oh !
 Julian }
 Steipann } Ah ! Yes, the whip lash ! Ah yes the whip lash !
 Kant. }
 Russians Oh, how through, etc.
 Turks Allah ! Dost thou not see ?
 Lydia }
 Nursida, Besika, } Of joy now stream the brilliant rays !
 Diona, Suleika }
 Izzet That infernal Kismet ! Oh !
 Julian }
 Steipann } So well to the back 'tis adjusted !
 Kant. }
 Russians Of joy now, now stream the brilliant rays 'mid
 clashing of arms around,
 Lydia 'Mid clashing of arms around,
 Turks Allah !
 Lydia and } Anthems from grateful hearts resound !
 four women }
 Izzet That infernal Kismet ! Oh !
 Julian }
 Steipann } Ah yes, the whip lash ! Ah yes, the whip lash,
 Kant. }
 Russians Anthems, etc.
 Turks Wilt thou no save ! Allah !
 Lydia and } Ardor, Valor ! laurels and bays !
 four women } Will crown these days, laurels and bays ! Ah yes.
 Izzet That infernal Kismet, oh allah ! infernal Kismet.
 Julian } All form now in line every corporal, captains,
 Steipann } majors, all every General, and the great
 Kant. } Kantschukoff.
 Russians Ardor, valor, etc.
 Turks Oh, my poor back how it will ache.

Cuatain.

THIRD ACT.

"Chimes of Peace."

Odessa.—In the summer palace of Gen. Kantschukoff, a magnificent hall, opening in background upon a very broad balcony, with a view of the picturesque domes, towers and spires of Odessa, together with a part of the harbour and sea. The palace is situated on high land. The hall is octagonal; has several entrances, two of which are in corners R and L, background, and are approached by steps. The door R leads to the palace chapel. Before the curtain rises, the ringing of Bells is heard; also cannon shots, with rolling echoes and military commands.

BELL SONG.

Lydia Holy bell,
Whose peal out ringing,
Joy is bringing,
I feel it flinging
O'er us its spell!
Thou of peace art the ovation,
The consolation of weary hearts!
Chime on gaily! for thy ringing
Hope renewed imparts.
But amid the joy, can I rejoice?
Comes to me sweet peace with soothing voice?
Feels my soul in sorrow,
Calm will be the morrow?
Hope and faith will smile again?
To this heart will fate my love restore?
When shall I again his face behold?
Will his smile illumine this life once more—
Dry tears that fall untold?
Will the chimes of Heaven ascending,
Bear a word of love for me?
Holy bell! Thy peal out-ringing,
Joy is bringing,
Its sounds are flinging,
O'er us their spell! Bim! Bam!
Sacred herald from above,
Art thou of love,
Ah! Yes, harbinger of Love, of Love thou art,
Harbinger thou art of love!

Steipann A guest!

All Vladimir! Vladimir!

Steipann No! his friend, the newspaper man!

Lydia What fortune! Perhaps he brings glad news.

Julian At first glad news,—I live; then gladder news, he lives, then the gladdest of all, he is close by!

Four Women Allah Kerim! he lives!

Steipann He lives!

Lydia At last, certainty: he lives!

Julian I hastened to come before him, Princess, that I might find out the truth about a certain rumour,—that you are betrothed to a Prince Terchi—Shwerchi—Hachoo!

Lydia Swertikoff!

Julian Swertikoff—correct. Is that true?

Lydia Yes and no. My uncle, who has won over the Grand Duchess Imanorna, wants me to marry him!

Julian Poor Vladimir!

Lydia Rather say “Poor Swertikoff”! for I will never marry him, never!

Julian Good enough! Well, Vladimir has deserved you. With the name Lydia on his lips, he wrought heroic deeds at Plevna. You know I was with the Russians all through the siege.

Steipann Chorrtu! A reporter there while I—

Julian Well Steipann, how goes it?

Steipann Miserably, miserably! as you see. The devil's Turkish bullet! But the fair Princess has taken good care of me here in the General's palace.

Julian Well, how is the old gentlemen? I hope the course of events has made him forget the Fatinitza?

Lydia On the contrary, he is possessed with the idea of finding his love again; and only in order to find an excuse to talk constantly about Fatinitza did he allow me to take these poor women into the palace.

Julian What! The lovely collection from Izzet Pasha's harem in a Russian edition!

So the old gentleman is determined to marry you off this very day. I see it is high time that we should take an active part.

Lydia But how?

Julian I hardly know how myself as yet. Steipann!

Steipann Sir!

Julian Announce me to the General.

Steipann The General is announcing himself. He has been so ever since the days of Rutschuk. Come girls, let us get out of his way!

General Chorrt las mi! Ten thousand lashes with the knout for this scamp of a chamberlain! What did I say? Ten thousand? No, twenty thousand—a hundred thousand—with the knout!

Julian Ah, I see that our friend, the General, is as strong in his decimals as he was when before Rutschuk.

General Rutschuk! What Hardy? Ah, my friend welcome to Odessa!

Julian Thank you General!

General What happy accident brings you hither to-day?

Julian I came on with a part of the Plevna corps to describe their reception home. Six columns by cable!

General Good! Now you can be a witness; but, first a word to my niece, Lydia Imanovna!

Lydia Uncle?

General Your betrothed, the Prince Swertikoff, has assem

bled himself in the reception saloon. It is my wish that you welcome him.

Lydia But uncle!

General Don't contradict! you know me! Your betrothal is an act of gratitude on my part. Forty years ago he saved my life, when I was a Lieutenant in the Caucasus.

Julian If my computations are correct, then the youthful bridegroom must be at least fifty-eight years old.

General You undervalue him. He is sixty-four. A brave man! In saving me, he lost an eye; and a fragment of a shell took away the greater part of his left ear, and made him nearly deaf.

Julian If he is a shelled ear, he must be a cob.

Lydia And you will marry to me such an ancient ruin?

General He is one of the best fellows in all Russia. In the good old days of serfdom he owned sixty thousand souls.

Julian And not much of a body.

Lydia I feel no calling to act the part of ivy to this ruin.

General Sorry for you; but you must marry him.

Lydia I shall scratch out both his eyes!

General Impossible! he has only one eye.

Lydia Uncle, you are a monster!

General Many have told me that; but somehow I could never believe it!

Lydia I shall carry my case to the Czar.

General You can do that after the wedding, Lydia Imanorna. I have given my word to Swertikoff. You know me; so go and welcome him.

Lydia Never!

Julian Obey him, Princess; and in the meanwhile I will try and bring the old gentleman round.

General Do not work me up Lydia—and go? welcome Swertikoff, and don't forget—he can only hear with his right ear!

Lydia Well I shall scream such an energetic “no!” into it, that that also shall be deaf!

Julian Fatinitza must help us again. May I know General, your reason for marrying off the Princess so summarily?

General You know it already, sir.

Julian I?

General Fatinitza is the reason.

Julian I remember. Because she was transformed back to Vladimir.

General Hassan Bey, that Turkish rascal, abducted her.

Julian So they say.

General I know where she went to.

Julian I am curious to hear.

General I have offered a reward of one thousand silver roubles for her. These posters are to be seen on every street corner throughout the Orient. All at once I received tidings, “she lives!”

Julian Really

General And more—just imagine my insane joy!—she is to be mine this very day.

Julian Who?

General Why, Fatinitza!

Julian Can it be that Vladimir is up to another of his mad pranks?

General Vuika, the Bulgarian spy—the brave fellow!—has discovered her. He has already written me several letters. This, this, and this here; and ten minutes ago I received these lines. Just imagine my unspeakable joy! he writes—he writes—your—Excellence—your Excellence—your—I cannot read; the letters dance before my eyes for very joy!

Julian Allow me, General, Vuika writes—

'TIS NOW THREE MONTHS.—DUET.

Julian 'Tis now three months that I have wander'd,
Fair Fatinitza's flight to trace;
In Cairo, Smyrna, gold I've squander'd,
And touch'd at many another place.
And such a dog's life, lone and dreary,
While seeking her, did I endure,
From land to land I travel'd, weary.
At last I found her, fast and sure.

Kantschukoff O Fatinitza, Fatinitza, &c.

Julian What handling rough, thou did'st endure,
And when I—sakscha was subjected,
The Harem, whence she disappear'd,
They sent her to Stamboul, dejected,
And sold her to a Cadi fear'd

Kant. Was sold to a Cadi, whose eyes were bleared.

Julian The Cadi fail'd and off he scrambles,
The Court condemn'd him in a flash,
They led her to the market shambles,
And left her there on sale for cash!
They led her to the open market,

Kant. To market they brought her,

Julian And left her there on sale, for cash!

Kant. But no one bought her,
They knew not her value in virtues or cash!
Oh, Fatinitza, etc.

Julian Ah! how much grief did'st thou endure!

Julian The old Bashaw of Negroponto.
Upon her threw his eyes, one day;
He bought, not on his own account, tho',
And shipp'd her off to Tunis's Bey!
The Bey, not long in glad possession,
Of indigestion died. they say;
The son, who follow'd in succession,
To his Mushir gave her away!

Kant. Oh, Fatinitza etc.

What handling did'st thou endure!
At raffle, this Mushik did set her,
And Aghiaga drew the lot,

Next day, for naught or scarcely better,
 He swapped her to a Sheik, for shot!
 Put up at a raffle's too hard a lot!
 'Twas with this last one, that I found her,
 And quickly brought here here again.
 'Tis strange with such temptations round her,
 She pure and faithful doth remain.
 'Tis strange, etc.

Kant. From Herod to Pilate,
 From Mustir to Bey.
 Still virtuous and faithful thou coms't back to-day!
 Oh, Fatinitza, etc.
 My love redoubles in my breast!

Julian }
 Kant. } Oh, Fatinitza, etc.

Julian His love redoubles in his breast!

Kant. My love redoubles in my breast!

Julian I hardly know what to say to this. According to this description Fatinitza appears to have been in pretty brisk demand.

General But, in spite of all, she kept her troth, and withstood the blandishments of all Pashas, Murshirs, and Muftis. And the steamer from Constantinople is due to-day.

Julian I shall wait the next development with curiosity.

General And so I marry Lydia to the Prince Swertikoff to get her out of my way.

Julian Aha!

General You see two women in the house,—that would'nt work! But congratulate me,

Julian Certainly General, I tender you my most heartfelt sympathy,—only—

General Only Chorrt Vasmi! what reason is there for an only?

Julian You have have perhaps forgotten that Fatinitza has a brother.

General Had a brother,—I know,—an officer who fell at Plevna.

Julian Oh! no! he lives, and made an hero of himself at Shipka. He came with the troops to-day.

General Well, so much the better. He shall come to the wedding and witness our happiness. He belongs to the family.

Julian Everything is all right now! May I summon him,

General?

General Yes as soon as possible. As for me, I will ascend to the palace roof. The fresh air will cool the raging cataract of my excited blood. O Fatinitza! etc.

Julian There! first he—and now—Ah, Princess, you are already here! And he will come in a moment.

Lydia Vladimir?

Julian If you follow my directions, he shall be yours this very day.

Lydia Impossible! My Uncle has the Grand Duchess Imanorna on his side.

Julian And in my modest self you have the Grand Duke
of the Press on your side. Depend upon me.

TO THIS LOVING HEART.—TRIO.

Vlad. To this loving heart I fold thee once more,

Lydia I fold thee once more, love, again thy form I see,

Vlad. O love, again thy form I see,

Lydia My fate no longer I fear,

Vlad. Naught else is so dear,

Fate no longer I fear,

Lydia Since it doth thee restore, ah !

Vlad. Since it, etc.

Lydia } E'en Heav'n no sweeter bliss can show,

Vlad. } No greater joy bestow !

Julian Now heart, and love, and smile,

We'll let them rest awhile,

And some attention pay the Uncle,

Who's not far away !

Vlad. Should all th' infernal hosts combine

To part us, her I'd not resign !

Lydia Ere I could see thee turn from me,

Julian Comes he to take his share,

It would disturb my plans,

Lydia Dear love, I fain would die with thee !

Vlad. She fain would die ? then die and end it,

Ah, ha, first, let's agree together,

That this is sharp cold weather,

So if you think of living,

Some heed to it be giving.

Since these spasms do not increase,

But at the altar's foot will cease.

Lydia Two short moments kindly spare me,

Not too great a boon is this,

In brief, you then shall hear me,

Tell him all my heart is his !

Julian Two short minutes, all straight !

With my watch !

With my watch in hand I'll wait !

Lydia 'Tis well ! agreed !

Two minutes and no more I need !

When in the sky the bright stars gleam'd

I thought of thee,

And sleeping dream'd ;

And as I lay,

I seem'd to hear thy breathing clear.

When horrors dire of battle's strife,

I saw appear,

And then the dream to fade did seem.

And I my beating heart could hear !

Tik-tak, tik, thus on it went, tik-tan, tik, with

firm intent,

Ever readily, ever steadily,

Till my breast was bruis'd and rent,

Tik-tak, tik-tah, &c., resting not, tik^rtah, up,
down, forth and back.

Vladimir }
Julian }
Lydia }
Tik-tah, &c.

Vladimir }
Julian }
Julian }
And I heard its panting measure still resound,
Boom, boom, &c., in unruly throbs profound.

See, the time's already wasted,
Let us now some wisdom show ;

Thou art otherwise invested,
She, another's bride must go !

Vladimir Alas, speak is this truly so ?

Lydia Ah ! 'tis my uncle's will you know !

Julian Yes, yes, the case is very strange !

Forgetful your wits are,
That you are Fatinitza,
This uncle will you marry !

Vladimir Then I'm to be the bride ?

Julian Why yes, he will you wed ! thou'lt be his bride.

Lydia His bride ?

Vladimir I wed ?

Together Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Vladimir Two minutes only wilt thou spare me ?

Not too much to ask is this.

Julian Another ?

Vladimir In brief, you then shall hear me

Tell her what my heart's state is !

Julian Well, so be it !

All right, but be punctual to your word !

Vladimir I swear to you by cross and sword !

Tho' distance did us part,
I was with thee mind and heart.

'Mid the flash of the sword's meeting in bold,
hostile encounter,

When the clash of the trumpet call sounded all
else above,

In the heart the fray, girdled by blood, rapine and
slaughter,

I beheld shining clear and bright, the fair star of
our love !

And whether waves of crimson tide

Came by turns advancing on,

Julian Rataplan, &c., plan, ta, ta-ra-ra rum, rum ratapum
&c.

Vladimir Or backward flow'd on ev'ry side,

Still my tho'ts were full of thee ;

A voice in whispers said to me :

March forward fearlessly,

Now thy valor prove ;

That standard bearer free

Leading thee is love !

Forward, with sword in hand,

Smite the hostile band !



- A heart, indeed shall be conqu'ror's meed !
- Lydia March forward, fearlessly.
- Vladimir March forward, fearlessly,
- Julian Onward dash and attack with **courage bold**,
Ta-ta-ra-ta &c.
- Lydia Now thy valor prove,
- Vladimir Now thy valor prove,
- Lydia }
Vladimir } That standard bearer free.
- Julian To the charge, by and large, with vigor hold
ta-ta-ra &c.
- Lydia }
Vlad. } Leading thee, is love.
- Julian Forward with sword in hand, etc.
- Julian We will strike down our foes with vigorous blows,
ratapum, etc.
- The deeds of valor we may spare,
Or let the Uncle take a share.
- Vlad. We'll fight away,
We'll gain the day,
If cautiously our plans we lay,
Yes, we will gain the day.
- Lydia Yes, ah !
- Julian r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, etc.
- Vlad. Yes, march forward fearlessly,
All our valor prove,
That standard bearer free,
Leading me, is love !
- Julian Leading thee is love ! Ra-ta, etc.
- Lydia }
Vlad. } Forward, with sword, etc.
- Lydia }
Vlad. } If cautiously our plans we lay,
- Julian If cautiously our plans together we lay,
We'll astound him, we'll confound him, ratapum, etc.
We shall succeed and gain the day
- Lydia }
Vlad. } Ah, yes we know the way to gain the day !
Julian }
- Julian Now, Vladimir, my boy, arm yourself with all the
pride of your manhood. The General is coming,
I will prompt you what to say.
- General Smoke ! Smoke !
- Julian Where ?
- General The steamer which brings my darling,
I hasten to meet her. Ha ! 'tis she—no, he—
She in masculine—Fatinitza !
- Julian Lieutenant Vladimir Samoiloff !
- Vlad. General !
- General General ? Oh, get out ! none of that to me !
Brother-in-law ! Come to my arms, my boy !
Does he know ?
- Julian No.

General Then do not swoon with joy, youngster ; in a few minutes more you shall see her again.

Vlad. Whom ?

General Why Fatinitza, your sister !

Vlad. I don't believe it ! I don't believe it !

Julian You had better believe it !

General You shall know all ! of course, you shall be my adjutant with the rank of major.

Vlad. Major ?

General Well, then, if that is not enough, I'll make it colonel.

Vlad. Colonel ! colonel ! Oh, General !

General Say no more ! you must be colonel willy-nilly !
Chorrt vasmi ! Discipline must be maintained.
And you must live here with us ; must never leave us.

Vlad. Oh, what happiness !

General But at first, colonel, have you parents ?

Vlad. Alas ! I am an orphan.

General So you are the head of the family ?

Vlad. Yes.

General Then I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your sister, Fatinitza.

Julian Say no ; say she is engaged.

Vlad. She is engaged.

General Oh, I'll fix that ! She loves me !

Vlad. Impossible !

General Barbarian ! How can you compel your sister to enter into a repulsive marriage ?

Julian But General, that is the way you serve the Princess.

General That is quite another thing ; I am her Uncle !

Vlad. And I her brother.

General Oh, don't be obstinate, colonel ! Come help me out of this, Hardy. Fatinitza must be mine at any price. He may demand what he will : I will consent.

Julian Ask for Lydia now,

Vlad. Dare I venture ?

General Venture all you want,

Vlad. You will be angry,

General I angry ? Do I look like a man who would get angry ? Chorrtu ! and when I say that, that I shall not be angry. Out with it !

Vlad. Well, then, I love the Princess Imanorna, and ask for her hand.

General Chorrt vasmi ! The brass of the fellow ! A miserable lieutenant presumes.

Julian But he is a Colonel.

General Not yet. And his impertinence shall—

Julian Look out ! you are getting excited.

General Oh, no ! you see I am calm, very calm !

Vlad. Then you say yes ?

General No ! the marriage is impossible ! My neice is betrothed.

Vlad. So is Fatihitza.

General I am bound by my word.

Vlad. I too.

Julian Then how would be if both gentlemen should try to induce the respective bridegrooms to withdraw?

General Very well then kick your man out of doors.

Vlad. You do the same with yours.

General Yes; that is no. I will find another way. My friend, Swertikoff, cannot demand that Lydia should sacrifice herself to a deaf old Jackass like him.

Vlad. And Captain Vasil is a too sensible man not to see that if Fatinitza loves you—

General Yes, she does love me. And if you will swear—

Vlad. What, General?

General That I shall have your sister—

Vlad. If you can find her—yes!

General I have her at hand.

Julian And if Fatinitza loves you—

General She loves me madly.

Vlad. Then I will break off her engagement.

General And that of my niece—at once! Lydia! Come nearer, my child. What I have once determined stands fast,—fast as iron. No contradiction! You shall not marry the Prince Swertikoff!

Lydia Why not Uncle?

General The fool is too old for you. You will please make up your mind at once to marry Major Samoilloff^c who, I have reason to believe is somewhat younger.

Julian Refuse.

Lydia Marry him? why?

General No why or wherefore. You will please to love him at once, and make him happy. Embrace your betrothed! they must be married before Fatinitza arrives!

Servant The priest and the guests!

General Welcome! here is the bride! here is the bridegroom! here you have my blessing; and now—right about face—march!—into chapel with you. When you are married, then I will introduce my bride to you. No doubt of it! these tones announce the arrival of the fair Fatinitza!

Julian Make use of the favorable opportunity. I will ward off the recoil! have you still the engagement-ring which the General placed on Fatinitza finger?

Vladimir Here it is.

Julian Good enough! I will take care of the rest.

General What! are you not coupled yet? forward double quick-march!

General K. Vuika.

PRAISE AND HONORS HIGH.

Chorus and Finale.

Kantschukoff After your marriage I will present my bride to you.

Chorus Praise and honors high to foreign charms we sing
Orders thus our chief commander.

From the distant shores a Russ, she has come to us.
 Praises sing, and sweet flow'rs bring !
 Orders thus our chief commander !
 In her face shines every grace,
 Says the chief commander !
 Virgin pure, of noble race !
 Says the chief commander.
 Bride fresh and fair as she,
 Or maiden, there cannot be, no, no !
 Brightly her sweet smile beam'd,
 A warrior's heart subduing ;
 Won by her modest mien,
 Her smile was his undoing !
 Fatinitza, Fatinitza, to thy charms we praises sing,
 Honors and garlands of flowers to thee we're
 bringing !
 Fatinitza, Fatinitza, thou know'st wild beasts to
 tame ;
 Loud praise be now thy fame,
 Thus orders our commander ;
 To thy beauty loud we sing,
 Yes, to thy beauty loud we sing,
 And to thee wreaths of flowers, and laurel crowns
 we bring !

General At last I shall behold thy lovely face again ! unveil
 her. Chortt vasm! a negress ! is it possible that you have
 grown black in the face for love of me ? Fatinitza is it you ?

Vuika Her name is Fatinitza, sir ; it is she.

Julian No ! it is not she ! you are a pack of miserable
 swindlers ; for here—here is a letter from the genuine Fatinitza.

General A letter ? quick ! quick ! beloved, when you read
 these lines I shall no longer be among the living. My ardent
 longing for you has brought me to an early grave. I commit
 my dear brother Vladimir to your keeping. I enclose my
 engagement ring, and regard myself as your betrothed on the
 other side.

My last breath shall be the sweet name, Timofey
 Kantschukoff Yours truly Fatinitza."

Kant. Fatinitza, Fatinitza, etc., ah ! it was love that
 murder'd thee !

Kant. Fatinitza ! Fatinitza, ah ! it was love that murdered
 thee. By thunder ! I am deeply moved. What
 woman e'er so truly loved as to die with longing
 for one she missed ?

Julian But one that never did exist !
 The wedding is over ! Here is the happy pair !

Vlad. What have you done with Fatinitza ?

Julian Killed her off. She'll never bother us again

Vlad. Thank heaven ! we are rid of her at last.

General Come to my heart ! Be happy !

Lydia } Love's holy vow

Vlad. } Unites us now !

March forward fearlessly,

- Julian Ta-ta-ra-ta rum, etc.
 Lydia } Now thy valor prove,
 Vlad. } That standard-bearer free.
 General Fatinitza, Fatinitza, oh!
 Lydia } Leading thee is love.
 Vlad. } Love's star, with peaceful mien
 O'er me shines serene.
 General Fatinitza, why did'st thou die?
 Alas! Alas! thus die! Ah why?
 Lydia } A heart indeed, is not the victor's need!
 Vlad. }
 Julian Ratapum, etc.
 Lydia } March onward, etc.
 Vlad. }
 Julian Onward dash and attack with courage bold ta-ta-ra,
 etc.
 General Now with the whip lash, an operation!
 Chorus No, no, there cannot be.
 One so fair as thee! ra-ta-ta-ta.
 Who by these charms apart, won a warrior's heart
 ra-ta, etc.
 Julian To the charge big and large, with vigor bold,
 ta-ta-ra etc.
 General 'Gainst cruel fate, 'twill give me consolation.
 Chorus And e'en in death's estate
 Julian 'Tis in place to embrace, with ardor free
 General Now with the whip lash, yes with the whip lash
 perhaps 'twill drive the sorrow off!
 Chorus Happy is thy fate, since here, all right,
 Julian Thus may we guarantee there will be one good
 year in thee.
 Lydia A faithful heart, a prize indeed, a loving heart is
 now the victor's meed!
 Vlad. A faithful heart, a faithful heart,
 A prize indeed, a loving heart is now the victor's
 meed!
 Julian A faithful heart, a prize indeed,
 Is surely now the victor's meed! etc.
 General From General Kantschukoff, etc.
 From the great warrior, General Kantschukoff.
 Chorus Two hearts in love unite;
 A faithful heart, a prize indeed,
 Is surely the victor's meed,
 A heart in-deed is now the victor's meed.

Curtain]

J.P.
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