

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

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Richard Brinsley Sheridan

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THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

ACT I.

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SCENE I.

—A Fairy's Grotto—the moon going down.

The Fairy of the Lake discovered on an eminence, L.— many Fairies ranged on R.—others enter, R. U. E., tripping on to music as the curtain rises, and dance during the chorus.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

O'er the lawn, and down the vales,
Faster than the windmill sails,
Trip away, trip away;
And in echoing sounds proclaim
Celestina's honour'd name.

Fairy. [Descending from throne.]

Break off! break off your sports!—Where's Gossamer? Attend, and give your aid in virtue's cause.

Gos. [Advancing, L.]

Hail to our mistress, Fairy of the Lake!
[Salutes her.]

Fairy.

Gossamer, you know the potency of my foe.

Gos.

What, Orchobrand, Enchanter of the Forest?

Fairy.

Yes, Orchobrand, of the Black Forest here. Virgins of Bagdad shudder at his name.

Sylph. [Advancing, R.]

Your magic art is greater far than his.

Fairy.

Haply; but vice has sometimes the ascendant.

The fierce banditti
Who infest this forest prowl by his power protected; but their leader
(Perforce alive to honour still), he is my care. Know'st thou
Abdallah, that now heads the robbers?

Gos.

Full surely.

Fairy.

Thou knowest, too, Ali Baba?

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Gos.

Is't the woodman,
Who, as you oft have told me, when day peeps,
Comes with his son from Bagdad to this forest.

Fairy.

The same. Mark Ali Baba and his son Ganem,
Two humble woodmen, fall'n from better fortunes,
Still haply doom'd to higher. Thus I draw
Their unsubstantial substances.

[The Fairy waves her wand—part of the grotto divides —through the opening is seen a view of a forest, Ali Baba leading an ass with panniers, waving his hand for Ganem to hasten after him—Ganem enters, yawning —they cross from R. to L., after which the grotto closes.]

Gos.

Why does thy power stoop thus to protect
Such lowly beings?

Fairy.

Earth-taught thing! the hands
That wield a sceptre, or that hold a plough,
Are of the self-same clay. In virtue's eye
The good are great—the great not always good.
To your task—away! away!

[Chorus repeated, and Fairies all dance off, following Celestina, R. U. E.]

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SCENE II.

—A Wood—morning.

Enter Ali Baba, L., leading on an ass, with a hatchet on his shoulder, and humming the same tune as when his shadow passed in the first scene.

Ali. [Calling.]

Why, Ganem! I say, faster, you rogue, faster! I thought to have cut a score or two of good logs by this time. Why, Ganem, I say! zounds! do you get on, at all events. *[Beating the ass.]* You've gone the road often enough to know it.

[Drives the ass off, R.]

Enter Ganem, yawning, L.

Ganem.

Is the sun up yet, father?

Ali.

Up! why, look at it there through the branches of the palm-trees, as round and as yellow as—*[Ganem yawns.]* Zounds! don't yawn so, it will pop down your throat like a poached egg for your breakfast.

Ganem.

Since you ceased to flourish in trade, father, how often you and I have wanted a breakfast.

Ali.

That's because, when I did flourish, I could not bear to see any one want a dinner.

Ganem.

Oh, father! when you were Ali Baba, the rich merchant, you fed all the poor.

Ali.

That was to set the rich a good example; but, curse 'em! now I am poor, they don't follow it.

Ganem.

Ah! when you were in prosperity, they bowed to you; but now they point at you for a beggar. 'Tis the way of the world, father.

Ali.

Then the world points to a damned dirty crossroad, and confound its finger-post, I say. But what do you mean by a beggar? Hav'nt we health, strength, and hatchets?—And don't we cut wood, and live by our honest industry?

Ganem.

We do live, 'tis true; but the neighbours say we are half-starved.

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Ali.

Then I'll give them the lie plump. I won't have my son tell me he's starved, for I'll maintain, while he's with his father in the forest, he's a chopping boy. But come, boy, let's further into the forest, to our morning's work.

[Exeunt, R.]

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SCENE III.

—A Forest, with high rocks.

Ali Baba, R., and Ganem, L., discovered cutting wood— the ass with panniers behind, L.

Ali. [Looking at a log in his hand.]

This is the toughest morsel I ever met with, except last Tuesday's shoulder of mutton; but I got through that—and—*[Cleaves the log.]* now I've got through this. Well, how have you got on with your work, Ganem?

Ganem.

I've cut my hand to the bone.

[Tying it up with a handkerchief.]

Ali.

The devil! then you have done a neat job of journeywork! Home with the panniers. Is it deep?

Ganem.

Pretty well, for that matter.

Ali.

Zounds! and wounds mortify! Hurry home, and tell your mother—don't affront her, though—tell her I've a great respect for her salve that cures every thing; but I wish she'd sell a few logs, if she can, just to get a surgeon to look at your wound.

Ganem.

Dear father, it is nothing.

Ali.

Don't be too sure of that; I lost my fortune like a philosopher, but I couldn't so well bear the loss of a son.

Ganem.

I'm sure 'tis of no consequence. I have bound it with a handkerchief, and I'm positive 'twill heal of itself.

Ali.

Are you?—Then how dare you, you clumsy rascal, be so awkward as to cut your finger?—And you did it on purpose, to scare your poor old father out of his wits. However, go home with this load, and come back for another; but, hark ye, you have another wound, that I ought to have talked to you about.

Ganem.

Another wound!

Ali.

Yes; made by two plaguy sharp instruments.

Ganem.

And what are they, father?

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Ali.

A pair of eyes and a pretty girl's countenance is the cause of 'em: they chop through a young fellow's trunk into his heart, sooner than I can whip off a twig.

Ganem.

I don't understand you.

Ali.

Yes, you do; your uncle's slave, Morgiana.

Ganem.

I—I—I—

Ali.

Don't stutter—I know it. But mind, poverty has made me a little proud, not much; I'm like an old oak, a little more majestic because the storms have shattered it. Don't marry your uncle's slave.

Ganem.

Am I to despise the virtues of Morgiana, because she is enslaved by fraud and violence?

Ali.

No, surely—virtues are plaguy scarce, and I love 'em, if 'tis only for their variety.

Ganem.

And to conquer my love for Morgiana is hopeless: her amiable qualities—

Ali.

Don't talk of 'em before your uncle—if you must marry, you must; but if my brother Cassim should hear you, he'll raise the price of his slave, and I shall never be able to buy myself a daughter-in-law.

Ganem.

My kind father, I—

Ali.

Psha! get along—away with the first load; I shall have another ready by the time you come back.

Ganem.

But why should you stop?

Ali.

To cut another load—how the boy stares; what can harm me? [*Pointing to his dress.*] Here is no temptation for a robber, I have nothing to lose but this, [*Pointing to his axe.*] and this has a sharp argument or two to offer before it will leave me.

Ganem.

That might protect you from a robber—but from evil spirits what can protect you?

Ali.

What can protect me?—An honest heart here— [*Striking his breast.*] and a trust there— [*Pointing upwards.*] Come, get you gone—I'm very safe—away with you.

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[Assists to load the panniers—exit Ganem with the ass, L. S. E.]

Ali. [Comes forward.]

So he's gone! They say that not only banditti, but evil spirits, infest this forest; it has some strange inhabitants, I am certain, for in this place I have traced their footsteps—I must be satisfied: and here will I await their coming, whatever be the hazard. What have I to fear?—The loss of life, well—I will risk it. *[A bugle horn sounds at a distance, and is answered by one farther off.]* They approach! where can I be concealed?—This tree will hide me.

[Climbs up a tree, R. C.]

[A march heard, without—Thieves are seen at a distance crossing and coming down the hill.]

Enter two of the Thieves as Scouts, looking about cautiously—the rest follow, some with spoils—they range across from R. to L.—Captain advances, C.]

Cap.

Is all safe?

First T.

All is safe.

Cap.

Then, brave comrades, secure our booty: we must not lose a moment; I have intelligence that on the edge of the forest, a caravan is passing, loaded with treasures—be expeditious, and the whole is ours. Now, then, to pronounce our charm.

[The Thieves make obeisance, and chant.]

"Pronounce the charm and split the rock."

Cap.

Open Sesame!

[The rock opens with a tremendous crash, and discovers brazen gates to an inner cavern, L. U. E.]

[Thieves chant,

"Now bid the brazen gates unlock!"

Has.

Open, Sesame!

[The gates open with a tremendous crash—inner passage is discovered—the Thieves enter with plunder into the cavern, followed by the Captain, who speaks to first and second Thieves, as he goes in.—Exit into the cave, L. U. E.]

First T.

Ha! the wood-cutters have been at work again.

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Second T.

Ay; I marked one prying rascal! If ever I catch him so near our cave, I'll chop him to pieces with his own axe.

First T.

Ay; and hang him upon yon tree, as a scarecrow to frighten others.

[Ali Baba peeps between the branches of the tree, but, on hearing the threat, he draws back, exclaiming, "Oh, Mahomet!"

Second T.

What noise is that?

[Horn sounds without, L. U. E.

First T.

'Tis Hassarac, with his party.

Music.—Enter Hassarac and Thieves, from L. U. E.

First T. (R.)

Now, Hassarac, know you this new plan of our captain's?

Has. (C.)

Full of danger and treachery!

Second T. (L.)

Treachery, say you?

Has.

Ay, treachery. You know the neighbouring bashaw—his daughter, the fair Zelik, is passing through our forest, on a pilgrimage—we are to attack the caravan.

First T.

What's the worth?

Has.

Do you forget? This is the girl whose life the captain saved, by jumping into the Tigris.

First T.

I remember: souse he went in from the rock, like a great water-dog. Ah! see the advantage of beauty! Had she been ugly, she might have swam to the sea, before he would have wetted a whisker.

Has.

To that beauty, he has lost his heart.

First T.

What has a robber to do with love?

Second T.

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But what is the treachery you speak of?

Has.

How dull you are! With the treasure of this cave, and this girl an hostage, he procures his pardon, and the destruction of our band.

Second T.

If I thought that—

[Seizes his sabre.]

First T.

I have long suspected he was no true robber. Hassarac, we did you wrong in chusing this stranger before you. Now stand forward—we'll support you.

Has.

Give me your hand. There are more of your mind—but we must be secret. Let this expedition take place, and—

Cap. [Within the cave, L. U. E.]

Forward!

Has.

Hush!

[Crosses, L., with first Robber—second Robber, R.]

Music.—Enter **Captain** and **Banditti**, from cave, L. U. E.

Cap.

Shut, Sesame! *[The cave closes.]* Now, my brave fellows, to horse; handle well your sabres, and the greatest reward ever gained is ours. Comrades, away!

CHORUS OF BANDITTI.

Like the wind-driven sand
Is the speed of our band;
By night and by day,
We are lords of the way;
Our range is an empire, its people our prey.

Cap.

March.

[The Thieves, headed by Captain and Hassarac, form a Procession, march round, and exeunt, R. U. E.]

Ali. [Desending from the tree, and cautiously looking around.]

I shake all over like a leaf of aspin in a high wind. This is the band of robbers that is the terror of all Bagdad,

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and there is all their plunder. Shall I venture? I know their charm. If I am discovered, they'll saw off the head of a woodman; if I escape with some of their plunder, I'm a made man for ever. So, here goes! [*Hesitatingly.*] Open, Sesame! [*The rock splits, as before.*] Oh! if "Open, Sesame" could split open rocks for the benefit of the poor, I wish each honest heart in distress had the charm, to unlock all flinty hearts that are shut to humanity! [*Goes into the cave.*] Shut, Sesame!

[The cave closes him in.

Re-enter Ganem, with the ass and panniers, L. S. E.

Ganem.

The robbers of the forest, thank heaven! I have escaped from—though, faith! 'twas very narrowly. Where is my poor father? I hope he has not fallen in their way.

Ali. [From within.]

Open, Sesame!

[The rock splits open, and Ali Baba is discovered at the mouth of it, loaded with bags of gold.

Ganem.

What can this mean?

[Falls on his face.

Ali.

Who's that? Robber or devil, if you attempt to stop me, I'll knock you down with a bag of gold.

Ganem. [Looking up and rising.]

Why, father?

Ali.

Ganem, is it you? Oh, my dear boy!

[Embraces him.

Ganem.

What's all this?

Ali. [Throws the bags of gold to Ganem.]

No matter: take this, and chuck it into the panniers—and this—and this. Zounds! I'm so flurried. Hey!—here's some more.

[Taking up more bags of gold, a gold goblet, &c.

Ganem.

Well, but I—

Ali.

Don't talk, you dog; if you open your mouth, we shall have our throats cut. Fill the panniers—there— and get

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along—there, there. [*Exit Ganem.*] Hold, hold! Shut, Sesame! [*Cave closes.*] Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit, L. S. E.*]

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SCENE IV.

—*The Interior of Ali Baba's Cottage.*—*A carpet hung across, L. U. E., supposed to hide the children sleeping behind.*

Enter Cogia, from L. D. F.—she looks behind the carpet.

Cogia.

Thanks to Mahomet! my little ones are still asleep. Sleep is nourishing; but, when they awake, I have nothing to give them. I wish my sister had paid me for my last night's work; but, as 'tis, I—Oh, my heart is breaking!

Morgiana peeps in L. D. F., having a small basket in her hand.

Mor.

Any body at home?

Cogia. (R.)

Who's that?

Mor. [Coming in, L.]

'Tis only I, your sister-in-law's slave, Morgiana.

Cogia.

Morgiana—my good girl!

Mor.

I have got a basket here, full of eatables; they belonged to your sister, my mistress; and, thinking your sweet little children might like 'em, I—I—I—I hope you'll excuse it—I—I stole 'em!

[Courtesying.]

Cogia.

Stole them, Morgiana?

Mor.

Only from the servants—so I can't call it stealing, neither; for, when they stole them first, 'twas only called peculation.

Cogia.

But from my sister's house, Morgiana?

Mor.

On the leavings of your sister's table the slaves riot in luxury. Your children wanted a meal; so there is no crime in what I am doing. I know where the little rogues lie—let me run and leave the basket among them for a scramble. *[Lifts up the curtain.]* Here, dears, Morgiana's coming—here, my loves.

[Goes behind the curtain, L.]

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Cogia.

Why should a sister withhold that relief which the glowing heart of a slave thus leaps in bestowing?

Re-enter Morgiana, L.

Mor.

I've left the basket among them. How the young rogues, bless their little hearts! are pulling it to pieces.

Cogia. (R.) [Taking her hand.]

How can I thank you?

Mor. (L.)

Psha! nonsense! But isn't Ganem returned?

Cogia.

Ganem!

Mor.

I—I mean his father; your husband, you know.

Cogia.

No: I never expect him till late in the day; and who knows if he'll ever return? Whenever he goes into that wood, I feel as if I had parted with him for ever.

Mor.

But did Ganem ever see any of its terrible inhabitants?

Cogia.

Ganem!

Mor.

I mean Ali Baba.

Cogia.

I don't know; but when I have questioned him, he has answered so oddly, that I think he must have seen something strange and dreadful.

Mor.

Dreadful! I pity him! So young as he is, to run such risks!

Cogia.

Young, Morgiana! Ali Baba so young?

Mor.

I—I mean, so good as he is. I'm sure I feel for him, from the bottom of my heart, Cogia. Oh! would I were your slave, that I might work day and night to serve you and Ganem—I mean, you and Ali Baba.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

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Cogia.

'Tis long past the hour, and my poor husband and son not yet returned! If any accident should have befallen them, what will become of my dear infants? Heaven knows, their lot is hard enough already.

SONG.—**Cogia.**

Last night I sat me down and cried,
My heart as sad as may be,
For then with hunger almost died
My little darling baby.
Ah! how a mother's heart is griev'd,
To see her infants dying:
A savage who her pangs perceiv'd
Could scarce refrain from crying.
Oh! my baby! my little darling baby!

Ali. [Calling without.]

Hillio!

Cogia.

Oh! there they are.

[Runs and opens the door.]

Enter Ali Baba, L. D. F., singing.

Cogia.

Dear Ali, what kept you so long?

Ali.

My work, to be sure—and it has made me hungry. Give me supper enough to give a thousand bashaws the apoplexy.

Cogia.

Supper! Ah, my dear Ali, where can I get you supper?

Ali.

You'll find enough in the panniers.

[Crosses, R.]

Cogia.

What! the wood?

Ali.

Burn the wood!

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Cogia.

Why, it must maintain us and the children to-morrow.

Ali. [Snapping his fingers and crossing to L.]

That's for to-morrow!

Cogia.

Oh, Mahomet! his brain is turned! An't you well, Ali?

Enter Ganem, with the panniers, L. D. F.

Ali.

No;—I've had a violent and unexpected attack of the yellow jaundice.

Cogia.

The jaundice!

Ali.

Gold, you jade! gold! and I hope it will prove a chronic disease with me.

Ganem.

Look in the panniers, look in the panniers.

Cogia.

Mercy on me! what's here? 'tis gold, sure enough. Where does it all come from?

Ali.

Showered from the sky: we held our caps and the panniers open while the rain fell.

Cogia.

Do not deceive me! What's here? Mercy! what a mountain! How much is there?

Ganem.

Nay, mother, we never stayed to count.

Cogia.

But I will.

Ali.

Count! You may as well count the leaves on the trees, or the hairs on your cat's back.

Cogia.

I can do it—I can borrow a measure from my sister Zaida.

[Runs out, L. D. F.]

Ali.

Let her have her own way. Now, Ganem, you will find the report of our wealth will draw back our false friends, as the tinkling of bells attracts bees. Confound all such fair-weather friendships!

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Re-enter Cogia, with a small measure, L. D. F.

Cogia.

Here it is.

Ali.

Well—satisfy yourself—but first bolt the door. [*Ganem bolts the door.*] Ganem, help your mother—but stay—where can we hide it? Oh, in the cellar. Here, lad, your hand. [*They open a trap-door, R.*] Now, Cogia, empty the measure there—we don't want a charm to secure our wealth; the character of poverty is a sufficient protection.

[Knocking without, L. D. F.—Cogia empties the measure, and runs to the door.

Cogia.

They're coming!

Ali.

Who? The thieves?

Cogia.

Thieves! What thieves? Cassim and his wife, and—

Ali.

The devil! Ganem, be quick! Here! here!

[Knocking again—they hurry the panniers, &c. through the trap-door, and close it—Cogia goes to the door.

Enter Cassim and Zaida, L. D. F.

Cogia.

I was coming to return your measure, sister.

[Gives it to Zaida.

Zaida. [Examines it, then gives it to Cassim.]

Would you believe it?

[Aside.

Cas. [Aside.]

Indeed! I'll find them out! [*Going up to Ali.*] How do you do, brother Ali?

Ali.

How do you, brother? How do you do? [*Aside to Ganem.*] What do they mean?

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Ganem. (R.)

No good, I'm sure.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

Cas. (L. C.)

So, brother, you have been cutting wood to some purpose; you have got rich, I find.

Ali. (C.)

That remains to be proved; but I'm sure you think so, by your calling upon me.

Cogia. (R.)

We rich! How should we get rich?

Zaida. (L.)

Pray, sister, what did you want with this measure?

Cogia.

To—to measure some food for the asses.

Zaida.

Indeed! Do asses eat gold? Look here! *[Shows the measure, with a piece of gold sticking to the bottom, inside—Ali and Cogia seem confused.]* Your eagerness gave me suspicion. I put a little wax at the bottom, to stick to whatever you were measuring; and, you see, it shows it was gold.

Cas.

Come, brother, you have discovered some concealed treasure; is not that the truth?

Ali.

And suppose I have, what then?

Cas.

And would you not let your own dear brother share it with you?

Ali.

Hav'nt you been in the habit of thinking that rather unreasonable?

Cas.

Certainly not, between brothers; if you had proposed such a thing, my dear brother Ali—I—

Ali.

Look ye, Cassim,—my poor cabin stands within a few yards of your magnificent mansion; I live under a brother's splendid nose, turned up at my poverty; you have known my wife's patient anguish; you have shown her insult, by employing her to drudge for bread, and then called it charity; you have heard that my children —my children, have been perishing for a meal! Do you think I should have had any success, if I had walked in with my hatchet over my shoulder, and said, "Brother, share your fortune with me?"

Cas.

Come, come, let us forget all this: you shall move to my house, and we will henceforth be all one family.

Ali.

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I've no right to complain of you, Cassim, if you did not happen to be my brother, except, indeed, you were a particular friend. The tide of worldly attention overflows the successful; but the stream runs dry to the needy. A man who is profuse in feasts, has his larder stocked with presents, but he'll find it empty of gifts the moment he wants a dinner.

Cog. [Aside, to Ali Baba, alarmed.]

Dear husband, you must consent; you know his temper.

Ali. [Aside, alarmed.]

True, he will inform the Cadi, and, if it falls into the Cadi's hands—alas, poor Sesame! We must give one half to save the other. Well— well—know, then, *[To Cassim.]* I have discovered the cave where the banditti conceal their plunder.

Zaida.

Have you, indeed?

Cas.

I will go this instant! Where is it?

Ali.

Hold! *[Aside to him.]* There is a charm to open it. This way.

[They retire up together.]

Zaida. [Aside.]

As they have grown rich, 'tis time to alter my tone. *[To Cogia.]* My sweet Cogia, do tell me how are those dear little angels, your children?

Cogia.

Oh, you mean the children your affection permitted me to do a day's work for, to keep the brats from starving.

Zaida.

Nay, sister, that's unkind.

Cogia.

Well, well, sister, I forgive you.

Cas. [Coming forward eagerly with Ali, L.]

Dear brother, I must have your dress; with that I shall pass unsuspected.

Ali.

You shall have it; but remember the charm.

Cas.

Yes; never fear.

[Going towards the door.]

Zaida.

Come back well loaded, Cassim.

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Cas.

Don't doubt that.

Ali.

Don't be too greedy, brother.

Cas.

Well, well, but I'll close the door, dear Ali,— you'll take cold.

[Exit with Zaida, L. D. F., closing the door after him.]

Ali.

Now, Cogia—what a discovery!

Cogia.

Now, my dear husband—

Ali.

Where's Ganem? Oh, the sly rogue has stolen off, to tell Morgiana of our good luck.

Cogia.

Now, Ali, we are so rich, I think I ought to order some fine clothes.

Ali.

There, that is what a woman's head is always running upon!

Cogia.

And pray what is you head running upon?

Ali.

Money-bags, you little devil! By Mahomet's mule, I am the happiest fellow in Bagdad!

[Exeunt Ali and Cogia, R.]

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE V.

—A Mountain Desert.—A Black Forest seen at a distance.

Music, piano.—Three Robbers discovered, lurking in ambush.—In action they signify they hear the approach of the caravan, on which they cautiously retire at different entrances, L.

Enter **Procession**, as the music becomes more forte, R. U. E. —Officers, bearing banners, with numerous Guards and Attendants, music playing—they halt at a signal made by **Selim**—**Zelie** is borne in a palanquin by four Slaves, attended by Females and Guards—they all come forward.

Selim.

Halt! Here we will wait our messenger's return.

Zelie.

Well, Selim, how far are we advanced upon our pilgrimage?

Selim.

Fair lady, an hour's march will bring us to the sacred mosque.

Zelie.

Oh, may the recovery of my long-lost sister restore my father's mind to peace and happiness! Yet, I fear, another wish lies nearer to my heart. Could I but again behold the brave unknown who hazarded his life in saving mine, then should I, indeed, know happiness.

Selim.

Oh, lady, all our search has hitherto been vain.

Zelie.

What then, good Selim further inquiries may prove successful, I hope. Soft flattering hope whispers to my heart, and bids it indulge its warmest expectations.

Banditti. [Without, L. U. E.]

Forward! forward!

Guards.

The banditti! the banditti!

Enter the **Banditti**, L.—they rush forward and attack the Guards, whom they drive off, and, having defeated them, return with Selim and Zelie prisoners—Hassarac is about to cleave them down, when the Captain steps between and arrests his arm.

Cap. (C.)

Hassarac, forbear!

Zelie. (L.)

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Heavens! my preserver a robber?

Cap.

Man must bend to strong necessity.

Zelie.

You saved my life; be not the destroyer of my honour!

Cap.

That's dearer to me than the life-blood of my heart. Confide in me; you couldn't find a safer protector in your father.

Zelie. (L.)

What, a robber?

Has. (R.)

Yes, in a robber.

Cap. (C.)

Hassarac, be silent! You are—

Has.

A true robber! I hav'nt the cant of honour and humanity!

Cap.

Know you to whom you speak?

Has.

Yes; to a man, no better than myself!

Cap.

Another word, and I'll cleave thee to the ground!

Has.

My sabre bears as sharp an edge as thine.

Cap. [Drawing his sabre.]

That shall be proved this instant!

[Hassarac gives a signal, and the Captain is seized by the Thieves.]

Second T.

Hassarac, be you our captain.

All the Thieves.

Yes, yes!

Has.

Away with him to our cave!

SCENE V.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Cap. [Struggling.]

Take my defiance, villain!

Has.

Heed him not. The beautiful Zelig shall be my prize, and the treasure yours. Comrades, to the cave! to the cave! March!

CHORUS.

Bid the lively cymbal jingle,
While we mount the sandy steep;
Let the bells of Camel mingle
O'er the mountains as they creep.

During the Chorus, Zelig and the Captain are struggling to release themselves—they rush into each other's arms, but are immediately separated, and, as the group is formed, the curtain falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE I.

—*The Abode of Orcobrand—very bold Scenery —Rocks, with tremendous Excavations.*

Orcobrand discovered on a throne, C., with a fiery wand —stage very dark—thunder and lightning.

Orc.

Attend me, ye prime agents. War!

*Discordant sounds are heard.—Enter the **Demon of War**, darting on, R.*

Orc.

Famine!

*Enter the **Demon of Famine**, darting on, R. S. E.*

Och.

Fraud and Rapin!

*Enter the **Demon of Fraud**, darting on, L., **Rapine**, L. S. E. —Thunder and lightning.*

Orc. [Advancing, C.]

Ere once and thrice three-headed Cerberus can shake hell's conclave with a triple sound, will Hassarac within these rocky chasms, by labouring nature in her throes, consult my power.

[Thunder, &c.

[Exeunt the four Demons, with their lighted torches, running off, R. U. E.

Orc.

Hark, adown our caverns, gnomes, breathing poisonous vapour through their shells, betoken mortal footsteps. *[Tremendous sounds without, accompanied by thunder, &c.]* Man of blood, fell Murder keeps the gate, and will admit thee.

[Hurried Music.

*Re-enter **Demons** with **Hassarac**, R. U. E.*

Has. [Kneeling.]

I bend before thee, mighty Orcobrand.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Orc.

Now, Hassarac, I know thee. Speak thy wishes.

Has.

Since the banditti thrive beneath thy power, confirm me their leader; for Abdallah, our captain once—

Orc.

Is by thy arm deposed, and chained with Zelig in your dungeon.

Has.

Ay, with Zelig, our new captive. 'Twas to her the milksop sighed; now they may groan together. My comrades—

Orc.

Peace! tell me not of the passed! Their choice has fallen on you, and I confirm it. Be wary. Mark! the charm to enter your abode is known.

Has. (R.)

It was so, but that secret goes no farther. I did justice in our cave to-day, and lopp'd a head off; 'twas a fool who came, I know not by what means, among our treasure; but head and trunk I threw among the palms that skirt our dwelling's mouth.

Orc. (L.)

Dull murderer, another has the secret.

Has.

How! Another?

Orc.

Another has despoiled you of your spoils;—a crafty first, who sent a silly second; a first who, by his knowledge of the charm, has placed my power and all your lives in danger. Who, curses on his charm! exalted my enemy, the Fairy of the Lake, far, far above me!

Has.

Her triumph shall be short.

Orc.

Oh, I am cramp'd, confined! My rival's force restrains me now from naming your invader. He must be found by mortal means alone.

Has.

On me, then, rest the issue! And may sleep ne'er close these eyes, if Bagdad's city holds him, till craft has hunted down my foe, and courage plunged this dagger in his breast!

Orc.

Go on, and prosper!

[Music.—Hassarac bows, and exit, R. U. E.—Orcobrand and Demons go up and watch him off.]

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

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SCENE II.

—An Apartment in Cassim Baba's House— stage light.

Enter *Morgiana, L., meeting Ganem, R.*

Ganem.

Oh! Morgiana, I've been seeking you every where.

Mor.

No! have you, though? But this is a very busy night, and we hav'nt time to talk now—my late master is dead, you know, and my new one just taken possession.

Ganem.

True, and close on the heels of a funeral, an entertainment (according to our custom), is preparing for the inheritor. But, my dear Morgiana, spare me a few moments to talk to you, and no longer keep me in suspense.

Mor.

Oh, Ganem, this isn't a time—nay, Ganem, let go my hand.

[Ganem, seeing Zaida coming, runs off, L.]

Enter *Zaida, R.*

Zaida.

Oh, Morgiana!

Mor.

Don't give way to grief, madam; consider, 'tis Mahomet has taken my master from you; do take comfort.

Zaida.

Idiot! how am I to find comfort, when Mahomet, in taking away your master, forgot to leave me his money: that low fellow, his brother, Ali Baba, inherits house, goods, chattels, and every sequin.

Mor.

But Ali Baba was here last night, you know, after the fatal event, and promised to be kind to you.

Zaida.

He! and must I depend upon him? I never can bear the sight of him; a poor narrow-minded, woodcutting—

Enter *Ali Baba, L.*

Zaida. [She runs and throws herself into his arms.]

Oh! my dear brother Ali, how happy I am to see you, in the midst of my misfortunes.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Ali.

Come, come, cheer up; death has always his hatchet in his hand, and, sooner or later, he cuts up all families, root and branch. You have lost a husband—

Zaida.

And you a brother.

Ali.

Umph! yes; but he took so much pains, when he was alive, to inure me to the loss of a brother, that I believe I sha'n't sink under the affliction.

Zaida.

Night and day, we must never cease to lament him.

Ali.

"Then let us split the difference, and divide the four and-twenty hours between us; and if he fulfilled the duties of a husband as he observed the duties of a brother, your lamentations for your loss, at night, and mine by day, will be pretty equal. There, go to your chamber, dry your eyes, and be comforted."

Zaida.

Alas! chamber, mansion, fortune, every thing now is yours.

Ali.

Well, well, I must take possession; but I should forget that all this is mine, on your account, if you wasn't to put me in mind of it.

Zaida.

My good, good brother.

[Kisses his hand, exit, R.]

Ali.

I hate the kiss of a flatterer.

Mor. (R.) [Advancing.]

Sir, sir.

Ali. (L.)

Morgiana, is it you?

Mor.

Yes, sir, your slave.

Ali.

My slave! my friend, my benefactress! My wife told me, when I came home yesterday, that you brought her and my poor children a meal, when they were almost starving; I shall never forget it.

Mor.

We have no time to waste: I have a secret which, if known, might be full of danger.

Ali.

SCENE II.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Respecting my brother?

Mor.

Yes.

Ali.

His avarice has been his death.

Mor.

I know it; his wife's joy betrayed to me the charm you had imparted, and I learnt yesterday he had gone on a venture to the robber's cave.

Ali.

I crept thither in the dark, to watch the event of his expedition; and my blood curdled when I beheld his remains in the stream near the cavern. No doubt they were thrown there by the banditti, but how they were conveyed to this house, the spirits that watch round the abode alone can determine.

Mor.

Certainly by supernatural means. Last night, entering his chamber, there I found his corpse; his severed head lay near it; on his breast was placed this scroll.

[Shows it.]

Ali. [Reading.]

"*Morgiana, on you depends the safety of the family.*" Well, how did you act?

Mor.

I remembered to have seen a shrewd-countenanc'd merry knave, who whistled o'er his daily work in a low shed, many streets distant, opposite the fountain.

Ali.

I'll be hanged if you don't mean the cobbler.

Mor.

The same.

Ali.

He would do anything for money.

Mor.

I thought so; him I engaged. I brought him blindfolded to Cassim's chamber: there he seam'd the head to the body; that done, with the same precaution I led him back to his stall, and vanished from his sight.

Ali.

Excellent Morgiana!—Hold! take this vial: it contains a deadly poison.—This morning, when I awoke, I found it placed upon my pillow, with this inscription: "Ali Baba,—Ali Baba,—never shall Bagdad enjoy repose, while a single agent of my foe exists." No doubt, 'twas placed there by the power of the Fairy of the Lake. *[Gives a small vial to Morgiana.]* One single drop produces instant death; do you, Morgiana, take care of it; and when I visit the cave, we must contrive to give some of the robbers a dose.

Mor.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

No doubt that was the intention of the fairy.

Ali.

"Now for a sorrowful countenance. Ah! I'm afraid, if the face showed the feelings of the heart, many a mourner would prove a merry one."

[Exeunt, L.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE III.

—A Street, with a cobbler's stall, L. S. E.— stage partly dark.

Mustapha, the Cobbler, discovered working in his stall.

Mus.

Psha! my stall this afternoon is as hot as Beelzebub's back-kitchen in the dog-days; there ought to be something like a breeze in the streets. [*Brings out his seat, stall, &c.*] So, here I'll work, and if there's no air to be had anywhere else, I'll sing one.

[Seats himself and works while he sings.

SONG.—**Mustapha.**

Last week I took a wife,
And when I first did woo her,
I vow'd to stick, through life,—
Like cobbler's wax unto her:
But soon we went, by some mishap,
To logger-heads together,
And when my wife began to strap,—
Why I began to leather.
Fal de ral, &c.

My wife, without her shoes,
Is hardly three feet seven,
And I, to all men's views,
Am full five feet eleven.
So when, to take her down some pegs,
I drubb'd her neat and clever,
She made a bolt right through my legs,
And ran away for ever.
Fal de ral, &c.

When she was gone, good lack!
My hair like hog's hairs bristl'd,—
I thought she'd ne'er come back,—
So went to work and whistl'd.
Then let her go, I've got my stall,
Which may no robber rifle,
'Twou'd break my heart to lose my awl,—
To lose my wife's a trifle!
Fal de ral, &c.

Enter Hassarac, R., disguised as an oil merchant, with the First Robber, who, upon a signal from Hassarac,

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO–DRAMATIC ROMANCE

retires up, R.

Has.

Here will I begin my search. I'll question this cobbler. Hollo, cobbler!

Cob. [Working.]

Sir, to you. Fol de rol.

Has.

Have you any news stirring?

Cob.

Rare news—we've a new tax upon leather, fol de rol.

[Hammering and singing.]

Has.

Do you call that rare news?—Why, it will ruin the shoemakers.

Cob.

So much the better for the cobblers: take away the physicians, and there's more work for the apothecaries.

Has.

Not so—the apothecaries thrive by the physicians.

Cob.

Why, that's true; but take away physicians and apothecaries, and I know a third set of men that would starve.

Has.

Who are they?

Cob.

The undertakers. Tol de rol.

Has.

You have some good houses in this quarter: who inhabits them?

Cob.

Chiefly cobblers.

Has.

Why, you knave, there is not a single shed near the place, but your own.

Cob.

No; they are cobblers on a greater scale: this neighbourhood is full of statesmen and lawyers, law–founders, law–expounders, law–confounders; and so they cobble the constitution between them.

Has.

You are a shrewd fellow—but how can you manage to work by this light. 'Tis near dark.

SCENE III.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Cob.

By any light, or no light, I am the man for a job in the dark.

Has.

Indeed!

Cob.

What think you?—Last night I seamed a man's head to his body—there's a job!

Has.

Where, where?

Cob.

That's past my cunning to find out.

Has.

How so?

Cob.

Why, I was led blindfolded there and back.

Has. [Aside.]

Oh! it must be so—she planned it well: blindfolded, say you?—Then you have no idea of the road you took?

Cob.

Not so bad as that, neither; I am too used to go to bed without a candle, to lose my way in the dark: I counted every turn I made.

Has.

Ha! do you think you could find it out again?

Cob.

Yes, hoodwinked; not otherwise.

Has.

I should like to try, for curiosity. If you succeed, [*Shows a purse.*] this purse shall be your reward.

Cob.

On with the bandage, then—I am your man. But stop, though—let me put my shop up. [*Puts his stool into the stall, and shuts the shutters,—he then takes the handkerchief from his neck—Hassarac binds his eyes with it.*] Draw it tighter; if I see in the least, I shall lose my way. [*Falls on his knees.*] Now, fortune, dear blind lady, look down upon your poor blindfolded cobler! see that he doesn't lose his way, and he'll run upon your blind errands for the rest of his life. Now, follow me.

[Exeunt, R.]

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SCENE IV.

—Another Street, with a gateway, and the door of Cassim Baba's house, L. F.—stage darker.

Enter **Cobbler**, followed by **Hassarac**, R. S. E.

Has.

You're sure you're right?

Cob.

Don't puzzle me. Which way did I turn last?

Has.

To the left.

Cob.

That's the right.

Has.

And now to the right?

Cob.

No; to the right's wrong. But let me see—let me see.

Has.

I'll take off the bandage directly.

Cob.

Be quiet; I'm like an owl, and see best in the dark. [*After feeling at the gateway, goes to Cassim's door.*] This is the house.

Has. [Overjoyed.]

This?

Cob.

It has one step at the door—I know it well—I had near broke my neck coming out.

Has.

It has! it has!

Cob.

Fortune be praised! the purse is mine.

Has. [Throwing purse on ground.]

Take it.

Cob.

I always like to look at money, so I'll take off the bandage.

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Has.

Know you who lives here?

Cob. [Examining it.]

Yes, this was Cassim's, the rich merchant, who, I heard this morning, died suddenly; now his brother has it, he who cuts wood in the forest, where the thieves are—you have heard of them?

Has.

Yes, yes—often, often!

Cob.

A pack of rascals! but there's a rope growing for each; and then, as for the captain, I would go any length to see him hanged—wouldn't you?

Has.

I shall certainly be present on the occasion— damnation!

Cob.

Farewell, sir! If ever you have lost your way, or heel-piece, I shall be proud of your custom: I work at fixed prices, in general, but if ever you wish to employ me in this way again, you'll always find me ready for a blind bargain.

[Exit, R. S. E.]

Has. [Beckons, R.]

Come near, come near. *[To First Robber, who enters, R.]* Where are your comrades?

First R.

Concealed, as you ordered, in the oil-jars.

Has.

But where?

First R.

At the turning of the street.

Has.

You all know the signal?

First R.

Yes, all.

Has.

This house contains our enemy; to morrow's sun shall not find an inhabitant alive—away—yet, stay: the gateway leading to the stables must be behind the house, there—go and wait my coming.

First R.

Fear me not.

[Exit, R.]

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO–DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Has. [*Knocking at Cassim's door.*]

I have a subtle foe to deal with, and therefore the more dangerous.

Enter a Slave from the house, L. D. F.

Tell your master a stranger wishes to speak with him. [*Exit Slave, L. D. F.*] Now for stratagem. A well–told tale makes me and my band tenants within these walls, and this night cancels the life of the landlord.

Enter Ali Baba, richly dressed, with three Slaves, L.

Ali.

A stranger, did you say?

Has.

Pardon the intrusion, sir, but—

Ali.

No intrusion at all, for you hav'nt got into my house: what's your business?

Has.

I am a merchant arrived in the city, with a large and valuable cargo,—the Caravansera is too full to admit me, and being a stranger here—

Ali.

Why, you'd be robbed in the street; there are a plaguy number of thieves in this town, I assure you.

Has. (R.)

It struck me that might be the case, the moment I and my followers entered it.

Ali.

And you are apprehensive for your merchandise?

Has.

Exactly.

Ali. (L.)

Then don't be frightened any longer. This is my door, and while it has a hinge, it shall never be shut against a stranger who seeks protection. Where's your cargo?

Has.

At your gate, behind the house.

Ali. [*Calling.*]

Hassan, lead the merchant's mules into the stables, and place his cargo in the court; under the verandah, it will be safe there.

Has.

How can I thank you?

SCENE IV.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

Ali.

Tell me I've done the duty one man owes to another; anything more is mere flummery. What do you deal in?

Has.

Oil, from Bassora.

Ali.

Oil! why, what door can creak upon its hinges in opening to you?—But I may assist you in the sale. We'll talk of that in the morning.

Has. [Aside.]

The morning you shall never see!

Ali.

Come—in, in.

Has.

I can never return your kindness.

Ali.

Yes, you can show the same to the next stranger who wants it, and we are quits. This way—come.

[Exeunt into the house, L. D. F.—the Slaves following.]

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE V.

—*The Verandah in Cassim Baba's house.—The oil-jars discovered, R., a part in sight, the rest supposed to be hid behind the building, R. U. E.—Stage dark.*

Enter Morgiana, with a lamp, R. U. E.

Mor. [Counting as she enters.]

Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty. It's lucky they are here, for in the hurry and bustle we forgot to provide oil for the night's entertainment—even this lamp wants replenishing. I'll make free with our guest—he sure may spare a little.

[Puts down her lamp, L.—Music.—Goes to a jar, and, taking up the lid, a Thief peeps out.

First T.

Is it the time? Is it the time?

Mor. [Staggering behind the jars.]

Not yet, not yet—presently, presently! *[The thief pops down his head.—Music.—Morgiana comes forward.]* In every jar there's a robber: their design is to murder us! What is to be done? Ah! the vial! the vial! *[Produces it.]* The charm the fairy gave my master—it produces instant death! Then the words on the label on Cassim's breast are verified—"Morgiana, on you depends the safety of the family."

[Music.—She approaches the jars cautiously, and pours the contents of the charmed vial into them, until she is out of sight, leaving the lamp behind her.—The Thieves expire with a deep groan.

Enter Hassarac, on the Verandah, L. C.

Has.

'Tis time, 'tis time to give my comrades orders for the manoeuvres of the night. Ha! a lamp—the servants, then, are still about the court. I must retire, and wait a fitter opportunity.

[Music.—Exit from verandah.

Re-enter Morgiana, R. U. E.—She runs to the front and kneels.

Mor.

The groans of the expiring villains have nearly overpowered me. Now for my master. *[Takes up the lamp.]* Ah! a thought rushes on me: the false merchant, the leader of the gang, before I reach him, may have plunged his dagger into Ganem's and his father's heart. Alla send I be not too late to preserve them!

[Runs out with the lamp, L. S. E.

Music.—Re-enter Hassarac, C. D. F.

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Has.

All is dark, at last. Now for the signal. [*Whistles.*] No answer. At such a time they cannot sleep. [*Whistles.*] Still silent! what can this mean? [*Opens a jar or two—smoke arises—he starts, astonished.*] Death and hell! my faithful band destroyed! This is the fairy's art. Brave hearts, you shall be revenged! amply revenged! How shall I act? Shall I, with my sabre, force the rooms? My life I hold as nothing. But so armed as they are, it would be vain. I must try art. Comrades, brave comrades! an hour shall not pass, ere I will revenge or share your fate.

[Exit, L.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE VI.

—An Apartment in Cassim's House.—Stage light.

Enter Morgiana, Ganem, and Cogia, L.

Mor.

This way, this way!

Cogia.

Well, but what's the matter?

Mor.

Where is the merchant?

Ganem.

Gone to inspect the jars, as he told me.

Mor.

Then he has escaped.

Ganem.

Escaped!

Mor.

Yes; for in each of those jars was concealed a robber of the cave, brought hither by their artful leader.

Cogia.

But how were we saved?

Mor.

By the charm the fairy gave my master, I have locked them all in death.

Cogia.

Excellent Morgiana! good girl! What recompense can I make you? You are no longer my slave—you are my daughter, indeed.

"TRIO.—*Ganem, Cogia, and Morgiana.*

"Happy this day,

"Care flits away—

"Sorrow no more shall our pleasure alloy;

"As the sky clears,

"Sunshine appears—

"Danger and grief yield to safety and joy.

"Friendless and poor,

"Want paced the floor;

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"The breath of despair it blew chill on our hearth;

"Changed is our lot—

"Woes be forgot—

"Away with all cares, and give welcome to mirth

"Wealth, while it flows,

"Treachery knows;

"Faithless the poor or the wealthy may prove;

"Destin'd to know

"Mutual woe,

"Mutual, sure, must be our love.

[Exeunt, L.]

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

SCENE VII.

—An outer Apartment in Cassim's House.

Enter a Slave. introducing Hassarac, who is in another disguise, L.

Slave. (R.)

What visitor, sir, must I announce to my master?

Has. (L.)

A dear friend returned from travel, whom he has not seen for years. [*Exit Slave, R.*] A friend who will despatch *him* on his travels to the other world immediately. But I must make him believe me his brother's friend, whom I have sent forward on his journey, a very little before him.

Enter Ali Baba and four Slaves, R.

Has. [Addressing him.]

My bosom's companion! playmate of my tenderest years!

Ali.

So, here's a strange bosom companion, and tender infant playmate, that I never saw in my life.

Has. [Starting back.]

I—I am mistaken. Yet I cannot have mistaken the house: is not this the residence of Cassim Baba?

Ali.

It was, till last night: but now he's in much more confined apartments, and lodges on a ground-floor—he is dead.

Has.

My friend, Cassim Baba?

Ali.

Yes; and his brother, Ali Baba, who is now alive and talking to you, inherits the mansion.

Has.

Poor Cassim! While a friend's heart is bursting for you, a brother, I find, can let his family play over your recent grave.

Ali.

And that brother can tell you, he is so punctual in paying his debts of grief to a true friend, that he cannot afford the hypocrisy of a tear, when it is not due, to the departed. But still my late brother's friends are mine—consider this house as much yours as if he were still living. This way, and take refreshment.

Has.

I follow you.

THE FORTY THIEVES: A GRAND MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE

[Exeunt, R.]

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SCENE VIII.

—A splendid Apartment.

Slaves preparing a banquet, L.—Cogia and Ganem inspecting it.

Ganem. (R.)

Won't it be very pretty, mother?

Cogia. (L.)

Very. But, ah, my dear Ganem! I can't help thinking how often this feast might have kept my poor children for a month.

Ganem.

Don't think of that now, mother. See, here comes my father, and—yes—a stranger with him.

Enter Ali Baba and Hassarac, R.

Has.

What, have you an entertainment forward?

Ali.

Only a slight one—all in the family way.

Has. [Aside.]

That may interrupt my plan.

Ali.

Wife, here's an old friend of my brother's.

Cogia.

Did you know him intimately, sir.

Has.

Intimately. Was his death sudden?

Ali.

So sudden, he had not time to call for assistance.

Has. [Aside.]

I believe not. *[Aloud.]* What was his complaint?

Ali.

Umph! A very strange one: he had an attack in the head, that made him forget every thing—he could not recollect a single word; and that occasioned his death.

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Has. [Aside.]

Artful evasion. *[Aloud.]* Poor man!

Ali.

Come, come, we must not indulge in mournful reflections. Sit down, sit down.

Has. [Aside.]

I did not expect this feast; but it shall not deter me from my design.

[They all sit—Ali Baba and Cogia at the top—Hassarac, R., Ganem, L.]

Ali.

Morgiana, some wine!

Enter Morgiana, R., with a goblet of wine.

Ali.

Morgiana, what have you there?

Mor.

Some wine, of the finest flavour.

[Presents a goblet to Hassarac.]

Has. [Aside, observing the goblet.]

As I live, the cavern goblet!

Ali.

Why, sir, what surprises you?

Has.

The—the excellent workmanship of this goblet.

Ali.

It is beautiful.

Has.

Beautiful, indeed. Where did it come from?

Ali.

From the ca—my brother Cassim.

Has.

Oh, it was his. Did he purchase it?

Ali.

No, no; he left it.

Has. [Eagerly.]

SCENE VIII.

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Where?

Ali.

In the ca—to be sure, to me.

Has.

Oh! in the will.

Ali.

Certainly; how else should it be? [*Aside.*] I was near blundering out the cavern.

Has. [Aside.]

This goblet is yet to be paid for.

Ali.

Come, fill it up, sir. Come, I'll give you a toast that pretty nearly concerns me—I'll tell you why before we part: here's confusion to the memory of the robbers of the cave!

[Hassarac, while holding out the goblet for Morgiana to fill, turns suddenly, upon the mention of the robbers, and drops a dagger from his sleeve—he picks it up, confused, and fancies it was not seen.]

Mor. [Aside, seeing the dagger.]

A dagger in his sleeve! what can this mean? Allah protect us! [*Looking at him.*] 'Tis the pretended merchant, the captain of the banditti. The dagger explains his purpose. Fairy of the Lake, inspire me!

Ali.

Come, now for a dance!

[Music.—Morgiana dances with a tambourine, in which, imitating two or three of the passions, she prevents Hassarac's attempt to stab Ali Baba, without her intention being discovered—Hassarac at length lifts up his dagger, and is upon the point of assassinating him, when Morgiana seizes his arm, and, in the scuffle, forces the dagger into the breast of the robber, who falls and expires, R.—Morgiana crosses, L.]

Ali. (C.)

Merciful prophet! what have you done?

Cogia. (C) & Ganem. (L. C.)

Morgiana!

Mor. (L)

Preserved your life—destroyed the enemy— look there, that dagger was aimed at you. Know you that face?

Ali.

The captain of the banditti!

Mor. [Joyfully.]

The last of all your foes!

Ali.

SCENE VIII.

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Unfortunate wretch! this is a just punishment for your treachery. Slaves, remove the body. [*The body of Hassarac is borne off, R., by the Slaves in waiting.*] To you, then, I owe my fortune, life, every thing.

Mor.

When I used the fairy's charm, I vowed obedience to her will.

Ali.

Take her, Ganem; Morgiana, be this thy reward.

[Exeunt, L.]

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SCENE IX.

—*Exterior of the cavern—stage very dark— Music and loud thunder.*

Orchobrand and the Four Demons discovered.

Orc.

The fairy triumphs in my captain's death—she shall find I am yet to be feared—vengeance will not fall alone! Bring forth your prisoners! [*Music.—Demons rush off, and return with Abadallah and Zelie, in chains, R. S. E.*] Still obstinately bent upon your own destruction,—still oppose my will?

Abd.

Thy threats are vain! we'll never change our faith. Dear Zelie, we will die together!

Orc.

Fond wretches! think not I am so ignorant of tormenting—separate, you shall linger out your hopeless days.
[*Loud sounds without, L.*

Enter Morgiana and Ali Baba, guarded by Demons, L.

Mor.

Ah! we are betrayed!

Orc.

Zelie, in Morgiana, behold your sister! her fate is linked with yours—seize those devoted wretches, and bind them to the rocks! [*The Demons seize them all.*] This is my triumph! away! away!
[*Loud thunder, &c. heard—a thunderbolt descends through the cave, L. S. E., and strikes down Orchobrand.*

Enter the Fairy of the Lake, descending through the cave.

Fairy.

Detested wretch! thy power is over—the charm is broke! down, down to thy deserved torment!
[*The Demons rush off, R. U. E.—Orchobrand sinks, C.— The Fairy waves her wand, and the scene changes.*

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SCENE X.

—The Palace of the Fairy of the Lake—at the back, a transparent Lake, on which Cupids and Nymphs are seen sailing about in fanciful vessels, decorated with flowers—the Fairy joins the hands of Abdallah and Zelig, who first embraces Morgiana—Ali Baba joins the hands of Ganem and Morgiana.