

7.

I BRAHIM,  
THE  
Thirteenth Emperour  
OF THE  
TURKS:  
A  
TRAGEDY.  
As it is Acted  
BY HIS  
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

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By M<sup>r</sup>s Mary Pix.

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LONDON,

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in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1696.

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AS IT IS

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BY MR. DUNKE

LONDON

PRINTED FOR JAMES NICHOLSON, IN THE HIGH-STREET, LONDON.  
MDCCLXVII.

To the Honourable  
**RICHARD MINCHALL,**  
of Bourton, Esq;

SIR,

That sweetness of temper I have had the Happiness to discover in the honour of your Company in the first place, and your favourable Opinion of my Play in the next, gives me Incouragement to claim your Protection.

I am often told, and always pleased when I hear it, that the Works not mine; but oh I fear your Closet view will too soon find out the Woman, the imperfect Woman there. The story was true, and the action gave it Life; for I shou'd be very rude not to own each maintain'd their Character beyond my hopes. Then that pretty Ornament, the ingenious Dialogue, these might divert you at the Theatre, but these avail not me; the reading may prove tiresome as a dull repeated tale: Yet I have still recourse to what I mention'd first, your good nature, that I hope

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

will pardon and accept it. I only wish my self Mistress of Eloquence, Rhetorick, all the Perfections of the Pen, that I might worthily entertain Mr. Minchall.

Your Noble Family has been long the Glory of my Native Country, and you are what I think no other Nation equals, a true English Gentleman, kind to the distressed, a Friend to all. I dare not proceed--my Weakness wou'd too plainly appear in aiming at a Character which I can never reach; Therefore, I conclude, once more asking your Pardon, and leave to subscribe my self,

S. I. R,

Your most humble

and Obliged Servant,

Mary Pix.



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# THE P R E F A C E.

I Did not intend to have troubl'd the Reader with any thing of a Preface ; for I am very sensible those that will be so unkind to Criticize upon what falls from a Womans Pen , may soon find more faults than I am ever able to answer . But there bappens so gross a mistake , in calling it Ibrahim , the Thirteenth &c. that I cannot help taking notice of it . I read some years ago , at a Relations House in the Country , Sir Paul Ricaut's Continuation of the Turkish History ; I was pleas'd with the story and ventur'd to write upon it , but trusted too far to my Memory ; for I never saw the Book afterwards till the Play was Printed , and then I found Ibrahim was the Twelfth Emperour . I beg Pardon for the mistake , and hope the Good-Natur'd World will excuse that and what else is amiss , in a thing only design'd for their Diversion .

---

P R O-

ВНТ

# ПЯТЕНАДЦАТЬ

жади, че він не відомий. Але як відомий, то він є відомим та відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм. Як відомий, то він є відомим звичаєм, а не як відомий звичаєм.

ОЯ

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Crofts.

I' M bither sent, but Heaven knows what to say,  
Or how s<sup>t</sup>-excuse a dull Heroick Play ;  
Here's nor poignant Repartee, nor ta'king Raillery,  
No Feast for Critick Pitt, or Graduate Gallery.  
No Beau, who in his very affected Dress,  
Does all the Nonsense of his Character express ;  
This Play on solid History depends,  
Old fashion'd stuff, true Love, and faithful Friends.  
The Pit our Author deems us too severe,  
The ablest Writers scarce find Mercy there ;  
Her only hopes in yonder brightness lies,  
If we read praise in those Commanding Eyes :  
What rude Blustering Critique then will dare  
To find a fault, or contradict the Fair ?  
Th' humble Offering at your Feet she lays,  
Nor wishes she to live without your Praise :  
Strict Rules of Honour still she kept in view,  
And always when she wrote, she thought on you.  
Then Ladies own it, let not Detractors say,  
You'll not protect one harmless, modest Play.  
The Hero to our Sex is still inclin'd,  
Securing you, we're sure of all Mankind.  
If in that charming Circle you will oft appear,  
An Empty House we sha'n't have cause to fear.

Actors

# Actors Names.

Sulttan Ibrahim,	Mr. Verbruggen.
Azema, Grand Visier,	Mr. Disney.
The Mufti,	Mr. Simpson.
Mustapha, Aga of the Janizaries,	Mr. Mills.
Amurat his Son, General of the Empire's Forces,	Mr. Powel, Junior.
Solyman, his Friend,	Mr. Harland.
Achmet, Chief of the Eunuchs.	Mrs. Verbruggen.
Several Officers belonging to the Court.	
Morena, the Mufti's Daughter, beloved by Amurat,	Mrs. Rogers.
Sheker Para, Favourite Mistress to Ibrahim,	Mrs. Knight.
Zada, Morena's Chief Slave,	Mrs. Mills.
Mirva, Sheker Para's Chief Slave,	Mrs. Cole.
Guards and Attendants.	

I B R A

# I BRAHIM

THE

## Thirteenth Emperour of the *Turks.*

### A C T I.

*At a distance : The Mufti and Mustapha appear.*

*Near the Audience Achmet and several Eunuchs Enter.*

*Act. H* Alte each Attendant to perform his several charge  
With strictest diligence, and most observant care ;  
Burn the *Sabean* Gums, and all those rich Perfumes  
Where our great Master passes, till every Room

Smell sweet as Altars laden with Incense  
To the Heathen Gods, spread the gay *Persian* Carpets  
For his Royal Feet, and you to the Apartments fly  
Of those Incloister'd Virgin Roses, the select and chosen  
Beauties of the habitable World, bid 'em prepare,  
Quick let 'em in all their brightest glories be array'd,  
For their Sun, the Mighty *Ibrahim* approaches.

[Exit Achmet, the Eunuchs follow.]

*The Mufti and Mustapha come forward.*

*Mufti.* Now, by our Prophet, what's all this but gaudy Pageantry,  
Ill acted Scenes of Pomp and show, instead of real greatness :  
O my Friend it was not thus of old,  
The great Forefathers of this degenerate Man,  
Instead of treading on *Persian* Carpets,  
Trod upon the Necks of *Persian* Kings :  
Whilst now (curs'd reverse of time) softness and ease,  
Flatterers and Women, fill alone our Monarch's Heart ;  
Women enough to undo the Universal World  
Are here maintain'd, whole useleſs hundreds,  
And with such a train of Pride and Luxury,  
That Eyes before ne'er saw, nor can endleſs words describe :

# Ibrahim the Thirteenth Emperour

Wou'd you believe it ? the Vultures deckt in Painted Plumes,  
 So eager are for their vain trappings,  
 That soon as a Merchant Ship salutes the Port,  
 His Goods are feiz'd, and brought to the *Seraglio*  
 Without Account, Value, or Justice, yet at this  
 The Pander *Visier* winks, whilst the poor Owner  
 Waits in vain for Answer or Redress.

*Muft.* Most just Observer, as well as Teacher of our Laws,  
 By me in Friendship like a Brother lov'd,  
 In counfel like a Father honour'd,  
 That what you have said is most undoubted truth,  
 The Impartial World must own. But these complaints  
 Alas, avail not, our Lord hates us his faithful Servants,  
 And whatever we shou'd offer, wou'd certainly despise.

*Muft.* You are too good, my *Muft.* to be a Favourite here,  
 Though so long Married to the Royal Sister of our Emperour ;  
 Nay, in this base Court, your Son, the God-like *Amurat*,  
 But coldly is receiv'd, because his wondrous Youth  
 Has so far out-strip'd their sloathful Age —

H ! Pity ! that the fairest branch of all the Ottoman Race,  
 prung from a Female Root ; yet I swear  
 Were he Lord of all that our Tyrannick Master holds,  
 I cou'd not esteem him more, or love him better.  
 Few Kings his Courage e'er obtain'd, or Virtues ;  
 O 'tis Nobler far a Crown to Merit, than a Crown  
 To wear.

*Muft.* Happy's my Son in such a Patron,  
 Who never ceases to oblige ; I know your kind Attendance  
 Now is on his behalf, to speak his Actions  
 In the Sultans Ear, so as may obtain his Royal favour.

*Muft.* It is indeed my chief design —  
 But oh ! Manly Vertue, Courage unequall'd,  
 Fortitude, and all those Graces that adorn  
 The glorious *Amurat*, are truths displeasing  
 To our *Ibrahim*, whose soft Soul destructive  
 Beauty charms into a sleep too sound  
 For the Report of Noble Deeds to wake.

*Muft.* The Visier is the Minion  
 Hangs the darling of his heart,  
 And with ill Counfel poysons  
 Every design that tends towards Vertue.

*Muft.* Then that vile Woman, to whom  
 He hath given the sweet Name  
 Of *Sheker Para*, she, with the Visier,  
 Joins to ruin *Ibrahim* —

*Muft.* Whilst he, contrary to our Countries Laws,  
 Exposes her to publick view, lets her converse

With

With Vifier, Bashaws, or whom she pleases.

*Muft.* But that I have a Daughter,  
Whose early Virtue and sincere Obedience,  
Ties my Soul to dote upon :  
I for my Countries sake wou'd Curse the Sex.

*Muft.* That Daughter—

*Muft.* No more, the Emperours Guards appear,  
And see the Vifier, and the Woman at his Elbow.

Enter Ibrahim, the Grand Vifier, Sheker Para, Achmet, and  
several Attendants.

*Ibrab.* I fay the Bashaw's Treason is plain,  
Therefore *Morat*, attend him with the Bow-string,  
And my fatal Order—that without a murmur  
He surrenders Life for his ill-gotten Wealth.

'Tis thine, my faithful, vigilant *Azema*.

*Vif.* O sacred Sir, whose Justice is Divine,  
And 'twould be Impious to affirm  
The Bashaw of *Damascus* hath one Grain of Innocence ;  
Yet let me beg you wou'd hold that bounteous hand,  
The only Wealth I covet is to be my Sultans Slave.  
Besides, I have many Enemies, and these high favours  
Will I fear create me more.

*Ibrab.* Who dares to be thy Enemy ? No, Vifier,  
Whilst I protect thee, Kings shall for thy Friendship sue ;  
And let thy Foes remember what I commanded last.

*Vif.* O let me throw my self beneath your Royal Feet,  
And kissing your honour'd Robes, disclose  
The Adoration that my heart is full of.

*Muft.* Fawning Sycophant !

[Aside.

*Ibra.* Rife, good *Azema* ! no more !

*Muft.* Great Sir, I have a Suit to you.

*Ibra.* What is't, my Religious Councillor ?

*Muft.* Not for my self, but one much more deserving,  
Your Godlike General *Amurat*, who brings  
Your Conquering Forces back from vanquish'd *Babylon*,  
Now lies Incamp'd near this Imperial City :  
Next Spring, by your Commands, and his desires,  
He goes to *Candia*, to punish that stubborn Town,  
Which dares resist the Ottoman Armies that are Invincible.  
By me he humbly prays your Royal License,  
That this Winter he may remain  
At his own Palace here in *Constantinople*.

*Ibra.* I'll consider his desires—but at this time  
Let all, except my Eunuchs, and my *Sheker Para*,  
Leave me—

[Exit &c.  
Come,

Come, my loved Sheker, what hast thou prepar'd  
 To calm and tune my Soul, which these affairs  
 Have ruffled from its own Sphere of  
 Ease and Pleasure—

*Shek.* To charm my Monarch is the only study and  
 Busines of your Slave, and to that end,  
 Twenty fair Virgins, whom yet your Eyes ne'er saw,  
 I have pick'd and chosen from a thousand,  
 And set in order for your view.

*Ibra.* Thanks my good Girl, 'tis by these obliging turns  
 That thou secur'st the heart of Ibrahim.  
 Give me that grateful Mistress,  
 Who when her Lover, sated with that high  
 Luscious Feast, Enjoyment, she for his  
 Sickly Appetite  
 Generously prepares fresh Viands ;  
 I but tast of them, my solid part,  
 My Friendship that remains with thee.

*Ach.* Now let each Ambitious Maid disclose the Gifts  
 Of Art and Nature, whether in Voice, or  
 Tuneful Motion the taking beauty lies ;  
 With Emulation let it be practis'd o'er  
 To charm the Worlds great Lord.

*The Scene draws and discovers the Ladies set in Order for the Sultans  
 Choice, who takes out his Handkerchief, and walks round them ;  
 whilst Sheker Para talks to Achmet.*

*Sheker.* How different, Achmet, is this from the European stories ;  
 I have read there, twenty Heroes for the Ladies  
 Burn and die, here twenty Ladies for the Hero.

*Ach.* It shows that Mankind maintains his Charter  
 Better here, yet loses sure the sweetness  
 Of submissive love ; see, he seems fixt.

*Shek.* No—the Handkerchief is not dropt yet,  
 And she's left to use her own.

*Ach.* Now 'tis resolved—

*[The Sultan drops his Handkerchief, which the Lady falling prostrate,  
 kisses, and takes up, and is led off by two Eunuchs ; the Sultan fol-  
 lowing, the Scene shuts upon the rest.]*

*Shek.* Oh Achmet ! O my faithful Slave !  
 If e'er thou lov'st thy generous Mistress  
 Who has from nothing raised thee  
 And plac'd thee in the highest Orb that thou canst move  
 For wanting Manhood, though thy Soul's all God-like,  
 Yet thou canst not rise to greater honours,  
 Help me now ; thou know'st my raging fires  
 How Passion like a Vultur preys upon my heart,  
 And the hot flames of love drink up my Spirits,

All this, I say, thou know'st, and yet bringst No  
Remedy.

Ach. True, when these Convulsive Fits are on ye,  
I from your ravings learn you love the General *Amurat*,  
Nor have I been unmindful, even of those—

Imperfect hints ;  
But the Physician that pretends to administer a Cure,  
Must each particular of the Distemper know.

Shek. O ! I have told thee, o'er and o'er.

Repetition wrecks my Soul—

Yet thou shalt hear't again,  
Full well thou know'st the Sultan gives me greater Privilege  
Than ever Woman had in the Ottoman Court ;  
That has undone me, for there I have seen  
This Robber of my self, this cruel charming *Amurat*.

Ach. Knows he his Happyness ?

Shek. Yes, Yes, for I have stole a thousand burning Glances,  
And sent them to his heart  
Besides sweet herbs, and Amorous Flowers  
(Those Hieroglyphicks, and Emblems of our Countrys love)  
In Boxes wrought with gold and set in Jewels  
Of unequall'd value, he hath oft received ;  
Yet still he Ignorance pretends, nor meets my Eyes  
But turns his own another way—  
Or else looks guilty down.

Ach. What stoick vertue rules in his cold Icy Veins,  
And gives him power to resist those Eyes ?  
Or has another gain'd his heart ?

Shek. Cou'd I find out that, revenge wou'd take the place  
Of Injur'd Love, and I shou'd weep no more ;  
Revenge, sweet Revenge, Injuries, Antidote,  
Wronged Womens darling Joy—  
The Emperour thinks perhaps,  
Because I share him with a hundred Rivals  
My Nature's tame. No, No !  
We easily give what we despise  
But shou'd another be ador'd by my *Amurat*  
Whilst neglected I despair,  
How wou'd I wrack her, how glut me  
With the ruine of their Loves, and them !

Ach. This I have observ'd, that since his Incamping near  
He often in disguise repairs to this great Town ;  
But whether Ambition or Love bring him, I know  
Not, for I cou'd never learn his Counsels.

Shek. That, de... Achmet, be thy future care,  
And name thy own reward. But how canst thou effect it,  
Hath thy prolific brain yet laid a form ?

*Ach.* Yes, thus—

You know our Princes for State  
Are still attended by their Mutes, who  
Follow into all their Privacies  
As being unable to divulge them; one of these  
Is near my Stature.

Him will I draw aside, knock out his brains,  
And in his habit watch the Princes Motions.

*Sbek.* Now! *Amurat*—Excellent!

The time draws near to quench these raging fires,  
In full possession of my fierce desires;  
Or else the ungrateful object I'll destroy,  
Which rob'd my Nights of rest, my Days of Joy.

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## A C T II.

*Enter Amurat, Solyman.*

*Soly.* **T**HIS is not sure that *Amurat*  
Who foremost scaled the Walls of Babylon,  
And cry'd aloud, Come on, who fears to die,  
Deserves it—yet at a Lettet now pauses,  
Stops, turns pale, and seems to grow upon the  
Earth he treads.

*Am.* Thou art no judge, my Friend, you never loved,  
Nor sure none ever loved like me,  
If I acquir'd glory, 'twas for *Morena's* fake  
That she might not despise me —  
Nor have I more to do if she is lost.

*Soly.* You terrify your self with groundles fears,  
Nor can I from the *Mufti's* Letter  
Discern a danger threatening towards your love

*Am.* Oh *Solyman*! forgive the frailty of your Friend,  
Forgive the follies that Imperious love creates,  
Here the Mufti writes, that on earnest business  
He craves my presence, if he hath discover'd  
The Adoration that I pay his beauteous Daughter,  
And then forbid it, how lost a thing is *Amurat*,  
For I know well, though her poor Slave shou'd suffer  
A thousand wracks, she'd tread the rigid paths of Duty,  
And let me die, rather than forfeit her obedience.

*Soly.* The Guard our Country lays on that fair charming Sex  
Causes my wonder, how you have lov'd thus long conceal'd.

*Am.* Kind Heav'n who saw my faithful suffering heart,  
In pity thus disposed it, a trusty Slave at the

Transporting hours of silent Night still gave  
Me admittance  
To a Garden, which her Apartment overlook'd,  
There, at that awful distance, did I Kneel,  
Sent up my Vows with such an ardent zeal  
Till at length I melted the heart of my fair  
Listening Goddess ;  
And she from thence, as from an upper Orb of bliss  
Sent down sweet words, and answering sighs,  
The long expected Manna, for which with such  
An Eagerneſs,  
I had prayed—— Ah Souldier ! cou'd I impart  
But one grain of this fierce passion which invades  
My Soul, to thee ; you no more wou'd wonder  
If I almost Conquer'd Impossibilities to see *Morena*  
*Mark*, how the flushing joy leaps to my Cheeks,  
Oh ! if her very name cauſes ſuch boundings in my blood,  
What wou'd her ſight, what to preſs her in my Arms,  
And taſt her roſy Lips ! excefſ of Joy won'd work  
The Effects of grief ; and I ſhou'd fall a Victim  
At her feet.

*Soly.* Where Heaven gives the greatest hearts  
We ſtill the greatest Paſſions find,

And 'tis the brave alone love moſt and beſt.

*Am.* My Dear Indulgent Friend, farewel,  
At the uſual Rendezvouz I'll be  
Within few hours ; and we'll return  
Together to the Camp.

*Soly.* Prosperity attend your Wiſhes.

[Exeunt ſeverally.

Enter the Muſti, and Muſtapha, Amurat meets them attended,  
amongſt his Attendants Achmet.

*Muſt.* Welcome Noble Youth, you're moſt welcome here,  
Nor is your request forgot, though not obtain'd,  
For your appearing publickly.

*Am.* Where ſhall I pay my duty firſt ?  
Or which way Kneel ? each is a Father,  
And each too good for *Amurat*.

*Muſt.* Moſt ſure my Son, you never can  
Enough acknowledge the bounties  
Of this Reverend Man ; whose early care  
Shelter'd thy tender youth——  
From the rough Blaſts of Tyranny  
And Faction, and by his Eloquence  
Still render'd thee as now thou standeft,  
Favourite to the Prince, and People.

*Muſt.*

*Muft.* My Friends, ye over-rate my Endeavours  
To serve, and kindly take the will where power is wanting.  
No, 'tis not I, 'tis our great Master, to whom  
Half the Earth bows down their servile Necks :  
Who, with one Almighty nod, can give a little World  
Away, 'tis he shou'd *Amurat* reward, and bestow  
A Kingdom, as his Valour due ; yet lovely  
Royal Warrior, if I have rightly found  
The secret of thy heart, there is a present  
In my power, which equal to a Crown you'll prize.

## Morena Entering.

*Am.* Ha ! —

*Muft.* Come forth, *Morena*, my Ages Darling,  
And my hearts delight ; Joy of my Eyes,  
Lov'd object of all my Earthly hopes,  
Lend me thy hand, and smile upon thy Father  
When he gives thee to thy Wishes.

*Am.* Where am I ?  
Thou transporting Image that dances thus  
Before my dazled Eyes, art thou real ?  
Oh ! that at the emptying half my Veins,  
I were convinc'd this is no Dream.

*Muft.* I saw your secret Love, watch'd the kindling fires,  
And blest 'em as they sprang. Had I disapprov'd  
They had been prevented e'er risen to a mutual flame,  
But take her, Son, and Eternal Blessings Crown ye both.

*Muft.* He is already blest, what Monarch wou'd not forego  
An univerſal sway for such a charming Maid ?

*Am.* Speak Goddefſ, speak ! Angel, speak !  
Let your sweet Voice confirm my Happiness,  
That my beating heart may force its passage  
Through my Breast, and fly to yours !

*Mor.* O *Amurat* ! spare my Tongue and Cheeks  
The shame of owning what my Soul is full of ;  
And by my past Love, judge my present Joy !

*Ach. Afide.* Thy future Misery I can read.

*Am.* 'Tis so, and I am bleſt above all humane kind :  
Reign, reign, ye unenvy'd Monarchs !  
Fight for this Dunghil Earth, and let  
The blood of thousand thousand Wretches,  
Whom daily your Ambition Sacrifices,  
Lie heavy on your guilty heads,  
Whilſt I, bleſt with this fair Heaven of Innocence,  
This matchleſs, lovely, charming Creature,  
More Worth than *Indies* joyn'd to *Indies* ;  
Than all the Sun e'er fees : am Happier

Than

Than a fancy'd God.

*Mor.* Cease these transports, my lov'd Lord,  
Least fate grow angry at our Joys Excess,  
And Dash them with Eternal Woes.

*Muft.* Make hast, my Son, in your return  
To the Camp, for fear the Emperour  
Shou'd Discover our private meeting.  
Within few days,  
You will return with his Permission,  
And from my Arms, receive the lov'd *Morena*  
Into yours!

[*Exeunt Mufti and Mustapha.*]

*Am.* Oh *Morena*! my *Morena*, Now  
Permit me to approach, and swear  
Upon thy snowy bosom, how much  
I love thee, till with warm sighs  
I've thaw'd thy Virgin Icy Heart,  
And made it burn like mine.

*Mor.* What Maid can hear, and be unmov'd,  
The Men she loves talk at this charming rate;  
But Oh! I've read, that Men are all by Nature  
Falle; and this dear pleasing tale of love,  
To which I listen with such rapture,  
Will hereafter be, perhaps, Word for Word  
Repeated to another.

*Am.* Never, *Morena*, never.

No, here kneeling in the Face of Heaven  
I swear, that though our Law allows Plurality of Wives  
And Mistresses, yet I will never practise it;  
May Dishonour wrap my head with shame  
Instead of Laurels; may I be beaten  
Through the Army I command, and branded for a Coward,  
When I admit another Love into my Bed or Bosom;  
Let our great Master be Spectator of my Infamy,  
And after that let me live.

*Mor.* Hold, my dear Lord, fain wou'd I say something too  
To answer all this wondrous love,  
Were there a Men Valiant, good like my *Amurat*,  
And greater than our mighty Sultan, yet wou'd I  
Be torn in confund pieces, rather than  
Break my Flighted Faith.

*Am.* No more my Life, what need of Oaths  
When Love Cements our Hearts.  
O! let me taft a parting Kiss,  
The sweet memory of which  
Will wing my swift return.

*Mor.* What mean these tremblings here?  
Why come these sighs uncall'd?

# TO Ibrahim the Thirteenth Emperour

I know—— I think I know  
You wonnot break your Vow.

*An.* Shall I swear again,  
Never yet closer to thy heart.

By all these Virgin favours, never.

Here I set up my rest, and plant my Endles Joys  
On this fair work of Nature ;  
When thou was't form'd, curious Heaven  
Smil'd at the Exact Creation,  
And every power was pleas'd. Oh ! I am fix'd  
For ever, till glory force me from thy Arms,  
Then in all the Hazards of tempestuous War,  
Thou, the Auspicious Star that I'll invoke,  
*Morena's* Name shall guide my Sword to Conquest,  
And after those Laborious Toils, eager and longing  
For my bliss, the Laurels I have gain'd,  
At thy feet I'll lay, Crown'd with thy love  
And reigning in thy heart ;  
Such Raptures my transported Soul will seize,  
I here shall find our *Mahomet's* Paradise.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sheker Para, and Mirva her Slave.

*Shek.* Now is fate at work for me:

*Achmet* the busy Engine, that darling useful Eunuch,  
Close as his genius traces my Hero's secret steps,  
And on his Discovery my tortur'd Life depends.  
If *Amurat's* aspiring Soul is only full of Plots  
To raise him higher, fixt above the Visiers Power,  
And faster in our Empires Honours, I am happy,  
For I can further his Ambition ; and he in gratitude  
Must pay me back with Love, but Oh ! I fear  
The Victorious Prince full of charms, and blooming youth,  
Is rather on the chase of Beauty, then he obtains  
The glorious quarry, for though cast in a Cœlestial Mould  
How cou'd a Nymph Divine resist him ?

*Mir.* Madam whilst you talk as if in dreams  
Of Heavenly, and Imaginary Beauty,  
You forget your own ; the Prince I dare  
Presume to affirm, fears to offer, doubting,  
What he wishes, your Encouragement, and  
Dreading our Sultan. You, Madam, know  
'Tis safer far Razing Imperial Cities  
Than aiming at a Mistrefs poslef's'd,  
And valu'd by the mighty *Ibrahim*.

*Shek.* True, *Mirva*, I have charm'd the wandring God  
More variable than the Heathens Jove,

He darts but like a falling Star upon  
The yielding fair, dissolves, and then  
To her is seen no more ; yet his Soul  
Is rivetted to mine, hangs on the Musick  
Of my tongue, nay late at my request  
For the first blossoms of the early year, he gave  
The obliging donor, the rich Kingdom of *Natolia* :  
I look down on the Sultana Queens, despise  
Their Pregnancy, and want of power.

*Mir.* The Astonish'd World sees your amazing height,  
And justly pays to you their Adoration.

*Sbek.* Ah Flatterer, to what hast thou betray'd me,  
Whilst my boasting tongue swells with this  
Vain story ; my trembling foolish loving heart  
Beats a sad Alarm, and presages all my hopes destroyed.

*Enter Achmet, in a Mutes Habit.*

Ha ! *Achmet*, thy drefs, thy looks, thy hast,  
Discover thy Faith and Diligence—Oh  
Quickly ease my tortur'd Soul !

*Ach.* Madam, your last and Chief desire was  
To see the Prince : if that's Effected  
You must not stay to hear what I have learnt ;  
He passes this moment through the remotest Gallery  
That leads towards the *Bosporus*, there  
I suppose his Galley waits him, this Key  
Shortens your walk, and you may  
Meet him in the open space.

*Sbek.* Fly *Achmet*, to my Cabinet, and shift thee there  
Then wait till my return—  
I dare not ask thee—is he a Lover ?

*Ach.* Madam, he is ; if you stay to hear more  
You cannot see him.

*Sbek.* Yes, I will see him ; though ten thousand's ruine  
Hung upon the fatal Interview !

[Exit.]

*The Scene changes to the prosp'k of the Sea.*

*Enter Amurat Muffled in his Robe.*

*Am.* to one *Attend.* See here abouts for *Solyman*. [Sheker Para, meets him.  
Curst accident— how shall I avoid her.

*Sbek.* Ha ! *Mirva* ? is not that our Cœlebrated General ?

*Mir.* Doubtless, Madam, his very motion shews him  
He cannot shroud his Glories.

*Am.* Excuse me Ladies ; a business  
Relating only to my self, call'd me for some  
Moments hither, without our Lords Permission.

*Sbek.* And is this the way we receive our Conquerours ?

Old *Rome* granted Ovations Triumphs  
 To such exalted Vertue, drawn in the gaudy Chariot  
 The Noble warriors march'd a long, kindling  
 In the bright gazing Virgins loves soft fires,  
 And in the wandring youths Wars fierce  
 Martial Heats, if through our crowded streets  
 Mounted high on Persian ruines,  
 Successful *Amurat* were to pass (Pardon  
 My blushes) when I say I think not *Rome's*  
 Fam'd *Cæsar*, or her darling *Pompey*, cou'd  
 Be more admir'd, esteem'd, or lov'd.

*Am.* When a Lady praises, I am Dumb.  
 Shou'd a Man say this, I must call it  
 Flattery, and I'll resent it.

*Shek.* Fames Trumpet blows aloud, I.  
 Catch but the Echo, and repeat it faintly,  
 Yet I cou'd wish my self an Emulator  
 In your glory, a Man, your Companion  
 In the War, for something I wou'd do  
 To gain your Friendship; prevent  
 The lifted Arm of fate, and in my Breast  
 Receive some wound design'd for you.

*Am.* War, with its rough Idea, ought not Madam,  
 To Disturb your gentler mind, by varying  
 Nature order'd the sweet mansion of love  
 And soft desires.

*Shek.* But Almighty Nature sometimes fills  
 Our Souls with both: as I Ambitious  
 Look up to War, so you methinks,  
 Too Godlike Hero, might look down to love.

*Am.* 'Tis looking upwards, Madam, surely  
 When we think of love; for beauty  
 The resemblance bears of Heaven,  
 Love is a pleasing Theme, but I must  
 Indulge my Ears no longer, least  
 I forget my Duty, which in my swift  
 Return's exprest.

*Shek.* Fly not with such unwelcome hast.  
 If you are pleased with any thing  
 That I can say, I'll take care for  
 Your excuse, or stay.

*Am.* Madam, I have left the Army without  
 Their necessary Orders, I cannot now  
 Accept your offer'd favour.

*Shek.* Let Confusion be Instead of Order  
 If your heart's like mine; for mine is all  
 Tumultuous, Oh General!

[Is going.

Awe me not with thy blushes,  
 For I have lov'd thee long—— You  
 Perhaps despise the Jewel, because 'tis offer'd,  
 But know Vilier Bashaws, the greatest  
 Of our Port, in-vain have beg'd a smile.

*Am.* To the greatest in the Port, and World ;  
 Your smiles are due, and I injure him  
 When I hear this. Farewell.

[Exit.]

*Shek.* Gone ! O Devil !  
 Keep down, thou swelling Heart !  
 Or higher rise, that I may tear  
 Thee with my teeth ! *Mirva* !  
 Break all the flattering Mirrors !  
 Let me ne'er behold this rejected Face again !  
 Have I seen Scepter'd Slaves kneeling  
 At my feet, forgetting they were Kings,  
 Forgetful of their Gods, calling alone on me ;  
 Passing whole days and hours as if measur'd  
 With a Moments Sand, and now refus'd  
 By a Curst Beardless Boy ! my Arms too  
 Open'd, all my Charms laid forth ! (for  
 The Joys of Love are double, when our  
 Sex desires) heedless and cold he flew  
 From my Embrace ; swift as I will do  
 To form his ruine—— *Achmet* ! I come !

"Tis he must raise this raging Tempest higher,  
 Though cold to me, his Bolom's fire on fire.

[Exit.]

### A C T III.

*Enter Sheker Para, followed by Achmet.*

*Shek.* E Nough, Oh *Achmet* !—— Hold ! for I can bear no more,  
 And yet the Inquisitive Soul, set on mischief,  
 And bent for ruine, hangs on the fatal story,  
 Though every Period gives me Death.

—Was my Curst Rival Fair ?  
 For of her Beauty, you have nothing said ;  
 Or else I left that part unheeded.

*Achm.* Fair !——not opening Flowers,  
 Not the first streaks of rising Day,  
 Not Painted Angels are half so Charming !  
 Eternal smiles still Grace her Cheeks,  
 And Majesty her Eyes ; a Thrilling Musick

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Is in her Voice ; which touches every vital,  
And teaches hearts to dance.

*Shek.* I have it now ! Her Beauty then be her destruction ;  
But—Great Talkers seldom Act, and mighty words  
Are mighty nothings; like the Crackling Thunder,  
Which makes Women fear but seldom harms :  
'Tis the thinking Mind that in her own dark Cell  
Revolves, and then performs—  
Where's the Sultan, and the Vizier ?

*Achm.* The Sultan's retir'd to his Repose ;  
The Vizier in his Apartment alone.

*Shek.* Faithful Achmet ! take this Jewel —  
And think thy wretched Mistress loves thee,  
Though her thoughts are now too full  
To Express it —

Thrown, like a neglected Flower from the Bosom,  
Where I wou'd have flourished,  
How quickly shall I fade ! Yet —  
With the First Angels Expell'd I'll try  
To draw Morena down, that Saint above,  
To my black Region of Despair !

*Achm.* Though she has Charms, wou'd stop the fury  
Of our Barbarous Troops, when they take  
A Christian Town ; yet I cou'd flea her lovely Face  
With my Keen Dagger ; extinguish those  
Shining Lights, her Eyes, to Revenge my Patroness !

*Shek.* Yes, Rival ! —  
Of thy Vow'd Constancy, I'll tryal make ;  
And thou shalt suffer, for thy Lovers sake !  
If *Amurat* Thou Lovest to that degree,  
My sweet Revenge will then compleated be ;  
For I'll take care to spoil the Worshipt Shrine,  
And tear Thy Heart, as thou hast tortur'd mine !

*The Vizier sitting by a Table, whereon lie Books of Account, Riserz.*

*Vif.* What is't to amass these mighty sums of Wealth,  
To be daily crowded with presents from European Kings,  
To Command on Land, and Sea, next to our Lord,  
Whilst yet I stand unsafe between these Rocks  
Of Regulating the People, and a Tyrant Prince !  
All those bitter curses which they dare not shoot  
At *Ibrahim*, fall thick on me, the *Mufti*,  
And *Mustapha*, that *Aga* of the Janizaries,  
Are two I hate, the first, because  
Like other Churchmen, instead of Prayers,  
He studies Politicks ; in vain they Preach  
Humility, and teach us to look up for Crowns above :

When

When we behold them fix'd on these below,  
 And more ambitious than the Kings that wear 'em.  
 The Aga's Son, that hot-brain'd Youth, *Amarat*,  
 Who dares fight, and therefore scorns to bow,  
 Or seek my favour : These have censur'd me,  
 And on these I'll be reveng'd—

*Enter Sheker Para behind him.*

*Shek.* On whom is't thou art studying revenge,  
 Old Statesman ! wouldst thou have it bitter,  
 Deep and secure ; take a Woman with thee !  
 —Or Bloody, as thy remorseless Heart can frame,  
 Still take a Woman's Counsel ! But —  
 Say, *Azem*, who is mark'd for Vengeance ?

*Vif.* To you, I think, I may disclose — For  
 All your Foes are mine, and mine are yours —  
 The *Mufti* and *Muslapba* look awry on our Actions,  
 Sowing Sedition instead of wholsome Doctrine.

*Shek.* By Heaven ! The very same these are,  
 Those I wou'd destroy — And for that purpose  
 Sought you now — I've laid a Train —  
 Which wants but your assistance to o'erthrow 'em all.

*Vif.* Name it, fair Charmer, quickly !  
*Shek.* This old Crafty Priest conceals a Daughter,  
 Whose Beauty, I am told, without the help of Flattery,  
 (Excels her Sex) to *Ibrahim*.  
 The Charming wonders I'll relate !  
 And set his Amorous Soul on Fire.

*Vif.* Hold Madam ! have you consider'd what you say ?  
 —Is this the vow'd Revenge — to make  
 His Daughter a Sultana Queen ?

*Shek.* Short Sighted Politician ! —  
 Had he design'd her for our Lord, why was she  
 Thus close conceal'd ? Besides ; I know  
 The *Mufti* hates our Licentious Emperour ; his late  
 Attempt upon the Relict of *Morat* ;  
 His despising all his Queens when once enjoy'd ;  
 Three Sons already bless the Imperial Line,  
 And make succession sure. Therefore  
 Shou'd her Womb prove fertil ; the Royal Innocents  
 Are only Born for Sacrifice — these Reasons  
 Weigh'd as soon he'd give his Daughter  
 To a Brothel, as the Sultans Arms.

*Vif.* I yield. — Let it but provoke him, or his Friends  
 To Murmur, and I'll strangle Rebellion in their Throats.

*Shek.* Come with me, and attend the Sultan ;

As we go, I'll instruct you, how  
This Contrivance reaches the Aga, and his Son,  
Breaking all their Measures.

Vif. I wait upon you.

[Excuse.

Ibra. From troubl'd Dreams my tortur'd Fancy Starts :  
Sleep, meant nature's refreshing Friend, fits heavy  
On my Soul, as Death her most inveterate Foe.

Achmet ! my faithful Boy ! art thou there !

[Sees Achmet.

Achm. Dread Sir the Musick waits without !  
Prepar'd by the Italian Masters—Their Melody  
May Chafe these Melancholy Fumes away.

Ibr. Admit 'em.

### A SONG.

**I**mperial Sultan, Hail,  
To whom Great Kingdoms bow,  
Whose Vast Dominion shall prevail  
O'er all below,  
Commanding Women here,  
An Humble Vassal shall appear,  
No thunder in ber Voice we prize,  
Or Lightning in her Eyes,  
When our Terrestrial God draws near.  
Under our Prophets Influ'nce Live,  
While wondring Nations view  
The deeds your Conquering Armies do  
And Christians to be made your subjects strive.

## A Dialogue Song.

Suppos'd to be between an Eunuch Boy and a Virgin.

Made for Boy and Mrs. Croffe.

Written by Mr. D'URF E Y.

She FLY from my Sight, fly far away ;  
My Scorn thou'lt only purchase by thy Stay,

Away, Fond Fool, away.

He Dear Angel no,—no no no no,  
Here on this Place I'll rooted grow.  
Those Pretty Eyes have Charm'd me so :  
I cannot stir, I cannot go.

She

She      *Thou silly Creature, be advis'd  
And do not stay to be despis'd;  
By all my Actions thou mayst see  
My Heart can spare no room for thee.*

He      *Why dost thou hate me, Ah confess :  
Thou sweet disposer of my Joys?*

She      *The Reason is, I only guess,  
By something in thy Face and Voice,  
That thou art not made like other Boys.*

He      *Why, I can Kite, and i can Play,  
And tell a Thousand Pretry Tales ;  
And I can Sing the livelong Day ;  
If any other I'alent fai's.*

She      *Boast not thy Musick, for I fear  
That Singing Gift has cost thee dear,  
Each warbling Linnet on the Tree  
Has far a Better Fate than thee,  
For they Lifes happy pleasures prove,  
As they can Sing, so they can Love.*

## Chorus of Both.

He      *Why so can I :*  
She      *No no, poor Boy.*  
He      *And taste Love's Joy.*  
She      *No no, poor Boy.*  
He      *Why cannot I ?*  
She      *Pish pish — Oh Eye !*  
He      *Pray do but try ?*  
She      *No no, not I.*  
He      *I know, I know, no reason why ?*  
She      *You know, you know, you know You lye.*

Enter Visier and Shekar Para.

Shekar kneeling. — Health to the Ruler of the World ;  
Success attend his Armies: whilst  
His own happy Hours, with surprizing Joys  
Are ever Crown'd; and long Life groves  
A Seraphick Cordial, without Alloy or Dregs.

Visier. May all the mighty 'braims, and  
Our Prophet's Foes fall beneath his Feet;  
And every Slave bear a Heart —  
Obedient and Fond as mine

Suit. As Heaven hath given me a Despotick  
And unbounded Power : so shall my Pleasures be.  
But oh ! the Earth's too little ; and its Pleasures  
Too few ! I cannot keep my mind

In a continued Frame of Joy ; tho' the Slaves  
 That serve me, vie with the Stars for number !  
 Nay, tho' you, my Charming Mistress,  
 Whose very conceptions, like your Wit, Divine,  
 And like your Beauty pleasing : tho' you, I say,  
 Set your Invention at the Wrack, for my Diversion ;  
 Yet still, to day's like yesterday : to-morrow like to day.  
 And tho' my Paths lie all thro' Paradise :  
 Yet being still the self-same Road, I grow uneasie.

*Shek.* Alas ! Dread Sir ! we've been mistaken ;

In vain we've search'd *Persia*, and  
*Armenia*, and Ransack'd *Greece* in vain ;  
 Whilst within your own Royal Gates,  
 Of this *Seraglio*, lives a *Helene*, whose  
 Lovely Face strikes Envy dumb.  
 Late I saw her at the Baths ;  
 But, Heavens, such a Creature  
 My astonish'd Eyes ne're view'd before.  
 A Skin, clear as the upper Region,  
 Where Thickening Clouds can never mount :  
 And strow'd with Blushes, like the glorious space  
 Of Summer's setting Suns.

Her large Black Eyes shot Rays intermingl'd  
 With becoming Pride, and taking Sweetness.

*Sult.* — Here in our Pallace — impossible  
 — Of what Name ? what Quality ?

*Shek.* *Morena*, only Daughter to the *Advis* — But  
 For what cause conceal'd I am ignorant.

*Vif.* Had I Daughter, or Wife, whose Attractions  
 Cou'd draw the *Sultan's* Eyes ; how quickly shou'd she be offer'd !

*Sult.* By Heaven ! I'll see her, see her this very moment ;  
 And if she answers your Description,  
 She's mine ; first with Prayers, and Mildness  
 We'll proceed ; but, if the surly Fool denies ;  
 He soon shall find that Prayers are  
 Needless, when Power is Infinite.

*Vif.* I humbly beg to be excus'd, because  
 The *Musti* bears me mortal hate.

*Sult.* Come thou, my *Shekar, Para*,  
 Thy Eloquence may be useful,  
 Tho' few persuasions sure will  
 Prevail, to make a Woman Reign.

*The Scene changes to the Musti's Apartment :*

*He sits Reading.*

*A Servant Enters hastily,*

*Serv.* Oh ! Sir — I saw the *Sultan* pass the Long Gallery,  
 That parts the Old *Seraglio* from the New ;

*Exeunt Attended*

*The Sultan Rises hastily.*

*And*

And bend his steps directly hither—He's 'een at my Heels !  
*Muſt.* What can this visit mean ?  
 But I am arm'd with Innocence  
 And therefore know no fear.

*Enter Ibrahim, Sheker Para Achmet, and several Attendants.*

*Muſt.* Sacred Sir ! I am amazed —  
 At these unwonted Honours ; and if I fail  
 In the expressions of my Joy ; let my  
 Confusion plead my excuse.

*Ibr.* 'Tis all well, and the visit meant in kindness :  
 I think when last I saw you,  
 You asked for *Amurat's* appearance at our Port—  
 Selim go thou to the Imperial Camp  
 And tell the Youth he shall be Welcome  
 There as soon as he pleases.

*Muſt.* Let me kiss your Sacred Robe,  
 In thankfulness.—Oh ! mighty *Sultan*,  
 Who daigns thus to oblige his Vassals.

*Ibr. Muſti*—I hear thou hast a Daughter —  
 Why dost thou start, Old Man ? —

If Fame may be believed thou need'st not shame  
 To own the Beautious Maid —  
 Send for her hither, for I will see her.

*Muſt.* Oh ! Pardon me Emperour, the Girl is most unfit  
 For you to see, Bred up in Cells, and Grotto's :  
 Tho' so near a Court, wholly unacquainted with its Glories.  
 Heaven not Blessing me with a Male, I have try'd  
 To mend the Sex ; and she, instead of (coining looks)  
 And learning little Arts to please, hath Read  
 Philosophy, History, those rough Studies :  
 And will appear like a neglected Villager  
 To those bright Beauties that attend the happy Port.

*Ibr.* Ha ! Is this our entertainment — to be deny'd ?  
 What we desire ! go some of you and fetch the Maid.

*Exeunt two Eunuchs.*

*Muſt.* Tho' you are Lord of all, and may without controul  
 Command, yet Emperor, Remember,  
 My Daughter is no Slave, and our holy Law  
 Forbids that you should force the free,  
 Therefore if the unhappy Girl shou'd please,  
 And then refuse the offered Greatnes ; our Prophets Curse  
 Falls heavy, if you proceed to Violation.

*Enter Morena Veild.*

*Muſt.* Kneel Daughter, to the Commander of the World.  
*Ibr.* Take off her Veil — by Heavens —

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A charming Creature !  
Raise thee from the Earth, and lift thy eyes to Glory,  
A Crown will well become that Brow ; Destiny  
Hath mark'd thee for Command — I see  
Prevailing modesty is in her eyes —  
The shining springs are full of tears —  
I'll urge no farther now ; but leave my  
*Shekar Para*, to prepare for the Excelling Honours,  
I design her; *Mu'ti*, come you with me, and let us  
Farther consult of this Important business.

*Exeunt the Sultan Mufti and Eunuchs : except Achmet.*

*Shek.* Hail ! Happy Maid ! whom *Fate* has blest ;  
Whose Illustrious Eyes have caught  
The Monarch of the Earth, *Ibrahim* !  
Companion to the Sun, and Brother to the Stars !  
His Sacred presence strikes an universal awe ;  
And next to the Immortals he is worshipt here.  
What a long Train of glory is opening to your view,  
Mounting on shining Thrones your beauties Merit !  
Whilst thousand ready slaves stand watching  
The Motions of your eyes, and e're you form  
Your breath into command, 'tis done.

*Mor.* Cease Madam, you use your Eloquence in vain,  
Menaces, Prayers, and Promises are lost on me.  
Already I have Slaves, who wait on my desires,  
And fulfil whatever I command : more is but superfluous ;  
No Crown I covet, but that which honour gives ;  
And my Ambition terminates in the contented paths  
Of virtue. All your Efforts to alter me,  
Like waves against a Rock, will dash themselves,  
But stir not my Foundation.

*Shek.* Why do ye view me with that haughty  
Regardless Air, as if I were your Enemy ?  
When I so long r<sup>h</sup>oe your Friend.

*Mor.* Oh ! mistake me not, — If my looks  
Carry a disdain, 'tis on the Crowns you offer ;  
Not on you, Alas ! you only can be my friend ;  
And divert the Emperour from the pursuit  
Of this short-liv'd passion ; you do not know  
The secret pleasing cause that will, I am sure,  
Inspire me rather to dye than yield.

*Shek* (aside) Too well I know it !  
— If I cou'd assist, tho' your desires are strange,  
Yet, you have something so ingaging,  
If I cou'd, I fay, I wou'd.

*Mor.* Oh ! 'tis greatly in your power —  
Tell the Sultan you have discovered,

As you easily may a thousand Imperfections  
That I am sickly, peevish, ill Bred, and  
Of a hateful disposition. —

Shek. I cannot so deny your Excellencies ;  
But I will do my best, that you shall hear of this no more.

Mor. And now, fair *Oratrix*,  
Who plead'st too well for such a cause ;  
Apply thy Rhetorick to *Ibrahim* ;  
And defend *Morena*'s Life and Honour.

Shek. Rest securd', I am wholly yours,  
Retire fair Innocence, for, I see  
This surprize has discomposed ye.  
The Lively Red forlakes the charming Circle  
Of your cheeks, and fainting paleness takes its place : —  
Retire, and let this Rancontre never trouble your repose. — *Exit. Morena*

Poor easy Fool ! blush *Amurat*  
At thy ill choice ! — take me  
For her Friend ! yes, to her destruction  
I'll prove a constant one.

*Achmet* ! —

*Ach*. Madam.

Shek. I go to seek the Sultan, chuse some  
Of the Eunuchs you command, and fetch  
*Morena* to him, if you meet resistance,  
Bring her by force : I saw *Ibrahim*.  
Fasten his Eyes upon her, and I know  
The present will be welcome, now if delay  
The roving desires of that unitedfast Prince  
May fix elsewhere, and my designs be lost ;  
Make haste, her Father is not yet returned,  
And you may do it with much ease.

*Ach*. It shall be done e're you have time to think the consequence. *Exit*.

Shek. Revenge ! how quick and lively are thy Joys ?  
Love is a sweetness, that but tasted cloys ;  
Love must be fondled with a gentle hand  
Revenge is God like all, and thows command. — *Exit*

*The Sultan Enters ; the Visier following him.*

Sult. VVou'dst thou believe it *Azema* —  
This crabbed Priest do's in effect  
Deny his Daughter ; curles he denounces  
If I compel her will, and seems  
To know the il prove un villing.

Vis. In this his disloyalty too plain appears  
What other Grandee o'th' happy Port  
But with open arms wou'd embrace the honour  
And lay his Daughter prostrate at your Royal feet.

*Sult.*

*Sult.* True, therefore we'll on and fathom His Designs, the Maidens Beauty Has inflam'd me—who dares oppose When I resolve Enjoyment?

*Emere Shek. Par.*

What News, my Sheker, hast thou brought her?

*Shek.* O no! with Roman Courage, and most Unequall'd Resolution she repuls'd Whatever I cou'd offer, nor wou'd a Diadem, Or the Crown Imperial tempt her.

*Sult.* How comes the lovely Maid to bear a Heart Thus stubborn! and look so sweetly mild?

*Vif.* 'Tis her Father who has transferr'd His own traiterous Principles to her, Taught her early Disobedience (That I live to speak it!) Taught her to abhor your Royal Person.

*Shek.* But your Majesty now may mould her as you please, Within a moment she'll be here; I took the opportunity of her Fathers absence, And order'd Achmet, with his Fellows, to bring Her hither.

*Sult.* You have done well, Shall my almighty Will Which half the Universe obeys, Without dispute be contradicted By a Woman?

*Shek.* I hear 'em coming.

Achmet brings Morena, who speaks entring.

*Mor.* Whither? Ah! Whither? Do ye drag me, Audacious Slaves Am I to be thus us'd?

*Vif.* Madam, silence and awe best becomes This place which the dread Majesty of all the World contains, Nay our Law's so strict That an outragious Noise near the Sacred presence Is punish'd with immediate Death.

*Mor.* Death I despise as I do thee, Who art not worth my answering, But to mine and my Countreys Lord I cast me with an obedient heart: Daign Mighty *Sultan* to hear with Mercy What your weeping Slave can say! Far be it from your humble Handmaid To refuse the vast Honour of your offer'd Love Thro' pride—Oh! no!

Holy binding vows are past already  
 And horrid imprecations, which if I break,  
 Distraction, despair, eternal ruine  
 Straight will seize me —— I know  
 Your royal heart is full of soft humanity  
 And God like Justice ; you cannot take  
 Another's right —— a thousand willing beauties  
 Will with Joy, Embrace those favours  
 I must ever fly ——

*Ibr.* If thou hast vow'd, I cancel it,  
 My Subjects are my slaves, who er'e  
 Pretends a right to what I desire  
 Is a Traytor, and shall so be punished  
 If thus perverse you must be forced  
 To your own happiness ——

—*Achmet* ——

*Mor.* O spare me Emperor ! spare me !  
 And all my future life I'll spend  
 In prayers for *Ibrahim* !  
 Each morning as I bless the rising day  
 I'll cry aloud, this id'e seen no more,  
 Had not my God like Master heard :  
 I'll never eat, nor sleep, nor  
 Ought of life enjoy, before I have pray'd for  
 And after praised our Lord.

*Ibr. Achmet* — bear her to the royal bed.

*Mor.* Hold ! yet a moment — hold !  
 I have one thing more to say  
 As I have often heard my wretched Father tell  
 — When fierce *Morat*, your Predecessor  
 Doom'd his brothers, even all the young Princes  
 Of the Imperial race, to fudden death,  
 They dyed : my Father begged for you :  
 Begged till he prevail'd : Oh ! if this merit ought  
 Punish my disobedience with Wracks with Gibbets,  
 With any thing but loss of honour !

Tear out my eyes, stab, mangle my face ;  
 Till it grow horrible to Nature  
 And the amazed world gaze with terror,  
 Not delight : burn me ! heap torture  
 Upon torture ! and if I murmur a complaint  
 Fulfil the bitterest curse —— Release,  
 And bear me to your bed !

*Sbek.* Speak *Viser*, he stands confounded.

*Vij.* Dread Sir, what stops your wishes ?  
 This is nothing but a gust of Passion,  
 Plain Woman, her will is crost,

And

And so she raves! e're while you mourn'd  
Your pleasures were too much alike;

Fate hath now obliged ye:

This beauteous Maid resists: and all  
You ever had before, were willing.

Ibr. And there may be a new unknown delight

To conquer all these struglings,

Something Poinrant, that will relish Luxury—

**Do as I Commanded**

*I of the Eunuchs*

Wou'd our worship't Lord free this  
Mourning Fair; Id'e search the  
Earth's bounds, ~~to~~ find another,  
That might please as well.

Ibr. Taught by my Slave!

Take that, presuming fool.

Mor. Murder, and Rapine!

What a horrid place is here!

My turn is next—

Ibr. Let go rash Maid,—

Or I shall hurt thee.

Mor. Never, never, I'll leap, and

Fix it to my breast, while some kind God

That sees the anguish of my Soul

Shall help my weakness, and send it to my heart!

Ibr. Some of you unloose her hold—

Mor. Then thus I quit it.

See Emperor, see, are these hands

Fit to clasp thee? judge by this,

My resolution—death hath a

Thousand doors; Sure *Morena*, curst *Morena*

May find out one—

Ibr. Slaves, why dally ye thus?

By Heaven rage is mixt with love,

And I am all on fire!

Drag her to yond Apartments!

Mor. Do Tyrant! but 'tis thy last of mischiefs

If thou dost not kill me—

With dishevell'd hair, torn Robes, and

These bloody hands, I'll run thro' all thy Guards

And Camp, whilst my just complaints, compel rebellion!

Vif. Yet here! force hier way!

Mor. I will not stir, fixt upon Earth,

I'll rend obdurate Heaven with piercing

Crys; till I have forced their mercy!

Help! help! open thou Earth to hide me!

Have my woes not weight enough to sink me

*Stab him.*

*She catches hold of the Sultans naked Scimiter.*

*Draws it thro' her hands.*

*To*

To the Center? — at length 'tis come;

My spirits are decay'd, Oh *Amurat*!

Where art thou? and where (alas) am I?

*Vif.* She faints, convey her quickly in,

Your Majesty has

Will soon revive her.

*Ibr.* Threatning Danger shall never bar my way,

I'll rush thro' all, and seize the trembling prey:

Rifle her sweets, till sense is fully cloy'd;

Then take my turn to scorn what I've enjoy'd.

*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

*The Muft. Apartment.*

*Enter Muft. and Mustap.*

*Muft.* IN vain you sooth me with these promises,

I'll tear my sacred Vestments; make bare

My hoary head, and of these Janizaries

My self beg present Aid, — was there but one

In all this mighty Empire, chaste, and must

The Licentious Tyrant seize her?

*Muft.* I have not flatter'd ye—the Janizaries

As one man, are bent to righ't your wrongs

A moment's patience—before to morrow's Sun

The Seraglio's forc'd—the Villain Vilier

Torn, limb from limb, and the fair unfortunate restor'd

—Ha—see where the lovely Mourner comes.

*Enter Morena led by Achmet, her hair down,  
and much disorder'd in her dress.*

*Ach.* The Emperour hath sent your Daughter back,

You must tutor her better, teach her

A more complying Nature, then

Perhaps he may again receive her.

*Muft.* Hence Pandar! accurst by Heaven,

Hence! left (tho' unarm'd) with

My hands I throttle thee, tell

Thy ungrateful Master, the taving

Of his life, is well rewarded —

—Tell him — I thank him

And he shall hear it loud!

*Exit Achmet.*

*Mor.*

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Mor. Oh Sir ! ——

Muft. My poor Girl ! ——

Muft. Cease Daughter, cease to mourn !

Here are your Friends — Friends

That will revenge ye ——

Mor. O violated Honour !

Ruine, Despair, and Death's my Lot.

Muft. No Morena, No, thy Famine's secur'd !

And succeeding Ages shall as a Miracle

Relate thy Constancy, — yes, injur'd fair,

To the last Periods of recording Time,

Thy fragrant Name will bless the World !

Thou, the brightest Star, that

Ever grac'd the East !

Muft. Answer me Prophet, Author of our Law,

What have I done, what horrid crimes committed,

That my aching Eyes are punish'd

With this doleful sight !

Mor. The Grave will hide me, Sir !

Then you shall see this Wretch no more !

Muft. Live, my belov'd unfortunate !

Let death and ruine fall upon

Those Feinds that thus have wrong'd thee.

Mor. The Vizier, (my Father)

The Devil-Vizier — when my piercing prayers,

Seem'd to stop the lustful Sultan :

He blew again the hellish fire —

And with his poisonous breath

Urged the fatal act. ——

Muft. We'll drag the Infernal Dog thro' the City

While, in Howling, he surrender his hated life,

Amidst the Injuries and Curses of the People.

— Dear Friend, haste and encourage

Thy willing Janizaries ! lead 'em

To force the Palace

For this accursed ; I Authoriz'd

By Heaven will send a Summons to the cruel Emperour;

That he appear before our great Divan

And give account for this unexampl'd

Breach of our holy Law, the forcing of my Daughter.

Amurat, I know will instantly be here ——

Come in, my Dear, and I will instruct

Thee to receive him ——

Mor. Oh ! ——

Muft. Why dost thou sigh ? my Son knows

The Heroick virtue of thy spotless Soul,

And

And will, I'm sure, to death adore thee.

*Ador.* Lend me your hands, for I am weak  
And want support : let me look up.  
And thank remorsless Heaven  
That I again behold the face of  
Reverend goodness ! for I,  
(Alas) have been in Hell !

*Exit led.*

*Enter Amurat, Solyman, Attendants.*

*Soly.* A Bridegroom's haste is in your steps,  
And in your Eyes a Bridegroom's joy.  
Now—we've reach'd the happy place !

*Amur.* The Sultan received me with a Noble  
Condescension, yet *Seker Para*  
That wretch, unworthy of her Sex,  
Cast a malicious smile, and perplex'd me  
With words I cannot comprehend,  
But why do I employ a thought on the  
Vile Creature, when I am so near  
My own Heaven of Perfection ?

*Enter Mufti.*

Behold the blest Parent of my Love !  
At length my Wilhes are compleat,  
I come, dear Sir, to pay my thankful  
Vows, and receive the only valued Treasure  
That the Earth contains ——  
How fares my Goddefd?

*Muft.* Oh ! wondrous well !  
— Young man—I think th'Ambition  
That fills thy veins, is only  
How to serve thy Master well,  
Nor wou'd offer'd Crowns tempt thee  
To a Disloyal act ——

*Am.* My Father ! to merit this discourse,  
What have I done ? by all my hopes  
I swear—shou'd Sultan *Ibrahim*—  
Send the Bow-string, Now, Now, when  
*Pleasure* beats thick upon my heart,  
And the transporting Joys of yielding Love—  
Are in my view ; yet on my obedient knees  
I'd fall ; and whilst my breath cou'd form  
It self to words ; Dying bless the Emperour,  
Oh ! I know not whether I, the Sultan  
Most Revere, or my *Morena* Love ?

*Muft.* 'Tis well : — suppose then

This lov'd Morena torn from her  
Helpless aged Father's Arms — dragg'd to  
The presence of your honour'd Emperour,  
Whilst his Cheeks glow with Lust —  
His fiery Eyes dart on the frightened Maid,  
His fatal resolution — suppose  
Her prayers, her tears, her cryes,  
Her wounding supplications all in vain,  
Her dear hands in the Conflict cut and mangled,  
Dying her white Arms in Crimson Gore,  
The savage Ravisher twisting his  
In the lovely Tresses of her hair,  
Tearing it by the smarting Root,  
Fixing her, by that upon the ground :  
Then — (horror on horror !)  
On her breathless body perpetrate the fact.

*Am.* What alteration's here ?  
Chilling Tremblings seize throughout,  
And leave my heart as cold as Death :  
Oh ! Sir ! why have you spoke this  
Horrid supposition, with such an Emphasis ?  
— Suppose it true —

Not burning Bulls, not breaking Wheels,  
Not all the Cruelties, Witty Tormentors  
Cou'd practise with Fire, Water, Steel, or  
Poison, wou'd equal half my Wracks.

*The Scene draws, and discovers Morena  
upon the ground disorder'd as before.*

*Mofr.* Cast thy Eyes that way, and there behold  
Thy wretched Fate and mine !

*Am.* Oh ! Friend ! Is this the sight  
I promis'd — are these my  
Expected Joys — my Eyes !  
Fix on the Object you have lov'd  
Thus tenderly, and weep till you are blind !  
Oh ! cruel Emperour ! have I for this  
Thought toil a pleasure ? watching  
A delight ? Held it a crime to groan ?  
When hundred Aching Wounds were dress'd,  
Because I had 'em in thy service ?  
— And am I thus rewarded ? —

*Soly.* At this Scene the Souldier leaves my heart  
And I feel the Woman in my Eyes !

*Am.* Compassion is a grief of little note,

But I have Woes that tear my Lion heart,

And drink the gushing Blood !

— Speak lovely Mourner, speak  
To thy kneeling Slave ; Hath Nature  
Form'd a Monster, who durst with violence  
Approach thy Snowy virtue ? which  
I with a Devotion pure as that we pay  
To Heaven, have ever worship'd ?

*Mor.* Oh Prince ! No Tongue, no Language,  
Not severest sorrow; whose broken accents  
Were all made up of sighs, that rend the trebbling  
Heart which form'd 'em, can express *Morita's* sufferings,  
Forc'd from my Heaven of Peace and Innocence,  
Thro' what various Scenes of Woe I have pass'd  
Raging Seas, devouring Flames, and Pestilential Fires,  
May be the work of chance ; and Nobly born ;  
But mine's a Fate strips me of all Patience,  
Even of the last, and dearest Comfort, Hope.  
Oh ! 'tis my Curse that sense remains,  
The Dire Vision is ever present with me  
On this side ghastly Murder, on that  
Rapine dress'd in Pomp, and Power,  
Ruinous restless Power ? my head  
Grows giddy with the Loath'd Reflection,  
Lead me, my *Zaida*, to Darkness, solid,  
Thick, substantial Darkness, where  
Not one Ray of the all-cheering Light  
May peep upon me, prepare an Opiate Draught  
To lull my sorrows, or some desperate compound  
That may turn my brain —

*Zaida.* Heaven calm these sad disquiets, and give  
The Best of Women's Peace —

*Mor.* Your Pardon, Reverend Sir, and thine I ask

Thou illustrious Figure of unfeign'd Despair,

I am not used to rage, my Nature ever gentle

At but the reading of a dismal story,

My Eyes wou'd flow, my Heart wou'd rise,

And sympathetick sorrow reign.

But now I am by wrongs, a Fury grown

Holy Prophet, is it a sin to heave these

Bleeding hands to thee, and *Amurat*, for Justice ?

Yes, yes, it is, for Justice leads to sharp revenge

That to horrid Mischiefs — away — away —

Give me Death, Distraction, any thing, but Thought.

Exit.

The Scene shuts upon her.

Am.

*Am.* Revenge thee! yes—we'll set  
This Royal City in a blaze, till its brighte  
Flames mount high as thy Chastity,  
And reach at Heaven! —— tear up  
The Foundation of this Imperial Nest  
Of Luxury; and in its Ruines overwhelm  
The World! —— wilt  
Thou not assist me, Friend?

*Soly.* Whilist I wear this —— Nor  
Shall I fear to purge the contagious  
Veins of Majesty in such a cause.

*Mus't.* 'Tis not by Raving we accomplish  
Our Designs; if, for my constanc  
Friendship, I have ought deserv'd,  
In our honourable proceedings you will joyn:  
Come with me to your Father who is now consulting  
With the Officers —— there I'll inform ye  
Who were the hateful Wretches, that let  
The Sultan on to do this fatal mischief.

*Am.* I go —— *Solyman,* fly to the Camp,  
And bring from thence my select Troops,  
I'll take care at Night to give you safe admittance;  
Oh World! uncertain always, false, and vain,  
Thro' mighty Toils our wishes we obtain  
And hard we struggle for the expected gain:  
But when in view o' th' end of all our care,  
Some awkward Fate hurls back to deep Despair.  
Thus to th' Abyss, in sight of Heaven, I fall.  
And lose my Love, my Honour, Life and all.

Exeas.

*Ester Ibrahim, the Vifier, Sheker Para, Achmet,  
who seems talking to the Sultan.*

*Ach.* He threatened me with Death,  
And said, he'd tell his Wrongs aloud,  
Till Neighbouring Nations heard 'em.

*Ib.* Saucy —— and Arrogant!

*Skek.* How long shall the Imperial Race,  
Whilst the mistaken World deems them  
Absolute, be subject to the crafty  
Priesthood? — Do at once,  
A just bold act, and set by  
Your Example the great Successors free,  
Send the Executing Mutes, and  
Strangle this Ambitious *Mus'ti*.

*Vif.* Strangle the *Mus'ti*! Oh horrour!

III.

*Ibr.* Why thou Viper, whom my breast  
 Has foster'd, till the rank poyson—  
 Hath made me all Infectious —————  
 WWas it not you that urged  
 The cruel Rape I last committed ?  
 By Heaven ! The only deed that  
 Ever moved my Soul to a Repentance !  
 And dost thou now shrink back ?  
 Thou whose face is stamp'd so plain  
 WWith Villain, every child may read it,  
 Canst thou draw thy Distorted features ,  
 Into a look of pitty ? and, as if Murder  
 VVer News, cry out, Oh Horror !  
 I tell thee, Visier, and mark it well,  
 Watch the first rising of Rebellion,  
 For should it grow too high ; thou art  
 The fittest Sacrifice to attone the Popular Fury.

*Vif.* Sacred Sir, you cannot mean the —————  
 Cruel thing you say ————— must  
 My Life pay for my sincere Obedience  
 To your Royal Will ?

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* A Messenger from the Divan  
 Rudely presses to your Presence.

*Ibr.* Admit him —————

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sultan ! ————— the Mufti and the  
 Whole Divan Assembled, have sent me  
 To thee with the Mufti's Fatfa.

That you instantly appear to answer  
 The breach our Holy Law has suffered,  
 In violating *Morena*, A Free-born Maid.

*Ibr.* Is then the Mufti the Dervises, and  
 All the canting Tribe together met  
 Hatching Treason, and brooding in  
 Their lov'd Element Rebellion ?  
 Now every petty Priest struts,  
 Looks big ; tells a long tale  
 Of grievances, Models Governments,  
 and Censures Kings ————— let your  
 Ring leader know, that I despise  
 His Trayterous Summons, and  
 Trample it beneath my feet —————  
 Yet, Hold ————— thou art not fit

To

To bear a Message back from Ibrahim, who darest to bring him Such a one; take hence the Villain, And strange him immediately.

*Mess.* Oh! Mercy! Mercy!

*Ibr.* Away with him!

*Vif.* Double our Guards, and

From the Army draw all, whose Loyalty You think untainted — be Vigilant For on thy Life depends thy care Weep not, my Sheker Para — We yet shall brave this Storm —

By Heaven!

I to the Last my glory will maintain,

Or, absolute I'll be, or cease to Reign That easie King, whose People gives him Law, Flatters himself with Majesty and awe; The Royal Slave the daring rout commands, And force his Scepter from his feeble Hands.

## A C T V.

*Ester Ibrahim, Vif., Sheker Para, Achmet.*

*Ibr.* WHY Coward dost thou creep thus near me, Still leaving my Orders unexecuted?

*Vif.* Oh! Sacred Sir! The Mutinous Janizaries Bar each Gate o'th' Palace, nor can I Pals with Life!

*Ach.* Our woes redouble with the coming Night, The Impetuous Janizaries pour on us in gusts and gales Like a devouring Flood, whilst your Faint-hearted Guards scarce dare Resist, Aloud they curse the Vif., and Unanimously swear his ruine.

*Ibr.* Poor trembling Wizard — if thou hast Raised a Storm beyond thy Magick Power To lay, it must overwhelm thee — Here — throw to these Ravenous Hunters The Baited Prey; and let 'em gorge Their revengefull Maws.

*Vif.*

*Vif.* Hah !

*Ibr.* Stop his mouth, and bear him off.

*Vif.* Sultan, *Ibrahim* —

Cruel Lord ! Wilt thou not hear me ?

*Ibr.* I, stand next the mark of fate !

Evil Counsellors the plausible pretence

Of Rebels, colours their Treason —

But — 'tis at Sovereign power they aim,

Nor will they cease, till they have bath'd

In Royal Gore ; the Victim's feiz'd —

Hark how the Bloodhounds ring his Death !

*Shek.* Oh ! That I were a Man to face

These Devils, and save my Lord !

*Acb.* Retire Dear Sir, to some more remote

Apartment, whilst I together draw

Your Eunuchs ; all whom Prayers

Or Promises can engage, to save

Your precious Life, tho' I loose my own.

*Ibr.* Faithful *Achmet* ! I, who

But yesterday commanded Armies,

Whose numbers outstrip Arithmetic,

And left them unaccountable :

Have now but one poor trusty slave

An Epauch, who for his unhappy

Lord, will venture Life ! —

*fore'd off.*

*A shout without.*

*Exeunt.*

Enter Solyman and Souldiers.

*Soly.* Where is this Barbarous Prince —

I warrant Fellow-Souldiers ; — Hid

The cruel are still Effeminate :

There's scarce a Man left, that

Asserts his cause, — I'll search him out,

And whilst my injur'd friend's preventing

The plunder o'th' City ; do a deed,

At which his nicer vertue shrinks.

*Exeunt.*

Ibrahim, and Sheker Para.

*Ibr.* Flatterers, that curse of Courts have

Ruined me ! — thro' their false

Opticks, I view'd my greatness —

And when I thought my self a God ;

Am more wretched than my meanest Slave :

Unregarded Now's the Frown, that

Markt my foe for Slaughter ; or the

F

Gracious

Gracious smile which gave my kneeling

Suplicant, a Kingdom —

Disbey'd, forsaken, friendless, and alone !

Yet the inborn greatness of my Soul remains !

And I will dye with all my Majesty about me,

— Go wretched Woman — Herd amongst

Thy Sex, and let that protect thee !

*Shock.* I will a while retire ; watch this fear'd event,

And if you fall ; — boldly come forth and dye.

*Exit.*

*Enter Solyman driving in Achmet.*

*Soly.* Eunuch ! Pandar ! dar'st thou stop my way ?

That for thy impudence — that for the poor Adorena !

*Ach.* O Sultan ! our Prophet guard thee,

I can no more

*Dye.*

*Ibr.* What bold slave art thou, who

Throwing off the Sacred ties of Duty,

Allegiance, darst with offensive

Arms approach thy lawful Prince !

*Soly.* My Prince ! —

Id'e sooner serve a Russian Bear,

Whole inhuman paw, when I was

Most Affiduous, mark'd me still

With Indignation — such a Monster

So unaccountable art thou !

Oh ! Ibrahim ! Didst thou but hear —

Thy long injur'd, and at length revolting

People, how they curse thee, — what

A dire Catalogue of crimes repeat :

Hadst thou left one grain of Honour,

Thou wouldst turn thy wounded ears away !

And beg meuse my Sword ; but talk no more !

*Ibr.* Traytors are ever loud —

And to colour their own detested sin

Rebellion ; with impudence, and calumnies

Bespatter the Throne, they dare attack.

*Soly.* Was there a Slave throughout thy wide

Dominions, whom blind fate had cursed

With Wealth : His forfeit — Head

Pay'd for his crime : Whilst his extorted

Treasure fill'd thy coffers, and supply'd

New Luxury. Did vertue Reign in

Any Man, a life Austerere ; or active Valour

Like our great Progenitors : Strait you,

And your Minions thought, this lookt

*With*

With a Reflecting Eye on your Debauches :  
 Dispatch'd the pious Wretch, and sent him  
 To his Friends above ; then Women  
 You monopoliz'd — let her be Wife  
 Or Virgin, fair as Heaven, or monstrous as Hell :  
 Witnes your Armenian Mistress ; all serv'd  
 As fuel to that consuming fire your Lust ;  
 Nay, even the Relique of our late glorious  
 Emperour, was not free from your Attempt,  
 But that her Lion Resolution made your  
 Coward Heart shrink back.

*Ibr.* What ! — ho ! —

Is there none to secure this Traitor ?

*Soly.* I tell thee, Lost degenerate King,  
 There's not a Soul will move a Tongue  
 Or Finger, in thy Defence ; thou standst  
 Forsook by Heaven, and Human Aid —

Think now upon the fair *Morena* !  
 And if thy heart of Adamant unmov'd  
 Cou'd bear an Angel pray ; if the angry Powers  
 So punish'd her spotless Innocence : What  
 Horrors must remain for thee ; who bend'ft  
 Beneath the weight of thousand thousand Ills ?

*Ibr.* Come on, thou Rebel ! —

No Souldier sure thou art !

Thy Tongue's thy sharpest Weapon — yet  
 If thou wer't ; and did thy acts excel the  
 Foremost of my Royal Race ; thy Ignoble  
 Tomb must blush to hold thee, the name of Rebel  
 Wou'd blot out the *Hero*, and leave thy Fame  
 Detest'd, to the honest World ; as thou  
 Halt Represented mine !

*Soly.* My injur'd Friend, and that unhappy Beauty  
 Whom thy Lust hast ruin'd, gives Justice to  
 My Javelin's point, and sends it to thy heart !

*Ibr.* T has reach'd it too, nor am I far from thine.

*Soly.* Oh feeble Arm ! Oh *Amurat* !

Cou'd I do no more for thee ?

*Ibr.* I am no longer now the sport of Fate,  
 This Atom which our unseen Rulers  
 Thus alternately have tost, now will rest  
 For ever ; my first best part of Life,  
 Even all my Youth, to Dungeons, Dark  
 And Loathlom as my Grave, a jealous  
 Brother close confin'd : then flatter'd  
 A while with Empire, Commit like,

*Fight.*

*Both fall.*

# 36 Ibrahim the Thirteenth Emperour

I made a glorious dreadful blaze;  
Yet thanks to my Niggard Stars, I Prest  
The golden fruit of Power, and Drank  
The very Quintesence, the Vision  
Was too full of Rapture long to last:  
In a moment the gaudy Scene is vanish'd,  
And to my endless Prison, I in haste return.

Dyes.

Enter Amurat, who speaks to his followers Entering.

Am. Sheath all your Swords, here  
Let Murder cease; and whilst in sad complainings  
I move my Royal Master's heart—  
Let no rude breath offend him—  
Ha! stretch'd on the floor!  
My Friend! hast thou done this?

Sees 'em.

Sol. To higher Judges I am summon'd to appeal,  
Where I reward or punishment shall find  
For this act; which excessive friendship forc'd:  
If thou in honour, as in valour still excell'st,  
Forgive thy over-loving Friend: and with a sigh  
Remember all my faults, and Death.

Dyes.

Am. Ye inauspicious Planets! which at my birth  
Shot your intermingl'd Rays; and on my Infant  
Head, dropt the poisonous Influence:  
Oh! that I could curse ye from your Malignant  
Spheres! Was ever such a Wretch as *Amurat*?  
My Mistress Ravish'd,—the cruel Ravisher  
My Emperour's dead,  
My Friend, the Author; and punish'd too with death!

Enter the Mufti and Mustapha, and several Commanders.

See Fathers, see the fatal end of  
Our Commotions!

Muft. 'Twas Heavens will, and therefore grieve no more;

Muft. All Eyes are fixt on you, nor doth the  
Empire yield an honour, which you may not claim.

Am. Oh! mistake not the heart of *Amurat*:  
Think not Ambition led me on! no;  
Had not Love forc'd my backward Hand,  
This Breast had been a Rampart to Guard  
The Life of *Ibrahim*; and my Sword  
Destroy'd even you, my Father, had  
Ye attempted it! —On the  
Illustrious Head of the young *Mahomet*:  
Let's fix the Imperial Crown! May

It

It be larger, and happier than his  
Departed Fathers ! and with Hearts,  
From whence this Voice proceeds, Ring out  
The Acclamation — Long live *Mahomet*  
The Fourth ! Emperour of the true Believers !  
*Onnes.* Long live *Mahomet* the Fourth, &c.

*Amurat* our great Deliverer !

*Muft.* Bear the Body to the Royal Molque, whilst I,  
With *Muſtapha*, wait on the *Sultana* Queens ;  
Dispel their fears, and cause the perturbed State  
To reassume a Face serene.

*Exeunt Muft. and Muſtapha.*

*Enter Sheker, Para.*

*Shek.* Turn, Traitor, Turn ! and here behold  
Thy Fate ! — 'Twas I disclos'd the  
Cloister'd Maid, and forc'd her on the King  
That good Turn I ow'd for your Disdain.  
Then — If you loved *Morena*, wreak  
On me your Vengeance ; and strike  
Your Ponyard to my Heart !

*Amur.* There are things, which by Antipathy  
We hate ; and such wert ever thou.  
The contaminated Blood shall never  
Stain the Sword of *Amurat*.  
Live ! Detested Creature ! Loaded  
With Shame and Infamy ! Be it  
Thy Curse to live ! whilst  
Pointing Fingers, and busie Tongues  
Proclaim thee, if thou appear'st, hunted  
Through the City like a Beast of prey ;  
And shunn'd by all, who ever heard  
The Name of Goodness !

*Shek.* Look back ! and see ! how vain thy Curles are !  
Thus ! — I defie thy Malice !  
Oh ! *Ibrahim* ! if in the other World  
The faithful *Sheker* can be useful :  
Lo she comes — Distraining Life  
When thou art gone !

(*Stabs her self.*)

*Amur.* Bear the polluted Wretch away,  
Whilst I seek my afflicted Fair :  
And recount the Wonders Revenge has done.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Morena*  
*Drest in White.*

*Mer.* Drest in these Robes of Innocence,  
Eain woud I believe my Virgin Purity remains ;

*Eax.*

But oh ! Memory the wretched'it Plague,  
 Still goads me with the hated Image of my wrong.  
 My Soul grows weary of its polluted Cage,  
 And longs to wing the upper Air, where  
 Uncorrupted Purchas dwells.

## Enter Zayda.

Come near, my Zayda, why dost thou  
 Tremble so ? Oh ! hadst thou known  
 The Horrors, thy poor Mistriis has,  
 Thou woud'st have left to fear !

Zayd. Who can express the Terrors of this dismal Night ?  
 The mad Janizaries up, and raging for Revenge,  
 Put private Broils upon the publick score,  
 Murder and Rapine, with Fury uncontroll'd  
 Rang through the City, and make the Devastation  
 Horrible, the mangled Visiter they have  
 Piece-meal torn; nor has their Vengeance  
 Stopt here: The Life of the Empire, the Man  
 We worshipt like a God, for whom  
 We still were taught to pray ; even  
 The mighty Ibrahim is no more !

Mor. Is Ibrahim dead ? — Oh Amurat !  
 I fear thou hast gone too far ; and left  
 Our Prophet, shou'd punish thy Disloyalty ;  
 I will, of my self, an Offering make !  
 Morena, the unhappy cause of all these Woes ;

Morena the Atonement ——————  
 Go to my Closet ; bring from thence  
 The Golden Bowl — This News  
 Has much disorder'd me ——————  
 There is in that a sovereign Cordial !  
 Look down ye Roman Ladies  
 Whose tracks of Virtue I with care,  
 Have followed — Behold ! a  
 Turkish Maid — who to the last,  
 Your great Example imitates :  
 Scorns to survive when Honour's lost !

Exit Zayda.

## Enter Zayda with the Bowl.

I know my avenging Friends will instantly  
 Be here gay in their Purple Ruins, thinking to glad  
 My Soul with the fatal story ; but like a sad Wretch,  
 Whose los is irreparable, I must never aim  
 At comfort more ! Deeply I'll taste this precious Juice,

And

And seek that sound long sleep, where sorrow,  
Tormenting care those restless Anxieties  
That keep in Dreams the mind awake, approach no more! *Drinks the Poyson.*

*Enter Amurat.*

*Amur.* Hail my belov'd and charming fair!  
Oh ! I have bin, where Blood and Desolation Reign'd,  
Where horror in a thousand shapes appeared :  
But 'tis past : And I am arrived at the desired Land  
Of Peace — Thou the Dove-like Emblem, whose  
Long'd for sight Calms the rough Tempests  
Of my Soul, and tunes my Heart to Joy !

*Mor.* That thou hadst stay'd some moments longer.

*Amur* Why ! My lov'd dear one !

*Mor.* I shame to cast my eyes towards thine  
Wherewith such pleasure I was wont to steal  
A glance, my Revenge is now compleat ;  
I know it, and am yet alive —

*Lucretia* dy'd before !

*Amur.* Inhuman fair !  
Death in the Person of my Friend !  
Hath toucht my heart too near ;  
And now, to crown my misery,  
Cruelly you talk of yours !

*Enter the Mufti, Mustapha and several others.*

*Muft.* The wrongs that Tyrannick *Ibrahim*  
Had heap'd on the *Sultana Queens*  
Causes 'em joyntly to rejoice ;  
They call you their preverver,  
And send by me the Empire's Seal  
With the Title of Prime *Viceri* :  
Begging you wou'd protect the Infant  
King, whom you have so justly Rais'd.

*Amur.* All Honours, Titles, Glories, at the Feet  
Of my Adored I lay, if she will bleſs me  
With the sweets of Love, I am, what  
They please, else nothing.

*Mor.* Can the great *Amurat* submit so low,  
To talk of Fruition when 'tis past,  
Or to his Arms receive pollution ?

*Amur.* Name it no more ! The Royal Blood  
Of the offender hath cleansed and wash'd out  
Thy Honours Stains, and white as thy

*To Amurat.*

40 Ibrahim the Thirteenth Emperour

Robes, thy Innocence appears.  
Shall I forlacke the Christal Fountain,  
Because a Rough-hewn Satyr there  
Has quencht his Thirst? No! The  
Spring, thy Virgin Mind was pure!

*Mor.* Talk on, methinks I taste of Heaven,  
To hear thee! Let thy kind Breath  
Proceed: Waft me from one Paradice  
To another!

*Amur.* Distraction seize me! Either  
My sight deceives me; or my Love  
Looks exceeding pale; she Staggers too!  
Help! Help! Remorseless Powers drive not  
The Wretch you form'd to the Blasphemous  
Sins Dispair may utter!

*Muf.* My Daughter! what hast thou done?

*Zayd.* Oh! my unhappy Mistris!

I fear that fatal Cordial!

*Amur.* Inveterate Stars! Now ye've stretcht  
Your power to the last degree, and  
Ye can curse no more!  
Oh! *Morena*! more savage —  
Than our Lord! for ever thou  
Hast Robb'd my Life of Joy, depriy'd  
My Eyes of Happiness; which, till  
They close, must gaze on Thee!  
What hath my Love deserv'd for such  
A punishment? *Morena*! unkind!  
Cruel! unkind!

*Mor.* My Father! draw near; forgive this  
First, last act of Disobedience!  
You taught me, Sir, that Life no longer  
Was a good, then a clear Frame attended it;  
My Dishonour Rings through the Universe —  
Pardon my quitting it! —

Now *Amurat*! To thee — Here will I  
Lean a Moment, where I thought to Reign  
A whole contented Age — I fear the Cordial  
Will prove too strong! Antidote the Poison,  
And let me live!

*Amur.* Thou shalt live! since this Barbarous  
Climate has wrong'd such worth;  
I'll Raife another Empire large as this,  
And fix thee there! —

*Mor.* Fix me in thy Heart! more dear to me  
Than gaudiest Thrones! Be that

The sacred Urn, where thy *Morena* rests ;  
Nor ever let the Face of newer brighter  
Beauty drive her thence ! —

Oh ! Farewel ! —

[Dier.

*Amur.* Oh ! speak ! speak once again ! —  
Open those rosy Doors ! Dart from  
The fairest Eyes that ever blest the World,  
One Ray though 'tis a dying one ! —  
Oh ! 'Tis impossible ! Is there  
A Dungeon, Galley, Bedlam, can  
Produce ought so miserable as *Amurat* ?

*Mufit.* Dead, my lov'd Daughter ! —  
Angry Prophet ! when will thy vengeance cease !

*Amur.* Oh ! never let it ! now let  
Earthquakes shake the Basis of this Foundation,  
And whirlwinds drive us like dust about !

*Mufit.* Have Patience, Son ! Honour was  
The Mistres of thy Youth ! Fair  
*Morena* hath form'd the bright Idea  
To the Life, Copy her, and court only Glory.  
Now let the great Business of the Empire  
Divert thy Sorrow ? —

*Amur.* Ye say I am Vilier, Guardian to the  
Infant King ; with Power unlimited  
Command a World, almost as large as  
*Alexander's* — Oh ! *Morena* ! once my  
Living Mistres, now my dead Saint,  
My Ever Worshipt Dear : I do remember  
What I promised : no Crowns, Lawrels, nor  
The greatest height Ambition raises,  
Shou'd ever mount me above thy Slave —  
Thus — thus I keep my word —  
Slighting all offers here I prostrate ly ;  
No life so happy, as with thee to die !

[Stabs himself.

*Mufit.* Oh ! fatal deed !

*Mufit.* Rash Act !

*Mufit.* Where shall I hide me from  
This Scene of Woe ! — No sorrow  
Equals that which to the Dead we pay !  
Because there's no Room left for  
Hope of Friend !

*Mufit.* Let's not through grief neglect the publick care  
Since in the change we had so large a share ;  
On the Empires charge let's our sad thoughts employ,  
There must be room for that, though none for Joy.

[Exeunt.

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# EPILOGUE.

**T**HE Play is past, the danger is to come,  
Criticks, in pity give a gentle doom.  
To Conquer those who can their Cause maintain  
Is Glorious; here the labour wou'd be vain:  
By the great Rules of Honour all Men know  
They must not Arm on a Defenceless Foe.  
The Author on her weakness, not her strength relies,  
And from your Justice to your Mercy flies.

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**F I N I S.**

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## Advertisement.

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