





PETER HALL.







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IBRAHIM,

THE

Thirteenth Emperour

OF THE

TURKS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

BY HIS

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

By M^{rs} *Mary Pix.*

LONDON,

Printed for *John Harding*, at the *Bible and Anchor* in
Newport-street, and *Richard Wilkin*, at the *King's-Head*
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, 1696.

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1796

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Printed for John Baskin, at the Bible and Church-Yard, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1796.

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 Prote-
ction.

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 Wo-
man, 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 Perfecti-
ons 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 Gentle-
man, kind to the distressed, a Friend to all. I
dare not proceed---my Weakness wou'd too plain-
ly 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.

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 happens 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.

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PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Cross:

I'M hither sent, but Heaven knows what to say,

Or how t' excuse a dull Heroick Play;

Here's nor poignant Repartee, nor taking Raillery,

No Feast for Critick Pit, 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 dreads as 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.

Sultan *Ibrahim*, Mr. Verbruggen.
Azema, Grand Visier, Mr. Disney.
 The *Musti*, Mr. Simpson.
Mustapha, Aga of the *Fanizaries*, Mr. Mills.
Amurat his Son, General of the Em- }
 perours Forces, } Mr. Powel, Junior.
Solyman, his Friend, Mr. Harland.
Achmet, Chief of the Eunuchs, Mrs. Verbruggen.
 Several Officers belonging to the Court.
Morena, the *Musti's* Daughter, belo- }
 ved by *Amurat*, } Mrs. Rogers.
Sheker Para, Favourite Mistress to }
Ibrahim, } Mrs. Knight.
Zada, *Morena's* Chief Slave, Mrs. Mills.
Mirwa, *Sheker Para's* Chief Slave, Mrs. Cole.
 Guards and Attendants.

I B R A

Actors

I B R A H I M

T H E

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.

Ach. **H**Aste each Attendant to perform his several charge
With strictest diligence, and most observant care ;
Burn the *Sabaean* 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,
Trode 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 useles hundreds,
And with such a train of Pride and Luxury,
That Eyes before ne'er saw, nor can endless words describe :

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 seiz'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.

Must. Most just Observer, as well as Teacher of our Laws,
By me in Friendship like a Brother lov'd,
In counsel 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.

Must. You are too good, my *Must.* 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——
O! Pity! that the fairest branch of all the Ottoman Race,
Sprung 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 Vertues;
O 'tis Nobler far a Crown to Merit, than a Crown
To wear.

Must. 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.

Must. 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.

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

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

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

With Visier, Bashaws, or whom she pleases.

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

Must. That Daughter——

Must. No more, the Emperours Guards appear,
And see the Visier, and the Woman at his Elbow.

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

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

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

Vis. 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, Visier,
Whilst I protect thee, Kings shall for thy Friendship sue;

And let thy Foes remember what I commanded last.

Vis. 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.

Must. Fawning Sycophant!

[*Aside.*

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

Must. Great Sir, I have a Suit to you.

Ibra. What is't, my Religious Councillor?

Must. Not for my self, but one much more deserving,
Your Godlike General *Amurat*, who brings

Your Conquering Forces back from vanquisht *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
Business 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, sat'd 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 resolv'd——

*[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 rais'd 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 rest, 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 unequal'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. Con'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, dear *Achmet*, be thy future care, And name thy own reward. But how canst thou effect it, Hath thy prolifick brain yet laid a form?

Ach.

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.

Shék. 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.

ACT 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 Letter 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* sake
That she might not despise me—
Nor have I more to do if she is lost.

Soly. You terrify your self with groundless fears,
Nor can I from the *Mufti's* Letter
Discern a danger threatning 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 dispos'd 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! excess of Joy wou'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, farewell,
 At the usual Rendezvous 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 publicly.

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 standest,
 Favourite to the Prince, and People.

Must.

Must. 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 !——

Must. 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.

Must. 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.

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

Am. Speak Goddess, 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 !

Ab. *Aside.* 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 sees : am Happier

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,

Must. Make haste, 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 Musti 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 Man she loves talk at this charming rate;
But Oh! I've read, that Men are all by Nature
False; 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 Man Valiant, good like my *Anurat,*
And greater than our mighty Sultan, yet wou'd I
Be torn in thousand pieces, rather than
Break my Plighted Faith.

Am. No more my Life, what need of Oaths
When Love Cements our Hearts.
O! let me tast 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?

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

Am. 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 Endless Joys
On this fair work of Nature ;
When thou wast 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,
Morona'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 Vissers 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 Mistress possess'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.

Shak. 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 dress, 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 *Bosphorus*, there
 I suppose his Galley waits him, this Key
 Shortens your walk, and you may
 Meet him in the open space.

Shak. 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.

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

[*Exit.*

The Scene changes to the prospect 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.

Shak. Ha ! *Mirza* ? is not that our Celebrated 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.

Shak. 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 ruins,
 Successful *Amurat* were to pass (Pardon
 My blushes) when I say I think not Rome's
 Fam'd *Cesar*, 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 express.

Shek. Fly not with such unwelcome haste.
 If you are pleas'd 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 Visier Bahaws, 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. Farewel.

[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 Bosom's sure on fire.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Sheker Para, followed by Achmet.

Shek. ENough, 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

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

Shak. 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 Visier ?

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

Shak. 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 !

Shak. Yes, Rival ! ——
Or 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 Visier sitting by a Table, whereon lie Books of Account, Rises.

Vis. 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 *Musti*,
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 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, *Amurat*,
 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 ! would'st 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 *Musti* and *Mustapha* look awry on our Actions,
 Sowing Sedition instead of wholesome 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 fertile ; 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.

Viz. I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The Sultan upon a Couch, Achmet by him.*

Ibra. From troubl'd Dreams my tortur'd Fancy Starts:
Sleep, meant nature's refreshing Friend, sits 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 Chase 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 Woman here
An Humble Vassal shall appear,
No thunder in her Voice we prize,
Or Lightning in her Eyes,
When our Terrestrial God draws near.
Under our Prophets Influence 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 *Boyn* and *Mrs. Crosse.*

Written by *Mr. D'URFEY.*

She **F**LY 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 *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 Kiss, and I can Play,*
And tell a Thousand Pretty Tales ;
And I can Sing the livelong Day ;
If any other Talent fails.
 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 thy 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 tast Love's Joy.*
 She *No no, poor Boy.*
 He *Why cannot I ?*
 She *Pish pish — Oh Fye !*
 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 proves
 A Seraphick Cordial, without Alloy or Dregs.

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

Sult. 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 on 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 uneasy.

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.

The Sultan Rises hastily.

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

Shek. *Morena*, only Daughter to the *Mufti* — 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 the 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 *Mufti* 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.

Exeunt Attended.

The Scene changes to the Mufti'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 ;

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 Emperor, 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 offer'd Greatness; our Prophets Curse

Falls heavy, if you proceed to Violation.

Enter Morena Veil'd.

Must. Kneel Daughter, to the Commander of the World.

Ibr. Take off her Veil — by Heavens —

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; *Musti*, 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 aw;
 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 to be 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 say, 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 secur'd, I am wholly yours ;
Retire fair Innocence, for I see
This surprize has discomposed ye.
The Lively Red forsakes 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 unstedfast 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, cloy's ;
Love must be fondled with a gentle hand ;
Revenge is God like all, and shows command. *Exit*

The Sultan Enters ; the Vifier following him

Sult. VVou'dst thou believe it *Azema* —
This crabbed Priest do's in effect
Deny his Daughter ; curses he denounces
If I compel her will, and seems
To know she'll prove unwilling.

Vif. 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.

22
Sult. True, therefore we'll on and fathom
His Designs, the Maidens Beauty
Has inflam'd me—who dares oppose
When I resolve Enjoyment?

Enter 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 entering.

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 outrageous 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

23

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
Anothers right ——— a thousand willing beauties
VVill 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 happines ———

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 suddain 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 los 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 complain
Fulfil the bitterst curse ——— Release,
And bear me to your bed!

Shek. Speak *Viser*, he stands confounded.

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

And

And so the 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 Poignant, that will relish Luxury
 Do as I Commanded

I of the Eunuchs:

Wou'd our worshipt 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 unlose 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!

Vis. Yet here! force her 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

Stabs him.
She catches hold of the Sultans naked Scimiter.

Draws it thro' her hands.

To the Center? — at length 'tis come;

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

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

Viz. She faints, convey her quickly in,

Your Majesty

Will soon revive her.

Ibr. Threatning Danger shall never bar my way,

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

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

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

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 *Fanizaries*

My self beg present Aid, — was there but one

In all this mighty Empire, chaff, and must

The Licentious Tyrant seize her?

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

As one man, are bent to right your wrongs

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

The *Seraglio's* forc'd—the Villain Visier

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! lest (tho' unarm'd) with

My hands I throttle thee, tell

Thy ungrateful Master, the saving

Of his life, is well rewarded

—Tell him—I thank him

And he shall hear it loud!

Exit Achmet.

Mor.

Mor. Oh Sir! ———

Must. My poor Girl! ———

Must. 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:

Must. No *Morena*, No, thy Fame'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!

Must. 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!

Must. Live, my belov'd unfortunate!

Let death and ruine fall upon

Those Feinds that thus have wrong'd thee.

Mor. The Visier, (my Father)

The Devil-Visier——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.——

Must. 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 *Fanizaries*! lead 'em

To force the Palace

For this accurd; 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! ——

Must. Why dost thou sigh? my Son knows

The Heroick virtue of thy spotless Soul,

And

And will, I'm sure, to death adore thee.
Mor. Lend me your hands, for I am weak
 And want support: let me look up
 And thank remorseless Heaven
 That I again behold the face of
 Reverend goodness! for I,
 (Alas) have been in Hell!

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 *Skaker Pará*
 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 Musti.

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

Musti. 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?

Musti. '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 frighted Maid
 His fatal reſolution—ſuppoſe
 Her prayers, her tears, her cries,
 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 Trefſes of her hair,
 Tearing it by the ſmarterg 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 praetiſe 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.

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

Am. Oh! Friend! Is this the fight
 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 vertue ? 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 trembling
 Heart which form'd 'em, can express *Morena'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 resistless 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 Peace —

Mor. Your Pardon, Reverend Sir, and thine I ask
 Thou illustrious Figure of unfeign'd Despair,
 I am not us'd 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.

The Scene shuts upon her. *Exit.*

Am. Revenge thee! yes—we'll set
 This Royal City in a blaze, till its bright
 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. Whilst I wear this ——— Nor
 Shall I fear to purge the contagious
 Veins of Majesty in such a cause!

Must. 'Tis not by Raving we accomplish
 Our Designs; if, for my constant
 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 set
 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.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ibrahim, the Visier, Sheker Para, Achmet,
 who seems talking to the Sultan.*

Ach. He threatned 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 *Musti*.

Vis. Strangle the *Musti*! Oh horror!

Ibr. Why thou Viper, whom my breast
Has foster'd, till the rank poyson——
Hath made me all Infectious——
Was 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
With Villain, every child may read it,
Canst thou draw thy Distorted features,
Into a look of pitty? and, as if Murder
Were News, cry out, Oh Horror!
I tell thee, Vifier, and mark it well,
Watch the first rising of Rebellion,
For should it grow too high; thou art
The fittest Sacrifice to atone the Popular Fury.
Vif. Sacred Sir, you cannot mean the
Cruel things 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 Prefence.
Ibr. Admit him——

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sultan! —— the Mufti and the
Whole Divan Assembled, have sent me
To thee with the Mufti's Fatwa.
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 Tribes 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 bear a Message back from
 Ibrahim, who dares't to bring him
 Such a one; take hence the Villain;
 And strangle him immediately.
Mess. Oh! Mercy! Mercy!
Ibr. Away with him!
 Visier; 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 *Speker 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.

ACT V.

Enter Ibrahim, Visier, Speker Para, Attendants.

Ibr. **W**HY Coward dost thou creep thus near me,
 Still leaving my Orders unperform'd?
Vis. Oh! Sacred Sir! The Mutinous *Fanizaries*
 Bar each Gate o'th' Palace, nor can I
 Pass with Life!

Enter Achmet.

Ach. Our woes redouble with the coming Night,
 The Impetuous *Fanizaries* pour on us
 Like a devouring Flood, whilst your
 Faint-hearted Guards scarce dare Resist,
 Aloud they curse the *Visier*, 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 reyengefull Maws.

Vif. Hah!

Ibr. Stop his mouth, and bear him off.

Vif. Sultan, *Ibrahim*——

Juel Lord! Wilt thou not hear me!

forc'd off.

Ibr. I, stand next the mark of fate!

Will Councillors the plausible pretence

Of Rebels, colours their Treason——

But 'tis at Sovereign power they aim,

Or will they cease, till they have bath'd

Royal Gore; the Victim's seiz'd——

Mark how the Bloodhounds ring his Death!

A shout without.

Shek. Oh! That I were a Man to face

These Devils, and save my Lord!

Ach. Retire Dear Sir, to some more remote

Apartment, whilst I together draw

Our Eunuchs; all whom Prayers

Promises can engage, to save

Your precious Life, tho' I loose my own.

Ibr. Faithful *Achmet!* I, who

Yesterday commanded Armies,

Whose numbers outstript Arithmetick,

And left them unaccountable:

Have now but one poor trusty slave

An Eunuch, who for his unhappy

Lord, will venture Life!——

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

Afferts 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

Mark't my foe for Slaughter; or the

Gracious smile which gave my kneeling
 Suppliant, a Kingdom——
 Disobey'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 !——

Shek. 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 *Morena* !

Ach. O Sultan ! our Prophet guard thee,
 I can no more

Dyes.

Ibr. What bold slave art thou, who
 Throwing off the Sacred ties of Duty,
 Allegiance, dar'st with offensive
 Arms approach thy lawful Prince !

Soly. My Prince ! ——
 Id'e sooner serve a Russian Bear,
 Whose inhuman paw, when I was
 Most Assiduous, 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 me use 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 curst
 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 Austere ; or active Valour
 Like our great Progenitors : Strait you,
 And your Minions thoughts, 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:
 Witness 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
 Forfook by Heaven, and Human Aid —
 Think now upon the fair *Morena*!

And if thy heart of Adamant unmov'd
 Cou'd hear an Angel pray; if the angry Powers
 So punish'd her spotless Innocence: What
 Horrors must remain for thee; who bend'st
 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
 Hast 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 Leathom as my Grave, a jealous
 Brother close confin'd: then flatter'd
 A while with Empire, Commet like,

I made a glorious dreadful blaze ;
 Yet thanks to my Niggard Stars, I Prest
 The golden fruit of Power, and Drank
 The very Quintessence, 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.

Soly. 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 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!
Omnes. Long live *Mahomet* the Fourth, &c.
Amurat our great Deliverer!

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

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, whoever heard
 The Name of Goodness!

Shek. Look back! and see! how vain thy Curſes are!
 Thus! ——I deſie thy Malice!
 Oh! *Ibrahim!* if in the other World
 The faithful *Sheker* can be uſeful:
 Lo ſhe comes——Diſdaining 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.*

Mor. Dreſt in theſe Robes of Innocence,
 Eain wou'd I believe my Virgin Purity remains

Buc

But oh! Memory the wretched'st 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 Purenets dwells.

Enter Zayda.

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

Zayd. Who can expresse the Terrours 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 *Visier* 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, shoud' 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!

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 loss 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 below'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 arriv'd 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 Musti, Mustapha and several others.

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

To Amurat.

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 washed out
 Thy Honours Stains, and white as thy

Robes, thy Innocence appears.
 Shall I forsake 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 Paradise
 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!

Must. 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, depriv'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 Raise 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 !——

[Dies.

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* !

Must. 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 !

Must. Have Patience, Son ! Honour was
The Mistress 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 Visier, Guardian to the
Infant King ; with Power unlimited
Command a World, almost as large as

Alexander's——Oh ! *Morena* ! once my
Living Mistress, 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.

Must. Oh ! fatal deed !

Must. Rash Act !

Must. 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 !

Must. 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.

EPILOGUE.

THE 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.

F I N I S.

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