

THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 247

SCANDERBEG.

When I submit to guilt, I'll own your conquest.

AMURATH.

Think on your friends.

SCANDERBEG.

Afflictions are no crimes.

AMURATH.

You wou'd redeem them !

SCANDERBEG.

Yes ; on any terms,

That honour may permit, and justice warrant.

AMURATH.

Hear the conditions then.

SCANDERBEG.

Why sinks my heart ?

Why do I tremble thus ? when at the head

Of almost twice a hundred thousand souls

I with a hundred charg'd this fierce old chief,

Thou art my witness, heaven, I fear'd him not.

[*Aside.*]

AMURATH.

When I look back on what you were before

Your late revolt, charm'd with the pleasing view,

I wish to see those glorious days restor'd ;

When I with honour may indulge my bounty,

And make you great and happy as you're brave.

SCANDERBEG.

Flattery ! — Nay, then he's dangerous indeed ! [*Aside.*]

AMURATH.

Renounce the errors of the christian sect,

And be instructed in the law profess

By Ishmael's holy race ; that light divine,

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That