

THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 251

Chaste as its precepts, most severely virtuous,
Althea wou'd treat me with the last contempt,
Shou'd I but name your gen'rous passion to her;
And proudly term it shameful and unjust.

MAHOMET.

Now as you wou'd avoid a prince's hatred,
That must one day command you; or expect
E'er to attain my sifter's love, the scope
Of your ambition, aid me with your counsel.
My blood's on fire, and I will quench the flame,
Tho' universal ruin shou'd ensue.
By heaven I will; I'll plunge in seas of bliss,
And with repeated draughts of cordial love,
Expell the raging fever from my veins.

A MASIE.

Glorious mischief! — [*Aside.*] If I judge right her will
Is ne'er to be subdu'd, you can't possess
Her mind, my lord—and without that you know—

MAHOMET.

Her mind! a shadow! give me solid joys,
And let her christian minion take the rest.
I love her for myself; my appetite
Must be appeas'd; or live my constant plague.
Let me but clasp her in my longing arms,
Press her soft bosom to my panting breast,
And crown my wishes; tho' attain'd by force,
Tho' amidst strugglings, shrieks and gushing tears;
Or while she faints beneath my strong embrace,
And I have all my raging passions crave.

A MASIE.

Already I've conceiv'd the means to serve you,
But time must give th' imperfect embryo form,
And hail th' auspicious birth.

MAHOMET.