

270 THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

*Enter MAHOMET dress'd like SCANDERBEG, fastening
the door on the inside.*

He's come, and all my sorrows are compleat.
Are you pursued?—O my prophetick fears!
If undiscover'd you have enter'd here,
This caution's needless; if betray'd, in vain.

MAHOMET.

Of such a prize who can be too secure?

ALTHEA.

'Tis not his voice—defend me, O defend me,
All gracious heaven!

MAHOMET.

Dost thou not know me, princess?

ALTHEA.

Alas! too well! (*Aside.*) Sure you've mistook your
way,

Or came perchance to seek some other here;
Howe'er that be, permit me to retire.

MAHOMET.

Mistaken fair! or is this ign'rance feign'd?
'Tis you alone I seek. Impetuous love,
That will not be resisted, brought me here
To lay my life and fortune at your feet.

ALTHEA.

Then I'm betray'd, basely betray'd; just heaven!
Expos'd, perhaps devoted to a ruin,
From which the grave itself is no retreat,
And time can ne'er repair—be gracious, Sir,
To an unhappy maid!—Or I'm deceiv'd,
Or you, my lord, were pleas'd to mention love;
Of that, alas! I am forbid to hear;
Compassion better suits my humble state,

That