

THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 271

That I intreat ; have pity on me, prince,
Dispel my fears, and send me from your presence.

MAHOMET.

Grant what you ask ; I need compassion too :
Your beauty's necessary to my peace :
Then yield, in pity to yourself and me,
What else I'll take by force : consent to make me
Happy, and in return, when time shall give
The scepter to my hand, I'll make thee queen
Of half the conquer'd globe.

ALTHEA.

Know, impious prince !
If one loose thought wou'd buy the whole, I'd scorn
It at that price.

MAHOMET.

Then rifled and abandon'd,
Live thou the scorn both of the world and me.
You have your choice ; I came not here to talk.

ALTHEA.

O ! what were all my former woes to this ?
Under the pain of absence, hard captivity
And my late fears, patience and fortitude
Were my support ; patience and fortitude
Are useless now. Shame and dishonour are
Not to be borne. Father ! Arantes ! haste,
And like Virginius preserve your daughter.
Come Castriot, come, Althea calls thee now
To certain death, to save her from pollution.

MAHOMET.

Call louder yet ; your idols do not hear.

ALTHEA.

Tho' none shou'd hear, yet sorrow must complain.

MAHO-