SCENE IV. Tents near the Sea, and Ships.

OTHO, and EMIRENO with a Train of Soldiers and Slaves.

Oth. *You, once the Terror of the Sea and Coasts, who dar'd attack our Ships, I design a Present to my Royal Father.*

Emir. *You would have far greater Reason to boast, did you know who your Prisoner is, whom you take for a Pyrate.*

Oth. *Let us know.*

Emir. *Never: That, indeed, would swell too much your German Pride; 'tis enough, that, in so immature an Age, thou hast wrested from Emireno the Empire of the Seas.*

Oth. *What if Torments should force the Secret from you?*

Emir. *Threat'nings to me! when in the Midst of Darts and Arrows I engaged you in your own Vessel, saw you then in me any Marks of Fear?*

Oth. *Chains will humble your haughty Spirit. Away, lest, being provok'd by your insolent Language, I shew my Vengeance on them I have conquered, and so obscure my Victory.*

Emir.