

250 THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

May well deceive the wisdom of an angel,
Shall re-inflate me in his gen'rous heart :
Which if I fail to pierce, may all the ill
I ever wish'd to him fall on myself.—
Th' amorous prince—I know his haughty soul
Ill brooks his subtle father's peaceful schemes.
He loves Althea, and depends on me
T' assist his flame.

Enter MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Amasie, what success?

You saw the captive princess—

AMASIE.

Yes, my lord.

MAHOMET.

Curse on the jealous customs of our court :
Why is that privilege deny'd to me?

AMASIE.

You know why I'm indulg'd.

MAHOMET.

'Tis true, but say,

What hast thou done that may advance my hopes?

AMASIE.

I've thought, my lord ———

MAHOMET.

What tell'st thou me of thoughts!

Hast thou not spoke?—what says the charming fair?

——— Shalt I be blest?

AMASIE.

Spoke, what? alas! my prince!

How little do you know that haughty christian?
Bred in the rigid maxims of her sect,

Chaste