

THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 261

And once more join his council ; if I'm seen,
I lose the only means that's left to serve you.

SCANDERBEG.

You will return ——

AMASIE.

As certain as the night ;
About the which you may expect me.

SCANDERBEG.

You'll find me in my tent ; the word's, *Althea*.

Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER.

The Visier, with the princefs of Durazzo,
Demands an audience.

SCANDERBEG.

Fly, and introduce 'em.

Can this be true ?

AMASIE.

Most true. The sultan hopes
That your Althea's eyes will conquer for him :
Heaven guard your heart. Farewell—at night expect
me.

He's well deceiv'd : Hypocrisy, I thank thee.
Dark and profound as hell, what line can fathom,
Or eye explore the secret thoughts of men ?
Yet once I fear'd I shou'd betray myself,
And be indeed the penitent I feign'd ;
So much his virtue mov'd me. Curse his virtue !
He ever will excell me—Let him die,
Tho' all my peace die with him—wretched man !
When shall I rest from envy and remorse ? [*Aside*.

[*Exit* AMASIE.