Frederick, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh. A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields   
London   
Printed for W. Mears ... J. Brindley [etc.]

*FREDERICK* , Duke of *Brunswick-Lunenburgh* .   
A TRAGEDY.

*------ Te scilicet omnis in uno   
Nostra Salus posita est ------   
------ Non carpere livor   
Possit Opus. ------*

*Ovid. Met.*

To His ROYAL HIGHNESS *FREDERICK LEWIS* , *Prince of Wales , and Earl of Chester , Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Lunenburgh , Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay , Duke of Edinburgh , Marquis of the Isle of Ely , Earl of Eltham , Viscount of Launceston , Baron of Snaudon and of Renfrew , Lord of the Isles, and Steward of Scotland , and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter* .

*PROLOGUE, By a Gentleman .*

*Britons , to Night, the Muse attempts to trace,   
A Hero springing from the Brunswick Race.   
Thro' twice two hundred rolling Years again,   
Behold Him rise to grace the solemn Scene;   
Just struggling up the slippery Steep of Fame,   
Full in the Reach of every Glorious Aim,   
Behold the Good, the Gen'rous, and the Great   
Hurl'd headlong down the Precipice of Fate!   
  
  
While our Scene swells with such peculiar Woe,   
Ah, say! can British Eyes forbear to flow!   
Yet tho' long number'd with the Mighty Dead,   
Heav'n bad his Schemes of Empire still proceed!   
From Son to Son transfus'd the great Design,   
And urg'd to Glory his Illustrious Line,   
Transplanted, whence the Danube whirls his Streams   
To the rich Borders of our Trading Thames ,   
Where still the Virtues of a Brunswick Soul   
Run, like those Streams, augmenting as they roll.   
What once the Hand of Violence deny'd,   
Tho' late, is now by lib'ral Fate supply'd.   
Fair rise the Race , and with propitious Smiles,   
Mildly Majestic , bless the QUEEN of Isles,   
Possess the nobler Empire of the Sea ,   
And rule---the only Subjects that are Free .*

*Dramatis Personæ.*

MEN.

WOMEN.

|  |
| --- |
|  |
| *Frederick , Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh , Elected Emperor of Germany , An. D. . Mr. Walker* |
| *Duke of Wirtemberg , in Love with Adelaid , Mr. Ryan .* |
| *Anspach , Prince of the Empire, Mr. Milward .* |
| *Anhalt , Prince of the Empire, Mr. Berryman .* |
| *Baden , Prince of the Empire, Mr. Pitts .* |
| *Count Waldec , Nephew of the Archbishop of Mentz , Mr. Quin .* |
| *Ridolpho , Deputy for the Archbishop of Mentz , at the Diet, Mr. Chapman .* |
| *Anna , Wife of Frederick , Mrs. Buchanan .* |
| *Adelaid , Sister to Count Waldec ; and in Love with Frederick , Mrs. Berryman .* |
| *Sophia , Her Woman and Confidant, Mrs. Morgan .* |
| *Guards and Attendants.* |

*Scene , The Castle of Laenstein on the Rhine .*

Main text

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish. Shouts within, Long live FREDERICK , Emperor of Germany .*

*Then enter Anspach, Anhalt , and Baden .*

*Anspach.*

Louder! yet louder! let the gen'ral Joy   
Proclaim high Heav'n's beneficent Decree!   
Let Earth, and Air, and Seas, partake the Sound,   
And Eccho spread throughout the list'ning Globe,   
That Frederick is elected!---O my Friends!   
How vast's the Transport to an honest Heart!   
  
   
  
  
  
*Anh.*   
Never was Man bless'd with more Princely Graces.   
Superior Courage, Justice, and Clemency,   
Shine with full Lustre in him; yet temper'd   
With such Discretion, that the Boast of Age   
Blushes to see itself in Youth out-done.   
His very Passions are a Virtue in him,   
Because for Virtue's Sake alone they're rais'd.   
  
*Bad.*   
Yet how averse are some to their own Good!   
Or what avails the sacred Name of Piety,   
When Ecclesiasticks themselves oppose it?   
*Mentz* , by his Deputy *Ridolpho* , urg'd   
Such Arguments against our Hero's Claim,   
As had well-nigh balanc'd the dubious Cause.   
  
*Ansp.*   
Interest is now the God that most Men worship.   
Full well does that ambitious Prelate know   
He shortly must be call'd to dear Account,   
For those Donations, Rights, and Privileges,   
The lavish Hand of *Wenceslaus* conferr'd,   
[]  Plucking the Feathers from the Eagle's Wings   
T'adorn his Minions, and bribe private Sanctions   
For publick Injuries, and the Empire's Shame.   
Weak and luxurious Princes are the Tools,   
By which State-Villains fashion out their Ends.   
  
*Anh.*   
Another Year had *Wenceslaus* maintain'd   
The Name of Emperor, the Power had ceas'd,   
And *Germany* been parcell'd into Lordships.   
*Venice* already mocks our easy Tameness,   
And the proud *Milanese* unjustly holds   
Cities; nor Birth, nor Conquest made his Right   
But see! the great Redeemer of our Laws,   
The Godlike *Frederick* comes! Immortal Fame   
Hovers, methinks, o'er his Imperial Head,   
Blazoning his Virtues to th'admiring World.

*Enter Frederick , Guards and Attendants.*

*Ansp.*   
Hail to the Hero, whom not wild Ambition,   
But supream Merit raises to Sov'reign Sway:   
Who by past Deeds secures our future Hopes,   
Restores this Empire to her former Glory,   
And makes her faded Lawrels spring afresh.   
  
*Anh.*   
To all Posterity be this Day mark'd out,   
And solemniz'd with all the Pomp of Gladness,   
As the bless'd Æra of Felicity.   
  
*Bad.*   
What have not all good Men t'expect from him,   
Whose early Courage, Wisdom, and Piety,   
[]  Show Heaven is his first Care; his Country's Honour   
The next consider'd, and his own Interest last,   
And least remember'd.   
  
*Fred.*   
I thank you, Princes.   
Your Praises speak what 'tis I ought to be;   
And will, I hope, instruct me to deserve them.   
  
*Ansp.*   
'Tis sure, Great Sir! the Task you undertake   
Will draw all Eyes upon you; and some there are,   
Who will not fail to judge ev'n your best Actions   
In the worst Sense. Vast will your Glory be,   
If you surmount the Malice of your Foes:   
But equal your Dishonour, if deficient   
To the high-rais'd Expectance of your Friends.   
  
*Anh.*   
The *German* Powers, so long without a Head,   
For *Wenceslaus* was none, seem warring Members,   
Each to particular Interests attach'd,   
Rending the Body of the common Good.   
It therefore calls for the most active Courage,   
And almost more than human Policy,   
To stop the daring Progress of their Pride,   
And once more humble, and unite their Forces.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Fred.*   
O my good Lords! oft have I weigh'd this Truth   
With Thoughts might quell Ambition, did my Wish   
Prompt me to lord it o'er my Fellow Princes.   
And, were it not for Hope, that, through the Aid   
[]  Of that All-pow'rful Being, in whom I trust,   
To do as much as Mortal can, to give   
My poor distracted Country Ease; I swear,   
Some other should acquit th'important Charge:   
While I, content with my own native *Brunswick* ,   
And free from Envy, and contending Factions,   
Should be engross'd but by one pleasing Care,   
To bless the People I was born to rule.   
  
*Ansp.*   
Mistake not, Sir! the Freedom of our Speech,   
For Ignorance of your Worth, or Envy of it:   
Too well we know your great Desert, to doubt   
You'll fail in ought befitting that high Place,   
To which the Voice of Heaven itself has call'd you.   
But 'tis the fawning Courtier's Part to strow   
Flow'rs o'er the thorny Path, and smooth the Prospect.   
'Tis ours to point the threat'ning Dangers out,   
That Wisdom, ever wakeful, may avoid them.   
  
*Fred.*   
Cousin of *Anspach* , well I know your Love:   
Yours, noble *Anhalt* too, and princely *Baden* .   
Still let your Counsels guide my willing Reason;   
That Prince who would maintain the Reins of Empire,   
Tho' he have Eagle's Eyes, and Lyon's Heart,   
Quick to discern, and vigorous to oppose   
The deep laid Schemes of artful Villainy,   
Must not depend upon himself alone:   
[]  For oft the Mist of Flattery comes between   
His sharpest Penetration, and the Truth;   
Or Prepossession stirs some erring Passion,   
And hurries him to Deeds which taint his Glory.   
  
   
  
  
But, for a while, leave we the Toils of State:   
Say, when arrives my better Part, my *Anna* ?   
  
*Anh.*   
Scarce yet an Hour since I beheld a Courier   
Make speed to th'Palace Gate; his Packet waits   
Your Leisure to peruse; but this I learn'd   
By Word of Mouth, that your Imperial Consort,   
Under the Conduct of Duke *Wirtemberg* ,   
Is on the Road, and will be here this Day.   
  
*Fred.*   
She is welcome.---But let us haste t'examine   
The Purport of those Letters. Your Presence,   
Princes! may there be necessary.---Besides,   
The Deputy of *Mentz, Ridolpho* , comes;   
With him the Nephew of that haughty Prelate:   
'Tis best t'avoid them; I wou'd not be provok'd   
To feast their Malice with ought unbecoming   
The Dignity of my Temper, or Degree.   
                                         *[Exeunt.*

*Enter Count Waldec and Ridolpho .*

*Rid.*   
Mark with what Pride the Pageant-Greatness moves!   
How scornfully he turn'd his Eyes upon us:   
As he would say, I'm now above your Hate:   
I've reach'd the utmost Summit of Ambition,   
And, at my Will, can crush your feeble Malice,   
  
*Wald.*   
[]  Wondrous, methinks it is, three Hours short Space   
Should work so vast a Change, in Minds that seem'd   
So much resolv'd: 'Twas but this very Morning,   
When Reverend *Treves* and *Cologne* jointly vow'd,   
With all their Might, to favour Princely *Robert* ,   
And curb th'Ambition of aspiring *Brunswick* .   
*Bavaria* too appear'd, determin'd then;   
Say therefore, from what hidden Motive springs   
So sudden a Reverse?   
  
*Rid.*   
Had these stood firm,   
No Power on Earth could have debarr'd our Wish;   
  
   
  
  
Had they but back'd, what, in my Master's Name,   
As first Elector, and Arch-Chancellor,   
I spoke, and was my Right first to be heard,   
Old talking *Saxony* , and *Brandenburgh* ,   
In vain had pleaded.   
  
*Wald.*   
'Twas they then turn'd the Scale?   
  
*Rid.*   
As you have heard some noisy boasting Quack,   
Bawl out the Virtues of his paltry Drugs,   
And draw the list'ning Populace around;   
So did they strain their Throats in wild Applause   
Of *Frederick* 's Courage, Conduct, Fortitude;   
The Battles he had fought; each petty Danger,   
With all the Pomp of Words was magnify'd:   
But above all, his Piety, and the Zeal,   
[]  They aim'd to prove, he bore for publick Good,   
Influenc'd the whole Assembly, and unnerv'd   
Their feeble Resolutions Fearful to offend   
Heaven, in the Person of this virtuous Prince,   
The conscious Prelates ceas'd all Opposition:   
*Bavaria* 's study'd Arguments were silenc'd,   
And I alone remain'd to stem the Torrent.   
  
*Wald.*   
How vain, alas! when Numbers were against you.   
Well! we must learn to flatter now, and thank   
The gracious Hand that robs us of our Rights;   
For oft this *Frederick* has been heard to say,   
He would revoke, if ever he were Emperor,   
Whate'er the Bounty of *Wenceslaus* conferr'd   
Or fold for Money to support his Grandeur.   
Now we shall feel the Effect.   
  
*Rid.*   
Perhaps not so.   
Fate may have yet some mystick Act in Store,   
Which may redeem our Hopes, lost as they seem.   
Somewhat this Brain divines; but dubious yet,   
Will not reveal my Meaning. As I left *Mentz* ,   
Having receiv'd Instructions necessary   
How to behave in this important Cause,   
  
   
  
  
Th'Archbishop put into my Hand a Paper   
Seal'd with his proper Signet, charging me   
On no Excuse whate'er to open it,   
[]  Unless in Spite of all our Opposition   
*Frederick* should be elected. Then, said he,   
"Let the Contents inform you what to do,   
"And see my Will in every Point perform'd."   
The Time is now arriv'd which must unravel   
The dark Intent of this conceal'd Decree.   
  
*Wald.*   
Heaven grant it be as I could wish, the Means   
To ease our Fears, and rid us of this Emperor.   
  
*Rid.*   
If my Guess fail not, somewhat of this kind,   
Will soon demand a Head and Heart like yours.   
Then must I crave your Aid.   
  
*Wald.*   
All in my Power.   
Did *Mentz* command not, I were most unworthy   
To share his Blood or Favour: Do I not owe   
More than my Being to his wondrous Goodness?   
He gave not Life indeed, but made it blest   
With the best Tokens of Paternal Love,   
Fortune, and Honours! Under an Uncle's Name,   
I find a Father's Tenderness and Care.   
And should this Heart retain one erring Thought   
Rebellious to his Will, I'd tear it out,   
And throw the bleeding Victim at his Feet.   
  
*Rid.*   
'Tis nobly said, nor do I doubt your Zeal,   
Brave *Waldec* , nor your Strength of Resolution.   
But my impatient Soul requires I leave you.   
[]  Anon you shall know All: Till when, be secret,   
And keep your Hopes close-lock'd within your Breast.   
                                         *[Exit Ridolpho .*   
  
  
*Wald.*   
Now do I feel what Women do, who long   
For Pleasures unexperienced, and forbid.   
The Want of what we wish to know, begets   
Suspence; and that enflames the wild Desire:   
It must be gratify'd to be appeas'd.   
If any hidden Purport be conceal'd   
  
   
  
  
In this mysterious Scroll; I can depend,   
His honest Soul one Moment will not keep   
The Secret from me.---But here's my Sister,   
Her clouded Brow declares how ill she brooks,   
This sudden Ruin of our common Cause.

*Enter Adelaid and Sophia .*

*Adel.*   
*Frederick* is then elected.---   
  
*Wald.*   
He is, my Sister.   
Now as it in our Power to barr his Claim,   
Tho' half the Princes gave their Votes against him.   
Like Fate his Presence aw'd their best Endeavours,   
And hush'd their vain Objections into Silence.   
  
*Adel.*   
Shame and Confusion on their coward Souls;   
Had I been there, not so the Event had prov'd,   
Oh! why does Custom, (Tyrant over Reason)   
Confine to Man alone all great Decisions?   
Woman more resolute, more bold, more daring,   
Yields not her Purpose till by Force compell'd.   
  
*Wald.*   
[]  Yes, to be obstinate your Sex well knows,   
Tho' to your own Undoing. But *Adelaid* ,   
Be you no longer Blind to th'only Means   
Is left us to retrieve our sinking Fortune;   
The gallant Duke of *Wirtemberg* still loves,   
And comes full fraught with Hopes you will at last   
Reward his Services.   
  
*Adel.*   
I think not on him.   
  
*Wald.*   
Not think on him! Yes, you must think on him,   
Must marry him, or be content to bear   
The low Contempt which fallen Greatness meets   
From every vile-mouth'd Peasant. Know you not,   
That on our Uncle, his Rev'rence of *Mentz*   
All our Dependance lies; and if he sinks,   
As sink he must, if *Brunswick* hold the Power.   
What have we not to dread? Therefore be wise,   
  
   
  
  
And find a Refuge yet in *Wirtemberg* .   
I leave you to reflect on what I've said,   
And, when you've done so, doubt not your Compliance.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Adel.*   
Alass! how mean are all the Ills, his Care   
Would have me shun, when put in Competition   
With those I already feel, nor can avoid.   
My Soul's dear Peace for ever, ever ruin'd,   
What have I now to fear? ungrateful *Frederick* !   
Did I e'er think that I should curse the Day   
[]  That made thee great? Thee, in whose Happiness   
All mine once center'd: Thee! whom I doated on,   
With more Excess of Tenderness than e'er   
Was known by Mother for her first-born Babe.   
Oh cruel Change! Now thy Felicity   
Is my extreamest Woe, Of all the Passions   
None sure so stormy in a Woman's Breast,   
As Hate, arising from ill-treated Love.   
  
*Sophia.*   
Madam, you know not your own Heart: this Rage   
Which, like a sudden Earth-quake, shakes your Soul,   
Springs not from Hate, but an Excess of Fondness,   
Which you would fain o'ercome, but want the Power.   
Indifference only can Repose restore,   
And fit you for those Joys your noble Brother   
Counsels you to take in happy Marriage.   
  
*Adel.*   
I charge thee Peace. Nor join such distant Sounds   
As Joy and *Wirtemberg* . Tho' I must own,   
The gallant Prince has all that Woman doats on,   
Or that Man can boast; yet if my Soul   
E'er entertains a second Thought of Love,   
The Interval of Death must come between,   
And quite eraze former Impressions thence;   
For while this Sense or Thought remains, *Frederick* ,   
Unkind, and faithless as he is, will reign   
  
   
  
  
Triumphant o'er each interposing Wish,   
[]  And fill Remembrance. Yes my dear *Sophia* !   
With Shame I must avow, those precious Moments,   
When at my Feet the dear Protester lay,   
Swearing no Charms like *Adelaid* 's could please,   
Are ever present to me: Tho' Reason,   
Too, too officious, since too weak to ease me,   
Cries out, those Vows were but delusive Air,   
Form'd only to deceive my easy Nature.   
  
*Sophia.*   
If, as they say, that Passion's Purity   
Consists in Constancy, and Perseverance,   
He knows not how to love who knows to change.   
Nor has the *Saxon* Princess Cause to boast;   
The fickle Conquest she may shortly mourn.   
  
*Adel.*   
Oh could I feast Revenge with such a Hope,   
I would absolve my Fate of all Injustice.   
  
*Sophia.*   
'Tis said she comes this Day.   
  
*Adel.*   
E'er she arrives,   
Blast, blast her Charms, some bloom-destroying Air!   
And turn his Love to loathing; but let her's   
Know no decrease, that Disappointment,   
Lovers worst Hell, may meet her warmest Wishes,   
And make her curse the Hour in which she wedded.   
  
*Sophia.*   
Pardon me, Madam, that I now presume   
T'accuse you of Injustice: If you are wrong'd,   
*Frederick* alone's to blame. Your Loves were private,   
[]  And *Anna* ignorant of a Rival's Claim,   
Yielded but to her Duty, or her Love.   
  
*Adel.*   
Yes, well I know that *Saxony* , foreseeing   
Th'approaching Greatness of my perjured *Brunswick* ,   
Contriv'd this Match through Interest of State.   
But Passion's deaf to Reason; and when we feel   
Affliction's Hand bear down with Weight upon us,   
We look not whence directed; nor examine   
If through Design or Change the Blow proceeded.   
I have no Sense, but Sense of Pain left in me.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Soph.*   
'Tis strange, that Time, which all Things else eraces,   
Should work no Cure on your distemper'd Mind!   
Thrice has the Sun renew'd his annual Round,   
Since *Frederick* wedded with the *Saxon* Princess;   
And Months to Years are added since you saw him:   
Yet are your Griefs still fresh.   
  
*Adel.*   
And will be ever.   
Neglected Love's a Woe, which few o'ercome,   
Yet, not content with that, Fate heaps on more,   
And loads me with Variety of Anguish.   
To see the Man who has so greatly wrong'd me,   
Rais'd to the extremest Height this World can give,   
Lifted beyond the Reach of Rage or Pity!   
The haughty, happy she, who robs me of him,   
With the Imperial Diadem adorn'd!   
[]  Myself, an humble gazer on her Splendor;   
Or proud to fill the Number of her Train:   
Is finish'd Wretchedness! 'Tis Hell, or worse!   
A thousand Furies in the curst Idea,   
Rise to my warring Thoughts, unhinging Reason,   
And hurry my wild Brain to perfect Madness.   
  
*Soph.*   
If it be possible, dear Madam, cease   
Reflections so injurious to your Quiet.   
  
*Adel.*   
Oh! 'tis not to be borne what I endure!   
My Soul once gentle as pacifick Seas,   
Can ill support these starts of raging Passion;   
Death, or Distraction shortly must ensue.   
   The hapless Maid who to Love's Pow'r gives Way,   
   Becomes to endless Cares a certain Prey:   
   No more her past Tranquility regains,   
   In vain she struggles with the galling Chains;   
   A Slaves she is, and still a Slave remains.

End of the first ACT .

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Enter Ridolpho and Count Waldec with a Paper.*

*Wald.*   
Bravely resolv'd! Methinks this little Mandate   
Contains the fix'd Decrees of Fate, which We,   
Its Instruments, are honour'd to perform.   
I look on *Fred'rick* already as no more;   
All his proud Hopes sunk with him in Oblivion,   
And *Mentz* triumphant in assur'd Revenge.   
  
*Rid.*   
You see how positive his Orders are.   
                                         *[reads.*   
  
"If *Brunswick* should prevail, what open Force   
"Cannot controul, let Policy effect:   
"Ne'er let the Imperial Crown his Temples grace,   
"But sudden Death stop his Career of Glory.   
"The Means I leave to you, and faithful *Waldec* :   
"Be cautious whom else you trust: A Secret   
"Of this Import, divulg'd, not executed,   
"Would double our Confusion."   
  
*Wald.*   
Most certain:   
Therefore on whom we may depend, is now   
The Question most material. A Dagger,   
Or a poison'd Bowl are always ready Friends;   
The Difficulty lies in chusing one   
Fit to administer the fatal Present.   
  
*Rid.*   
I have already thought. You know young *Ermand* ,   
Cupbearer to the Tyrant?   
  
*Wald.*   
Most perfectly:   
[]  Remember too there was the strictest Friendship   
Between you and his Father.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Rid.*   
Obligations,   
On Obligations heap'd, attach'd him to me;   
And, if the Son has Gratitude, he'll gladly   
Embrace th'Occasion to repay past Favours,   
And at the same Time make his future Fortune.   
  
*Wald.*   
Have you yet sounded how he is inclin'd?   
  
*Rid.*   
No. But by Chance meeting i'th' Palace-Garden,   
Told him I had a Business to impart,   
In which 'twas in his Power to do me Service.   
He seem'd transported at the Opportunity,   
And press'd to know my Meaning; but some Lords   
Passing that Way, I made him an Appointment   
To wait his coming in the Cypress Grove,   
An Hour's Space hence. I was also willing   
To take Your Counsel, e'er I ought disclos'd   
Of this last Stake, on which our All depends.   
  
*Wald.*   
I thank your good Opinion, and applaud   
Your well-laid Scheme; tho' *Ermand* stands at present   
High in the Favour of imperious *Brunswick* ,   
And boasts, I know not what, fine Notions,   
Which the World calls Virtues; I do not doubt   
But all will vanish at the Name of Int'rest.   
Honours, and Preferments dazzle the Minds   
[]  Of those who affect most to despise them.   
Be then no Niggard of your Promises:   
Let Oaths assure the Grant of all he asks.   
I know he has a Soul bold and intrepid,   
By Nature fitted for the greatest Hazards,   
And may with Ease be fashion'd to our Purpose.   
  
*Rid.*   
Or I'm deceiv'd; but soon shall make the Tryal.   
In the mean Time, 'tis best we separate:   
Too frequent Conversations may beget   
Suspicions, which 'tis prudence to avoid.   
This Ev'ning may, perhaps, be the Conclusion   
Of all our Hopes and Fears.   
                                         *[Exit Ridolpho .*   
  
  
   
  
  
  
*Wald.*   
Success attend you;   
Nor does my list'ning Soul forebode ought else:   
*Ridolpho* , honest to his Prince and Friend,   
And artful in perswasion, soon will work   
The shallow Mind of *Ermand* to our Wishes.   
The Sun of *Frederick* 's Pride for ever set;   
*Mentz* of those vast Demesnes, of which I'm Heir,   
Secur'd; and *Adelaid* , the happy Bride,   
Of *Wirtemberg* , What hinders but my Name   
Shall stand, hereafter, in the foremost Rank   
Of *German* Princes! But here the Victim comes,   
Whose Blood's th'Oblation my Ambition craves.   
'Till that bless'd Moment, be my Joys conceal'd;   
[]  Then all at once expand your golden Wings,   
And bear me to the Heav'n I aim at, Greatness!   
                                         *[Exit.*

*Enter Frederick, Anspach, Anhalt , and Baden .*

*Fred.*   
'Tis scarce an Hour since I have been a Monarch,   
Yet am already tortur'd with the Cares,   
Which envy'd Royalty draws on the Wearer.   
Letters, from *Lunenburgh* , inform me here,   
That *Galeas* , the *Milanese* Usurper, holds   
Secret Intelligence with *Mentz* 's Bishop,   
And that regardless of the solemn League   
Made 'twixt the Princes at their last Assembly,   
That stubborn Prelate, for some unknown End,   
Favours the Tyrant, and abets his Crimes.   
  
*Ansp.*   
Some dark Design, I doubt, is set on Foot:   
I hear *Ridolpho* makes some sojourn here:   
The Diet broke up, th'Electors all dispersing.   
He means to stay the most unwelcome Guest.   
  
*Fred.*   
Who in the Paths of Virtue perseveres,   
Has nought to apprehend from impious Men.   
Be it my Care to give this Empire Ease,   
To crush th'oppressive Hand of proud Injustice;   
  
   
  
  
T'unveil Dissimulation's Face, and show   
Th'artful Hypocrite from the true Deserver.   
All that concerns myself alone, I yield,   
Without Reluctance, to the Will of Fate:   
For Life or Death are Things indifferent,   
[]  When Glory calls, and Heaven appoints the Time.   
  
*Ansp.*   
Yet 'tis a Kind of Duty in you, Sir,   
To guard a Life so precious to Mankind.   
Where, but from you, can *Germany* expect   
To see her Eagle's Wings once more display'd?   
Where, under Heaven, but in your gen'rous Care,   
Can Virtue hope its long detain'd Rewards?   
If you, the Object of all good Mens Wishes,   
And Terror of the Vicious, should become   
A Prey to open Force, or secret Malice,   
Not only the most beauteous of her Sex,   
And the sweet Pledges of your mutual Loves,   
Must mourn a Husband, and a Father lost:   
But the whole Empire in Tears of Blood lament   
Her ravish'd Freedom, and subverted Laws,   
No more to be restor'd, no more to flourish.   
  
*Fred.*   
Your Doubts are kind, tho' causless, and I take them   
As the Effect of Love. Caution, 'tis true,   
Is not unworthy of the bravest Prince:   
But those can only know a slavish Fear,   
Who think they merit, what they always dread.   
  
*Bad.*   
Those free from Guile themselves, with Pain believe   
The Fraud of others; and walking on the smooth   
And even Road, see not the hollow Depths   
Where Treason lurks; therefore we'd arm you, Sir,   
[]  Against the worst that impious Men dare do.   
                                         *[Enter a. Messenger.*   
  
  
*Mess.*   
From the high Turret which o'erlooks the Plain   
We easily discern, Great Sir! the Guards   
  
   
  
  
And gilded Chariots of Imperial *Anna* ;   
But a few Moments hence, and she'll be here.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Fred.*   
Swift let us fly to meet her. Oh, my Friends!   
After an Interval of Toil and Cares,   
With double Fervour we return to taste   
The Joys of Love.---Ha! *Adelaid* !   
                                         *[Going out, is met by Adelaid .*   
  
  
*Adel.*   
Start you, Sir!   
Can a weak Woman's Sight create Surprize   
In him, who has so many Dangers fac'd,   
And still return'd loaded with Conquest Home?   
O wond'rous Pow'r of Guilt! the Hero blushes,   
And trembles to behold in me, the Ghost   
Of his own murder'd Truth, by him destroy'd.   
  
*Fred.*   
Princes, pass on; I'll follow instantly.   
                                         *[Exeunt Anspach, Anhalt , and Baden .*   
  
Madam! your Words an unknown Meaning bear,   
A Lady's Presence cannot give Offence;   
Nor am I conscious to have committed ought   
Should cause Remorse in me, or Rage in you.   
  
*Adel.*   
Hear him, just Heav'n! with Patience, if you can!   
This Prince, for Virtue so rever'd and fam'd,   
Thinks Perj'ry and Ingratitude no Crimes!   
Seems to forget he ever lov'd, then left   
[]  A helpless Maid to mourn her easy Faith,   
And curse, in Bitterness of Heart, the Time,   
When first she list'ned to his betraying Vows.   
  
*Fred.*   
The Man thus base deserves indeed to feel   
The keenest Arrows of untir'd Revenge:   
But *Adelaid* boasts a more just Discernment,   
Than to mistake th'unmeaning Gallantries,   
Which Youth to Beauty pays for serious Courtship,   
Or a fix'd Resolve.   
  
*Adel.*   
Death and Confusion!   
You mock'd me then, it seems?   
  
*Fred.*   
Not so. My Heart,   
Then unacquainted with the Force of Passion,   
  
   
  
  
Preferr'd no Charms to yours. But, Madam, say   
What Vows can you accuse me with the Breach of?   
What Contract past could make you entertain   
Lasting Remembrance of a Man, I own   
Unworthy of your Love?   
  
*Adel.*   
Indeed unworthy!   
What if no Contract past, ungrateful Prince!   
Nor binding Vows, which force Men to be just   
Against their Wills? Did you not say, you lov'd?   
Oh what were all those fond enliv'ning Fires,   
That sparkled in your Eyes at my Approach!   
What that beseeching Air, that humble Homage,   
[]  Which every Gesture shew'd, but Proofs that once   
You lov'd, the now abandon'd *Adelaid* ?   
Oh! that's th'extreamest Malice of my Fate,   
To have been ador'd, and after be despis'd.   
Take back, ye Heav'ns! those Charms you vainly gave:   
Transform this Beauty to a Gorgon's semblance,   
These braided Locks to Knots of curling Serpents,   
Whose direful Hissings may amaze Mankind,   
And seize with Horror all created Beings,   
'Till they grow mad as I am.   
  
*Fred.*   
                                         Be pacify'd:   
Nor rack Reflection with Ideas past;   
Your Friendship still I prize, fair *Adelaid* !   
And, as I may, will study to deserve it.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Adel.*   
Barbarous Insulter!---but he hears me not!   
He's gone, ungrateful, cruel as he is!   
And left me in this Agony of Soul,   
Without one tender Word to sooth my Sorrows!   
Yet wherefore should I wish it!---Oh be hush'd   
Ye Dictates of my ever-torturing Reason:   
Let me not think that I have lov'd, much less,   
That I still love, where all Returns are hopeless.   
*Frederick* is now another's, and whate'er   
My first Pretensions were, they now are nothing.   
What do I here then?---Why aim I to renew   
[]  The Memory of past Transports in his Mind,   
And become doubly wretched, by adding Guilt   
  
   
  
  
To the fond Folly of believing Softness?   
Drive me, O drive me to the Verge of Earth,   
Where Nature's Course is barr'd, and Chaos reigns!   
Where mingling Elements wage eternal War;   
And whirl the uncall'd Atoms from the Mass!   
Amidst that dreadful Gloom, plunge deep my Soul,   
Rather than stay beneath the chearing Sun,   
To stain his Rays with Blushes for the Shame   
Of *Adelaid* , lost, ruin'd *Adelaid* !   
                                         *[Exit.*

*Re-enter Frederick leading Anna; Wirtemberg, Anspach, Anhalt, Baden , and Attendants.*

*Fred.*   
Welcome, thou dearer to my Soul than Empire!   
What I have felt in Separation from thee,   
Could be repair'd by nothing but the Joy   
Thy Presence brings. O be my witness, Heaven!   
If ought of Bliss Imperial Power bestows,   
It is with thee to share it, and become   
More worthy of thy Beauty and thy Love.   
  
*Anna.*   
All these dear Truths my Heart inform itself.   
But what is Empire, all the glitt'ring Trophies   
Of Power and wide-extended Sway, when poiz'd   
Against the weightier Virtues of the Mind?   
That inborn Worth, that did at first create,   
Must still maintain my Love. Not but the Means   
To act the Good we wish, to curb Oppression,   
[]  To break the Captive's Chain, and to restore   
Past Health, and Energy to th'expiring Laws,   
Is the sublimest Joy the Soul can know;   
And I rejoice to share the glorious Hope.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
If such exalted Virtue fails Success,   
We must believe Heaven has decreed the Fall   
And sure Destruction of the *German* Empire.   
Oh! how I long to see the Sword of Justice   
Unsheath'd, and driving on those rebellious States,   
  
   
  
  
Who, to pursue a lawless Thirst of Power,   
Renounce Obedience to th'Imperial Throne,   
And with intestine Discord tear the Bowels   
Of their bleeding Country. Haughty *Galeas* ,   
Chief of that Number, engrosses to himself   
*Cremona, Milan, Pavia, Piacenza,*   
*Boppart* , and *Oberwesel* . *Mentz* commands;   
With the rich Towns, *Tortona* , and *Vercelli* :   
And the Prince *Palatine* remains sole Master   
Of fertile *Ingelheim* and *Kaislerauter* .   
What Shame to Royalty! We cannot say   
*Wenceslaus* was depos'd, since of himself   
He barter'd Power for the Slave's Traffick, Gold.   
  
*Fred.*   
Yes, noble *Wirtemberg* , full well I know,   
When vested with the Forms of Regal Sway,   
I take a barren Sceptre in my Hand;   
[]  Its spreading Branches, Power, and Prerogative,   
Lopp'd off, and by presuming Traytors born,   
In vile Contempt of Law, or Oaths, or Reason:   
But soon the bold Aspirers shall be taught,   
What 'tis t'encroach upon a Monarch's Weakness,   
And dare to take, tho' he declines his Rights.   
Soon, if propitious Heaven vouchsafe me Aid,   
Shall the Imperial Honours be restor'd:   
Succeeding Ages shall approve my Labour,   
Blest, if thro' me a future Prince shall reap   
That Ease, I'm not permitted to enjoy.   
  
*Anna.*   
It is the Task which Heaven allots for Heroes,   
To toil for others, while themselves taste least   
Of the unnumber'd Blessings they afford.   
Yet, my lov'd Lord! forgive a Woman's weakness,   
Enough already have you prov'd your Conduct   
In War, and Peace; I could be better pleas'd   
You were not call'd to tread this rugged Road,   
Where thousand Dangers, new, and unforeseen,   
Start up each Moment, and forbid Repose,   
Life's Felicity.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Fred.*   
Best of thy Sex.   
Thou choicest Blessing of indulgent Heaven,   
And most exact Resemblance of its Brightness.   
Thy Prayers and Love are my secure Protection,   
[]  And shield me from all Dangers that can threaten.   
  
*Anna.*   
Were it permitted for my Sex to wield   
The massy Spear, or draw the glitt'ring Steel,   
I have a Soul that would in Virtue's Cause,   
As greatly dare as the most proud Triumpher.   
Yet do strange Fears of late possess my Mind   
Ominous Dreams perplex my wandring Thoughts,   
And drive sweet Slumber from me. Oh, my Lord!   
Still the Idea of the last Night's Vision   
Hangs on my Spirits: Methought, as near the Altar,   
We sat inthron'd, attended on by Princes,   
And almost deify'd by Acclamations   
Of the admiring Populace around,   
A Peal of Thunder cleft the Temple's Roof,   
Big whirling Clouds obscur'd the Face of Heaven,   
And darkned all the Place; then, on a sudden   
Shot in a forked Flash of horrid Lightning,   
And thousand Apparitions struck my Sight,   
Forms terrible to Sense, and past Description.   
Starting, and trembling, I in Anguish 'woke,   
And in that Interim of my opening Eyes,   
Imagin'd I beheld you pale and bleeding.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Such Images are, by their Reverse, explain'd:   
This Dream, if Dreams have any Meaning in 'em,   
Portends long Life to your Imperial Consort,   
[]  And height of Glory.   
  
*Fred.*   
Be it as it may;   
This Day be crown'd with Mirth and social Joy,   
For *Frankfort* we to morrow will depart:   
There to assume the Grandeur of our Place.   
Then, swift as possibly allows,   
Pour in a Storm of Vengeance on the Rebels,

And once more vindicate the Rights of Kings.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Glorious Resolve! nor can with too much speed   
Be put in Execution; since *Galeas* ,   
Gains every Hour addition to his Strength   
  
*Fred.*   
Numerous indeed, well disciplin'd, and bold,   
I hear his Forces are. We shall not therefore   
Thro' Indolence, or vain Contempt permit   
His Power to encrease, and dare our Arms,   
As you have seen an unskill'd Traveller,   
Charm'd with some shady Wood's delightful Prospect,   
Stretch out his Limbs, luxuriously supine,   
And sink in Slumbers, thoughtless of his Journey   
Till on a sudden, swift-wing'd Night comes on,   
He starts, and rouzes from his golden Dream,   
With aching Heart beholds declining Day,   
Aghast and frighted, roams the tractless Wild,   
And vainly searches the forgotten Path,   
Which intercepting Darkness barrs from View.   
[]  Thus would it fare with me, my gallant Friend!   
Lost and bewildred in a Maze of Errors,   
Should I now stop when fair Occasion calls,   
And prove a Laggard in the Race of Glory.   
  
*Anna.*   
May Heaven for ever guard your precious Life.   
  
*Fred.*   
No more, my Love, we live not for our selves.   
Who careless sits, and nods upon a Throne,   
Rules by the Will of others, not his own:   
Of every Ill he justly bears the Blame;   
But all the Praise of Good his Subjects claim.

End of the Second ACT .

ACT III.

SCENE I

*A Garden.*

*Enter Adelaid and Wirtemberg .*

*Adel.*   
Why do you thus perplex yourself and me?   
Oft has my Tongue declar'd the fix'd Aversion,   
Which my Soul bears to Marriage: yet you still   
With vain Sollicitations will pursue me.   
But it is your Sex's Nature, to return   
Love with Disdain, and Hate with Love repay.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Do you then hate me? cruel *Adelaid* !   
How hard must be the Ice about your Heart,   
If Constancy, like mine, wants Power to thaw it!   
Convinc'd already of my passion's Truth,   
What other Means is left to win upon you?   
No Toils would I refuse, no Dangers shun,   
That *Adelaid* and Honour should present.   
  
*Adel.*   
Oh how ungrateful am I forc'd t'appear.   
                                         *[Aside.*   
  
Your great Deserts, brave Prince! m'admiring Soul   
Long since confest; but Love, my Lord! you know,   
Is not th'Effect of Reason, or of Will.   
Few feel that Passion's Force, because they chuse it,   
And fewer yet, when it becomes their Duty.   
Condemn not then my want of Sensibility;   
Since 'tis resistless Fate that governs all,   
And leaves no Power in me.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Oh lovely Sophister!   
Well have you learn'd the Art, with Speech most soft,   
[]  To veil th'inhuman Meaning couch'd within,   
This seeming Pity; but it will not do,   
Ill treated Love has penetrating Eyes,   
And sees thro' all the winding Artifices   
Made use on to deceive him.   
  
*Adel.*   
Heaven! I'm betray'd,   
My Love, and my Despair laid open to him.   
                                         *[Aside.*   
  
Of what am I accus'd?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
That Term's too harsh:   
And would ill-suit the Mouth of an Adorer.   
But think not that I ever can believe   
A Soul like yours was form'd a Foe to Love.   
No, 'tis impossible that Heaven of Beauty,   
Should be created for itself alone,   
Some happier, tho' perhaps less faithful Man,   
Will one Day reap those Joys which I'm deny'd.   
  
*Adel.*   
How much you wrong me, soon shall my Conduct prove,   
For I have sworn, and now again confirm it   
By every listning Saint, and guardian Angel,   
For ever to forsake this busy World,   
And in a Cloyster's silent, safe Recess   
Pass the Remainder of my Days, secure   
From all the Wiles of false undoing Man:   
No more to hear th'Inchantment of their Praises,   
No more take Pride in their deceitful Homage,   
[]  Paid only to seduce us into Slavery.   
But in my solitary Refuge blest,   
With Pity think on those, who sell their Peace,   
For the vain Triumph of a short-liv'd Passion.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Ha, *Adelaid* ! by Heaven the pointed Fires   
That sparkle in your Eyes, while even repeating   
This strange Resolve, and the unusual Hurry   
Which ruffles your whole Form, has rouz'd a Thought   
  
   
  
  
More shocking to me than a thousand Deaths.   
Say, can Emotions such as these proceed   
From cool Reserve, or meer dislike of Marriage?   
Are they not rather Symptoms you have felt,   
To your Cost felt, the Passion you condemn?   
  
*Adel.*   
What have I said!   
*[Aside.]*   
Prince, you presume too far   
To censure Thoughts is Heaven's prerogative.   
Besides, of this be certain, that whate'er mine are,   
They ne'er will turn in favour of the Man,   
Whose jealous Curiosity would fathom   
What Suits not with my Pleasure to reveal.   
                                         *[Exit.]*   
  
  
*Wirtemb.*   
How vast a Privilege has Beauty!   
They say I'm rash, impatient of Affronts,   
And prone to Anger for each petty flight;   
Yet here I'm tame as suffering Infancy.

*Enter Waldec .*

*Wald.*   
I wonder that *Ridolpho* stays,   
I thought to have met him---Ha! Duke *Wirtemberg* .   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
[]  Yes, what remains of him you call'd your Friend:   
For all that made me worthy of that Name,   
Or even of Man, I think, is blasted in me.   
Either I dreamt, or you encourag'd Hope,   
With an Assurance *Adelaid* was kind,   
And would no more reject my Vows of Love.   
  
*Wald.*   
'Tis hard, my Lord! t'account for Women's Humours:   
To Day they're this, to morrow the Reverse;   
Like the still-veering Wind, in nothing constant   
But in *Inconstancy* . Interest, indeed,   
Sometimes confines, and guides th'exterior Part,   
But then, the giddy Mind will have its Swing,   
And soar beyond all Bounds.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Yet *Adelaid*   
Seems different from her Sex, and changes not   
  
   
  
  
From that fix'd Haughtiness, which, but for you,   
At first had nipp'd my Wishes in their Bud.   
My Soul confesses that you meant me well,   
But fatal to my Peace th'Event has prov'd.   
Desire, when young, is easily supprest;   
But cherish'd by the Sun of warm Encouragement,   
Becomes too strong, and potent for Controul:   
Nor yields but to Despair, the worst of Passions.   
  
*Wald.*   
May not this Tempest, by an artful Breath,   
Be turn'd on him I hate, I'll try at least.   
                                         *[Aside.*   
  
[]  Thus often are our best Endeavours crost,   
By some ill-bodeing Star. I fear, my Lord!   
The cruel Cause that ruins your Designs,   
Is not less baneful to my Sister's Glory.   
Somewhat I've lately heard that much disturb me,   
Tho' loth I am to speak it.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Take heed, I warn thee.   
If ought to her Dishonour thou wouldst utter,   
'Tis not the Name of Brother should protect thee   
From the just Rage of a defending Lover.   
Hard-hearted as she is, not Death try'd Spirits   
Are more refin'd; nor those Ætherial Beings,   
Which, yet unclad in Flesh, ne'er knew to sin,   
Boast purer Innocence than *Adelaid* .   
  
*Wald.*   
He kindles to my wish.   
*[Aside]*   
I thought so too;   
But where's the Virtue, may not be corrupted,   
When strong Temptations press? Angels themselves   
Have yielded to their Force; then how should Woman,   
The frailest of this frail Creation, hope   
To stem the dangerous Tide of proffer'd Pleasures?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Where is the Villain dare attempt her Honour,   
Or even with an unchast Desire prophane   
So bright a Character?   
  
*Wald.*   
There lies my Grief   
  
   
  
  
That he's by much too great for Punishment.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
[]  Give me to know him, and by Heaven I swear,   
No Pow'r shall shield him from my just Revenge:   
Not even imperial Favour be his Guard;   
But in the Emperor's Sight I'd seize the Slave,   
And drag him to his Fate.   
  
*Wald.*   
Alass, my Lord!   
With how much Ease are the Sincere deceiv'd,   
Our good Opinion often dimns our Reason,   
And will not let us see the plainest Truths:   
Else you might guess, that in so nice a Point,   
I from no Subject would have tamely born   
The Wrong.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Ha Count! what said you? no Subject?   
What is't I feel?---But sure it cannot be,   
That *Frederick* can so greatly derogate,   
From those strict Rules of Piety and Virtue   
He with such warmth professes, and rewards   
The Practice of in others. Oh speak again,   
And spare my Soul the Guilt of false Surmise.   
  
*Wald.*   
Would th'Undoer of my Sister's Honour   
Had any Name but His; 'twould not be Words,   
But Deeds should speak the just Resentment here.   
You've doubtless heard that e're his Hopes were rais'd   
To the Imperial Throne, or richer Offers,   
Tempted Ambition in the *Saxon* Princess,   
[]  The Charms of *Adelaid* engag'd his Heart.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Never, by Heaven!   
  
*Wald.*   
It may be possible;   
For as he meant not fair, he made no Show   
In publick of his Love. Tho' oft they met,   
And, as I since have been inform'd, were lavish   
Of mutual Vows and solemn Protestations.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
How brook'd she then his Marriage?   
  
*Wald.*   
As Women do,   
  
   
  
  
Who for such Ills have no Relief but Tears.   
Yet did her natural Pride a while support her,   
And Grief lay hid beneath the Mask of Hate.   
'Twas then I hop'd, your Wishes would succeed   
But his Arrival, and renew'd Addresses   
Marrs all again; o'erwhelm'd in Tenderness,   
No more she views him with resentful Eyes,   
No more regrets her Sufferings, or her Wrongs,   
But yields her Fame a Prey to his Delusions.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Death and Distraction! Does he then see her?   
  
*Wald.*   
So am I told by one who shares her Secrets,   
And fears for the Event.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Name it no more.   
A thousand Furies are at at work within me,   
Prompting to Mischiefs, would amaze the World.   
Down, Devil, down!---Oh let me not forget   
[]  That *Frederick* 's my Emperor; and but for this,   
Perhaps unvoluntary Crime, the best,   
And bravest that e'er grac'd th'Imperial Throne.   
Curse on the Thought! would he were otherwise,   
That by no Precepts aw'd, I might revenge   
My injur'd Love, and pierce a Tyrant's Heart.   
                                         *[Ex.*   
  
  
*Wald.*   
What Slaves are they whose free-born Souls are fetter'd   
With that Thing call'd Conscience!---Well *Frederick* !   
By this Contrivance, I trust, thou hast, however,   
One Friend the less to aid or to revenge thee.   
The Odium cast upon my Sister's Fame   
May easily be wip'd off, when thou'rt no more,   
And all succeed according to my Wish.   
But he appears, and fawning *Anhalt* with him;   
Earnest they seem in Talk, I'll leave the Place.   
  
*Fred.*   
Is not that *Waldec* ?   
                                         *[As he is going out, Enter Frederick and Anhalt .*   
  
  
*Anh.*   
The same, my gracious Lord!   
  
*Fred.*   
Stay, Count! Saw you of late Duke *Wirtemberg* ?   
  
   
  
  
  
*Wald.*   
He parted hence, great Sir, even now.   
  
*Fred.*   
We met him too, and on his lowring Brow   
Reads Marks of Discontent which much surprize us.   
Know you the Cause?   
  
*Wald.*   
Not I, Imperial Sir!   
Tho' I discern'd strange Marks of Grief about him,   
And from long Intimacy took the Freedom,   
[]  To ask the Motive, I no sooner urg'd   
The Question to him, than he shot away   
As if disdaining Converse.   
  
*Fred.*   
I should lament   
His Troubles greatly, if on Reason founded;   
But infinitely more so brave a Spirit,   
Should yield himself a Prey to meer Ideas,   
And unsubstantial Woes.

*Enter Anspach and Baden .*

*Ansp.*   
Oh Horror! Horror!   
  
*Bad.*   
Monstrous Cruelty!   
  
*Fred.*   
The meaning, Princes,   
Of these Exclamations?   
  
*Ansp.*   
Unhappy *Ermand* .   
  
*Bad.*   
In yonder Grove, breathless and pale he lies,   
A cruel Dagger in his Bosom plung'd:   
Two twining Serpents on the Hast engrav'd,   
*Ridolpho* 's Crest declare the Murderer plain.   
  
*Wald.*   
Ha!   
  
*Fred.*   
Kill'd by *Ridolpho* !   
  
*Ansp.*   
Dread Sir, this Moment:   
For yet the panting Heart throws from its Sluice   
The unconcealing Blood in reeking Streams   
Still bubbling as they flow.   
  
*Fred.*   
Spoke he not to you?   
  
*Ansp.*   
E'er we approach'd, the Soul had taken Wing,   
[]  And left the Reasons of his Fate untold.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Fred.*   
To what a Height Impiety arrives,   
When Man his Maker's Image dares efface,   
Stamp'd on his Fellow Creature. War, indeed,   
When for the Sake of Justice wag'd, absolves   
The Crime, which else is most unnatural.   
Yet do the Brave regret the dire Compulsion,   
That stains their Hands with Blood.   
  
*Wald.*   
My Royal Lord!   
As far as Man can of Man's Heart be Judge,   
I dare avouch *Ridolpho* 's innocent,   
And if (which yet cannot be plainly prov'd)   
*Ermand* by him met this untimely Fate.   
Some sudden Fury must have seiz'd his Senses   
In which the purer Mind had nought to do.   
  
*Fred.*   
*Waldec* , he is your Uncle's Deputy,   
And we excuse your Zeal in his Behalf;   
But from himself must have some better Reasons,   
E'er he'll be justify'd in our Opinion.   
Let him be found, and brought into our Presence.   
  
*Bad.*   
My Lord! He's here.

*Enter Ridolpho .*

*Fred.*   
How happens it, *Ridolpho* ,   
A Man so fam'd for Skill in Politicks,   
Thus far forgets the Character he bears,   
To fall to that of Murderer and Assassin?   
[]  Within our Hearing, almost within our Sight,   
T'assault and rob of Life our menial Servant.   
  
*Rid.*   
*Ermand* , you mean, I not deny the Deed,   
But tho' a Subject born of *Mentz* , I cannot   
By any other Pow'r be try'd; such Reverence   
I bear to your high Station, that uncompell'd,   
I ask Forgiveness for th'unmeant Affront,   
Which only the most stinging Provocations   
Had urg'd me to commit.   
  
*Fred.*   
The Guilty never want   
Excuses to alleviate their Misdeeds:   
  
   
  
  
But Heaven, to whose all piercing Eyes lie open   
The most obscure Recesses of the Heart,   
Is not to be deceiv'd by specious Shews,   
And ne'er forgets the Murderer in its wrath;   
Tho' ill would it become thy Master's Function,   
If Crimes, like this, escape his partial Justice.   
  
*Rid.*   
Yet Mercy is Heaven's darling Attribute,   
And chiefly ought by him to be remember'd,   
Who is both Priest and Prince, But to his Sentence,   
Howe'er severe, I shall submit myself.   
  
*Fred.*   
Haste to receive it!---From my sight, away!   
Who sins, presuming pardon, doubly sins,   
And scarce leaves room for future Penitence.   
No farther Business claims your presence here:   
[]  This Night depart our Court, and be assur'd   
That, but no Motive can prevail upon me   
T'infringe another's Right, thou should'st not thus   
Unpunish'd pass. Warn'd too by this Example,   
*Mentz* may expect, that the same strict Observance   
Will be from him exacted. Hide thy Hands,   
Yet red with Guilt of unoffending Blood,   
And trembling think the ever-ruling Power   
Shall mark thee out for terrible Revenge;   
While awful Heaven defers the Stroke of Fate,   
The Villain sins secure, with Pride elate,   
And with false Bravery mocks a future State;   
At length, when Justice can forbear no more,   
When Light'nings flash, and vengeful Thunders roar,   
The self-convicted, guilt-astonish'd Slave,   
By Fear prevents the Blow, and shrinks into the Grave.   
                                         *[Exeunt all but Rid. and Wald.*   
  
  
*Wald.*   
Mark'd you that Menace?   
  
*Rid.*   
Yes, and believe it too,   
The Death of *Ermand* gives a fair pretence   
To break in open War upon your Uncle,   
If he not buys his Peace with Restitution   
Of all those Territories he receiv'd,   
From the late Emperors, *Charles* and *Wenceslaus* .   
  
   
  
  
  
*Wald.*   
Yet you did well to stop the Babler's Mouth:   
Had he accus'd us all had still been worse.   
  
*Rid.*   
[]  I found his Soul unfit to comprehend   
The Reasons I alledg'd, and doubting much,   
If he'd conceal what he refus'd to act,   
Just as I took my Leave, pretending Friendship,   
One Arm I threw about his Neck; mean Time,   
The other struck my Dagger through his Heart,   
And lock'd it to eternal Secresy.   
Go, Wretch! said I, and in the other World   
Receive thy Virtue's triumph, or missing it,   
Mourn what thou hast lost on Earth.   
  
*Wald.*   
'Twas nobly thought.   
But to what Stratagem have we now Recourse?   
A few Hours space takes you from *Laenstine* ,   
And *Frederick* with to Morrow's Dawn sets out   
For *Frankfort* : Say, how shall we now proceed?   
Or what remains to stop his farther Progress?   
  
*Rid.*   
Why, nothing; every Star is bent against us   
Fortune and Fame are proud to wait the Nod   
Of this exalted Man; 'tis vain to strive   
When Destiny opposes: Nor can *Mentz*   
Expect more from us than our Power can reach.   
  
*Wald.*   
Yet for one Disappointment ought we not   
Poorly to yield our Hopes and our Endeavours.   
All have not Souls like *Ermand* 's, and who knows,   
But even among his Guards we might find some   
[]  Not proof to Bribes.   
  
*Rid.*   
'Tis most impossible.   
Are they not Natives all of *Lunenburgh* ,   
Of *Zell* or *Brunswick* ! in whom the Love of *Frederick*   
So far prevails, they would all lose their Blood   
To save one drop of his.   
  
*Wald.*   
Yet let us think:   
Something within me seems to speak Success.   
This Brain has not been idle, tho' as yet   
No more than half-form'd Schemes it has produc'd,   
  
   
  
  
Which Time and your Advice can only ripen.   
But I'd forgot to tell you how I wrought   
The jealous *Wirtemberg* 's impatient Temper   
To Rage; which, at this Juncture, may contribute   
Perhaps, more than we are yet aware of,   
To our purpose. Within I will inform you.   
Let us not then, brave Friend, ignobly quit,   
What we at first so boldly undertook,   
   Nor in the Cause with slow Indifference move,   
   Efforts pursu'd, alone a Genius prove.   
    *Cæsar* , when big with hopes of Regal Sway,   
   Thro' Toils and Disappointments forc'd his Way:   
   He won and lost, resolv'd, and won again;   
   'Twas Strength of Resolution made him reign.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Enter Frederick, Anna, Anspach, Anhalt, Baden , and Attendants.*

*Anna.*   
Now , my dear Lord! Confess, my Fears, tho' springing   
More from Excess of Love, than Strength of Judgment,   
Were yet not groundless. *Ermand* 's Death too plainly   
Speaks what your Foes wou'd do, t'admit the question,   
If the same Point, by which he met his Fate,   
Should not have pierc'd your Breast, had Heaven permitted.   
  
*Fred.*   
I wish not to be lov'd by wicked Men.   
Let me so act to merit the Esteem   
Of those who truly walk in Honour's Paths,   
And the dark Traitor sins beneath my Notice.   
*Wirtemberg* 's Discontent, indeed, alarms me;   
I know him brave, and honest, and should grieve   
The Loss of such a Friend.   
  
*Ansp.*   
'Tis said, my Lord!   
That he refuses to attend your Journey   
To *Frankfort* : Nay more, will not be present   
At that august Solemnity, in which   
Even Kings are proud to assist.   
  
*Fred.*   
It is most true:   
And as my Soul reproaches me with nought,   
By me committed, to excuse this Change,   
  
   
  
  
Must think some Arts, contriv'd in Mischief's School,   
Are practis'd on him.   
  
*Anh.*   
'Tis indeed most likely:   
[]  His Temper's rash, and fiery, apt to kindle   
Even at the shadow of an Injury;   
And often not admits his cooler Reason,   
To weigh the Cause that stirs him up to Passion.   
  
*Fred.*   
None are so perfect, but some lurking Frailty   
Steals through the nobler Mind, and petty Faults   
Should be o'erlook'd, where greater Virtues shine.   
He yet is young; Time may correct this Heat,   
And wisdom bridle each unruly Thought:   
'Till then we must forgive, and pity him.   
  
*Anna.*   
Oh that the too-censorious World would learn   
This wholesome Rule, and with each other bear!   
But Man, as if a Foe to his own Species,   
Takes Pleasure to report his Neighbour's Faults,   
Judging with Rigour every small Offence,   
And prides himself in Scandal. Few there are   
Who injur'd, take the part of the Transgressor,   
And plead his Pardon e'er he deigns to ask it.   
  
*Fred.*   
Yet thus alone can Friendship be maintain'd:   
Nor can the Virtuous from corrupted Mind,   
Be more distinguish'd, than by tender Pity.   
The Guilty ever are most hard to pardon:   
Vice makes them stubborn, haughty, and remorsless;   
And, as their Views all center in Self-love,   
Soon hate what once controls that darling Passion.   
  
*Anh.*   
[]  To pardon Failings, and, by innate Virtue,   
Be made incapable of yielding to them,   
Is the exact Resemblance of the Deity,   
And only the Prerogative of Heaven   
And *Frederick* .   
  
*Fred.*   
Wou'd it were so, good *Anhalt* !   
But tho', Thanks to the Stars, which rul'd my Birth,   
I am compos'd of pretty equal Elements;   
  
   
  
  
Not prone to fiery Heats, nor sullen Coldness,   
Draw from the Air no Fickleness of Mind,   
Nor from the Earth a gloomy Discontent,   
Yet am I still meer Man: And did not Reason   
Curb the impetuous Will, perhaps, might fall   
Beneath that Dignity. I therefore strive,   
With utmost Force to keep th'unfailing Guide   
Still wakeful, and presiding o'er my Actions.   
'Tis a short Slumber only that has made   
The noble Duke of *Wirtemberg* forget   
What's owing to himself or me. Nor doubt I,   
But he'll recover.   
  
*Anna.*   
I hope he will, my Lord!   
For much I prize his Virtues: To that End   
Have sent to speak with him: I do not think   
He'll make a Secret of his Trouble to me;   
And Griefs disclos'd are partly remedy'd.   
[]  Soon I expect him here.   
  
*Fred.*   
I'll leave thee then:   
For tho' I willingly would hear his plaints,   
And, with the Voice of Friendship, sooth his Soul   
The Great must ever yield to Tyrant Custom;   
We are the Slaves of Place, and pompous Form:   
Thus many things, as *Brunswick* , might become me,   
Which will not suit the Dignity Imperial;   
And this appears to be among the Number.   
For a short space, Adieu! my dearest Love!   
And may thy Aim meet with desir'd Success!   
                                         *[Exeunt all but Anna .*   
  
  
*Anna.*   
Grant to my, Tongue, kind Heav'n! prevailing Force.   
To heal this Breach; which else, methinks, presages   
Some worse Event, than my dear *Fred'rick* 's Courage   
Will suffer him to apprehend.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.*   
Madam! Duke *Wirtemberg* ---   
  
   
  
  
  
*Anna.*   
Conduct him in,   
The Task is easy for me to discover   
What he intends: A Stranger to Deceit,   
He always wears his Meaning in his Eyes.

*Enter Wirtemberg .*

Welcome, good *Wirtemberg* , tho' it seems strange,   
That we must court your Presence. I thought the Ties,   
In which my Lord and you were link'd, too binding   
To be by Trifles broke; and sure I am,   
That, on his Part, they still are firm.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
[]  Madam!   
'Tis enough. I know my Duty to the Emperor,   
And shall not fail t'observe it; as for more,   
He neither can, nor ought expect it from me.   
  
*Anna.*   
How weak a Bond is Duty, when compar'd   
To the more sacred ones, which Friendship makes!   
But say, my Lord! Is it no Breach of both,   
To leave our Court abruptly, and refuse   
Your wish'd Attendance on that solemn Day,   
Which sets th'Imperial Crown on *Fred'rick* 's Head,   
And from his Foes removes all future Hope?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Madam! 'tis easy from the num'rous List   
Of *German* Princes, to make Choice of one   
To fill my vacant Place. My Thoughts, at present,   
Would ill accord with Triumphs and Rejoicings;   
And better is it for me to retire,   
Where, undisturb'd, I may indulge a Passion,   
Whose only Wish is Solitude and Silence.   
  
*Anna.*   
Scarce can my Heart give Credit to my Ears,   
In a Report so strange, and so unwish'd:   
But give us Leave, at least, to know the Cause,   
Th'unhappy Cause, that has thus far transform'd   
And robb'd you of yourself:   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
That were t'augment   
  
   
  
  
The Sum of my Disquiets, and add fresh Feuel   
[]  To Flames that blaze with too much force already.   
No! tho' you are a Princess of that Excellence,   
As renders Disobedience a Sin, yet here   
I must be guilty. Permit me, therefore,   
Humbly to take Leave.   
                                         *[Going.*   
  
  
*Anna.*   
Stay, Prince! You must not go.   
Nor will this Compliment serve as an Excuse,   
For the Uncertainty you plunge me in:   
I must be satisfy'd:---Nor does m'Impatience   
From Woman's Curiosity arise,   
But true Desire to ease your present Griefs,   
If ought there be in th'Emperor's Power to do it.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
How little does she think my Wrongs are her's!   
Nor would I wound her Softness with the Knowledge.   
                                         *[Aside.*   
  
What shall I say!   
  
*Anna.*   
Come, let it be my Glory   
To heal this little Difference, and cement,   
More firmly than before, your Loves and Interests;   
I know when Recollection shall surmount   
This sudden Heat, you'll be asham'd to think,   
How far you've err'd, and own it by Submissions,   
Which I would spare you.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Heaven give me Patience!   
No, let the Guilty own they've been to blame:   
My Soul is innocent; and tho' no more   
[]  These Arms shall the Imperial Banner bear!   
No more this Sword be drawn in *Frederick* 's Cause!   
Nor my fond Tongue in Peace proclaim his Praise!   
Yet thus provok'd, not joining with his Foes   
More proves my Duty, than would heretofore,   
The utmost Services my Life could pay.   
  
*Anna.*   
Thus to complain, and still conceal the Cause,   
Has not the shew of Truth, but of Pretence,   
And seems as if you feign'd a Discontent,   
  
   
  
  
To veil some hidden Motive for this Treatment,   
Which could not else be pardon'd.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Feign a Pretence!   
If to have treasur'd up one darling Hope,   
Priz'd above Health, Life, Liberty, or Fame,   
And have it torn away, for ever ravish'd   
From my fond bleeding Heart, by him who once   
Next Heav'n I reverenc'd, is not to be wrong'd,   
I own myself unjust.   
  
*Anna.*   
Who has thus wrong'd you?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Who but the Emperor dare?   
  
*Anna.*   
Explain the Manner,   
Or I shall think, my Lord! you are in Councel,   
With those, whose Envy seeks to blast a Glory,   
They have not Nobleness of Soul to imitate.   
A Character most unworthy of your Birth,   
[]  And former Actions.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
For your Soul's Peace, I wish   
This kind Deception ever may continue;   
That you may ne'er experience the Pangs   
Of slighted Love, and Tenderness abus'd:   
Nor be compell'd in bitterness of Thought   
To pity my Despair; But if convinc'd   
How much the Woes of Love exceed the Joys   
Short be your Pains, and serve but to encrease   
The Triumph of your Virtue; which in Time,   
May call the Wanderer back, no more to stray;   
And fix his roving Heart, for ever yours.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Anna.*   
What, said he? am I awake? Oh, if a Dream   
Wake me, some pang of Nature, tho' it be   
The sharpest Dart, Disease has in her Quiver,   
Let me feel all that Sense can bear, but rid me   
Of this Soul-racking Torment, Jealousy.   
Can it be possible that *Frederick* 's false?   
Can he forget what's owing to his *Anna* ,   
Or the firm Vows made at the sacred Altar?   
  
   
  
  
Oh that a Tongue, accustom'd less to truth,   
Had told me this! Suspence is yet less dreadful   
Than such a Certainty. Forsake me not   
My Guardian-Angel in this sad Necessity.   
Let me act nothing to excuse his Change,   
[]  Or wrong the Duty of my Place. He comes   
With such Divinity stamp'd on his Brow   
As will not suffer me to think him false,   
Even tho' Report by proofs should be confin'd.

*Enter Frederick, Anspach , and Anhalt .*

*Fred.*   
Well, my dear Love! what of our worthy Friend?   
Does he repent him? Ha! what's this I see?   
Why is the Lustre of those Eyes o'ercast   
With gathering Clouds, bursting in hurtful Tears!   
What fawcy Grief presumes to enter here,   
And prey upon thy Softness?   
  
*Anna.*   
The Duke, my Lord!   
Persists in his Design of leaving us,   
Nor has my weak Persuasions ought avail'd.   
As for my Troubles, they import but little:   
Permit me, therefore, free from Interruption,   
To Quiet, or indulge them.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Fred.*   
Ha *Anspach! Anhalt!*   
What can produce this wondrous Transformation?   
Sure Envy from her ever-hated Cell,   
Has burst and stalks in all her Pomp of Mischief,   
Fomenting Discontents, and madding Jealousies   
In all who enter these unhappy Walls.   
Defend me, Heaven, from the accurst Infection,   
And guard my loyal Friends. Is all prepar'd   
For our Departure?   
  
*Ansp.*   
[]  All, Sir, is ready.   
  
*Fred.*   
Then early as the Sun shoots forth his Beams,   
  
   
  
  
To light us on our Way, we'll quit this Place;   
Where Evils seem to multiply each Hour,   
The Shares of Virtue, and the Plagues of Reason.   
                                         *[Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to Waldec 's Apartment.*

*Enter Ridolpho and Waldec .*

*Rid.*   
For ever blest be that befriending Power,   
Who with the lucky Tale inspir'd thy Tongue;   
Had *Frederick* lost an Arm, it could not more   
Have maim'd his Body, than *Wirtemberg* his Hopes.   
  
*Wald.*   
Yes, I perceiv'd it stung him to the Soul;   
But think you we may make no farther Use   
Of this disunion? Unworthy should we prove   
Of the important Trust we're honour'd with,   
If we let slip the least Occasion offer'd,   
For the Accomplishment. His Guards are few,   
And *Wirtemberg* remov'd, we've little else   
Than his own Arm to fear: What hinders then,   
But that, accompany'd by some trusty Friends,   
We fall upon him, in his Road to *Frankfort* .   
The greater Hazard, still the greater Glory;   
But I foresee no more than a brave Man   
Ought not to shun.   
  
*Rid.*   
There's somewhat in the Thought,   
That wears a Shew of Probability.   
I have among my Train intrepid Souls.   
[]  Those, whose more tender Conscience I suspect,   
May be dispatch'd by other Roads to *Mentz* ,   
While, with my Veterans, posted to Advantage,   
I wait the sentenc'd *Frederick* in his Passage;   
And act my Master's Will, or fall its Martyr.

*Enter Adelaid behind.*

*Adel.*   
Together still! these secret Consultations   
Are not on trifles. Here I may observe 'em.   
                                         *[Stands to listen.*   
  
  
   
  
  
  
*Wald.*   
To aid your Purpose, as in feign'd Respect,   
And Duty to the Tyrant, I'll attend him;   
That while your Party keeps the Guards in play,   
I, with my Men may close him in the Rear,   
A certain Prey for Vengeance.

*Adel.*   
What do I hear?   
  
*Rid.*   
It cannot fail; but Night comes on apace.   
Our Time is short, and all must be prepar'd   
Before I leave the Castle; so think it fit,   
You should both see, and hold Discourse with those   
In whom I must confide. In my Apartment   
Strait they shall be summon'd; in the mean time,   
We'll farther talk on this Affair, and fix   
The Scene of *Frederick* 's soon approaching Fate.   
                                         *[Exeunt.*

*Adelaid comes forward.*

*Adel.*   
Heaven! for 'twas thou alone, that didst direct   
My Steps this way, instruct me what to do!   
Now *Frederick* , might my Wrongs have ample Vengeance,   
And Blood be Recompence for Tears; but Oh!   
[]  To have thee fall, Victim of vile Deceit,   
And barbarous Treachery, would ill accord   
With Justice, or the Softness of my Sex.   
Why do I know it then, but to prevent?   
I'm else Accomplice in the horrid Deed,   
A Traitress, and a Murdress! yet 'tis hard   
That to be innocent, I must accuse,   
Perhaps, resign to Death an only Brother.   
Is there no Means t'avoid the sad Extreme,   
And shield them both from Fate? let me consider!

*Enter Wirtemberg .*

*Wirtemb.*   
Still pensive, and with Eyes cast down to Earth,   
  
   
  
  
Suits not the Triumph of victorious Beauty.   
Leave to the Maid, who destitute of Charms,   
Justly despairs of Love, this anxious Air.   
You cannot doubt but the same conquering Spells,   
Which made you first ador'd, will keep you so.   
  
*Adel.*   
Ha, Prince! The Meaning of this Interruption,   
Or these Reproaches? Little Cause, methinks,   
I give you to suspect I pride myself   
In your Addresses, tho' more humbly offer'd.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
No, not in mine. Far be it from my Thoughts.   
You like the Bird of Jove, sublimely tour   
To Heights my humble Pinions cannot reach:   
And scorn to stoop to a less Lure than Majesty!   
Imperial Majesty! an Emperor's Heart,   
[]  Can only merit *Adelaid* 's Acceptance.   
Nay, blush not, Madam! 'Tis given to Charms like yours,   
To triumph o'er Religion, and the Laws;   
Render the Ties of Love and Marriage void;   
Divide the Hero from his Hope of Glory,   
And make the Peace of an abandon'd Wife,   
The Victim of your Eyes.   
  
*Adel.*   
Unheard of Insolence!---   
Some sudden Frenzy sure has seiz'd your Brain,   
And banish'd Reason. Know injurious Prince!   
My Blushes are not the Effect of Guilt,   
But just Resentment. Where's the Villain dare   
Traduce my Fame.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
If such a one there is,   
Grant me, kind Heaven, to know him; tho' I rang'd   
The utmost Limits of the spacious Earth,   
He should not 'scape my Fury. Yes, *Adelaid* !   
Tho' cruel, still you're so much rooted here,   
To prove you innocent I would forego   
Whatever is most precious to my Soul,   
  
   
  
  
And die with Pleasure, not asham'd t'avow   
I dy'd your Lover.   
  
*Adel.*   
For Love unvoluntary   
Small Thanks are due; nor will this seeming Kindness   
Attone for the rude Crime, which wild Despair   
[]  Has made you guilty of. See me no more!   
Nor think your good Opinion of such Moment,   
That I, to purchase it, will break thro' all   
The firm Resolves I've made never to wed.   
This Jealousy but heightens my Contempt   
Of the whole Race of your impatient Sex.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
'Tis well, imperious Maid! 'tis wondrous well;   
Yes, I confess that I deserve this Treatment.   
Why are we stil'd the Lords of the Creation,   
Why with superior Fortitude endow'd,   
But to subdue th'Efforts of soft'ning Folly?   
And he who sinks beneath his Sex's Charter,   
Justly becomes your scorn. Adieu, for ever;   
In Absence shall the fond Disease find Cure,   
Or Death conclude at once my Love and my Despair.   
                                         *[Exit.*   
  
  
*Adel.*   
By what uncommon Ways does Fate perplex me!   
The only Secret of my Life reveal'd,   
Branded with foul Dishonour, and expos'd   
To Insults from the Man, who once ador'd me!   
But these are trifling Woes, when I reflect   
On *Waldec* 's purpos'd Crime. T'avert the Deed   
Yet save the Offender's Life, instruct me Heaven!   
Since for myself all Miseries are decreed,   
Grant that for other's Good I may succeed.

End of the Fourth ACT .

ACT V.

SCENE Continues.

*Enter Waldec .*

*Wald.*   
How great's the Pain of doubtful Expectation!   
I think the Scheme for *Frederick* 's Death so laid,   
It cannot fail: Yet shou'd the Stars deceive us,   
And Fate, to save her Darling, interpose,   
'Tis not our forfeit Lives, Estates, and Titles,   
Cou'd compensate for the intended Crime;   
In Treasons Book our Names must stand Enrol'd   
For late Posterity to Brand our Issue,   
With their Forefathers guilt. Oh, shock to Thought!   
Wou'd it were over once. Not that I feel   
That which fools call Remorse, or Penitence,   
But cannot bear even a Possibility   
Of being defeated in an Enterprize   
Of this high Nature. Ha! my Sister's Woman,   
A Letter in her Hand! she seems disordered,   
And seeing me, conceals it in her Bosom.   
This must be somewhat sure of more Import   
Than what is Common; but I'll sift the Truth.

*Enter Sophia .*

Well my Ambassadress! on what Treaty sent,   
Have you assum'd this Air of Policy?   
How fares your Mistress?   
  
*Soph.*   
Alass! My noble Lord,   
Strange fits of stormy Passions shake her Breast:   
By turns she weeps, and rages; Calls to witness   
[]  Heav'n and the Saints, if ought by her committed   
  
   
  
  
Deserved such Plagues. Long honour'd with her Trust   
I begg'd to know what new alarm had seiz'd her:   
But strait she chid me from her sight, and said,   
It was a Secret wou'd not suit my wearing.   
  
*Wald.*   
She still conceals it then?   
  
*Soph.*   
With utmost Privacy.   
Nor can I guess what sudden Accident   
Has stirr'd her thus: Tho' from what source deriv'd,   
'Tis easy to perceive.   
  
*Wald.*   
Her Love for *Frederick* ?   
  
*Soph.*   
Much I lament she still retains that flame   
To pray upon her with consuming Anguish;   
Nor can even his disdain extinguish it.   
As I just now by her Command return'd,   
I found her Face o'respread with livid Paleness,   
Which soon was follow'd by a scarlet Blush   
Of deepest Dye; then, with Speech precipitate   
And trembling motion, to my Hand she gave   
A Letter; bidding me with utmost speed,   
And secrecy, carry it to th'Emperor,   
And bring his Answer back.   
  
*Wald.*   
Give it me, *Sophia* !   
Who knows to what extremes this madding Passion   
May have transported her.   
  
*Soph.*   
[]  'Tis fit indeed   
Your Lordship should be Judge, nor can I think   
But I best serve, when thus I disobey her.   
                                         *[Gives the Letter, which he opens.*   
  
  
  
*Wald.* Reads.]   
  
  
  
"Tho' small regard is paid to the advice   
"Of those we love not, yet let me conjure you,   
"If Life, or Fame, or Empire, have ought in 'em   
"Worthy your keeping, to afford attention   
"To the sad Meaning of my troubled Soul.   
"Believe this is the Crisis of your Fate,   
"Which, if neglected, brings on certain Ruin.   
  
   
  
  
"In my Apartment I attend your Visit   
"And for your own sake hope you will not fail,

Adelaid.

What means she? Ha! Is it a meer Pretence   
Once more to see the Idol of her wishes?   
Or does she really fathom our design?   
I know not what to think---but sure I am,   
That if he comes, he runs on certain Death.   
Nor cou'd invention furnish us with means   
To act the Deed with such security,   
As this her Folly offers. But this Creature   
Must not suspect my Aim. You rightly guess'd.   
                                         *[To her.*   
  
However, bear it as you were Commanded:   
Let us indulge these agonies of Despair,   
They'll be the last; for *Frederick* to morrow   
Departs for *Frankfort* , and will scarce return   
[]  This way to rouze her inclination more.   
  
*Soph.*   
I shall obey, my Lord, so you think proper.   
  
*Wald.*   
Here take this Signet, the Cypher is the same,   
Nor will excite a thought it has been open'd.   
Be speedy, *Adelaid* 's no doubt impatient   
To know his Answer, which acquaint me with   
The moment you return---I hear the Tread   
Of some one coming---away!   
  
*Soph.*   
I shall, my Lord.   
                                         *Exit.*   
  
  
*Wald.*   
This is indeed a Turn by far more lucky   
Than I had hop'd from Fortune. Ha, *Ridolpho* !   
Ne'er was your Presence more desir'd or welcome.

*Enter Ridolpho .*

My labouring Brain is big with vast Events,   
And you are come in a most happy Time   
To bring the Infant-Embrio's to Perfection.   
  
*Rid.*   
What new occurrence can, since last we parted   
  
   
  
  
Have hapned to demand my ready Aid?   
But Night already with her sable Wings   
O'ershadows half the Globe, and I but come   
To put you in Remembrance of to Morrow;   
My Train all wait, I instantly must leave you:   
Therefore, be brief in what you've to relate.   
  
*Wald.*   
First then, you must not yet depart the Castle.   
  
*Rid.*   
What means my Friend? You know th'Emperor's Orders.   
  
*Wald.*   
I do. But they must now be disobey'd.   
[]  Nor will the danger shall accrue be great,   
He'll scarce have Breath to ask the Reason why.   
  
*Rid.*   
You speak in Riddles: Does not our hope depend   
On my Departure hence, and Readiness   
To attack him on the Road?   
  
*Wald.*   
To ease your Wonder,   
Know that a Scheme is laid to bring him here;   
And spares his Foes the trouble of pursuing.   
  
*Rid.*   
Here?   
  
*Wald.*   
To this Apartment. 'Tis a favour   
My Sister has entreated in such Terms   
I think he'll scarce refuse. He is a Prince,   
You know, fam'd for his Courtesy. At least,   
A small delay, to wait th'Event, not hinders   
Our first design, shou'd chance prevent his coming   
  
*Rid.*   
'Tis true.   
  
*Wald.*   
Besides, weigh well the vast advantage.   
We here have o'er him. Nothing is more certain   
Than that this Visit will be made in private:   
How easy is it therefore to dispatch him,   
And after quit the Place, e're the least rumour   
Of what we've done shall reach th'affrighted Ears   
Of those whose wishes wou'd revenge his Fate.   
  
*Rid.*   
The full Idea now my Soul receives   
With pleasure which can only be allay'd   
[]  By the uncertainty of his Compliance   
  
   
  
  
With your fair Sister's wish.   
  
*Wald.*   
That we shall learn   
In a few moments. But we'll to my Closet,   
I see her coming, and wou'd avoid her Presence   
For Reasons I'll inform you.   
  
*Rid.*   
I attend you.   
                                         *[Exeunt.*

*Enter Adelaid .*

*Adel.*   
What an Eternal whirl of wild Ideas   
Run thro' my giddy Brain! Thoughts after Thoughts   
In mad Confusion rise, and drive Reflection   
Far, far away! what do the guilty feel   
In the suspence of unaccomplish'd Crimes,   
When I, for Virtues sake, endure these Pangs!   
Oh, Brother! by what impious motive urg'd   
Canst thou resolve to bear those racks of Soul,   
Which must attend on Treason and on Murder?   
The Murd'rer of thy Emperor! and what's more   
The perfect pattern of excelling Nature:   
A Form, and Mind so awfully divine,   
A Blow to him directed, strikes at Heaven,   
And calls immediate Thunders to revenge it.   
Shock'd, and roll'd back at such a monstrous aim,   
The conscious Stars start from their lucid Orbs,   
And deep in Æther hide their trembling Fires!   
All Nature seems affrighted! Thou alone,   
[]  Persists unmov'd and hardned in thy Purpose.   
Ha! what now?   
                                         *[Enter an Attendant .*   
  
  
*Attend.*   
The Duke of *Wirtemberg* ---   
  
*Adel.*   
Be gone!   
Did I not Charge that none shou'd be admitted?   
  
*Attend.*   
I did not fail t'inform him of your Orders.   
But still he prest for Entrance---He's here.   
                                         *Exit.*

*Enter Wirtemberg .*

*Adel.*   
In what, presuming Prince, am I debas'd   
Beneath my former Rank, that you forget   
What's due even to my Sex; and dare t'intrude   
Against my strict Command?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Oh, *Adelaid* !   
Forgive the boldness, since it is my last.   
I come not now t'accuse, or to upbraid:   
Too well I know that Love and Fate disdain   
To be prescrib'd by Limits not their own,   
And was to blame in Censuring what, perhaps,   
You, but compell'd by a resistless Impulse   
Have yielded to commit. Nay, frown not fair One!   
This Posture merits not your indignation.   
                                         *[Kneels.*   
  
And cou'd you look into my secret Soul   
You'd find the same Humility reigns there,   
Unguilty of Offence; and all devoted   
To wishes for your Happiness.   
  
*Adel.*   
Rise, Prince!   
[]  In your Behaviour Insults and Submissions   
So mingled are, I know not which to think   
Claims my attention most. Nor have I leisure   
Now to examine: But shall hereafter take   
The Explanation well.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Ah! I perceive   
How irksome is my Presence; and will soon   
Remove it from your Sight. I but presum'd   
To take a last farewel, then quit for ever,   
Both *Adelaid* and *Frederick* .   
  
*Adel.*   
Ha! *Frederick* ?   
Somewhat I heard of this, but all confus'd   
My Hurried Soul not listned to the Talk.   
Go you not with the Emperor then, my Lord?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Go with him, Madam! meanly wou'd it prove   
  
   
  
  
The force of that Affection I have Vow'd   
And shall to Death maintain for *Adelaid* ,   
To endure the sight of him who robs me of her.   
He is, indeed, my Emperor, that sacred Name   
Binds down my struggling Rage, and quells Revenge,   
Else shou'd this Arm e're now have eas'd my Soul   
Of half its load of Anguish, tame Forbearance.   
  
*Adel.*   
There's somewhat more in this than yet I fathom.   
                                         *[Aside.*   
  
Much do I fear, rash Prince! the force of Passion   
Has render'd you the Tool of others Malice:   
[]  Once, all resentful for the Affront you offer'd,   
I ask'd the Vile Asperser's Name, and now   
In cooler terms re-iterate the Demand.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
With Pleasure, equal to my present Pains,   
Shou'd I obey, had I but room to doubt   
A Brother wou'd traduce a Sister's Fame.   
  
*Adel.*   
'Tis as I thought. To what a monstrous height   
Must the desire of Vengeance rise in him,   
Who scruples not for the attainment of it   
To blast his House's Honour. Oh, *Wirtemberg* !   
My Innocence too soon will be reveal'd,   
Unless by other Means than those which Fate   
Permits my bounded Will.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
What mean you, Madam?   
  
*Adel.*   
The Tale is dreadful, and must shock the Ears   
Of those accustom'd most to Blood and Murder.   
How then, just Heaven! shall my Tongue relate it!   
Oh all ye Spirits, which from Times beginning   
Down to the present now, vouchsaf'd to inspire   
Some of my Sex with more than manly Courage,   
Collect your Force, and in this dire Necessity   
Grant your Assistance, or my Soul must sink   
Beneath the oe'r-pressing Horror.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Then on me,   
Discharge the weight; our Sex, robust by Nature,   
[]  And from our Infancy inur'd to Deeds   
Your softness cou'd not brook, we'll best become   
A story of such dreadful Consequence   
  
*Adel.*   
Ah, Prince!---but stay---what News my best *Sophia* ?   
Quick let me know what answer bring you back?   
Say, will the Emperor come?   
                                         *[Runs to meet Sophia as she Enters.*   
  
  
*Soph.*   
Madam, He now   
Attends your Pleasure in the Anti-chamber.   
  
*Adel.*   
Say, I'm alone, and strait Conduct him hither.   
Saw you of late my Brother?   
  
*Soph.*   
Yes, Madam.   
He but now with Lord *Ridolpho* past, I think   
To his Closet.   
  
*Adel.*   
'Tis well. Do as I order'd.   
                                         *[Exit Sophia*   
  
Now, now my Task comes on, Mistaken Prince!   
Now you shall own my Wrongs: The Emperor comes,   
Please to retire where you unseen, may hear   
All that shall pass betwixt us: That Closet   
Gives you Liberty.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Ne're, till this Moment,   
Did Curiosity so agitate   
My wondring Soul. I willingly Comply   
And wish th'Event may prove 'tis I have Err'd.   
                                         *[Goes in.*

*Enter Frederick .*

*Fred.*   
We obey your Summons, beauteous *Adelaid* .   
Less to avoid the Danger warn'd us of,   
[]  Than in Respect to you, the kind Adviser.   
  
*Adel.*   
'Tis not a season now for such Reply   
As at another, I perhaps, shou'd make.   
But know, no Interest of my own or Family   
  
   
  
  
Can tempt me to be guilty of a deed   
Which shuns the face of Heaven, and has recourse   
To vile Deceit for the Accomplishment;   
And as Concealing is to share the Guilt,   
Am ready to unravel the whole Scheme   
Mysterious Treason has Contriv'd: But first,   
Must have your sacred Promise, you'll afford   
Pardon and Grace to one too deeply link'd   
I'th black Conspiracy.   
  
*Fred.*   
Whoe'er he is,   
To *Adelaid* his Life is given.   
  
*Adel.*   
I thank your gracious Bounty.   
Tho' 'tis to fill the measure of my Woes   
That I have been Constrain'd to ask it of you.   
But take the recompence. He for whose sake   
I'm thus oblig'd; He, who from noblest Race   
Has thus degenerated, and become   
The vile Associate of pernicious Traitors,   
Is my Brother.   
  
*Fred.*   
Count *Waldec* !   
  
*Adel.*   
'Tis a sad Truth.   
[]  In horrid League with Lord *Ridolpho* join'd,   
To Morrow's Sun shou'd have beheld you slain   
By Vile Assassination on the Road.   
The Gallant *Wirtemberg* , whose Arm they dreaded,   
By Arts too base, too tedious to relate   
Stolen from your side, and made to swerve from Duty   
Your Guards but few, you seem'd an easy Prey   
To the sharp Phangs of wolf-jaw'd Cruelty.   
  
  
*Wirtemb.* From the Closet.]   
  
Infernal Villains!   
  
*Fred.*   
Strange that Men bred to know   
The Charms of Virtue ever can forsake her   
For the deformity of Vice.   
                                         *[ Ridolpho, Waldec , and others rush in with Drawn Swords, and fall upon the Emperor.*   
  
  
*Wald.*   
A Man   
In private Conference with my Sister! Die.   
  
   
  
  
  
*Fred.*   
Traytor, Die thou, and boast an End more noble   
Than this Attempt deserves.   
  
*Adel.*   
Ah, Murder! Treason! Help!   
                                         *[Shrieks.*   
  
  
*Wir.*   
Monsters! my Sword may do an Act of Justice   
On some of your perfidious Lives.   
                                         *[All fight.*   
  
  
*Adel.*   
Ah, Help!   
A Guard here, Quick, or the Emperor's murder'd.   
Are ye all deaf as the Relentless Heavens?   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
I think thou hast it. Villain, doubly damn'd!   
                                         *[Wounds Ridolpho .*   
  
  
*Ridol.*   
Curse on that never failing Arm. 'Tis done.   
                                         *[Dies.*

*Enter Anspach, Anhalt, Baden , with Guards.*

*Ansp.*   
What Scene of Horror!   
                                         *[All attack Waldec and his Followers.*   
  
  
*Anh.*   
[]  Most accursed Traytors.   
  
*Bad.*   
Shew them no mercy---Hack the perjur'd Slaves.   
  
*Adel.*   
Oh, spare my Brother that he may Repent.   
  
*Fred.*   
Touch not his Life; but for the rest, let Justice   
Make them Examples.   
  
*Wald.*   
I scorn the Mercy;   
And did not Death already play his Part,   
And with cold Gripe seize every throbbing Fibre,   
I've yet a Dagger shou'd perform the office,   
And rid me of the Load of useless Life.   
  
*Adel.*   
Oh *Waldec! Waldec!* think there is a Heaven,   
And implore Forgiveness.   
  
*Wald.*   
That Work be thine:   
And to inspire thy pious Zeal, I'll tell thee,   
Thy Letter, by me intercepted, lur'd   
*Frederick* to the fate I hope has reach'd him.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Detestable and Horrid:   
  
   
  
  
  
*Fred.*   
Bear him from our sight:   
His Presence pains me more than does my Wounds.   
  
*Adel.*   
Fate, if thou'st yet another Curse in store.   
Send, send it down, and strike me dead at once.   
                                         *[Guards carry off Waldec, Adelaid follows.*   
  
  
*Ansp.*   
How fare you, sacred Sir? O Heav'n, you bleed,   
Stop *Baden* , stop the precious drops from falling,   
While I seek Help, a Moment's time may lose   
The World its greatest Blessing.   
  
*Fred.*   
[]  Hold, *Anspach* !   
I'm past the Aid of Art: The Traitor's Sword   
Has made its way quite to the Seat of Life   
And the last Vital drop is almost Ebb'd.   
Soon, very soon, shall I be rank'd with those,   
Who were, but are no more.   
  
*Ansp.*   
Heart-breaking Sound!   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
Oh! sacred Sir! by what Submissions humbled   
Can my late rashness be atton'd? My Soul,   
Too prone to Passion, readily receiv'd   
Th'insinuation of a Traytor's Words,   
And turn'd almost a Rebel too.   
  
*Fred.*   
No more,   
Brave Prince! 'tis a sufficient Recompence   
That you have seen your Error. Nothing proves   
A truly noble Mind like free Confession   
Of Faults the Base conceals: May you be happy,   
As your great worth deserves: I die well pleas'd   
In your recover'd Friendship.   
  
*Wirtemb.*   
God-like goodness!

*Enter Anna .*

*Anna.*   
What dire Alarm of Treason, and of Murder,   
Forces me hither? My Lord! my *Frederick* !   
Is't thus I see you? Oh, what Hand accurst   
Has done this Deed?---Are these, alass, the Effects   
Of guilty Love! Cou'd Heaven not yield to Pardon   
  
   
  
  
[]  One fault where Virtues so unnumber'd shine?   
  
*Wir.*   
Oh, Madam! Pity and forgive my Error:   
Deceiv'd myself by the perfidious *Waldec* ,   
I fill'd your gentle Soul with false Suggestions;   
Prophan'd the Heaven of your Lov'd *Frederick* 's Truth;   
And made you think 'twas possible he cou'd   
Have Heart or Eyes for other Charms than yours.   
  
*Fred.*   
Who wou'd desire to Live, when Life affords   
Such weak defence from Slander?   
  
*Anna.*   
Oh, do not think   
My meditating Soul e'er set you down   
For false: 'Twas but for a moment I believ'd   
The cruel Tale; yet did that moment give   
Me Horrors, which by this dreadful one alone   
Cou'd be surpass'd.   
  
*Fred.*   
Excellent Woman!   
While thou art present, Death, indeed, has terror!   
For while 'tis given me to behold thy Eyes,   
And hear the sound of that inchanting Voice,   
I find, methinks, all we conceive of Heaven.   
But Oh! to other Views I now must bend my Aim:   
We shall hereafter meet---Till then my *Anna* !   
Be careful of our Children: Let them know   
That to be truly Great they must be good;   
Let Glory, like a Seamark, guide their Course   
[]  In the rough Voyages of tempestuous Life,   
Season their early Youth with wholesome Precepts;   
Teach them to merit, not desire Dominion:   
But, above all, let Fortitude and Courage,   
Prepare their Minds for Fortune's fickle Turns,   
That they in all Events may be the same.   
Oh, I have much to say, but want the Power---   
My Friends too claim me---Draw nearer, Princes!   
I wou'd Embrace you, but my strength permits not:   
Give me your Arms.---A long Farewel to all.   
May Heaven, in Pity to this injur'd Land,   
  
   
  
  
Send you an Emperor who may accomplish   
All you once hop'd from me---Nay, this is wrong   
Let me not see you weep.   
  
*Wir.*   
My Eyes unus'd to Tears   
Smart with the briny Flood which yet will have its way.   
  
*Anh.*   
Who can restrain so just a mark of Grief?   
  
*Anna.*   
What then is mine! Oh torment in Extreme!   
Burst, burst my Heart!   
  
*Fred.*   
Here rather bend your Cares   
To heal the Anguish of this lovely Mourner.   
Oh my Soul's Treasure! yield not to despair   
But live to bless your *Frederick* in his Race.   
I can no more---The leaden Hand of Death   
Presses me down---Yet hope I soon shall rise   
[]  To never-ending Joys.   
                                         *[Dies.*   
  
  
*Anna.*   
Ah!   
                                         *[Faints.*   
  
  
*Ansp.*   
There fled the greatest Soul   
That ever lodg'd itself in human Form.   
Look up, bright Princess! Nor give Sorrow way:   
Your *Frederick* is not dead: There still survives   
A blooming Off-spring, which, to th'End of Time,   
His Mem'ry will perpetuate: And, methinks,   
A glorious Scene now opens to my View   
Of future Hero's springing from this Race.   
Above the rest, One shines with double splendor,   
With Grandsire's Virtues, but with better Fate   
Blest by Indulgent Heaven. Supreamly Great!   
Far distant Realms shall tremble at his Frowns,   
And neighbouring Kings submissive court his Smiles,   
On him alone shall Peace and War depend;   
His Voice contending Monarchs shall obey   
And the glad World confess a *Brunswick* 's Sway.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE, By a Friend . [By Unknown]

*Well* , Sirs! the Play's now over, what think you on't?   
Be sure judge right,---Wagers are laid upon't!   
Friends to the Brunswick Hero say, 'twill run;   
Others cry out---Poor Author! thou'rt undone!   
The Subject cannot fail, says one, to take;   
T'other finds Fault, and damns for Damning Sake.   
Whom o'the two to credit's hard to know;   
Three Days howe'er will the great Myst'ry show.   
Then we shall see which Party's in the Right:   
The honest Patriot , or the Jacobite .   
  
  
Well,---after this sad Tale, you're set a-gog   
To hear a smart and witty Epilogue:   
Faith, you're deceiv'd;---We're in too sullen Mood,   
To say,---or even do, a Thing that's good.   
Behind---our Female Author trembling stands,   
Waiting her Doom, or Plaudit at your Hands.   
Of late, the Buskin so successless proves,   
And Pantomimes so much engage your Loves;   
She comes with Fear, yet hopes Great Frederick 's Name,   
And Pity to her Sex, will spare her Fame:   
His hapless Fate in all must Pity move:   
None sure the Fall of Virtue can approve;   
  
 And when the dreadful Dagger gives the Blow,   
Each tender Maid must sympathize with Woe.   
Since then the Lines a Female Pencil drew,   
With Man-like Tenderness her Labour view.   
What say you Beaux ? Be kind, and grant my Suit;   
The Ladies all, I know, of Course will do't;   
Shew that you're pleas'd to put us out of Pain;   
And One and All to Morrow come again.