



DEATH *of the* DUKE *of* BRUNSWICK *at the* BATTLE *of* WATERLOO.



Duncombe's Edition.

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THE  
**BATTLE OF WATERLOO,**

A GRAND  
**Military Melo-Drama,**  
IN THREE ACTS.

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By J. H. AMHERST,

*Author of Buonaparte's Invasion of Russia—The Invulnerable—  
Will Watch—Death of Christophe—Real Life in London—  
Monk, Mask, and Murderer—Death of Fair Rosamond—  
Shipwreck of the Grosvenor East-Indiaman, &c.*

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THE ONLY EDITION EXTANT CORRECTLY MARKED  
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS,  
AND DIRECTIONS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT  
**Astley's Royal Amphitheatre.**

(in 1824)

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Wellington, Mr. Grierson	Marshal Ney . Mr. Widdicomb
Lord Hill . . Mr. W. Davis	Gen. Vandamme . Mr. Buckley
Prince of Orange . Mr. Kemp	Gen. Frimont . Mr. Darnley
Marquis Angelsea, Mr. M'Intosh	Gen. Dushême . Mr. Munro
Duke Brunswick, Mr. Ducrow	Victoria . . . Mr. Reeve
General Picton . Mr. Smith	François and Antoine, Messrs.
Sir Alex. Gordon . Mr. Yates	Ridgway and Fillingham
Shaw, life-guardsm. Mr. Makeen	Mons. Maladroit, Mr. Amherst
Corp. Standfast, Mr. Campbell	Phedora, a Landwehr's Wife,
Robert Thompson, <i>Private of</i>	Mrs. Makcen
<i>First Guards</i> , Mr. Henning	Mathilde, a French Girl, Miss
Molly Malony, a character well	Newcombe
known to the officers & privates	Marinette, a Brussels Girl,
of the 92d reg.—This extra-	Miss Gaskill
ordinary woman followed the	Rose, a Brabant Girl Miss Jones
regiment from England, and	Jeannette, an Old Woman, Mrs.
was found dead on the field the	Darnley
morning after the action of the	De Coster's Wife . Mrs. Slader
18th . . . Mr. Herring	Cecile, Adeline, Angelica, daughters of De Coster, Misses Darn-
General Blucher, Mr. J. Davis	ley, Peter, Lightfoot.
General Bulow . Mr. Bolton	Mary Cameron, disguised as a
Kouac . . . Mr. Jones	<i>Private Soldier</i> . Miss Louis
Petron . . . Mr. Lewis	Peasants, Misses Percy, Yates,
Dolitz . . . Mr. Edwards	Enscoe, Ducrow, Crosby Cur-
Delis . . . Miss Darnley	tis, Fillingham.
Bredowski . . Mr. M. Corri	Imperial Guards, Cuirassiers,
Jean De Coster, <i>Buonaparte's</i>	Red Lancers, Black Brunswick-
<i>Guide</i> . . . Mr. Lawrence	ers, Artillery, Sappers, British
Jaques, Guillaume, Edouard,	Infantry, Life Guards, Rocket
Henri, his Four Boys, Masters	Brigade, Highlanders, Prus-
Darnley, Lightfoot, Stedman,	sians, Hanoverians, by a nu-
Freelove.	merous train of Auxiliaries.
Emperor Napoleon Mr. Gomersal	

Mr. J. H. AMHERST addresses this melo-dramatic effort to that Public who has ever received his compositions with indulgence, and rewarded them with liberality.

The Author acknowledges the great obligation he is under to Mr. W. Barrymore, who undertook the whole arrangements of this piece, and industriously laboured to complete manœuvres and stage situations which the Patrons of the Amphitheatre pronounce without parallel.

Those who have not witnessed the wonderful precision with which the horses and equestrian performers execute the multiplied and difficult evolutions of modern warfare, ought to visit the Royal Amphitheatre, in order to behold the greatest treat which London now presents—that able and highly respected scientific Master, Mr. Davis, has conducted the equestrian department; and the splendid horse of Mr. Ducrow (unquestionably the first horseman as a equestrian actor in Europe) are contributed to render this splendid spectacle completely perfect.



*Aid de Camp gallops off.—Horrible cannoning and outcries.*

Now, gentlemen, we must by our own example animate the troops ; where danger is, there will I be found. Now then for victory and England ?

*(Exit in an immense fire, followed by the Staff.)*

### SCENE LAST.

MONT ST. JEAN.—GRAND BATTLE.

*Music.*

*The main point of occupation defended by light companies of Guards, who are stationed around the defensible parts of the ground.*

*Jerome Bonaparte leads the first attack, but is severely repulsed and retires ; at the same moment a 2nd division of French renew the attack with greater fierceness.*

*Jerome's detachment return, and furiously defeat the sharp-shooters of Nassau Elsinghen, who also retire.*

*Col. Macdonnell of Glengary, fights hand to hand with the enemy !*

*At this moment the Guards attack the French from without, and during the contest Grouchy is seen to fire from the upper part of the scene upon the British, a gun is levelled at the marshal, who is shot and falls dead.*

*The French separate :—the Black Brunswickers form into a square, and resolutely repulse the Cuirassiers,—the engagement becomes general. The baggage wagon takes fire, horses affrighted, gallop across the field.*

*A highlander fights across with a child on his back.*

*The horse and foot, including the whole company, keep up a spirited fire. Shells are thrown from either side. Screams, shrieks, and the double crash heard. Molly rushes into the engagement, she is stopt by three soldiers, who level their pieces at her, but a French Officer commands them to desist, and Molly passes on unhurt, a dreadful explosion and crash.*

*Molly rushes on and fearlessly encounters the enemy, the Cuirassiers approach, are defeated, Bonaparte flies, and the Prussians arriving, the Victory is decided in favour of the English and Allied Troops.*

GRAND MILITARY TABLEAU.

FINIS.

THE  
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Music—Village partly illuminated by the Moon, partly by torch and fire light ; the patrol and sentinels in long characteristic cloaks, &c.*

GLEE AND CHORUS.

'Tis a cheerful sight,  
By the watch-fires light,  
To view the Prussian above and below ;  
Eager for the fight,  
And anxious for the light  
That's to guide him to his foe.

*Phedora and her Child, whom she is feeding by a watch-fire, are placed somewhat in the distance.—Kouac and Petron discovered.*

*Kou.* Neglect her ! have I ever a loaf or a dried fish, or a drop of liquor, but I invariably offer them to the poor soul ? and what reply do I obtain ? Give me back my murdered children ! Remember Jena ! I've tried in vain to move her : the wrongs she has endured have almost turned her wits.

*Pet.* By my blade, but I wonder little at it : herself and husband turned out of house and home, and their large property plundered, and yet its a wearisome thing to have to deal with an enraged female who scoffs—

Phedora, (*overhearing this, advances.*) aye ! and scorns the powerless hand that will not guide the weapon to the heart of him who desolates half Europe. Wives, widows, and orphans, tear their hair by day, and curse by night.

*Kou.* Your injuries have been many ; but why do you wear your life away in—

*Phed.* Following an army ? Because I have no home. Why is the valiant Landwher, my husband on a dangerous service ? because I have resolved his corpse and mine shall

be a stark and stiff memorial of our sense of vengeance due to Prussia. Look upon this poor boy ; the only one of seven whom with these very eyes I saw in cold blood murdered by Napoleon's troops. My sons.—lie still, thou fool ! (*striking herself*) met the opposing lances of their enemies, and smiled their scorn in death.—(*She pauses a moment, then alters her tone to an expression of horror*)—But my daughters, my good, my virtuous, my—no, no, no ! their fate shall be sacredly kept secret ; for it was hurried on by fiends of hell, not men with human hearts. You know—you must have heard !—myself and husband bound together, were compelled to *see* these fiendish deeds. Bredowski, my husband, wept, but I became a statue, and my heart was turned to stone ; I shed no drop of moisture ; I shall never weep again.

*Kon.* Damn it, but it's too bad, too, isn't it ? and it's true, every word.

*Pet.* I—I can't talk, ask me no questions—can we do any—can we— ?

*Phed.* No ; unless you lead me to the tyrant's couch. (*To her son*) Boy, look upon me—your eye, sir ! keep it steadily upon your mother ; now mark : if ever you turn aside from using warlike weapons against our French oppressors, till their blood shall moisten every foot of ground they stand upon, thy mother's curse rest close upon thee—die, boy, die to avenge thy country ; but never be reproached for tame compliance with thy native country's scourge.

*Music—Approach of Prussian patrol, through which the characters speak.*

*Kou.* Hark ! the patrol returns.

*Music—DOLITZ at the head of patrol enters.*

*Kou.* Dolitz ! and alone ! speak, what of Phedora's husband ?

*Dol.* That he will be of little use to the Prussian cause.

*Kou.* What mean you ?

*Dol.* He is made prisoner by the French, whose very outposts he entered ; he'll be treated with little ceremony, for they are making for the bridge of Marchienne direct.

*Kou.* Whist (*pointing to Phedora*) silence.

*Phed.* Idiot ! Why should he keep silence ? The sound of war is familiar to my ear, and strikes upon it quickly ; tell me, therefore, fellow-sufferer, where is my husband ?

tell me truth ; descend not to lie or to deceive, and on my return, take for thy reward the few remains of poor Phedora's wealth.

*Dol.* It grieves me to say, the brave Bredowski is imprisoned in a neighbouring barn on the road to Marchienne, not half a mile to the right from this, and will be detained until the General shall come up to examine him.

*Phed.* To murder him, most likely. Thanks ; thy hand, boy ; come, seek thy father.

*Kou.* Hold, Phedora ! Go not alone ; here are hearts bold and true—ready to join an enterprize to gain your husband's freedom.

*Phed.* Forbear ! numbers would but mar my aim—nay more ; I would not have him owe his life to any hand but Phedora's own—no ; if we fall, with my last words I'll bless the cause that terminates at once our lives, and woes together. So come boy, seek thy father.

*[exit with her boy.]*

*Kou.* Who knows, but in her state of mind she may do more than a wiser soldier—heaven prosper her. (*Signal bugles*) Ha ! we must attend to other matters now.

*Petron under arms—Music.—The soldiers fall in—Peasants take leave to the following short chorus,*

#### CHORUS.

Farewell, my dears, we'll think of you  
As we march away to the tat tat too, &c.

(*To the last part the soldiers file off, the girls kissing hands, &c.*)

#### SCENE II.

*Le Bois de Bossu.*

*Woody Landscape in the foreground, and the Village of Ligny seen in the distance.*

*Enter Marinette, a Brussels girl, followed by Kouac.*

*Mar.* Thank ye, Sir ; thank you kindly. I'm sure poor Marinette wishes success to the Prussian arms ; the brave Monsieur Kouac has always the good wishes of the fair.

*Kou.* Good bye, sweet girl, and may a happy lot in life await you ; you've made our quarters very pleasant to us, but a soldier's opportunities of gratitude are few and uncertain—here to-day and gone to-morrow.

*Mar.* O, but you know you may return, Monsieur ; all are not kill'd who go to the war : if you should return this way, and are wounded or need help, or—I'm not weeping—but indeed and indeed if you knock at our cottage-door, poor old mother and I will always make you welcome ; if you're wounded we'll make you welcome and attend to your wants, and if you're victorious we'll coax you to treat the conquered with mercy.—Farewell.

*Kou.* Come, sweet wench, cheer up ; by my honour the girl makes my stout heart beat strangely ; look ye, pretty Marinette, sorrow's bad for the health—follow the soldier's motto, laugh to-day, cry to-morrow—come give us one of your ditties, and use your feet gaily to drive away the blue devils.

*Mar.* Eh, my foi, Monsieur ! my heart is too low to inspire my voice with energy ; however, rather than refuse you—

My arm, it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true love's bower ;  
Truly for love and fame to fight  
Becomes a martial Troubadour.  
Though true he lov'd  
And wish'd for fame,  
His mirth was mov'd  
At all that came,  
The cheerful Soldier shuns all sorrow ;  
Waltz to-day and cry to-morrow.

E'en where the cannon roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he fought his way ;  
Mid murderous guns and swordsmen's sweep  
He gaily sung his soldier's lay.  
Though true to love, &c.

*(Terminating by a Waltz Movement.)*

*Kou.* "Thankye : a right Prussian song and well learnt, since you've never heard it sung but once.

*Mar.* Oh, but I can so well remember all I hear about the Prussians—

*Kou.* O thank ye, thank ye for your compliment.  
*(Trumpet summons to arms. Marinette rushes to Kouac.)*

*Kou.* Don't grieve ; a soldier has duties that can't be compromis'd—*(kisses her)*—there, let that comfort you till I come back—farewell !

*(Music.—Marinette and Kouac retire with expressions of regret and affection.)*



## SCENE III.

*French Bivouac—Centinels on guard; Farriers, Sappers, Forges, Fencers, &c. The undress gaiety of an association of military character. Girls; peasantry with segars.*

*Chorus of a group varied.*

*Note, the Farriers strike to the refrain or ta ra la of the chorus; the other characters also mark the time vivaciously.*

## CHORUS.

'Ta ra la, ta ra la, ta ra la,'  
Our deities war are, and women, and wine,  
'Ta ra la, ta ra la, ta ra la,'  
Where uos militaires so surpassingly shine,  
'Ta ra la, ta ra la, ta ra la.'

The profession of arms is the theme of our song,  
And honoured are they who deserve to belong  
To the guardians of right and the foe of the wrong.

Au. *Ah, c'est l'armee Franai se,*

Fran. *Oh, oui, sans doute, c'est l'armee Francaise.*

*Chorus fortississime.*

'Ta ra la, ta ra la, ta ra la, &c.'

*Enter MAIGRE MALADROIT!*

Ah messieurs comment vat il—any body shall want his face shave away from his beard—or if any body has pull'd a hole in his small clothes (breeches) I shall sew it out better than new—or I vill dress nobody's hair—or—

*Ant.* Halte la! tell us what think ye of the enemy.

*Maig.* Des enemi, (Oh dear vat I shall say?)

*Ant.* Will our conquering eagles still soar with triumphant wings?

*Maig.* Yes; sans doute, des eagle shall soar with his wings!

*Ant.* Well, but what of the enemy?

*Maig.* I don't like that enemi—because he is not our friend.

*Ant.* Ah, ah, monsieur Maigre Maladroit, I perceive you equivocate—are you an enemy or a friend?

*Maig.* I am a friend, toujours, always, I sall never be an enemy to fight nobody.

*Ant.* What think ye of Prussians and the English?

*Maig.* O mon ami, you have beat the Prusses before.

*Ant. (striking on his back)* Ah, but what's to be done with the English?

*Maig.* Why if dey knock you so hard as you knock me you will say, keep my arm length out of the way.

*Ant.* Well, I suppose we must try to beat 'em at least—now what say ye to that?

*Maig.* O, I can only say, the English must try too.

*Ant.* Well—well—one thing is, they can't *talk* of victories such as ours.

*Maig.* O, no, they can't talk, no—

*Ant.* No.

*Maig.* But sometime they *do* a great deal for all that.

[*Aside.*

*Music.—Figures pass in the distance representing the march of the French army.—(Quick march.)*

*Fran.* Leave talking with that animal and attend to orders.

*Antoine makes a military reply, and turns to obey Francois.*

*Maig.* Ma foi, I shall not do good here, dey suspect me—il faut que je m'en aille.

*Fran.* Aux armes—aux armes.

*Music.—The advance guard form so as to receive the soldiery and baggage which are seen in the distance.*

*Grand Entry of baggage, troops, &c. &c. and finally staff officers to introduce the Emperor Napoleon; who thus addresses his troops:—*

#### NAPOLÉON.

Gentlemen—Your conduct as patriots and soldiers will, I doubt not, always obtain my approbation: this defensive war must on our parts be conducted on the same great principle which has elevated France to the highest rank among the nations. With soldiers so resolute, and generals so talented, great results may be expected; recollect our former victories—recollect how proudly our eagles have presumed to soar. He is with you who has always pointed out their victorious flight; he will now share your toils, your marches, and your daring, but most just defence of all a Frenchman holds most sacred—the unpolluted liberty of his native country.—(*Turns and marks his eagles.*) Soldiers, turn your eyes on those honourable ensigns of your country, noble blood has earned them, and noble blood will yet preserve them. I see some faces here who have ascended the Alps, who recol-



lect Gradisca,—standard upon standard taken, cannon, castles, generals, all subdued ; and *yet bravely threatened*—half Europe is array'd against us—good, be it so, difficulties give way to enterprize and resolution. I will teach this combination—I and my valiant Frenchmen know how to die, but not to compromise the honour or the safety of our beloved France—Onwards march !—

*Music.—March.—The Emperor Napoleon distributes papers among the officers in front, the infantry and cavalry are fully occupied at the back, while the officers fill out the front.*

#### SCENE IV.

##### *Barn and Outhouse.*

*Music.—At the opening of the scene, the barn doors appear closed. Antoine pacing in front, keeping watch—after a few bars the church bell strikes five : Antoine counts—*

Five o'clock ! morning breaks fast, and my watch expires. Let me arouse my comrade, for I must away, to get a farewell kiss of the dear little girl who followed me from the Low Countries. This watch coat I shall leave behind me : its rude appearance robs me of my personal attractions, and this day I am determined to make a conquest.

*He takes off his cloak, hangs it up, placing his pistols in the side pocket, at this period Phedora and child appear. Antoine opens the barn door, a Centinel is discovered. Bredowski appears tied to the rack, sitting on a corn bin on which is written 'foin.'*

*Ant.* Come, comrade, 'tis your turn to watch. The prisoner is safe ?

*Cent.* Perfectly.

*Ant.* Well, in an hour I shall return, and then off we march to head quarters. Comrade, farewell ! Be vigilant.

*Music.—Antoine exits. Centinel paces up and—after a few bars, Bredowski rises, and perceives Phedora, who motions to him. Phedora and child gradually advance and conceal behind the cloak : she draws forth a pistol, and shoots the centinel, rushes out and snatches his cloak away, dragging him within reach of Bredowski, who throws him down, noise is heard without of the first centinel, who cries out 'qui va là ?' she seizes cloak and cap,*

*puts it on, assumes gun, and at the same moment points to chest, into which the boy jumps and conceals himself—Antoine returns.*

*Ant.* Bah, what signifies discharging your piece, your prisoner is safe enough—*(he seats himself on chest placing his carbine there.)* What cause had you for such alarm—why don't you speak? I say it was a damned affair, and you oughtn't to have—hey!—what?—why you—*goes up to Phedora and seizes her, Diable!*

*They struggle, Phedora is worsted, when the boy raising the hay chest lid, espies the Centinel's piece, and fires—Antoine is wounded and staggers: the boy releases his father—they close the barn doors, Antoine is forced into the barn. Their immediate escape is prevented by the entrance of a patrol and six soldiers, Bredowski and boy conceal, but Phedora, wrapping the cloak and cap about her, utters aloud, ici, here, here is the treachery; they rush in, the door is barred withoutside by Phedora, Bredowski, and boy, who escape.*

## SCENE V.

### *Landscape.*

*Enter MALADROIT and Chorus of Flemish women.*

#### CHARACTERISTIC CHORUS.

O dear, Monsieur, relieve our fear  
Since you alone can mind us,  
For 'tis clear to sight,  
Our men follow fight,  
And the foe perchance may find us.

*Maig.* Ah mi ladi genteelwomen do not pull out the tail of my coat away, what I can do for nobody.

*Rose.* O Monsr. Maladroit, you always know how to save you rself, and surely you can save us,

*Women.* Ah oui! ah oui! Monsieur Maladroit.

*Mal.* Mais ma belle c'est ca, I always run ven I can not fight, vich is every day in my life. I am not nobody, because I am not Frenchman assurement je ne suis pas Francois, but I speak a little French, je parle francois a faire trembler, ah oui, so I escape from de Frenchman, also ven a soldato shall stop me vid parole Italiano, I shall say Si Signor, so I get away from Italian, and if a soldier English shall cry in his mouth halte la, ha, ha, I can dextricate myself, because I can speak out of the



English tongue like a native born on top of the land, ha, ha, ha, laissez moi faire, I know who is what.

*Rose.* O, the virgin, how came you to speak so many languages, and how comes it you live in so many countries without belonging to any?

*Mal.* Mais, I shall tell you, my modere was a Frenchman, my two or dree fathers is French, Dutch, English, and great deal more countries besides! My mothere stop till my two legs walk under me, den she walk away on her two legs too, and I begin to live how I can; I am friseur artise to curl des lady hair, I am tailleur, a tailor to make des elegant coat to fit every body, I am maitre de danse, dance mastere to shew you the three Miss Graces, I am every thing to live, and above all I am always gai, vive la bagatelle.

*Rose.* Why Monsieur, you do every thing but fight.

*Mal.* Oh mais permettez, madame, I shall tell you vey I cannot fight: I shall perhaps may be killed, or I shall perhaps be make a prisonnier of war; so ven de enem come, I walk into a haystack, or if dere is no time, I am lied down under a dead gentelman, and ven de fought is all fight over, I put up my head, and if de French win, I cry out God save great George our King: so I save myself, and I don't put nobody else in a passion.

JEANNETTE, (*a very decrepid old woman.*) Ah, Monsieur Maladroit, I am only apprehensive the French if successful will pay little regard to the tears of beauty. I tremble to think they are too passionate admirers of our sex to stand upon the point of honour: what would become of me if I fell into their hands? What, what do you really think they wou'd really do?

*Mal.* Ah, madame, they dare do a great deal; but I shall think you will be safe. (*Music.—distant march.*) Ah, ah, en commence la marche, all every body shall go to his house,—(*Exeunt women.*) Ah, on arrive de tout cote, troops from every two sides. I will run till I see vere I am most safe, after den I shall see de fight, and whoever shall win I will be his very good friend.

## SCENE VI.

*Bridge of Marchienne.*

*Water pieces. Boat and Boatmen ready.*

*Music indicative of an approaching battle, and continued reports of cannon.*

*Enter Maigre Maladroit, followed by male and female peasantry, who hurry over the bridge and across the stage.*

*Enter the Prussians, followed by a party of Black Brunswickers. The generals Bulow and Josef cover the retreat of the Prussians, and being pressed by two French horsemen suddenly turn and discharge their pistols, which take effect on one man who falls with his foot in the stirrup, and is dragged off. During this action, the general Bulow has called to his soldiery to secure the bridge—they immediately form upon it, all leveling their pieces to the L. H. as the Prussians and French horse enter from that quarter in close fight. Observe every third Prussian on the bridge fires and reloads, by which a dreadful discharge is kept up. Ney gallops at this moment in the centre of the stage in front, and makes an action for the cannon to be brought, which is done, and the devoted Prussians are fired on without mercy—part of the bridge gives way, and four men are precipitated into the water, a boat assists them. The French take advantage of this movement, and order their foot to advance, they do so, and succeed in clearing the bridge. The Prussian horse gallop to their assistance, but are closely pursued by the French, a dreadful contest on the bridge, and continual skirmishing below.*

*Enter Blucher and his Aid de Camp, who appear to have galloped mercilessly, they are closely followed by four Imperial Guards from the right, and a body of French horse on the bridge, who all discharge their pistols at once. Blucher's horse rears and eventually falls wounded, and Blucher with him. The Aid de Camp is attacked and fights off—general attack of horse and foot till the contest becomes confined to the bridge. The Aid de Camp enters and raises Blucher, who tears his hair, and seizes his pistols, which placing in his Aid de Camp's hand; he begs of him to put a period to his life, rather than let him become a prisoner to France. The Aid de Camp raises the infirm old man, and placing him on his own horse, hurries him away from the field.*



*A general contest on bridge and stage by horse and foot. The French are disadvantaged, until an Officer of the Imperial Guards leaps from the bridge with an eagle and colours, and endeavours to stem the defeat; he strikes a Prussian soldier from his horse, but is shot, as he is expiring, he kisses his colours and his cross of honor. Ney snatches the colors—uprears them, and after a short but animated attack, the French become victorious, the cries of Vive l' Empereur rend the air, and to a triumphant picture the drop descends.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

English Bivouac.

*Groups of idlers, girls, soldiery in undress, &c. &c.*  
*Corporal STANDFAST, and MARY CAMERON, as a soldier.*

*Music.—Duetto.*

Corporal.

Let's make the most of time to day,  
 And drink, and laugh, and toy away;  
 Early we commence the fray,  
 That settles Europe's rival sway.  
     So drink and sing,  
     God bless our King,  
     Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

*Chorus.*

So drink and sing, &c.

Mary.

As thus I gaily poise my gun, (*she shoulders.*)  
 Resolv'd to die—ere basely run,  
 Or glorious danger meanly shun;  
 I give the health of Wellington. (*a pause.*)  
     (*Every body utters Wellington.*)  
 So drink and sing, &c.

*Standfast.* Well, comrade, our life's a gay one—and though danger surrounds us one hour, glory awaits us the next. I expect we shall soon have some dev'lish hard fighting.

*Mary.* Hard fighting!—why, yes; I—I—shoudn't wonder—but don't think I'm afraid, tho' my voice quavers; because I *know* the young man—that is the young woman I'm faithfully attached to is affectionate and true-hearted, and if I live to return.—

*Stand.* Why like a faithful lassie she'll say, you've done your duty, and a brave soldier deserves well of his country, and a warm welcome from the girl of his heart.

*Mary.* True, say I, and may that girl that would ill-treat a brave fellow on his return from battle never obtain an honest husband afterwards.

*Stand.* That's a Paisley sentiment, comrade, and as I come from that part of the world I'll trouble you with a small commission,—you're a kind hearted fellow, and somehow or other I feel greatly attached to you—(*taking her hand.*)

*Mary.* (*aside.*—O, the deuce, if he should suspect)—perhaps, comrade, that's only because we're fellow townsmen.

*Stand.* O, no! for I don't recollect you.

*Mary.* So much the better.

*Stand.* (*producing a small packet sealed from his bosom.*) Look at this, comrade, you to whom this is address'd?

*Mary.* (*reading*) O, yes! to Mary Cameron! a cousin of mine, (*Standfast looks steadily at her,*) that is a Scotch cousin fifteen degrees removed; I'll be bail the lassie loves you, and if you deserve to win, it will be your own fault if you don't wear her.

*Stand.* Why truly comrade, Cupid has long beat a row de dow at my heart, and so closely beseig'd me, that I was compelled to surrender at discretion to your kind hearted cousin; but now the murder's out, and I cannot account why I was always so anxious to establish close quarter near you; you're devilish like your cousin; upon my soul you are (*seizing her.*)

*Mary.* Hands off.

*Stand.* (*always looking at her.*) Well, damme, if I know what to think, I feel all over as if I was near the girl of my heart, and when a fellow fancies—hey comrade, when he fancies—O, damn it, I'm all over from top to toe I don't know how.

*Mary.* (*enjoying his perplexity.*) But what's to be done with this?

*Stand.* Why, if I fall in this glorious strife, give her the packet—she will there see I was true to my vows 'till the stern commander Death issued his last orders.

*Mary.* (*affected.*) I'll observe; and if any thing happens to me do you open this, (*offering a portrait seal'd up*), it will be easy to discover the right owner, and if

you respect your comrade now, I'm apt to think the contents of that pacquet will fix him for ever in your heart. (*Both put up the parcels.*)

*Music.*—*A noise and clatter with loud laughing, &c. to the left hand second entrance.*

**MOLLY MALONY** *without.*

Stand away, ye spalpeens, and ax a lady after her health without crossing the gutter.

*MOLLY enters.*—*Her person represents a hale woman of sixty five, her hair grey; she wears a mob cap and an artillery hat, a neat soldier's jacket, a decent belcher handkerchief, a dark petticoat, blue stockings and black shoes, with buckles. She has a wallet to contain various articles, this is slung on her right side, a belt with a pair of pistols around her; a keg hanging before her, with glasses attached to her apron string---great good humor pervade all she does.*

*Molly.* O, by St. Patrick! they think nothing here of confusing a female manufactory of the arts and sciences.

*Stand.* Molly, you're one of the best old girls that ever faced an enemy, or stood true to a friend; but how the devil you came to be a manufactory is more than I can make out.

*Molly.* Och, hone! and is it a handful of words that come out of my mouth that's to distress Molly Malony, widow, and dealer in other spirituous articles! Is this a time of day to call a woman of my qualifications to account. I that was born sixty years and a trifle ago. I, that am an orphan and nivr had a father or mother in my life time.

*Stand.* Never had a father or—Oh, I suppose then you were shot from the mouth of a cannon.

*Moll.* Bother ye, spalpeen. (*She strikes at him.*)

*Stand.* (*avoiding*) Well then, damme, if I can see how you got into the world at all.

*Moll.* By the powers there are people in the world that can't see, because they won't look—wasn't I born in the Foundling Hospital in Dublin? Then it's clear as the mud in the Liffy, that I nivr had any parents, except my natural husband's, poor dead souls! and I only had sixteen of them. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

*Stand.* Sixteen!—why Molly, you've lost no time in beating up for recruits—never shirk'd parade, old girl!

*Moll.* Faith, darling, and that's true, from the moment

I enter'd the ranks of matrimony and followed the beat of the drum, I became a manufactory for whiskey. (*points to her keg.*)

*Mary.* A spirited occupation for a lady, Mrs. Malony.

*Moll.* Och, Molly's not the girl to turn her back on any jontee occupation; havn't I been wounded in fourteen battles by land and sea when pursuing my lawful employ.

*Stand.* Aye, true enough—come, let's hear the muster roll of your duties—what do you begin with?

*Moll.* Why, don't I sarve out the rations; don't I deliver powder and shot thro' the ranks; don't I fill out the whiskey; don't I fire my pistol and stand by the wounded till they're dragg'd to a place of safety, and then if they've a leg, or an arm, or any other limb, condemned by the surgeon, don't I sing 'em a howl to divert the pain and cheer up their spirits till they faint away or fall fast asleep, and that's much the same thing? Och a hone, I'll thank ye to point out a woman of more iligant accomplishments at this present writing.

*Stand.* By jingo, Moll, you're an able bodied soldier, a regular campaigner, and so let's taste your whiskey.

*Moll.* With all the veins in my heart. (*pours out*) I'm always in my shop ready to sarve a customer, whether he's a horse, a soldier, or a twenty-four pounder.

*Stand.* Come here's to the memory of all those brave fellows who have faithfully served their country by sea and by land—what say ye to that Mrs. M——

*Moll.* (*tossing off a glass.*) By the powers there might be a worse excuse for a dram of whisky than that. For by St. Patrick, he was a brave man and a soldier—(*filling out again*)—here's may English, Irish, and Scotch, niver quarrel together except in perfect harmony, and may their only contest be who shall be the first to strike the foe, and the foremost to spare the foe who strikes to them. (*drinks*) Fait but the liquor's as good as the sentiment, and both are excellent, and that's what the Duke himself will say, if he's any judge of women, whiskey or music.

(*Music.—A gay flourish of fifes and drums.*)

*Moll.* Only listen to that beautiful noise.

*Stand.* Noise, Mrs. Malony, 'tis music to the soldier's ear; it announces that his Grace the Duke of Wellington has quitted his quarters to be present at a grand



Review of the first, second, and third divisions of the British army.

*Moll.* A Review ! The most beautiful sight in the whole world ; I'll be off directly ; my whiskey manufactory may be in high requisition, and faith Mrs. Malony is not the woman to neglect either her duty or her interest—so one more suck, and off we go.

GLEE AND CHORUS :

May war, that source of sorrow,  
Ne'er cause us more to mourn,  
Mayst thou before to-morrow  
With victory return.

SCENE II.

GRAND REVIEW.

*Enter the foot soldiery, who execute their evolutions, after which*

*Enter the Cavalry who prepare to receive the Duke and Staff.*

*Enter Lord Hill, Colonel Sir W. Lancy, M. G. Vivian, Prince of Orange, Colonel Canning, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Brunswick, Marquis of Anglesea, then to a Grand Salute His Grace the Duke of Wellington, whose staff arrange so as to permit him to address the men and officers.*

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Gentlemen, the world has fixed its eye upon us, England expects much ; no one is here, I trust, who would not rather die than disappoint his native country's hope. I have just received advices that must *march us on to Ligny*. Be our pass word—England's King, and England's honour. March ! (*Music—Grand military movement and exit.*)

SCENE III.

*Landscape.*

*Enter MOLLY.*

By the powers, but there'll be a bit of a scrimmage before I can say! parsnips ; the devil a thirteener care I Molly Malony, I've lived in a *smoke*, and what if I die in a *smother* ? Why, if I die in the field, to be sure I shall live in the hearts of my countrymen, and its a big consolation when once one's dead to hear every body speak

well of one. Och, by the powers, but here come the French. The devil a bit of intelligence can I pick up, as I don't parley vows, except in Irish, but the ignorant don't understand an iligant brogue when they hear it, so I'll move my machine to where they commence operations, and if (*march cressendo*) Mrs. Molly Malony don't distinguish herself this day, I shall lose the good opinion I've always entertained of that lady's abilities in the military, whiskey, and numerous other lines of iligant female accomplishments.

### MEDLEY SONG.

#### MOLLY.

(*Groves of Blarney.*)

The field of battle it is so alarming,  
That Molly can't ever turn away,  
The drums and fifes screech out so charming,  
That she swears baste the foe or die ;  
Molly can't believe the Moonseers blarney,  
Who threaten low they'll our tune, boys, bring ;  
But this I'm thinking, we shan't be shrinking,  
Who fight for Briton's cause and Briton's king.

(*Bold Dragoon.*)

Our's is a regiment where every man's a man,  
Because alive or dead they'll fight, and more do, no one  
can ;  
With our guns and swords, without big words,  
We'll make 'em rear, and run and sidle,  
O! Huzza for Wellington,  
With his long sword saddle bridle.

Whack, &c.

(*Sprig of Shalalah, &c.*)

Bless the country, say I, that gave Wellington birth,  
Bless the lads of the gun, and their valour's full worth,  
That fight for the Rose and the Shamrock so green ;  
May the sons of the Thames and the Tweed and the Shannon,  
Stand fast to their guns, which in grammar's call'd cannon ;  
United and merry at Liberty's shrine,  
May the King and the People for ever ntwine,  
Round the rose of old England and Shamrock so green.  
(*Lilt tune, to which Molly dances and exit.*)

### SCENE IV.

#### Landscape.

*Enter Grouchy and Jerome Buonaparte, who ride entirely across the stage. Enter a body of horse who form. Enter French Officers to receive Napoleon, who enters.*

*Nap. (to Aid de Camp)* See to my orders relative to the person who is represented as possessing local knowledge of the surrounding country.

*Aid.* He is on the road with his family, who do not reside a stone's throw from our marching position.

*Nap.* Bring him quickly before me. (*Exit Aid.*) Now gentlemen, what intelligence of the enemy? in what numbers do they assemble; at what point do they unite? how do the English feel? (*to the Aid de Camp, who re-enters.*) has the false intelligence dispatched by Fouché, misled his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

*Aid-de-Camp.* Non, mon Empereur, the woman, tho' furnished with a passport, has been stopt upon the frontiers.

*Nap.* Well, well, then we must be prepared at every other point; the great object must be to disunite the Prussians and the English. What say our Paris journals?

*Aid.* They deplore the situation of these Englishmen unless they find means to reach their ships in safety.

*Nap.* But we—we, must recollect they are not yet reduced to that necessity. There's no wisdom in underrating a valiant enemy.

*Aid.* Perhaps then, Emperor.

*Nap.* No, no, let it pass, let the good people of Paris think what they are taught, but we must see the truth, and think of what we have to do; ha! this peasant comes; on, gentlemen, to the Prussian outposts. I need not here remind you of your duties. I am not an orator, but your fellow soldier, and hope to share your glories. My wounds and not my words shall speak for me, on to your different posts, and recollect your country, your Emperor, and your homes. (*Music.—The Officers exeunt various ways; the peasant Jean de Baptiste de Coster follows the Aid de Camp with his wife and seven children in sabots.*)

*Nap.* So—your name is—

*Wife.* (*very rapidly*) Jean Baptiste de Coster, aged fifty-three, born in the village of Corbeck, too near Louvain. We have lived in the Walloon county near thirty three years, we keep a little inn, and till six acres of deuced bad ground. Heaven help us and our seven children in these murderous times.

*Nap.* This woman is your wife. (*takes snuff.*)

*Jean.* Ah, yes! (*sighs—takes snuff.*)

*Nap.* And you are well acquainted with this neighbourhood.

*Jean.* With every house and acre around it.

*Wife.* Don't talk, Jean de Baptiste de Coster, I—

*Nap.* Madame, what sum of money will induce you to retire to your home—will these? (*holding out a handful of Napoleons---she curtsies*) Go and leave us peaceably to settle our business—not a word or the agreement's void, (*hurries her off*) a close ally of yours, friend Jean, sometimes a troublesome one—nothing like a subsidy in these cases. Now, friend, you are speaking to Napoleon Buonaparte, (*Jean starts and pulls off his rude cap*) nay, my friend, cover your head, and speak to me as if you were among your children.

*Jean.* O, great Emperor, I cannot but feel awed to be in the presence of such a man as—a man I mean who—

*Nap.* (*interrupting*) Has led so many armies to the field—right—have you latterly taken the Brussels side of the country—nod where you mean yes—it saves time, friend Jean, (*offers him snuff—Jean nods and takes a pinch.*) You saw the British and the Hanoverian troops? (*Jean nods*) Speak of their temper and condition, above all speak freely, and your reward shall be proportionate.

*Jean.* The English and the Scotch are much beloved at Brussels, and the French are——

*Nap.* Well, sir, speak, the English and the Scotch are much beloved, and the French are—are what—hated?

*Jean.* No, dreaded, for the natives of the Low Countries expect no quarter if the French should prove victorious.

*Nap.* Then they are deceived; it never is the policy of a good general to destroy needlessly. But what of their temper and condition, friend Jean.

*Jean.* The English are eager for battle, and are resolute men.

*Nap.* I—I believe it.

*Jean.* But the Scotch, with their short petticoats, les petits Ecossois, they are quite on family terms with the inhabitants, who leave their houses and their shops to the care of these brave men. O, if your Majesty could see these forty-seconds as they are called.

*Nap.* (*Who had extended his snuff box now hastily closes it, thereby disappointing Jean.*) I have seen them, (*walks testily, then draws forth two or three maps which he holds out,*) in your opinion are these maps correct.

*Jean.* As far as I can understand they are.

*Nap.* Good! prepare yourself to mount and follow me, and if any useful circumstance or recollection strike you speak fearlessly. (*Jean looks and moves his cap as if an*



*idea had struck him, he was afraid to disclose*) Speak, what ails ye ?

*Jean.* Why, if the English should be beaten to their ships ?

Napoleon, (*quickly.*) Well then, the battle ends for the present.

*Jean.* O, I thought even in their ships the English were to be dreaded.

*Nap.* Why ? (*Looks at Jean, then makes a sudden and impatient action for the troops to advance, he points to Jean, who is mounted and guarded.* Buona-parte mounts himself and turns towards Jean.)

*Nap.* Point out every farm, and each chateau we may pass, its exact position, and the name of its inhabitant, above all be faithful. (*Cannon and gun shot, Jean trembles and drops the reins of the horse.*) Psha, man, never shake as you advance ; if a bullet or a ball be commissioned, you will not escape it, we must bend to destiny.

*Jean.* Yes, but there's no necessity to poke one's nose into a furnace of hot shot. I can point out a road protected by banks on both sides.

*Nap.* Then take that road, while I shall keep the high and beaten track. My destinies are in the balance, and if I am predestined to a death, let it be a soldier's, there is few less painful, none more honourable.

(*March,*) *Music.* [*Exeunt Emperor and Jean.*]

## SCENE V.

### *Landscape.*

*Enter BREDOWSKI, PHEDORA, and CHILD.*

*Bred.* Farewell, Phedora, farewell, my only one ! be guided, dearest partner of my life, and seek some refuge suited to your sex.

*Phe.* Husband, disgrace not thou the uniform of Prussia ; we are stript of all but honour and revenge, onwards to your post, no words, my mind is moody, leave me, or I shall do some miserable deed. After the next decisive battle I shall see you, (*he is going, she makes a step after him.*) but remember thy murdered offspring, and when the Frenchmen fall and shriek for mercy, deal thou the blow of justice—go, go—my brain ! leave me to myself. (*He quits her.*) This way comes an officer with dispatches, I will avoid all talk and questioning. Come, and with me behold the rage, and move the

heavens with shrieks for vengeance on the cause of Prussia. [Exit.]

*The wounded pass across assisted by Molly.*

*Enter GUILLOT, JACQUES, and VICTOIRE, with Wine Charette, drawn by horses.*

GUILLOT, (*singing.*) *Le bon vin,  
Le matin,  
Sortant de la tonne,  
Vaux mieux que tout le latin,  
Qui se dit en sorbonne.*

Hah, hah, mes comrades, I think we have tricked these English finely.

*Jac.* Ho, ho, to make Jean Bull believe these were empty barrels ! why Guillot, you'll make a good bargain out of this, if you can only reach the out-posts of General Vandamme, you'll get a sack of Napoleons for this supply.

*Vic.* Well, but friend Guillot, recollect the English have behaved with the greatest civility towards us, and when your hut was burnt down, they tacked some old camp canvas round the trees to shelter you, and your family. We of the Low Countries have no right to complain : then why not sell the wine to them.

*Guil.* Because they would give the exact price of the wine and no more.

*Vic.* And what more ought you to expect ?

*Guil.* As much more as I can get, every one for himself, besides, when these English are once gone, we may never see them again. (*Bob, an exhausted soldier enters.*) Chut ! (*holds up his finger to his comrades.*) he, bien Englishman, it seems you're fatigue.

*Bob.* Why, my hearties, it's better than eight and forty hours since I've tasted bit or sup, and if so be as any good fellow here can give an old soldier a help who was left on the field of battle

*Guillot, (surlily.)* Ah, we have nothing, allons *smacks his whip for the charette to proceed, Victoire stops him.*)

*Vic.* Friend Jacques, that was one of the soldiers that helped you and your family, when you were burnt, give him a drink, and I'll pay ye for it when we return.

*Guil.* And how d'ye know, *we ever shall return,* I shan't draw the bung from a single barrel : ici Jacques, stand by me, and I'll pay you, (*Victoire advances,*) don't advance, or I'll fire upon you, (*produces pistols,*) and then denounce ye to the French.

*Bob.* O, damn their hard hearts ! many's the time and oft a true Briton has ventured life and limb to save a sinking foe by sea and land, but no matter.

*Vic.* It does matter, brave Englishman, and you shall have assistance, though I perish for it.

*Guil.* Ha, traître polisson.

*Music.* A scuffle between Bob and Jacques, Victoire and Guillot, Bob is overcome ; Victoire stands over him.

*Vic.* Now poltroon ! shoot me through the heart before I'll prove ungrateful to an Englishman. Thus then to thy heart, (*Music,*) a pistol without is fired, and Jacques runs, Guillot's face is covered with blood, and he staggers off.

*Molly enters.*

By the honor of Ireland, but I've killed two stones with one bird, (*to Victoire, she curtseys as he is helping Bob up,*) good manners and a long life to ye, for that's a uniform not accustomed to dirt, och, och, spake if ye're dead that we may tell ye, joy, what's proper to be done. (*Bob is exhausted.*)

*Vic.* The two Flemmings who have left us refused assistance to this exhausted Englishman.

*Molly.* The bogtrotters, when did an Englishman refuse ? Let 'em answer that—take this, darling, (*gives him flask, then helps him on the charette, Victoire mounts,*) then don't talk if ye're speechless, but drive on Mr. when I've tasted. (*She fills.*) Here's good luck to humanity all over the world, and every where else on the face of the earth.

*Vic.* Here's your health, and prosperity fair Englishwoman.

*Molly.* Fair. O, ho, none of your blarney, though you are a sensible Flander man. Hold fast to the long gutted cart, and I'll drive you and the rest of the baggage to head quarters. Och bother, and is'nt it a nate day's work to kill an enemy, help a countryman, and march off with the honours of war, whoa, whelp, who ! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.

*Quatre Bras. Ligny in flames, and panorama in the extreme distance. Enter the DUKE, PRINCE of ORANGE, and Sir THOMAS PICTON.*

*Duke.* Gentlemen, prepare the divisions behind the wood to wheel rapidly upon the left wing of the enemy when they advance—and as I must almost instantly af-

ford the Prussians succour, and I rely with the fullest confidence on the complete execution of my orders, we shall win this battle yet, the ardent spirit of loyalty and unity that pervade the troops inspire a certainty of success; we must not be beaten, guards, or what will they say at home. (*firing*) These Cuirassiers must be received, (*an immense discharge of artillery*) an Aid de Camp rushes on to the Duke with dispatches—as the Aid de Camp delivers them he drops dead from his horse, and is borne through the wood.

Gentlemen, I shall speedily rejoin you, but must first cross the enemy's line—when the enemy think themselves most masters of the field, then Guards, you must up and at 'em, (*a volley*) sharp shooting, this, gentlemen.

*The Duke rides off in the midst of the fire, followed by Sir Thomas Picton. Enter a body of French infantry and cavalry, with shouts of Vive L'Empereur. The Officer orders a regular fire to be kept upon the Highlanders among the corn, who are rapidly thinn'd; at the same time a party of English horse charge from the same side as the French entered, and endeavour to force the wood by performing a circular movement. The French obtain possession of it after a struggle, and from the most advantageous situations defend their positions. The English are now much worsted from the advantageous position of the enemy, and are retreating under a heavy fire, when the Black Brunswickers advance in most gallant style. the Duke enters on horse, and receives his death wound from the wood. He falls, his men gather round him, and all is confusion until Sir Thomas Picton enters with assistance, they cover the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, who falls lifeless from his horse, and is borne away. The fight is now spiritedly kept up by both parties. During this Scene now and then a straggling peasant is seen to fly across—Molly Malony frequently assist the wounded, and discharges fire arms at the enemy. Blucher and Prussians arrive with artillery and play upon the wood. During the whole of this Scene Blucher is active to a degree, and the Prussians fight with a desperate resolution of retrieving their former defeat. The French are beaten—their eagles taken—the British and Prussian colours float triumphantly.—*  
*Tableau, &c.*



## A C T I I I.

## SCENE I.

*Quatre Bras by moonlight, after the battle, soldiery, baggage, portmanteaus, arms, &c. scattered.---Phe-dora enters. Her dress open, and arms entirely bare, standing in contemplation of the scene around her.*

*Phed.* The moon-beams shed their silvery ray upon a melancholy sight; the oppressed and the oppressors now lie mingled on their beds of death and silence. Where is the Frenchman's song of triumph and derision? Where lie now the great invincibles? overcome and nerveless. Well, thy fate is but the same as his who fought for honourable retribution on his country's foe—so: who passes here? I will not be interrupted in my work among the dead; 'tis some straggling soldier seeking a last look upon his well known dead or dying comrades. I'll wander farther, for the field spreads wide, and blood and death have made a fearful harvest. *Music.*—*she walks slowly on, examining the bodies till she is lost to the audience.*)

*Enter STANDFAST.*

This is a sight to move a brave fellow's heart. I'd rather fight than think, at any time, and if I could but see my little countryman I should be satisfied; he fell early in the action; and I'm queer about the heart when I reflect how near a relation he was to my poor Mary—ha! the same uniform, the very youth, by gunpowder,—and alive!

*Mary* Ah! 'tis Donald's self, the packet, Donald, I can no longer keep my secret.

*Stand.* (*Opens packet, sees a miniature.*) And can it be possible? What Mary, dearest Mary, and have you followed me to this? Oh, damn it, it makes something or other come into my eyes like water, mind, I an't crying, that's an unsoldier like—like—like—but an honest tear for the suffering of a faithful affectionate woman is no disgrace to a man nor a soldier either.

*Mary.* Why, Donald, I had no parents, nobody in the wide world but you; and I thought I should like to live or die just as your fate fell out.

*Stand.* Well, don't make me—but you're wounded?

*Mary.* Not much; I was deucedly frightened, so I laid me down, and I believe I fainted away, but I forget every thing now, Donald.

*Stand.* I'll see you safe to the cottage hard by, where proper clothes and other attentions shall be given. I must then return to duty.

*Mary.* O dear, dear; this being in love will lead us silly girls any where.

*Stand.* To be sure it will; and then we silly fellows follow you up, make you strike your colours, and surrender for life; come along. (*Exeunt.*)

*Re-enter Phedora.*

*Phed.* No; the work has been complete, and the deep and direful wounds inflicted, preclude the hope of all recovery. O, ye tyrants of the earth, ye wolves of war that send your subjects forth to this, come here, and let Phedora point ye out the husbands and the fathers whose sight will never cheer the hopeless orphan, and the heart broke widow. Ah! one poor wretch is here whose dying hand has pressed a portrait to his lips. Let me look upon the last expression on his face, 'tis an occupation suited to Phedora now. (*Music, terminating in a tremulous movement.*) He moves—he lives! and wears the uniform of him my soul abhors. The uniform worn by those hellish fiends who bound me to my husband, that we might view our children's dying agonies, and hear their parting groans. Why this is excellent. (*During this the soldier is recovered and raised. Phedora gives him drink, and casts away the flask.*) Frenchman look upon me; thou wert at the plunder of injur'd Jena.

*Fri.* I was there.

*Phed.* Thou should'st well remember then the cruelties inflicted upon defenceless inhabitants—our husbands, children, in cold blood murdered. Now, answer me; hast thou a wife and children?

*Fri.* A faithful wife, and four beloved little ones.

*Phed.* Well, then, quickly breathe a prayer, for by yonder lamp of heaven thou art but returned to life to know thy wife and children never shall behold thee more.

*Fri.* What art thou?

*Phed.* A lioness, robbed of her young—stalking from her lair to feast on blood.

*Fri.* Canst thou in cold blood—

*Phed.* Yes, Frenchman, yes: the soldiers of thy regiments whose cursed uniform is on thee now, not content with plunder, did easely pierce the breasts of my unoffending boys; of my daughter's fate it maddens me to

think. My heart is swelling past my bosom's power to hold it. Frenchman, thou diest—(*presenting a pistol.*)

*Fri.* (*offering an ornament.*)—Hold ! This Prussian order—

*Phed.* Think'st thou a mother's feelings are bought or brib'd ? wretch, put back that ornament ; can'st thou—

*Fri.* 'Twas given by a noble Prussian lady (*putting aside the hair upon his forehead.*)—

*Phed.* Because thou did'st receive a wound upon thy forehead in an attempt to save her family from shame.

*Fri.* The same.

*Phed.* The scar, then—

*Fri.* Is here. I could not save the children, but the husband—

*Phe.* Was by *you* preserved ; I recollect thee, Frenchman. Yes, I—I—recollect ; pardon, pardon me (*She falls hysterically on the ground.*)

*Fri.* 'Tis then Phedora, the wife of him I saved ? well I remember her ; she loaded me with thanks. Alas ! how nearly had I fallen a sacrifice to her unsated vengeance. Phedora, how would'st thou have grieved to have robbed him of life who saved thy husband.

*Phe.* (*recovering.*) Have I then murdered my benefactor ? No, no ; he lives, and shall be preserved ; here, friends ! help, here is a man who claims immediate aid. Thine eyes shall see thy native land, and bless thy wife and little ones. Lean upon me. Alas, he has a heart ; and it shall be preserved. (*Soldiers advance with waggon, in which appear several wounded soldiers. He is put in waggon, and exeunt.*)

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## SCENE II.

*Village of Waterloo.—The Quarters of the Duke.*

*Enter the DUKE and Staff.*

*Duke.* Dispatch these general orders without a moment's loss of time, and let the men under arms know I am highly gratified with their conduct, which shall have honourable mention to their Sovereign and their countrymen. (*THE-RESE and AMBROSE enter with many bows and curtsies.*) No ceremony, worthy people, the accommodations have served my purpose for the hour or two I rested. (*They exeunt in the same manner.*) See my horse attended to. Bulow I expect will be prepared to attack the right flank of the French. (*delivers papers.*)

*Enter AID DE CAMP.*

*Aid.* The men are all in good spirits, and in a temper that must promise great results and favourable ones too—

*Duke.* Are the best arrangements made for the wounded that circumstances will permit? (*Aid. bows*). Right, for that is a duty never to be neglected. Are the provisions all distributed? and have the men well cleaned their arms? (*Aid. bows again.*) These things are well, gentlemen, there is much to do; on this day's energy depends the rank we must henceforth hold in Europe for a time.—None of you will fall into the vulgar error of having to deal with an inactive or untalented enemy. The man who is now opposed to us, is by nature and circumstances compelled to make a desperate stand; and nothing short of powerful example among the men can serve our cause—reliance is to be placed on our ally of Prussia, but we must also place reliance on ourselves. (*Enter a Prussian with a packet—the Duke opens it and reads*) 'Keep but your ground until we come up.' Umph! we are not remarkable for faltering: but good advice, and *that* well meant, is not to be despis'd (*to his Aid de Camp*) the maps—(*The Aid de Camp gives them.*) Now, gentlemen, to our several posts, there has been some hard pounding but we'll see who will pound longest. We must win this battle, gentlemen, because superiority of numbers is with our enemy, and the very argument that makes for them should inspire us with true English pride. We *may* be found dead on the bed of honour, gentlemen, but we must give our names with credit to our children, and to the pen of the future historian of England's sons and England's deeds. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Observatory and adjoining Country.*

*Enter NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE and Staff.*

*Nap.* Keep my horse in readiness.

*An Officer.* Here is an English subaltern without, who was taken when quitting a cottage close on the Quatre Bras roads, he may be able to afford intelligence that —

*Nap.* Let me see him. Did he resist?

*Of.* O oui, mon Empereur, he's a rude Englishman and a ruder soldier, we were obliged to use forcible means, he's somewhat wounded, and though an enemy he's in—

*Nap.* Fi donc, he is wounded and a prisoner, therefore no more an enemy.



*Music.*—STANFAST is brought in—NAPOLEON regards him scrutinizingly. Messieurs, leave us together ! (*exeunt officers*)—Have I your parole ?

*Stan.* You have.

*Nap.* A subaltern ?

*Stan.* Proud of any dress that is a symbol of my sovereign's service.

*Nap.* Right, your sovereign is a worthy man, no one, (at least no one who knows me) has attempted to deny it in my presence. He is believed a worthy man in France. I like your candour, I want sincere friends around me, and conceive no price too dear to pay such (*with attention.*)

*Stan.* Friends are not to be bought, tho' I'm told your Emperor Napoleon believes otherwise !

*Nap.* They do him wrong who say so—you have a full knowledge of the enemy's intention !

*Stan.* No ; not exactly.

*Nap.* Knowledge enough to inform.

*Stan.* I give no information ; nor do I care to hold further intercourse with any officer who can indirectly tamper with a soldier's duty.

*Nap.* Sir, I respect your sentiments, and perhaps I was wrong, very wrong to put these questions ; and as a small tribute of my esteem accept this cross. I bear a few about me to reward the most meritorious of my own officers ; when you look upon it, remember it was presented by Napoleon Buonaparte !

*Stan.* What ! he—the Ex-Emperor who—

*Nap.* (*hurriedly*) Was invested with honours, and animated by the voice of a nation, call'd to reign and rule by destiny and the suffrages of Frenchmen alone.—Let those who vilify me in other things, keep to the truth in this. A word, my honest English friend, before we part. No idle nonsense, if I am victorious in this combat, I shall be call'd a Demi-god ; if I am beaten, I shall be vilified beneath all monsters living or dead ; but my good soldier, we must make no wonder of these things, for this simple reason—It is treason to condemn a powerful ruler, and it is loyalty to scout a falling one !

*Stan.* I'm not a casuist, I love my king and country, and the more I travel, the more do I value my own laws and constitution from what I see abroad.

*Nap.* You are right—and so am I—my evidences all are here—here (*opens waistcoat*) where 'tis said I wear a coat of steel ; no ruler chosen by the people need wear

such a breastwork; I leave my life and actions to posterity, and not to men who cannot understand my character, and dare not tend upon my footsteps—allons! Messieurs—*(Enter Officers)* See to the honourable conduct of this subaltern, let his wound have aid—he is a brave man, no longer a prisoner. *[Exeunt Standfast, &c.]*

*Nap.* Yes, the English character may be calculated on. Yes, I will—yes, I may venture to trust every thing to England. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Interior of Farm.—Marinette and Mary discovered.*

*Mary.* Still no tidings of my dear Standfast; he promised to return long ere this.

*Mari.* Quiet your fears, dear girl, there has been no fighting to-day.

*Mary.* But should he have fallen into the hands of the French—*(he opens the door.)* he can expect nothing but sorry treatment.

*Stand.* There, Mary, you are wrong.

*Mary.* Standfast, and safe!—*(embraces him.)*—But what meant you when you said I was wrong?

*Stand.* Why, that I have been made a prisoner by the French, that I have been examined by Boney himself, that he questioned me, and could get nothing out of me, that he said I was a brave fellow, that he gave me this, and that I might go about my business.

*Mary.* Indeed!

*Stand.* Its as true as I'm a corporal, so give me a kiss, Mary, and a welcome home.—*(As he kisses her, Molly opens the door; a volley is fired.)*

*Enter Molly.*

There, now, jontlefolks, ye'd better listen to that music, dears, and give over love making or y'll chance to get a reproof not pleasant to the ears of a soldier.

*Stand.* Here, dearest Mary, I leave you under the protection of the kindest and the best of friends, my return shall be as speedy as circumstances will permit. I dare not delay, for I have found some important dispatches on the dead body of a British officer.

*Mary.* Farewell, may honour be his guide, and victory his reward. *Exeunt.*

*Molly.* *(After a report of cannon.)* What the devil's that? Och, by the powers! he has tumbled into the hands of a picket; here they are. Murder! here'll be a bit of a row. *(Exit.)*

*Enter French Soldiers headed by Antoine, with Standfast.*

*An.* Come, come, we saw ye quit this cottage ; perhaps it conceals some wounded nobleman of your nation ; some one with intelligence upon his person.

*Stan. Messieurs,* I am now defenceless, and, after some strnggle I became your prisoner, but neither the laws of war or honor can oblige me to betray my countrymen.

*An.* What's that paper ?

*Stan.* Valueless ! *(tears the dispatches.)*

*An.* The pieces ! the pieces ! *(Antoine struggles with Standfast, the Soldiers present as Standfast seizes Antoine.)*

*Molly rushes on and fires, the Frenchmen recede.*

*Molly.* By the powers, but its a whole hour since I smelt powder. Och, it's as good as meat, drink, washing and lodging to have a bit of a scrimmage . I'm the girl to tickle your tobies, ye pair and a half of spalpeens.

*Enter two other Soldiers from the French detachment, Standfast is seized, and Molly surrounded.*

*An.* Now, who are you ?

*Moll.* A lady of rank in the army.

*An.* This is the fellow who destroyed the dispatches.

*Moll.* To be sure he did that thing; and Mary Malcny's the girl that would do the same ; keep your hands off him ; he's no felon. By the powers, but you don't know how to handle a British prisoner of war, may be it's becaise ye've little practice that way.

*(Music.—A tremendous noise like the galloping of horse ; discharge of artillery ; screaming of peasantry, &c. ; soldiery march to the door forgetful of their prisoners. Molly avails herself of the alarm and pops into the press.)*

*An.* They will soon attack this farm as a *point d'appui*, and our scouring party must concentrate in the main centre, but come, let's bear our prisoners for examination, our officers may get more out of them than we can. You must away instantly, but I can attend to this unarmed man, the woman has escaped by the back of the house.

*[Exeunt.]*

*(Standfast looks as if resolved to escape, advances some few steps, until the sentry is close to the press.)*

*An.* Stir and you're a dead man.

*(Molly throws cord, which she has made into a noose, hanging near press, ouver sentinel's head as he advances.)*

*Moll.* No more dead than myself.

*(Standfast seizes his piece.)*

*An.* Where did you come from ?

*Moll.* Ireland, joy ; and now I'm joined to England, honey, and thus may the two countries always outplot their enemies. (*Antoine gets near the door.*) The devil a ha'porth do you go that way, my darling, I've got you in a line now, and, by the powers, I'll keep you in it : we're going forwards out of the back of the house, this way, and so eyes left—quick march. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Village of Planchenoit.*

*Enter BUONAPARTE followed by JEAN DE COSTER and two officers.*

*Nap.* Lead the horses to the Genappe road, and do you Sir, immediately advance with these orders to my invincibles, and you, Sir, lose not a moment in conveying the earliest intelligence of the first breach made in the centre column of the British. John de Coster, is the Chateau Hougomont strong ? I mean very strong ?—speak freely.

*John.* They have always thought it strong enough to keep out the robbers and invaders of their property.

*Nap.* O ;—I must command this victory (*walks*)—(*John scratches and shakes his head doubtfully.*)

*Nap.* What makes ye shake your head, friend John ; do you perceive any—

*John.* Non, mon Empereur ; but I admire him who can command his officers to obtain a victory.

*Nap.* *Où mais malpeste*—they don't always obey the order. (*A discharge.*) Step forward, guide, and tell me—why what ails the man—do you tremble ?

*John.* O, mon Empereur, I am no king, no general, no—not—no—

*Nap.* Non ; I see no ambition as a king, no courage as a general, or, what's the same thing, no skill to conceal your fears, hey John ? but if destiny has marked your hour, not all the cunning nor contrivance ever possess'd by mortal can avail you—I pause—yet honor on the one hand, and disgrace on the other, might—(*his voice falls, and last part of sentence is lost as John interrupts him.*)

*John.* Why, vraitment, mon Empereur, I'm a poor peaceable fellow, the husband of a good wife, and the father of seven poor little children, who, without me, would be starved ; all my ambition is in raising a good crop, to keep my family honestly ; and I always make it a rule to obey my minister, and give all that I can pare to the poor ; so that I'm only a poor ign oramus. —

*Nap.* You're a happy man, friend John.

*John.* Jarni oui—when every body's paid, and I have my faggots lighted in the evening, I'd rather play at blind man's buff with my little boys and girls, than strew all Waterloo with dead bodies.

*Nap.* There are different causes, friend John, why you and I—

*John.* O, true, mon Empereur ; you are used to it—now I—I should think every man was *murdered*, and in my dreams should see his pale corpse before me pointing to his wounds ; Ugh ! Thank the virgin I'm no Empereur.

*Nap.* John—John de Coster—(*Aside*)—What—how it is I—

*John.* (*With simplicity and affection*)—I humbly hope I hav'n't hurt your heart.

*Nap.* (*Turning the subject rapidly.*) John de Coster—John, you will suffer in your fields this year, take these (*gives Napoleons*) farewell, go instantly, go, I say, perhaps your wife and children—(*At these words his voice falters ; De Coster looks wonder-struck*)—Well, sir, what do you stare at ? (*aside*) All the world is taught to believe me a monster, incapable of understanding these soft words. Go, John de Coster, go ; if the English meet you, you will not be molested, if you encounter the French, present this ring, and you will pass securely. (*John makes an action of thanks, and regarding the purse, prays heaven to bless him.*) *Et toi, et toi, aussi va ten, va ten, mon ami.* [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Duke of Wellington's Tree.*

*Enter PHEDORA, BREDOUSKI, BOY, MOLLY, MARY, STANDFAST, and MARINETTE.*

*Molly.* By the soul of my grandfather, but the Duke's an Irishman in good nature, as well as valour, for hasn't he appointed us female ladies good quarters ?

*Phed.* Yes ; and we owe him gratitude : Bredouski will join his troop, I will remain in this village with these innocent maidens. [*they retire a little.*]

*Molly.* Not the three of us ; because I shall take my innocence into the battle, being by my own particular desire. O, Bobby, darling dear, (*he enters pale, his knee tied up*) here's a drop of the creatur, och, honey ! may it be a stomatic for the head, and an exhilaration of

the belly, honey. (Bob *shows an empty pocket.*) Damn the halfpence, damn the—(*Crying*)—lady manufacturer that would refuse credit to an ould soldier that does credit to the cause, here, beauty, wet the other eye, (*she perceives he is blind*) Och ! the creatur's short of a daylight, (*looking at him*) by the wooden leg of my uncle it's the very man that saved my fourteenth husband when he was down among the wounded. Here, Bob, ye flower of jontelety, here's the trifle I owe you—(*unfolding paper from her bosom.*)

*Bob.* Why, bless your eyes, you don't owe me so much money; why, it's a gold sovereign.

*Molly.* Put it out of sight; it isn't every day, Bob, ye'll find a good sovereign out of our own country;—take it, for ye're a brave man, as well as myself, and that I'll say behind both our backs, any day in the week, including Sunday.

*Bob.* Well, Moll, I shan't make any more fuss about it; but it's not right, seeing as how our own country has provided good Chelsea quarters for every disabled soldier, and snug Greenwich moorings for weather-beaten tars—God bless the king and country that upholds such regulations.

*Molly.* That's a challenge ! the man Bob, drives me to drink (*She fills*). Well, here's may Georgey love his people, and may his people love him ; my compliments to his majesty (*Curtseys and drinks. Drum, &c.*)

*Phed.* Farewell. Englishmen, may you be happy, the latter years of your existence shall be spent in the land of liberty you dwell in. One word and I have done : present your general with a Prussian lady's offering of her thankfulness for his protection ; I have but this to give, the last and only rose our desolated shelter boasts ; 'tis an emblematic flower of England, bright in color—say such is Phedora's gratitude ; and though its colours soon may fade, its scent will last even as the recollection of the generous Briton's valour. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

*Road and DUKE of WELLINGTON's Tree.*

*Music.* A continued flight of French across the Stage.

*Enter the DUKE of WELLINGTON and Staff.*

*Duke.* I am happy to praise the excellent order, steadiness, and valour displayed by the Dutch, Hanoverian, and Brunswick troops, I was—(*to his Aid de Camp*)—

away and order the Hanoverian Hussars of Cumberland to support the next charge made by the British—  
(*firing, and the Aid de Camp rides off.*) *The Duke is near the Tree, which now receives various incisions, &c. from bullets.*—Good practice, gentlemen; I think they fire better than in Spain.

*Sir ALEXANDER GORDON.*

Let me intreat your Grace to be more careful of your person, for poor old England's sake! (*he is shot dead at the termination of this speech.*)

*Duke.* Heaven receive the faithful soldier! (*he is borne off.*) Altho' I feel assured of winning this battle, from the steady bravery of my troops, yet to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expence of so many gallant friends, could only be esteemed a heavy misfortune, were it not for it's important results to the public benefit.

*Music.—A horrible discharge.*

*Enter AID DE CAMP.*

*Duke* Gallop instantly to the Cumberland Hussars, and bid their officer either to advance his men, or draw them off entirely, and not remain to shew a bad example and discourage others. *Music.—Discharges, &c.*

*Duke (examines watch)* If we keep our position until night-fall, by the setting of to-morrow's sun, with the aid of valiant Blucher, the French shall not be left an army!

*Enter AID DE CAMP.*

Well, Sir—

*Aid.* The officer of the Cumberland Hussars has accepted your Grace's offer, and has retir'd from the field to shelter behind Mont St. Jean.

*Duke.* Shelter! Shelter! where? but thank heaven he is no Englishman, well, we are better without such friends, who are far more dangerous than the most determined enemy.

*Aid de C.* The general of the main position informs your Grace, that his brigade is reduced to one third of its numbers, and they are completely exhausted, and a temporary relief, however short, seems a measure of necessity.

*Duke.* Tell him, Sir, from me, that what he proposes is impossible, he, I, and every Englishman in the field, must conquer or die on the spot we now occupy!