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English Literature Series. No. 121.  
*General Editor* :—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

## THE DYNASTS



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*Wm Hardy*

*From a Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.*

# The Dynasts

An Epic-Drama of the Napoleonic Wars

By

Thomas Hardy

*Scenes Selected and Edited by*

J. H. Fowler

*' Define fata Deum flecti sperare precando'*

*' And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
And trumpets blown for wars.'*

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*Frontispiece* : Portrait of Thomas Hardy, with facsimile signature.

## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

LITERARY forms have a long history, and two of the oldest are epic and drama. Epic may have grown out of the lays of wandering minstrels sung at the courts of kings or nobles, but it is already fully developed in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of the Greeks and the *Mahabharata* of ancient India. Drama may have grown out of chorus-dances in honour of dead heroes or living gods, but already *in* the days of Aeschylus, in the fifth century B.C., it has reached a form not very unlike the form it has worn in modern days. Through long centuries the forms of art have been continually moulded and modified. Is it possible for an artist of our own days to strike out a new form, unlike anything that has been fashioned before ?

It is at all events unlikely that any artist, working in ignorance of what had been done before his own day, could invent a *now* and yet satisfying form ; just as unlikely as for an artist who knew nothing whatever of the long history of drawing and painting to invent a new style of drawing and painting which should achieve real success. But an artist who knows what has been tried before, what has succeeded and what has failed, may sometimes deliberately depart from tradition, and in this direction or in that attempt some variation in quest of a particular effect. Planning his work with full knowledge, he knows what he loses as well as what he will gain ; and if he takes risks, it is only by such taking of risks that art is saved from decay and adapted to the changing conditions of a changing world.

In *The Dynasts* Hardy, who had a wide and deep acquaintance with literature, has chosen to make trial of a new sort

of literary form, to which he has given the name of " epic-drama " because it combines some of the features and aims characteristic separately of these two forms of art. That the combination was neither epic nor drama in the ordinary sense Hardy was fully aware ; and that the combination could not rise to the poetic heights which epic poet and dramatist, at their greatest, had attained. The question for Hardy was, whether the new form that he had in his mind could give a scope which the older forms did not give to the range of his own powers and to the special theme on which he desired to employ them. True, in some ways the theme recalled that of one of the very oldest of existing tragedies, the *Persae* of Aeschylus. The theme of the *Persae* was the Nemesis that lies in wait for the conquering tyrant and the deliverance of Hellas from the enslaving Persian by a victory at sea. But whilst Hardy had in mind the same clash between the spirit of freedom and the spirit of pride and aggression, and the same overruling of human ambition by the superior might of destiny, his purpose was to show the conflict on a much larger scale, to show it affecting the lives of millions from end to end of Europe, and to give some idea of the infinite complexity of the threads, the tangled web of destiny, that the Fates are ever weaving for mortal men. A drama whose action was to be spread over ten years and to be diffused among one hundred and thirty scenes could not attain the concentrated force that was possible in both drama and epic on the customary scale. In place of the impressiveness won in a tragedy of five short acts by concentration and climax, another kind of impressiveness was to be sought which should depend on a cumulative effect—the gradual drawing together of a myriad threads, or, by contrast, the reverberation of the shock of events on distant shores or among the humblest and remotest lives. And all this would give scope to Hardy's peculiar gifts, his power of visualising wide landscapes with groups or masses of men in movement or at rest upon them, his power of entering into the thoughts and motives and

passions of men and women, and especially of peasant folk, and his deep sense of irony in human affairs, of the frustration of the best-laid schemes by forces not only beyond man's control but inexplicable by man's reason.

If the effect was to be cumulative, as has just been said, no small part of it must be lost by the reader who contents himself with a selection of scenes. So much must be admitted at once. Yet it is possible within the compass of a small volume to give some idea of the vast scale of this epic-drama and the multitude and diversity of its characters.

The author's own Preface has been given in full, and should be read carefully. For in it Hardy has explained the reasons that drew him -- a native of Wessex, and in almost all his other writings whether of prose or verse deliberately confining himself within the limits of Wessex-- to the theme of the Napoleonic wars. He has also warned us, as readers of serious poetry often need to be warned, against the attempt to deduce a consistent philosophy from his treatment of the subject. Further, he has warned us (though the warning has not been altogether heeded even in his lifetime) that the epic-drama was not meant for stage-representation. And, lastly, he has indicated the measure of likeness and of difference between his Choruses and the Chorus out of which Greek tragedy grew and which remained a feature of it throughout. A chief function of the Chorus in the great tragedies of Athens was to express the feelings of the ideal spectator of the drama and to point the moral at the close. Hardy's Chorus of the Pities, as he himself tells us, approximates to this: it relieves the tension by finding a voice for the natural sympathies of the humane reader. But in addition to the Pities the poet has imagined other Spirits that are touched with no human emotions or only with a cynical contempt—who watch from a superior height the manifold drama of human ambitions and passions and follies, as in an idle hour a traveller may watch the bustling activities of a colony of ants beside the woodland path. There is a smile on the lips of these Intelligences, but

it is chill and sinister. We may be glad that the poet has allowed the Pities to say the last word.

Hardy's art has two diverse but not incompatible characteristics - Realism and Symbolism. The plan of *The Dynasts* gives full play to both. In conformity with the desire for Realism, the poetic dialogue is kept near to the levels of prose : the contrast that we find between the verse scenes and the prose scenes in *Julius Caesar* or in *Twelfth Night*, for example, is not to be looked for here. There is abundance of poetic imagination in *The Dynasts*, but it affects the language and imagery of the verse less perhaps than it affects the prose, which never forgets that it is prose and not verse, and yet is of a remarkable quality, sinewy and tense. Tho Symbolism is present in the background of every scene, but comes into the foreground and is given audible voice by the use of the supernatural machinery.

J. H. FOWLER.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THOMAS HARDY was born at Higher Boekhnampton, two miles from Dorchester (the 'Oasterbridge' of his books) on June 2nd, 1840. He was educated at Dorchester, and articled at sixteen to an ecclesiastical architect of that town. In 1863 he won the prize medal of the Institute of British Architects with an essay on 'Coloured Brick and Terra-Cotta Architecture.' For some years he studied under a well-known architect, Sir Arthur Blomfield, in London. But his tastes drew him irresistibly to literature, and the success of his early novels, *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872) and *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (18713), justified him in altogether abandoning architecture for a literary career.

A remarkable feature of his work was his deliberate determination to make his novels a picture of life in the part of England to which he belonged and in which he continued to make his home. So completely are the novels identified with this region that their author himself calls them 'the Wessex Novels' (from the name of the old kingdom in the south-west of England), and the county of Dorset is often called 'the Hardy country.' Many of the novels were first published serially in magazines—'Far from the Madding Crowd' in *Cornhill* (1874), 'The Return of the Native' in *Belgraria* (1878), 'The Trumpet-Major' in *Good Words* (1880), 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' in *The Graphic* (1886). His last novels were *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), *The Wall-Beloved*, and *Jude the Obscure* (1896). He wrote also many short stories—*Wessex Tales* (1888), *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891), *Life's Little Ironies* (1894), *A Changed Man* (1913).

Poetry he had written even before he produced prose fiction, and in his later years he returned very definitely to his early love. *Wetsex Poems* appeared in 1898, *Poems of the Past and Present* in 1902 ; the three parts of the great epic drama, *The Dynasts* in 1904, 1906, 1908. Other volumes of lyric and narrative verse followed. He astonished and delighted his admirers by the youthful tire and vigour of his verse in the Great War ; and even in extreme old age he did not shrink from adventuring in new literary fields, producing in 1925 a play for mummers, *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall, at Tintagel in Lyonesse*. His literary eminence was recognized by the bestowal of the Order of Merit. From the death of George Meredith to his own death in his native Dorchester in January 1928 he was incontestably at the head of contemporary writers of English.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Spectacle here presented in the likeness of a Drama is concerned with the Great Historical Calamity, or Clash of Peoples, artificially brought about some hundred years ago.

The choice of such a subject was mainly due to three accidents of locality. If chanced that the writer was familiar with a part of England that lay within hail of the watering-place in which King George the Third had his favourite summer residence during the war with the first Napoléon, and where he was visited by ministers and others who bore the weight of English affairs on their more or less competent shoulders at that stressful time. Secondly, this district, being also near the coast which had echoed with rumours of invasion in their intensest form while the descent threatened, was formerly animated by memories and traditions of the desperate military preparations for that contingency. Thirdly, the same countryside happened to include the village which was the birthplace of Nelson's flag-captain at Trafalgar.

When, as the first published result of these accidents, *The Trumpet-Major* was printed, more than twenty years ago, I found myself in the tantalizing position of having touched the fringe of a vast international tragedy without being able, through limits of plan, knowledge, and opportunity, to enter further into its events ; a restriction that prevailed for many years. But the slight regard paid to English influence and action throughout the struggle by so many Continental writers who had dealt with Napoléon's career, seemed always to leave room for a new handling of the theme which should re-embody the features of this influence in their true proportion ; and

accordingly, on a belated day about six years back, the following drama was outlined, to be taken up now and then at wide intervals ever since.

It may, I think, claim at least a tolerable fidelity to the facts of its date as they are given in ordinary records. Whenever any evidence of the words really spoken or written by the characters in their various situations was attainable, as close a paraphrase has been aimed at as was compatible with the form chosen. And in all cases outside oral tradition, accessible scenery, and existing relics, my indebtedness for detail to the abundant pages of the historian, the biographer, and the journalist, English and Foreign, has been, of course, continuous.

It was thought proper to introduce, as supernatural spectators of the terrestrial action, certain impersonated abstractions, or Intelligences, called Spirits. They are intended to be taken by the reader for what they may be worth as contrivances of the fancy merely. Their doctrines are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematized philosophy warranted to lift "the burthen of the mystery" of this unintelligible world. The chief thing hoped for them is that they and their utterances may have dramatic plausibility enough to procure for them, in the words of Coleridge, "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith." The wide prevalence of the Monistic theory of the Universe forbade, in this twentieth century, the importation of Divine personages from any antique Mythology as ready-made sources or channels of Causation, even in verse, and excluded the celestial machinery of, say, *Paradise Lost*, as peremptorily as that of the *Iliad* or the *Eddas*. And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same.

These phantasmal Intelligences are divided into groups, of which one only, that of the Pities, approximates to "the Uni-

versal Sympathy of human nature—the spectator idealized " <sup>1</sup> of the Greek Chorus ; it is impressionable and inconsistent in its views, which sway hither and thither as wrought on by events. Another group approximates to the passionless Insight of the Ages. The remainder are eclectically chosen auxiliaries whose signification may be readily discerned. In point of literary form, the scheme of contrasted Choruses and other conventions of this external feature was shaped with a single view to the modern expression of a modern outlook, and in frank divergence from classical and other dramatic precedent which ruled the ancient voicings of ancient themes.

It may hardly be necessary to inform readers that in devising this chronicle-piece no attempt has been made to create that completely organic structure of action, and closely-webbed development of character and motive, which are demanded in a drama strictly self-contained. A panoramic show like the present is a series of historical " ordinates " (to use a term in geometry) : the subject is familiar to all ; and foreknowledge is assumed to fill in the junctions required to combine the scenes into an artistic unity. Should the mental spectator be unwilling or unable to do this, a historical presentment on an intermittent plan, in which the *dramatis persona?* number some hundreds, exclusive of crowds and armies, becomes in his individual case unsuitable.

In this assumption of a completion of the action by those to whom the drama is addressed, it is interesting, if unnecessary, to name an exemplar as old as Aeschylus, whose plays are, as Dr. Verrall reminds us,<sup>2</sup> scenes from stories taken as known, and would be unintelligible without supplementary scenes of the imagination.

Readers will readily discern, too, that *The Dynasts* is intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage. Some critics have averred that to declare a drama<sup>3</sup> as being

<sup>1</sup> Schlegel. <sup>2</sup> Introduction to the *Choephoroi*.

<sup>3</sup> It is now called an Epic-drama (1909).

not for the stage is to make an announcement whose subject and predicate cancel each other. The question seems to be an unimportant matter of terminology. Compositions cast in this shape were, without doubt, originally written for the stage only, and as a consequence their nomenclature of " Act," " Scene," and the like, was drawn directly from the vehicle of representation. But in the course of time such a shape would reveal itself to be an eminently readable one ; moreover, by dispensing with the theatre altogether, a freedom of treatment was attainable in this form that was denied where the material possibilities of stagery had to be rigorously remembered. With the careless mechanicism of human speech, the technicalities of practical mumming were retained in these productions when they had ceased to be concerned with the stage at all.

To say, then, in the present case, that a writing in play-shape is not to be played, is merely another way of stating that such writing has been done in a form for which there chances to be no brief definition save one already in use for works that it superficially but not entirely resembles.

Whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life, is a kindred question not without interest. The mind naturally flies to the triumphs of the Hellenic and Elizabethan theatre in exhibiting scenes laid " far in the Unapparent," and asks why they should not be repeated. But the meditative world is older, more invidious, more nervous, more quizzical, than it once was, and being unhappily perplexed by—

Riddles of Death Thebes never knew,

may be less ready and less able than Hellas and old England were to look through the insistent, and often grotesque, substance at the thing signified.

In respect of such plays of poesy and dream a practicable compromise may conceivably result, taking the shape of a

monotonic delivery of speeches, with dreamy conventional gestures, something in the manner traditionally maintained by the old Christmas mummers, the curiously hypnotizing impressiveness of whose automatic style—that of persons who spoke by no will of their own—may be remembered by all who ever experienced it. Gauzes or screens to blur outlines might still further shut off the actual, as has, indeed, already been done in exceptional cases. But with this branch of the subject we are not concerned here.

T. H.

*September, 1903.*



PART I

SCENE I. ENGLAND. A RIDGE IN WESSEX

(ACT I. SCENE 1)

The time is a fine day in March 1805. A highway crosses the ridge, which is near the sea, and the south coast is seen bounding the landscape below, the open Channel extending beyond.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Hark now, and gather how the martial mood*

*Stirs England's humblest hearts. Anon well trace  
Its heavings in the upper coteries there.*

SPIRIT SINISTER. *Ay; begin small, and so lead up to the greater. It is a sound dramatic principle. I always aim to follow it in my pestilences, fires, famines, and other comedies. And though, to be sure, I did not in my Lisbon earthquake, I did in my French Terror, and my St. Domingo burlesque.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *THY Lisbon earthquake, THY French Terror. Wait.* 10

*Thinking thou will'st, thou dost but indicate.*

A stage-coach enters, with passengers outside. Their voices after the foregoing sound small and commonplace, as from another medium.

*First Passenger.* There seems to be a deal of traffic over Ridgeway, even at this time o' year.

*Second Passenger.* Yes. It is because the King and Court are coming down here later on. They wake up this part rarely! . . . See, now, how the Channel and coast open out like a chart. That patch of mist below us is the town we

are bound for. There's the Isle of Slingers beyond, like a floating snail. That wide bay on the right is where the "Abergavenny," Captain John Wordsworth, was wrecked last month. One can see half across to France up here. 21

*First Passenger.* Half across. And then another little half, and then all that's behind—the Corsican mischief!

*Second Passenger.* Yes. People who live hereabout—I am a native of these parts—feel the nearness of France more than they do inland.

*First Passenger.* That's why we have seen so many of these marching regiments on the road. This year his grandest attempt upon us is to be made, I reckon.

*Second Passenger.* May we be ready ! 30

*First Passenger.* Well, we ought to be. We've had alarms enough, God knows.

*Third Passenger.* I much doubt his intention to come at all.

Some companies of infantry are seen ahead, and the coach presently overtakes them.

*Soldiers (singing as they walk).* We be the King's men,  
hale and hearty,  
Marching to meet one Buonaparty ;  
If he won't sail, lest the wind should blow,  
We shall have marched for nothing, 0 !  
Right fol-lol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty, 40  
Marching to meet one Buonaparty ;  
If he be sea-sick, says " **No, no !** "  
**We shall have inarched for nothing, 0 !**  
Right fol-lol!

**The soldiers draw aside, and the coach passes on.**

*Second Passenger.* Is there truth in it that Bonaparte wrote a letter to the King last month ?

*First Passenger.* Yes, sir. A letter in his own hand, in which he expected the King to reply to him in the same manner.

*Soldiers (continuing, as they are left behind).* We be the  
King's men, hale and hearty, 50  
Marching to meet one Buonaparty ;  
Never mind, mates ; we'll be merry, though  
We may have marched for nothing, 0 !

Right fol-lol!

*Third Passenger.* And was Boney's letter friendly ?

*First Passenger.* Certainly, sir. He requested peace with the King.

*Third Passenger.* And why shouldn't the King reply in the same manner ?

*First Passenger.* What ! Encourage this man in an act of shameless presumption, and give him the pleasure of considering himself the equal of the King of England—whom he actually calls his brother ! 63

*Third Passenger.* He must be taken for what he is, not for what he was ; and if he calls King George his brother it doesn't speak badly for his friendliness.

*First Passenger.* Whether or no, the King, rightly enough, did not reply in person, but through Lord Mulgrave our Foreign Minister, to the effect that his Britannic Majesty cannot give a specific answer till he has communicated with the Continental powers. 71

*Third Passenger.* Both the manner and the matter of the reply are British ; but a huge mistake.

*First Passenger.* Sir, am I to deem you a friend of Bonaparte, a traitor to your country——

*Third Passenger.* Damn my wig, sir, if I'll be called a traitor by you or any Court sycophant at all at all !

[He unpacks a case of pistols.

*Second Passenger.* Gentlemen, forbear, forbear! Should such differences be suffered to arise on a spot where we may, in less than three months, be fighting for our very existence ? This is foolish, I say. Heaven alone, who reads the secrets of this man's heart, can tell what his meaning and intent may be, and if his letter has been answered wisely or no. 84

The coach is stopped to skid the wheel for the descent of the hill, and before it starts again a dusty horseman overtakes it.

*Several Passengers.* A London messenger ! (*To horseman*) Any news, sir ? We are from Bristol only.

*Horseman.* Yes; much. We have declared war against Spain, an error giving vast delight to France. Bonaparte says he will date his next dispatches from London, and the landing of his army may be daily expected. 91

[Exit horseman.

*Third Passenger (to First).* Sir, I apologize. He's not to be trusted ! War is his name, and aggression is with him !

He repacks the pistols. A silence follows. The coach and passengers move downwards and disappear towards the coast.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Ill chanced it that the English monarch George*  
*Did not respond to the said Emperor !*

SPIRIT SINISTER. *I saw good sport therein, and pcean'd*  
*the Will*  
*To unimpel so stultifying a move !*

*Which would have marred the European broil,  
And sheathed all swords, and silenced every gun* 100  
*That riddles human flesh.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *O say no more ;  
If aught could gratify the Absolute  
'Twould verily be thy censure, not thy praise !*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *The ruling was that we should  
witness things  
And not dispute them. To the drama, then.  
Emprizes over-Channel are the key  
To this land's stir and ferment.—Thither we.*

Clouds gather over the scene, and slowly open elsewhere.

SCENE II. PARIS. OFFICE OF THE  
MINISTER OF MARINE

(ACT I. SCENE II)

ADMIRAL DECRES seated at a table. A knock without.  
*Decrès.* Come in ! Good news, I hope !

[An attendant enters.

*Attendant.* A courier, sir.

*Decrès.* Show him in straightway.

[The attendant goes out.

From the Emperor

As I expected !

A courier is admitted, who delivers a dispatch.

*Courier.* Sir, for your own hand  
And yours alone.

*Decrès.* Thanks. Be in waiting near.

[The courier withdraws.

*Decrès reads:* " I am resolved that no wild dream of Ind,  
 And what we there might win ; or of the West,  
 And bold re-conquest there of Surinam  
 And other Dutch retreats along those coasts,  
 Or British islands nigh, shall draw me now  
 From piercing into England through Boulogne 10  
 As lined in my first plan. If I do strike,  
 I strike effectively ; to forge which feat  
 There's but one way—planting a mortal wound  
 In England's heart—the very English land—  
 Whose insolent and cynical reply  
 To my well-pleaded plaint on breach of faith  
 Concerning Malta, as at Amiens pledged,  
 Has lighted up anew such brands of ire  
 As may involve the world.—Now to the case ;  
 Our naval forces can be all assembled 20  
 Without the foe's foreknowledge or surmise,  
 By these rules following ; to whose text I ask  
 Your gravest application ; and, when conned,  
 That steadfastly you stand by word and word,  
 Making no question of one jot therein.

" First, then, let Villeneùve wait a favouring wind  
 For process westward swift to Martinique,  
 Coaxing the English after. Join him there  
 Gravina, Missiessy, and Ganteaume ;  
 Which junction once effected all our keels— 30  
 Now nigh to sixty sail—regain the Manche,  
 While the pursuers linger in the West  
 At hopeless fault.—Having hoodwinked them thus,  
 Our boats skim over, disembark the army,  
 And in the twinkling of a patriot's eye  
 All London will be ours.

" In strictest secrecy carve this to shape—  
 Let never an admiral or captain scent  
 Save Villeneuve and Ganteaume ; and pen each charge  
 With your own quill. The surelier to outwit them 40  
 I start for Italy ; and there, as 'twere  
 Engrossed in fêtes and Coronation rites,  
 Abide till, at the need, I reach Boulogne,  
 And head the enterprize.—NAPOLÉON."

DECRIES reflects, and turns to write.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *More ill? How is Decrès  
 ordained to move ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *He buckles to the work. First  
 to Villeneuve,*

*His onetime comrade and his boyhood's friend,  
 Now lingering at Toulon, he jots swift lines,  
 Then duly to Ganteaume.—They are sealed forthwith,  
 And superscribed : " Break not till on the main."* 50

Boisterous singing is heard in the street.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *I hear confused and simmering  
 sounds without,*

*Like those which thrill the hives at evenfall  
 When swarming pends.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *They but proclaim the crowd,  
 Which sings and shouts its hot enthusiasms  
 For this dead-ripe design on England's shore,  
 Till the persuasion of its own plump words,  
 Acting upon mercurial temperaments,  
 Makes hope as prophecy. " Our Emperor  
 Will show himself (say they) in this exploit  
 Unwavering, keen, and irresistible 60  
 As is the lightning-prong. Our vast flotillas  
 Have been embodied as by sorcery ;*

*Soldiers made seamen, and the ports transformed  
 To rocking cities casemented with guns.  
 Against these valiants balance England's means :  
 Raw merchant-fellows from the counting-house,  
 Raw labourers from the fields, who thumb for arms  
 Clumsy untempered pikes forged hurriedly,  
 And cry them full-equipt. Their batteries,  
 Their flying carriages, their catamarans, 70  
 Shall profit not, and in one summer night  
 We'll find us there ! "*

RECORDING ANGEL. *And is this prophecy true ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Occasion will reveal.*

### SCENE III. THE DOCKYARD, GIBRALTAR

(ACT II. SCENE 1)

The Rock is seen rising behind the town and the Alameda Gardens, and the English fleet rides at anchor in the Hay, across which the Spanish shore from Algeciras to Carnero Point shuts in the West. Southward over the Strait is the African coast.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Our migratory Proskenion now  
 presents*

*An outlook on the storied Kalpe Rock,  
 As preface to the vision of the Fleets  
 Spanish and French, linked for fell purposings.*

RECORDING ANGEL (reciting). *Their motions and man-  
 oeuvres, since the fame  
 Of Bonaparte's enthronement at Milan  
 Swept swift through Europe's dumb communitities,  
 Have stretched the English mind to wide surmise.  
 Many well-based alarms (which strange report  
 Much aggravates) as to the pondered blow,* 10

*Flutter the public pulse ; all points in turn—  
Malta, Brazil, Wales, Ireland, British Ind—  
Being held as feasible for force like theirs,  
Of lavish numbers and unrecking aim.*

" *Where, where is Nelson ?* " *questions every tongue ;—*

" *How views he so unparalleled a scheme ?* "

*Their slow uncertain apprehensions ask.*

" *When Villeneuve puts to sea with all his force,*

*What may he not achieve, if swift his course !* "

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *FU call in Nelson, who has  
stepped ashore* 20

*For the first time these thrice twelvemonths and more,*

*And with him one whose insight has alone*

*Pierced the real project of Napoléon.*

Enter NELSON and COLLINGWOOD, who pace up and down.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Note Nelson's worn-out features.*

*Much has he*

*Suffered from ghoulisn ghaſt anxiety !*

*Nelson.* In ſhort, dear Coll, the letter which you wrote  
me

Had ſo much pith that I was fain to ſee you ;

For I am ſure that you indeed divine

The true intent and compaſs of a plot

Which I have ſpelled in vain.

*Collingwood.*

I weighed it thus : 30

Their flight to the Indies being to draw us off,

That and no more, and clear theſe coaſts of us—

The ſtanding obſtacle to his device—

He cared not what was done at Martinique,

Or where, provided that the general end

Should not be jeopardized—that is to ſay,

The full-uniſted ſquadron's quick **return.**—

Gravina and Vill'neuve, once back to Europe,  
 Can straight make Ferrol, raise there the blockade,  
 Then haste to Brest, there to relieve Ganteaume, 40  
 And next with four- or five-and-fifty sail  
 Bear down upon our coast as they see fit.—  
 T read they aim to strike at Ireland still,  
 As formerly, and as I wrote to you.

*Nelson.* So far your thoughtful and sagacious words  
 Have hit the facts. But 'tis no Irish bay  
 The villains aim to drop their anchors in ;  
 My word for it : they make the Wessex shore,  
 And this vast squadron handled by Vill'neuve  
 Is meant to cloak the passage of their strength, 50  
 Massed in those transports--we being kept elsewhere  
 By feigning forces.—Good God, Collingwood,  
 I must be gone ! Yet two more days remain  
 Ere I can get away.—I must be gone !

*Collingwood.* Wherever you may go to, my dear lord,  
 You carry victory with you. Let them launch,  
 Your name will blow them back, as sou'-west gales  
 The gulls that beat against them from the shore.

*Nelson.* Good Collingwood, I know you trust in me ;  
 But ships are ships, and do not kindly come 60  
 Out of the slow docks of the Admiralty  
 Like wharf side pigeons when they are whistled for : —  
 And there's a damned disparity of force,  
 Which means tough work awhile for you and me !

The Spirit of the Years whispers to NELSON.  
 And I have warnings, warnings, Collingwood,  
**That** my effective **hours** are shortening here :  
 Strange **warnings** now and then, as 'twere within **me**,  
**Which, though I fear them not, I recognize ! . . .**

However, by God's help, I'll live to meet  
 These foreign boasters ; yea, I'll finish them ; 70  
 And then—well, Gunner Death may finish me !

*Collingwood.* View not your life so gloomily, my lord :  
 One charmed, a needed purpose to fulfil!

*Nelson.* Ah, Coll. Lead bullets are not all that wound....  
 I have a feeling here of dying fires,  
 A sense of strong and deep unworded censure,  
 Which, compassing about my private life,  
 Makes all my public service lustreless  
 In my own eyes.—I fear I am much condemned  
 For those dear Naples and Palermo days, 80  
 And her who was the sunshine of them all! . . .  
 He who is with himself dissatisfied,  
 Though all the world find satisfaction in him,  
 Is like a rainbow-coloured bird gone blind,  
 That gives delight it shares not. Happiness ?  
 It's the philosopher's stone no alchemy  
 Shall light on in this world I am weary of. . . .  
 Smiling I'd pass to my long home to-morrow  
 Could I with honour, and my country's gain.  
 —But let's adjourn. I waste your hours ashore 90  
 By such ill-timed confessions !

They pass out of sight, and the scene closes.

#### SCENE IV. SOUTH WESSEX. RAINBARROWS' BEACON, EGDON HEATH

(ACT II. SCENE V)

Night in mid-August. A lofty ridge of heathland reveals itself dimly, terminating in an abrupt slope, at the summit of which are three tumuli. On the sheltered side of the most prominent of these stands a hut of turves with a brick chimney. In front are

two ricks of fuel, one of heather and furze for quick ignition, the other of wood, for slow burning. Something in the feel of the darkness and in the personality of the spot imparts a sense of uninterrupted space around, the view by day extending from the cliffs of the Isle of Wight eastward to Blackdon Hill by Deadman's Bay westward, and south across the Valley of the From to the ridge that screens the Channel.

Two men with pikes loom up, on duty as beacon-keepers beside the ricks.

*Old Man.* Now, Jems Purchess, once more mark my words. Black'on is the point we've to watch, and not Kingsbere ; and I'll tell 'ee for why. If he do land anywhere hereabout 'twill be inside Deadman's Bay. and the signal will straightway come from Black'on. But there thou'st stand, glowering and staring with all thy eyes at Kingsbere ! I tell 'ee what 'tis, Jems Purchess, your brain is softening ; and you be getting too daft for business of state like ours !

*Young Man.* You've let your tongue wrack your few Tames of good breeding, John. 11

*Old Man.* The words of my Lord-Lieutenant was, whenever you see Kingsbere-Hill Beacon tired to the eastward, or Black'on to the westward, light up ; and keep your second lire burning for two hours. Was that our documents or was it not ?

*Young Man.* I don't gainsay it. And so I keep my eye on Kingsbere, because that's most likely o' the two, says I.

*Old Man.* That shows the curious depths of your ignorance. However, I'll have patience, and say on. Didst ever larn geography ? 22

*Young Man.* No. Nor no other corrupt practices.

*Old Man.* Tcht-tcht!—Well, I'll have patience, and put it to him in another form. Dost know the world is round—eh ? I warrant dostn't!

*Young Man.* I warrant I do !

*Old Man.* How d'ye make that out, when th'st never been to school ?

*Young Man.* I lamed it at church, thank God. 30

*Old Man.* Church ? What have God A'mighty got to do with profane knowledge ? Beware that you baint blaspheming, Jems Purchess !

*Young Man.* I say I did, whether or no ! 'Twas the zingers up in gallery that I had it from. They busted out that strong with " the round world and they that dwell therein," that we common fokes down under could do no less than believe 'em.

*Old Man.* Canst be sharp enough in the wrong place as usual—I warrant canst! However, I'll have patience with 'en, and say on !—Suppose, now, my hat is the world ; and there, as might be, stands the Camp of Belong, where Boney is. The world goes round, so, and Belong goes round too. Twelve hours pass ; round goes the world still—so. Where's Belong now ? 45

A pause. Two other figures, a man's and a woman's, rise against the sky out of the gloom.

*Old Man (shouldering his pike).* Who goes there ? Friend or foe, in the King's name !

*Woman.* Piece o' trumpery! " Who goes " yourself ! What d'ye talk o', John Whiting ! Can't your eyes earn their living any longer, then, that you don't know your own neighbours ? 'Tis Private Cattle of the Locals and his wife Keziar, down at Bloom's-End— who else should it be ! 53

*Old Man (lowering his pike).* A form o' words, Mis'ess Cattle, no more ; ordained by his Majesty's Gover'ment to be spoke by all we **on sworn duty for** the defence o' the

country. Strict rank-and-file rules is our only horn of salvation in these times.—But, my dear woman, why ever have ye come lumpering up to Rainbarrows at this time o' night ? 60

*Woman.* We've been troubled with bad dreams, owing to the firing out at sea yesterday ; and at last I could sleep no more, feeling sure that sommat boded of His coming. And I said to Cattle, I'll ray myself, and go up to Beacon, and ask if anything have been heard or seen to-night. And here we be.

*Old Man.* Not a sign or sound—all's as still as a churchyard. And how is your good man ?

*Private (advancing)*—Clk ! I be all right ! I was in the ranks, helping to keep the ground at the review by the King this week. We was a wonderful sight—wonderful ! The King said so again and again.—Yes, there was he, and there was I, though not daring to move a' eyebrow in the presence of Majesty. I have come home on a night's leave—off there again to-morrow. Boney's expected every day, the Lord be praised ! Yes, our hopes are to be fulfilled soon, as we say in the army. 77

*Old Man.* There, there, Cattle ; don't ye speak quite so large, and stand so over-upright. Your back is as holler as a fire-dog's. Do ye suppose that we on active service here don't know war news ? Mind you don't go taking to your heels when the next alarm comes, as you did at last year's.

*Private.* That had nothing to do with fighting, for I'm as bold as a lion when I'm up, and " Shoulder Fawlocks ! " sounds as common as my own name to me. 'Twas———(*Lowering his voice.*) Have ye heard ?

*Old Man.* To be sure we have.

*Private.* Ghastly, isn't it !

*Old Man.* Ghastly ! Frightful! 90

*Young Man (to Private).* He don't know what it is !  
That's his pride and puffery. What is it that's so ghastly  
—hey ?

*Private.* Well, there, I can't tell it. 'Twas that that  
made the whole eighty of our company run away—  
though we be the bravest of the brave in natural jeo-  
pardies, or the little boys wouldn't run after us and call  
us the " Bang-up-Locals."

*Woman (in undertones).* I can tell you a word or two  
on't. It is about His victuals. They say that he lives  
upon human flesh, and has rashers o' baby every morning  
for breakfast—for all the world like the Cernel Giant in  
old ancient times ! 103

*Young Man.* Ye can't believe all ye hear.

*Private.* I only believe half. And I only own—such  
is my challengeful character—that perhaps He do eat  
pagan infants when He's in the desert. But not Chris-  
tian ones at home. Oh no—'tis too much.

*Woman.* Whether or no, T sometimes—God forgie  
me !—laugh wi' horror at the queerness o't, till I am that  
weak I can hardly go round house. He should have the  
washing of 'em a few times ; I warrant 'a wouldn't want  
to eat babies any more ! 113

A silence, during which they gaze around at the dark dome of  
starless sky.

*Young Man.* There'll be a change in the weather soon,  
by the look o't. I can hear the cows moo in Froom  
Valley as if I were close to 'em, and the lantern at Max  
Turnpike is shining quite plain.

*Old Man.* Weil, come in and taste a drop o' sommat we've got here, that will warm the cockles of your heart as ye wamble homealong. We housed eighty tubs last night for them that shan't be named—landed at Lullwind Cove the night afore, though they had a narrow shave with the riding-officers this run. 123

They make towards the hut, when a light on the west horizon becomes visible, and quickly enlarges.

*Young Man.* He's come !

*Old Man.* Come he is, though you do say it! This, then, is the beginning of what England's waited for !

They stand and watch the light awhile.

\* \* \* \*

The two men hasten to the hut, and are heard striking a flint and steel. Returning with a lit lantern they ignite a wisp of furze, and with this set the first stack of fuel in a blaze. The Private of the Locals and his wife hastily retreat by the light of the flaming beacon, under which the purple rotundities of the heath show like bronze, and the pits like the eye-sockets of a skull.

SPIRIT SINISTER. *This is good, and spells blood.* (To the Chorus of the Years.) *I assume that It means to Jet us carry out this invasion with pleasing slaughter, so as not to disappoint my hope ?* 130

SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music). *We carry out ? Nay, but should we Ordain what bloodshed is to be !*

SEMICHORUS II. *The Immanent, that urgeth all, Rules what may or may not befall !*

SEMICHORUS I. *Ere systemed suns were globed and lit The slaughters of the race were writ,*

SEMICHORUS II. *And wasting wars, by land and sea, Fixed, like all else, immutably !*

SPIRIT SINISTER. *Well, be it so. My argument is that War makes rattling good history ; but Peace is poor reading. So I back Bonaparte for the reason that he will give pleasure to posterity.* 142

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Gross hypocrite !*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS. *We comprehend him not.*

The day breaks over the heathery upland, on which the beacon is still burning. The morning reveals the white surface of a highway which, coming from the royal watering-place beyond the hills, stretches towards the outskirts of the heath and passes away eastward.

#### DUMB SHOW

Moving figures and vehicles dot the surface of the road, all progressing in one direction, away from the coast. In the foreground the shapes appear as those of civilians, mostly on foot, but many in gigs and tradesmen's carts and on horseback. When they reach an intermediate hill some pause and look back ; others enter on the next decline landwards without turning their heads.

From the opposite horizon numerous companies of volunteers, in the local uniform of red with green facings, are moving coastwards in companies ; as are also irregular bodies of pikemen without uniform ; while on the upper slopes of the downs toward:\* the shore regiments of the line are visible, with cavalry and artillery ; all passing over to the coast.

### SCENE V. LONDON. SPRING GARDENS

(ACT IV. SCENE VI)

Before LORD MALMESBURY'S house, on a Sunday morning in the same autumn. Idlers pause and gather in the background.

PITT enters, and meets LORD MULGRAVE.

*Mulgrave.* Good day, Pitt. Ay, these leaves that skim the ground

With withered voices, hint that sunshine-time  
Is well-nigh past.—And so the game's begun  
Between him and the Austro-Russian force,  
As second movement in the faceabout

From Boulogne shore, with which he has hocused us ?—  
 'What has been heard on't ? Have they clashed as yet ?

*Pitt.* The Emperor Francis, partly at my instance,  
 Has thrown the chief command on General Mack,  
 A man most capable and far of sight. 10

He centres by the Danube-bank at Ulm,  
 A town well-walled, and firm for leaning on  
 To intercept the French in their advance  
 From the Black Forest towards the Russian troops  
 Approaching from the east. If Bonaparte,  
 Sustains his marches at the break-neck speed  
 That all report, they must have met ere now.

—There is a rumour . . . quite impossible ! . . .

*Mulgrave.* You still have faith in Mack as strategist ?  
 There have been doubts of his far-sightedness. 20

*Pitt (hastily).* I know, I know.—I am calling here at  
 Malmesbury's

At somewhat an unceremonious time  
 To ask his help to translate this Dutch print  
 The post has brought. Malmesbury is great at Dutch,  
 Learning it long at Leyden, years ago.

He draws a newspaper from his pocket, unfolds it, and glances  
 it down.

There's news here unintelligible to me  
 Upon the very matter ! You'll come in ?

They call at LORD MALMESBURY'S. He meets them in the hall,  
 and welcomes them with an apprehensive look of foreknowledge.

*Pitt.* Pardon this early call. The packet's in,  
 And wings me this unreadable Dutch paper,  
 So, as the offices are closed to-day, 30  
 I have brought it round to you.

(Handing the paper.)

What does it say ?

For God's sake, read it out. You know the tongue.

*Malmeshury (with hesitation).* I have glanced it through  
already—more than once—

A copy having reached me, too, by now . . .

We are in the presence of a great disaster !

See here. It says that Mack, enjailed in Ulm

By Bonaparte—from four sides shutting round—

Capitulated, and with all his force

Laid down his arms before his conqueror !

PITT'S face changes. A silence.

*Mulgrave.* Outrageous ! Ignominy unparalleled ! 40

*Pitt.* By God, my lord, these statements must be false !

These foreign prints are trustless as Cheap Jack

Dumfounding yokels at a country fair.

I heed no word of it.—Impossible.

What! Eighty thousand Austrians, nigh in touch

With Russia's levies that Kutúzof leads,

To lay down arms before the war's begun ?

'Tis too much !

*Malmeshury.* But I fear it is too true !

Note the assevered source of the report—

One beyond thought of minters of mock tales. 50

The writer adds that military wits

Cry that the Little Corporal now makes war

In a new way, using his soldiers' legs

And not their arms, to bring him victory.

Ha-ha ! The quip must sting the Corporal's foes.

*Pitt (after a pause).* O vacillating Prussia ! Had she  
moved,

Had she but planted one foot firmly down,

Ali this had been averted.—I must go.

Tis sure, 'tis sure, I labour but in vain !

MALMESBURY accompanies him to the door, and PITT walks away disquietedly towards Whitehall, the other two regarding him as he goes.

*Mulgrave.* Too swiftly he declines to feebleness, 60  
And these things well might shake a stouter frame !

*Malmesbury.* Of late the burden of all Europe's cares,  
Of hiring and maintaining half her troops,  
His single pair of shoulders has upborne,  
Thanks to the obstinacy of the King.—  
His thin, strained face, his ready irritation,  
Are ominous signs. He may not be for long.

*Mulgrave.* He alters fast, indeed,—as do events.

*Malmesbury.* His labour's lost; and all our money  
gone !

It looks as if this doughty coalition 70  
On which we have lavished so much pay and pains  
Would end in wreck.

*Mulgrave.* All is not over yet;  
The gathering Russian forces are unbroke.

*Malmesbury.* Well; we shall see. Should Boney  
vanquish these,  
And silence all resistance on that side,  
His move will then be backward to Boulogne,  
And so upon us.

*Mulgrave.* Nelson to our defence !

*Malmesbury.* Ay; where is Nelson ? Faith, by this  
late time  
He may be sodden ; churned in Biscay swirls ;  
Or blown to polar bears by boreal gales ; 80  
Or sleeping amorously in some calm cave  
On the Canaries' or Atlantis' shore

an the bosom of his Dido dear,  
 ' all that we know ! Never a sound of him  
 ee passing Portland one September day—  
 make for Cadiz ; so 'twas then believed.

*Mulgrave.* He's staunch. He's watching, or I am  
 much deceived.

[ULGRAVE departs. MALMESBURY goes within. Tho scene  
 ts.

## SCENE VI. OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR

(ACT V. SCENE I)

A bird's-eye view of the sea discloses itself. It is daybreak, and broad face of the ocean is fringed on its eastern edge by the be and the Spanish shore. On the rolling surface immediately eath the eye, ranged more or less in two parallel lines running th and south, one group from the twain standing off somewhat, the vessels of the combined French and Spanish navies, whose vases, as the sun edges upward, shine in its rays like satin, on the western horizon two columns of ships appear in full sail, allas moths to the aerial vision. They are bearing down to- ds the combined squadrons. the point of sight descends till it is near the deck of the " Bucen- re," the flag-ship of VILLENEUVE. Present thereon are the MIRAL, his FLAG-CAPTAIN MAGENDIE, LIEUTENANT DAUDIGNON, er naval officers and seamen.

*Magendie.* All night we have read their signals in the  
 air,

hereby the peering frigates of their van  
 have told them of our trend.

*Villencuve.* The enemy  
 kes threat as though to throw him on our stern :  
 nal the fleet to wear ; bid Gravina  
 come in from manoeuvring with his twelve,  
 d range himself in line.

**Officers murmur.**

I say again  
 Bid Gravina draw hither with his twelve,  
 And signal all to wear !—and come upon  
 The larboard tack with every bow anorth ! — 10  
 So we make Cadiz in the worst event,  
 And patch our rags up there. As we head now  
 Our only practicable thoroughfare  
 Is through Gibraltar Strait—a fatal door !

Signal to close the line and leave no gaps.  
 Remember, too, what I have already told :  
 Remind them of it now. They must not pause  
 For signallings from me amid a strife  
 Whose chaos may prevent my clear discernment,  
 Or may forbid my signalling at all. 20  
 The voice of honour then becomes the chief's ;  
 Listen they thereto, and set every stitch  
 To heave them on into the fiercest fight.  
 Now I will sum up all : heed well the charge ;

EACH CAPTAIN, PETTY OFFICER, AND MAN  
 IS ONLY AT HIS POST WHEN UNDER FIRE.

The ships of the whole fleet turn their bows from south to north as directed, and close up in two parallel curved columns, the concave side of each column being towards the enemy, and the interspaces of the first column being, in general, opposite the hulls of the second.

*An Officer (straining his eyes towards the English fleet).*

How they skip on ! Their overcrowded sails  
 Bulge like blown bladders in a tripeman's shop  
 The market-morning after slaughterday !

*Petty Officer (aside).* It's morning before slaughterday  
 with us, 30

I make so bold to bode !

The English Admiral is seen to be signalling to his fleet. The

signal is : " ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY." A loud cheering from all the English ships comes undulating on the wind when the signal is read.

*Villeneuve.* They are signalling too.—Well, business soon begins !

You will reserve your fire. And be it known  
That we display no admirals' flags at all  
Until the action's past. 'Twill puzzle them,  
And work to our advantage when we close.—  
Yes, they are double-ranked, I think, like us ;  
But we shall sec anon.

*Magendie.* The foremost one  
Makes for the "Santa Ana." In such case  
The " Fougueux " might assist her.

*Villeneuve.* Be it so— 40  
There's time enough.—Our ships will be in place,  
And ready to speak back in iron words  
When theirs cry Hail ! in the same sort of voice.

They prepare to receive the northernmost column of the enemy's ships headed by the " Victory," trying the distance by an occasional single shot. During their suspense a discharge is heard southward, and turning they behold COLLINGWOOD at the head of his column in the " Royal Sovereign," just engaging with the Spanish " Santa Ana." Meanwhile the " Victory " draws still nearer, preserving silence with brazen sang-froid. At a concerted moment full broadsides are discharged into her simultaneously from the " Bucentaure," the " Santissima Trinidad," and the " Redoutable."

When the smoke clears the " Victory's " mizzen-topmast, with spars and a quantity of rigging, is seen to have fallen, her wheel to be shot away, and her deck encumbered with dead and wounded men.

*Villeneuve.* 'Tis well ! But see ; their course is undelayed,  
And still they near in clenched audacity !

*Daudignon,* This northmost column bears upon our beam.

Their prows will pierce us thwartwise. That's the aim.  
*Magendie.* Which aim deft Lucas o' the " Redout-  
 able "

Most gallantly bestirs him to outscheme.—  
 See, how he strains, that on his timbers fall 50  
 Blows that were destined for his Admiral!

During this the French ship " Redoutable " is moving forward to interpose itself between the approaching " Victory " and the " Bucentaure."

*Villeneuve.* Now comes it! The " Santissima Trini-  
 dad,"

The old " Redoutable's " hard sides, and ours,  
 Will take the touse of this bombastic blow.  
 Your grapnels and your boarding-hatchets—ready !  
 We'll dash our eagle on the English deck,  
 And swear to fetch it !

*Crew.* Aye ! We swear. Huzza !  
 Long live the Emperor !

But the " Victory " suddenly swerves to the rear of the " Bucen-  
 taure," and crossing her stern-waters, discharges a broadside into  
 her and the " Redoutable " endwise, wrapping the scene in folds  
 of smoke.

The point of view changes.

SCENE V I I . OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR .  
 THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE " VICTORY "

(ACT V. SCENE II)

The van of each division of the English fleet has drawn to the windward side of the combined fleets of the enemy, and broken their order, the " Victory " being now parallel to and alongside the " Redoutable," the " Temeraire " taking up a station on the other side of that ship. The " Bucentaure " and the " Santissima Trinidad " become jammed together a little way ahead. A smoke and din of cannonading prevail, amid which the studding-sail booms are shot away.

NELSON, HARDY, BLACKWOOD, SECRETARY SCOTT, LIEUTENANT PASCO, BURKE the Purser, CAPTAIN ADAIR of the Marines, and other officers are on or near the quarter-deck.

*Nelson.* See, there, that noble fellow Collingwood,  
How straight he helms his ship into the fire !—  
Now you'll haste back to yours (*to Blackwood*).

—We must henceforth  
Trust to the Great Disposer of events,  
And justice of our cause ! . . .

[BLACKWOOD leaves.

The battle grows hotter. A double-headed shot cuts down seven or eight marines on the " Victory's " poop.

Captain Adair, part those marines of yours,  
And hasten to disperse them round the ship. —  
Your place is down below, Burke, not up here ;  
Ah, yes ; like David you would see the battle ! 10

A heavy discharge of musket-shot comes from the tops of the " Santissima Trinidad." ADAIR and PASCO fall. Another swath of marines is mowed down by chain-shot.

*Scott.* My lord, I use to you the utmost prayers  
That I have privilege to shape in words :  
Remove your stars and orders, T would beg ;  
That shot was aimed at you.

*Nelson.* They were awarded to me as an honour,  
And shall I do despite to those who prize me,  
And slight their gifts ? No, I will die with them,  
If die I must.

He walks up and down with HARDY.

*Hardy.* At least let's put you on  
Your old greatcoat, my lord—(the air is keen).—  
'Twill cover all. So while you still retain 20  
Your dignities, you baulk these deadly aims.

*Nelson.* Thank 'ee, good friend. But no,—I haven't  
time,

I do assure you—not a trice to spare,  
As you well see.

A few minutes later SCOTT falls dead, a bullet having pierced his skull. Immediately after a shot passes between the Admiral and the Captain, tearing the instep of Hardy's shoe, and striking away the buckle. They shake off the dust and splinters it has scattered over them. NELSON glances round, and perceives what has happened to his Secretary.

*Nelson.* Poor Scott, too, carried off!! Warm work  
this, Hardy;  
Too warm to go on long.

*Hardy.* I think so, too;  
Their lower ports are blocked against our hull,  
And our charge now is less. Each knock so near  
Sets their old wood on fire.

*Nelson.* Ay, rotten as peat.  
What's that? I think she has struck, or pretty nigh! 30  
A cracking of musketry.

*Hardy.* Not yet.—Those small-arm men there, in her  
tops,  
Thin our crew fearfully. Now, too, our guns  
Have to be dipped full down, or they would rake  
The "Temeraire" there on the other side.

*Nelson.* True.—While you deal good measure out to  
these,  
Keep slapping at those giants over here—  
The "Trinidad," I mean, and the "Bucentaure,"  
To win'ard—swelling up so pompously.

*Hardy.* I'll see no slackness shall be shown that way.

They part and go in their respective directions. Gunners, naked to the waist and reeking with sweat, are now in swift action on the several decks, and firemen carry buckets of water hither and thither. The killed and wounded thicken around, and are being lifted and examined by the surgeons. NELSON and HARDY meet again.

*Nelson.*—Bid still the firemen bring more bucketfuls, 40  
 And dash the water into each new hole  
 Our guns have gouged in the " Redoutable,"  
 Or we shall all be set ablaze together.

*Hardy.* Let me once more advise, entreat, my lord,  
 That you do not expose yourself so clearly.  
 These fellows in the mizzen-top up there  
 Are peppering round you quite perceptibly.

*Nelson.* Now, Hardy, don't offend me. They can't  
 aim ;

They only set their own rent sails on fire.—  
 But if they could, I would not hide a button 50  
 To save ten lives like mine. I have no cause  
 To prize it, I assure 'ee.—Ah, look there,  
 One of the women hit,—and badly, too. .  
 Poor wench ! Let some one shift her quickly down.

*Hardy.* My lord, each humblest sojourner on the seas,  
 Dock-labourer, lame longshore-man, bowed bargee,  
 Sees it as policy to shield his life  
 For those dependent on him. Much more, then,  
 Should one upon whose priceless presence here  
 Such issues hang, so many strivers lean, 60  
 Use average circumspection at an hour  
 So critical for us all.

*Nelson.* Ay, ay. Yes, yes ;  
 I know your meaning, Hardy ; and I know  
 That you disguise as frigid policy  
 What really is your honest love of me.  
 But, faith, I have had my day. My work's nigh done ;  
 I serve all interests best by chancing it  
 Here with the commonest.—Ah, their heavy guns  
 Are silenced every one ! Thank God for that. 69

*Hardy.* 'Tis so. They only use their small arms now.

He goes to larboard to see what is progressing on that side between his ship and the "Santisima Trinidad."

*Officer (to a seaman).* Swab down these stairs. The mess of blood about  
Makes 'em so slippery that one's like to fall  
In carrying the wounded men below. •

While CAPTAIN HARDY is still a little way off, LORD NELSON turns to walk aft, when a ball from one of the muskets in the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable" enters his left shoulder. He falls upon his face on the deck. HARDY looks round, and sees what has happened.

*Hardy (hastily).* Ah—what I feared, and strove to  
hide I feared! . . .

He goes towards NELSON, who in the meantime has been lifted by SERGEANT-MAJOR SECKER and two seamen.

*Nelson.* Hardy, I think they've done for me at last!

*Hardy.* I hope not!

*Nelson.* Yes. My backbone is shot through.  
I have not long to live.

The men proceed to carry him below.

Those tiller ropes  
They've torn away, get instantly repaired!

At sight of him borne along wounded there is great agitation among the crew.

Cover my face. There will no good be done  
By drawing their attention off to me. 80  
Bear me along, good fellows; I am but one  
Among the many darkened here to-day!

He is carried on to the cockpit over the crowd of dead and wounded.

(To the Chaplain)

Doctor, I'm gone. I am waste o' time to you.

*Hardy (remaining behind).* Hills, go to Collingwood  
and let him know  
That weVe no Admiral here.

He passes on.

*A Lieutenant.* Now quick and pick him off who did  
the deed—  
That white-bloused man there in the mizzen-top.

*Pollard, a midshipman (shooting).* No sooner said than  
done. A pretty aim !

The Frenchman falls dead upon the poop.

The spectacle seems now to become enveloped in smoke, and  
the point of view changes.

### SCENE VIII. THE SAME. THE COCKPIT OF THE " VICTORY "

(ACT V. SCENE IV)

A din of trampling and dragging overhead, which is accompanied  
by a continuous ground-bass roar from the guns of the warring  
fleets, culminating at times in loud concussions. The wounded are  
lying around in rows for treatment, some groaning, some silently  
dying, some dead. The gloomy atmosphere of the low-beamed  
deck is pervaded by a thick haze of smoke, powdered wood, and  
other dust, and is heavy with the fumes of gunpowder and candle-  
grease, the odour of drugs and cordials, and the smell from  
abdominal wounds.

NELSON, his face now pinched and wan with suffering, is lying  
undressed in a midshipman's berth, dimly lit by a lantern. Dr.  
BEATTY, Dr. MAGRATH, and the Rev. Dr. SCOTT the Chaplain,  
BURKE the Purser, the Steward, and a few others stand around.

*Magrath (in a low voice).* Poor Ram, and poor Tom  
Whipple, have just gone.

*Beatty.* There was no hope for them.

*Nelson (brokenly).* Who have just died ?

*Beatty.* Two who were badly hit by now, my lord ;  
Lieutenant Ram and Mr. Whipple.

*Nelson.*

Ah !—

So many lives—in such a glorious cause. . . .

I join them soon, soon, soon !—0 where is Hardy ?

Will nobody bring Hardy to me—none ?

He must be killed, too. Surely Hardy's dead ?

*A Midshipman.* He's coming soon, my lord. The  
constant call

On his full heed of this most mortal fight 10

Keeps him from hastening hither as he would.

*Nelson.* I'll wait, I'll wait. I should have thought  
of it.

Presently HARDY comes down. NELSON and he grasp hands.

Hardy, how goes the day with us and England ?

*Hardy.* Well; very well, thank God for't, my dear  
lord.

Villeneuve their Admiral has this moment struck,  
And put himself aboard the " Conqueror."  
Some fourteen of their first-rates, or about,  
Thus far we've got. The said " Bucentaure " chief :  
The " Santa Ana," the " Redoutable,"  
The " Fougueux," the " Santissima Trinidad," 20  
" San Augustino," " San Francisco," " Aigle " ;  
And our old " Swiftsure," too, we've grappled back,  
To every seaman's joy. But now their van  
Has tacked to bear round on the " Victory "  
And crush her by sheer weight of wood and brass :  
Three of our best I am therefore calling up,  
And make no doubt of worsting theirs, and France.

*Nelson.* That's well. I swore for twenty.—But it's  
well.

*Hardy.* We'll have 'em yet! But without you, my  
lord,

We have to make slow plodding do the deeds 30  
 That sprung by inspiration ere you fell;  
 And on this ship the m<sup>o</sup>re particularly.

*Nelson.* No, Hardy.—Ever 'twas your settled fault  
 So modestly to whittle down your worth.  
 But I saw stuff in you which admirals need  
 When, taking thought, I chose the " Victory's " keel  
 To do my business with these braggarts in.  
 A business finished now, for me !—Good friend,  
 Slow shades are creeping on me. . . . I scarce see you.

*Hardy.* The smoke from ships upon our win'ard side,  
 And the dust raised by their worm-eaten hulks, 41  
 When our balls touch 'em, blind the eyes, in truth.

*Nelson.* No ; it is not that dust ; 'tis dust of death  
 That darkens me.

A shock overhead. HARDY goes up. One or two other officers  
 go up, and by and by return.

What was that extra noise ?

*Officer.* The " Formidable " passed us by, my lord,  
 And thumped a stunning broadside into us.—  
 But, on their side, the " Hero's " captain's fallen ;  
 The " Algeciras " has been boarded, too,  
 By Captain Tyler, and the captain shot:  
 Admiral Gravina desperately holds out; 50  
 They say he's lost an arm.

*Nelson.* And we ourselves—  
 Who have we lost on board here ? Nay, but tell me !

*Beatty.* Besides poor Scott, my lord, and Charles  
 Adair,  
 Lieutenant Ram, and Whipple, captain's clerk,  
 There's Smith, and Palmer, midshipmen, just killed,  
**And** fifty odd of seamen **and** marines.

*Nelson.* Poor youngsters ! Scarred old Nelson joins  
you soon.

*Burke.* That fellow in the mizzen-top, my lord,  
Who made it his affair to wing you thus,  
We took good care to settle ; and he fell CO  
Like an old rook, smack from his perch, stone dead.

*Nelson.* 'Twas not worth while !—He was, no doubt,  
a man  
Who in simplicity and sheer good faith  
Strove but to serve his country. Rest be to him !  
And may his wife, his friends, his little ones,  
If such he had, be tided through their loss,  
And soothed amid the sorrow brought by me.

HARDY re-enters.

Who's that ? Ah—here you come ! How, Hardy, now ?

*Hardy.* The Spanish Admiral's rumoured to be  
wounded,  
We know not with what truth. But, be as 'twill. 70  
He sheers away with all he could call round.  
And some new frigates, straight to Cadiz port.

A violent explosion is heard above the confused noises on deck.  
A midshipman goes above and returns.

*Midshipman (in the background).* It is the enemy's  
first-rate, the "Aehille,"  
Blown to a thousand atoms!

*Hardy.* But let me ask, my lord, as needs I must,  
Seeing your state, and that our work's not done,  
Shall I, from you, bid Admiral Collingwood  
Take full on him the conduct of affairs ?

*Nelson (trying to raise himself).* Not while I live, I  
hope ! No, Hardy ; no. 80  
Give Collingwood my order. Anchor all !

*Hardy (hesitating).* You mean the signal's to be made forthwith ?

*Nelson.* I do !—By God, if but our carpenter  
 Could rig me up a jury-backbone now,  
 To last one hour—until the battle's done,  
 I'd see to it! But here I am—stove in—  
 Broken—all logged and done for ! Done, ay, done !

*Beatty (returning from the other wounded).* My lord, I  
 must implore you to lie calm !  
 You shorten what at best may not be long.

*Nelson (exhausted).* I know, I know, good Beatty !  
 Thank you well. 90

Hardy, I was impatient. Now I am still.  
 Sit here a moment, if you have time to spare ?

BEATTY and the others retire, and the two abide in silence, except for the trampling overhead and the moans from adjoining berths. NELSON is apparently in less pain, seeming to doze.

*Nelson (suddenly).* What are you thinking, that you speak no word ?

*Hardy (waking from a short reverie).* Thoughts all confused, my lord :—their needs on deck,  
 Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past ;  
 Mixed up with flashes of old things afar —  
 Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,  
 In the snug village under Blackdon Hill  
 Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,  
 The placid look of the grey dial there, 100  
 Marking unconsciously this bloody hour,  
 And the red apples on my father's trees,  
 Just now full ripe.

*Nelson.* Ay, thus do little things  
 Steal into my mind, too. But ah, my heart

Knows not your calm philosophy !—There's one—  
 Come nearer to me, Hardy.—One of all,  
 As you well guess, pervades my memory now ;  
 She, and my daughter—I speak freely to you.  
 'Twas good I made that codicil this morning  
 That you and Blackwood witnessed. Now she rests  
 Safe on the nation's honour. . . . Let her have 111  
 My hair, and the small treasured things I owned,  
 And take care of her, as you care for me !

HARDY promises.

*Nelson (resuming in a murmur).* Does love die with  
 our frame's decease, I wonder,  
 Or does it live on ever ? . . .

A silence. BEATTY reapproaches.

*Hardy.* Now I'll leave,  
 See if your order's gone, and then return.

*Nelson (symptoms of death beginning to change his face).*  
 Yes, Hardy ; yes ; I know it. You must go.—  
 Here we shall meet no more ; since Heaven forbend  
 That care for me should keep you idle now,  
 When all the ship demands you. Beatty, too, 120  
 Go to the others who lie bleeding there ;  
 Them you can aid. Me you can render none !  
 My time here is the briefest.—If I live  
 But long enough I'll anchor. . . . But—too late—  
 My anchoring's elsewhere ordered ! . . . Kiss me, Hardy :

HARDY bends over him.

I'm satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty !

HARDY brushes his eyes with his hand, and withdraws to go  
 above, pausing to look back before he finally disappears.

*Beatty (watching Nelson),* Ah !—Hush around ! . . .

He's sinking. It is but a trifle now  
 Of minutes with him. Stand you, please, aside,  
 And give him air. 130

BEATTY, the Chaplain, MAGRATH, the Steward, and attendants  
 continue to regard NELSON. BEATTY looks at his watch.

*Beatty.* Two hours and fifty minutes since he fell,  
 And now he's going.

They wait. NELSON dies.

*Chaplain.* Yes. . . . He has homed to where  
 There's no more sea.

*Beatty.* We'll let the Captain know,  
 Who will confer with Collingwood at once.

I must now turn to these.

He goes to another part of the cockpit, a midshipman ascends  
 to the deck, and the scene overclouds.

CHORUS OF THE PITIES (aerial music). *His thread was  
 cut too slowly ! When he fell,  
 And bade his fame farewell,  
 He might have passed, and shunned his long-drawn pain,  
 Endured in vain, in vain !*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Young Spirits, be not critical of  
 That 140  
 Which was before, and shall be after you !*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *But out of tune the Mode and  
 meritless  
 That quickens sense in shapes whom, thou hast said,  
 Necessitation sways ! A life there was  
 Among these self-same frail ones—Sophocles—  
 Who visioned it too clearly, even the while  
 He dubbed the Will " the gods" Truly said he,  
 " Such gross injustice to their own creation  
 Burdens the time with mournfulness for us,*

*And for themselves with shame*<sup>1</sup>—*Things mechanized*  
*By coils and pivots set to foreframed codes* 151  
*Would, in a thorough-sphered melodic rule,*  
*And governance of sweet consistency,*  
*Be cessed no pain, whose burnings would abide*  
*With That Which holds responsibility,*  
*Or inexist.*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES (aerial music). *Yea, yea, yea !*

*Thus would the Mover pay*  
*The score each puppet owes,*  
*The Reaper reap what his contrivance sows !* 160  
*Why make Life debtor when it did not buy ?*  
*Why wound so keenly Right that it would die ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Nay, blame not! For what*  
*judgment can ye blame ?—*

*In that immense unweeting Mind is shoum*  
*One far above forethinking ; prôcessive,*  
*Rapt, superconscious ; a Clairvoyancy*  
*That knows not what It knows, yet works therewith.—*  
*The cognizance ye mourn, Life's doom to feel,*  
*If I report it meetly, came unmeant,*  
*Emerging with blind gropes from imperciience* 170  
*By listless sequence—luckless, tragic Chance,*  
*In your more human tongue.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *And hence unneeded*  
*In the economy of Vitality,*  
*Which might have ever kept a sealed cognition*  
*As doth the Will Itself.*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS (aerial music). *Nay, nay, nay ;*  
*Your hasty judgments stay,*  
*Until the topmost cyme*

<sup>1</sup> Soph. Trach. 1266-72.

*Have crowned the last entablature of Time.*

*O heap not blame on that in-brooding Will;*

180

*O pause, till all things all their days fulfil !*

## SCENE IX. LONDON. THE GUILDHALL

(ACT V. SCENE V)

The SCENE OPENS, revealing the interior of the Guildhall, and the brilliant assembly of City magnates, Lords, and Ministers seated there, Mr. PITT occupying a chair of honour by the Lord Mayor. His health has been proposed as that of the Saviour of England, and drunk with acclamations.

*Pitt (standing up after repeated culls).* My lords and gentlemen :—You have toasted me  
As one who has saved England and her cause.  
I thank you, gentlemen, unfeignedly.  
But—no man has saved England, let me say :  
England has saved herself, by her exertions :  
She will, I trust, save Europe by her example !

Loud applause, during which he sits down, rises, and sits down again. The scene then shuts, and the night without has place.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Those words of this man Pitt—  
his last large words,*  
*As I may prophesy—that ring to-night  
In their first mintage to thefeasters here,  
Will spread with ageing, lodge, and crystallize,* 10  
*And stand embedded in the English tongue  
Till it grow thin, outworn, and cease to be.—  
So is't ordained by That Which all ordains ;  
For words were never winged with apter grace,  
Or blent with happier choice of time and place,  
To hold the imagination of this strenuous race.*

" The campaign closes with this victory ;  
 And we return to find our standards joined  
 By vast young armies forming now in France.  
 Forthwith resistless, Peace establish we,  
 Worthy of you, the nation, and of me !

" NAPOLEON."

(To his Marshals)

So shall we prostrate these paid slaves of hers—  
 England's, I mean—the root of all the war. 50

*Voice of Murat.* The further details sent of Trafalgár  
 Are not assuring.

*Voice of Lannes.* What may the details be ?

*Voice of Napoléon (moodily).* We learn that six-and-  
 twenty ships of war,

During the fight and after, struck their flags,  
 And that the tigerish gale throughout the night  
 Gave fearful finish to the English rage.

By luck their Nelson's gone, but gone withal  
 Are twenty thousand prisoners, taken off  
 To gnaw their finger-nails in British hulks.

Of our vast squadrons of the summer-time 60

But rags and splintered remnants now remain.—

Thuswise Villeneuve, poor craven, quitted him !

Thus are my projects for the navy damned,

And England puffed to yet more bombastry.

—Well, well ; I can't be everywhere. No matter ;

A victory's brewing here as counterpoise !

These water-rats may paddle in their salt slush,

And welcome. 'Tis not long they'll have the lead.

Ships can be wrecked by land !

*Another Voice.*

And how by land,

Your Majesty, if one may query such ?

70

*Voice of Napoleón (sardonically).* I'll bid all states of  
 Europe shut their ports  
 To England's arrogant bottoms, slowly starve  
 Her bloated revenues and monstrous trade,  
 Till all her hulls lie sodden in their docks,  
 And her grey island eyes in vain shall seek  
 One jack of hers upon the ocean plains !

*Voice of Soult.* A few more master-strokes, your  
 Majesty,  
 Must be dealt hereabout to compass such !

*Voice of Napoleón.* God, yes!—Even hero Pitt's  
 guineas are the foes :  
 'Tis all a duel 'twixt this Pitt and me ; so  
 And, more than Russia's host, and Austria's flower,  
 I everywhere to-night around me feel  
 As from an unseen monster haunting nigh  
 His country's hostile breath !—But come : to choke it  
 By our to-morrow's feats, which now, in brief,  
 I recapitulate—First Soult will move  
 To forward the grand project of the day :  
 Namely : ascend in échelon, right to front,  
 With Vandamme's men, and those of Saint Hilaire :  
 Legrand's division somewhere further back— 90  
 Nearly whereat I place my finger here—  
 To be there reinforced by tirailleurs :  
 Lannes to the left here, on the Olmütz road,  
 Supported by Murat's whole cavalry.  
 While in reserve, here, are the grenadiers  
 Of Oudinot, the corps of Bernadotte,  
 Rivaud, Drouet, and the Imperial Guard.

*Marshals' Voices.* Even as we understood, Sire, and  
 have ordered.

Nought lags but day, to light our victory !

*Voice of Napoléon.* Now let us up and ride the bivouacs  
round, 100

And note positions ere the soldiers sleep.

—Omit not from to-morrow's home dispatch

Direction that this blow of Trafalgár

Be hushed in all the news-sheets sold in France,

Or, if reported, let it be portrayed

As a rash fight whereout we came not worst,

But were so broken by the boisterous eve

That England claims to be the conqueror.

There emerge from the tent NAPOLEON and the Marshals, who all mount the horses that are led up, and proceed through the frost and rime towards the bivouacs. At the Emperor's approach to the nearest soldiery they spring up.

*Soldiers.* The Emperor ! He's here ! The Emperor's  
here !

*An old Grenadier (approaching Napoleon familiarly).*

We'll bring thee Russian guns and flags galore 110

To celebrate thy coronation day !

They gather into wisps the straw, hay, and other litter on which they have been lying, and kindling these at the dying fires, wave them as torches. This is repeated as each fire is reached, till the whole French position is one wide illumination. The most enthusiastic of the soldiers follow the Emperor in a throng as he progresses, and his whereabouts in the vast field is denoted by their cries.

CHORUS OF THE PITIES (aerial music). *Strange suasive  
pull of personality !*

CHORUS OF IRONIC SPIRITS. *His projects they unknow,  
his grin unsee !*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES. *Their loyal luckless hearts  
say blindly—He !*

The night-shades close over.

SCENE XL SHOCKERWICK HOUSE,  
NEAR BATH

(ACT VI. SCENE VI)

The interior of the Picture Gallery. Enter WILTSHIRE the owner, and PITT, who looks emaciated and walks feebly.

There is a hasty knocking, and a courier, splashed with mud from hard riding, is shown into the gallery. He presents a dispatch to PITT, who sits down and hurriedly opens it.

*Pitt (to himself).* O heavy news indeed! . . . Disastrous ; dire !

He appears overcome as he sits, and covers his forehead with his hand.

*Wiltshire.* I trust you are not ill, sir ?

*Pitt (after some moments).* Could I have  
A little brandy, sir, quick brought to me ?

*Wiltshire.* In one brief minute.

Brandy is brought in, and PITT takes it.

*Pitt.* Now leave me, please, alone. I'll call anon.  
Is there a map of Europe handy here ?

WILTSHIRE fetches a map from the library, and spreads it before the Minister. WILTSHIRE, courier, and servant go out.

O God, that I should live to see this day !

He remains awhile in a profound reverie ; then resumes the reading of the dispatch.

" Defeated - the Allies—quite overthrown  
At Austerlitz—last week."—Where's Austerlitz ?  
—But what 'avails it where the place is now ;                    10  
What corpse is curious on the longitude  
And situation of his cemetery ! . . .  
The Austrians and the Russians overcome,



## PART II

### SCENE I. BERLIN (AFTER JENA)

(ACT I. SCENE VI.)

SEMICHORUS I OF IRONIC SPIRITS (aerial music).

*Deeming himself omnipotent  
With the Kings of the Christian continent,  
To warden the waves was his further bent.*

SEMICHORUS II. *But the weaving Will from eternity,  
(Hemming them in by a circling sea)  
Evolved the fleet of the Englishry.*

SEMICHORUS I. *The wane of his armaments ill-advised,  
At Trafalgar, to a force despised,  
Was a wound which never has cicatrized.*

SEMICHORUS II. *This, O this is the cramp that grips      10  
And freezes the Emperor's finger-tips  
From signing a peace with the Land of Ships !*

CHORUS. *The Universal-empire plot  
Demands the rule of that wave-walled spot ;  
And peace with England cometh not!*

A lurid gloom envelops the Platz and city ; and BONAPARTE is heard as from the Palace :

*Voice of Napoleón.* These monstrous violations being  
in train  
Of law and national integrities  
By English arrogance in things marine,

(Which dares to capture simple merchant-craft,  
 In honest quest of harmless merchandize, 20  
 For crime of kinship to a hostile power)  
 Our vast, effectual, and majestic strokes  
 In this unmatched campaign, enable me  
 To bar from commerce with the Continent  
 All keels of English frame. Hence I decree :—

SPIRIT OF KUMOUR. *This outlines his renowned " Berlin  
 Decree."*

*Maybe he meditates its scheme in sleep,  
 Or hints it to his suite, or syllables it  
 While shaping, to his scribes.*

*Voice of Napoléon (continuing).* All England's ports to  
 suffer strict blockade ; 30  
 All traffic with that land to cease forthwith ;  
 All natives of her isles, wherever met,  
 To be detained as windfalls of the war.  
 All chattels of her make, material, mould,  
 To be good prize wherever pounced upon :  
 And never a bottom hailing from her shores  
 But shall be barred from every haven here.  
 This for her monstrous harms to human rights,  
 And shameless sauciness to neighbour powers !

SPIRIT SINISTER. *I spell herein that our excellently high-  
 coloured drama is not played out yet !* 41

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Nor will it be for many a month  
 of moans,  
 And summer shocks, and winter-whitened bones.*

**The night gets darker, and the Palace outlines are lost.**

## SCENE II. BEFORE CORUÑA

(ACT III. SCENE III)

The town, harbour, and hills at the back are viewed from an aerial point to the north, over the lighthouse known as the Tower of Hercules, rising at the extremity of the tongue of land on which La Coruna stands, the open ocean being in the spectator's rear.

In the foreground the most prominent feature is the walled old town, with its white towers and houses, shaping itself aloft over the harbour. The new town, and its painted fronts, show bright below, even on this cloudy winter afternoon. Further off, behind the harbour—now crowded with British transports of all sizes—is a series of low broken hills, intersected by hedges and stone walls.

A mile behind these low inner hills is beheld a rocky chain of outer and loftier heights that completely command the former. Nothing behind them is seen but grey sky.

## DUMB SHOW

On the inner hills aforesaid the little English army—a pathetic fourteen thousand of foot only—is just deploying into line: HOPE'S division on the left, BAIRD'S to the right. PAGET with the reserve is in the hollow to the left behind them; and ERASER'S division still further back shapes out on a slight rise to the right.

This harassed force now appears as if composed of quite other than the men observed in the Retreat insubordinately straggling along like vagabonds. Yet they are the same men, suddenly stiffened and grown amenable to discipline by the satisfaction of standing to the enemy at last. They resemble a double palisade of red stakes, the only gaps being those that the melancholy necessity of scant numbers entails here and there.

Over the heads of these red men are beheld on the outer hills the twenty thousand French that have been pushed along the road at the heels of the English by SOULT. They have an ominous superiority, both in position and in their abundance of cavalry and artillery, over the slender lines of English foot.

It is now getting on for two o'clock, and a stir of activity has lately been noticed along the French front. Three columns are discerned descending from their position, the first towards the division of SIR DAVID BAIRD, the weakest point in the English line, the next towards the centre, the third towards the left. A heavy cannonade from the battery supports this advance.

The clash ensues, the English being swept down in swathes by the enemy's artillery. The opponents meet face to face at the village in the valley between them, and the fight there grows furious.

SIR JOHN MOORE is seen galloping to the front under the gloomy sky.

The point of vision descends to the immediate rear of the English position. The early January evening has begun to spread its shades, and shouts of dismay are heard from behind the hill over which MOORE and the advancing lines have vanished.

Enter in the obscurity six soldiers of the Forty-second bearing SIR JOHN MOORE on their joined hands. CAPTAIN HARDINGE walks beside and steadies him. He is temporarily laid down in the shelter of a wall, his left shoulder being pounded away, the arm dangling by a shred of flesh.

Enter COLONEL GRAHAM and CAPTAIN WOODFORD.

*Graham.* The wound is more than serious, Woodford, far.

Ride for a surgeon—one of those, perhaps,  
Who tend Sir David Baird ? (*Exit Captain Woodford.*)  
His blood throbs forth so fast, that I have dark fears  
He'll drain to death ere anything can be done !

*Hardinge.* I'll try to staunch it—since no skill's in call.

(He takes off his sash and endeavours to bind the wound with it. MOORE smiles and shakes his head.)

There's not much checking it ! The rent's too gross.  
A dozen lives could pass that thoroughfare !

Enter a soldier with a blanket. They lift MOORE into it. During the operation the pommel of his sword, which he still wears, is accidentally thrust into the wound.

I'll loose the sword—it bruises you, Sir John.

[He begins to unbuckle it.

*Moore.* No. Let it be ! One hurt more matters not.  
I wish it to go off the field with me. 11

*Hardinge.* I like the sound of that. It augurs well  
For your much-hoped recovery.

*Moore (looking sadly at his wound).* Hardinge, no :  
Nature is nonplussed there ! My shoulder's gone,

And this left side laid open to my lungs.  
 There's but a brief breath now for me, at most. . . .  
 Could you—move me along—that I may glimpse  
 Still how the battle's going ?

*Hardinge.*

Ay, Sir John—

A few yards higher up, where we can see.

He is borne in the blanket a little way onward, and lifted so that he can view the valley and the action.

*Moore (brightly).* They seem to be advancing. Yes, it  
 is so ! 20

Enter Sir JOHN HOPE.

Ah, Hope ! — I am doing badly here enough :  
 But they are doing rarely well out there.

(Presses Horn's hand.)

Don't leave ! my speech may flag with this fierce pain,  
 But you can talk to me.—Are the French checked ?

*Hope.* My dear friend, they are borne back steadily.

*Moore (his voice weakening).* I hope that England—  
 will be satisfied—

I hope my native land—will do me justice ! . . .

I shall be blamed for sending Craufurd off

Along the Orense road. But had I not,

Bonaparte would have headed us that way. . . . 30

*Hope.* O would that Soult had but accepted battle  
 By Lugo town ! We should have crushed him there.

*Moore.* Yes . . . yes.—But it has never been my lot  
 To owe much to good luck ; nor was it then.

Good fortune has been mine, but (*bitterly*) mostly so

By the exhaustion of all shapes of bad ! . . .

Well, this does not become a dying man ;

And others have been chastened more than I

By Him who holds us in His hollowed hand ! . . .

I grieve for Zaragoza if, as said, 40  
 The siege goes sorely with her, which it must.  
 I heard when at Dahagun that late day  
 That she was holding out heroically.  
 But I must leave such now.—You'll see my friends  
 As early as you can ? Tell them the whole ;  
 Say to my mother. . . . (*His voice fails.*)  
 Hope, Hope, I have so much to charge you with,  
 But weakness clams my tongue ! . . . If I must die  
 Without a word with Stanhope, ask him, Hope,  
 To—name me to his sister. You may know 50  
 Of what there was between us ? . . .  
 Is Colonel Graham well, and all my aides ?  
 My will I have made—it is in Colborne's charge  
 With other papers.

*Hope.* He's now coming up.

Enter MAJOR COLBORNE, principal aide-de-camp.

*Moore.* Are the French beaten, Colborne, or repulsed ?  
 Alas ! you see what they have done to me !

*Colborne.* I do, Sir John : I am more than sad thereat !  
 In brief time now the surgeon will be here.

The French retreat—pushed from Elvina far.

*Moore.* That's good ! Is Paget anywhere about ? 60

*Colborne.* He's at the front, Sir John.

*Moore.* Remembrance to him !

Enter two surgeons.

Ah, doctors,—you can scarcely mend up me.—  
 And yet I feel so tough—I have feverish fears  
 My dying will waste a long and tedious while ;  
 But not too long, I hope !

*Surgeons (after a hasty examination).* You must be  
 borne

In to your lodgings instantly, Sir John.

Please strive to stand the motion—if you can ;

They will keep step, and bear you steadily.

*Moore.* Anything. . . . Surely fainter ebbs that fire ?

*Colborne.* Yes : we must be advancing everywhere :  
Colbert their General, too, they have lost, I learn. 71

They lift him by stretching their sashes under the blanket, and begin moving off. A light waggon enters.

*Moore.* Who's in that waggon ?

*Hardinge.* Colonel Wynch, Sir John.  
He's wounded, but he urges you to take it.

*Moore.* No. I will not. This suits. . . . Don't come  
with me ;

There's more for you to do out here as yet.

(Cheerful shouts.)

A-ha ! 'Tis *this* way I have wished to die !

Exeunt slowly in the twilight MOORE, bearers, surgeons, etc.,  
towards Coruna.

The scene darkens.

### SCENE III. CORUÑA. NEAR THE RAMPARTS

(ACT III. SCENE IV)

It is just before dawn on the following morning, objects being still indistinct. The features of the elevated enclosure of San Carlos can be recognized in dim outline, and also those of the Old Town of Coruña around, though scarcely a lamp is shining. The numerous transports in the harbour beneath have still their riding-lights burning.

In a nook of the town wall a lantern glimmers. Some English soldiers of the Ninth regiment are hastily digging a grave there with extemporized tools.

*A Voice (from the gloom some distance off).* " I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

The soldiers look up, and see entering at the further end of the patch of ground a slow procession. It advances by the light of lanterns in the hands of some members of it. At moments the fitful rays fall upon bearers carrying a coffinless body rolled in a blanket, with a military cloak roughly thrown over by way of pall. It is brought towards the incomplete grave, and followed by HOPE, GRAHAM, ANDERSON, COLBORNE, HARDINGE, and several aides-de-camp, a chaplain preceding.

*First Soldier.* They are here, almost as hasteful as ourselves.

There is no time to dig much deeper now :  
Level a bottom just as far's we've got.  
He'll couch as calmly in this scabbled hole  
As in a royal vault!

*Second Soldier.* Would it had been a foot deeper, here among foreigners, with strange manures manufactured out of no one knows what! Surely we can give him another six inches ? 12

*First Soldier.* There is no time. Just make the bottom true.

The meagre procession approaches the spot, and waits while the half-dug grave is roughly finished by the men of the Ninth. They step out of it, and another of them holds a lantern to the chaplain's book. The winter day slowly dawns.

*Chaplain.* " Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower ; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

A gun is fired from the French battery not far off ; then another. The ships in the harbour take in their riding-lights.

*Colborne (in a low voice).* I knew that dawn would see them open fire.

*Hope.* We must perforce be swift to use our time.  
Would we had closed our too sad office sooner ! 20

As the body is lowered another discharge echoes. They glance gloomily at the heights where the French are ranged, and then into the grave.

*Chaplain,* " We therefore commit his body to the ground. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

(Another gun.)

A spent ball falls not far off. They put out their lanterns. Continued tiring, some shot splashing into the harbour below them.

*Hope.* In mercy to the living, who are thrust  
Upon our care for their deliverance,  
And run much hazard till they are embarked,  
We must abridge these duties to the dead,  
Who will not mind be they abridged or no.

*Hardinge.* And could he mind, would be the man to  
**bid it. . . .**

*Hope.* We shall do well, then, curtly to conclude  
These mutilated prayers—our hurried best!— 30  
And what's left unsaid, feel.

*Chaplain (his words broken by the cannonade).* " . . .  
We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased  
Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of  
this sinful world. . . .Who also hath taught us not to be  
sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him.  
. . . Grant this, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and  
Redeemer."

*Officers and Soldiers.* Amen !

The diggers of the Ninth hastily fill in the grave, and the scene shuts as the mournful figures retire.

## SCENE IV. WALCHEREN

(ACT IV. SCENE VIII)

A marshy island at the mouth of the Scheldt, lit by the low sunshine of an evening in late summer. The horizontal rays from the west lie in yellow sheaves across the vapours that the day's heat has drawn from the sweating soil. Sour grasses grow in places, and strange fishy smells, now warm, now cold, pass along. Brass-hued and opalescent bubbles, compounded of many gases, rise where passing feet have trodden the damper spots. At night the place is the haunt of the Jack-lantern.

## DUMB SHOW

A vast army is encamped here, and in the open spaces are infantry on parade—skeletoned men, some flushed, some shivering, who are kept moving because it is dangerous to stay still. Every now and then one falls down, and is carried away to a hospital with no roof, where he is laid, bedless, on the ground.

In the distance soldiers are digging graves for the funerals which are to take place after dark, delayed till then that the sight of so many may not drive the living melancholy-mad. Faint noises are heard in the air.

SHADE OF THE EARTH. *What storm is this of souls dissolved in sighs,*

*And what the dingy doom it signifies ?*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *WE catch a lamentation shaped thus wise :*

CHORUS OF PITIES (aerial music). "*We who withstood the blasting blaze of war*

*When marshalled by the gallant Moore awhile,*

*Beheld the grazing death-bolt with a smile,*

*Closed combat edge to edge and bore to bore,*

*Now rot upon this Isle !*

" *The ever wan morass, the dune, the blear*

*Sandweed, and tepid pool, and putrid smell,*

*Emaciate purpose to a fractious fear,*

*Beckon the body to its last low cell—*

*A chink no chart will tell.*

" *O ancient Delta, where the fen-lights flit !  
 Ignoble sediment of loftier lands,  
 Thy humour clings about our hearts and hands  
 And solves us to its softness, till we sit  
     As we were part of it.*

" *Such force as fever leaves is maddened now,  
 With tidings trickling in from day to day* 20  
*Of others' differing fortunes, wording how  
 They yield their lives to baulk a tyrant's sway—  
     Yield them not vainly, they !*

" *In champaigns green and purple, far and near,  
 In town and thorpe where quiet spire-cocks turn,  
 Through vales, by rocks, beside the brooding burn  
 Echoes the aggressor's arrogant career ;  
     And we pent pithless here !*

" *Here, where each creeping day the creeping file  
 Draws past with shouldered comrades score on score,* 30  
*Bearing them to their lightless last asile,  
 Where weary wave-wails from the clammy shore  
     Will reach their ears no more.*

" *We might have fought, and had we died, died well,  
 Even if in Dynasts' discords not our own ;  
 Our death-spot some sad haunter might have shown,  
 Some tongue have asked our sires or sons to tell  
     The tale of how we fell;*

" *But such bechanced not. Like the mist we fade,  
 No lustrous lines engrave in story we,* 40  
*Our country's chiefs, for their own fames afraid,  
 Will leave our names and fates by this pale sea  
     To perish silently ! "*

The night fog enwray

SCENE V. THE LINES OF TORRES  
VEDRAS

(ACT VI. SCENE I)

A bird's-eye perspective is revealed of the peninsular tract of Portuguese territory lying between the shining pool of the Tagus on the east, and the white-frilled Atlantic lifting rhythmically on the west. As thus beheld the tract features itself somewhat like a late-Gothic shield, the upper edge from the dexter to the sinister chief being the lines of Torrès Vedras, stretching across from the mouth of the Zezambre on the left to Alhandra on the right, and the south or base point being Fort S. Julian. The roofs of Lisbon appear at the sinister base, and in a corresponding spot on the opposite side Cape Roca.

It is perceived in a moment that the northern verge of this nearly coast-hemmed region is the only one through which access can be gained to it by land, and a close scrutiny of the boundary there reveals that means are being adopted to effectually prevent such access.

From east to west along it runs a chain of defences, dotted at intervals by dozens of circular and square redoubts, either made or in the making, two of the latter being of enormous size. Between these stretch unclimbable escarpments, stone walls, and other breastworks, and in front of all a double row of abattis, formed of the limbs of trees.

Within the outer line of defence is a second, constructed on the same principle, its course being bent to take advantage of natural features. This second rampart is finished, and appears to be impregnable.

The third defence is far off southward, girdling the very base point of the shield-shaped tract of country; and is not more than a twelfth of the length of the others. It is a continuous entrenchment of ditches and ramparts, and its object—that of covering a forced embarkation—is rendered apparent by some rocking English transports off the shore hard by.

## DUMB SHOW

Innumerable human figures are busying themselves like cheesemites all along the northernmost frontage, undercutting easy slopes into steep ones, digging ditches, piling stones, felling trees, dragging them, and interlacing them along the front as required.

On the second breastwork, which is completed, only a few figures move.

On the third breastwork, which is fully matured and equipped, minute red sentinels creep backwards and forwards noiselessly.

As time passes three reddish-grey streams of marching men loom out to the north, advancing southward along three roads towards three diverse points in the first defence. These form the English army, entering the lines for shelter. Looked down upon, their motion seems peristaltic and vermicular, like that of three caterpillars. The division on the left is under Pieton, in the centre under Leith and Cole, and *on* the extreme right by Alhandra, under Hill. Beside one of the roads two or three of the soldiers are dangling from a tree by the neck, probably for plundering.

The Dumb Show ends, and the point of view sinks to the earth.

## SCENE VI. THE SAME. OUTSIDE THE LINES

(ACT VI. SCENE II)

The winter day has gloomed to a stormful evening, and the road outside the first line of defence forms the foreground of the stage.

Enter in the dusk from the hills to the north of the entrenchment, near Calandrix, a group of horsemen, which includes MASSENA, in command of the French forces, FOY, LOISON, and other officers of his staff.

They ride forward in the twilight and tempest, and reconnoitre, till they see against the sky the ramparts blocking the road they pursue. They halt silently. MASSENA, puzzled, endeavours with his glass to make out the obstacle.

*Masséna.* Something stands here to peril our advance,  
Or even prevent it !

*Foy.* These are the English lines—  
Their outer horns and tusks—whereof I spoke,  
Constructed by Lord Wellington of late  
To keep his foothold firm in Portugal.

*Masséna.* Thrusts he his burly, bossed disfigurements  
So far to north as this ? I had pictured me  
They lay much nearer Lisbon. Little strange  
Lord Wellington rode placid at Busaco  
With this behind his back ! Well, it is hard  
But that we turn them somewhere, I assume ?

They scarce can close up every southward gap  
Between the Tagus and the Atlantic Sea.

*Foy.* I hold they can, and do ; although, no doubt,  
By searching we shall spy some raggedness  
Which custom'd skill may force.

*Masséna.* Plain 'tis, no less,  
We may heap corpses vainly hereabout,  
And crack good bones in waste. By human power  
This passes mounting ! What say you's behind ?

*Loison.* Another line exactly like the first, 20  
But more matur'd. Behind its back a third.

*Masséna.* How long have these prim ponderosities  
Been rearing up their foreheads to the moon ?

*Loison.* Some months in all. I know not quite how  
long.

They are Lord Wellington's select device,  
And, like him, heavy, slow, laborious, sure.

*Masséna.* May he enjoy their sureness. He deserves  
to.

I had no inkling of such barriers here.

A good road runs along their front, it seems,  
Which offers us advantage. . . . What a night! 30

The tempest cries dismally about the earthworks above them,  
as the reconnoiters linger in the slight shelter the lower ground  
affords. They are about to turn back.

Enter from the cross-road to the right JUNOT and some more  
officers. They come up at a signal that the others are those they  
lately parted from.

*Junot.* We have ridden along as far as Calandrix,  
Favoured therein by this disordered night,  
Which tongues its language to the disguise of ours ;  
And find amid the vale an open route  
That, well manoeuvred, may be practicable.

*Masséna.* I'll look now at it, while the weather aids.  
If it may serve our end when all's prepared  
So good. If not, some other to the west.

Exeunt MASSENA, JUNOT, LOISON, FOY, and the rest by the paved crossway to the right.

The wind continues to prevail as the spot is left desolate, the darkness increases, rain descends more heavily, and the scene is blotted out.

## PART III

### SCENE I. THE BANKS OF THE NIEMEN, NEAR KOWNO

(ACT I. SCENE I)

The foreground is a hillock on a broken upland, seen in evening twilight. On the left, further back, are the dusky forests of Wilkowsky ; on the right is the vague shine of a large river.

Emerging from the wood below the eminence appears a shadowy amorphous thing in motion, the central or Imperial column of NAPOLEON'S Grand Army for the invasion of Russia, comprising the corps of OUDINOT, NEY, and DAVOUT, with the Imperial Guard. This, with the right and left columns, makes up the host of nearly half a million, all starting on their march to Moscow. The Emperor is pausing on the hillock.

While the rearmost regiments are arriving, NAPOLEON rides ahead with GENERAL HAXËL and one or two others to reconnoitre the river. NAPOLEON'S horse stumbles and throws him. He picks himself up before he can be helped.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS (to Napoléon). *The portent is  
an ill one, Emperor ;*

*An ancient Roman would retire thereat!*

*Napoléon.* Whose voice was that, jarring upon my  
thought

So insolently ?

*Haxel and Others.* Sire, we spoke no word.

*Napoléon.* Then, whoso spake, such portents I defy !

[He remounts.

When the reconnoiters again come back to the foreground of the scene the huge array of columns is standing quite still, in circles of companies, the captain of each in the middle with a paper in

his hand. He reads from it a proclamation. They quiver emotionally, like leaves stirred by a wind. NAPOLEON and his staff reascend the hillock, and his own words as repeated to the ranks reach his ears, while he himself delivers the same address to those about him.

*Napoléon.* Soldiers, wild war is on the board again ;  
 The lifetime-long alliance Russia swore  
 At Tilsit, for the English realm's undoing,  
 Is violate beyond refurbishment,  
 And she intractable and unashamed. 10  
 Russia is forced on by fatality :  
 She cries her destiny must be outwrought,  
 Meaning at our expense. Does she then dream  
 We are no more the men of Austerlitz,  
 With nothing left of our old featfulness ?

She offers us the choice of sword or shame ;  
 We have made that choice unhesitatingly !  
 Then let us forthwith stride the Niemen flood,  
 Let us bear war into her great gaunt land,  
 And spread our glory there as elsewhere, 20  
 So that a stable peace shall stultify  
 The evil seed-bearing that Russian wiles  
 Have nourished upon Europe's choked affairs  
 These fifty years !

The midsummer night darkens. They all make their bivouacs and sleep.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Something is tongued afar.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *The Russian counter-proclamation rolls,*

*But we alone have gift to catch it here.*

*Distant Voice in the Wind.* The hostile hatchings of  
 Napoléon's brain  
 Against our Empire, long have harassed us,

And mangled all our mild amenities.  
 So, since the hunger for embrangement 30  
 That gnaws this man, has left us optionless,  
 And haled us recklessly to horrid war,  
 We have promptly mustered our well-hardened hosts,  
 And, counting on our call to the Most High,  
 Have forthwith set our puissance face to face  
 Against Napoléon's.—Ranksmen ! officers !  
 You fend your lives, your land, your liberty.  
 I am with you. Heaven frowns on the aggressor.

SPIRIT IRONIC. *Ha! " Liberty " is quaint, and pleases  
 me,*

*Sounding from such a soil!* 40

Midsummer-day breaks, and the sun rises on the right, revealing the position clearly. The eminence overlooks for miles the river Niemen, now mirroring the morning rays. Across the river three temporary bridges have been thrown, and towards them the French masses streaming out of the forest descend in three columns.

They sing, shout, fling their shakos in the air and repeat words from the proclamation, their steel and brass flashing in the sun. They narrow their columns as they gain the three bridges, and begin to cross—horse, foot, and artillery.

NAPOLÉON has come from the tent in which he has passed the night to the high ground in front, where he stands watching through his glass the committal of his army to the enterprise. DAVOUT, NEW MITRAT, OUDINOT, Generals HAXEL and EBLE, NARBONNE, and others surround him.

It is a day of drowsing heat, and the Emperor draws a deep breath as he shifts his weight from one puffed calf to the other. The light cavalry, the foot, the artillery having passed, the heavy horse now crosses, their glitter outshining the ripples on the stream.

A messenger enters. NAPOLÉON reads papers that are brought, and frowns.

*Napoléon.* The English heads decline to recognize  
 The government of Joseph, King of Spain,  
 As that of " the now-ruling dynasty " ;  
 But only Ferdinand's !—I'll get to Moscow,

And send thence my rejoinder. France shall wage  
 Another fifty years of wasting war  
 Before a Bourbon shall remount the throne  
 Of restless Spain ! . . .

(A flash lights his eyes.)

But this long journey now just set a-trip  
 Is my choice way to India ; and 'tis there 50  
 That I shall next bombard the British rule.  
 With Moscow taken, Russia prone and crushed,  
 To attain the Ganges is simplicity—  
 Auxiliaries from Tiflis backing me.  
 Once ripped by a French sword, the scaffolding  
 Of English merchant-mastership in Ind  
 Will fall a wreck. . . . Vast, it is true, must bulk  
 An Eastern scheme so planned ; but I could work it. . .  
 Man has, worse fortune, but scant years for war ;  
 I am good for another five !

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Why doth he go ?—* 00  
*I see returning in a chattering flock*  
*Bleached skeletons, instead of this array*  
*Invincibly equipped.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *I'll show you why.*

An unnatural light usurps that of the sun, bringing into view, like breezes made visible, the films or brain-tissues of the Immanent Will, that pervade all things, ramifying through the whole army, NAPOLEON included, and moving them to its inexplicable artistries.

*Napoleón (with sudden despondency).* That which has  
 worked will work!—Since Lodi Bridge.  
 The force I then felt move me moves me on  
 Whether I will or no ; and oftentimes  
 Against my better mind. . . . Why am I here ?  
 —By laws imposed on me inexorably !

History makes use of me to weave her web  
 To her long while aforetime-figured mesh 70  
 And contemplated character : no more.  
 Well, war's my trade ; and whencesoever springs  
 This one in hand, they'll label it with my name !

The natural light returns and the anatomy of the Will disappears. NAPOLÉON mounts his horse and descends in the rear of his host to the banks of the Niemen. His face puts on a saturnine humour, and he hums an air.

Milbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,  
 Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
 Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,  
 Ne sait quand reviendra !

[Exeunt NAPOLÉON and his staff.

SPIRIT SINISTER. *It is kind of his Imperial Majesty to give me a lead. (Sings.)*  
*Monsieur d' Malbrough est mort,*  
*Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;* 80  
*Monsieur d' Malbrough est mort,*  
*Est mort et enterré !*

Anon the figure of NAPOLÉON, diminished to the aspect of a doll, reappears in front of his suite on the plain below. He rides across the swaying bridge. Since the morning the sky has grown overcast, and its blackness seems now to envelop the retreating array on the other side of the stream. The storm bursts, with thunder and lightning, the river turns leaden, and the scene is blotted out by the torrents of rain.

## SCENE II. THE FIELD OF BORODINO

(ACT I. SCENE V)

The prospect lightens with dawn, and the sun rises red. The spacious field of battle is now distinct, its ruggedness being bisected by the great road from Smolensk to Moscow, which runs centrally from beneath the spectator to the furthest horizon. The

field is also crossed by the stream Kalotcha, flowing from the right-centre foreground to the left-centre background, thus forming an X with the road aforesaid, intersecting it in mid-distance at the village of Borodino.

Behind this village the Russians have taken their stand in close masses. So stand also the French, who have in their centre the Shevardino redoubt beyond the Kalotcha. Here NAPOLEON, in his usual blue-grey uniform, white waistcoat, and white leather breeches, chooses his position with BERTHIER and other officers of his suite.

#### DUMB SHOW

It is six o'clock, and the firing of a single cannon on the French side proclaims that the battle is beginning. There is a roll of drums, and the right-centre masses, glittering in the level shine, advance under NEY and DAVOUT and throw themselves on the Russians, here defended by redoubts.

The French enter the redoubts, whereupon a slim, small man, GENERAL BAGRATION, brings across a division from the Russian right and expels them resolutely.

Semenovskoye is a commanding height opposite the right of the French, and held by the Russians. Cannon and columns, infantry and cavalry, assault it by tens of thousands, but cannot take it.

Aides gallop through the screeching shot and haze of smoke and dust between NAPOLEON and his various Marshals. The Emperor walks about, looks through his glass, goes to a camp-stool, on which he sits down, and drinks glasses of spirits and hot water to relieve his still violent cold, as may be discovered from his red eyes, raw nose, rheumatic manner when he moves, and thick voice in giving orders.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *SO he fulfils the inhuman antickings*

*He thinks imposed upon him. . . . What says he ?*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *He says it is the sun of Austerlitz !*

The Russians, so far from being driven out of their redoubts, issue from them towards the French. But they have to retreat, BAGRATION and his Chief of Staff being wounded. NAPOLEON sips his grog hopefully, and orders a still stronger attack on the great redoubt in the centre.

It is carried out. The redoubt becomes the scene of a huge massacre. In other parts of the field also the action almost ceases to be a battle, and takes the form of wholesale butchery by the thousand, now advantaging one side, now the other.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Thus do the mindless minions of the spell*

*In mechanized enchantment sway and show  
A Will that wills above the will of each,  
Yet but the will of all conjunctively ;  
A fabric of excitement, web of rage,  
That permeates as one stuff the weltering whole.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *The ugly horror grossly regnant  
here*

*Wakes even the drowsed half-drunken Dictator* 11  
*To all its vain uncouthness !*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *Murat cries  
That on this much-anticipated day  
Napoléon's genius flags inoperative.*

The firing from the top of the redoubt has ceased. The French have got inside. The Russians retreat upon their rear, and fortify themselves on the heights there. PONIATOWSKI furiously attacks them. But the French are worn out, and fall back to their station before the battle. So the combat dies resultlessly away. The sun sets, and the opposed and exhausted hosts sink to lethargic repose. NAPOLEON enters his tent in the midst of his lieutenants, and night descends.

SHADE OF THE EARTH. *The fumes of nitre and the reek  
of gore  
Make my airs foul and fulsome unto me !*

SPIRIT TRONIC. *The natural nausea of a nurse, dear  
Dame.*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *Strange : even within that tent no  
notes of joy  
Throb as at Austerlitz !* (signifying Napoléon's tent).

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *But mark that roar—  
A mash of men's crazed cries entreating mates* 20  
*To run them through and end their agony ;  
Boys calling on their mothers, veterans  
Blaspheming God and man. Those shady shapes  
Are horses, maimed in myriads, tearing round*

*In maddening pangs, the harnessings they wear  
Clanking discordant jingles as they tear !*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *It is enough. Let now the scene  
be closed.*

The night thickens.

### SCENE III. THE ROAD FROM SMOLENSKO INTO LITHUANIA

(ACT I. SCENE IX)

The season is far advanced towards winter. The point of observation is high amongst the clouds, which, opening and shutting fitfully to the wind, reveal the earth as a confused expanse merely.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Where are we ? And why are we  
where we are ?*

SHADE OF THE EARTH. *Above a wild waste garden-plot  
of mine*

*Nigh bare in this late age, and now grown chill,  
Lithuania called by some. I gather not  
Why we haunt here, where I can work no charm  
Either upon the ground or over it.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *The wherefore will unfold. The  
rolling brume*

*That parts, and joins, and parts again below us  
In ragged restlessness, unscreens by fits  
The quality of the scene.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. I notice now 10  
*Primeval woods, pine, birch—the skinny growths  
That can sustain life well where earth affords  
But sustenance elsewhere yclept starvation.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *And what see you on the far land-  
verge there, •*

*Labouring from eastward towards our longitude ?*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *An object like a dun-filed caterpillar,*

*Shuffling its length in painful heaves along,  
Hitherward. . . . Yea, what is this Thing we see  
Which, moving as a single monster might,  
Is yet not one but many ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Even the Army* 20

*Which once was called the Grand ; now in retreat  
From Moscow's muteness, urged by That within it;  
Together with its train of followers—  
Men, matrons, babes, in brabbling multitudes.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *And why such flight ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Recorders, rise and say.*

RECORDING ANGEL I. (in minor plain-song). *The host  
has turned from Moscow where it lay,  
And Israel-like, moved by some master-sway,  
Is made to wander on and waste away !*

ANGEL II. *By track of Tarutino first it flits ;  
Thence swerving, strikes at old Jaroslawitz ;* 30  
*The which, accurst by slaughtering swords, it quits.*

ANGEL I. *Harassed, it treads the trail by which it came,  
To Borodino, field of bloodshot fame,  
Whence stare unburied horrors beyond name !*

ANGEL II. *And so and thus it nears Smolensko's walls,  
And, stayed its hunger, starts anew its crawls,  
Till floats down one white morsel, which appals.*

What has floated down from the sky upon the Army is a flake of snow. Then come another and another, till natural features, hitherto varied with the tints of autumn, are confounded, and all is phantasmal grey and white.

The caterpillar shape still creeps laboriously nearer, but instead of increasing in size by the rules of perspective, it gets more

attenuated, and there are left upon the ground behind it minute parts of itself, which are speedily flaked over, and remain as white pimples by the wayside.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *These atoms that drop off are  
snuffed-out souls*

*Who are enghosted by the caressing snow.*

Pines rise mournfully on each side of the nearing object; ravens in flocks advance with it overhead, waiting to pick out the eyes of strays who fall. The snowstorm increases, descending in tufts which can hardly be shaken off. The sky seems to join itself to the land. The marching figures drop rapidly, and almost immediately become white grave-mounds.

Endowed with enlarged powers of audition as of vision, we are struck by the mournful taciturnity that prevails. Nature is mute. Save for the incessant flogging of the wind-broken and lacerated horses there are no sounds.

With growing nearness more is revealed. In the glades of the forest, parallel to the French columns, columns of Russians are seen to be moving. And when the French presently reach Krasnoye they are surrounded by packs of cloaked Cossacks, bearing lances like huge needles a dozen feet long. The fore-part of the French army gets through the town; the rear is assaulted by infantry and artillery.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *The strange, one-eyed, white-  
shakoed, scarred old man,* 40

*Ruthlessly heading every onset made,*

*I seem to recognize.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Ku<sup>u</sup>tozof he :*

*The ceaselessly-attacked one, Michael Ney ;*

*A pair as stout as thou, Earth, ever hast twinned !*

*Ku<sup>u</sup>tozof, ten years younger, would extirp*

*The invaders, and our drama finish here,*

*With Bonaparte a captive or a corpse.*

*But he is old ; death even has beckoned him ;*

*And thus the so near-seeming happens not.*

NAPOLEON himself can be discerned amid the rest, marching on foot through the snowflakes, in a fur coat and with a stout staff in his hand. Further back NEY is visible with the remains of the rear.

There is something behind the regular columns like an articulated tail, and as they draw on, it shows itself to be a disorderly rabble of followers of both sexes. So the whole miscellany arrives at the foreground, where it is checked by a large river across the track. The soldiers themselves, like the rabble, are in motley raiment, some wearing rugs for warmth, some quilts and curtains, some even petticoats and other women's clothing. Many are delirious from hunger and cold.

#### SCENE IV. THE OPEN COUNTRY BETWEEN SMORGONI AND WILNA

(ACT I. SCENE XT)

The winter is more merciless, and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of unenclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch bushes merge in a forest in the background.

It is growing dark, though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are gathered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frost-bitten, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry arms. One squad, ploughing through snow above their knees, and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass-lustres as they walk, go into the birch wood, and are heard chopping. They bring back boughs, with which they make a screen on the windward side, and contrive to light a fire. With their swords they cut rashers from a dead horse, and grill them in the flames, using gunpowder for salt to eat them with. Two others return from a search, with a dead rat and some candle-ends. Their meal shared, some try to repair their gaping shoes and to tie up their feet, that are chilblained to the bone.

A straggler enters, who whispers to one or two soldiers of the group. A shudder runs through them at his words.

*First Soldier (dazed).* What—gone, do you say?  
Gone?

*Straggler.* Yes, I say gone!  
He left us at Smorgoni hours ago.  
The Sacred Squadron even he has left behind.  
By this time he's at Warsaw or beyond,

Full pace for Paris.

*Second Soldier (jumping up wildly)* Gone ? How did  
he go ?

No, surely ! He could not desert us so !

*Straggler.* He started in a carriage, with Roustan  
The Mameluke on the box : Caulaincourt, too,  
Was inside with him. Monton and Duroc  
Rode on a sledge behind.—The order bade 10  
That we should not be told it for a while.

Other soldiers spring up as they realize the news, and stamp  
hither and thither, impotent with rage, grief, and despair, many  
in their physical weakness sobbing like children.

SPIRIT SINISTER. *Good. It is the selfish and uncon-*  
*scionable characters who are so much regretted.*

*Straggler.* He felt, or feigned, he ought to leave no  
longer

A land like Prussia 'twixt himself and home.  
There was great need for him to go, he said,  
To quiet France, and raise another army  
That shall replace our bones.

*Several (distractedly)* Deserted us !  
Deserted us !—O, after all our pangs  
We shall see France no more ! 20

Some become insane, and go dancing round. One of them sings.  
*Mad Soldier's Song.*

|

Ha, for the snow and hoar !

Ho, for our fortune's made !

We can shape our bed without sheets to spread,

**And** our graves without a spade.

So foolish Life adieu,

And ingrate Leader too.

—Ah, but we loved you true !  
 Yet—he-he-he ! and ho-ho-ho !—  
 We'll never return to you.

## II

What can we wish for more ? 30  
 Thanks to the frost and flood  
 We are grinning crones—thin bags of bones  
 Who once were flesh and blood.  
 So foolish Life adieu,  
 And ingrate Leader too.  
 —Ali, but we loved you true !  
 Yet—he-he-he ! and ho-ho-ho !—  
 We'll never return to you.

Exhausted, they again crouch round the fire. Officers and privates press together for warmth. Other stragglers arrive, and sit at the backs of the first. With the progress of the night the stars come out in unusual brilliancy, Sirius and those in Orion flashing like stilettos ; and the frost stiffens.

The lire sinks and goes out ; but the Frenchmen do not move. The day dawns, and still they sit on.

In the background enter some light horse of the Russian army, followed by KUTUZOF himself and a few of his staff. He presents a terrible appearance now—bravely serving though slowly dying, his face puffed with the intense cold, his one eye staring out as he sits in a heap in the saddle, his head sunk into his shoulders. The whole detachment pauses at the sight of the French asleep. They chout ; but tho bivouackers give no sign.

*Kutu'zof.* Go, stir them up ! We slay not sleeping men.

The Russians advance and prod the French with their lances.

*Russian Officer.* Prince, here's a curious picture. They are dead. 40

*Kutu'zof (with indifference).* Oh, naturally. After the snow was down

**I marked a sharpening of the air last night.**

We shall be stumbling on such frost-baked meats  
Most of the way to Wilna.

*Officer (examining the bodies).* They all sit  
As they were living still, but stiff as horns ;  
And even the colour has not left their cheeks,  
Whereon the tears remain in strings of ice—  
It was a marvel they were not consumed :  
Their clothes are cindered by the fire in front,  
While at their back the frost has caked them hard. 50  
*Kutużof.* 'Tis well. So perish Russia's enemies !

Exeunt KUTUZOF, his staff, and the detachment of horse in the direction of Wilna ; and with the advance of day the snow resumes its fall, slowly burying the dead bivouackers.

## SCENE V. PARIS. THE TUILERIES

(ACT I. SCENE XII)

An antechamber to the EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE'S bedroom, at half-past eleven on a December night. The DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO and another lady-in-waiting are discovered talking to the Empress.

*Marie Louise.* I have felt unapt for anything to-night,  
And I will now retire.

She goes into her child's room adjoining.

*Duchess of Montebello.* For some long while  
There has come no letter from the Emperor,  
And Paris brims with ghastly rumourings  
About the far campaign. Not being beloved,  
The town is over dull for her alone.

Re-enter MARIE LOUISE.

*Marie Louise.* The King of Rome is sleeping in his cot  
Sweetly and safe. Now, ladies, I am going.

She withdraws. Her tiring-women pass through into her chamber. They presently return and go out. A manservant enters, and bars the window-shutters with numerous bolts. Exit manservant. The Duchess retires. The other lady-in-waiting rises to go into her bedroom, which adjoins that of the Empress.

Men's voices are suddenly heard in the corridor without. The lady-in-waiting pauses with parted lips. The voices grow louder. The lady-in-waiting screams.

MARIE LOUISE hastily re-enters in a dressing-gown thrown over her night-clothes.

*Marie Louise.* Great God, what altercation can that be?

I had just verged on sleep when it aroused me ! 10

A thumping is heard at the door.

*Voice of Napoleón (without).* Hola`! Pray let me in !  
Unlock the door !

*Lady-in-Waiting.* Heaven's mercy on us! What man may it be

At such an hour as this ?

*Marie Louise.* O it is he !

The lady-in-waiting unlocks the door. NAPOLÉON enters, scarcely recognizable, in a fur cloak and hood over his ears. He throws off the cloak and discloses himself to be in the shabbiest and muddiest attire. MARIE LOUISE is agitated almost to fainting.

SPIRIT IRONIC. *IS it with fright or joy ?*

*Marie Louise.* I scarce believe  
What my sight tells me ! Home, and in such sad garb !

[NAPOLÉON embraces her.

*Napoléon.* I have had great work in getting in, my dear !

They failed to recognize me at the gates,  
Being sceptical at my poor hackney-coach  
And poorer baggage. I had to show my face  
In a fierce light ere they would let me pass,

And even then they doubted till I spoke.—

What think you, dear, of such a tramp-like spouse ?

(He warms his hands at the fire.)

Ha—it is much more comfortable here

Than on the Russian plains !

*Marie Louise* (timidly). You have suffered there ?—

Your face is hollower, and has lines in it ;

No marvel that they did not know you !

*Napoléon.*

Yes :

Disasters many and swift have swooped on me !—

Since crossing—ugh !—the Beresina River

I have been compelled to come incognito :

Ay—as a fugitive and outlaw quite.

30

*Marie Louise.* We'll thank Heaven, anyhow, that you  
are safe.

I had gone to bed, and everybody almost!

What, now, do you require ? Some food, of course ?

The child in the adjoining chamber begins to cry, awakened by  
the loud tones of NAPOLEON.

*Napoléon.* Ah—that's his little voice ! I'll in and  
see him.

*Marie Louise.* I'll come with you.

NAPOLEON and the Empress pass into the other room. The  
lady-in-waiting calls up yawning servants and gives orders. The  
servants go to execute them.

Re-enter NAPOLEON and MARIE LOUISE. The lady-in-waiting  
goes out.

*Napoléon.*

I have said it, dear !

All the disasters summed in the bulletin

Shall be repaired.

*Marie Louise.* And are they terrible ?

*Napoléon.* Have you not read the last-sent bulletin,  
Dear friend ?

*Marie Louise.* No recent bulletin has come.

*Napoléon.* Ah—I must have outstripped it on the way! 40

*Marie Louise.* And where is the Grand Army ?

*Napoléon.* Oh—that's gone.

*Marie Louise.* Gone ? But—gone where ?

*Napoléon.* Gone all to nothing, dear.

*Marie Louise (incredulously).* But some six hundred thousand I saw pass

Through Dresden Russia-wards ?

*Napoléon (flinging himself into a chair).* Well, those men lie—

Or most of them—in layers of bleaching bones

'Twi'x't here and Moscow. . . I have been subdued;

But by the elements ; and them alone.

Not Russia, but God's sky has conquered me !

[With an appalled look she sits beside him.

From the sublime to the ridiculous

There's but a step ! — I have been saying it 50

All through the leagues of my long journey home—

And that step has been passed in this affair ! . . .

Yes, briefly, it is quite ridiculous,

Whichever way you look at it.—Ha-ha !

*Marie Louise (simply).* But those six hundred thousand throbbing throats

That cheered me deaf at Dresden, marching east

So full of youth and spirits—all bleached bones—

Ridiculous ? Can it be so, dear, to—

Their mothers, say ?

*Napoléon (with a twitch of displeasure).* You scarcely understand.

I meant the enterprise, and not its stuff. . . . 60  
 I had no wish to fight, nor Alexander,  
 But circumstance impaled us each on each ;  
 The Genius who outshapes my destinies  
 Did all the rest! Had I but hit success,  
 Imperial splendour would have worn a crown  
 Unmatched in long-scrolled Time ! . . . Well, leave that  
 now—

What do they know about all this in Paris ?

*Marie Louise.* I cannot say. Black rumours fly and  
 croak

Like ravens through the streets, but come to me  
 Thinned to the vague !—Occurrences in Spain 70  
 Breed much disquiet with these other things.  
 Marmont's defeat at Salamanca field  
 Ploughed deep into men's brows. The cafés say  
 Your troops must clear from Spain.

*Napoléon.* We'll see to that!

I'll find a way to do a better thing ;  
 Though I must have another army first—  
 Three hundred thousand quite. Fishes as good  
 Swim in the sea as have come out of it.  
 But to begin, we must make sure of France,  
 Disclose ourselves to the good folk of Paris 80  
 In daily outings as a family group,  
 The type and model of domestic bliss  
 (Which, by the way, we are). And I intend,  
 Also, to gild the dome of the Invalides  
 In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.

*Marie Louise.* To gild the dome, dear ? Why ?

*Napoléon.* To give them something  
 To think about. They'll take to it like children,

And argue in the cafés right and left  
 On its artistic points.—So they'll forget  
 The woes of Moscow.

90

A chamberlain-in-waiting announces supper. MARIE LOUISE and NAPOLEON go out. The room darkens and the scene closes.

SCENE VI. LEIPZIG. AT THE THONBERG  
 WINDMILL

(ACT III. SCENE IV)

By the newly lighted fire NAPOLEON is seen walking up and down, much agitated and worn. With him are MURAT, BERTHIER, AUGEREAU, VICTOR, and other Marshals of corps that have been engaged in this part of the field—all perspiring, muddy, and fatigued.

*Napoléon.* Baseness so gross I had not guessed of them!—

The thirty thousand false Bavarians  
 I looked on losing not un placidly ;  
 But these troth-swearing sober Saxony  
 I reckoned staunch by virtue of their King !  
 Thirty-five thousand gone ! It magnifies  
 A failure into a catastrophe. . . .  
 Murat, we must retreat precipitately,  
 And not as hope had dreamed ! Begin it then  
 This very hour.—Berthier, write out the orders. 10  
 Let me sit down.

A chair is brought out from the mill. NAPOLEON sinks into it, and BERTHIER, stooping over the fire, begins writing to the Emperor's dictation, the Marshals looking with gloomy faces at the flaming logs.

NAPOLEON has hardly dictated a line when he stops short. BERTHIER turns round and finds that he has dropt asleep.

*Murat (sullenly).* Far better not disturb him ;  
He'll soon enough awake !

They wait, muttering to one another in tones expressing weary indifference to issues. NAPOLEON sleeps heavily for a quarter of an hour, during which the moon rises over the field. At the end he starts up and stares around him with astonishment.

*Napoléon.* Am I awake,  
Or is this all a dream ?—Ah, no. Too real! . . .  
And yet I have seen ere now a time like this.

The dictation is resumed. While it is in progress there can be heard between the words of NAPOLEON the persistent cries from the plain, rising and falling like those of a vast rookery far away, intermingled with the trampling of hoofs and the rumble of wheels. The bivouac fires of the engirdling enemy glow all around except for a small segment to the west—the track of retreat, still kept open by BERTRAND, and already taken by the baggage-waggons.

The orders for its adoption by the entire army being completed, NAPOLEON bids adieu to his Marshals, and rides with BERTHIER and CAULAINCOURT into Leipzig. Exeunt also the others.

SEMICHORUS I OF PITIES.

*Now, as in the dream of one sick to death,  
There comes a narrowing room  
That pens him, body and limbs and breath,  
To wait a hideous doom,*

SEMICHORUS II.

*So to Napoléon in the hush  
That holds the town and towers* 20  
*Through this dire night, a creeping crush  
Seems inborne with the hours.*

**The scene closes under a rimy mist, which makes a lurid cloud of the firelights.**

SCENE VII. WESSEX. DURNOVER GREEN,  
CASTERBRIDGE

(ACT V. SCENE VI)

On a patch of green grass on Durnover Hill, in the purlieus of Casterbridge, a rough gallows has been erected, and an effigy of NAPOLÉON hung upon it. Under the effigy are faggots of brushwood.

It is the dusk of a spring evening, and a great crowd has gathered, comprising male and female inhabitants of the Durnover suburb, and villagers from distances of many miles. Also are present some of the county yeomanry in white leather breeches and scarlet, volunteers in scarlet with green facings, and the REVEREND MR. PALMER, Vicar of the parish, leaning against the post of his garden door, and smoking a clay pipe of preternatural length. Also PRIVATE CANTLE from Egdon Heath, and SOLOMON LONGWAYS of Casterbridge. Tho Durnover band, which includes a clarionet, serpent, oboe, tambourine, cymbals, and drum, is playing " Lord Wellington's Hornpipe."

A rustic enters at a furious pace by the eastern road, in shirt sleeves, with his smock-frock on his arm.

*Rustic (wiping his face).* Says I, please God I'll lose a quarter to zee he burned! And I left Stourcastle at dree o'clock to a minute. And if I'd known that I should be too late to zee the beginning on't, I'd have lost a half to be a bit sooner.

*Yeoman.* Oh, you be soon enough good-now. He's just going to be lighted.

*Rustic.* But shall I zee en die? I wanted to zee if he'd die hard.

*Yeoman.* Why, you don't suppose that Boney himself is to be burned here? 11

*Rustic.* What—not Boney that's to be burned?

*A Woman.* Why, bless the poor man, no! This is only a mommet they've made of him, that's got neither chine nor chitlings. His innerds be only a lock of straw from Bridle's barton.

*Longways.* He's made, neighbour, of a' old cast jacket and breeches from our barracks here. Likeways Grammer Pawle gave us Cap'n Meggs's old Zunday shirt that she'd saved for tinder-box linnit; and Keeper Tricksey of Mellstock emptied his powder-horn into a barm-bladder, to make his heart wi\ 22

*Rustic (vehemently).* Then there's no honesty left in Wessex folk nowadays at all! " Boney's going to be burned on Durnover Green to-night,"—that was what a pa'cel of chaps said to me out Stourcastle way, and I thought, to be sure I did, that he'd been caught sailing from his islant and landed at Budmouth and brought to Casterbridge Jail, the natural retreat of malefactors!—False deceivers—making me lose a quarter who can ill afford it; and all for nothing ! 31

*Longways.* 'Tisn't a mo'sel o' good for thee to cry out against Wessex folk, when 'twas all thy own stunpoll ignorance.

The VICAR OF DURNOVER removes his pipe and spits perpendicularly.

*Vicar.* My dear misguided man, you don't imagine that we should be so inhuman in this Christian country as to burn a fellow-creature alive ?

*Rustic.* Faith, I won't say I didn't! Durnover folk have never had the highest of Christian characters, come to that. And I didn't know but that even a pa'son might backslide to such things in these gory times—I won't say on a Zunday, but on a week-night like this—when we think what a blasphemious rascal he is, and that there's not a more charnel-minded villain towards womenfolk in the whole world. 45•

**The effigy has by this time been kindled, and they watch is burn,  
H.T.D.**

the flames making the faces of the crowd brass-bright, and lighting the grey tower of Durnover Church hard by.

*Woman (singing).*

Bayonets and firelocks !

I wouldn't my mammy should know't,  
But I've been kissed in a sentry-box,  
Wrapped up in a soldier's coat!

*Private Canlle.* Talk of backsliding to burn Boney, I can backslide to anything when my blood is up, or rise to anything, thank God for't! Why, I shouldn't mind fighting Boney single-handed, if so be I had the choice o' weapons, and fresh Rainbarrow flints in my flint-box, and could get at him downhill. Yes, I'm a dangerous hand with a pistol now and then! . . . Hark, what's that ? (*A horn is heard eastward on the London Road.*) Ah, here comes the mail. Now we may learn something. Nothing boldens my nerves like news of slaughter !

Enter mail-coach and steaming horses. It halts for a minute while the wheel is skidded and the horses stale.

*Several.* What was the latest news from abroad, guard, when you left Piccadilly White-Horse-Cellar ? 61

*Guard.* You have heard, I suppose, that he's given up to public vengeance, by Gover'nment orders ? Anybody may take his life in any way, fair or foul, and no questions asked. But Marshal Ney, who was sent to fight him, flung his arms round his neck and joined him with all his men. Next, the telegraph from Plymouth sends news landed there by " The Sparrow," that he has reached Paris, and King Louis has fled. But the air got hazy before the telegraph had finished, and the name of the place he had fled to couldn't be made out. 71

The VICAR OF DURNOVER blows a cloud of smoke, and again spits perpendicularly.

*Vicar.* Well, I'm d———Dear me—dear me! The Lord's will be done.

*Guard.* And there are to be four armies sent against him—English, Proosian, Austrian, and Roosian: the first two under Wellington and Blicher. And just as we left London a show was opened of Boney on horse-back as large as life, hung up with his head downwards. Admission one shilling; children half-price. A truly patriot spectacle!—Not that yours here is bad for a simple country-place. 81

The coach drives on down the hill, and the crowd reflectively watches the burning.

*Woman {singing}.*

I

My Love's gone a-fighting  
Where war-trumpets call,  
The wrongs o' men righting  
Wi' carbine and ball,  
And sabre for smiting,  
And charger, and all!

II

Of whom does he think there  
Where war-trumpets call?  
To whom does he drink there, 90  
Wi' carbine and ball  
On battle's red brink there,  
And charger, and all?

III

**Her**, whose voice he hears humming  
Where war-trumpets call,

" I wait, Love, thy coming  
 Wi' carbine and ball,  
 And bandsmen a-drumming  
 Thee, charger and all ! "

The flames reach the powder in the effigy, which is blown to rags. The band marches off playing " When War's Alarms," the crowd disperses, the VICAR stands musing and smoking at his garden door till the fire goes out and darkness curtains the scene.

## SCENE VIII. A BALLROOM IN BRUSSELS<sup>1</sup>

(ACT VI. SCENE II)

It is a June midnight at the DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S. A band of stringed instruments shows in the background. The room is crowded with a brilliant assemblage of more than two hundred of the distinguished people sojourning in the city on account of the war and other reasons, and of local personages of State and fashion. The ball has opened with " The White Cockade "

Among those discovered present either dancing or looking on are the DUKE and DUCHESS as host and hostess, their son and eldest daughter, the DUCHESS'S brother, the DUKE OP WELLINGTON, the PRINCE OF ORANGE, the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, BARON VAN CAPELLEN the Belgian Secretary of State, the DUKE OF ARENBERO, the MAYOR OF BRUSSELS, many other officers, English, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Belgian, ladies English and foreign, and Scotch reel-dancers from Highland regiments.

The " Hungarian Waltz " having also been danced, the hostess calls up the Highland soldiers to show the foreign guests what a Scotch reel is like. The men put their hands on their hips and tread it out briskly. While they stand aside and rest " The Hanoverian Dance " is called.

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<sup>1</sup> This famous ball has become so embedded in the history of the Hundred Days as to be an integral part of it. Yet in spite of the efforts that have been made to locate the room which saw the memorable gathering (by the present writer more than thirty years back, among other enthusiasts), a dispassionate judgment must deny that its site has as yet been proven. Even Sir W. Fraser is not convincing. The event happened less than a century ago, but the spot is almost as phantasmal in its elusive mystery as towered Camelot, the palace of Priam, or the hill of Calvary.

Enter LIEUTENANT WEBSTER, A.D.C. to the PRINCE OF ORANGE. The PRINCE goes apart with him and receives a dispatch. After reading it he speaks to WELLINGTON, and the two, accompanied by the DUKE OF RICHMOND, retire into an alcove with serious faces. WEBSTER, in passing back across the ballroom, exchanges a hasty word with two or three of the guests known to him, a young officer among them, and goes out.

*Young Officer (to partner).* The French have passed the  
Sambre at Charleroi!

*Partner.* What—does it mean that Bonaparte indeed  
Is bearing down upon us ?

*Young Officer.* That is so.  
The one who hurled the news in passing out  
Is Aide to the Prince of Orange, bringing him  
Dispatches from Rebecque, his Chief of Staff,  
Now at the front, not far from Braine le Comte ;  
He says that Ney, leading the French van-guard,  
Has burst on Quatre-Bras.

*Partner.* O horrid time !  
Will you, then, have to go and face them there ? 10

*Young Officer.* I shall, of course, sweet. Promptly, too,  
no doubt.

[He gazes about the room.

See—the news spreads ; the dance is paralyzed.  
They are all whispering round. {*The band stops.*} P[ere  
comes one more,  
He's the attaché from the Prussian force  
At our headquarters.

Enter GENERAL MUFFLING. He looks prepossessed, and goes straight to WELLINGTON and RICHMOND in the alcove, who by this time have been joined by the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

*Several Guests (at back of room).* Yes, you see, it's true !  
The army will prepare to march at once.

*Picton (to another general).* I am damn glad we are to

be off. Pottering about here pinned to petticoat tails—it does one no good, but blasted harm !

*Another Guest.* The ball cannot go on, can it ? Didn't the Duke know the French were so near ? If he did, how could he let us run risks so coolly ? 22

*Lady Hamilton Dalrymple (to partner).* A deep concern  
weights those responsible  
Who gather in the alcove. Wellington  
Affects a cheerfulness in outward port,  
But cannot rout his real anxiety !

The DUCHESS OF RICHMOND goes to her husband.

*Duchess.* Ought I to stop the ball ? It hardly seems right to let it continue if all be true.

*Richmond.* I have put that very question to Wellington, my dear. He says that we need not hurry off the guests. The men have to assemble some time before the officers, who can stay on here a little longer without inconvenience ; and he would prefer that they should, not to create a panic in the city, where the friends and spies of Napoleon are all agog for some such thing, which they would instantly communicate to him to take advantage of. 37

*Duchess.* Is it safe to stay on ? Should we not be thinking about getting the children away ?

*Richmond.* There's no hurry at all, even if Bonaparte were really sure to enter. But he's never going to set foot in Brussels—don't you imagine it for a moment.

*Duchess (anxiously).* I hope not. But I wish we had never brought them here !

*Richmond.* It is too late, my dear, to wish that now. Don't be flurried ; make the people go on dancing.

The DUCHESS returns to her guests. The DUKE rejoins WELLINGTON, BRUNSWICK, MUFFLING, and the PRINCE OF ORANGE in the alcove.

\* \* \* \*

RICHMOND returns with a map, which he spreads out on the table. WELLINGTON scans it closely.

*Wellington.* Napole'on has befooled me,  
By God he has,—gained four-and-twenty hours'  
Good march upon me !

*Richmond.* What do you mean to do ?

*Wellington.* I have bidden the army concentrate in  
strength 50

At Quatre-Bras. But we shan't stop him there ;  
So I must fight him *here*.

(He marks Waterloo with his thumb-nail.)

Well, now I have sped  
All necessary orders I may sup,  
And then must say good-bye. (*To Brunswick.*) This  
very day

There will be fighting, Duke. You are fit to start ?

*Brunswick (coming forward).* I leave almost this  
moment.—Yes, your Grace—

And I sheathe not my sword till I have avenged  
My father's death. I have sworn it !

*Wellington.* My good friend,  
Something too solemn knells beneath your words.  
Take cheerful views of the affair in hand, 60  
And fall to't with sang-froid !

*Brunswick.* But I have sworn !  
Adieu. The rendezvous is Quatre-Bras ?

*Wellington.* Just so. The order is unchanged. Adieu ;  
But only till a later hour to-day ;  
I see it is one o'clock.

WELLINGTON and RICHMOND go out of the alcove and join the hostess, BRUNSWICK'S black figure being left there alone. He bends over the map for a few seconds.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *O Brunswick, Duke of Death-wounds ! Even as he*

*For whom thou wear'st that filial weedery  
Was waylaid by my tipstaff nine years since.  
So thou this day shalt feel his/ endless tap,  
And join thy sire !*

*Brunswick (starting up).* I am stirred by inner words,  
As 'twere my father's angel calling me,— 71  
That prelude to our death my lineage know !

He stands in a reverie for a moment; then, bidding adieu to the DUCHESS OF RICHMOND and her daughter, goes slowly out of the ballroom by a side-door.

*Duchess.* The Duke of Brunswick bore him gravely here.

His sable shape has struck me all the eve  
As one of those romantic presences  
We hear of—seldom see.

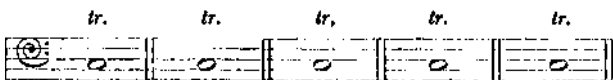
*Wellington (phlegmatically).* Romantic,—well,  
It may be so. Times often, ever since  
The late Duke's death, his mood has tinged him thus.  
He is of those brave men who danger see,  
And seeing front it,—not of those, less brave 80  
But counted more, who face it sightlessly.

*Young Officer (to partner).* The Generals slip away ! I,  
Love, must take  
The cobbled highway soon. Some hours ago  
The French seized Charleroi ; so they loom nigh.

*Partner (uneasily).* Which tells me that the hour you  
draw your sword  
Looms nigh us likewise !

*Young Officer.*                      Some are saying here  
We fight this very day.    Rumours all-shaped  
Fly round like cockchafers !

Suddenly there echoes into the ballroom a long-drawn metallic purl of sound, making all the company start :



Ah—there it is,  
Just as I thought!    They are beating the *Générale*.

The loud roll of side-drums is taken up by other drums further and further away, till the hollow noise spreads all over the city. Dismay is written on the faces of the women. The Highland non-commissioned officers and privates march smartly down the ball-room and disappear.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Discerned you stepping out in  
font of them* 90  
*That figure—of a pale drum-major kind.  
Or fogleman—who wore a cold grimace ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *He was my old friend Death, in  
rarest trim.*  
*The occasion favouring his husbandry !*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Are those who marched behind  
him, then, to fall ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Ay, all well-nigh, ere Time have  
houred three-score.*

## SCENE IX. CHARLEROI. NAPOLEON'S QUARTERS

(ACT VI. SCENE III)

**The same midnight.** NAPOLEON is lying on a bed in his clothes.  
In consultation with SOULT, his Chief of Staff, who is sitting near,

he dictates to his Secretary orders for the morrow. They are addressed to KELLERMANN, DROUOT, LOBAU, GÉRARD, and other of his Marshals. SOULT goes out to dispatch them.

The Secretary reads letters aloud in succession. He comes to the last; begins it; roaches a phrase, and stops abruptly.

*Napoléon.* Mind not! Read on. No doubt the usual threat,

Or prophecy, from some mad scribe? Who signs it?

*Secretary.* The subscript is "The Duke of Enghien!"

*Napoléon, (starting up).* Bah, man! A treacherous trick! A hoax—no more!

Is that the last?

*Secretary.* The last, your Majesty.

*Napoléon.* Then now I'll sleep. In two hours have me called.

*Secretary.* I'll give the order, sire.

[The Secretary goes.

The candles are removed, except one, and NAPOLEON endeavours to compose himself.

SPIRIT IRONIC. *A little moral panorama would do him no harm, after that reminder of the Duke of Enghien. Shall it be, young Compassion?* 10

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *What good—if that old Years tells us be true?*

*But I say naught. To ordain is not for me!*

Thereupon a vision passes before NAPOLEON as he lies, comprising hundreds of thousands of skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay. They rise from his various battlefields, the flesh dropping from them, and gaze reproachfully at him. His intimate officers who have been slain he recognizes among the crowd. In front is the DUKE OF ENGHIE as showman.

*Napoléon (in his sleep).* Why, why should this reproach be dealt me now?

Why hold me my own master, if I be

## Ruled by the pitiless Planet of Destiny ?

He jumps up in a sweat and puts out the last candle ; and the scene is curtained by darkness.

## SCENE X. THE FIELD OF QUATRE-BRAS

(ACT VI. SCENE VI)

The view is southward, and the straight gaunt highway from Brussels (behind the spectator) to Charleroi over the hills in front, bisects the picture from foreground to distance. Near at hand, where it is elevated and open, there crosses it obliquely, at a point called Les Quatre-Bras, another road which comes from Nivelles, five miles to the gazer's right rear, and goes to Namur, twenty miles ahead to the left. At a distance of five or six miles in this latter direction it passes near the previous scene, Ligny, whence the booming of guns can be continuously heard.

Between the cross-roads in the centre of the scene and the far horizon the ground dips into a hollow, on the other side of which the same straight road to Charleroi is seen climbing the crest, and over it till out of sight. From a hill on the right hand of the mid-distance a large wood, the wood of Bossu, reaches up nearly to the crossways, which give their name to the buildings thereat, consisting of a few farm-houses and an inn.

About three-quarters of a mile off, nearly hidden by the horizon towards Charleroi, there is also a farmstead, Gémioncourt; another, Piraumont, stands on an eminence a mile to the left of it, and somewhat in front of the Namur road.

## DUMB SHOW

As this scene uncovers the battle is beheld to be raging at its height, and to have reached a keenly tragic phase. WELLINGTON has returned from Ligny, and the main British and Hanoverian position, held by the men who marched out of Brussels in the morning, under officers who danced the previous night at the DUCHESS'S, is along the Namur road to the left of the perspective, and round the cross-road itself. That of the French, under NEY, is on the crests further back, from which they are descending in imposing numbers. Some advanced columns are assailing the English left, while through the smoke-hazes of the middle of the field two lines of skirmishers are seen firing at each other—the southernmost dark blue, the northernmost dull red. Time lapses **till it is past four o'clock.**

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *The cannonade of the French  
 ordnance-lines  
 Has now redoubled. Columns new and dense  
 Of foot, supported by fleet cavalry,  
 Straightly impinge upon the Brunswick bands  
 That hug the tangled tree-clumps of Bossu.  
 Above some regiments of the assaulting French  
 A flag like midnight swims upon the air,  
 To say no quarter may be looked for there !*

The Brunswick soldiery, much notched and torn by the French grape-shot, now lie in heaps. The DUKE OF BRUNSWICK himself, desperate to keep them steady, lights his pipe, and rides slowly down in front of his lines previous to the charge which follows.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *The French have heaved them on  
 the Brunswickers,  
 And borne them back. Noiv conies the Duke's told time. 10  
 He gallops at the head of his hussars—  
 Those men of solemn and appalling guise,  
 Full-clothed in black, with noddijw hearsy plumes,  
 A shining silver skull and cross of bones  
 Set upon each, to byspeak his slain sire. . . .  
 Concordantly, the expected bullet starts  
 And finds the living son.*

BRUNSWICK reels to the ground. His troops, disheartened, lose their courage and give way.

The French front columns, and the cavalry supporting them, shout as they advance. The Allies are forced back upon the English main position. WELLINGTON is in personal peril for a time, but he escapes it by a leap of his horse.

A curtain of smoke drops. An interval. The curtain reascends.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Behold again the Dynasts' gory  
 gear !  
 Since we regarded, what has progressed here ?*

RECORDING ANGEL (in recitative). *Musters of English  
foot and their allies* 20

*Came palely panting by the Brussels way,  
And, swiftly stationed, checked their counter-braves.  
Ney, vexed by lack of like auxiliaries,  
Bade then the columned cuirassiers to charge  
In all their edged array of weaponcraft.  
Yea ; thrust replied to thrust, and fire to fire ;  
The English broke, till Picton prompt to prop them  
Sprang with fresh foot-folk from the covering rye.*

*Next Pire's cavalry took up the charge. . . .*

*And so the action sways. The English left* 30  
*Is turned at Piraumont ; whilst on their right  
Perils infest the greenwood of Bossu ;  
Wellington gazes round with dubious view ;  
England's long fame in fight seems sepulchred,  
And ominous roars swell loudlier Ligny-ward.*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *New rage has wrenched the battle  
since thou'st writ;*

*Hot-hasting succours of light cannonry  
Lately come up, relieve the English stress ;  
Kellermann's cuirassiers, both man and horse  
All plated over with the brass of war,* 40  
*Are rolling on the highway. More brigades  
Of British, soiled and sweltering, now are nigh,  
Who plunge within the bosage of Bossu ;  
Where in the hidden shades and sinuous creeps  
Life-struggles can be heard, seen but in peeps.  
Therewith the foe's accessions harass Ney,  
Racked that no needful d'Erlon darks the way !*

Inch by inch NEY has to draw off : WELLINGTON promptly advances. At dusk NEY'S army finds itself back at Frasnes, where he meets D'ERLON coming up to his assistance, too late.

The weary English and their allies, who have been on foot ever since one o'clock the previous morning, prepare to bivouac in front of the cross-roads. Their fires flash up for a while ; and by and by the dead silence of heavy sleep hangs over them. WELLINGTON goes into his tent, and the night darkens.

A Prussian courier from Ligny enters, who is conducted into the tent to WELLINGTON.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *What tidings can a courier bring  
that count*

*Here, where such mighty things are native born ?*

RECORDING ANGEL (in recitative). *The fury of the  
tumult there begun* 50

*Scourged quivering Ligny through the afternoon :  
Napoleon's great intent grew substantive,  
And on the Prussian pith and pulse he bent  
His foretimed blow. Blucher, to butt the shock,  
Called up his last reserves, and heading on,  
With blade high brandished by his aged arm,  
Spurred forward his white steed. But they, outspent,  
Failed far to follow. Darkness coped the sky,  
And storm, and rain with thunder. Yet once more  
He cheered them on to charge. His horse, the while, 60  
Pierced by a bullet, fell on him it bore.  
He, trampled, bruised, faint, and in disarray  
Dragged to another mount, was led away.  
His ragged lines withdraw from sight and sound,  
And their assailants camp upon the ground.*

**The scene shuts with midnight.**

## SCENE XI. BEFORE WATERLOO

(ACT VI. SCENE VIII)

The rising ground of Mont Saint-Jean, in front of Waterloo, is gained by the English vanguard and main masses of foot, and by degrees they are joined by the cavalry and artillery. The French

are but little later in taking up their position amid the cornfields around La Belle Alliance.

Fires begin to shine up from the English bivouacs. Camp kettles are slung, and the men pile arms and stand round the blaze to dry themselves. The French opposite lie down like dead men in the dripping green wheat and rye, without supper and without fire.

By and by the English army also lies down, the men huddling together on the ploughed mud in their wet blankets, while some sleep sitting round the dying fires.

CHORUS OF THE YEARS (aerial music). *The eyelids of eve  
fall together at last,  
And the forms so foreign to field and tree  
Lie down as though native, and slumber fast !*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES. *Sore are the thrills of misgiving  
we see  
In the artless champaign at this harlequinade,  
Distracting a vigil where calm should be !  
The green seems opprest, and the Plain afraid  
Of a Something to come, whereof these are the proofs,—  
Neither earthquake, nor storm, nor eclipse's shade !*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS. *Yea, the coney's are scared by  
the thud of hoofs, 10  
And their white scuts flash at their vanishing heels,  
And swallows abandon the hamlet-roofs.  
The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,  
The lark's eggs scattered, their owners fled ;  
And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals.  
The snail draws in at the terrible tread,  
But in vain ; he is crushed by the fellowe-rim ;  
The worm asks what can be overhead,  
And wriggles deep from a scene so grim,  
And guesses him safe ; for he does not know 20  
What afoul red flood will be soaking him !*

*Beaten about by the heel and toe  
 Are butterflies, sick of the aay's long rheum.  
 To die of a worse than the weather-foe.  
 Trodden and bruised to a miry tomb  
 Are ears that have greened but will never be gold,  
 And flowers in the bud that will never bloom.*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES. *So the season's intent, ere its  
 fruit unfold,  
 Is frustrate, and mangled, and made succumb,  
 Like a youth of promise struck stark and cold ! . . .* 30  
*And what of these who to-night have come ?*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS. *The young sleep sound ; but  
 the weather awakes  
 In the veterans, pains from the past that numb ;  
 Old stabs of Ind, old Peninsular aches,  
 Old Friedland chills, haunt their moist mud bed,  
 Cramps from Austerlitz ; till their slumber breaks.*

CHORUS OF SINISTER SPIRITS. *And each soul shivers  
 as sinks his head  
 On the loam he's to lease with the other dead  
 From to-morrow's mist-fall till Time be sped !*

**The fires of the English go out, and silence prevails, save for the soft hiss of the rain that falls impartially on both the sleeping armies.**

## SCENE XII. THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

(ACT VII. SCENE I)

**An aerial view of the battlefield at the time of sunrise is disclosed.**

**The sky is still overcast, and rain still falls. A green expanse, almost unbroken, of rye, wheat, and clover, in oblong and irregular**

patches undivided by fences, covers the undulating ground, which sinks into a shallow valley between the French and English positions. The road from Brussels to Charleroi runs like a spit through both positions, passing at the back of the English into the leafy forest of Soignes.

The latter are turning out from their bivouacs. They move stiffly from their wet rest, and hurry to and fro like ants in an ant-hill. Tho tens of thousands of moving specks are largely of a brick-red colour, but the foreign contingent is darker.

Breakfasts are cooked over smoky fires of green wood. Innumerable groups, many in their shirt-sleeves, clean their rusty firelocks, drawing or exploding the charges, scrape the mud from themselves, and pipeclay from their cross-belts the red dye washed off their jackets by the rain.

At six o'clock they parade, spread out, and take up their positions in the line of battle, the front of which extends in a wavy riband three miles long, with three projecting bunches at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and La Haye.

Looking across to the French positions we observe that after advancing in dark streams from where they have passed the night they, too, deploy and wheel into their fighting-places—figures with red epaulettes and hairy knapsacks, their arms glittering like a display of cutlery at a hill-side fair.

They assume three concentric lines of crescent shape, that converge on the English midst, with great blocks of the Imperial Guard at the back of them. The rattle of their drums, their fanfares, and their bands playing "Veillons au salut de l'Empire" contrast with the quiet reigning on the English side.

A knot of figures, comprising WELLINGTON with a suite of general and other staff-officers, ride backwards and forwards in front of the English lines, where each regimental colour floats in the hands of the junior ensign. The DUKE himself, now a man of forty-six, is on his bay charger Copenhagen, in light pantaloons, a small plumeless cocked hat, and a blue cloak, which shows its white lining when blown back.

On the French side, too, a detached group creeps along the front in preliminary survey. BONAPARTE—also forty-six—in a grey overcoat, is mounted on his white arab Marengo, and accompanied by SOULT, NEY, JÉRÔME, DROUOT, and other Marshals. The figures of aides move to and fro like shuttle-cocks between the group and distant points in the field. Tho sun has begun to gleam.

\* \* \* \*

The clock of Nivelles convent church strikes eleven in the distance. Shortly after, coils of starch-blue smoke burst into being along the French lines, and the English batteries respond promptly in an ominous roar that can be heard at Antwerp.

A column from the French left, six thousand strong, advances on the plantation in front of the château of Hougomont. They are played upon by the English ordnance ; but they enter the wood, and dislodge some battalions there. Tho French approach the buildings, but are stopped by a loop-holed wall with a mass of English Guards behind it. A deadly fire bursts from these through the loops and over the summit.

NAPOLÉON orders a battery of howitzers to play upon the building. Flames soon burst from it ; but the Foot-guards still hold tho courtyard.

SCENE XIII. THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.  
THE ENGLISH POSITION

(ACT VII. SCENE IV)

WELLINGTON, on Copenhagen, is under the elm-treo behind La Haye Sainte. Both horse and rider are covered with mud-splashes, but the weather having grown finer the DUKE has taken off his cloak.

UXBRIDGE, FITZROY SOMERSET, CLINTON, ALTEN, COLVILLE, DE LANCEY, HERVEY, GORDON, and other of his staff-officers and aides are near him ; there being also present GENERALS MUFFLING, HUGEL, and ALAVA ; also TYLER, PICTON'S aide. The roar of battle continues.

*Wellington.* I am grieved at losing Picton ; more than grieved.

He was as grim a devil as ever lived,  
And roughish-mouthed withal. But never a man  
More stout in fight, more stoical in blame !

*Tyler.* Before he left for this campaign he said,  
" When you shall hear of *my* death, mark my words,  
You'll hear of a bloody day ! " and, on my soul,  
Tis true.

Enter another aide-de-camp.

*Aide.* Sir William Ponsonby, my lords, has fallen.  
His horse got mud-stuck in a new-ploughed plot,           10  
Lancers surrounded him and bore h:m down,

And six then ran him through. The occasion sprung  
Mainly from the Brigade's too reckless rush,  
Sheer to the French front lines.

*Wellington (gravely).* Ah—so it comes !  
The Greys were bound to pay—'tis always so—  
Full dearly for their dash so far afield.

Valour unballasted but lands its freight  
On the enemy's shore.—What has become of Hill ?

*Aide.* We have not seen him latterly, your Grace.

*Wellington.* By God, I hope I haven't lost him, too ?

*Bridgman (just come up).* Lord Hill's bay charger,  
being shot dead, your Grace, 21

Rolled over him in falling. He is bruised,  
But hopes to be in place again betimes.

*Wellington.* Praise Fate for thinking better of that  
frown !

It is now nearing four o'clock. La Haye Sainte is devastated by the second attack of NEY. The farm has been enveloped by DONZELOT'S division, its garrison, the King's German Legion, having fought till all ammunition was exhausted. The gates are forced open, and in the retreat of the late defenders to the main Allied line they are nearly all cut or shot down.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *O Farm of sad vicissitudes and  
strange !*

*Farm of the Holy Hedge, yet fool of change !*

*Whence lit so sanct a name on thy now violatè grange ?*

*Wellington (to Muffling, resolutely).* Despite their fierce  
advantage here, I swear

By every God that war can call upon

To hold our present place at any cost,

30

Until your force coöperate with our lines !

To that I stand ; although 'tis bruited now

That Bulow's corps has only reached Ohain.

I've sent Freemantle hence to seek them there,  
And give them inkling we shall need them soon.

*Muffling (looking at his watch).* I had hoped that  
Blücher would be here ere this.

The staff turn their glasses on the French position.

*Uxbridge.* What movement can it be they contemplate ?

*Wellington.* A shock of cavalry on the hottest scale,  
It seems to me. . . . *(To aide)* Bid him to reinforce  
The front line with some second-line brigades ;           40  
Some, too, from the reserve.

The Brunswickers advance to support MAITLAND'S Guards, and the MITCHELL and ADAM brigades, establish themselves above Hougomont, which is still in flames.

NEY, in continuation of the plan of throwing his whole force on the British centre before the advent of the Prussians, now intensifies his onslaught with the cavalry. Terrific discharges of artillery initiate it to clear the ground. A heavy round-shot dashes through the tree over the heads of WELLINGTON and his generals, and boughs and leaves come flying down on them.

*Wellington.* Good practice that! I vow they did not  
fire

So dexterously in Spain. *(He calls up an aide.)* Bid  
Ompeda

Direct the infantry to lie tight down  
On the reverse ridge-slope, to screen themselves  
While these close shots and shells are teasing us ;  
When the charge comes they'll cease.

[The order is carried out.

NEY'S cavalry attack now matures. MILHAUD'S cuirassiers in twenty-four squadrons advance down the opposite decline, followed and supported by seven squadrons of lancers and twelve squadrons of chasseurs under DESNOËTTES. They disappear for a minute in the hollow between the armies.

*Uxbridge.* Ah—now we have got their long-brewed plot explained!

*Wellington (nodding).* That this was rigged for some picked time to-day

I had inferred. But that it would be risked 50

Sheer on our lines, while still they stand unswayed,

In conscious battle-trim, I reckoned not.

It looks a madman's cruel enterprise !

*Fitzroy Somerset.* We have just heard that Ney embarked on it

Without an order, ere its aptness riped.

*Wellington.* It may be so : he's rash. And yet I doubt.

I know Napoléon. If the onset fail

It will be Ney's ; if it succeed he'll claim it !

**A dull reverberation of the tread of innumerable hoofs comes from behind the hill, and the foremost troops rise into view.**

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Behold the gorgeous coming of those horse,*

*Accoutred in kaleidoscopic hues* 60

*That would persuade us war has beauty in it !—*

*Discern the troopers' mien ; each with the air*

*Of one who is himself a tragedy :*

*The cuirassiers, steeled, mirroring the day ;*

*Red lancers, green chasseurs : behind the blue*

*The red ; the red before the green :*

*A lingerin'g-on, till late in Christendom,*

*Of the barbaric trick to terrorize*

*The foe by aspect!*

**WELLINGTON directs his glass to an officer in a rich uniform with many decorations on his breast, who rides near the front of the approaching squadrons. The DUKE'S face expresses admiration.**

" *Wellington.* It's Marshal Ney himself who heads the charge. 70

The finest cavalry commander, he,  
That wears a foreign plume ; ay, probably  
The whole world through !

SPIRIT IRONIC. *And when that matchless chief  
Sentenced shall lie to ignominious death  
But technically deserved, no finger he  
Who speaks will lift to save him !*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *To his shame.  
We must discount war's generous impulses  
I sadly see.*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Be mute, and let spin on  
This whirlwind of the Will !*

As NEY'S cavalry ascends to the English position the swish of the horses' breasts through the standing corn can be heard, and the reverberation of hoofs increases in strength. The English gunners stand with their port-fires ready, which are seen glowing luridly in the daylight. There is comparative silence.

*A Voice.* Now, captains, are you loaded ?

*Captains.* Yes, my lord. 80

*Voice.* Point carefully, and wait till their whole height  
Shows up above the ridge.

When the squadrons rise in full view, within sixty yards of the cannon-mouths, the batteries fire, with a concussion that shakes the hill itself. Their shot punch holes through the front ranks of the cuirassiers, and horses and riders fall in heaps. But they are not stopped, hardly checked, galloping up to the mouths of the guns, passing between the pieces, and plunging among the Allied infantry behind the ridge, who, with the advance of the horsemen, have sprung up from their prone position and formed into squares.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR. *Ney guides the fore-front of the  
carabineers  
Through charge and charge, with rapid recklessness.  
Horses, cuirasses, sabres, helmets, men,*

*Impinge confusedly on the pointed prongs  
Of the English kneeling there, whose dim red shapes  
Behind their slanted steel seem trampled flat  
And sworded to the sward. The charge recedes,  
And lo, the tough lines rank there as before,* 90  
*Save that they are shrunken.*

The cuirassiers and lancers surge round the English and Allied squares like waves, striking furiously on them and well-nigh breaking them. They stand in dogged silence amid the French cheers.

*Wellington (to the nearest square).* Hard pounding this,  
my men ! I truly trust  
You'll pound the longest!

*Square.* Hip-hip-hip-hurrah!

*Muffling (again referring to his watch).* However firmly  
they may stand, in faith,  
Their firmness must have bounds to it, because  
There are bounds to human strength ! . . . Your Grace,  
I ride

To leftward now, to spirit Zieten on.

*Wellington.* Good. It is time ! I think he will be  
late,  
However, in the field.

MUFFLING goes. Enter an aide, breathless.

*Aide.* Your Grace, the Ninety-fifth are patience-spent  
With standing under fire so passing long. 101  
They writhe to charge—or anything but stand !

*Wellington.* Not yet. They shall have at 'em later on.  
At present keep them firm.

[Exit aide.

The Allied squares stand like little red-brick castles, independent of each other, and motionless except at the dry hurried command "Close up !" repeated every now and then as they are

slowly thinned. On the other hand, under their firing and bayonets a disorder becomes apparent among the charging horse, on whose cuirasses the bullets snap like stones on window-panes. At this the Allied cavalry waiting in the rear advance; and by degrees they deliver the squares from their enemies, who are withdrawn to their own position to prepare for a still more strenuous assault.

Tho point of view shifts.

## SCENE XIV. THE SAME. LATER

(ACT VII. SCENE VIII)

NEY'S long attacks on the centre with cavalry having failed, those left of the squadrons and their infantry supports fall back pell-mell in broken groups across the depression between the armies.

Meanwhile BULOW, having engaged LOBAU'S Sixth Corps, carries Plancenot.

The artillery-fire between the French and the English continues. An officer of the Third Foot-guards comes up to WELLINGTON and those of his suite that survive.

*Officer.* Our Colonel Canning—coming I know not whence—

*Wellington.* I lately sent him with important words  
To the remoter lines.

*Officer.* As he returned  
A grape-shot struck him in the breast; he fell,  
At once a dead man. General Halkett, too,  
Has had his cheek shot through, but still keeps going.

*Wellington.* And how proceeds De Lancey ?

*Officer.* I am told  
That he forbids the surgeons waste their time  
On him, who well can wait till worse are eased.

*Wellington.* A noble fellow. 10

NAPOLEON can now be seen, across the valley, pushing forward a new scheme of some sort, urged to it obviously by the visible nearing of further Prussian corps. The Emperor is as critically

situated as WELLINGTON, and his army is now formed in a right angle (" en potence "), the main front to the English, the lesser to as many of the Prussians as have yet arrived. His gestures show him to be giving instructions of desperate import to a general whom he has called up.

SPIRIT IRONIC. *He bids La Bédoyère to speed away  
Along the whole sweep of the surging line,  
And there announce to the breath-shotten bands  
Who toil for a chimcera trustfully,  
With seventy pounds of luggage on their loins,  
That the dim Prussian masses seen afar  
Are Grouchy's three-and-thirty thousand, come  
To clinch a victory.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *But Ney demurs !*

SPIRIT IRONIC. *Ney holds indignantly that such a feint  
Is not war-worthy. Says Napoleon then, 20  
Snuffing anew, with sour sardonic scowl,  
That he is choiceless.*

SPIRIT SINISTER. *Excellent Emperor !  
He tops all human greatness ; in that he  
To lesser grounds of greatness adds the prime,  
Of being without a conscience.*

LA BEDOYERE and orderlies start on their mission. The false intelligence is seen to spread, by the excited motion of the columns, and the soldiers can be heard shouting as their spirits revive.

WELLINGTON is beginning to discern the features of the coming onset, when COLONEL FRASER rides up.

*Fraser.* We have just learnt from a deserting captain,  
One of the carabineers who charged of late,  
That an assault which dwarfs all instances—  
The whole Imperial Guard in welded weight—  
Is shortly to be made.

*Wellington.* For your smart speed 30  
My thanks. My observation is confirmed.

We'll hasten now along the battle-line (*to Staff*),  
As swiftest means for giving orders out  
Whereby to combat this.

The speaker, accompanied by HILL, UXBRIDGE, and others—all now looking as worn and besmirched as the men in the ranks—proceed along the lines, and dispose the brigades to meet the threatened shock. The infantry are brought out of the shelter they have recently sought, the cavalry stationed in the rear, and the batteries of artillery hitherto kept in reserve are moved to the front.

The last Act of the battle begins.

There is a preliminary attack by DONZELOT'S columns, combined with swarms of sharpshooters, to the disadvantage of the English and their allies. WELLINGTON has scanned it closely. FITZROY SOMERSET, his military secretary, comes up.

*Wellington.* What casualty has thrown its shade among  
The regiments of Nassau, to shake them so ?

*Somerset.* The Prince of Orange has been badly  
struck—

A bullet through his shoulder—so they tell;  
And Kielmansegge has shown some signs of stress.  
Kincaird's tried line wanes leaner and more lean— 40  
Whittled to a weak skein of skirmishers ;  
The Twenty-seventh lie dead.

*Wellington.*

Ah, yes—I know !

While they watch developments a cannon-shot passes and knocks SOMERSET'S right arm to a mash. He is assisted to the rear.

NEY and FRIANT now lead forward the last and most desperate assault of the day, in charges of the Old and Middle Guard, the attack by DONZELOT and ALLIX further east still continuing as a support. It is about a quarter-past eight, and the midsummer evening is fine after the wet night and morning, the sun approaching its setting in a sky of gorgeous colours.

The picked and toughened Guard, many of whom stood in the ranks at Austerlitz and Wagram, have been drawn\* up in three or four echelons, the foremost of which now advances up the slopes to the Allies' position. The others follow at intervals, the drummers beating the " pas de charge."

The second echelon of the Imperial Guard has come up to the assault. Its columns have borne upon HALKETT'S right. HALKETT, desperate to keep his wavering men firm, himself seizes and waves the flag of the Thirty-third, in which act he falls wounded. But the men rally. Meanwhile the Fifty-second, covered by the Seventy-first, has advanced across the front, and charges the Imperial Guard on the flank.

The third echelon next arrives at the English lines and squares ; rushes through the very focus of their fire, and seeing nothing more in front, raises a shout.

*Imperial Guard.* The Emperor ! It's victory !

*Wellington.*

Stand up, Guards !

Form line upon the front face of the square !

Two thousand of MAITLAND'S Guards, hidden in the hollow roadway, thereupon spring up, form as ordered, and reveal themselves as a fence of levelled firelocks four deep. The flints click in a multitude, the pans flash, and volley after volley is poured into the bear-skinned figures of the massed French, who kill COLONEL D'OYLEY in returning the fire.

*Wellington.* Now drive the fellows in ! They will not stand.

ADAM'S brigade, including the Fifty-second under COLONEL COLBORNE, attacks the French Guard.

*Colborne (shouting).* Forward ! Right shoulders forward, Fifty-second !

*Wellington.* Ha, Colborne—you say well ! Go on ; go on !

You'll do it now !

COLBORNE converges on the French Guard with the Fifty-second, and the former splits into two as the climax comes. ADAM, MAITLAND, and COLBORNE pursue their advantage. The Imperial columns are broken, and their confusion is increased by grape-shot from BOLTON'S battery.

Campbell, this order next:

Vivian's hussars are to support, and bear

Against the cavalry towards Belle Alliance.

50

Go—let him know.

SIR C. CAMPBELL departs with the order. Soon VIVIAN'S and VANDELEUR'S light horse are seen advancing, and in due time the French cavalry are rolled back.

\* \* \* \*

*French Voices.* The Guard gives way—we are beaten!

They recede down the hill, carrying confusion into NAPOLEON'S centre just as the Prussians press forward at a right angle from the other side of the field. NAPOLEON is seen standing in the hollow beyond La Haye Sainte, alone, except for the presence of COUNT FLAHAULT, his aide-de-camp. His lips move with a sudden exclamation.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *He says " Now all is lost! The clocks of the world*

*Strike my last empery-hour."*

Towards La Haye Sainte the French of DONZELOT and ALLIX, who are fighting KEMPT, PACK, KRUSE, and LAMBERT, seeing what has happened to the Old and Middle Guard, lose heart and recede likewise; so that the whole French line rolls back like a tide. Simultaneously the Prussians are pressing forward at Papelotte and La Haye. The retreat of the French grows into a panic.

*French Voices (despairingly).* We are betrayed!

WELLINGTON rides at a gallop to the most salient point of the English position, halts, and waves his hat as a signal to all the army. The sign is answered by a cheer along the length of the line.

*Wellington.* No cheering yet, my lads; but bear ahead,

Before the inflamed face of the west out there  
Dons blackness. So you'll round your victory!

The few aides that are left unhurt dart hither and thither with this message, and the whole English host and its allies advance in an ordered mass down the hill except some of the artillery, who cannot get their wheels over the bank of corpses in front. Trumpets, drums, and bugles resound with the advance.

The streams of French fugitives as they run are cut down and shot by their pursuers, whose clothes and contracted features are blackened by smoke and cartridge-biting, and soiled with loam and blood. Some French blow out their own brains as they fly. The sun drops below the horizon while the slaughter goes on.

## SCENE XV. THE WOOD OF BOSSU

(ACT VII. SCENE IX)

It is midnight. NAPOLÉON enters a glade of the wood, a solitary figure on a jaded horse. The shadows of the boughs travel over his listless form as he moves along. The horse chooses its own path, comes to a standstill, and feeds. The tramp of BERTRAND, SOULT, DROUOT, and LOBAU'S horses, gone forward in hope to find a way of retreat, is heard receding over the hill.

*Napoléon (to himself, languidly).* Here should have  
 been some troops of Gérard's corps,  
 Left to protect the passage of the convoys,  
 Yet they, too, fail. . . . I have nothing more to lose,  
 But life !

Flocks of fugitive soldiers pass along the adjoining road without seeing him. NAPOLÉON'S head droops lower and lower as he sits listless in the saddle, and he falls into a fitful sleep. The moon shines upon his face, which is drawn and waxen.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. " *Sic diis immortalibus placet,*"—  
 " *Thus is it pleasing to the immortal gods,*"  
*As earthlings used to say. Thus, to this last.*  
*The Will in thee has moved thee, Bonaparte,*  
*As we say now.*

*Napoléon (starting).* Whose frigid tones are those,  
 Breaking upon my lurid loneliness 10  
 So brusquely ? . . . Yet, 'tis true, I have ever known  
 That such a Will I passively obeyed !

[He drowns again.]

SPIRIT IRONIC. *Nothing care I for these high-doctrined  
 dreams,*  
*And shape the case in quite a common way,*  
*So I would ask, Ajaccian Bonaparte,*  
*Has all this been worth while ?*

*Napoléon.*

O hideous hour,

Why am I stung by spectral questionings ?  
Did not my clouded soul incline to match  
Those of the corpses yonder, thou should'st rue  
Thy saying, Fiend, whoever thou may'st be ! . . . 20

Why did the death-drops fail to bite me close  
I took at Fontainebleau ! Had I then ceased,  
This deep had been unplumbed ; had they but worked,  
I had thrown threefold the glow of Hannibal  
Down History's dusky lanes !—Is it too late ? . . .  
Yes. Self-sought death would smoke but damply here !

If but a Kremlin cannon-shot had met me  
My greatness would have stood : I should have scored  
A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time.  
As it did not, the fates had served me best 30  
If in the thick and thunder of to-day,  
Like Nelson, Harold, Hector, Cyrus, Saul,  
I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,  
To wander as a greatedned ghost elsewhere.  
—Yes, a good death, to have died on yonder field ;  
But never a ball came passing down my way !

So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me ;  
And yet—I found the crown of France in the mire,  
And with the point of my prevailing sword  
I picked it up ! But for all this and this 40  
I shall be nothing. . . .

To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche  
In human fame, as once I fondly felt,  
Was not for me. I came too late in time  
To assume the prophet or the demi-god,  
A part past playing now. My only course  
To make good showance to posterity  
Was to implant my line upon the throne.

And how shape that, if now extinction nears ?  
 Great men are meteors that consume themselves 50  
 To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Thou sayest well. Thy full  
 meridian-shine*

*Was in the glory of the Dresden days,  
 When well-nigh every monarch throned in Europe  
 Bent at thy footstool.*

*Napoléon.* Saving always England's—  
 Rightly dost say " well-nigh."—Not England's,—she  
 Whose tough, enisled, self-centred, kindless craft  
 Has tracked me, springed me, thumbed me by the  
 throat,

And made herself the means of mangling me !

SPIRIT IRONIC. *Yea, the dull peoples and the Dynasts both,  
 Those counter-castes not oft adjustable, 61  
 Interests antagonistic, proud and poor,  
 Have for the nonce been bonded by a wish  
 To overthrow thee.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Peace. His loaded heart  
 Bears weight enough for one bruised, blistered while !*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Worthless these kneadings of thy  
 narrow thought,  
 Napoléon ; gone thy opportunity !  
 Such men as thou, who wade across the world  
 To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,  
 Are in the elemental ages' chart 70  
 Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves  
 But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding ;  
 Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire  
 Because it must.*

**The moon sinks, and darkness blots out NAPOLEON and the scene.**

## SCENE XVI. THE OVERWORLD

(AFTER SCENE)

Enter the Spirit and Chorus of the Years, the Spirit and Chorus of the Pities, the Shade of the Earthy the Spirits Sinister and Ironic with their Choruses, Rumours, Spirit-messengers and Recording Angels.

Europe has now sunk netherward to a far-off position, and it is beheld as a prone and emaciated figure of which the Alps form the vertebrae, and the branching mountain-chains the ribs, the Spanish Peninsula shaping the head of the *6corche*. The lowlands look like a grey-green garment half-thrown off, and the sea around like a disturbed bed on which the figure lies.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Thus doth the Great Foresightless  
mechanize*

*In blank enhancement now as evermore  
Its ceaseless artistries in Circumstance  
Of curious stuff and braid, as just forthshown.*

*Yet but one flimsy riband of Its web  
Have we here watched in weaving—web Enorm,  
Whose furthest hem and selvage may extoid  
To where the roars and plashings of the flames  
Of earth-inmisible suns swell noisily,  
And onwards into ghastly gulfs of sky, 10  
Where hideous presences churn through the dark—  
Monsters of magnitude without a shape,  
Hangi)ig amid deep wells of nothingness.  
Yet seems this vast and singular confection  
Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,  
Inutile all—so far as reasonings tell.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *Thou arguest still the Inadvertent  
Mind.—*

*But, even so, shall blankness be for aye ?  
Men gained cognition with the flux of time,*



SEMICHORUS II. *The systemed suns the skies enscroll  
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,  
Ride radiantly at Thy command,* 50  
*Are darkened by Thy Masterhand !*

SEMICHORUS I. *And these pale panting multitudes  
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,  
All shall " fulfil their joy " in Thee,  
In Thee abide eternally !*

SEMICHORUS II. *Exultant adoration give  
The Alone, through Whom all living live,  
The Alone, in Whom all dying die,  
Whose means the End shall justify ! Amen.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES. *So did we evermore sublimely  
sing ;  
So would we now, despite thy forthshowhig !* 61

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS. *Something of difference animates  
your quiring,*

(*) half-convincd Compassionates and fond,  
From chords consistent with our spectacle !  
You almost charm my long philosophy  
Out of my strong-built thought, and bear me back  
To when I thanksgave thus. . . . Ay, start not, Shades;  
In the Foregone I knew what dreaming was,  
And could let raptures rule ! But not so now.  
Yea, I psalmed thus and thus. . . . But not so now!* 70

SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music). *O Im-  
manence, That reasonest not  
In putting forth all things begot,  
Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what ?*

SEMICHORUS II. *O Loveless, Hateless !—past the sense  
Of kindly eyed benevolence,  
To what tune danceth this Immense ?*

SPIRIT IRONIC. *For one I cannot answer. But I know  
Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing  
The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing  
That turns the handle of this idle Show !* 80  
*As once a Greek asked<sup>1</sup> I would fain ask too,  
Who knows if all the Spectacle be true,  
Or an illusion of the gods (the Will,  
To wit) some hocus-pocus to fulfil ?*

SEMICHORUS I. OF THE YEARS (aerial music).

*Last as first the question rings  
Of the Will's long travailings ;  
Why the All-mover,  
Why the All-prover  
Ever urges on and measures out the chordless chime of  
Things.<sup>2</sup>*

SEMICHORUS II.

*Heaving dumbly* 90  
*As we deem,  
Moulding numbly  
As in dream,  
Apprehending not how fare the sentient subjects of Its  
scheme.*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES.

*Nay ;—shall not Its blindness break ?  
Yea, must not Its heart awake,  
Promptly tending  
To Its mending  
In a genial germinating purpose, and for loving-kindness' sake ?*

<sup>1</sup> Aeachy. Aga. Cho. 478.

<sup>2</sup> Hor. Epis. i. 12.

SEMICHORUS II.

*Should It never* 100  
*Curb or cure*  
*Aught whatever*  
*Those endure*

*Whom It quickens, let them darkle to extinction swift and  
 sure.*

CHORUS.

*But—a stirring thrills the air*  
*Like to sounds of joyance there*  
*That the rages*  
*Of the ages*

*Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts  
 that were,*

*Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things  
 fair !*

# NOTES

## PART I.

Title-page. The first quotation is from Virgil, *Aeneid* vi. 376, "Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods can be bent by prayer." The second is from Tennyson, *A Dream of Fair Women*.

Sc. I. 1. 20. Captain John Wordsworth : the poet's brother, commemorated by him in the "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm," and in the "Character of a Happy Warrior," as well as in the poem "To the Daisy," beginning "Sweet flower ! belike one day to have A place upon thy Poet's grave."

1. 97. paeon'd : raised a song of praise to.

1. 98. to unimpel : to abstain from impelling.

Sc. II. I. 70. catamarans : rafts of logs.

Sc. III. I. I. Proskenion : the Greek word for "stage." Its Latin form "Proscenium" is avoided here, because it has acquired a different meaning in the modern theatre.

1. 2. Kalpe : Tho ancient name of Gibraltar.

1. 81. her : Lady Hamilton.

Sc. IV. Rainbarrows' Beacon, Egdon Heath : see the descriptions of the Heath and the Beacon in Hardy's *Return of the Native*, chs. 1 and 3. Kingsbere is Bere Regis.

1. 102. Cernel Giant : a figure, 180 ft. long, cut in the chalk down near Cerne Abbas in Dorset.

I. 128. It : the Absolute.

Sc. V. 1. 83. Dido dear : Lady Hamilton is thought of as detaining Nelson from duty as Dido sought to detain Aeneas.

Sc. VI. 1.5. to wear : nautical term, "to turn" ; apparently the same word as "veer."

Sc. VIII. 1. 154. cessed : assessed, taxed.

1. 178. cyme : French, *cime*, summit. In English it is only or mainly a botanical term.

Sc. VIII. 1. 180. **in-brooding** : brooding upon itself.

Sc. X. 1. 1. **Muscovy** : Russia.

I. 113. **unknow...unsee** : fail to know, fail to see.

## PART II.

Sc. II. 1. 39. **hollowed hand** : cp. *Isaiah* xl. 12, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand ?"

Sc. III. Compare with this scene Wolfe's lines on "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" (*Golden Treasury*, 262).

Sc. IV. 1. 7. **bore to bore** : gun to gun.

1. 17. **solves** : dissolves.

1. 31. **asile** : place of refuge ; poetic variant of "asylum," borrowed from the French.

## PART III.

Sc. I. 1. 74. **Malbrough** : a traditional soldiers' song, dating from Marlborough's campaigns in the War of the Spanish Succession, 1702-13.

Sc. II. With this scene may be compared Tolstoi's description of the battle of Borodino in *War and Peace*.

Sc. III. 1. 7. **brume** : mist; a French word, found occasionally in English but perhaps not in any great writer before Hardy.

1. 39. **enghosted** : made ghostlike.

1. 40. **shakoed** : wearing a shako or peaked hat. The name is of Magyar origin.

1. 45. **extirp** : extirpate.

Sc. V. 1. 63. **outshapes** : gives shape to.

Sc. VII. **Durnover Green, Casterbridge** : Fordington Green, Dorchester. For the identification of this and other places in Dorset, see Mr. Hermann Lea's *Thomas Hardy's Wessex* (Macmillan).

1. 14. **a mommet** : an effigy, **neither chine nor chitlings** : neither backbone nor intestines, *chitlings* is a Dorset corruption of "chitterlings."

1. 16. **barton** : farmyard.

1. 20. **linit** : lint.

1. 28. **Budmouth** : Weymouth.

1. 33. **stunpoll** : stupid (Dorset dialect) ; cp. "blockhead."

1. 44. **charnel-minded** : a rustic mistake for "carnal-minded." Cp. *Romans* viii. 7, "The carnal mind is enmity against God."

**Sc. VIII.** Byron's description of this famous **ball** is in *Childe Harold*, Canto III., stanzas 21 and following.

1. 67. **weedery** : mourning.

1. 69. **fendless** : not to be warded off.

**Sc. IX. 1. 3. The Duke of Enghien** : the last of the Condés, falsely suspected of conspiracy by Napoleon and judicially murdered by him in 1804. Mr. Fisher calls this execution "the crime which was worse than a blunder, and the blunder which was worse than a crime."

**Sc. X. 1. 15. to byspeak** : to recall incidentally. The substantive "byspeech" is used by Hooker.

1. 52. **grew substantive** : took concrete shape.

**Sc. XI. 1. 11. scuts** : tails.

**Sc. XIII. I. 26. the Holy Hedge** : la Haye Sainte.

**Sc. XIV. 1. 13. breath-shotten** : exhausted.

**Sc. XV. 1. 15. Ajaccian** : Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio in Corsica.

1. 34. **greatened** : made greater by death.

1. 57. **kindless** : without kin among the nations.

**Sc. XVI. 1. 21. aions** : ages—a Greek word.

1. 29. **Dynasts** : the Greek in the footnote is the sentence in the *Magnificat* which the Prayer-Book renders "He hath put down the mighty from their seat."

1. 80. **this idle Show** : cp. FitzGerald, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, 46 :—

For in and out, above, about, below,

'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,

Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,

Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

1. 89. **the chordless chime of Things** : *rerum concordia discors* (Horace, *Epistles*, I. xii. 19).

1. 99. **germing** : creative.

1. 104. **let them darkle** : it were better for them to pass into darkness.

## QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

1. Was Napoleon the master or the slave of Destiny ?
2. The part of Britain in the Napoleonic wars
3. The part played by women in *The Dynasts*.
4. The character of Napoleon as interpreted by Hardy.
5. The characters of Nelson, Pitt, Sir John Moore, as depicted in *The Dynasts*.
6. Hardy as a writer of blank-verse and of lyric.
7. How far is *The Dynasts* a really poetic drama ?
8. *Subjects for compositions in verse* :
  - (a) For a Sonnet : The Death of Nelson.
  - (b) For Blank Verse or Heroic Couplets : The Retreat from Moscow.
  - (c) For Elegiac Stanzas : The Fall of Napoleon.
9. *For a Dramatic Scene in Prose* : The News of Waterloo reaches London.

## HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

1. All who appreciate the selection of scenes here given should go on to read the complete work.

2. Some knowledge of the history is presupposed in the reader. Those who find themselves lacking in this requisite, and who have not the leisure for wide reading, should at least make themselves acquainted with Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's *Napoleon* in the "Home University Library."

3. Other lives of Napoleon on a larger scale are by J. Holland Rose (2 vols.), J. R. Seeley (1 vol.), Emil Ludwig (1 vol.); also Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon : the Last Phase*.

4. Hardy's novel of *The Trumpet-Major*, written some years before *The Dynasts*, treats of the fears of a Napoleonic invasion felt in Dorset in the year 1805 and the preparations made to meet it. There is an abridged edition in "E. L. S." (No. 122).

5. A fine and helpful criticism of Hardy's art will be found in the *History of English Literature* by Legouis and Cazamian, Vol. II. pp. 423-8 of the English translation (Dent, 1927).



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