

Inchbald, Elizabeth. *The Massacre*. Eds. Thomas C. Crochunis and Michael Eberle-Sinatra, with an Introduction by Danny O'Quinn. *British Women Playwrights around 1800*. 15 April 1999. <http://www.etang.umontreal.ca/bwp1800/plays/inchbald_massacre/index.html>

About the text

The text of *The Massacre* is taken from *Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald: including her Familiar Correspondence with the most distinguished persons of her Time. To which are added The Massacre and A Case of Conscience; now published from her Autograph Copies*, ed. James Boaden, 2 vols. (London: Richard Bentley, 1833) vol. I, pp. 355-80. The text was scanned and proof-read by two members of the editorial board against the original.

THE MASSACRE:

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

A TRAGEDY OF THREE ACTS.

by Elizabeth Inchbald

PRELIMINARY.

THIS play was suppressed, though printed, before publication, in deference to political opinions, which we do not absolutely condemn. Now, however, as curiosity may expect to be gratified by the work of our Author, we see no reason for keeping it from the Appendix to the first volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of the following pages, in laying them before the public, imagines that no further reason requires to be alleged for their not having first been produced at one of our theatres, than the reason assigned by Mr. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) in the postscript to his much-admired tragedy, 'The Mysterious Mother,' which was never intended for representation:—From the time that I first undertook the foregoing scenes, I never flattered myself that they would be proper to appear on the stage. The subject is so horrid, that I thought it would shock, rather than give satisfaction, to an audience. Still, I found it so truly tragic in the essential springs of *terror* and *pity*, that I could not resist the impulse of adapting it to the scene, though it never could be practicable to produce it there. -
Postscript to 'The Mysterious Mother.'

Having applied a paragraph of the noble author's above mentioned, to the present piece, the writer also avers, that the story of this play (as well as that of 'The Mysterious Mother') is founded upon circumstances which have been related as *facts*, and which the unhappy state of a neighbouring nation does but too powerfully give reason to credit.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Tricastin.
 Eusèbe Tricastin.
 Glandève.
 Rochelle.
 Conrad.
 Menancourt.
 Dugas.
 Guret.
 Thevenin.
 Clevard.
 Domestic.
 First Follower.
 Second Follower.

WOMEN.

Madame Tricastin.
 Amédée.

Children, Attendants, Soldiers, c.

SCENE—*A City in France, about sixty miles
 from the Capital. Time of representation, one
 day*

THE MASSACRE:

A TRAGEDY.

Act I

Scene 1

*[A Saloon in the house of Eusèbe Tricastin.
 Enter Madame Tricastin.]*

Mad. Tri.

What misers are we all of our real pleasures! I condemn avarice; and yet, was gold half so precious to me as the society of my dear Eusèbe Tricastin, I should be most avaricious! Even now I grudge, to a degree of rancour, my nearest, dearest relations the pleasure of his company; and think the loss of him, for one day

only, beyond the appointed time of his return, a robbery on my happiness not to be forgiven.

[The door opens, and she goes hastily to meet the person entering: but, on perceiving it is Tricastin senior, she turns away with chagrin.]

Tri.

What, daughter, sorry to see me! This is the first time, since I have had the joy to use that name, that you have ever met me with coolness—nay, this is something more—'tis with repugnance.

Mad. Tri.

Nor ought you to be offended if it is; for I was vexed at seeing you, because I hoped, as the door opened, it was your son.

Tri.

Ay, I imagined as much—uneasy, because he has exceeded his promise a few hours.

Mad. Tri.

A few hours! half a day, and a whole night; he promised to be at home by noon yesterday.

Tri.

And now pray tell me—is this the first promise he has ever broken with you?

Mad. Tri.

The first, either as a lover or a husband.

Tri.

He is then a more faithful lover and husband than ever his father was.

Mad. Tri.

And you cannot be surprised, Sir, if I feel, on this occasion, such an alarm—such a despondency—

Tri.

For shame!—you have nothing to apprehend. Consider, my dear, he is with your mother, your uncles, your brothers, nieces and nephews; and, as he does not go from this town to Paris above once in a year—

Mad. Tri.

It is still cruel of him to remain there without accounting to me for it—it is cruel of him to find delight in the society of his friends, while he knows what must be the inquietude of my mind at his stay.

Tri.

Cruel! And now do you suppose that my son, and your husband—he, who loved you for five years before marriage, and has *adored* you for ten years since—do you suppose that he could be cruel to you?

Mad. Tri.

I firmly suppose he could not; and, therefore, I suffer the greatest alarm lest some accident—

Tri.

Here comes his friend, and yours: I met them, about two hours ago, taking a ride on the Paris road; and they told me they should go as far as the hill, in hopes to see his carriage at a distance, and be the first to bring the news to you.

Mad. Tri.

Did they then know of my anxiety? I did not tell them.

Tri.

Tell!—is there cause for *telling* when a woman of sensibility loves or hates? when she feels hopes or fears, joy or sorrow? No—the passions dwell upon her every feature—none but the female hypocrite need fly to the tongue to express them.

[Enter Conrad and Amédée.]

Tri.

Well, have you had the good fortune to meet my son?

[Amédée throws herself on a couch, nearly fainting—Conrad shows in his manner marks of confusion and concern.]

Tri.

What, have not you happened of him?

Mad. Tri.

But they seem to have met with something—*[Going to Conrad]*—oh! do not distract me, but tell me what it is?

Con.

Nothing—I hope, nothing.

Mad. Tri.

Hope!—if you hope, then you also fear.

Tri. [Going to her.]

Don't, my dear daughter, suffer yourself to be thus terrified. Do you think, if there was any cause to fear for your husband's safety, I should not be equally concerned with yourself? Why, I have known him longer than you have done, and (I could almost say) love him something better than even you do. *You* have other comforts; your youth, your beauty, and your many near relations: I can boast none of these—he is the only comfort I have on earth.

Mad. Tri.

But, Sir, you have so much fortitude!

Tri.

I grant you I showed fortitude when my wife died—most men are philosophers on such an occasion; but should any accident befall my son, you would see me weak as yourself.

Mad. Tri. [Going to Amédée.]

Amédée, whatever makes you look thus pale, do not be afraid to tell it me.

Con. [In a low voice to Tricastin.]

Permit me to speak a word to you alone.

Tri.

Alone?—Why? Wherefore? *[Trembling.]* I protest you alarm me, almost as much as my daughter is alarmed!

Con.

Follow me into another room. *[Still in a low voice.]*

Tri.

But, if I do, her friend will tell her the secret.

Con.

She has promised me she will not.

Tri.

Don't mind her promise; she can't help it. However, I'll go with you. *[Going.]*

Mad. Tri.

Sir! Conrad! Whither are you both going? Oh! whatever has befallen my husband, do not conceal it from me.

Con.

I do not know that any thing has befallen him—upon my word of honour I speak the truth.

Mad. Tri.

Then why these terrifying looks? Why—

[Enter Menancourt hastily.]

Men.

Tricastin, is your son returned from Paris? all his friends are trembling for his safety, and have sent me to inquire.

Con.

Then 'tis in vain to conceal any longer the fatal news that was told us, as we went on the road to meet him—the same accounts have now reached the town, and, I suppose, are made public.

[Madame Tricastin throws herself on Amédée's shoulder.]

Tri.

You distract me with suspense! Tell me the worst.

Men.

Horrid disasters have fallen upon the capital—such—*[Faltering]* as I cannot repeat.

Con.

Infernal massacre has been dealt to all our hapless party—bonds, vows, oaths, have been violated; nor even the prison-walls been a sanctuary for the ill-fated objects of suspicion. The report that's brought speaks of children torn from the breast of their mothers, husbands from the arms of their wives, and aged parents from their agonizing families.

Tri. [Stifling his grief, and taking hold of his daughter.]

My child—we will still hope—that in pity to us all—in pity to the pangs which are else preparing for you and me—he has been spared.—Perhaps he had left the place before—who knows—*[Weeping.]* who knows, but we may see him again.

Mad. Tri. [Kneeling.]

Oh, grant it Heaven! Grant that I may see him once again—and living. Though wounded, mangled, dying, yet once more, let me behold him living—Let me hang over his death-bed, and, while his sense is undisturbed, tell him how much I love him, and will continue to love his memory—how I will be a tender mother to his children—and all, all, that my poor heart swells to have him know!

Amé. [Raising her.]

Oh, give place to hope—you will see him again.

[Enter Eusèbe Tricastin pale, his hair dishevelled, and his looks disordered.]

Mad. Tri.

I do. I do see him again. *[She rushes into his arms, and he embraces her repeatedly.]*

Eus.

My wife! my wife! do I hold you in my arms!—My father! *[Throws himself on Tricastin's neck.]* Oh, I did not think we should ever meet more!—

My dear Am_d_e—my friends—[*Turning to them, then to his father again.*] Oh, my father, I thought of you, and of my wife, in the midst of all the dangers!

Tri.

How have you escaped? I here devote my future days to that blest Providence, who, in protecting you, has rendered those days worth preserving.

Con.

Relate, my friend, the particulars of what has passed.

Eus. [Shrinking.]

Oh, that I could forget them all—banish the whole for ever from my memory!—That al[l] who were spectators could do the same, and human nature never be scandalized by the report!—But that's impossible—nations remote will hear it, and states of savages enroll us Fellow Citizens.

Mad. Tri.

Oh, Heaven! he is wounded—behold his clothes!—

Eus.

No, I am not wounded—these stains came from the veins—of thy mother—thy uncles—thy sisters—and all of those, who clung fast round me, and I tried in vain to defend. [*Wildly.*]

Mad. Tri.

Oh, horror!—yet, while *you* live to tell the tale, I will bear it.

Con.

But how preserve yourself?

Eus.

By miracle—I fought with the assassins, and fell amongst my brethren—at that moment my senses left me.—When they returned, and I put out my arms to embrace my fellow sufferers, I found I clasped nothing but dead bodies.—I rose from the horrid pile, and by a lamp discerned (all gashed with wounds) faces, that but a few

hours before I had seen shine with health and benevolence.—Rushing from the ghastly scene, I fled. I knew not where, about the town—my sword in my hand, reeking with blood, my hair dishevelled, and my frantic features caused me to be taken for one of the murderers, so I passed unmolested, once more to see the dearer part of my family.—But am I with them? really with them? My ideas are confused.—Poor helpless victims of ferocious vengeance, pale, convulsed with terror, and writhing under the ruffian's knife, pursue and surround me.—Am I, am I with my living family?

Mad. Tri.

Thou art with me—and now the only relation I have on earth—for my sake, therefore, re-collect your scattered thoughts.

Eus.

No, I still hear the shrieks of my expiring friends, mingled with the furious shouts of their triumphant foes. I saw poor females, youths, and helpless infants try to ward off the last fatal blow, then sink beneath it—I saw aged men dragged by their white hairs; a train of children following to prevent their fate, and only rush upon their own. I saw infants encouraged by the fury of their tutors, stab other infants sleeping in their cradles.¹

Mad. Tri.

Oh, Heavens!—

Eus.

I crossed the Seine—its water blushed with blood, and bore upon its bosom disfigured bodies, still warm with life.—At the sight, single as I was, I would have attempted vengeance;—

¹ Shocking, even to incredibility, as these murders may appear, the truth of them has been asserted in many of our public prints during the late massacre at Paris; and the same extravagant wickedness is attested to have been acted at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by almost every historian of that time. *Des enfans de dix ans tuèrent des enfans au maillot.*—*L'Esprit de la Ligue*

but you, my dear relations—the thought of leaving you behind, restrained the mad design.

Con.

Revenge is not now too late.

Eus. [Taking hold of his hand.]

And here let us swear—

Tri.

Hold—vengeance is for Heaven—by pursuing retaliation, we shall assume the power of God, and forfeit the rights of Man.

Mad. Tri.

Rather let us fly the danger which threatens us; we know the tendency of the people even of this place—the infection of the metropolis still spreads—let us leave this city—nay, the land: nor breathe its air till the sweet breeze of peace restore its lost tranquillity.

Tri.

My son, if your father's voice has any power; if you are not bewildered by the direful frenzy which has seized your enemies; if you have been preserved to me my child still to obey my commands, fly with your wife to a neighbouring nation, where (without coldly inquiring who is right or wrong) those in distress are sure to meet with succour.

Eus.

How! fly from danger !

Tri.

Imprudent courage has worse effects than cowardice. Would you risk the life of your wife?

Eus.

That's dearer than my own.

Tri.

Fly with her then, and with your children instantly. I, with these friends, will take a different route and meet you at the appointed place.

Mad. Tri. [Kneeling.]

My husband! Oh! if I kneel in vain to you, how can you hope my prayers will soften the murderer?

Eus.

Murder!—your murderer!—protect me from the thought. I'll go with you to exile.

Con.

Let us retire then, and consult the means of our departure.

Men.

Eus_be, I'll but return to my own house for a few moments, then join you here again. *[Exit.]*

Eus. [To his father.]

You shall go with me, Sir:—I cannot, will not part company with you. No, we will go together, and console each other even under the assassin's dagger.

Tri.

The dagger has no terrors for me, unless 'tis pointed at your breast, my son. Call your domestics, and instantly give the necessary orders for your flight; and if, on consultation, we find it practicable, not *one* of us will separate from the other. *[Exeunt.]*

Act II

Scene 1

[An Apartment at Eus_be Tricastin's. Enter Tricastin, Eus_be, and Conrad, in travelling dresses.]

Eus.

Then, if it must be so—if it is discreet to separate—to your care, Conrad, my friend, I commit my father till we meet in England. Take every precaution possible for your safety, but let not your journeys be so rapid as to endanger his health. *[Whispering Conrad.]* Consider he is not

so young as you, and do not suffer him to be too active, whatever inclination he may show.

Tri. [Cheerfully.]

My boy, farewell! You will go immediately from the other door of the house, with your wife and children; and till we meet again, my blessing go along with you—the blessing of an old man, who did not think to be an exile at these years. But, in whatever country, if I meet my child, I shall not call it banishment. Are you sure you have taken money and jewels sufficient to bear you all through your journey? Here, take this little casket more; your wife may be in want of many things upon the road which you are not aware of: and, as for Conrad here, and myself, I'll answer for it *we* shall want for nothing.
[Affecting cheerfulness.]

Eus.

Sir, I have more than enough already—paper money in abundance.

Tri.

But, I have been thinking, paper is doubtful currency. However, if you have no occasion for this, take it for my make—sure, at parting, Eusèbe, you cannot refuse to take a keepsake from me? *[He takes the casket.]*

[Enter Madame Tricastin and Amédée attendants following with small trunks, chests, etc.]

Eus.

Ah! These chests will look suspicious: if it's suspected we mean to fly, we may be detained; or at least insulted. Let these be left for us at the next village.

[Enter on the opposite side Menancourt hastily.]

Men.

Alas! Eusèbe Tricastin, you have saved yourself at Paris, only to fall a victim here!

Tri. [Starting with horror.]

What do you say?

Men.

The rage of the adverse party is not confined to the capital: some from thence are arrived in this city, and have increased that flame, which has long since been kindled amongst our populace. You, young Tricastin, are proscribed; a price is set upon your life; and now the rabble are at the gate of your avenue, to claim it.

Tri.

I'll go to them.

Eus. [Stopping him.]

You go!—for what?

Tri.

To speak kindly to them—to let them know you have done them no harm, nor wished them any;—and it would be cruel to take an only child from an old man, who has no other comfort.

Mad. Tri

Why do we loiter?—Let us fly immediately by the other part of the house, as we had determined.

Men.

Ah, Madam, were it possible to fly, you would not see me here. The gates of the town are closed—the soldiers have declared themselves against us—a battalion guard every passage—the garrison is under arms—do you not hear the beat of the drum? That, and the sound of that bell, are the signals for a general massacre.

Eus.

Then let us arm ourselves instead of meanly flying—arm, arm, and sell our blood most dearly. But where shall I conceal my wife? how protect her from their unhallowed hands? for, when I am slain, who will then fight for thee?
[Throwing his arms around her.]

Men.

Give her an instrument of death to defend herself—our female enemies use them to our cost.

Eus.

No, by Heaven! so Sacred do I hold the delicacy of her sex, that could she with a breath lay all our enemies dead, I would not have her feminine virtues violated by the act. [*Turning to his father.*] More sorrow still!—Those relations, who were my dearest comfort, are now the source of all my affliction!—were it not for these, I would this moment rush amongst the enemy—but you, my father, weak by age, as she by nature, can I leave you behind?

Tri. [Assuming a dignity.]

Eusèbe, had I strength, as at your age, I would disdain to arm myself against a banditti of cowardly assassins. Besides, ought we to take away another's life, unless we had a chance to save our own? Self-preservation has here no plea; we *can't* preserve ourselves.

Men.

At present, they demand at this house only the life of your son; but, 'tis to be feared, when once they have forced the gate, and obtained that—

Eus.

No, they would be satisfied—and they shall—with joy I go, a sacrifice for my friends. [*Going*

Mad. Tri.

Oh, stay, I conjure you!

Tri.

My son, pity your father!

Mad. Tri.

Why do you hold that poniard in your hand?—do you mean to turn it against yourself? Oh! give it me.

Eus.

You know not what you ask for—tremble!—touch not that dagger without suffering an anguish through every fibre! It is an eternal monument of the blackest crimes! Some drops of precious blood, never to be effaced, have spotted the steel.

Mad. Tri.

You thrill me with horror—What do you mean?

Eus.

Dare you ask me? I snatched it warm and reeking from the breast of your expiring mother.—[*Wildly.*] I will replunge it into the hearts of those who have so well taught me how to use it.

Tri.

Eusèbe, you who have obeyed me through your life, will you neglect my dying words?

Eus.

Your dying words!

Tri.

Most probably these are my last moments.—I can feel for the various passions which transport you, my child, to this excess of despair—but do not imitate your foes.—If it were left to your choice to be the murderer, or the victim, I am sure you would sooner perish than bear the name of homicide.

Ame.

That providence which preserved you so wonderfully at Paris, may guard us here.

Tri.

At least, let us not render ourselves unworthy of its protection—Let us fall with courage, but with resignation—and show, in dying, we have confidence there is another life. Join hands, my children, and join me in my humble appeal to Heaven. [*They all join hands but old Tricastin, who comes forward and kneels.*] O thou, who art all-merciful, as well as all-wise and just! look down with compassion on this weak group, who have ever walked (to the best of their understandings) in the way of thy precepts. Oh! in this moment of their calamity, save them from perishing!—Disarm their enemies!—We *hope* in thee—We *bless* thee, whether under the sword of our assailants, or restored to peace and happiness.

Mad. Tri. [Kneeling.]

O Heaven! preserve my husband, my children,
and my father!

Eus. [Kneeling.]

Heaven! save my wife, my father, my children,
and these my friends.

[Enter a domestic.]

Dom.

In vain have we endeavoured to guard the
outward gate; the populace have forced it, and
are now rushing into the house demanding my
young master—Oh, sir, for mercy's sake, fly.

Tri.

Son, you have just now addressed yourself to the
throne of heaven; and it would be mockery so
noon to offend against it. Retire then, at a
father's command, nor show yourself to the
people till they break to your inner apartments. I
will speak to them here—I have done some
charitable offices, in my time, to many of our
citizens—I am not the object of their pursuit—
therefore, permit me to expostulate just a few
moments with them—a kind word has
sometimes done, with most ferocious enemies,
more than a thousand swords. *[Raising his voice
with passion and firmness.]* Leave me to speak
to them, I do command you.

Men.

He advises well.

Con.

My friend, retire. *[To Eusèbe.]*

Mad. Tri.

Oh! obey your father, and save his life and mine.

Con.

Force, force him away

*[Conrad and Menancourt force him off,
overcome by his various passions—Madame
Tricastin, Amédée, and the domestics follow,
and leave only old Tricastin on the stage.]*

*[Enter Guret, followed by two or three leaders,
such as himself, and a number of rabble,
dressed like inferior tradesmen.]*

Gur.

Where in Eusèbe Tricastin? We want Tricastin.

Tri.

I am he.

Gur.

Are you Eusèbe Tricastin?

Tri.

I am.

Gur.

They told me he was young. Is this the man? *[To
his followers.]*

Tri.

I know not who, my friends, just at this time,
would willingly put himself in the place of him
you ask for.

Gur.

That's true. *[To his followers.]* This is the man
then?

1st Fol.

He is like him, as well as I can remember;—yet
he looks too old.

Tri.

Care alters men much, good sir.

*2nd Fol. [Coming round Tricastin, and looking
hard at him.]*

This man must be too old for him. His hair is
white.

Tri.

Did you never hear of fright changing a young
man's hair from brown to gray? and I must own
[affecting to tremble] you have frightened me a
good deal, gentlemen.

Gur.

If you are Eusèbe, we are come to try, and to condemn you to death.

Tri.

Hush—silence—*[in a low voice.]* I have relations in the next room, whom it would grieve to hear you say so. Take me from this house, and then dispose of me as you think fit. Hush, hush—no noise—I go willingly with you.

Gur.

Come along then—and in the open hall in the market-place, you shall indulge the fury of the multitude

[As they are leading him off, enter Eusèbe on the other side.]

Eus.

Hold your profane hands—The fiend, who offers violence to my father—

Gur.

This is then the son—seize him, my friends.
[They seize him]

1st Fol.

Yes, this is young Tricastin—I now perceive this is the man we came for.

[Enter Madame Tricastin, Conrad, Menancourt, and several attendants, on one side, and Dugas on the other.]

Dug.

My friends, I am come with fresh instructions—Secure not only the younger Tricastin, but his whole family; and take them to the appointed place. Don't give way to your vengeance here—but there, in the midst of all our fellow-citizens, the example will be more terrible. *[They are all seized.] [Exit Dugas.]*

Eus.

Villains, let go that lady. *[Breaking from the persons who hold him.]*

Mad. Tri. No, be kind and take me with him to death.

Eus. [To those who hold her.]

Permit me to speak a single word to this lady. *[Takes her aside.]* My life, by all the tenderness I have ever shown you, save yourself for your children's sake. What will become of them when their father is gone? You have a moment now—retire, and secrete yourself among your domestics—we may yet escape by our valour; but what will avail my security if you should fall a prey? Our cruellest enemy, the man who knows us all intimately (Dugas), is this moment gone forward, off his guard, and an imposition may pass. *[To the persons who, had seized her.]* This female, gentlemen, is but an humble visitor at my house, let her retire in safety. Here's myself, my father, and my two friends, do not ask your clemency.

Dom.

We'll bear the stranger in, sir, and see her safe to her own home. *[The rabble do not oppose, and the attendants lead Madame Tricastin fainting, on their shoulders, to the back of the stage.]*

[Re-enter Dugas.]

Dug.

Regard neither struggles nor supplications, but bring them all instantly away. *[Going before]*

Tri. [Laying hold of his hand.]

Dugas, hesitate an instant, and consider once—once call to mind, before you drag me and my wretched family to immediate death, that you and I are fellow-creatures—we are countrymen—nay more, townsmen—and, till this unhappy period, have always lived like neighbours. Many little acts of friendship have passed between us—such, my neighbour, as ought not to be forgotten in an hour of tribulation like this. Oh! by the many times we have exchanged the friendly salutation of good morrow, or the kind farewell of good night—the numerous times that, at the hospitable board, we have wished each other, in our cheerful glasses,

health and many a happy day!'—by all these little kindnesses, which have their weight, with minds susceptible, do not imbrue your hand in your neighbour's blood.

Dug.

The neighbour who thinks differently from me, I am his enemy.

Tri.

Lead on then—for, in that case, I rejoice you are not my friend.

[Exit Dugas, followed by Tricastin, Eus_be, Conrad, and Menancourt, who are surrounded by the rabble. —Madame Tricastin is taken off, by her attendants, on the opposite side, as by stealth.]

Act III

Scene 1

[A Street. Enter Clevard and Thevenin.]

The.

Oh! Clevard, my heart is sinking within me. I met, this moment, leading to a mock trial, (where Glandève, strong in the opposite party, sits as judge,) all the unhappy family of old Tricastin—this city cannot boast a more virtuous man—ungrateful people! to whom he has been a friend, a parent.—There's not an indigent man in this whole town that ever implored his help in vain; and I now behold those very villains, whom his late bounty fed, reviling him as he passes along.

Clev.

But this he has strength of mind to bear, no doubt, with dignity?

The.

Unless when he turns towards his son, who follows close behind—then I can see his countenance change, the tears gush to his eyes,

and stream down his furrowed cheeks. At this the rabble triumph! *[Several shouts are heard.]*

Clev.

They are coming this way; I'll join them, and be a spectator of all that passes.

The.

I would as soon be—a sufferer. *[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene 2

[A Hall, or large Chamber. Glandève sitting as President; a crowd of persons attending.]

Glan.

You have done me honour, brother citizens, in selecting me for Judge on this occasion; and, I trust, all my decrees will do honour to the confidence you have placed.

[A shout from the rabble without; after which, enter Dugas and Guret, followed by Tricastin, and all those (except Madame Tricastin and her attendants) who concluded the preceding Act.]

Dug.

President, here is a family whom I accuse of being traitors.

Glan.

Put each, in his turn, to the bar.

Dug.

This is Tricastin the elder. *[Putting him forward.]*

Glan [After a pause.]

A few days ago, when I inquired, you told me, Dugas, you knew this man to be a peaceable citizen.

Dug.

I have since changed my mind.

Glan.

Then, what do you think, my friends, *[to the*

spectators] is it not better that we wait a few days longer before we put Tricastin on his trial? for in that time the witness may possibly change his mind again.

Dug.
No, I am fixed.

Glan.
And so am I, to wait.—Officers, take the prisoner into your custody; and on your duty protect him from all violence, till I and my friends here call for him to appear. [*He is taken to the other side of the hall.*]

Dug.
I thought, Glandève, you were the sworn friend of Liberty?

Glan.
And so I am—Liberty, I worship.—But, my friends, 'tis liberty to do good, not ill—liberty joined with peace and charity.

Dug.
But, if you mean to protect the father, you surely cannot think to save the son? [*Placing him forward.*] Every one present knows the crimes of Eusèbe.

Glan.
What are they?

Dug.
All know—he does not think with us.

Glan.
And how long (answer me, some of my friends,) has it been a capital offence *to think as you please*? If I am a friend to freedom, my first object is, freedom of *thought*

Dug.
Do you then dispute the voice of the people? 'Tis they, who relying on the wisdom of their leaders, demand the forfeit life of those who are pointed out.—Orders, received from persons

authorised to give them, should be *implicitly* obeyed.

Glan.
This reasoning accords with military rules, when an army is prepared to give an enemy battle—but, suppose there should be issued an order for such an army to turn against itself, and each man slay his brother soldier; I trust, I hope, they would all imagine some fatal frenzy had seized the commander-in-chief, and every one lay down his arms, rather than massacre his comrade.

Dug.
But if there are amongst them culprits to punish—

Glan.
Their trials should be conducted with all due form—a sedate dignity preside over the whole—the judge be studied in all points of law, and every supposed enemy expelled the jury. But here, a frantic whim directs the most momentous parts:—a judge is elected with no other qualification than being deemed the prisoners' adversary—the jury has the self-same recommendation.—Unthinking man! know you what you are doing? That rash, that ignorant tribunal which beheads your foe to-day, may hang *you* up to-morrow.

[*He rises and comes forward to Tricastin and his party.*]

My fellow-citizens! disperse your fears—I accepted the office of judge, not to condemn, but to preserve you; and these [*pointing to the persons attending in court*] are a chosen set of men, whom I convened for the purpose of defeating the blind fury of your enemies.

Tri.
Virtuous Glandève! who, from a supposed adversary, art become a saviour! behold me and my son at your feet, acknowledging our admiration and our gratitude. [*They kneel.*]

Eus.

I here dedicate to you the remainder of my life—mine, and my infant children's.

Dug.

Glandève, you are now, by your own confession, surrounded by men whom you have packed for your purpose: but I have friends without, treble their number; and when I give the word, so far from protecting these traitors, you'll not be able to defend yourself.

Glan.

Wicked man! I scorn your power.

Dug. [Calling with a loud voice at the side of the scenes.]

Advance, my friends!—we are betrayed!—force in, and take your vengeance!

Eus.

Barbarous villain! here end your crimes.

[He draws his dagger, and runs swiftly to Dugas to stab him; Glandève flies to Dugas, and screens him with his own person.]

Glan. [To Eusèbe.]

Vindictive man, hold!—Rather strike here! *[to his own breast,]* for I trust in heaven I am less unprepared to die than he.

Dug. [Aside.]

Protected by him!

Eus.

I blush at my mistaken zeal; and at your feet, noble Glandève, resign that instrument of death which I had sworn never to part from.

Dug.

And at this moment it might be of use to you; for, behold these soldiers, who are under my command.

[A band of soldiers, with Colonel Rochelle at their head, instantly rush in.]

Dug. [To the Colonel.]

Well, Sir, you and your brave men have, I find, received my orders, and my signal for entering here. These are all your victims.

Roch.

Yes, Sir, my brave men have received your commands; and this is their brave reply:—They are all men of courage—all ready to enter the field of battle against an insulting foe, and boldly kill him; but, amongst the whole battalion, we have not one hangman.²

Glan.

They are *my* soldiers then, and no longer yours. *[to Dugas]*—My generous men, *[to the soldiers]* fly through the town, and instantly protect all those of the persecuted party!

Roch.

That we have done already, and have recovered dead corpses of many from the ferocious mob. Here, close to the door of this hall, stretched on a bier, my soldiers bear a lovely matron butchered, with her two children by her side—we snatched her from the hands of her assassins before her beautiful body was disfigured: and lest they should regain it from our possession, I ordered the corpse (followed by her mournful attendants) to be surrounded by a party of our men, till we had leisure to deposit it in the family burial-place.

[A bier is brought in, followed by several domestic attendants and some soldiers.—On the bier is laid the dead body of Madame Tricastin, and two children dead, by her side. Eusèbe stands like a statue of horror at the sight.—After the bier has been set down a little time, he goes to it.]

² A well-known reply sent by a commander, to the orders he had received from Court at the massacre of St. Bartholomew: 'Dans tout le militaire, il ne s'est trouvé que des hommes courageux, prêts à voler aux actions les plus périlleuses, mais pas un seul bourreau'.

Eus.

For what have I been preserved? Oh! night that I escaped through torrents of blood, at Paris—far, far less horrible than this day to me! Father, behold your grand-children by their mother's side, and own your son was born for greater anguish than human nature can support!

Roch. [Going slowly, respectfully, and timidly up to Eusèbe.]

This distraction makes me not doubt but you are the unhappy father of these infants, and husband of this lady. I was so fortunate as to be some consolation to her in her last moments, and received her parting words. The crowd had entered and encompassed your house, and she had called repeatedly for assistance before I was able to make a passage to her through the multitude:—when I did, her desire to save her life had subsided; for, she had beheld her two children slain. The eldest, to the last, she held fast by the band—the youngest she pressed violently to her bosom, and, struggling to preserve, received the murderer's blow through its breast, to her own. Tell Eusèbe (she cried as I came up) I die contented, with my children; and entreat him not to grieve at what he may think I suffered at my death; for my pain, except for him I leave behind, is trivial.

Eus.

Dying saint! This was to calm my despair.

Tri.

And suffer it to have its effects. I know and feel your loss, my son, and I feel my own. Oh! had she been but under this good man's shelter—*[to Glandève.]*

Con.

But when was joy superlative? Our unlooked-for release from death had been happiness supreme, but for this abatement.

Glan.

My friends, I conjure you to take every care that the perpetrators of this barbarous outrage are secured. This man *[to Dugas]* and his, followers

shall be made prisoners till our researches prove successful.—Then, the good (of all parties) will conspire to extirpate such monsters from the earth. It is not party principles which cause this devastation; 'tis want of sense—'tis guilt—for the first precept in our Christian laws is charity—the next obligation—to extend that charity EVEN TO OUR ENEMIES.

[The bier is carried off in slow procession—Tricastin and Eusèbe following as mourners, and the attendants singing a dirge.]
