

**THE HOUSEHOLD  
TRAGEDY: IN  
FOUR SCENES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649282135

The Household Tragedy: In Four Scenes by Thomas Mitchell

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**THOMAS MITCHELL**

**THE HOUSEHOLD  
TRAGEDY: IN  
FOUR SCENES**



41179

THE

HOUSEHOLD TRAGEDY.

IN

FOUR SCENES.

BY

THOMAS MITCHELL.

---

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."  
"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is  
deceived thereby is not wise." — *The Lively Oracle*.

---

ALBANY:  
WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY, PRINTERS.  
1870.

J. W. S.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress,  
in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy,  
By THOMAS MITCHELL,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

---

## THE HOUSEHOLD TRAGEDY.

---

### SCENE FIRST.

*The interior of a Lunatic Asylum. The hero, an inebriate, standing with his hands chained together,—Supposing himself surrounded by persons deranged,—Walks to and fro, soliloquizing.*

Why these cold fetters! thus entwined  
Around me—holding so immovably,  
Within their complicated folds, these  
Lacerated limbs? Why incarcerated!  
Mid' these crazy people, as though I  
Were infected by their melancholy  
Mania? whilst ever and anon, falls  
Dismally upon my ear, loud yells of fear,

And madmen's clanking chains!  
They were mad who brought me hither!  
I'll have my liberty or I'll die! If it  
Were for cure! they'd give me rum;  
I tell thee all I want is rum! Me insane?  
Not I! Why then hold me by this strong  
Chain in this strange duress, to be so  
Tormented where such horrid specters  
Hold their midnight revels? 'Tis  
Madness! let me go hence; sunder  
These vile chains: O ye gods; I must  
Have rum!

*Enter the inebriate's Father's ghost, and addresses him.*

Son, silence! cease now thy raving!  
List once again to thy Father's voice! 'Tis  
Its last sepulchral message! These  
Hallucinations that now torment thee,  
And so fearfully wreck thy stormy brain,  
And on its mental canvas sketch wild  
And furious pictures, of terrific magnitude,  
And alarming apprehension, are those of



Which I forewarned thee, ere the huge  
Tyrant of the grave raised his rapacious  
Arm against these silvered locks, and  
Ere that which this ethereal apparition  
Represents were entombed in yon  
Marble sepulchre. Oh thou erring  
Child! how oft, in the still watches  
Of the night, have I pursued thee, with  
Wearied and faltering footsteps, into  
Subterranean dens, where thou and  
Thy confederates, riotously, to the wine-god,  
Sang devotional songs; making night  
Hideous—the cheek of innocence turn  
Pale, and the heart of the uninitiated quake  
With fear! Have I not heard thee utter  
Groans of mania? Thy once proud heart,  
With irregular pulsations, bleed at every  
Pore, and, from its gushing fountain, send  
Forth piteous cries, whose sharp and fiery  
Pointed shafts stung to anguish, and  
Measureless disappointment, this Fatherly

Bosom, as though transpierced by a whole  
quiver

Of venomously pointed lancets, all  
Prepared for the occasion? O thou fallen  
Fragment of manhood! hast thou not seen  
These gray hairs wet with midnight  
Dews, when from thy congenial spirits  
I had brought thee forth, and when the  
Intrusive fiends, that had so tortured  
And calamitously hurled from its  
Throne thy reason, had momentarily,  
Like the wild billow in the passing  
Tempest, sank to peacefulness, so  
That thou could'st appreciate the appeals  
Of thine aged sire? Did I not then divine  
Thy futurity, and warn thee of thy coming  
Fate, which hath, alas! befallen thee? The  
Gods be witness, that from his blood  
Are these white robes spotless!  
Before these invisibles, acquit thine  
Aged sire. O ye heavens! whence  
This calamity? O that the silent

Earth might once again lend moisture  
To these ossiferous sockets, that yet they  
Might drop one tear of anguish o'er  
That dread figure which now stands  
Before me ; who forever haunts my dead  
House dreams,—summoning me forth, from  
Its uneasy abode, to revisit these dread  
Scenes of vitality. But my time is up ;  
My departure draws near, hear now  
The message of thy fearful fate, on which  
Errand I were sent ; its fearful contents,  
Though reluctant, must I read.  
Ere the chariot of day mounts her  
Golden throne, shall fall the last sand  
From the hour-glass of thine earthly career,  
And thou shalt slumber with me !

*The Maniac.*

Yes ! I've disturbed my aged sire !  
And called him from his peaceful grave !  
He fixed on me that eye of fire !  
I felt its torment ! yet who can save ?  
He'd better staid within the tomb,