

**THE NUNS OF MINSK, A
TALE OF RUSSIAN
ATROCITIES IN POLAND.
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS**

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The nuns of Minsk, a tale of Russian atrocities in Poland. A drama in three acts by Robert Blake

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ROBERT BLAKE

**THE NUNS OF MINSK, A
TALE OF RUSSIAN
ATROCITIES IN POLAND.
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS**

Extract from London correspondence of *Irish Times*, Aug. 25, 1877.

“On Wednesday night there was to have been produced at a London Theatre a Play, by a young countryman of yours, Robert Blake.—The Play is entitled ‘The Nuns of Minsk : a Tale of Russian Atrocities in Poland.’ The license had been secured, the actors had learned their parts, there had been several rehearsals, and all was ready for the production, when suddenly the Manager took fright at the vehemence of the language and at the political allusions, and insisted on a good deal of the Play being cut out before representation. Against this proceeding the Author indignantly protested,—alleging that the proposed alterations would render the Plot unintelligible, and deprive the piece, as a whole, of all claims to literary or artistic distinction. The result of the dispute is that the Play has been withdrawn. ‘The Nuns of Minsk’ is in blank verse, with choruses in dactylic and anapaestic metres. It has been very highly spoken of by those who have seen it, and the choruses especially have been pronounced to be exceedingly beautiful.”

THE NUNS OF MINSK;

A TALK OF

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN POLAND.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

ROBERT BLAKE,

Author of "Joan of Arc," &c.

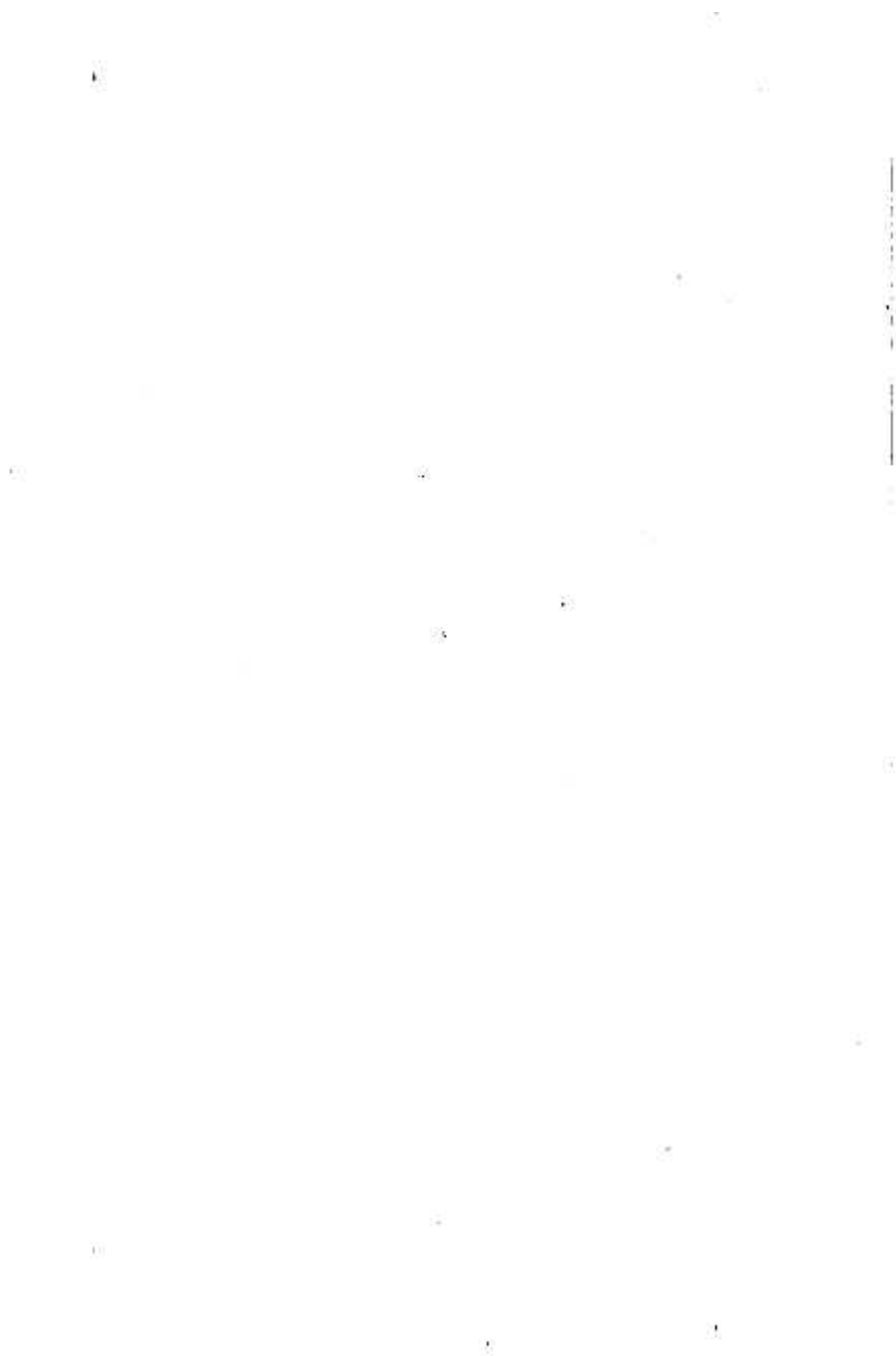


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1878.

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THE NUNS OF MINSK;

A TALE OF

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN POLAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- SIEMASKO Bishop of the Greek Church—formerly Bishop
of the Roman Catholic Church.
- UZAKOF Siemasko's Son—Governor of Minsk.
- MAKRENA Reverend Mother of the Basilian Nuns, formerly
Wife of Siemasko.
- SISTER MARY . . Her Daughter—a Novice.
- ROSALIE Her Niece.
-

CHORUS OF NUNS—NUNS AND SOLDIERS.

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THE NUNS OF MINSK:

A TALK OF

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN POLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in the Convent at Minsk.*

—*Enter MAKRENA, SISTER MARY and ROSALIE.*

SISTER MARY—When shall we take the black veil, mother?

MAKRENA—You still desire, my children, to resign the world, and consecrate yourselves to Heaven?

SISTER MARY—It is my earnest wish, mother. What can the world give us that we have not here? We love to work, we love the trees and the birds, and we love quietness. Do we not, Rosalie?

ROSALIE—Yes, Mary, but I am not quite so brave as you are. There is something fearful to me in this dark dress of our mother's. Besides, we do not know the world—we might like it if we knew it.

MAKRENA—Those who would know the world, my innocent child, must buy their knowledge, as Eve did by sacrifice of peace.

ROSALIE—I can forgive Eve, mother. I am sure if any one tempted me as she was tempted, I should fall too. I should have been so curious to know what the apple was like.

SISTER MARY—You should pray for power to master such feelings, Rosalie.

MAKRENA—The world is cold and cruel, my children. Poland to-day is but a slaughter-house where Russian butchers kill—kill for the wolves, their only customers. The fields reek with blood, and thousands who still cling to their religion are tortured and driven into exile. God grant that these sacred walls may preserve me and my children, but I fear—I fear!

ROSALIE—Oh! mother. Don't speak like that, you make my heart sink to hear you.

SISTER MARY—We must trust in God, Rosalie. He will take care of us.