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# LADY MORDAUNT;

OR,

## Fast Life among the English Nobility.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

WYLLYS GANNETT, Esq.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS,  
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by WYLLYS GANNETT, Esq.,  
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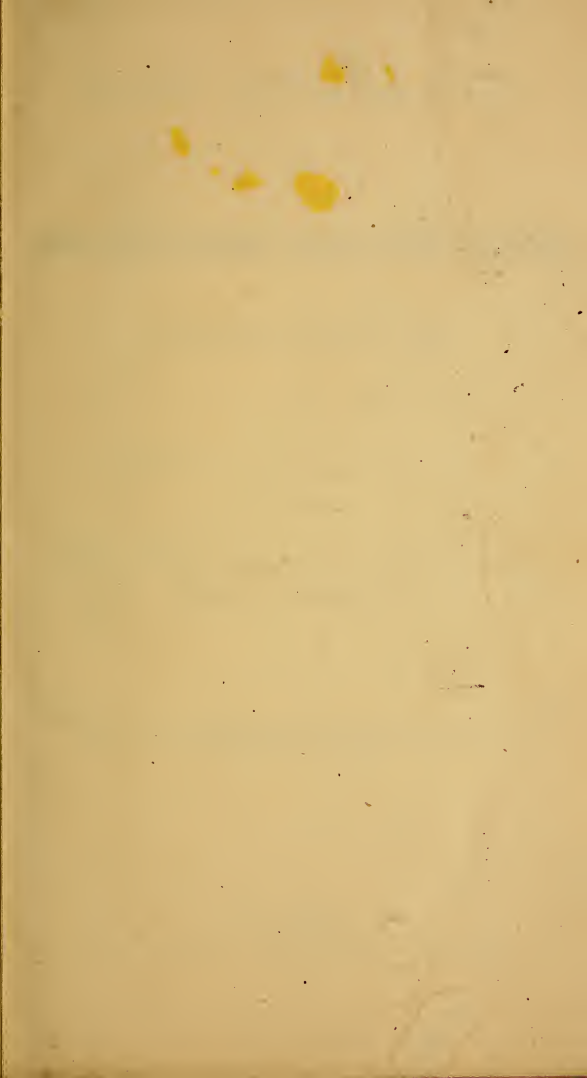
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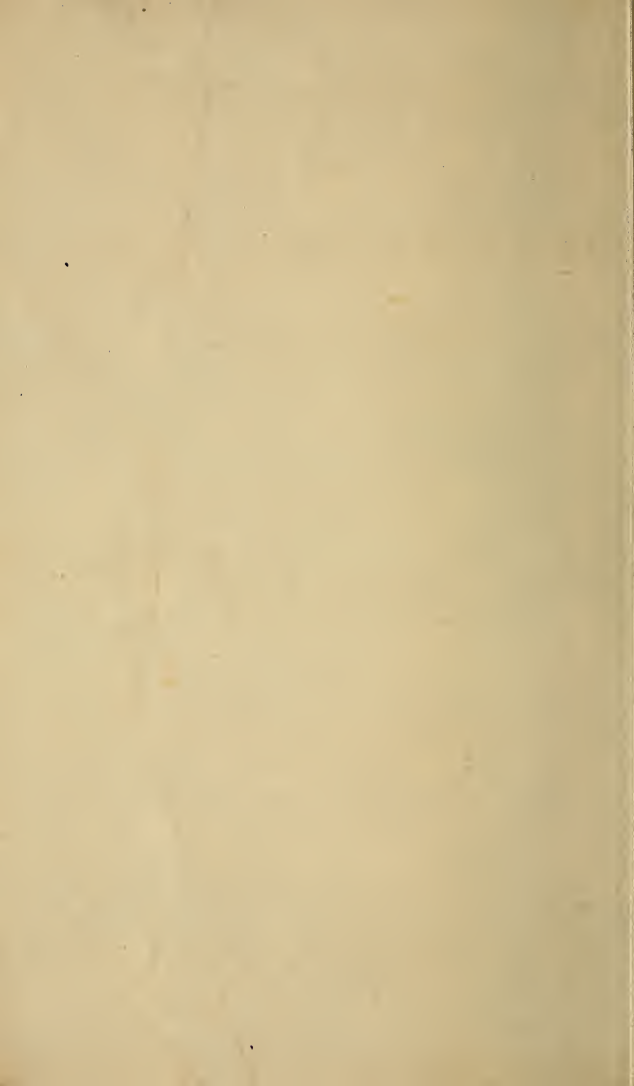
ST. LOUIS:

DAILY DISPATCH BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, 313 N. THIRD STREET.

1870.







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1870.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

1856  
 299

AT DEBAR'S OPERA HOUSE,  
 St. Louis, Mo., 1870.

SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT.....	<i>G. D. Chaplin.</i>
SIR BUNSBY BARRINGTON.....	<i>Charlie Rogers.</i>
SIR THOMAS MONCRIEFFE.....	<i>G. Fisher.</i>
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE OF WALES.....	<i>H. Loomis.</i>
LORD VINCENT COLE.....	<i>Harry Stone.</i>
SIR FREDERICK JOHNSTONE.....	<i>W. Slocum.</i>
CAPTAIN FARQUHAR.....	<i>M. Curtis.</i>
LORD PENZANCE.....	<i>Ed. Mackway.</i>
DOCTOR DEANE, Q. C.....	<i>H. B. Norman.</i>
SERGEANT BALLANTINE.....	<i>L. M. McCormick.</i>
DOCTOR GEORGE BURROWS.....	<i>F. J. Post.</i>
COURT CRIER.....	<i>J. Bankson.</i>
WILLIAM— <i>Sir Charles' Valet.</i> .....	<i>J. Bickle.</i>
MESSSENGER.....	<i>W. Johnston.</i>
LADY HARRIET MORDAUNT.....	<i>Miss M. A. Pennoyer.</i>
LADY LOUISA MONCRIEFFE.....	<i>Mrs. Sylvester Post.</i>
MRS. ALICE CADOGAN.....	<i>Miss Jennie Fisher.</i>
JANE LANG.....	<i>Miss Louise Sylvester.</i>

ENGLISH LORDS OR GENTLEMEN—FOR CLUB ROOM SCENE.

SPECTATORS FOR COURT SCENE.

A JURY OF TWELVE.

*Costumes according to the present style of the day among the English Nobility.*

### RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

\*\*\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

# LADY MORDAUNT;

OR,

## Fast Life among the English Nobility.

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### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Room in SIR CHAS. MORDAUNT'S house. Bell cord on wall. Enter SIR C., reading letter. D. F.*

Alas! I am afraid this is but too true. [*Stops thoughtfully.*] Too true, too true. This letter and its fellows which I have so lately perused lead me to suspect that all is not as it should be within my house. [*Starts from reverie.*] But I will summon Lady Mordaunt, and confront her with these written declarations, which burn into my heart like red-hot coals. [*Pulls bell cord. Enter William, M. D.*] Is Lady Mordaunt within her apartment?

*William*—She is, Sir Charles.

*Sir Charles*—Inform her that I wish to see her.

[*William bows, and off, M. D.*]

*SIR C. looks again at letter. Back to M. D. Enter LADY MORDAUNT, M. D. She stands on threshold and gazes for a moment at SIR C.*

*Lady Mord.*—Sir Charles.

*Sir Chas.* [*Turning slowly*].—Lady Mordaunt.

*Lady Mord.*—You sent for me. Are you ill or tired?

[*Approaches as she speaks.*]

*Sir Chas.*—Tired, Lady Mordaunt; indeed I am tired. Tired, I might say, of life. For what is life to me when filled with such sorrow as I am undergoing? Ah, such sorrow as he can only know who has experienced that greatest of all curses in the life of a married man—infidelity!

*Lady M.*—Sir Charles, I do not understand you. Remember, sir when an accusation is made, proofs are generally required to make those accusations good. [*Speaks this coldly.*]

Sir C.—Madam, I will produce what I consider most damning proof and evidence that she whom from her father's house I took, has proved anything but the priceless jewel which I claimed to possess.

Lady M. [*Face bowed in hands, weeping*].—Go on, sir. This is indeed kind!

Sir C. [*Handing letter to L. M.*].—There, madam, peruse the contents of that scented page, and tell me then that you know nothing of it!

Lady M. [*Takes letter, and, as she looks at it, trembles and lets it fall to the floor*].—I cannot read it—I cannot read it.

Sir C. [*Coldly*].—If the first of the series affects you so wonderfully Lady Mordaunt, I do not deem it necessary to produce the rest until the proper moment; and that moment, Lady Mordaunt, will be when to the public ear they will be proclaimed in open court.

Lady M. [*Throws herself at Sir C.'s feet*].—Oh, Sir Charles! Sir Charles! spare me this shame; heaven knows I am punished enough without this public exposure.

Sir C.—Arise, madam, this is folly. In the witness box if this can be proved false, then will I forgive and forget.

Lady M. [*Draws herself up haughtily*].—Yes, Sir Charles, this is folly. I will endeavor hereafter to show to you that one of the house of Moncrieffe can act otherwise than foolishly. True, I have had the name of being insane; but my insanity may prove a bitter curse to my accusers.

Sir C. [*Calmly*].—You may yet prove to the world that there is a virtue in insanity.

[Enter William, M. D., card waiter in hand; presents it to Sir Charles, who takes card, glances at it.]

SIR C.—Ah! Sir Bunsby! Admit him.

[Exit William, M. D.]

SIR C.—Lady Mordaunt, you need not remain unless you wish.

LADY M.—I will retire. My company I know can be dispensed with. [Exit, R. D.]

[Enter William, bowing (back) to audience, Sir Bunsby following. When on stage, William bows, and off. Sir Charles advances as Sir B. enters.]

SIR C.—Welcome, Barrington; welcome.

SIR B.—That's always the case. Hey, old boy! of course I'm welcome. If I thought to the contrary, egad, I would have stayed down to Cadogan's. I say, Mordaunt, his wife makes the best corn cake in the country; and such butter—it makes my mouth water. By the bye, where is Lady Mordaunt? I haven't seen her for an age.

SIR C. [*Confused*].—She is not very well, Barrington; it would be better not to disturb her; she needs rest.



SIR B.—Needs rest! Why, confound it, man, every time I come down to Walton Hall she is resting. She is not really dangerously ill, Mordaunt, is she?

SIR C. [Aside]—I'll at ease. [Aloud]—Oh, no; since you were here last she has been to numerous balls, social circles, and club meetings. It was only yesterday and to-day that she has been indisposed; so I beg you will excuse her.

SIR B.—Oh, certainly, certainly; and, to change the subject, what say you to a week's hunt on Rushton Moor? Johnstone told me, before I left London, that the pheasants were as thick as bees in a hive; and by the way, Mordaunt, now I think of it, he is coming up this way in a week or two.

SIR C.—Sir Frederick is a good judge of pheasant grounds. I suppose he will probably be accompanied by His Royal Highness, and, perhaps, Lord Cole. They all enjoy hunting. But if they would hunt nothing but birds, there would be less trouble and sorrow in this country of ours.

SIR B.—Hunt nothing but birds! Why, man, they do hunt other game.

SIR C. [Aside]—I believe you.

SIR B. It was only a month ago that the prince brought down as fine a pair of antlers as ever graced a cornice.

SIR C.—I see you misunderstand me. The game I had reference to—to speak plainly—friend Barrington, is game of a higher standard—woman.

SIR B.—Oh, that is common enough, Mordaunt—just what we expect. The crimson that flows through the veins of those who rule or will rule, once coursed through the veins of George the Third; and what's in the blood can't be drawn out unless the life goes with it.

SIR C.—That is a lame excuse; but come, Barrington, you need washing and dusting after your journey. [Pulls bell. Enter William.] Show Sir Bunsby his room, and see that everything is in order. When you are through with your toilet, Barrington, meet me in the park. I have made some improvements I wish to show you.

SIR B.—I will not detain you long, Mordaunt. I am pretty quick at my toilet.

[Exit Sir B. and William, William leading through L.]

SIR C. [Soliloquizing]—Ab, Bunsby, Bunsby, little do you know what my inner heart is undergoing! Well, well, I'll bear it like a man. How easy it would be for me—an accidental shot, and nothing more—to rid the world of the author of this letter! [Takes letter from pocket, and replaces it again.] But no! that would be cowardly, and unworthy of a Mordaunt. Face to face he shall meet me, and have an equal chance for life. If I fall, so be it. If he, then I shall be amply revenged. Oh, Royalty! thou hidest beneath the ermine many a crime. When, oh, when shall we be like great

America—equal in right and justice? Alas, I fear, never. The yoke is solid, and cannot be removed.

The crown which rests on heads of little mind,  
Can ne'er expect respect from all mankind.

[Exit Sir C., U. E.]

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ACT I.—SCENE II.

*Sitting room in SIR THOMAS MONCRIEFFE'S house. SIR THOMAS M. and LADY MONCRIEFFE discovered seated at a table opposite each other. Left centre of stage.*

SIR T. [Looking at letter]—This is indeed strange! Sir Charles writes in a most curious strain. [Hands letter to L. M.]

L. MONCRIEFFE [Refusing to take it]—I do not wish to read it, Sir Thomas. My heart is bruised enough with what I have already heard.

SIR THOMAS—But in this letter Sir Charles states that it is his intention to apply for a divorce, and wishes us to be present at the examination. Alas, that the house of Moncrieffe should come to this! Harriet, Harriet, better you had died in your infancy, than brought this shame and curse upon our honor.

LADY MON. [Placing handkerchief to her eyes, weeps]—This is what a mother has to undergo! For all my teachings, and—it has come to this!

SIR THOMAS—I pray you, Lady Moncrieffe, do not weep; though an undutiful daughter has so far forgotten herself as to throw aside the love of her husband for that of others. Come [arises], we will at once prepare for our departure to Walton Hall [L. M. arises], and, if necessary, return with our daughter. Here in our midst she shall remain, away from the bitter calumny of this world.

[Lady M. takes Sir T.'s arm, and exit M. D.]

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ACT I.—SCENE III.

*Rushton Moor. Woods in distance. Whole of stage used for Scene.*

[Enter Sir C. and Sir Bunsby in hunting costume from R. Both have guns.]

SIR B.—Well, I can't say that Johnstone's judge of numbers is very correct. Here we have tramped five miles at the least, and nothing but a bob-tailed rabbit to reward our industry.

SIR C. [Leaning on his gun]—I guess, Barrington, the pheasants

have all taken wing. Probably they were acquainted with the fact that their territory was to be invaded by royal huntsmen. [Aside.] Mine has; but there the pheasants did not take wing and fly away. [Aloud.] Well, Barrington, let us try our luck towards the south road; perhaps we may meet with better success.

[About to move off towards L.; shot heard from within.

SIR B.—Hallo! Egad! there's some fellow banging away. I wonder if he brought down his bird? [Looks towards L. wing.] By Jove, he's coming this way!

SIR C. [Looks also]—If my eyes deceive me not, that form resembles very much your friend, Lord Vincent Cole.

SIR B.—My friend, Mordaunt? Why, he is as much a friend to you as to me.

SIR C.—Perhaps so; but here he comes.

[Enter Lord Vincent Cole from L. wing; stops short in his tracks on seeing Sir C. and Sir B.]

LORD COLE—He here! Well, I must make the best of it; though I had hoped not to have met him. [Advances.] Good day, gentlemen. [Sir Charles turns away.

SIR B.—Ab, good day; good day, Cole. [Sir B. looks at Sir C. Aside.] What the devil is the matter with Mordaunt? [Lays his hand on his shoulder.] Mordaunt, here's our friend Cole,

[Mordaunt shrugs his shoulders.

SIR C. [Undertone]—Yes, I am aware of his presence. I feel its contamination already.

LORD VINCENT—Perhaps Sir Charles is not well, or perhaps he does not wish to recognize me.

SIR C. [Turning]—Your last supposition, Lord Vincent Cole, is correct. If that is not satisfactory, I can always be found at your service.

SIR B. [Aside]—Well, hang me, if this is not a riddle that I can not solve!

LORD VINCENT—Thank you for your consideration. We may meet yet on more suitable terms. I will bid you adieu, gentlemen.

[Turns to go.

SIR B.—Stop, Lord Vincent. As a friend of yours, likewise a friend of Sir Charles, I would most respectfully inquire what is the cause for this mysterious conduct? A month ago—hardly that—you were across the festive board, the best of friends; and here, to-day, I hear you both intimate that a settlement must take place. What does it all mean?

SIR C.—Lord Vincent Cole can inform you, probably, better than I. If he pleads ignorance here, perhaps he will not do so when called upon by those whose duty it is to put questions and receive answers.

LORD COLE—I understand your intimations, Sir Charles, and will no doubt be fully prepared in case of an emergency. Barrington, allow me to bid you once more adieu.

[Exit Lord Cole, R. E.]

SIR B.—Well, my hunting is spoiled for this day, at least. Mordaunt, what in the name of the seven wonders, does this all mean? Come, now, I am a true and tried friend of yours—let me hear the trouble.

SIR C.—Barrington, you are a friend of mine, and one that I sincerely hope never to lose in this world. Listen, and I will tell you what caused my coldness toward Lord Vincent.

SIR B.—Go on; I am all attention.

SIR C.—You remember when yesterday you called in upon me at the Hall?

SIR B.—I do.

SIR C.—You remember asking after Lady Mordaunt, and my telling you she was indisposed, and needed rest?

SIR B.—Certainly; but what of that?

SIR C.—She had just left my presence when you entered—her eyes red and swollen with weeping; and the cause of this weeping, Barrington, was nothing more nor less than the horror of an exposure—an exposure of damning guilt—the exposure of a crime which in this country they term mildly—folly—but which an honest man or woman terms—a sin!

SIR B.—Heavens! Mordaunt; [agitated] you do not mean that!—surely you are mistaken! What proofs have you of this?

SIR C.—Proof, Barrington, in black and white, letters which I accidentally found in her boudoir; and other mementoes, perfumed and bedecked with tinsel. But the letters are the proofs which convince me that my wife has foully wronged me. Among these letters are several written and signed by the man whom you called friend; others written by Sir Frederick Johnstone; and last, though not least among the number, appears the name of one who, instead of holding up an honest and just principle before the people who will one day call him King—

SIR B.—The Prince!

SIR C.—Aye, the Prince—no less a personage than His Royal Highness. But what can I expect? His name is tinctured with a hundred royal conquests—such conquests as betray misguided women. To know one in whom the blood of kings flows is perhaps to some women an honor, and when once the bounds are overstepped then the scepter and the crown shield that crime—which in that free republic America is dragged forth and punished as the case deserves.

SIR B.—Go on, Mordaunt; my eyes begin to see the light.

SIR C.—My intentions are simply these: I am about to sue for a divorce. These letters, or some of them, shall be produced, and then to the world I shall have the satisfaction of showing up those who are shielded and protected by the throne. I have written a full

and explicit letter to Sir Thomas, Harriet's father, requesting him to appear, with his wife, Lady Moncrieffe, at the examination.

SIR B.—A wise forethought. But come, Mordaunt, let us return home; the stage will be ready in half an hour [consults watch] and we have not much time to lose.

SIR C.—So be it—hunting has but little charms for me now.

[Exit Sir C. and Sir B. Left.]

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ACT I.—SCENE IV.

LADY MORDAUNT'S *private room.*

[Enter Jane Lang. Stands about Center. R. E.]

JANE L.—Poor Lady Mordaunt! she goes moping about the house like one with a fit of blues. I only wish I knew what was the matter. Something, I will wager, is wrong between her and Sir Charles. Heigh ho! that's what comes of having riches. Now I never get into trouble—because why? Just because I am too poor to pay my way out of it. But Lady Harriet has been very good to me since I have been in her service. Let me see—I have had four new dresses in as many months, and she only wore them once. Oh, if she would only confide in me, and tell me all of her troubles—

[Enter Lady Mordaunt, at the words, "confide in me," L.]

LADY M.—Jane—

JANE L.—My Lady—[Curtseys]—

LADY M.—You were saying, just as I entered, that if I would only confide in you, \* \* \* \* \* What could you do for me?

JANE—I would do all that lay in my power, my Lady. Oh, you do not know how it pains me to see you so troubled. It makes my heart sad to see you in such distress.

LADY M. [Aside]—She may help me; and who knows but a true and trusty friend may be found in Jane Lang? [Aloud.] I think I may trust you, Jane. Promise you will help and aid me in my trouble, and I will be your lasting friend for life.

JANE—I do.

LADY MORDAUNT—Then listen to the story of a wronged woman: Before my marriage with Sir Charles—which was much against my will—my life was one constant whirl of excitement: At balls and parties I generally took the lead. Dukes and earls proffered their hands and fortunes, but I rejected them all. My heart belonged to one, and only one. Poor he was indeed, but of noble nature. My parents would not listen for a moment to our marriage. I was kept in constant surveillance by an ever watchful father; and finally, without the consent of my heart, accepted the hand of Sir Charles Mordaunt. In one short month after our honeymoon he grew cold and careless, and I his wife was left to repent at leisure. He saw

that I was unhappy, but not one word of consolation escaped his lips. Finally I grew desperate, and resolved to enter once more into the gaiety of a fast and excitable life. This at once caused a great commotion in my family, and ere long, as you well know, my name was the theme for general conversation; though, as God is my witness, two-thirds of the calumny spoken against me was false. True, under the excitement of wine and the company of flattering men, I may have forgotten myself.

JANE L.—No, no, do not say that, my lady!

LADY MORDAUNT—Wait till I have finished, Jane; then judge me as you will. Feeling chagrined and excited at the treatment of Sir Charles I kept on in the whirlpool of amusement—such amusement as has often caused sorrow, and oftener proved fatal to the sex of which I am a member. Sir Charles has now determined to sue for a divorce, which undoubtedly he will obtain. If he does, I am blasted for life, and those whom I have considered my friends will be held up to public scorn. Now, Jane, what I propose is this: You, as is well known, have been my constant companion, and to the world at large I wish to be thought insane. My actions shall be such as will lead the most careful observer to suspect that I am an insane woman. You, Jane, are to corroborate my statements, and by so doing—even if you have to carry your testimony before the bar of justice—it will save me. Will you promise?

JANE L.—My Lady, I promised that I would serve you. You have but to command—I will obey.

LADY M.—Thanks, thanks for your kindness; I still have hopes. Now let Sir Charles do his worst. On his return if he should send for me, inform the valet that Lady Mordaunt is indisposed—in fact, you might suggest that my mind is affected. That will suffice for the present. I will retire now, my dear friend—for such I shall always call you. Remember what you know—keep it inviolate.

[Turns to door as she says this, and exit—same entrance as she came on.]

JANE L.—[soliloquizing—I will keep my word—yes, if even on the witness stand I will swear false to save her. I suppose I shall have to suffer for it eventually, if not in this, perhaps in the next world. Ah, me! what a lot of wickedness there is among the nobility. There is that great big Albert Edward, or Edward Albert, as they call him, he is always poking his nose in some woman's business. I would like to see him come around me with his royal manners. I'd—well, I'd—well, I know what I would do.

[Moves off as she says this. U. E.]

[Curtain falls. End of First Act.]

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Grand club chamber, London. Time, night. Jets and globes arranged. Two small tables on each side, R. and L. Gentlemen or English lords at cards, and wine about center of stage and well back. Large table, with red or yellow cloth. Table covered with bottles, glasses, papers. Seated at table are the PRINCE OF WALES, SIR FREDERICK JOHNSTONE, LORD COLE, CAPT. FARQUHAR, and three or four other lords. SIR FREDERICK, the PRINCE, LORD COLE and CAPT. FARQUHAR engaged in cards. As curtain rises, shuffling of cards, pouring out of wine, laughter. Curtain well up.*

*Have this Scene well in front, to allow for SCENE II.*

SIR FRED. [Looking around room]—What can have become of Mordaunt? Has he cut us, I wonder? And Bunsby, too? Here it is nearly a week, and neither of them have put in an appearance.

LORD COLE—I guess Barrington is trying to show himself to his best advantage in the presence of Lady Mordaunt. I met them yesterday on Rushton Moor. And do you know that Mordaunt had the impudence to give me the cold shoulder?

PRINCE—Ha, ha! You were a fortunate fellow, Vincent, that he did not give you cold lead instead of his shoulder.

CAPT. FAR.—Perhaps it was a cold shoulder of mutton that Mordaunt offered him. Ha, ha!

ALL—Ha, ha, ha!

LORD COLE—Jesting aside, gentlemen, I met Bunsby and Mordaunt on Rushton Moor, passed the order of the day, and for my politeness was insulted; nay, more, was informed that if I wished satisfaction, all that was necessary was to demand it.

PRINCE—By heavens! [agitated.] It can't be possible that Mordaunt suspects anything.

SIR FRED.—It looks very suspicious. Did you ever have any words with Mordaunt? [Those at the small tables direct their attention to large table.]

LORD COLE—None; and, till yesterday, we were apparently good friends.

CAPT. FAR.—Rest assured, gentlemen, that something has transpired which leads Sir Charles to suspect certain members of our club.

[M. D. opens. Sir Bunsby calmly walks in and stands near large table. Prince, Sir F., Lord C. and Capt F. rise by chairs.]

SIR BUNSBY—Yes, gentlemen, you are right—something has happened, and that something is as well known to you as to me. I left Sir Charles but a short time ago, and from his own lips I have heard the wrongs which he has undergone from those who once he termed his friends.

PRINCE—Sir Bunsby Barrington, to me your words are a riddle; what it may be to these gentlemen [looks around] it is more than I can tell, but as they are of age, they can speak for themselves.

SIR B.—Your Royal Highness, as the representative of Sir Charles Mordaunt, I would say that when you appear in the wit-

ness box then perhaps you can solve the problem which seems so difficult just now.

CAPT. FAR.—Perhaps Sir Bunsby can enlighten us by speaking in somewhat plainer terms.

SIR B.—In your presence, sir, Sir Bunsby Barrington has nothing to explain. I once thought that some honor existed among us of the nobility, but I am afraid it has escaped and taken up with the plebeian stock. Gentlemen, allow me to bid you good night. When we meet again the riddle will most undoubtedly be solved.

[Exit same entrance, M. E.]

LORD COLE—Now, was I right or wrong? Depend upon it we are in for it.

SIR F.—[Snapping his fingers]—A fig for his knowledge! What can he do but throw him self before the world when he attempts to drag us forth? It will not disturb my slumbers!

LORD C. and CAPT. F.—[together]—Nor mine!

PRINCE—Gentlemen, it is anything but agreeable for me to be placed in a public witness box. My mother, the Queen, will think she has a most dutiful son. But what is done cannot be remedied. If I am called upon to appear, and questions are put to me which would criminate my honor, rest assured I will answer to my best ability. [Consults watch.] It is now nearly midnight. By your leave, gentlemen, I will bid you adieu. [Takes hat from table, puts it on and exit M. D.]

LORD COLE [To Sir F. and Capt. Far]—Well, thank heaven! there is more than one fish in the pan. I think I will also retire and sleep on this matter. Gentlemen, as president of the Royal Club, I hereby adjourn our meeting. [Raps on table. Gentlemen gather together and depart, arm in arm, through M. D. Sir Frederick, Capt. Farquhar and Lord Cole slowly walk out, conversing and gesticulating.]

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ACT II.—SCENE II.

*Time, morning. Reception room at Walton Hall.*

[Sir Thomas, Lady Moncrieffe and Mrs. Cadogan enter from U. E. William, the valet, follows, with portmanteau. He crosses over to door in L. Sir T., Lady M. and Mrs. C. stop about C.]

MRS. C.—Sir Charles is not at home, my lord, but his wife is in her chamber. Shall I inform her of your arrival? Poor thing! she is not in her right mind now, and her actions at times are very strange

LADY MON.—Poor Harriet!

SIR THOMAS—Let her know of our arrival.

[Seat themselves at table; look at books. Lady Mordaunt appears at Middle Door; Mrs. Cadogan behind her.]

MRS. C.—Your father, Sir Thomas, and Lady Moncrieffe, Lady Harriett.



LADY MORDAUNT—I do not know those people; [look wonderingly at Sir T. and L. Mon.] who are they?

[Sir T. & L. Mon. look around and quickly arise, advance toward Lady Mordaunt.]

LADY MON.—Not know us, Harriet—your parents?

LADY MORDAUNT—I have no parents. Alas, they were lost at sea, many, many years ago!

MRS. CADOGAN—[steps up close to Sir T. and Lady Mon.]—I told you she was not in her right mind. You see she does even recognize you. [Sir T. and Lady Mon. bow their heads in their hands.] Her waiting maid tells me that she has been in that state several days before Sir Charles requested me to attend her.

SIR T. AND LADY MON. weep—[together]—Poor Harriet!

SIR T.—And has it come to this? Harriet, child! do you not know us—your father, your mother?

LADY MORDAUNT—[shaking her head slowly]—Perhaps you would like to look at some of our books.

[Advances toward table and takes up a book. Lady Mon. and Sir T. follow her. Lady Mon. sinks in chair and places her head on table for support.]

[JANE LANG peeps in at Middle Door—aside]—It works like a charm. She plays her part well [Withdraws.]

SIR T.—Mrs. Cadogan, will you oblige me by leaving us alone with our daughter?

[Mrs. Cadogan bows and off; Door in Side, Right.]

LADY MORDAUNT—[Still looking at book]—This is a very pretty book; full of such exquisite engravings.

SIR T.—[Looks sorrowfully at her]—Oh, Harriet! Harriet! speak, and tell us that you know your parents—those who gave you life!

LADY MORDAUNT—See, here is a picture of a convent. How I wish I was in a convent! No more trouble, no more trials!

SIR T.—[Sinks in chair]—Alas! she is insane—she knows us not! Would that she never married Sir Charles. But I cannot blame him—no, I am the one that deserves censure. [Cracking of whip within.] Hark! I hear the rumbling of wheels and the postillion's whip.

[Voices within—Sir C. and Sir B.]

SIR C.—Home again! [enter both] if I can call it such.

SIR B.—Yes, and my throat is full of dust!

[Both stop short on seeing Sir T. and Lady M. Then Sir Charles advances. Sir Thomas arises and advances toward Sir Charles.]

SIR C.—[extending his hand]—You are down much sooner than I expected. Sir Thomas, Sir Bunsby Barrington. [Introduces them.]

SIR B. [Bows]—Glad to know you, Sir Thomas.

[Lady Harriet walks up and down, looking at book.]

SIR C. [Advances to Lady Moncrieffe, takes her hand]—Do not weep, I pray you, Lady Moncrieffe. Though this summons is one

most unwelcome, still, in duty to your daughter, to yourselves, and also to mine honor, [Barrington has seated himself,] you will acknowledge that my motives and principles are sincere.

LADY MONCRIEFFE [Agitated]—Sir Charles, I, the mother of her who is your wife, do not blame you. Your letters to us have been high toned and of noble character. I thank you for bearing so long the heavy burden which has fallen upon you.

SIR T.—I can but sanction my wife's thanks. But, Sir Charles, we were not prepared for this—to find our daughter ignorant of the presence of her parents.

SIR C. [Looks at Lady Harriet]—Sir Thomas, whether to believe or not to believe, is a question I have often asked myself in regard to Lady Mordaunt's strange behavior. True, our family physician tells me she is incurably insane, the effect of great torture on the mind. To prove that my idea is correct—in saying she has a pretense in this—is more than I can do. My friend, Sir Bunsby, [points to him,] is of the same opinion as myself. I have just returned from London, where Sir Bunsby has had the pleasure of confronting the authors of my sorrow. [Sir C. looks at Lady Harriet. Lady Harriet casts side glances at Sir Charles.] You and Lady Moncrieffe must be fatigued with your journey. By your leave, my valet will conduct you to your apartment. [Touches bell. Enter William, from L. Lady Mon. and Sir Thomas prepare to follow.]

LADY MON.—We do need rest, Sir Charles; but not so much from the fatigue of our journey as from the effects of sorrowful hearts. [They both look at Harriet as they exit, William leading, M. D. Sir C. looks sorrowfully at them as they leave. Sir Bunsby arises. Lady Harriet has seated herself in chair by table, still looking at book.]

[Sir Bunsby approaches Sir Charles; lays hand on his shoulder; Sir C. turns.]

SIR BUNSBY—Lady Mordaunt assumes most magnificently, or else we are mistaken in our conjectures. I, as your friend, would advise the examination of Lady Mordaunt's case by some of our London experts.

SIR C.—Thank you for your suggestion, Barrington. I may abide by it, but not just at present.

LADY MORDAUNT [Arising]—Gentlemen the strangers who have but entered our house a short time ago, claim to be my parents. [Sir B. (aside)—Egad! she has got a good memory.] They would not believe me when I informed them that mine were lost at sea many years ago.

SIR C.—Lady Mordaunt, whether you are under the impression or not that your parents were lost at sea, matters but little in the case which is soon to come up in court. If there your insanity can be proved, then I waive all further examination. Come, Barrington, [takes his arm,] let us retire to my private study. There are matters of importance I wish to discuss.

[Exit Sir C. and Sir B. through Door in Flat,

LADY MORDAUNT—[advances forward, clasps her hands. Speaks in agonizing tones]—Oh, father! mother! how much longer must I assume this terrible part! Even throw you aside! What if I not gain my point after all? Oh, sinful world!—full of hypocrisy, deceit and sin; would that I knew it less! But I must be nerved for this coming revelation. Charles, Charles! I have wronged you—yes, a thousand wrongs—but if once I escape this great calumny which now hangs over my head, my life shall be one unceasing act of love and submission!

[Turns and exit through Middle Door.

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ACT II.—SCENE III.

*Private Study of SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT. SIR C. and SIR B. discovered seated at table. Papers, books, lying around. SIR C. has letter in hand, directing SIR B's attention to it.*

SIR C.—This letter, Barrington, is the deepest cut of all—and these valentines! [Picks up package and tosses down on table.] What words of love they speak! and here—[picks up handkerchief]—another memento of royalty.

[Barrington is reading letter.

SIR B.—This letter does indeed speak volumes of love; [lays it down] but Mordaunt, even armed with such as this, remember it is hard to strike at the royal blood. Shielded and protected by the throne it can accomplish such deeds as would make the blood of any honest man chill with horror.

[Enter William, letter on waiter.] R.

WILLIAM—A letter Sir Charles.

[Sir C. takes it.

SIR C.—Post marked London. [Opens it. Exit William. R.]  
[Reads.]

“SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT.

“*Dear Sir:* In accordance with your wishes we have the honor to inform you that your case on file will be tried day after to-morrow. Please be in readiness. Yours truly,

“SERGEANT BALLANTINE.”

Ha, this is much sooner than I expected. [Taps bell. Enter William. Sir C. hands him letter.] Deliver this to Sir Thomas—he will understand its contents. [William receives letter on waiter and exit.] Barrington, you will be with me, of course. I may need your counsel.

SIR B.—Certainly, Mordaunt. I will be near you through the whole.

SIR C.—Lady Mordaunt and her mother will remain behind. Perhaps on our return she may have become reconciled, and prove herself as sane as you or I.

SIR B.—What is your motive in leaving Lady Moncrieffe at the Hall?

SIR C.—For fear the shock might be too great for her nerves. I do not wish to cause more anguish than I can possibly avoid.

SIR B.—Quite right, Mordaunt; quite right. I appreciate your noble nature.

[Enter Sir Thomas, with letter in hand, M. D.]

SIR THOMAS—I have just perused your letter, Sir Charles, and shall be in readiness to accompany you. Do you think it best for Lady Moncrieffe to appear in court?

SIR C.—I had just suggested to Sir Bunsby that it would be better for her to remain at Walton Hall with her daughter, since it has transpired that Lady Harriet has made admission to me of her guilt; but considering her insanity, or pretended insanity, these admissions may favor but little my case in court.

SIR THOMAS—Thanks, thanks; I will at once notify Lady Moncrieffe, and give my opinion in favor with your own.

[Turns and exit M. D.]

SIR B. [Arising]—Well, Mordaunt, if agreeable to you, I will seek my room and take a little siesta. This confounded dust in my throat and lungs has nearly suffocated me. [Sir Charles leans over to tap the bell for valet.] Do not ring; I can easily find my way through your winding halls. Keep up good spirits, Mordaunt; keep up good spirits. All will be well yet. [Exit through M. D.]

SIR CHARLES [To himself]—All will be well yet! Ah, would that I knew it would be so. Harriet, Harriet, what have I done to deserve this? True, I may at times have been a little harsh in my demeanor, but not enough to receive such a punishment as this. Would that I had never met her! How little did I know, when gazing on her beauty, that it would be used against me so! Well, well, we can no longer be happy together. 'Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Though to the outer world I may seem gay and careless, my cup of sorrow is full to overflowing.

[Bows his head on table, and sleeps. Lights let down quite low.]

Enter Lady Mordaunt, with lamp in hand. Stops midway. Gazes at Sir C. Holds lamp towards him.

LADY MORD.—He sleeps! Oh, that I dared to throw myself at his feet and ask his forgiveness! But no! it cannot be. [Advances nearer.] And there, beside him, are the evidences of my guilt. Why did I not destroy them? Even now, if I could but possess

myself of those odious papers, it would serve to turn the tide in my favor. [Advances nearer. Sir Charles moves restlessly; then looks up; sees Lady Mordaunt; rubs his eyes.]

SIR CHAS.—Lady Mordaunt.

LADY MORD.—Sir Charles.

SIR CHAS.—I thought we were to shun each other's presence as much as possible? [Takes up letters and puts in pocket.]

LADY MORD. [Aside]—Too late, too late.

SIR CHAS. [Continues]—But I find you are unwilling to adhere to your part of the contract.

LADY MORD.—Sir Charles, when a contract is made between two parties it is generally signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of witnesses. Have you such a contract?

SIR CHAS.—I thought Lady Mordaunt's word would have sufficed; but for a person who carries insanity about with her, such a contract would be as null and void as if never made.

LADY MORD.—Then you agree with me that I am insane. I am glad to see you are so candid.

SIR C.—I do not agree with you, Lady Mordaunt. In fact, in my own mind I feel satisfied that a shallow pretense is daily enacted in this house; but not being a Doctor of Medicine my testimony would avail but little were I to state my candid opinion as to your mysterious conduct.

LADY MORD.—It is very fortunate you are not one of the medical fraternity—poor Lady Harriet's case would go hard against her. Excuse me for interrupting your slumber. I wandered here by mistake. I will relieve you at once of my presence. [Turns.] But remember, Sir Charles, do not, for my sake, study medicine.

SIR CHAS.—Stay, madam! [Rises and advances.] Now that you have seen fit to break our contract, listen to me. [She turns to him.] To add insult to injury, you assume a mask in the presence of others, which you do not hesitate to throw off before me.

LADY MORD.—It would indeed be folly, Sir Charles, to attempt to conceal my sanity in your presence; but you will surely acknowledge that whatever part I assume in the presence of others, that it has its desired effect.

SIR CHAS.—I am willing to acknowledge anything, madam, especially if it refers to the intrigues and cunning of a woman so devoid of all respect as Lady Mordaunt.

LADY MORD.—Sir Charles is rather cutting in his remarks; but I remember once upon a time, when first he entered the house of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, he then thought, and was willing to take his oath, that no woman was so fair or good as Lady Harriet Moncrieffe.

SIR CHAS.—True, madam; I will confess I thought you all that was pure and good; but as I stated once before, the jewel that I received I soon discovered, like a cheated lapidary, was worthless paste.

LADY MORD.—You may yet discover, Sir Charles, that though but worthless paste, I will stick fast to my resolution. If my point is gained, then the jewel may be reset. You understand me, I hope?

SIR CHAS.—Lady Mordaunt, if, through the great impersonation you are performing, you should be allowed legally to remain my wife, you are welcome to remain at Walton Hall, or you are at liberty to reside with those from whom I received you—your parents. If at the former place, you will be troubled but very little with my presence.

LADY MORD.—You might add, sir, that you have troubled me very little with your presence heretofore. If the hunting and fishing excursions which Sir Charles has been in the habit of attending since our honeymoon, were fully investigated, I doubt not but what I myself might have good cause to apply for the same privilege that you wish so much to enjoy.

SIR CHAS. [Excited]—Zounds, madam! I do not understand you. What, accuse me of infidelity! Beware, madam, beware!

LADY MORD.—I pray you, Sir Charles, do not grow excited. Until you obtained what you called proof, in the shape of several foolish letters, you thought me faithful and sincere. If the private secretary of your lordship's was invaded, as my private desk was forced, it might perhaps reveal greater proofs of the game you hunted, and the fish you angled for!

SIR CHAS.—Would that I had witnesses to view the insanity of this woman!

LADY MORD.—Perhaps you had better summon some of the household.

SIR CHAS.—For me to have the satisfaction of seeing you play the chameleon with your many colored hues of insanity! No, madam; you have already satisfied your servants that you are incurably insane!

LADY MORD.—And you, Sir Charles, that I am not?

SIR CHAS.—Yes, Lady Mordaunt—that you are not, have not been, nor will be. The woman who can design with such perfection may possibly die of hypocrisy, but never of insanity!

LADY MORD.—Thank you for your honest confession.

SIR C.—No thanks, madam, are necessary. If all of Scotland's women were one-twentieth part as sane as yourself the superstition for which your country is accredited would be removed.

LADY MORD.—Indeed you are complimentary to my country!—still you saw fit to make your selection there.

SIR C.—Better men than myself, madam, have been deceived in their selection. But enough of this—I see you are invulnerable.

LADY MORD.—You did not always think so; but before we part, Sir Charles, allow me to suggest that if you were Lady Harriet and I Sir Charles Mordaunt, I would have taken other steps for revenge, instead of dragging a defenceless woman before the bar of justice. Among those of your sex—providing they are not too cowardly—it is customary to seek redress face to face—at least it is so in Scotland.

SIR C.—True, madam, I thought of that, but my better feelings controlled me, and I did not wish to dye my hands in blood for a

voluntary guilty woman. If the author or authors of my wrongs had sought you out I would most undoubtedly have used the means you refer to.

LADY MORD.—You still adhere to your first charge; perhaps if it is not substantiated when the investigation takes place, you may feel very much chagrined before your titled friends!

SIR C.—Through your machinations the case may go against me, but those whom I recognize as my friends will none the less respect me, madam.

LADY MORD.—Sir Charles, one word before I leave you. When first you met me at my father's house and became enamored of me, you were acquainted with the fact that my heart was another's. Out of regard for my parents I accepted your hand. You knew my love did not accompany my avowal to prove true and faithful to yourself—but that you waived aside, and consoled your feelings by the thought that I would yet love you. The one to whom I had given my heart left his home, his fireside, his mother and his sisters and sought another country. His last words to me were that he could not remain when he knew I was another's. I did not forget him nor cease to mourn his departure; but when I saw that you were so good and kind I will confess my love did turn toward you. But, Sir Charles, your kindness was of short duration. Our honeymoon scarce o'er, you had forgotten that your wife existed. I was left to amuse myself as best I might. True, I was surrounded by all that was necessary to make life a luxury—but that was not what I wanted most. The man who swore to protect and love me always soon forgot his promise, and for weeks was absent from his wife. Of course I could easily pass away the hours without your presence, but if you thought so, I did not. My life had always been one of gaiety and excitement—such I needed and such I sought in your absence; but if any crime was e'er committed by me which should deserve a censure, it was done when I was not cognizant of the fact. The letters which you possess and forced my desk to procure, are evidences, I own, which look like proof of infidelity, but they are mere shallow words, written on the moment.

SIR C.—You reason well, madam; but perhaps you will call those tinselled papers—dubbed valentines—shallow words; or the handkerchief with the royal initials, shallowness; or again, the acceptance of sundry presents, shallowness. If so, madam, allow me as in other matters, to differ with you. Your remarks as to my absence do not weigh against my conscience to any extent, for upon all occasions you were invited to accompany me; but for reasons best known to yourself you refused; therefore on that score I can plead not guilty. However, I will not detain you any longer; and let me once again, ere you retire, ask that you will try this time, at least, to shun my presence, as I will yours.

[Turns to table.]

LADY MORD.—I will not intrude on your lordship again. I think we understand each other without any further explanations. Good night! [Coldly.]

[Exit Lady M., M. D. She turns and looks at Sir C. as exit.

SIR CHAS. [Seated and looking wonderingly at Lady Mordaunt as she goes off]—Good night, Lady Mordaunt! May your slumbers be less disturbed than mine! Did ever woman have such barefaced impudence? I have the curiosity to know [arises] if she will return to her own apartments. In order to satisfy myself, I will follow her!  
[Exit cautiously, M. D.]

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ACT II.—SCENE IV.

*Room of LADY MORDAUNT. JANE LANG busy about.*

JANE L.—Oh, I shall be glad when this thing is through with. Poor Lady Mordaunt has a terrible part to perform. Now if it was me I would let him go to Jericho. But that's the way with us women—the more a man dislikes us the closer we cling to him. Ah, here comes my Lady!

[Enter Lady M. from Side. Goes to table and sets down lamp. Then approaches Jane.]

LADY MORD.—Sir Charles was in rather an humorous mood to-night. He even went so far as to remind me that we were to keep asunder. If my plan succeeds which I am now carrying out, he will probably become insane himself when it is known I am entitled to a shelter under this roof.

JANE LANG—I watched you to-day, my Lady, and you played your part well. Let a woman alone for frustrating the designs of those who seek to conquer them. Shall you attend the trial, Lady Harriet?

LADY MORD.—It would not be policy for me to do so, even if I wished. Privately from my counsel I have received positive orders to remain at home and await the finale. At the conclusion of the trial he tells me that secretly he will dispatch a messenger with the verdict. Oh, how I long to hear it! But I must have patience.

JANE LANG—It will soon be brought to a close, my Lady, and if a woman's instinct tells me right it will be in your favor. Of course they will summon me, and rest assured that what I have promised I will do.

LADY MORD.—Best of friends! [Takes her hands.] I think I will retire now, for I need rest. Come, Jane.

[They turn to door in Fiat, and exit. Lady M. first.]

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ACT II.—SCENE V.

*Same as SCENE III. Study of SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT. SIR CHARLES, SIR BUNSBY, SIR THOMAS and MRS. CADOGAN. The Three first seated around table. MRS. C. standing near. Morning.*

SIR THOMAS—Sir Charles, I informed Lady Moncrieffe of our wishes. In fact, she preferred that it should be so.

SIR C.—'T is better it should be so.



SIR B.—Far better, Sir Thomas; for there will be the less number to suffer the public testimony that will be given.

SIR CHAS.—Mrs. Cadogan, I have received notice that yourself and Jane Lang are to attend the court to-morrow. We will depart this afternoon by stage for London. Please to notify Miss Lang to be in readiness.

MRS. CADOGAN [Bows]—Your wishes shall be obeyed, Sir Charles.

[Exit M. D.]

SIR CHAS.—Sir Thomas, whatever the verdict may be in this case, which is about to be thrown broadcast to the world, rest assured that no estrangement of feeling will take place on my part. And as my friend Sir Bunsby will tell you, it has cost me even a bitter trial to summon courage to bring your name and that of Lady Moncrieffe before the bar of justice. But you know all that has taken place. The disgrace which my own wife has brought upon me of course enters your home as well as my own.

SIR THOMAS—You have done no more than your honor demands, Sir Charles; and I, even though her father, would be the last to censure you for the steps you have taken. If Lady Moncrieffe and myself had allowed our daughter to wed the man of her choice, this would in all probability have been saved us. But Lady Moncrieffe and myself will always look upon you only in the light of an honest, upright man.

SIR B.—Nobly spoken, Sir Thomas Moncrieffe. There are few fathers in this land would say as much.

SIR CHAS.—Except yourself, Barrington; that is—if you were a man of family.

SIR B.—Well, by not being a man of family, perhaps much trouble is also saved.

SIR THOMAS—If I thought such trouble was to befall you, Sir Bunsby, as has befallen me, I should always hope to see you remain single.

SIR CHAS. [Arising]—Well, gentlemen, we had better prepare for our departure. If you will accompany me to the dining hall, I hope to find a lunch spread for us. Mrs. Cadogan has been very attentive to my wants, and to those of Lady Harriet's, during her short stay here. Come, Sir Thomas, Sir Bunsby.

[They arise and exit through M. D.]

*Curtain falls. End of Act II.*

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*The London Divorce Court. London. As Curtain rises let Spectators converse in low tones, so as just to be audible to audience. Curtain well up. LORD PENZANCE rises and speaks to COURT CRIER.*

LORD PENZ.—Call the Court to order. [Then seats himself.

COURT CRIER—[Rises, raps three times with hammer on table]—The Court will come to order.

[Seats himself. Silence among spectators.

LORD PENZ.—[Rising and addressing Jury]—Gentlemen, we are assembled here to-day at this bar of justice in order to give a fair and impartial trial in the case before the Court—Mordaunt vs. Mordaunt, Johnstone and Cole. This suit, gentlemen, has been instituted by Sir Charles Mordaunt on the ground of his being most foully wronged. But, on the other hand, it is now contended that the admissions, if made, were done so when Lady Mordaunt was insane. In consequence of Lady Mordaunt's alleged madness, she has now pleaded to the petition, and the issue now submitted to you, gentlemen, was, whether she was sane or insane at the time and since the citation on the petition was served against her. [Seats himself.] The case will be opened by Dr. Deane, Queen's Counsel.

DR. DEANE—[Rising, turns to jury]—Gentlemen of the jury, the issue to be tried, as stated by the honorable judge, is, Was Lady Mordaunt on a certain day, and at the present time, of sound mind? In this court such a case has never occurred before; but in other courts such an issue has frequently arisen. The principle of such an inquiry was, that no man should be put upon his trial who was unable to defend himself, by what was called the visitation of God. On Saturday last she was seen by a gentleman whose reputation reaches far beyond the United Kingdom, and the testimony of that gentleman, and in fact of the medical witnesses throughout, would show that her ladyship showed great failure of memory, and inability to keep up anything like a sustained conversation. She had no power of suggesting a subject. Her powers of perception were slow and of such a nature as to prevent her answering any question with promptness. I will now proceed to call the first witness in this case.

COURT CRIER [Rises]—Jane Lang!

[Jane rises from her seat, proceeds to witness box. Court crier or clerk swears her:] You do solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you.

JANE L.—I do.

[Court crier sits down.

DR. DEANE [To Jane L.]—You were, and are still, in the service of Lady Mordaunt?

JANE L.—I am.

DR. DEANE—Will you state to the court what your opinion is as regards the insanity of Lady Mordaunt?

JANE—In May, 1869, I became lady's companion to Lady Mordaunt. During all the time I have been in close attendance upon her, and therefore had ample opportunities of judging as to her memory and habits.

DR. DEANE—What was and is your judgment?

JANE—Her memory was deficient—it was almost gone. She made efforts to remember, but could not. In taking her food she very often used her fingers; she would also tear her dress. When we were out she was in the habit of picking up dirty articles from the street. She was always excited after seeing strangers. When out in the carriage she would endeavor to throw herself from it. She told me that she had discovered a plot against her. At times she would throw herself about the room; and ate coal and cinders.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE—[rising]—Did Lady Mordaunt's mother visit her while you were in her service?

JANE—She did—twice.

SERGT. BALL.—Had Lady Moncrieffe told you of certain statements she made—when Lady Mordaunt mentioned certain names?

JANE—She did.

SERGT. BALL.—[turning to Dr. Deane]—I have no further questions to ask the witness.

DR. DEANE—[to Jane]—That will do; you can retire. Call [Jane curtsies and takes her seat] the next witness.

COURT CRIER—Alice Cadogan!

[Mrs. C. rises and takes her place in witness box. Is sworn by C. C.]

DR. DEANE [To witness]—You have, I believe, been in attendance on Lady Mordaunt?

MRS. CAD.—I have for four or five days.

DR. DEANE—Was it at Lady Mordaunt's request?

MRS. CAD.—Sir Charles, her husband, requested me to attend her.

DR. DEANE—State to the court what your opinion is in reference to Lady Mordaunt's condition of mind.

MRS. CAD.—From what I have seen, I should pronounce her insane.

DR. DEANE—State a circumstance.

MRS. CAD.—She would tear her hair, rave, and use not very decorous language; and threatened the servants in various ways.

DR. DEANE [To Serg't Ballantine]—Has my learned brother any questions to ask this witness?

SERG'T BALLANTINE [Rising]—None. [Seats himself.]

DR. DEANE [To witness]—That will do. Call the [Mrs. Cadogan retires] next witness.

COURT CRIER—George Burrows!

[Dr. Geo. Burrows takes place in witness box. Is sworn.]

DR. DEANE [To witness]—You are, I believe, the family physician of Sir Charles Mordaunt?

GEO. BURROWS—I have that honor.

DR. DEANE—In attendance upon Lady Mordaunt, were you or were you not satisfied as to her sanity?

GEO. BURROWS—I made it my special duty to examine carefully Lady Mordaunt's case, and am fully satisfied she is incurably insane;—and on which statement I will stake my reputation as a medical man. She is but a mere wreck in body and mind.

SERG'T BALL. [Rising]—I should like to ask the witness one question. Did Lady Mordaunt, at any time within the last five days, have any conversation with you in regard to herself?

GEO. BURROWS—She did not—at least not in a rational manner.

SERG'T BALL.—That is all I have to ask the witness.

[Seats himself.

DR. DEANE—The witness can retire. [Witness retires.] Call the next witness.

COURT CRIER—Sir Charles Mordaunt!

[Commotion among spectators. Sir Charles rises; appears downcast as he proceeds to witness box, and is sworn.]

DR. DEANE [To witness]—Have you ever heard Lady Mordaunt speak of any male friends?

SIR CHAS.—I have heard her speak of Capt. Farquhar, Lord Cole and Sir Frederick Johnstone, as friends of her own.

DR. DEANE—Had you any acquaintance with these gentlemen?

SIR CHAS.—I was well acquainted with Lord Cole and Sir Frederick, and slightly with Capt. Farquhar.

DR. DEANE—Were you acquainted with the Prince of Wales?

SIR CHAS.—I was; and I was also aware that the Prince of Wales was acquainted with my wife. But he never came to my house at my invitation. I warned my wife against continuing the acquaintance with His Royal Highness, for reasons which governed my own mind. I told her I had heard in various quarters certain circumstances connected with the Prince's character, which caused me to make that remark.

SERG'T BALL. [Rising]—Supposing the Prince of Wales visited your house during your absence in Parliament and elsewhere; were you aware of the fact?

SIR CHAS.—No; I knew from no source at that time of the frequent visits he paid.

SERG'T BALL.—I have no further questions to ask.

[Seats himself.

DR. DEANE—It is understood that you found letters in your wife's desk, written by the Prince. Are you willing, and can you produce those letters before the Court?

SIR CHAS.—I found a number of letters from the Prince, with some flowers and verses, in an envelope. They were all together, in a locked desk, in Lady Mordaunt's boudoir. The Prince's letters were in one envelope, with what may be termed a valentine; nothing else being in it. Here they are. [Takes them from his pocket.] The Court is welcome to hear them read; in fact, such was my intention before appearing here.

DR. DEANE [Advances and takes letters; returns to position]—  
If it please the Honorable Judge, I will proceed to read such of  
these letters as may be of most interest to the Court.

[Proceeds to get the letters ready.]

LORD PENZ.—Read them.

DR. DEANE [Opens letter]—Dated November 1st, at White's:—

*My Dear Lady Mordaunt:* Many thanks for your kind letter which  
I received this morning. I cannot tell you at this moment the exact  
height of the ponies in question, but I think they are just under  
fourteen hands; but as soon as I know for certain, I will let you  
know. It is quite an age since I have seen you. I hope soon to  
have the pleasure of meeting you.

Yours, most sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

[Lays down letter, and takes up another. Reads:]

SANDINGHAM, KING'S SYNN., Dec. 5.

*My Dear Lady Mordaunt:* Many thanks for your letter which I  
received this evening; and I am very glad to hear you like the  
ponies. I hope they will be well driven before you attempt to drive  
them, as I know they are fresh. I am very sorry to hear that you  
have been sick, but hope that you are now well again.

Ever yours, very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

[Lays down letter, and takes up another. Reads:]

SUNDAY, (No date.)

*My Dear Lady Mordaunt:* I cannot tell you how distressed I am  
to hear you have the measles, and that I shall, in consequence, not  
have the pleasure of seeing you. I have had the measles myself a  
long time ago, and I know what a tiresome complaint it is. I trust  
you will take care of yourself, and have a good doctor. Wishing  
you a speedy recovery, I am yours, most sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

DR. DEANE—[After reading the third letter, folds them all up  
together]—The letters I have just read seem to be the most impor-  
tant.

SIR CHARLES—There was also a handkerchief of the Princes'  
found loose in the desk. [Produces it; commotion among specta-  
tors.] After finding these articles I had no further communication  
with my wife but what I deemed absolutely necessary.

DR. DEANE—I have no further questions to ask; the witness may  
retire. [Sir C. retires.] I understand his Royal Highness has sig-  
nified his willingness to be questioned by this Court. If so, will he  
oblige me by taking the stand?

[The Prince rises with great dignity and takes place in witness  
box. Is sworn by Crier.]

LORD PENZANCE—Before Dr. Deane asks his Royal Highness any questions, it is my duty to point out to his Royal Highness his position under the act of Parliament passed last session. It provides that no witness in any proceeding, whether a party to the suit or not, shall be liable to be asked, or bound to answer, any question tending to criminate their honor. Now, from the course which the case has taken I think it right to point this out to his Royal Highness, and to tell him that he is not bound or required by law to submit to any interrogation on that subject.

PRINCE—I prefer to answer.

DR. DEANE—I believe your Royal Highness has for some time been acquainted with the Moncrieffe family?

PRINCE—I have.

DR. DEANE—Were you acquainted with Lady Mordaunt before her marriage?

PRINCE—I was.

DR. DEANE—On her marriage, did your Royal Highness write to her and make her some wedding presents?

PRINCE—I did.

DR. DEANE—Were you acquainted with Sir Charles Mordaunt?

PRINCE—I was.

DR. DEANE—I have heard that your Royal Highness often uses hansom cabs. Is it so?

PRINCE—It is so; very often.

DR. DEANE—I have only one more question to ask your Royal Highness. Has there ever been anything like familiarity on your part toward Lady Mordaunt?

PRINCE—[draws himself up haughtily]—There has not!

[Commotion among spectators, and applause, which is suppressed by Lord Penzance, who rises and in a loud tone:]  
“Silence!” [Spectators stop. Dr. Deane seats himself.]

SERG'T BALLANTINE—[rises]—I have no question to ask His Royal Highness. [Seats himself.]

[The Prince bows to Lord Penzance, and retires, amidst another attempt at applause, which, as before, is promptly suppressed by Lord Penzance.]

SERG'T BALLANTINE—[rises and addresses Jury]—Gentlemen, we have now arrived at the termination of a case which has been most truly described as an exceedingly painful one. There has been a distinguished medical gentleman who gave testimony to rebut the statements which Sir Charles Mordaunt had himself made. But why was not Lady Moncrieffe brought forward? This lady would have been the most important witness. One who knew her daughter's habits, and had a knowledge as how she had grown up from childhood; knowing, also, the whole of her peculiarities. Assuredly there was a reason why she was not brought forward, and the jury would weigh it well. Why was not Miss Blanche Moncrieffe called?—a sister who knew as much of the state of Lady Mordaunt's mind, probably, as her mother. I will tell you why: The sort of

cross-examination she would have suffered at my hands was doubtless anticipated. And why was not Lord Cole called? Did it not show that his learned friend, Dr. Deane, was afraid to do so? The jury will draw their own conclusions from this defect and put it together with the others I have pointed out. I can picture the old house in the country, where so much happiness had at one time existed; and what is it now? Sir Charles Mordaunt has gone through a bitter time of it. He has been slandered, and most foully wronged. I trust, gentlemen, you will be guided by your own honest hearts in the verdict you will be called upon to give, and come to a true and impartial decision. [Seats himself,

DR. DEANE—[rising and addressing jury]—Gentlemen, you have just heard the argument of my learned friend, and undoubtedly will weigh well his words. But, gentlemen, the testimony of the witnesses who have given their opinion as to Lady Mordaunt's insanity will no doubt be received by you as a fair criterion, as if ten thousand Lady M'oucrieffes or sisters had been called upon to testify. Mrs. Cadogan is well known to you as a lady of the greatest respectability, and her judgment can be taken, as well as the best which could be procured, and it would be absurd, gentlemen, to break or try to break down the testimony of the family physician of Sir Charles Mordaunt. Had Sir Charles treated Lady Mordaunt as a sane person, would a sane woman, brought up as Lady Mordaunt had been, behaved in the manner which has been testified to in this Court? Lady Mordaunt, if she were not insane, might have been elected to have been put into the witness box, and she might then have brought a number of charges against her husband, and many excuses could have been possibly given, if her conduct throughout had been as was represented. Gentlemen, you should not, in endeavoring to free the husband, forget, also, the high position of Lady Mordaunt's family. It is as high in the social scale as that of her husband. If you forget this you inflict an irreparable injury upon the wife; and, gentlemen, I trust that you will most solemnly consider your verdict before arriving at a conclusion. [Seats himself.

LORD PENZANCE—[rising]—The questions to be left to the jury are whether Lady Mordaunt was able to instruct a solicitor, and secondly, whether Lady Mordaunt, admitting that she is insane now, at what time did she cease to be incapable to give instructions for her defense. I trust, before you come to a decision, you will give it the same consideration and deliberation that you appear to have done throughout this protracted case; and I have no doubt that you will arrive at a just conclusion. There are people who lament that such a case should come into court, and there are others who gloat with satisfaction at anything which may cause a sensation. There is not a day passes which does not furnish some case of immorality, but surely those who stand in high places should not be exempted from publicity more than others. With reference to the Prince of Wales, there was no doubt that Lady Mordaunt was ambitious to correspond with so august a person. The letters that had been written by the Prince were read to the Court, and there was certainly not much in

them, and this matter had better be set aside. The real question in the case was as to the insanity or not of Lady Mordaunt. Gentlemen you will now retire, and return with your verdict.

[Jury look toward each other; apparently speak to each other.]

FOREMAN—[rising]—My Lord, we have already decided in the case, and find the defendant, Lady Mordaunt, insane.

LORD PENZANCE—The jury have returned their verdict and find the defendant, Lady Mordaunt, to be insane. Therefore, Sir Charles Mordaunt, it is not in the power of this Court to grant you a divorce. Whatever your own feelings may be in this matter, rest assured I fully sympathize with you in your bereavement. The proceedings of this case are hereby closed, and the court will now adjourn.

[Spectators move off as scene closes.]

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ACT III.—SCENE II.

*Street in London. Enter SIR C. and SIR B. from L., arm in arm. They stop at Center. SIR CHARLES looks disconsolate and despondent.*

SIR B.—Come, Mordaunt, don't be downcast! 'Tis hard, I know, to bear this great misfortune, but those who know you respect and honor your manliness.

SIR C.—'Tis well, Barrington, to say be manly. And this is justice in an English Court! In order to exculpate his Royal Highness they refuse to grant me a divorce, and I, who have suffered such pangs of dishonor and humiliation, must remain legally bound to that guilty woman. I see it all; I see it all: So that that the next King of England may not be aspersed, I, Sir Charles Mordaunt, must live and suffer. [Bows head in hand.]

SIR B.—[laying hand on Sir C.'s shoulder]—The world, dear Mordaunt, judges the same as you—but only inwardly. He who is disliked the most is often sought and fawned upon—that is, if he has but power. But come, Mordaunt, let us return home. [Sir B. prepares to move.] A good night's rest after this excitement will benefit you much.

[Sir C. moves off with him as exit, R.]

SIR C.—Home!—a sweet word, Barrington, but now a bitter one to me!

[As Sir C. and Sir B. exit voices heard within, R. Sir Frederick and Lord Cole.] Ha, ha, ha! capital! [enter arm in arm, R.] capital! [Stop Center.]

SIR FRED.—I say, Vincent, poor Mordaunt looked as disconsolate as a goose shedding her feathers!

LORD COLE—Yes, I guess the poor devil little thought the case would go against him so easily. Bye the bye, don't you think his Royal Highness carried himself well?



SIR FRED.—Oh, leave him alone for that!—he knows well enough how to play his cards!

LORD COLE—Egad! it's a lucky job for us we were not called upon; eh, Johnstone? [Pokes him.]

SIR FRED.—Decidedly so—especially in your case. If the loving epistles you penned from time to time had been read before Penzance, it would probably have put the matter in a different light. But Lady Harriet has escaped, so I do not care much, after all.

LORD COLE—My sentiments, precisely. I suppose Mordaunt will blow his brains out, or hang himself. I thought at one time I should be the recipient of a challenge from him, but I guess he has altered his mind.

SIR FRED.—I should not be at all surprised if his friend Bunsby brought us a piece of pasteboard before many days have passed. His ideas of wounded honor run very much in the same vein as Mordaunt's.

LORD COLE—Well, well, if he does we will have to act as targets, for it won't do to show the white feather—though Mordaunt is a dead shot.

SIR FRED.—Perhaps, Cole, it would not come amiss if we gave part of our attention to pistol practice. But come, [takes Lord C's arm] Vincent, I am as hungry as a bear after sitting in that court room. Let us be moving. [They move off.]

LORD COLE—I'm with you—it has given me an appetite also.

[Exit, L.]

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### ACT III.—SCENE III.

*Room in SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT'S house. LADY MONCRIEFFE discovered at table, handkerchief to face, in sorrowful reflection, apparently.*

[Enter Lady Mordaunt, who stands near entrance M. D., looks at Lady Mon., then steps back and looks off to Right, as if looking for messenger.]

LADY MORDAUNT—Will he never come? Oh, this agonizing suspense! It is terrible, terrible! [Advances toward Lady Mon.] Would that I could summon courage to tell my mother. I feel in my heart that she, above all others, has suffered the most! [Starts forward] Mother! [Lady Moncrieffe turns suddenly and looks wonderingly at Lady Mordaunt. Lady Mordaunt throws herself before her mother.] Mother, can you forgive your daughter?

LADY MON.—[Rising; also, Lady Mordaunt from her knees.] Harriet, daughter, what means this? Do you know your mother? Oh, Heaven! I thank thee if she does!

LADY MORDAUNT—Know you, mother! I have always known you, and if alone I had met you on your arrival here, I would have then confessed all, but the terrible part I had assumed I did not dare betray before my father—it would have frustrated my designs, and then all would have been lost.

LADY MON.—I do not understand you, Harriet.

LADY MORDAUNT—Listen, mother, and you will understand: Some time before Sir Charles had notified me that it was his intention to petition for a divorce, my conduct at times had been somewhat strange. Why it was so I know not, but nevertheless, among those who knew me best, I was pronounced insane—though my mind then was as clear as it is now. When alone in Sir Charles' presence I did not feign insanity, for I knew full well that he was aware my mind was not affected. But before all others, and even you, my mother, I carried out my role as an insane woman. My purpose for this was to defeat the case against me in court. Even my family physician was in my confidence, and promised his testimony in my favor. If I am freed from this, believe me, mother, I will never sin again. [Bows head in hands.]

LADY MON.—[Laying hand on Lady Mordaunt's shoulder, and drawing her toward her]—Harriet, though you have committed this great wrong, I cannot forget that I am your mother, and I forgive you.

[MESSENGER appears at M. D., hat in left hand, a letter in right,] A letter for Lady Mordaunt. [When she takes it he goes off.]

LADY MORDAUNT—[Springs forward, snatches it from him hurriedly, and tremblingly opens it, glances quickly at writing, drops letter and rushes back to Lady Moncrieffe.]—Saved! mother, saved! [Drops on her knees before Lady Moncrieffe, who places her hand on Lady Mordaunt's head, looks upward.]

LADY MON.—Oh, Harriet, be thankful for this! and remember you have a mother who will watch and pray for your good resolution.

LADY MORDAUNT—Mother, I will!

[Curtain falls. End of Play.]



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