

*(Lord Chancellor falls exhausted on a seat.)*
*(Lords Mountarurat and Tolloller come forward.)*

Ld. Mount.: I am much distressed to see your Lordship in this condition.

Ld. Chan.: Ah, my Lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

Ld. Toll.: *(without enthusiasm)* Yes. It's an enviable position when you're the only one.

Ld. Mount.: Oh, yes—no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His Lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a Court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the Court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

Ld. Chan.: I feel the force of your remarks, but I am here in two capacities, and they clash, my Lord, they clash! I deeply grieve to say that in declining to entertain my last application to myself, I presumed to address myself in terms which render it impossible for me ever to apply to myself again. It was a most painful scene, my Lord, most painful!

Ld. Toll.: This is what it is to have two capacities! Let us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever.

Ld. Mount.: Come, come. Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

Ld. Chan.: Do you really think so?

Ld. Mount.: I do.

Ld. Chan.: Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.