

**THE LIGHT SOVEREIGN;  
A FARCICAL COMEDY  
IN THREE ACTS**

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The light sovereign; A Farcical Comedy in three acts by Henry Harland & Hubert Crackanthorpe

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**HENRY HARLAND & HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE**

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A FARCICAL COMEDY  
IN THREE ACTS**



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*The Light Sovereign*

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A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

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*By*  
Henry Harland  
&  
Hubert Crackanthorpe



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## Characters

### FERDINAND XVIII.

*Grand Duke of Norenfels ; aged eighty-six ; appears only in Act I.*

### MAXIMILIAN.

*His eldest and only surviving son ; heir-apparent ; aged about sixty ; married, but has no children ; appears only in Act I.*

### PHILIBERT.

*(Leading part.) Son of Ferdinand's second son, who is dead, therefore heir in second degree ; succeeds to throne in Act II ; aged about twenty-six.*

### LUDWIG.

*Son of Ferdinand's third son, who is also dead ; next heir to Philibert ; aged about twenty-five ; appears only in Act I.*

### BARON VON SOLLENSTIEGEL.

*Chancellor of the Duchy ; aged about sixty.*

VON REGENSCHIRM . . . . . Lord Chamberlain

VON BLÜCK . . . . . Field-Marshal

### PRINCE OF SAXE-HOHEBURG-SCHLANGEWURTZ.

*Father to Princess Wilhelmina ; appears only in Act I.*

### MONTCOMERY TABB.

*An English newspaper correspondent.*

POPOFF . . . . . A Mine-layer.

BODLEY HEAD . . . . . An English Poet.

### ISIDOR.

*Philibert's valet ; appears only in Act I.*

### A FOOTMAN.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER; *appears only in Act III.*

ADOLPHE.

VICTOR.

*French students; appear only in Act II.*

DUCHESS FERDINAND.

DUCHESS MAXIMILIAN.

PRINCESS WILHELMINA.

ZIZETTE.

GERMAINE.

FIFINE.

*Court ladies; Bridesmaids; Courtiers; Servants;  
Waiters; Soldiers; Mob.*

ACT I.—*Ante-chamber of Grand Ducal Palace at  
Norenfels.*

ACT II.—*Private room of Latin Quarter restaurant,  
Paris.*

ACT III.—*Philibert's private sitting-room in the Grand  
Ducal Palace at Norenfels.*



# “The Light Sovereign”

## Act I

*An ante-chamber in the Grand Ducal Palace at Norenfels.*

PHILIBERT; *morning costume, eyeglass.* A FOOTMAN.

PHIL. That will do.

FOOT. (*bowing low*) Thank you, your Highness.

PHIL. Mind you remember all I've told you.

FOOT. I quite understand, your Highness.

PHIL. You may go now.

FOOT. Your Highness's orders shall be carried out.

(PHIL., *with a yawn, throws himself at full length upon a sofa at bottom of stage, in which he is half concealed.* FOOTMAN *backs away towards door at left. Pauses, before exit.*)

FOOT. Poor young gentleman! Poor Prince Philibert!

He don't seem over and above cheerful for a young man on the morning of his wedding-day, he don't. And him the heir to an independent Grand Dukedom too! Seems to have considerable of a hump. Ah, well, princes is made of flesh and blood, like the rest of us; and I dunno as I'd feel particular light-hearted myself if I was agoing to marry the Princess Wilhelmina.

PHIL. (*calling languidly*) Stodgers!

FOOT. Yes, your Highness.

PHIL. Are you still there?

FOOT. I am, your Highness.

PHIL. For goodness' sake, what are you waiting for?

FOOT. I was agoing over your Highness's orders, sir, to make sure of remembering them all, your Highness.

PHIL. Well, just kindly go and continue that intellectual exercise somewhere else. You disturb my meditations.

FOOT. Yes, your Highness. (*Exit left, repeating*) Poor Prince Philibert!

(*Enter TABB from right; frock-coat, top-hat on back of head, walking-stick; brilliantly new gloves. Walks briskly in, looking round, evidently searching for someone. Does not see PHILIBERT.*)

TABB. By Jove, where can the man be? (*Pulls out watch*) Another half-hour gone. Infernal nuisance. Send one wandering alone about this great barracks of a palace. Nobody to show you the way. No system, no order, no proper arrangements for the accommodation of the Press. Suppose I ring a bell? (*As he turns towards bell handle, he sees PHILIBERT, who slowly rises*) Hello! what's this? I wonder . . . (*Takes off hat, and approaches*) I beg your pardon, are you Baron von Sollenstiegel?

PHIL. (*pausing before answering, looking TABB up and down lazily, then dropping eyeglass, drawling plaintively*) My dear good man, now really! What is there in my appearance to warrant such a suspicion?

TABB. (*staring for a moment, perplexed; then aside*) Foiled again! I'm beginning to doubt whether

the Chancellor exists at all. (*Aloud*) Can you tell me where I'm likely to find him?

PHIL. (*with languid astonishment*) You can't really expect me to believe that you want to find Sollenstiegel?

TABB. (*excitedly*) Want to find him! I've been hunting for him this hour past. I'd give a five-pound note to find him. But nobody seems to know where he is. Everybody says, Not here—probably upstairs, downstairs, in the next room. They drive one from pillar to post. Beastly bore.

PHIL. Yes, he *is* a beastly bore. That's a very felicitous description. And the difficulty generally is not to find him but to keep out of his way. You don't *look* morbid; yet you really do want to find Sollenstiegel. Your voice has the ring of sincerity, your manner carries conviction. Tell me what has awakened such an abnormal craving?

TABB. (*staring again, aside*) H'm! Court fool, manifestly. (*Aloud*) The fact is, I am special Foreign Commissioner for the "London Bugle." I want to interview Baron von Sollenstiegel about this wedding. (*Produces visiting card, and hands it to PHIL.*) Allow me—my card.

PHIL. Thank you, I'm sorry—I haven't got any of my cards with me; otherwise I'd return the compliment. (*Reading out*) "Mr. Montgomery Tabb, 46 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris." Oh, do you live in Paris?