

*Guibert.* Paugh ! Confess ; the off-spring of some piratical crew !

*Felix.* Perchance, your grace, like St. Augustine, was worldly before you took the tonsure ? (*Consternation*).

*Harold.* Beware ! Hawks soar high, but the huntsman's shaft sometimes reaches them !

*Felix.* So, in a kind of Greeco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, they dubbed me Felix, after the lay brother, who kindly succored, and Cosmos because—well, because, I suppose, it meant everything in nothing.

*Guibert.* Much credit you reflect upon their teaching !

*Felix.* At least commend that I put not on a cassock—

*Guibert.* Bah !

*Felix.* To hide hypocrisy—

*Harold.* Phew !

*Felix.* Nor, knotted sineture, lest an opening disclose the skeleton it hid.

*Harold.* Fangs and talons ! How they tear ?

*Guibert.* I. solence ! Impertinence ! Your conduct's unbecoming ! Your language insulting !

*Felix.* When possible, I use the vernacular of those I address.

*Guibert.* You justify suicide ?

*Felix.* For those who banish God as a Roman Senate de-throned its Jove.

*Guibert.* Blasphemy !

*Conrad.* Swash of a Buckler ! Sentiments of a—— !

*Felix.* Christian gentleman.

*Guibert.* Is it not true that at table you show the feather ?

*Felix.* To gamblers ! Harpys who snare their prey with bird lime of deceit ; deify thievery and call it honor ; knaves who batten on misfortune and gloat at its despair !

*Godfrey.* Heavens ! Is that why you declined—

*Felix.* I play for amusement ; and, the study of character. In your case it is unnecessary ; who runs may read.

*Godfrey.* Fiend of Hell ! For those words you shall tender satisfaction !

*Felix.* Declined ; with thanks.

*Conrad.* The same flippant reply you made my demand— !

*Felix.* I had no desire, my dear Margrave, to assume the responsibility of the support of your widow and orphans.

*Guibert.* The coward's solace ! Antidote for the stinging jeers of derision !

*Felix.* I would not estimate your grace's knowledge of theology by your understanding of humanity. There were no jeers, no mocking levity. Men know a token at its value. There is as much difference between confidence and cowardice as there is in the rings of a genuine and spurious coin.