

spirers of noble deeds. The reality a shock ! Jealous re-  
crimination, stinging venom, artificial heroics for idle days.

*Felix.* Phew ! A choice addition to philosophic rums !

*Mary.* Charlemagne's sword is sheathed and venerated as  
a relic ; Otho's deeds remembered only by those able to read  
and fortunate enough to possess a manuscript ; the ancient  
glory of Franconia lies in an attic of oblivion within a casket  
of dust.

*Felix.* Romance flees the contagion that kills ideals.  
When a gleam in lady's eyes prompts not courage, when un-  
protected innocence appeals in vain to knightly honor, when  
chivalry has no ear for orphan's wail ; then, you must look  
for heroism in a china shop and seek poetry in the prattle of  
a Turkish bazaar.

*Mary.* I'll not believe it ever dies ! You may change the  
scene, situation and actors, but the play goes on.

*Felix.* In a modified form. Conviction, Love, Justice, are  
eternal truths. The fortitude of poverty has no historian ;  
the courage of the lowly no herald.

*Mary.* If, lawful worshippers desert its temple, the  
humble take their place, eulogic hymns of praise, and keep the  
red light burning before the tabernacle !

*Felix.* All of which leads to—— ?

*Mary.* The Queen !

*Felix.* Has she heard ?

*Mary.* Yes ; and in her great love for Henry pities him.  
But were the swords that should have shielded her from  
wrong, tyranny, desertion ?

*Felix.* Rusting in their scabbards. Her cause invoked not  
arms ; it sought and found the shelter of a great Mother's  
breast.

*Mary.* Clotel rages, defies, curses, weeps and swears she'll  
die of a broken heart.

*Felix.* Wives may die of that complaint ; for, they are  
chained to galley benches ; favorites, never ! Social pirates  
who scuttle the ship when it is looted.

*Mary.* Her Majesty is too good for her husband ; too  
saintly for a court, and too tolerant with that hussy. Oh ;  
I'd tear out her eyes !

*Felix.* And mar her beauty ? Will you talk in the garden,  
mistress—

*Mary.* Mary ! What a name to associate with Bertha's,  
Ethelind's, Mildred's, Veronica's and Alberta's ?

*Felix.* (*Leading her to D. R. 2.*) The most euphonious of  
names. The ideal name of the ideal of womanhood. (*Stops  
at door and looks at her.*) So ; they said I was a woman  
hater ? Mary, there is one woman that I could love. Come,  
and I will tell you of her. (*Exeunt D. R. 2.*)