

LESLIE And, if the Governor refuse compliance,
As he is like to do?

PHIPPS Then tell him this:
I open fire at once, and that, methinks,
In short and sweet, as Walley, here would say.

WALLEY Nay, I protest, that jest is out of date ;
Besides, I meant it not—it was unseemly
In one of my profession, as an elder
In Barnstable.

SHORT

A pillar of the church,
I doubt not, Walley (*wisde to Phips*)
Neither short nor sweet,
Judged by his rig, and by his figure-head.
How think you, Phips?

PHIPS Why, very much as you.
Pray you, Sir Ludovic, to get you gone,
And to return as soon as may be.

LESLIE Sir,
I will be back as soon as possible.
(*Boutsuwin pipes, Leslie climbs over side.*)

PHIPS Think you that Frontenac will yield the city?

SHORT I doubt it much ; Port Royal, it is true,
Gave us no serious task—but this Quebec
Is a much harder nut for us to crack ;
Besides, we have no force of men or guns—
The King commands ;

PHIPS Aye, that is very well
For Kings in England, or for ministers
A thousand leagues away; but we, out here,
Know more of our concerns than they can do.

SHORT (*stiffly*)
Methinks your Honor's words do smack of treason.
The mother land is still—the mother land,
And should have sway and rule o'er all her children.

PHIPS The mother land is—not our mother land.

SHORT It was your father's, and their fathers', too.

PHIPS Well, let us say it is our mother land,
What then? The sons and daughters of the house