

The Iroquois—my father's enemies
Across the border; that my father sought
Vengeance on all of them.

FRONT.

Now, Saint Laurent,
For that sign manual of Sienr Leslie here.

ST. LAUR. What need of lies? The Indian speaks the truth.
'Twas I who warned them at Schenectady,
And De Sorel is wholly innocent.

FRONT. Who set thee on?

ST. LAUR. Nay, that I will not tell;
What I have done, I answer for, nor seek
To throw the blame on others.

FRONT. (to Orderly) Take him forth;
Guard him as you shall answer it.
Send him a Confessor.

ST. LAUR. I thank you, kindly,
For this excessive courtesy—but, as I lived,
So I propose to die.

FRONT. (to Orderly) At sunrise, then,
See that you have him shot.

ST. LAUR. (waving his hand) I take my leave,
Once and for all—until we meet again.

EA. HAWK (springs forward) (Starts towards door)
Wah! spotted mongrel, neither French nor Yankee,
A warrior spits on thee!

ST. LAUR. (stabs him) And thus I answer thee!
(As Eagle falls, he tomahawks St. Laurent; both die at
same moment.)

BISHOP (crossing himself)
Now, God have mercy on their sinful souls.

FRONT. I greatly fear your Grace's prayer is vain,
And, yet, who knows? Methinks the greater villain
Strove, as he died, to cross himself; the other
Died, as he lived, a savage. Yet, their vengeance,
One on the other, if 'twere somewhat ghastly,
Can scarce be called unjust.