

- LESLIE (*log.*) I crave your Honor's pardon, you forbade me
To quarrel in your presence, I have done so
Beyond it, in the passage, to some purpose;
Methinks our *prisoner* requires a surgeon's aid.
- PHIPS Then, hy High God! the Count of Frontenac
Shall furnish him with one, or with a dose
Of tempered steel, shall cure him once for all.
- SHORT A hempen collar would become him better;
Trust him to me, and my yard arm shall carry
A fitting ensign, when we take Quebec.
- PHIPS It may not be, but I shall send him back
To take my compliments to Frontenac,
And to announce our coming. Courtesy
Is not a gift of mine, but I can learn,
Old as I am—What say you, Captain Short?
- SHORT Short, an it please you.
- WALLEY " Short and sweet, methinks,
Craving your pardon for an ill-timed jest.
- SHORT No jest, I swear, was ever better timed.
The air is sweeter for that little squall,
And we are sweeter tempered, all of us.
What says your Honor?
- PHIPS Honor—call me Phips,
And we shall travel faster.
- WALLEY So you send him
Back to his master?
- PHIPS Send him to the devil
And he would get there sooner. Let us see—
(*Looks at notes*)
First to Port Royal—after to Quebec—
Was that the plan we came to?
- SHORT Even so,
We sail to-morrow morning, do we not?
- PHIPS Aye, not to let our messenger outstrip us
Too long a space.
Well, gentlemen, I think
That will complete our business. May the Lord
Confound the French, and save our good King
William.