

"Is Your Excellency aware that the *coureurs-de-bois* are restless?"

"What about? They do not dare to question my authority?" asked Frontenac, angrily.

"No, Your Excellency."

"Then what?"

"They do not speak—so far, at least—of rebellion, merely demurring to your Excellency's punishment of Marcelle."

"I have not punished her."

"It will be a severe punishment to her, they say, if the Indian be sacrificed."

"Shall he who robbed Beauharnais of a wife, one of my plans, and the Church of a soul, go unpunished?"

"Of course, they care nothing for the Church."

"But the Bishop?"

"They think him an old woman."

"Do they? They are not so far astray in that; but I will not be threatened. Did you see Dilbot?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"What did he say?"

"He said that it was hard, when the *coureurs* had done so much for you, that you would not deal more gently with their queen."

"Fudge!"

"But they mean it."

"What care they?"

"It matters much to them, Your Excellency, and Dilbot says that the English may come, but they will never hinder them again from taking what they please of Quebec."