

SHORT

And I repeat
My name and style are rightly—Captain Short,
Of the King's Navy.

PHIPS

Be you what you may,
Here you are Short.

SHORT (*turns to go*)

Then here I do not stay
Till you shall learn to treat me as is fit.

PHIPS (*in a fury*) You stay not; said you?
By the Lord you shall!

(*Strikes at him with his cane—Walley and Leslie
separate them.*)

WALLEY

Good gentlemen, I pray you, gentlemen,
I pray you cease from this unseemly strife,
How shall our foes——

(*Sees St. Laurent smiling*)

Now, God confound that Frenchman!
That he should see us thus; mine old friend Phips,
My new friend *Captain* Short, shake hands, I pray
And understand each other, as ye should.

SHORT

Sir William, I crave pardon.

PHIPS

Captain Short
I crave the like of you—my hand on it,
I meant not to offend you.

SHORT

There is mine
And my good will with it: so now to business.
(*Aside*) What would this Frenchman, traitor, spy, or
prisoner?

PHIPS (*aside*)

He was brought in, by certain savages,
But whether spy or prisoner, I know not.

(*Aloud*)

Good Monseer St. Laurent, I crave your pardon
But I have urgent business of the State
And cannot hear you now—another time.

ST. LAUR.

I am your Honor's most obedient servant.

(*Aside*)

Thick-headed fool, who would not take the chance
I had to offer.

LESLIE (*aside*)

Fool, I think you said?
That, Messire, you shall answer straight to me

(*Exeunt:*

clash of swords heard outside; heavy fall.) Re-enter