

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. Fall in ! Fall in !
Here come the British troops—the Fort's surrendered !

Enter GENERAL BROCK and Forces, with Colors flying and military music. The American soldiers sullenly ground arms, and march out of the Fort.

BROCK. This is a happy end ! you, Nichol, make—
With Proctor—rough lists of our spoils of war,
Then join with us in grateful prayers to heaven.

[Exeunt NICHOL and PROCTOR.]

Enter TECUMSEH and STAYETA (the latter wearing BROCK's sash) with other Chiefs and Warriors, and LEFROY.

TECUMSEH. My valiant brother is the rising sun—
Our foes the night, which disappears before him !
Our people thank him, and their hearts are his !

BROCK. Why, here is misdirection ! For their thanks—
They fall to you, Tecumseh, more than me !
And, lest what lies in justice should too long
Stand in expectancy—'till thanks seem cold—
Take mine, Tecumseh ! for your services
Have won, with us, the honours of the day,
And you shall share its spoils.

TECUMSEH. Freedom I prize,
And my poor people's welfare more than spoils !
No longer will they wander in the dark ;
The path is open, and the sky is clear.
We thank you for it all !

BROCK. Nay, then, our thanks
We'll interchange—take mine, as I take thine !
But how is this ? Is friendship's gift unused ?
Where is my brother's sash ?—

TECUMSEH. That gift I deemed
Conferred on me as on a warrior,
And, when I saw a worthier than myself,
I could not wear it. 'Tis Stayeta's now—
He keeps it 'till he finds a worthier still.