

Be steady ! Now upon your country turn
Your multiplying thoughts and strike for her !
Strike for your distant and inviolate homes,
Perfumed with holy prayer at this hour !
Strike ! with your fathers' virtue in your veins
You must prevail—on, on, to the attack !

[BROCK and forces advance towards the Fort. A heavy
cannonading from the British batteries.

Re-enter NICHOL hastily.

NICHOL. Stay, General ! I saw a flag of truce
Cross from the Fort to the Canadian shore.

BROCK. Halt ! There's another from yon bastion flung ;
And, see ! another waves adown the road—
Borne by an officer—what think you, Nichol ?

NICHOL. Your threats are conquerors ! The Fort is ours !

GLEGG. Yes, look ! the gunners have been all withdrawn
Who manned the cannon at yon western gate.

PROCTOR. So many men to yield without a blow !
Why, this is wonderful ! It cannot be !

BROCK. Say, rather, should not be, and yet it is !
'Tis plainly written in this captain's face.

Officer with flag of truce approaches.

OFFICER. This letter from our General contains
Proposals to capitulate—pray send
An officer to ratify the terms.

GENERAL BROCK *reads letter.*

BROCK. You have a wise and politic commander !

OFFICER. Our General, knowing your superior force—

NICHOL. (*Aside.*) O this is good ! 'tis barely half his
own !

OFFICER. And noting your demand of yesterday
With clearer judgment, doth accede to it,
To bar effusion of much precious blood
By reasonable treaty of surrender.

BROCK. Why, this is excellent, and rare discretion !