

BROCK. Noble Tecumseh ! thou art still the best !  
 Men envy their own merit in another—  
 Grudging e'en what's superfluous to themselves—  
 But thou—great valour's integer, wouldst share  
 Its very recompense with all the world !  
 Here are my pistols—take them from a friend—  
 Nay—take them ! Would I had a richer gift  
 To mark my heart's approval of your worth !

*Re-enter GENERAL HULL.*

HULL. You ask not for my sword—but here it is !  
 I wielded it in honour in my youth,  
 And now to yield it, tarnished, in old age,  
 Vexes me to the soul.

BROCK. Then keep it, sir !

HULL. Trenton and Saratoga speak for me ! (*Aside.*)  
 I little thought that I should have to knead  
 In my gray years, this lumpy world again.  
 But, when my locks were brown, my heart aflame  
 For liberty, believe me, sir, this sword  
 Did much to baffle your imperious King !

BROCK. That stands not in dispute, so keep the sword !  
 'Tis strange that those who fought for liberty,  
 Should seek to wrench it from their fellow men.  
 Impute not guilty war to Kings alone,  
 Since 'tis the pastime of Republics, too !  
 Your's has its dreams of glory, conquest, spoil—  
 Else should we not be here. But, General,  
 Wilt dine with us ? We shall discuss this matter !

HULL. Nay, let me to my house ; I cannot eat.

BROCK. Sir, as you will—but prithee, be prepared !  
 I sail in six days for Niagara,  
 And you for Montreal.

HULL.

Till then, adieu !

[*Exit GENERAL HULL.*]

TECUMSEH. Why should my brother leave Detroit so  
 soon ?