

to keep my fingers warm. When do you make the assault?"

"To-morrow morning at five o'clock."

"To-morrow morning—better still! To-morrow noon then we dine in Quebec; I am told the burghers keep good wines. Have you matured your plan of attack?"

"Fully. I have——"

At this moment a second officer was announced, by the name and title of captain Cheesman. His air and appearance were those of a country gentleman, who had laid aside his hunting-whip to grasp the sword; his eyes evinced coolness and decision to be the prominent attributes of his character. As he entered, he saluted the gentlemen in a bluff hearty tone, and with a familiar nod, while a smile of good humour, which seemed to be quite at home on his well-shaped lips, at once prepossessed the beholder in his favour. This gentleman heard with pleasure the plan of the proposed assault, and assented to its expediency.—"But what says colonel Arnold?" he asked.