

"Be seated, captain," said the general, rising and courteously bowing. "I have called you from your arduous duties in the field to ask your advice respecting a plan I have in contemplation for bringing this dull siege to a close. What say you to risking an assault?"

"An assault, general Montgomery?" repeated the officer, his clear eyes dilating with pleasure, and rising and speaking with enthusiasm; "is such indeed your intention?"

"It is, even if I can get no more than a score of brave men to follow me," replied the chief, firmly.

"One of them shall be M'Pherson."

"I knew it, captain; I felt sure of you. If all my officers carried your ready spirit in their hands, our success would be certain. I was confident that my proposition would meet your views."

"Exactly, general. I am tired thrashing my arms against my ribs to keep the blood in circulation; I would much prefer exercising them on the enemy, who have a legitimate title