

Preceded by his prisoner, Burton advanced to the camp, and there delivering him to the guard, with orders to conduct him immediately to the quarters of general Montgomery, he sought his own quarters.

About eight o'clock the same evening, the commander-in-chief was seated alone in his tent before a rude table, covered with letters, maps, and a plan of the fortifications of Quebec, the last of which he was inspecting with great attention. A single candle cast a dim light through the tent, which contained, besides the table, several camp-stools, and half a dozen buffalo hides thrown loosely on the ground to protect the feet from the snow. He had just laid aside his mathematical instruments, and with his forehead resting upon his hand, given himself up to deep thought, when his servant, lifting the curtain, announced captain M'Pherson, who immediately entered. This officer was a tall gentlemanly-looking man, with a fine military air, a calm fearless eye, of the most transparent blue, a Saxon complexion, and a frank and extremely pleasing mode of address.