

M'D.—“What do you mean? What *way* do you want to fight?”

Indian.—“The way that all red warriors fight. Let us take our guns, and retire to yonder wood; place yourself behind one tree, and I will take my stand behind another, and then we shall see who will shoot the other first!”

M'D.—“You are afraid, and you're a coward.”

Indian.—“I am not afraid; and you're a fool.”

M'D.—“Come then, d—n my eyes if I care. Here's at you your own way.” And he was about proceeding to the wood, when we interfered, had the combatants disarmed, and after much entreaty induced our brave Gael to return to the fort.

The quarrel originated in a gambling transaction, in which M'Donald imagined he had been cheated, and under that impression struck the chief and called him a rogue. The latter told him he took advantage of his size and strength, and that he would not meet him on equal terms with his gun. This imputation roused all his ire. He instantly darted into the field with his fowling-piece, followed by the chief, when by our arrival we prevented an encounter which, in all probability, would have proved fatal to our friend.