

tonishment of the staring Canadians, who, no doubt, conceived them to be *des gros messieurs*; I observed the hopeful trio in deep consultation at one end of the room, in the course of which I heard, "kicking up a row," "damned good fun," "three to two," and so forth, repeatedly mentioned, the meaning of which phrases I was at a loss to devise, till one of them strutting up to one of the Canadians, exclaimed, with an ironical emphasis, "*bon jour, das blanc**;" the man smiled on receiving the salutation, (whether in contempt, or good nature, I can not pretend to determine,) and took no farther notice; but my gentleman, wishing to bring matters to a quicker bearing, turned to the other, and, *sans ceremonie*, pulled his *bonnet rouge* off, and slapped it across his face; but he, being of a more sanguine temperament than his companion, instantly revenged the insult, by a blow in the offender's stomach that laid him sprawling on his back.—The third of these lads of mettle, coming to the assistance of his comrade, was caught by the lusty peasant, and pinned against the wall, with such a gentle pressure on his throat, that, had I not interfered, would probably soon have done his business, as the saying is. The projector of the frolic, who had remained passive during this skirmish, seeing how matters turned out, and doubtless thinking with the poet that he

———"who runs away

May live to fight another day."

took French leave with very little ceremony, leaving his companions to get off the best way they could; so true is it that those who are most forward in giving offence, when they think they can do so with impunity, are the greatest cowards in the end.

* A term of derision amongst the Canadians.