

man approaching his own altitude presumed to encroach too far on his good nature, a lowering look and distended nostrils warned the intruder of an approaching eruption.

One of our Canadian *voyageurs*, named Basil Lucie, a remarkably strong man, about six feet three inches high, with a muscular frame, and buffalo neck, once said something which he thought bordered on disrespect. Any man under five feet ten might have made use of the same language with impunity, but from such a man as Lucie, who was a kind of bully over his comrades, it could not be borne ; he accordingly told him to hold his tongue, and threatened to chastise him if he said another word. This was said before several of the men, and Lucie replied by saying that he might thank the situation he held for his safety, or he should have satisfaction *sur le champ*. M'Donald instantly fired, and asked him if he would fight with musket, sword, or pistol ; but Lucie declared he had no notion of fighting in that manner, adding that his only weapons were his fists. The pugnacious Celt resolving not to leave him any chance of escape, stripped off his coat, called him *un enfant de chienne*, and challenged him to fight *comme un polisson*. Lucie immediately obeyed the call,