

Usually he fought in a somewhat negligent fashion, but if brought to bay and put on his defence he put forth all his powers. Then did the struggle become homeric. He hesitated at nothing, and everything yielded before his audacity. He seemed to have a sovereign contempt for the number of his adversaries, perhaps because of his plan of campaign, which was to put two or three of the foremost *hors de combat* without delay, and thereby strike terror into the rest of the gang.

In the year 1828, while Montferrand chanced to be visiting Quebec, a ball was given to the *voyageurs* by their employees in the hotel at which he had put up. The officers of a British man-of-war took it into their heads to break up this festivity, and the disturbance soon became serious. Montferrand was appealed to for assistance, and at once came down from his room. The officers were armed with gaskets, and evinced no readiness to retire even before Montferrand. Then the ball began in earnest. Montferrand did not spare a single officer; he sent every one of them into the doctor's hands.

This affair created an immense sensation. From the city, the fleet, the garrison the men came in scores to pay homage to the victorious giant, fairly overwhelming him with their praises.

"We have with us," said the captain of the frigate, "the champion of the British navy. He is about your size, and would like to try what he can do with a Canadian."

No sooner had he spoken than Montferrand exclaimed, "I accept." His patriotism never hesitated, although he had no love of fighting for its own sake.

The meeting took place on the Queen's Wharf, and among the two thousand spectators who were held in check by a ring of soldiers, the eager faces of many ladies might have been seen, a curious trait of the times. Heavy wagers were at stake, but of this Montferrand knew nothing. When the English champion came forth he

proved to be a veritable colossus, six feet four inches in height, with the torsus of a bull, and arms covered with huge lumps of muscles. So imposing was his appearance that for the first time in his life Montferrand's heart failed him. A feeling of deadly weakness attacked him. He believed it was all over with him.

At that moment the regimental band struck up. The music had a magical effect upon the Canadian. He completely recovered his self-control and stepped gaily into the ring. He felt more afraid of the science than of the strength of his opponent, and so set himself to tire him out, feeling confidence in his own endurance. Up to the twelfth round the result was in doubt, both men fighting bravely and brilliantly. Then the big Englishman began to show signs of weakening and the Canadian's prospects brightened. Yet in the sixteenth round a clever feint enabled the marine champion to get in a good one on Montferrand's head just behind the ear. But it was his last advantage. Two rounds later Montferrand, seeing his opportunity, sent in both right and left with irresistible force and his burly opponent was irrecoverably "knocked out" amid tremendous applause.

The captain who had challenged Montferrand, hastened up to congratulate him on his victory, and handed to him two thousand piasters as his share of the stakes. Montferrand's reply strikingly illustrates the nobility and simplicity of his character.

"I am very willing," he said "to keep the title of champion that you bestow upon me: as for the money give it to the poor devil I have defeated. He has more need of it than I in order to repair his damages. I fight neither for gold or silver."

"Then come with me," cried the captain, filled with admiration; "I will take you round the world and treat you like my own friend, and first of all let us dine together."