

the old families are free from the taint, but there is a *colerie* vile and profligate, and some add to their vices, lowness of birth, one link connects all this clique—public plunder.

The French Treasury is robbed on a colossal scale by the Intendant Bigot and his minions. La Walden and La Pompadour have at our little Canadian Court a not unworthy representative. If a man wants place or promotion in Canada he must stand well with Bigot's fair charmer.

Madame Pean is unquestionably a *femme charmante*, a smiling, benevolent, *spirituelle* beauty. Her marriage by Bishop DuBreuil de Pontbriand dates of January 1746. Her husband is a Captain in the colonial troops and Town Major of Quebec.

You won't wonder at my minute information respecting every man connected with the government of the colony, when you recollect the facilities I enjoyed during several months that I was free on *parole* to roam far and wide in Quebec and even as far as Montreal.

Since my close captivity, I have had many visitors in my prison, and the honorable family, whose head I saved, as you know, from impending death, has not deserted me in my hour of trouble, even though many of the fashionables have done so. Monsieur Duchesnay, Madame and her two lovely daughters have done all which lies in their power to soften the horrors of my captivity; one of these daughters is a perfect angel of love and intellect. With your permission, I shall describe *seriatim* Bigot and his group.

François Bigot, the thirteenth French Intendant at Quebec, is as warlike a little Game Cock as ever strutted amidst a flock of submissive hens. He is a native of Guienne and belongs to a family distinguished at the bar; before his appointment at Quebec he had been Intendant of Louisiana. In stature, rather short, his frame is well knit, his carriage erect, his courage beyond question. He loves show and pleasure to excess, dotes on cards, hunting and good living. The government expect him to entertain suitably the highest officials, they pay him niggardly and allow him to make profits out of the traffic in peltry, merchandize, etc., like his predecessors.

This is wrong. Dabbling in trade, speculating in fur and provisions is not the thing for an official whose *status* is only second to that of the Governor of the colony and whose palace and surroundings is far more luxurious than the *Chateau St. Louis*, the Vice-regal residence in Quebec. Bigot robs the French Treasury and has done so for years. A successful scheme has been concocted by our worthy Intendant to further this object.

He has formed a partnership with his Secretary Dechenaux, his Commissary General Cadet, and the town Major, Capt. Hugues Pean, the Treasurer of the Province, Joubert, seconds them. Pean, however, pays a higher price than an honorable man should for the gold he pockets, so say the scandal mongers, and his beautiful spouse is much too intimate with the gay bachelor Intendant.

Vaudrenil, in his stately chateau, overlooking the St. Lawrence, is quite a secondary object of attraction for the giddy; crowd of fashion and elegant vice, which

weekly sat down to cards and suppers at Bigot's palace, facing the St. Charles, on the north side of the capital.

It is there you will see the jolly Intendant, pirouetting in a dance round the festooned walls and gilt awnings which decorate this fairy abode, whilst the people are starving in the streets. I myself was more than once asked to partake of those luscious *petits soupers* where *pâtés aux foies gras* and Burgundy wine lay up more than one youthful face; my poverty alone shielded me from the dangers of *carte-piquet* and *vingt-et-unis*. Bigot, 'tis said, in one season lost as much as 200,000 livres equal to £10,000.

Major Pean's duties often take him away from the city. In 1753, he was selected to explore our frontier; he owns large flour mills at Beaumont, which he frequently visits; he either does not know or does not care what Madame does to beguile the tedium of his absence.

Madame Pean occupies a spacious dwelling in St. Louis street, where her entertainments are much sought after. There is not a young French Lieutenant, not a Commissary Clerk, who would not fight a dozen of duels if her fame required it.

The Intendant is a constant visitor at her house. Place and patronage, from the highest to the lowest in the colony, is bestowed at her recommendation. She quite beats poor Lady Yarmouth, who merely sold a bishopric for £500. More than one old family refuses to visit her.

Brassard Dechenaux, Bigot's Secretary, is of low degree. His father was a poor shoemaker, he was born in Quebec and received the rudiments of his education from a notary, who had boarded at his father's house.

[\*] Robert Stobo, a hostage at Fort Duquesne, was sent down to Quebec in 1753, as prisoner of war, escaped and served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

## Stalking Antelope.

THE 20th day of October, 1890, the writer and a friend stepped off the cars at Wichita Falls, Texas. We found good lodgings at the Railroad Hotel, and next morning at day-break we hired from a frontier livery stable, their best team and a covered wagon.

My friend was from New York and his experience with Antelope was what he had read. He carried a new Winchester, model 1886, 38 calibre.

A red flag was stowed away under the seats, and two days provisions. My Express, 450, by John Rigby, lay in its case. It was looked at and remarks made that I would never kill an Antelope.

We rolled along over the level prairie till noon, when I announced dinner at a small creek and to water the team. I expected to find game in half an hour's drive, and we did so; there on the top of a rising stood an Antelope alone in his glory, and the red flag came out.

The driver was instructed to drive straight and plant his flag, which was done; we reached the top of the hill and my friend on his knee just rained bullets into over 20 antelopes but not a one fell.

Right close went the balls but not a hit and the whole herd ran off. We found another herd in which I counted 16, and the same thing happened again.

I had not fired a shot; my double barrel had not come out and it was time. I needed antelope steak for supper. My gun went together and I requested the driver to exchange places with him.

I drove on and found a herd of over 30 grazing on a side hill. I circled the team, then ran at them, and they appeared to enjoy the fun. I ran them around the top of three hills and noticed they wanted to get to another hill. I let them go and I saw a clear place from hill when my whip struck the team, and I succeeded in reaching within 100 yards a hollow where I slacked up.

Two 450 Eley Bro.'s cartridges went into my Express. Just as the whole herd ran from hill to hill, the team still running, I threw my gun to shoulder, pulled the trigger, just about two feet ahead of a fine buck, and at the report of the gun he threw a somersault with his neck broken.

I drew on another and broke his back.

We gathered them up, tied them behind the back, found a running creek, and there ate antelope till we were tired.

A consultation over our pipes, on guns, and my friend hung to his American long range rifles, and remarked that to-morrow he "would show what long range work was." The morrow never came.

I taught him the art of making game come to him, and on foot I showed him how to kill—by careful stalking—antelope with an English Express, that would not make a centre at 200 yards, while he could not touch one with his long rifle that made centres at 1000 yards. We stayed three days; half one day was taken in chasing a wounded doe, the long range rifle having bored a small hole through its shoulder.

ALMO.

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