

mighty of the land, out of the most paltry salary, his Government allowing him to make up the deficiency out of the privilege of trading in the colony. Bigot, with the helping hand of Cadet, Deschenaux, Corpron, Maurin, Estebe, Penis-seault, Breard, Pean, and a crowd of other minions, became a mighty trader.

Honor—loyalty to the King—these were not empty words for the old Canadian *noblesse*,—the Longueuils, the Vaudreuils, and others; Bigot had to look elsewhere for fitting tools. He therefore selected his *personnel*, his working staff, out of the most unscrupulous *parvenus*, who had won favor with the Court Favorite, Madame Pean. Bigot, like his royal master, must have not only a rich palace in the city, with beautiful but unchaste women to preside at his *recherché routs*, *games* and *soirées*, but also a diminutive *Parc au Cerf*, at Charlesbourg, where the amusements of the table and chase were diversified by *Ecarté* or *Rouge et noir*, when other pleasures palled on his senses.

In order to keep up such a luxurious style of living, and make up for gambling losses, Bigot was not long ere he discovered that his salary, added to his profits on trade even on the vastest scale, were quite inadequate.

The gaunt spectre of famine, during the year 1755, was stalking through the streets of Quebec. Of the crowds of Acadians, who about that time sought shelter in and around the capital of New France, no less than 300 had died of starvation, disease and neglect. The starving poor were seen dropping in the streets, from weakness. During these dreadful times, unbounded luxury, sumptuous feasting, riot and gambling (*un jeu à faire trembler les plus détermines joueurs*) were the inmates of the Intendant's palace. Horse flesh and dry codfish were distributed to the poorer class. The Men of pleasure, the Intendant's agents, all this times defrauded them. The unfortunates, who dared to complain