

shared with the corrupt Intendant in the plunder of the Colony.

These public vices bore their natural fruit, and all the efforts of the *Honnêtes Gens* to stay the tide of corruption were futile. Montcalm, after reaping successive harvests of victories, brilliant beyond all precedent in North America, died a sacrifice to the insatiable greed and extravagance of Bigot and his associates, who, while enriching themselves, starved the army and plundered the Colony of all its resources. The fall of Quebec, and the capitulation of Montreal were less owing to the power of the English than to the corrupt misgovernment of Bigot and Vaudreuil, and the neglect by the court of France of her ancient and devoted Colony.

Le Gardeur, after a long confinement in the Bastille, where he incessantly demanded trial and punishment for his rank offence of the murder of the Bourgeois, as he ever called it, was at last liberated by express command of the King, without trial and against his own wishes. His sword was restored to him, accompanied by a royal order bidding him, upon his allegiance, return to his regiment, as an officer of the King, free from all blame for the offence laid to his charge. Whether the killing of the Bourgeois was privately regarded at Court as good service was never known. But Le Gardeur, true to his loyal instincts, obeyed the King, rejoined the army, and once more took the field.

Upon the outbreak of the last French war in America, he returned to New France, a changed and reformed man; an ascetic in his living, and, although a soldier, a monk in the rigor of his penitential observances. His professional skill and daring were conspicuous among the number of gallant officers upon whom Montcalm chiefly relied to assist him in his long and desperate struggle against the ever-increasing forces of the English. From the capture of Chouaguen and the defence of the Fords of Montmorency, to the last brave blow struck upon the plains of St. Foye, Le Gardeur de Repentigny fulfilled every duty of a gallant and desperate soldier. He carried his life in his hand, and valued it as cheaply as he did the lives of his enemies.

He never spoke to Angélique again. Once he met her full in the face, upon the perron of the Cathedral of St.