

still thou shall have to sink. Thy streets—thy squares—thy palaces, will be yet deluged with blood, ere matters mend ! The arm of Britain will, however, shield the few devoted sons, you may forget, on Canadian shores : for them, no guillotines.

Oppressive taxes were heaped on the working classes in France in 1755, to carry on useless wars, or to pamper court minions. Effeminacy—luxury—unbridled license reigned supreme amidst the higher orders ; open, shameless profligacy at Court. Such it was in the colony, with favoritism super-added. Quebec received her fashions and her officials from France ; the latter came with their vices ; several of these vices were expensive.

The French Sultan, Louis XV., must needs have his harem ; his gaming tables ; his flaunting mistresses ; his *parc au Cerf*. The turnpike to favor for courtiers lies through the smiles of La Pompadour.

Quebec too shall possess its miniature French Court, on the green banks of the St. Charles. A very high official—the Minister of Police, of Justice, of Finance, will preside over it—Intendant Bigot, whose power on many points was co-equal with that of the Governor of the Colony. This luxurious \* official had to provide suitable entertainment for the

\* Old memoirs furnish curious details of the flittings of the great Intendant between Quebec and Montreal. The Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, contains a long and interesting MSS, account, written by a French Official of the day, M. Franquet, Inspector of Fortifications in New France, in 1752. Franquet came here with an important mission to perform. He was just the man Bigot thought ought to be "dined and wined" properly. Thus we find the Royal Inspector invited to join Bigot on a voyage to Montreal. The Government Gondola, a long flat bateau, propelled by sails as well as oars, accordingly left the *Cul de Sac*, Quebec, on the 24th July, 1752. It could carry 8,000 lbs. burthen, with a crew of fourteen sailors. In the centre, there was a space about six feet square, enclosed by curtains, and "with seats with blue cushions,"—a dais over head protected the *jolly dogs* inside from the rays of the sun, and from rain. Choice wines, spirits, eatables,—even to ready cash,—everything necessary to human sustenance or pleasure, was in abundance. There was nothing ascetic about the gay, bachelor Bigot. Ladies of rank, wit and beauty, felt it an honor to join his brilliant court, where they met most charming *Cavaliers*,—young officers of the regiments stationed at Quebec. Monsieur Franquet seems to have enjoyed himself amazingly, and describes some curious incidents which occurred at Three Rivers and other stopping places, of the magnificent Intendant. *Vive la Bagatelle !*