

shared in the terrible sufferings of the seven years' war that followed in its wake. When the final conquest of New France overwhelmed the Colony, to all appearances in utter ruin, she endowed the Ursulines with a large portion of her remaining wealth, and retired with her nearest kinsmen to France. The name of Tilly became extinct among the noblesse of the Colony, but it still flourishes in a vigorous branch upon its native soil of Normandy.

Pierre Philibert passed a sad winter in arranging and settling the vast affairs of his father before leaving New France. In the spring following the death of Amélie, he passed over to the old world, bidding a long and last adieu to his native land.

Pierre endeavored manfully to bear up under the load of recollections and sorrows which crushed his heart, and made him a grave and melancholy man before his time. He rejoined the army of his sovereign, and sought danger—his comrades said for danger's sake—with a desperate valor that was the boast of the army; but few suspected that he sought death and tempted fate in every form.

His wish was at last accomplished,—as all earnest, absorbing wishes ever are. He fell valorously, dying a soldier's death upon the field of Minden, his last moments sweetened by the thought that his beloved Amélie was waiting for him on the other side of the dark river, to welcome him with the bridal kiss promised upon the banks of the Lake of Tilly. He met her joyfully in that land where love is real, and where its promises are never broken.

The death of the Bourgeois Philibert, affecting so many fortunes, was of immense consequence to the Colony. It led to the ruin of the party of the *Honnêtes Gens*, to the supremacy of the Grand Company, and the final overthrow of New France.

The power and extravagance of Bigot after that event grew without check or challenge, and the departure of the virtuous La Galissonnière left the Colony to the weak and corrupt administrations of La Jonquière, and De Vaudreuil. The latter made the Castle of St. Louis as noted for its venality as was the Palace of the Intendant. Bigot kept his high place through every change. The Marquis de Vaudreuil gave him free course, and it was more than suspected