

actly a century afterwards, during the greater part of which, from the departure of Roberval, the Viceroy, with Cartier, till the founding of Quebec (1543-1608), the country was almost entirely abandoned by the French. Champlain's term of office as first Governor under the nominal viceroyalty of Louis de Bourbon, began in 1612, two hundred years before the war with the United States. Laval arrived in Canada in 1659, a century before the capture of Quebec by Wolfe (1759), and he died in 1708, exactly the same period of time after Champlain's founding of Quebec. Champlain's rule, beginning in 1612, dates exactly sixty years before Frontenac's arrival, 1672; and Frontenac's death, towards the close of 1698 (Nov. 28), was as nearly as possible sixty years before the English victory on the plains of Abraham. This volume, therefore, includes the period between 1672 and 1698, both inclusive, and it may be divided thus:—From 1672 to 1682, exactly a decade, Frontenac's first term; seven years of disaster under the Sieur de la Barre and Denonville, 1682 to 1689; Frontenac's second term, almost a decade also, from 1689 to his death.

Mr. Parkman opens his volume with one of those graphic chapters in which we are afforded a glimpse of Versailles under Louis Quatorze. Presumably to comply with the courteous maxim, *place aux dames*, the reader is first presented to Frontenac's lively and high spirited wife, the favourite friend of Mdle. de Montpensier, Henry of Navarre's granddaughter, until, like all violently attached friends, especially of the fair sex, they fell out for ever. The episode at Orleans, which the Princess and her three Countesses, de Bréauté, de Fiesque, and de Frontenac, attempted to hold for Condé at the breaking out of the war of the Froude, makes of the wife of Canada's future ruler, a graceful and interesting figure. Frontenac himself was of Basque origin, and in addition to pride of race, he could claim the highest rank among the French *noblesse*. His grandfather, one of Henry the Fourth's grantees, had been sent to the Medici of Florence on a matrimonial mission; his father was *maitre d'hôtel* in the household of Louis XIII., who was godfather to our count, and gave him his Christian name. His wife, Anne de la Grange-Trianon, was the daughter of a fickle and weak-minded neighbour, the Sieur de Neuville, who first consented to the marriage and then repented. Frontenac and his love made a runaway match one fine day in 1648, and were married at St. Pierre des Bœufs, a church at which the consent of the parents was dispensed with. The couple did not live long together. He was imperious and exacting; she proud, self-willed, and fond of pleasure. She bore him one son, which she did not take the trouble to rear herself, and they lived apart, she surviving him some years.

Frontenac had meanwhile seen considerable service in the French army, fighting in the Low Countries and in Italy. Some bits of scandal were, of course, told about his appointment in Canada. It was said that Frontenac was a favourite of Mdle. de Mortemart, afterwards Mad. de Montespan, and that the king desired to get him out of the way; another story was that his Sacred Majesty 'was attracted by the charms of Mad. de Frontenac.' The first may be true, but the latter could have had no solid foundation, as no aspersion has been cast on the fair fame of Mad. de Frontenac. She was her husband's friend and spy in Paris during his entire career, and although their tempers were too nearly alike for conjugal felicity under the same roof-tree, they were fast friends when the Atlantic rolled between them. Frontenac left her all his property, and directed that his heart should be sent to her in a case of lead or silver. A spiteful story was told by his enemies, that she refused the latter bequest, with the remark, 'that she had never had it (his heart) when he was living, and did not want it when he was dead.'

The Comte de Frontenac was fifty-two years old when he disembarked at Quebec. The almost youthful delight with which he describes the splendid panorama which unfolded itself there, as he glided up the St. Lawrence and cast anchor in the midst of that grandest of Canadian scenes, seems to have been chilled by no forebodings of the anxieties, the vexations, the toils and victories and disappointments which ended only when he sank to sleep twenty-seven years after. Bishop Laval and the able Talon, the Intendant, were there before him. Let us therefore endeavour to take stock of the man, before proceeding to sketch briefly the memorable career in which his strongly marked character unfolded itself. Mr. Parkman does not spare piquant and even harsh epithets, when limning his hero. He was a man in whom pride of race and pride of patrician dignity were united in proportions which appear excessive even in those times of aristocratic *hauteur* and arrogance. He was doggedly self-willed and pertinacious; he could brook no rival, nor endure the slightest opposition. 'When his temper was roused, he would fight with haughty and impracticable obstinacy for any position which he had once assumed, however trivial or however mistaken' (pp. 45, 46). He was intolerant and unmanageable in the extreme when thwarted, and his enemies used to say that in his paroxysms of rage he would foam at the mouth. On the other hand, he was a man of great sagacity and unsurpassed bravery, sometimes verging upon reckless audacity. 'Few white men ever excelled or approached him in the art of dealing with the Indians' (p. 69). His natural haughtiness