

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS,

THE DUKE OF PENTHIEVRE.

MY LORD:

*Your Serene Highness has an hereditary right to the homage of New France, a history of which I presume to dedicate to you. It is due, my Lord, to the Prince who gave you birth, for the goodness and marks of esteem with which he honored this colony during the whole period of his voluntary assumption of that branch of the ministry on which the colony depends, and which he discharged to the close of his life. He knew, and admitted, that by the valor, fidelity, spirit, and politeness of its inhabitants, it has always well maintained its first-born rights; and to whom, my Lord, shall the colony, loaded with his favors, now testify its gratitude through its historian's pen, and protest its perfect devotedness, if not to the heir of the virtues, even more than of the titles of its illustrious Protector, to him, who alone has been able to console us for our loss by reviving that prince entirely in his own person?*

*This perfect resemblance to an accomplished father can surprise those only, my Lord, who could not witness the care of that prince to inspire you early in life with all his sentiments, and the devotion of a prince, who would intrust your education to no other hands, so as to develop and cultivate the great qualities that both have transmitted to you with their blood. Hence, in fact, that basis of piety and religion, which you have*

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