

## PREFACE.

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How can we care for shadows and types, when we may go back through history and live again with people who actually lived?

Sitting on the height which is now topped by a Martello tower, at St. John in the maritime province of New Brunswick, I saw — not the opposite city, not the lovely bay; but this tragedy of Marie de la Tour, the tragedy “which recalls” (says the Abbé Casgrain in his “Pèlerinage au pays d’Evangéline”) “the romances of Walter Scott, and forces one to own that reality is stranger than fiction.”

In “Papers relating to the rival chiefs, D’Aulnay and La Tour,” of the Massa-