



PREFACE.

WE enter the FOURTH BOOK by the old military gateway of Quebec, through whose massive portals throng the stirring memories of two hundred and seventy years. The fearless explorations of Champlain, La Salle, Joliet, and their gay voyageurs; the devotion and the sufferings of Marquette and Brebœuf; the Indian ambuscades; the lawless rollicking bush-rangers (*Coureurs des Bois*); the great fur-trading Nabobs; those magnificent spend-thrifts the French Intendants; the lordly proconsuls of France and of England—all these and many other visions of the older time throng through the old gateway when Quebec is mentioned. No wonder that so much imaginative and descriptive literature has been inspired by memories of this historic fortress!

The immigrant arrived at Quebec when the summer is breaking, already finds his yearnings for the dear Old Land half charmed away by the lovely landscapes of the New; though, all unconsciously, he will still often find himself humming *The Bulls of Shandon*, or *Lochaber no More*. As he