

domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain: never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brebeuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful LaSalle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was about awaiting the magician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.*

Of the Massachusetts historian, the learned Dr. Justin Winsor justly says, "He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eye. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must trace him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle.

"What noble lessons of perseverance—of industry—of indomitable courage,

under prolonged and acute physical sufferings, are afforded by his protracted sojourn here below."

Of his literary career, Julius H. Ward thus discourses in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

"If the story of Francis Parkman's life should be written as he lived it, as the mind rose above and controlled the body, it will make one of the most thrilling narratives of heroic effort that has ever been given to the world. His achievement was great, but it was produced under difficulties which showed the man to be greater than his work. The strength of his purpose is to be measured by the difficulties which beset him. For a great portion of the fifty years he could not use his eyes continuously for more than five minutes. He had the industry and the habits of application of a literary man, and his life was spent in the handling of historical materials, but he was compelled to follow the life of a recluse. Much as he enjoyed society, he could not bear the strain of it. He must choose between his pleasure and his work, and it was always in favor of the work. No other literary man of the period has labored under greater difficulties. 'The Oregon Trail' was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press. When I asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, he replied, 'I have none.' He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. For half a century he lived a life of 'repressed activity,' (these are his own words) having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit on the penalty of having it taken away from him."

And again, in *McClure's Magazine*, for January, 1894:—

"He could command for work not more than one-twentieth of the time which other men have, and for ten years, from 1853 to 1863, he could not work at all. From his return from the West in 1846, to the day of his death, November 8th, 1893, he never knew a day when he was an entirely well man. He spent some months at a water-cure in Northampton, without benefit. The physician urged him to prepare to die, but Parkman replied that he should not die, even if he did not get well. At a later date he went to Paris to consult Dr. Brown-Sequard, who for three months tested him for insanity, but finally told him that his head was perfectly sound, and that he could do nothing for him. The doctors all told him that he must not

* *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894.