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REMINISCENCES OF FRANCIS PARKMAN AT QUEBEC.

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IN view of the many\* flattering tributes to Francis Parkman, the illustrious historian of "England and France in North America," bringing out in strong relief particulars of his social and literary career in his native land, it may not be out of place to jot down a brief informal record of his presence and daily haunts in our own historic city—rendered, if possible, still more attractive by the witchery of his magic pen. For several decades, Quebec assuredly held a warm place in his sympathetic heart: 'twas for him a sunny, health-restoring, holiday spot, he would say. His visit at mid-summer he used annually to repeat, apparently with increasing zest and pleasure: whilst his advent was welcomed by hosts of friends with the same feeling as the return of the first swallow was looked for—many doors, many friendly Canadian houses were opened to him. I am now, alas! I fear, the oldest Quebec friend of the eminent annalist.

An unbroken friendship of thirty

years standing with this noble-minded man, his frequent presence under my roof, sometimes alone—at times accompanied by the members of his family—congeniality of tastes, my own admittance in his Boston sanctum in Chestnut Street, or in the charming rustic retreat he founded for himself, in 1854, at Jamaica Pond, have afforded me more than usual opportunities of knowing and appreciating the gifted historian, either at his desk or in his hours of leisure.

It was in the perusal of those eloquent testimonials from the Boston Reviews and United States press generally, as well as whilst listening to the glowing record of his worth now embodied in the *Transactions* of our Royal Society of which Mr. Parkman was an honorary member, that the idea occurred to me of adding my mite to the coming biography of the regretted historian to which I was invited to contribute material.

To Francis Parkman is deservedly awarded a high rank in that galaxy of gifted men who have written American history—Palfrey, Prescott, Bancroft, Winsor. What vivid pictures, what a crowd of incidents, are disclosed in his pregnant pages. "What," says John Fiske, "was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own

\* Boston *Sunday Herald*, November, 1893.

" *Evening Transcript*, " "

" *Daily Advertiser*, " "

Tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 21st November, 1893.

Memoir of Francis Parkman, from publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1893.

Julius H. Ward, in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

" " " in *McClure's Magazine*, for January, 1894.

Justin Winsor and John Fiske in *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1894.