

Yeigh; "Sunday Afternoon Addresses at Queen's University"; "Afloat for Eternity," by J. B. Kennedy, of Norwich; "Lambs in the Fold," by Dr. Thomson, of Sarnia; "St. Mark's: A Souvenir of Niagara"; "Campaign Echoes," an autobiography of Mrs. Youmans; "The Need of Minstrelsy," a memorial volume of the late Dr. Stafford's sermons; and a "History of Upper Canada College," by the Principal.

A fitting close to the year's publications will be J. G. Bourinot's book, entitled, "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness." Our intellectual weakness lies, undoubtedly, in the fact that our schools and colleges pay no attention to Canadian literature.

### THE OREGON TRAIL.

**A**N illustrated edition of *The Oregon Trail*, by Francis Parkman, published by Little, Brown & Co., recalls the historian's death on November 8, 1893. Canada lost in him one of the most careful and painstaking historians she ever possessed. Kingsford, Dent, McMullen and many others have written on Canadian history, but not with the grace of Parkman, nor with an equal patience and industry.

Francis Parkman has uncovered the springs of Canadian history. Canadians can best show their appreciation of what he has done for them by taking advantage of the opportunities his work affords for a closer study of the scenes and incidents, the men, the motives, and the methods, which he found so deeply interesting, and the story of which he has told so thrillingly and graphically. Parkman's works should be studied in our schools, and be on the library shelves of every Canadian who aspires to a knowledge of how his country came to be his.

It is forty-six years since the sketches contained in the volume mentioned above first appeared in *The Knickerbocker Magazine*. It has been printed many times since then, and it is as fresh to the reader as if it had been written yesterday, and as if the facts which it bore witness to were still facts. There is a charm in the writing of this author which is based upon the simplicity and fidelity of his narrative. These qualities in his early days were promise of his future performance. And, truth to say, in more serious undertakings, he never far exceeded his early sketches of travel in the essentials of writing. By all who are strangers to the book it will be found a fascinating volume, and many who have read it before will be chained to its pages, if they attempt it again. Parkman started out to study Indian life as it actually was, and he knew the Indian as he was, not as he was reported to be. He crossed to the Rockies in 1846, having started from St. Louis, up the Missouri. What he saw and what he experienced he has told to a million readers of "*The Oregon Trail*." In his preface to

the illustrated edition, written in September, 1892, he laments the metamorphosis of the West: "For Indian teepees, with their trophies of bow, lance, shield, and dangling scalplocks, we have towns and cities, resorts of health and pleasure-seekers, with an agreeable society, Paris fashions, the magazines, the latest poem, and the last new novel. The buffalo is gone, and of all his millions nothing is left but bones. Tame cattle and fences of barbed wire have supplanted his vast herds and boundless grazing grounds. Those discordant serenaders, the wolves that howled at evening about the traveler's camp-fire, have succumbed to arsenic and hushed their savage music. The wild Indian is turned into an ugly caricature of his conqueror, and that which made him romantic, terrible, and hateful, is in large measure scourged out of him. The slow cavalcade of horsemen armed to the teeth has disappeared before parlor cars and the effeminate comforts of modern travel."

Francis Parkman was born in Boston on September 16, 1823. His father was the Rev. Francis Parkman, D.D. When a child deceased lived at the house of his maternal grandfather, at the edge of extensive tracts of wild land, near the town of Medford, going to school in the village and spending most of his leisure time in the woods. This probably laid the foundation of tastes which proved lasting, and perhaps he profited as much in watching birds and insects and trapping squirrels and woodchucks, as in his less congenial studies of Latin and Greek. He entered Harvard College when seventeen, and received the degree of A.B. in 1844, followed, a few years later, by that of A.M., and more recently by the honorary degree of LL.D., which he had before received from McGill College of Montreal and Williams College of Massachusetts. Most of his college vacations had been spent among the forests and mountains of Maine, New Hampshire and Canada, partly from natural inclination and partly in preparation for a work which he had planned on the conflict of the English colonists of North America with the French and their Indian allies. To this task a practical knowledge of the forests and their inhabitants seemed to him indispensable. In 1846 he went to the Rocky Mountains, and became domesticated among the Western Dacotah, then much less hostile to the whites than they soon afterwards became. The band in whose lodges he lived has since been exterminated in battles with the Americans. By living among them, hunting with them, etc., Mr. Parkman gained a familiarity with primitive Indian life, which could have been acquired in no other way. He soon after published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* an account of this journey. It was republished in 1848 in a volume entitled "*The Oregon Trail*." He began the execution of his literary

project by the publication of "*The Conspiracy of Pontiac*" in 1851. This was an account of the general uprising of the Indian tribes against the British colonies, after the conquest of Canada. Chronologically, it should have been the last instead of the first of his series of histories, or rather a sequel to them. The subject, however, afforded the best opportunities for the exhibition of Indian life and character, and a great mass of manuscript material, laboriously gathered during the previous four or five years, was ready to his hand. "*The Pioneers of France in the New World*" was published in 1865; "*The Jesuits in North America*," in 1867; "*La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*," in 1869; "*The Old Regime in Canada*," in 1874; "*Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*," in 1877; "*Montcalm and Wolfe*," in 1884, and "*Half Century of Conflict*," 1893. Translations of these books have appeared in France and Germany. The collection of the necessary materials for these works involved an enormous amount of labor. The chief sources were the archives of France and England, the use of which required repeated visits to those countries. Many documents also have been obtained from the collections of societies and private persons on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Parkman has been for years one of the seven members of the corporation of Harvard University. He was vice-president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, corresponding member of the Royal Society of Canada, and member of most of the historical societies of Canada and the United States, as well as of various learned societies in England and on the continent of Europe. Mr. Parkman, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on September 16th, has for years been forced to depend upon the eye and hand of another for the performance of his work, his own sight having long been too weak. While engaged in his first historic work, "*The Conspiracy of Pontiac*," for about three years he was unable to bear the light of day at all, and could not make the least attempt to read or write. Later, however, says a Boston paper, he recovered the use of his eyes to a great extent, and was able to do considerable writing, but for reading or any continuous effort they were not available.

He was constantly tormented by rheumatism, but worst of all to bear were his sufferings from insomnia, which makes a night of good sleep the greatest of all blessings. The outdoor life, which he loved so well, and which gave him the fine sense for natural scenery and conditions that constitutes one of the greatest charms of his writings, fortunately afforded great relief from his pain.

The Germans have, it is said, discovered that a satisfactory kind of paper can be made from the refuse hops that have hitherto gone to waste in breweries.