

*Harper's* of Canadian life. Mr. Parkman pressed me to take a seat in his diminutive Rice Lake canoe, and return to camp with him some miles below the railway bridge, where I was: however, not being an expert swimmer, I had to decline the honor of being paddled through the furious eddies of the Batiscan by the most eminent historian of Massachusetts in a canoe evidently intended for one man only.

How many of the members of our Royal Society have partaken of his hospitality, either on Chestnut Street, or on the sunny bank of Jamaica Pond: the Abbé Casgrain, Dr. Lakue, M. Mannutte, our archemist, Napoleon Legendre, Faucher de Saint Maurice, myself and others.

And of his love of flowers,—have I not before me on my table a cherished token "The Book of Roses," with his valued autograph on the title page. The author, his old friend, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, paints:

"Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er  
The sweet breathed roses which he loved  
so well."

and which the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of the 9th of November, 1893, describes, so sympathetically, the day after his death:—

"Frequently at this time might have been seen upon Boston Common a figure slightly unsteady, walking with the aid of a cane, his eyes shaded from the light, his face white, but full of serene courage. This was Francis Parkman. It was at this time that he bought the tract of land on the shore of Jamaica Pond, and built his picturesque dwelling.

"Here he gave himself up to the study of horticulture. Not merely for pleasure and the recovery of his health did he do this. He made himself master of every detail, and soon became an expert, and was known as one of the leading horticulturists of the State. He was at one time president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and also, for a short time, professor of horticulture in the Bussey Institution, a part of Harvard University.

"For twelve years he devoted himself to the hybridization of lilies, and originated a new variety of this flower, which has been called 'Lilium Parkmanii.' He also paid

much attention to the cultivation of roses, and it was in this way that his 'Book of Roses' appeared in 1866."

A further sweet memento of the genial man survives in my garden, a lovely white rose tree—rich in fragrance and bloom—the only surviving plant of twenty-one, sent on by him from Boston to Mrs. Le Moine.

Mr. Parkman's knee trouble followed him abroad: his holiday time among his old friends was not free from it.

One day that he and I were sauntering along St. Louis Street, he apologized for stopping, and I noticed how he repeatedly leaned and rested his enfeebled limb on the wall opposite. This induced me to ask him the origin of the infirmity. He replied that in his outing to the Rocky Mountains, in 1846, when he lived among a tribe of Dacotah Indians, to study their inward life and habits, he had to follow these fierce hunters one whole day on horseback, drenched by rain to the skin, and without changing his outer garments, but had he weakened, and given in to exhausted nature, he would have, he said, lost their countenance and good will. The incident is graphically related by Julius H. Ward in his magazine article.

Mr. Parkman counted, at Quebec, a crowd of admirers. His most intimate friends of the past were the Hon. Henry Black, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty: the Hon. George Okill Stuart, his successor in this high office. Judge Black died in 1873, and Judge Geo. O. Stuart expired at Quebec in 1884. More than once his sumptuous mansion in St. Ursule Street sheltered the "historian of England and France in North America." He had other familiars at Quebec and at Montreal ever ready to lend a helping hand in his historical researches: the Abbés Verreau, Bois, Casgrain, Professor H. La Rue, to whose sympathetic assistance the preface of several of his works bears testimony.