

work, and he once said to me that if he had followed their instructions he could never have written his books. The situation was desperate. For a great part of the time he could not read continuously for more than five minutes without straining his eyes, and it was impossible for him to write or read for long periods.

“About the time he entered upon his sophomore year, Parkman began to feel promptings toward a literary career, and his thoughts early fixed upon a history of ‘The Seven Years’ War,’ a subject which had not then been touched by any writer, and which may have been suggested by the fact that George Bancroft had already begun the ‘History of the United States,’ having published his first volumes. It was an unknown period in American history, and one not only congenial to his tastes, but within the limits of his gifts. The notable thing was, that a youth of eighteen, to whom the world of letters was just opening, should have reached out to this field and that even in college he should have directed his studies in the channels best fitted to prepare him for it. The novels of Cooper and Scott were always in his hands, and he was more familiar with them than with the classical authors it was his duty to read. At Harvard, if not a profound scholar, he was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and had the intimate companionship of men of tastes similar to his own. President Quincy was then the strong man of the faculty, but the institution lacked instructors who gave it character. It was a good place for a young man to work out his own ideas, and Parkman began here the study of English and the reading of Burke, who was his master in English style. What he did was to learn how to write.”

How oft have I strolled with him over the quaint, haunted forest-paths of Champlain—now our public streets—recalling the past, or ascending with the historian the grim battlements of the mural-crowned city, to measure and minutely study the *locale* and garner accurate data for his lasting record. One cloudy September day, in particular, I can recall. The historian, his able questioner and biographer, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the late Professor Hubert Lakue, of Laval University, and myself. We had met at the social board at Spencer Wood, at the request of the Lieut.-Governor, H. Luc Letellier de Saint Just, a warm admirer of Parkman. It was, indeed, a feast of reason to sit

with such companions. I remember the interesting turn the conversation took, respecting the landing of Wolfe’s army, on the 15th September, 1759, on the strand directly below the Chateau, and climbing up the dizzy heights, by means of the bushes, being the outlet of the *ruisseau Saint Denis*, which runs through the Spencer Wood grounds. Abbé Casgrain, the future author of “Montcalm and Levis,” opened out with racy anecdotes, illustrating the life-like escapes on that memorable day. He was well supported by the genial and cultured Laval University professor. Parkman interested us all by his theories on the errors committed by both generals at that eventful engagement, which changed the destinies of North America.

This social meeting took place in 1878. I shall never forget it. Parkman then informed us of his long-cherished design to write the incidents of the memorable fight, and invited us to accompany him next morning to survey the ground, which the Abbé and myself were happy in being able to do. Proud we felt in strolling side by side with the eminent annalist down the lofty Marchmont hill to the shore of the St. Lawrence: as it were, helping the enthusiastic author in his glorious task of portraying Wolfe and Montcalm on that momentous occasion. How Mr. Parkman did revel in our grand old forests, amidst our gorgeous mountain and lake scenery!

I recall his pleasant smile of surprise on recognizing an old friend, one bright summer day during his last visit to Quebec, on the green banks of the rushing Batiscan, one of the best trout streams of the Lake St. John District. He had been camping since June, for some weeks, at this wild spot. Mayhap I recalled forest memories of his early explorations,—with Quincy D. Shaw:—the days of the “Oregon Trail.” His *compagnon de pêche*, was a congenial spirit, Charles Farnham, the graphic delineator in