

Boston Sept. 10, 1856

Reverend Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to find myself in communication with a gentleman so well versed in a subject which I have, I may say from boyhood, regarded with the utmost interest. The <sup>early</sup> history of Canada is so full of dramatic incident, and noble examples of devoted heroism, that it is a matter of wonder

that American writers have,  
until lately, so little regarded  
it. For my own part, I shall  
show no effort to place it in  
its just light.

I am glad that the  
Canadian government have  
procured copies of documents  
in the French archives. Can you  
inform me whether these are  
understood to comprise all  
relating to Canada in the  
offices of Paris? If so, I  
shall be spared a visit to  
France. I mean to spend  
a part of the winter in Cana.

da in search of material,  
and hope, among other things,  
to find a copy of your  
Notes sur les Registres, and  
of your critique on Brasseur,  
of which I have hitherto sought  
<sup>1</sup> failed to gain possession  
~~for without success~~

I need not say that  
I shall hold myself greatly  
your debtor if you can give  
me any suggestions which  
may aid me in my inqui-  
ries after material. There is  
no more important period in  
Canadian history than that

of the civil and ecclesiastical  
organization, after the colony  
passed out of the hands of  
the "Hundred Associates." Any  
papers bearing upon this  
period would be particularly  
valuable.

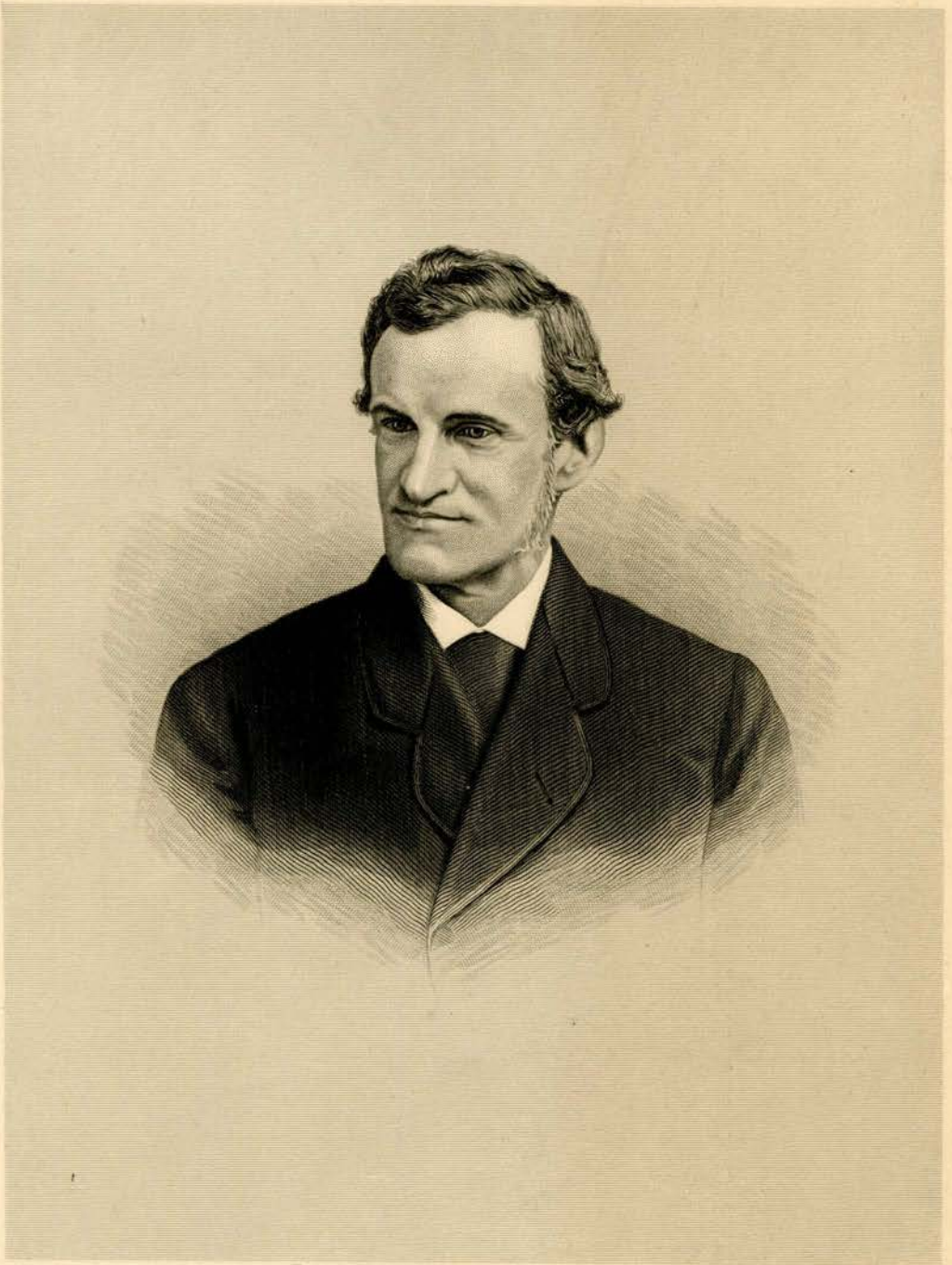
Your Notes, I trust,  
will be continued. I have seen  
only the first number, & this is  
of so much value that a suspen-  
sion of the publication would be  
very much to be regretted.

I have the honor to be  
very respectfully Yours

Francis Parkman

Monsieur

Monsieur d'Abbi Ferland



Engraved for the Eclectic by J.J. Cade, New York.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

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QUEBEC, FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1893.

DEATH OF FRANCIS PARKMAN.

It was peritonitis which caused the death of LONGFELLOW, and it is the same disease which has carried off FRANCIS PARKMAN, the eminent historian of New France. He died at Jamaica Plain, his summer residence, where he cultivated his roses, and spent the leisure hours of his beautiful life. He had been ill for a long time, and his life-work may be said to have been completed when "A Half Century of Conflict,"—his last book,—appeared, but few thought that death was so very near. He will be much missed in that circle of able men which he ever adorned. Scholarship has lost in him one of its strongest lights. Among the great historians his rank to a place with the best, has never been disputed. He was as dear to the Canadian heart as he was to America. He told the story of our early history in a style which entranced and fascinated. He was accurate as regards facts, he was just as regards the conclusions which he drew from those marshalled facts. He was untiring as an investigator into the truths of history, and though his Puritanism was strong, he allowed no spirit of prejudice to warp his judgment, or destroy the value of his brilliant narrative. He never approached his subject from the stand-point of the partisan. He distorted no facts, and his rare volumes, covering as they do the annals of this section of country from its first settlement to the close of WOLFE'S Campaign, must always remain a high authority on the subject, which the dead word painter and historian made his own. He was attracted to the field, when quite a young man, and his first experience of savage life and incident and movement, will be found in his volume, "The Oregon Trail,"—a book of adventure, romance and picturesque interest. It was originally published in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which in its day was a great literary power in America. We need not catalogue Dr. PARKMAN'S works in the order of publication. They are familiar to every Canadian reader, for they deal with the story of our own country. The Court of Old France is described with grace and color, the tragic scenes enacted in New France, the Indians, the Governors, the Intendants, the Bishops and Priests, the warriors and bushrangers, the soldiers and statesmen are painted in pigments which cannot fade. There is nothing more fascinating than PARKMAN'S accounts of the early struggles between the white and the red men of two centuries ago. He has elevated those struggles to the dignity of battles. He has photographed as it were, the heroes and heroines, and described their deeds in language which charms on the instant. His gallery of worthies misses no name of real importance and he has saved from oblivion the records of many characters,

whose careers would have been forgotten, despite the work they had done, despite the sacrifices they had made, despite the sufferings they had endured. No man had, up to PARKMAN'S advent upon the scene, given us the real Indian. COOPER'S Indian is romantic and false. LONGFELLOW'S Indian is poetic and striking as a figure. PARKMAN'S Indian is historic and as he really lived and died. He told us all about him, painted him with his faults and his virtues, and showed how readily the savage nature assimilated itself to that of the marauding white man. The Jesuits, the Recollets, and the Sulpicians find in PARKMAN a biographer who is singularly fair and impartial towards their Order. Their strong points, as well as their weaknesses and frailties are sketched with no faltering pencil. All is laid bare on the marvellous canvas. FRONTENAC, LA SALLE, BIGOT, LAVAL, MONTCALM and WOLFE, as well as many lesser lights, illumine at every turn, the rich and glowing pages of the historian. Indeed, whether we read PARKMAN as a biographer, as a historian, as an artist, or as a word painter, our delight in his writings must remain the same, for he has done for our continent what MACAULAY and GREEN have done for England, what ROBERTSON has done for Scotland, what GUIZOT and THIERS have done for France. His studies and research have been enormous. He has neglected no source of information, he has slighted no authority. He has reconciled inaccuracies, and from a bulky mass of ancient and musty documents, has given us a continuous and brilliant story of achievement, of daring and of hardship, in a new country, thousands of miles away from the splendors of civilization. In his great work he was a pioneer. How well he performed his task is known to everybody, and his books a half a century hence, will be read with the same avidity as they are to-day.

He was born in Boston, Mass., in September, 1823, and at the time of his death, he was just entering on his 71st year. His father was the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS PARKMAN, and his great grandfather was the Rev. EBENEZER PARKMAN, of Westborough. He was educated at Harvard University, where he took his degree. The learned societies in various parts of the world, and many universities loaded him with honors. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. In Quebec, where he was, up to a decade ago, a frequent visitor, he leaves many friends, who will hear of his death with pain and sorrow. In addition to his historical writings, Dr. PARKMAN wrote one novel "Vassall Morton," and a treatise on the Rose.