

for me to be sick here while such tremendous events are occurring, and the affairs of England and France are so entangled."*

At half-past eight on the evening of Saturday, the 23d of September, 1871, he called the doctor to be alone with him, and taking his hand, said:—"Everything that science and the kindest care and attention could do for me has been done; but to no use—adieu, my dear doctor." Half an hour after, his head was thrown back on his chair, with a deep sigh, and the brave, great spirit had fled. The heart, that had for some years suffered derangement, suddenly ceased to beat—the most painless of deaths possible.

In the vault of a pretty private chapel, upon a knoll near the mansion, the remains of this purest of patriots are deposited with those of his father, his wife, and a son. To this thus consecrated shrine distant eyes will be turned, and pilgrimages be made.

The historian of years coming will tell of a remarkable French-Canadian, prominent above all in his time, of eagle-eye and noble presence, serious and learned beyond his years, entering Parliament as one stamped to be the political chief and regenerator of a people, incorruptible and devoted, endowed with a force of mind not to be surpassed, a hatred of oppression, a love for his constituents of every origin and creed—who could be neither enticed by promises nor shaken by threats, and who was honored even by enemies for pure blamelessness in private life, consistency, unyielding integrity, extensive knowledge, talents as a statesman, and power as an orator—a mortal privileged to command, ranking among the most illustrious of his age, the grandest figure of a constitutional epoch, distinguished for every moral, social, and domestic virtue—a philosopher and philanthropist, uniting the erudition of a man of letters with the urbanity of the most accomplished gentleman, delightful in conversation on every subject, a Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*—one who from a height surveyed the whole political field, and always saw the sun behind the clouds—a master mind expressing itself with equal ease, elegance, and energy in English or French, grave, dignified, and senatorial, carrying with it the Parliaments in their sessions, or the people when met in their primary assemblies; and then will be repeated the story of a prolonged life, honored and glorious, as sublimely tranquil in its decline as it was brilliantly tumultuous in its rise.

* With strong sight, never requiring glasses, Mr. Papineau kept by his bed-side a candle and matches, which he lighted to read when he wakened at night. The following list of books found upon the table at his death exemplifies the eclecticism and Catholicity of his thoughts and study:—"Life of Washington," "Life of Jefferson," "D'Alembert," "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius," "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," "Dictionnaire Généalogique," "The Holy Bible," "Poetry of Horace," "La Flore Canadienne," "Imitation of Jesus Christ," "Histoire des Gaulois," "Works of Seneca," the last numbers of the "Westminster," "Quarterly," and "Edinburgh" Reviews.