

methods, Canada at last came to welcome a respite from political oppression, which, but for their courage, might have been denied to two fair provinces for years, if not for generations.

Papineau was fifty years of age at the time of the rebellion. It was not, however, that event which accorded him the conspicuous celebrity which he has emphatically acquired in history. Long before the insurrection, and when he was yet in early life, he bounded almost meteorically forward into national eminence as a statesman and an orator. De Celles and others have ably treated of him as a statesman; it is reserved to this occasion to touch upon his merits as a prince of the public platform. Almost time enough has elapsed since his death in 1871, to rob him of his faults and emphasize his great and commanding qualities. History characterizes him as one of the few true orators of Canada. His portrait furnishes visible confirmation of the estimate of his history. In appearance he had all the personal bearing of the orator. His face at once suggests the commanding character, inseparably associated with the man, whose vocal thunders are wont to burst over great assemblies of people. His whole aspect and manner were those of the man whose function it is to impress his fellow men. His features were refined and noble. His lips were habitually compressed, indicating supreme decision. His bright and searching eyes were keen and flashing. His forehead was high and intellectual. His countenance was open and imperious. He was tall, graceful in his movements, and dignified. He bore a slight facial resemblance to our pictorial conceptions of the younger Pitt, and his oratorical gestures and declamatory attitude were not unlike those of the great Sir

Wilfrid Laurier. He had a splendid, ringing voice, of great strength, full of deep vibrant tones, and yet richly resonant and musical. It resounded thunderously through the largest buildings of Lower Canada, and made the vaulted roofs echo with the reverberating sounds. His learning, for his circumstances, and considering his surroundings, was almost abnormal. He had a ready and polished wit, and a withering sarcasm. His language was ornate; his vocabulary copious; his memory retentive, and supplying him with an inexhaustible abundance of the appropriate words of his native tongue to use almost at will. He spoke with great rapidity, and with enthusiastic declamatory vehemence. Seldom has his Province or even Canada heard the equal of his finished and masterly eloquence.

I like to think of Papineau as a man whose soul was never severed from his country; that even when rebellion drove him afar, he was invisibly yet indissolubly bound to the land that gave him birth. This is where he loved in life to be left; and here it is that this imperfect estimate of his genius shall leave him. As vigour of limb is transmitted by blood so I sometimes think loyalty is capable of a not inferior transmission. A grandson of the great tribune, bearing in his veins some of Papineau's blood, and likewise some of his lofty spirit, perished on behalf of Freedom only a little while ago in Europe. Freedom blushes and blooms in Quebec to-day, while on other lands the fetters are securely rivetted. These manacles are being slowly broken apart. Soon the Nations shall be free. Then men who merit greatness shall receive it. Then those who fought for freedom shall, by freedom, be enthroned. Then shall Papineau be numbered with the truly great.

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The next article of this series will be on the marvellous oratorical powers of Rev. Dr. George Douglas.