

Lord Sydenham was a clever man, but he was deeply in error in supposing that the popular demand once granted, by a concession, the boon could ever be withdrawn by finesse, intrigue or corruption. It might be, and it was temporarily set aside, but would surely be recovered with interest.

Lord Sydenham died in the prime of life—at the zenith of his fame.

Prodigious acclamations rent the air, and all men talked of the masterly policy, by which he had out-generaled Mr. Baldwin.

Yet, by the very fact of victory, he had insured himself defeat. At the time of his death, his ministry of tricksters, admirably played off upon a deluded country, was ready to crumble into dust, and its elements to be scattered to the four winds of heaven. No sooner was he entombed than it fell before the steadfast, unflinching, uncompromising opposition of Mr. Baldwin.

Sir Charles Bagot, saw, with regret no doubt, but powerless to save them, his Ministry, bequeathed to him by Lord Sydenham, unable to stand three days before the Canadian Parliament. His name has been loaded with opprobrium, because he dared to do that which his admirers thought he would never have done. He called Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine to the Councils of his Sovereign, and pardoned Mons. Girouard.—“The Church” newspaper, then under the editorial management of one of the most violent political partizans in Canada, assailed him in the most bitter terms. It spoke of his ancestral fame—it pointed to his escutcheon, and in the most withering sarcasm strove to blot out the honors won for the ancient name of Bagot. What, pardon a rebel for whose head £500 had been offered? What, call to his Councils men who had lain in the Montreal Jail? Such were the inexpressible offences with which he was charged, in language the most vindictive, because couched beneath the garb of satire.

And yet, Sir Charles Bagot's name will flourish in Canadian annals, crowned with imperishable renown, when the memory of the tricksters, who would have evaded the great question, shall have withered into insignificance.

The irony may now fairly be used in his favor, not against him. Yes, he a gentleman—he, a scion of the princely house of Bagot—he, with Oxford for his alma mater, and married into the proudest family of England, dared to test a great question—dared to believe what it was mere cowardice to disavow—that the people of Canada, Reformers as well as Conservatives, could honestly lay claim to loyalty of heart—that the uncompromising opposition of the former to every Government, was the opposition of loyal men, but men who knew their constitutional rights, and were determined to maintain them.