

silent partner in his might; brain, so long as oft defeated hope, held out the remotest possibility of his becoming a member of a former government. His expectations went up in smoke. He immediately be thought himself of the long-forgotten goods in his intellectual garret and declared his willingness to risk his political life in defence of this catch, popular cry. Again his vaulting ambition and political acrimony tricked him into opposing, by every means in his power, a government endeavoring to convert a political watchword into a statute of Canadian law. The Conservative party was split up into divers factions on the location of the national capital. The Macdonald-Cartier ministry stood loyally by the decision of their sovereign and moved that the house grant money to construct departmental buildings, in accordance with the Queen's decree. The opposition at once opened up fire upon the ministerial mandate. Mr. Dorion moved an amendment to this motion to go into supply, expressing the "deep regret" with which the House viewed the selection of Ottawa, as the Capital of the Dominion. This clear want of confidence motion was defeated. The opposition changed tactics. Mr. Piché's amendment that "in the opinion of this House the city of Ottawa, ought not to be the permanent seat of Government of this province" was carried. Brown could not contain himself, he jumped up and in a theatrical manner claimed that the House repudiated the whole policy of the Government. To test the opinion of the house he moved the adjournment. Macdonald accepted the crucial test and declared that if the motion were carried, the ministry would admit that the control of affairs was conceded to their opponents. Brown carried off the honors of the day. The government resigned and the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head laid upon George Brown the task of forming a new administration, which he joyfully accepted as a labor of love.

The pigmy Cæsar had crossed the

Rubicon, some of his over-zealous partisans bewail the fact that he could neither reach Rome nor recross the fatal river. "Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad:" impetuous Brown had already burnt his boats. His conduct in the present instance has been fittingly compared to that of the young soldier who in the dying hours of the evening said: "Buy me the captain's commission, mother." "The soldiers will be over the wall to-morrow my son, and your glory will be short lived." "I don't care mother, I want to be a captain." A captain he was and came to grief. All have read the tale of the frog that desired to become as large as an ox; its vain ambition burst a heart too noble for its casement. Macdonald who knew that he had a clear majority in both houses played the mother's part towards Brown at that time. Those who have listened to the keen humour of Sir John, can easily imagine his saying to Brown with a lurking, suspicious smile "You want the premiership. Here it is. Beware the enemy will be over the wall to-morrow, my son," or with Collins we see him lean back in his chair, a twinkle in his eye, softly quoting "Now let it work; mischief thou art a foot, Take thou what course thou wilt." But right here we must notice a most important fact which flatly contradicts the puerile statements of Brown's biographers. The Governor-General, in a memorandum warned Brown that his excellency gave "no pledge or promise, express or implied, with reference to the dissolving of parliament." Brown replied in a curt note that the members of his cabinet would not discuss any measure of public policy until they had "assumed the functions of constitutional advisers of the crown."

Cabinet-making went on apace and brought forth a many-headed monster. Brown was the champion of "Rep. by Pop.;" strange to relate the majority of his ministry were avowed opponents of that measure. Brown, in season and out of season, declared