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THE UNION OF THE COLONIES AND THE CITY PRESS.

We Nova Scotians, metropolitans and all, are a patient and law-abiding people. We may occasionally at election times have a small row, hardly worthy of the name, but as soon as the election is over, we submit to our destiny. We feel no respect for those whom we have elected or allowed to be elected; we should be very sorry as a general rule to admit them into our counting-houses or offices, to discharge any duty requiring expertness or shrewdness, however good and worthy they may be as common-place citizens. Were an object proposed for discussion as having an important bearing upon our interests, our public men are not the persons to whom we would look for advice or for whose opinions we should care, save just so far as parliamentary or civic authority was necessary to give force to the measures determined upon. Our public men simply have weight, because they have votes. And so we go on from year to year. We pay our taxes—we submit to the law whatever it may be. We allow the Treasury to be emptied of so much a year to go into the pockets of N. or M., as the case may be. And when a proposition is made to us to go into the City Council or the House, we smile with cool indifference, if not something worse. We may be unfortunate, we may be down on our luck,—but it has not yet come quite to that. As we have said, we are patient and law-abiding. Let us be taxed, no matter by whom. Let our public affairs be managed or mis-managed. Only don't ask us to take upon ourselves the duty of mingling with the present law-makers.

In connection with the above remarks let us consider the subject at the head of this article. "The Union of the Colonies and the City Press." The question of Union is somewhat large. It opens up a good many tracts of thought. There are a great many interests to be considered, a great many prejudices to be combated. Whether the Union is to be Federal or Legislative or of some third kind is a question requiring deep thought—and to its consideration must be brought the full force of clear untrammelled minds—shaking off all little prejudices—ready to bear and to forbear, to give and to take—ever imbued with the feeling of a deep sense of responsibility—inasmuch as upon the terms of our new state constitution may depend the happiness, the peace, perhaps the lives of many thousands, for long, long years to come.

Well now—what about the gentlemen whom Nova Scotia has honored—at least that is the mild way of putting it—we feel more inclined to say—who have taken upon themselves the honor of settling this important business. And mark you, of settling it without permitting the people to obtain even an inkling of the great things which are in store for them. We suppose it is all right. Little children must open their mouths and shut their eyes and see what the Devil—we beg the gentleman's pardon, the delegates—will send them. Still when one's whole ideas are to be turned upside down, when perhaps our parliament is to be taken away, and we are never again to hear the voice of the patriot "within

these walls" or to see him sitting "upon these benches Sir."—when instead of being Number one in managing our own affairs, we may become Number two or three and so on, we can't help feeling a slight curiosity as to the outline at least of our future destiny. But as to that—we are told that such curiosity is highly impertinent—we beg pardon—perhaps we are wrong; we are not sure that we did not see in one of the papers, either the Government organ or the opposition—we forget which, for the style is so similar that it is hard to remember—that "of course the public cannot expect to be informed in the smallest degree of what were the general opinions upon the various matters discussed, &c., whichever way it stands, all that we know is, that we know nothing—which was once pronounced to be a wonderful philosophical discovery. Well—we bow—we can't do anything else, except start a rebellion. We submit, as we do to a thunder-shower at a pic-nic—simply because we can't help ourselves. We think the clerk of the weather has ill-treated us, but we must take it out in thinking. We can however take another step, and that is the highly pertinent one—of asking "who are the gentlemen who are managing this great matter for us. Who are the statesmen who have delegated themselves to enjoy pleasant summer trips at our expense to the Islands, and continents adjacent, to give public dinners to visitors, paraded as their own private affair, but which everybody knows are to be charged to the public—to change our constitutions and will we—will we—to improve us from Colonists into a great people"?—We step into the street, and we put this question to some one we meet, and we are told "Oh, the Provincial Secretary and the leader of the Opposition are the two chief delegates from Nova Scotia." All right, we think, and we drop into the reading-room. We take up the *Morning Chronicle*, the Organ of the Opposition—its leading articles devoted to reiterated condemnation of the Provincial Secretary, being, as it would be folly to deny, the expression of the sentiments of the Honorable leader of the Opposition,—and what do we find? Remember this Honourable gentleman has become a Siamese twin with the Provincial Secretary, and that the two have delegated themselves to P. E. Island and Canada, as representatives of the Nova Scotian intellect, and ability for government,—and then read. In the name of heaven, of whom is the writer talking? It cannot be of his colleague the Provincial Secretary! Why this man is a knave beyond all knaves. This man of whom the *Chronicle* speaks, is a compound of fool, and rascal. Nothing that he says can be believed. There is a sweet article likening him to Balaam the son of Bosor—commonly called Poor—but then Bosor draws attention and shews that the writer has read the New Testament—the Provincial Secretary's likeness to Balaam however, consisting not in his being reproved by an ass, but in his fondness for untruths. Then he is behaving in a most improper way, in going to the country for the purpose of influencing an election, gentlemen of the writer's side never having been known to do such a thing—sweet lambs! Then some Light-House keeper, down at Paul's Island, has been dismissed, and we get it in style. The eagles and the sea-gulls are described as wheeling round the wave-bound