

THE BULLFROG.

*Nec sinit aut pauli serena,
Arbitrio popularis aure.—Hor.*

No. 21.

JANUARY 21, 1865.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

THE SITUATION.

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We have for many weeks to the best of our ability commented upon the Federation question in all its bearings upon the interests of Nova Scotia. We have listened to the arguments for and against the scheme, as expounded in Temperance Hall and elsewhere; we have read all, or nearly all that has been written upon the subject in this Province and in England; we have waded through columns of clap-trap in order to arrive at a germ of common sense; we have compared figures with figures, weighed the claims of classes as of individuals, analysed motives, probable and obscure, and still find ourselves utterly and entirely opposed to Federation with Canada upon the terms proposed. The more light thrown upon the Scheme, the more visible its defects; the more breath expended by the delegates, the more idle seem their words. It is not a little remarkable, that, upon a subject so comprehensive, all the clap-trap, spoken and written, should be on one side. Messrs UNSACKE, STAIRS, McDONALD, MILLER, and ANNAND, uttered a good deal that might perhaps have been left unsaid, but each and all of these gentlemen's speeches were characterized by a certain amount of hard, practical common sense. The speeches of the delegates, on the contrary, were clever rhetorical flourishes—nothing more. Much was said about self defence, still more about an Intercolonial Railway, most of all about some chimerical future greatness. The delegatic doctrines were eagerly devoured for a time, the public listening to Messrs TUPPER and McCULLY with amazement and delight. The ideas propounded were so vast, so lofty, so picturesque, and withal so entertaining, that men remained mute from very astonishment,—fascinated while perplexed. It seemed in truth a pity to mar the gorgeous day-dreams of the delegates by any sudden introduction of hum-drum, work-a-day, unromantic common sense. It was charming to shut our eyes to all those minor considerations which, taken in the aggregate, make up the story of our lives from year to year: it was sweet to think, that, having laboriously toiled to achieve greatness among the Lower Provinces, it was yet our real destiny to have thrust upon us a greatness rivalling that of nations the most illustrious on earth. We could not forego pride when we looked on Canada and were told that she loved us. We wished to hear yet more of the Ottawa palace and the frontier Lakes; it was so pleasant to hear of her splendours, since she did swear to us that they would be desolate without Acadia. As the bee upon the flower, we hung upon the honey of the delegatic tongues, and deemed ourselves blest. The poetry of the situation for a time o'erturned our reason, and we disported ourselves after the manner of Shakspeare's fairies. Our delegates, each in turn, played the part of PECK to admiration, putting "a girle round about the earth" in something less than forty minutes. The Canadians, too, deserve infinite credit for their judicious impersonation of OBERON; and indeed, had Nova Scotia's conception of TITANIA

been carried out gracefully to the end of the comedy, there can be little doubt that the King of the Fairies would have rewarded PECK most handsomely. But PECK's flower had not that magic charm which OBERON imputed to it, and although the Fairy King dropped a not inconsiderable amount of juice upon TITANIA's eyelids, the Fairy Queen was far from doting madly upon the "meddling monkey," or the "busy ass," which first caught her waking glance. But, let us drop imagery, and descend from the "Midsummer-Nights Dream" of Shakspeare, to the autumnal day dream of the delegates and their supporters.

TITANIA, as represented by the Nova Scotian public, is no longer enamoured of the Canadian note, nor does the force of Canadian virtue any longer move Nova Scotians, "in the first view, to say, to swear, we love thee." During the last fortnight, the Anti Federation party has been reinforced by the *Chronicle*,—the most widely circulated, and, in our opinion, the most ably conducted of Nova Scotian journals. The *Journal* has likewise changed hands, and if rumour be correct, we may now hope to see two ably managed morning papers—the *Chronicle*, and the *Unionist*,—each advocating a separate policy upon the great question of Federation. This is as it should be. Hitherto, the *Chronicle* has had the field to itself. Its articles have been generally clever and seldom dull; whereas the *Colonist*, its political rival, is the least interesting of Nova Scotian periodicals. We should not have deemed it necessary to refer to changes in the managerial department of any contemporary journal, were it not that the incidents connected with such changes are utterly at variance with our ideas of "greatness" as a people. We profess the profoundest veneration for the institutions of the mother country, and are ever prating about the glories of the English Constitution, as reflected by ourselves. So far, so good. We have, in our own way, a King, Lords, and Commons, and we also claim for our "fourth estate" a measure of wisdom. But our "fourth estate" is governed by rules altogether irreconcilable with those which regulate the English press. In England, an "editor" is a person unknown and unrecognized; in Nova Scotia, an editor's expulsion from office is made a theme of extraordinary importance. Yet, we are told that we are ripe for greatness, at a time when the public ear is bored by a narration of the squabbles between a *Chronicle* editor and a *Chronicle* proprietor. We must indeed possess the germ of true greatness, when those who profess to enlighten us, claim our attention by unfolding the interior economy of the office of a daily paper! The finest insignificant village in Wales would resent as an insult such tea-cup-storm revelations;—yet—Heaven bless the mark—we are ripe to take our place among the great nations of the earth!

Not the least interesting event of the past fortnight has been the appearance of Archbishop CONNOLLY in print. The position occupied by His Grace naturally commands attention, and we hang upon his words, believing them to be "words of truth and soberness." We