

# THE BULLFROG.

No. 3.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

## LILLIPUTIAN POLITICS.

The English form of Government, as carried out in Nova Scotia, has been facetiously termed—a farce in three acts—and a popular English writer has likened the yearly opening of our Legislative Session, to the opening of the British Parliament, as seen through the wrong end of a telescope. The latter remark is true only when applied to an annual pageant, whereas the former seems to describe faithfully, the tone of our political life. Were our political transactions at all in keeping with the dignified observances attendant upon the opening of our Parliamentary Session, we should jog along very creditably in a small way, and reflect honor upon the form of Government which we have thought proper to adopt. All things considered, nothing could be better, than the style in which we yearly open our political ball. We have a Guard of Honor without the Province Building—a band playing “God Save the Queen”—Volunteers lining the stairs,—a throne for Royalty’s Representative,—a standing body of Peers temporal—a faithful Commons huddled together without a bar—a speech from the throne, and a peal of ordnance from the saluting battery. All this is, in its way, first rate, and eminently calculated to impress lookers-on with a profound sense of admiration for everything connected with our political life. But this dignified pageant is unfortunately a prelude to transactions, the reverse of dignified. No sooner has Royalty’s Representative quitted the throne, than we relapse into a tone somewhat democratic;—no sooner has the Guard of Honor been dismissed, than we evince a partiality for principles, eminently republican. This is, to say the least, inconsistent, and our inconsistency leads to results somewhat humiliating. It is hardly fair to treat us to Imperial Tokay at the commencement of our political banquet, and tell us to rest content with very small beer throughout the remaining courses. Small beer and Tokay seldom mix kindly, and those upon whom such a mixture is forced, must sooner or later feel grievously disquieted. Our politicians are naturally averse to an open declaration regarding the mildness of that political tippie from whence they imbibe a momentary strength,—indeed, as a rule, they would have us believe that Imperial Tokay is their ordinary beverage. Our speeches are of Tokay, but our actions are of the small beer order,—in the House of Assembly, we talk about the “British Constitution,” and “the rights of the people,” but in our public offices, we discuss the political leanings of ladies, entrusted with the sale of postage stamps in remote country villages. The importance with which we invest Postmistresses, clearly proves that our ladies, can, at times, be as strong minded, as the most ultra blue stockings of the neighbouring States, and leads us to believe that in this enlightened Province, the fair sex, must eventually be accorded the right of voting at elections. How can it be otherwise, when the *Royal Gazette* publishes such paragraphs as the following?—“To be Postmistress at River Philip—Mrs. J. C. Phillips, vice Miss Hewson, by whom she was superseded in 1861.” This appointment shews consummate wisdom, on the part of our rulers; indeed there can be little doubt, that

had Miss Hewson been allowed to continue issuing postage stamps for any lengthened period, there would have been a serious outbreak at River Philip, and the great Conservative party would probably have been annihilated. Such precautionary measures on the part of a government reflect infinite credit upon the Province. Not only are the chances of rebellion averted, but the people are educated in a proper respect for Provincial politics. Viewed in a pecuniary light such appointments as that vacated by Miss Hewson are of but trifling importance, but viewed in accordance with the wishes of our paternal government, such appointments become bona fide political offices. For the time being, Mrs Phillips is a person of as much importance in River Philip as is the Provincial Secretary in Halifax. She, no less than him, has accepted political employment and must stand or fall with that great party for whose humiliation she was superseded in 1861. But the contemplation of River Philip and its rival postmistresses brings us to the question of Tenure of Office, about which we have recently heard so much. Upon this question, as upon many others, we have a Parliamentary blue book, of strictly orthodox appearance. In size, in color, and in formality, it is in fair keeping with the grand yearly pageant before mentioned, but its contents when examined, are sadly disappointing. Anticipating Tokeay, we find ourselves discussing beer of exceeding smallness. One would imagine the minute of the Executive to be the production of a set of peevish school boys rather than of men selected to take part in playing the little game of Cabinet Ministers. The squabble commences by the Executive blaming LORD NORMANBY for placing on its minutes some remarks which had not previously been submitted to its enlightened consideration. This seems unwise, inasmuch as it calls attention to the implied fact that the late Lieutenant Governor, when “on the eve of leaving the Colony,” was far from anxious, to see more of his Responsible Advisers, than could be avoided. Next comes denial and recrimination having, it would seem, no object in view save that of shewing the evils of Responsible Government. One PETER HAMILTON, comes in for a fair share of attention, albeit the conduct of that gentleman, in appealing direct to the Colonial Secretary clearly shews that he had no faith whatever in his Provincial rulers. Then, we are treated to the most dire revelations concerning a local government that—“*pared neither age, sex, nor condition; whenever and wherever an office was wanted to reward a violent partisan, it was wrested from its occupants without an hour’s notice, or the slightest explanation.*” (Bravo Responsible Government!) This state of things seems about as bad as bad could be, but nevertheless we find the Government absolutely jumping at it triumphantly in order to establish a precedent. Let the Executive speak for itself “The principle of removing prominent departmental officers upon a change of Government was thus established by the clearest precedent.” Now it is commonly supposed in Europe, that while a good precedent cannot be quoted in justification of a bad measure, a bad precedent is something worse than valueless. Yet Nova Scotian politicians clutch at a bad