

Barney Buntling to Bill Bowling.

NEW VERSION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When BARNEY BUNTILING turned his quid
And said to BILLY BOWLING :

"A strong nor-wester's blowing, BILL,
Hark ! don't you hear it roar, now !
My eye ! just don't I pity all
Unhappy folks on shore now !

"It 'aint your storms, or rolling waves
That set us tars a-quaking,
Its then, ere blessed ice-bugs, mate,
That put us in a taking.

"They're things one never knows just where
They'll turn up day or night, BILL,
And sometimes they come sneaking on
Completely out of sight, BILL,

"Beneath the water, and at once
Agin them you go crashing,
And DAVY's locker gets you perhaps
With that 'ere sort of smashing.

"It's now three years agone or more
To Canada when bound BILL,
The good *Moravian* made slow way
With fog all thick around, BILL.

"And bang agin an ice-bug chap
We drove with sudden bumping,
You bet that when the shock I felt,
My heart went all a-thumping.

"In size, and height, and that, it was
Just like a mountain seeming—
It made the men turn jolly pale,
And set the women screaming.

"The ice-bug to us stuck like fun,
We no-how couldn't clear her—
Bang, bang, it comes again the ship
However we did steer her.

"The boats for launching ready were
For passengers and crew, then,
And I can tell you every thing
Was looking precious blue, then,

"But all at once from down below,
Upon the deck a man, BILL,
With just the most amazing feat
I ever saw, there ran, BILL.

"And all of us he pushed aside,
'Get out of this' says he, 'now,
This ice-bug I will settle soon,
Pray leave the biz to me now.'

"'Good people stow your cries and fears,
You'll none of you go down, sirs,
All right we soon shall be, as sure
As e'er my name is BROWNS, sirs.'

"Oh ! dear such sight I never saw
Since I was raised I swear, BILL,
At first we thought the man was mad
You know, as any hare, BILL.

"But shiver all my timbers ! if
He didn't lift his leg, sir,
And give the ice-bug just one kick
Which smashed it like an egg, sir !"

TELEGRAM FROM PRINCE EDWARD.—Gideon's fleece won't hold water. Striker stricken off. Gid's sword is snapped, he has soared and fallen, his choice now lies between pills and the registry office. *Hic jacet.*

THE SEASONS.—'SUN' SET.—September 10th, 4 p.m.—On account of the prevailing cold and boisterous weather this luminary descended into oblivion at an early hour. It was its 220th day out ! "Where be thy gibes now ?"

An Obituary.

The *Sun* has set ! And yet it seems that now we hear
The newsboy's cry still ringing in our ear,
"Evening *Sun* ; only a cent !"
And yet it went down ! Could not this large town support its own *Sun* ?
Oh, it was pitiful, in a whole cityful, cash there was none !
Verily this world is full of changes,
(But there is mighty little change within our pockets ranges.)
It seems but yesterday that CROOKS was down ;
And brightly on his prostrate form the rays did shine.
Now he doth stand upright, after his Oxford fight,
Gazing at the waning light of the *Sun's* decline.
Ah ! it is sad enough that the *JOSITA* of *Hard Times* should say,
"Sun stand still." For we shall miss thy genial ray,
As day by day thy mission well thou didst fulfil.
Yes ! it is rough ! But if thou, the centre of the universe suspend,
Sad must be the fate of those that on thy beams depend, [end.
For then *Mercury*,* the *Star*, † the *Planet*, ‡ yea the *Globe* itself must
* Guelph, Quebec. † Cobourg, Goderich, Paris, Montreal. ‡ Chatham.



Parliament

Buildings.

Private Theatricals by the Executive.

"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

A Farce in every Act, To be Continued.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| The gentle Shepherd | THE HON. O. M——T. |
| His Crooks | ADAM. |
| Treasurer, his Dog (an) | CHRISTIE F——R. |
| His Pastures | CROWN LANDS. |
| His Woods | SAMUEL CASEY. |
| His bill writer | A. S. H——Y. |
| His Sheep | ANTI-OPPOSITIONIST M. P. P.'S |
| The <i>Wolves</i> | THE OPPOSITION |

The public at large are expected to sit still while the Ministerial barrel organ and opposition hurdy gurdy play a running accompaniment to every act.

Ottawa Speculations.

DEAR GRIP.—

As a complete refutation of the "doctrine of chance," perhaps you will invest the following which was picked up near the east wing of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

From "Thoughts on men and things," an unpublished work by the author of the "*Canadian Peerage*."

The "*Great Eastern*" was built to carry passengers and freight between the Old World and the New, she was, however, destined for a nobler work and performed it well, as every one knows who has followed the career of that stupendous work of human hands.

So, also, Ottawaians in the early days of one of their now most prominent, eminent, and distinguished citizens, imagined they had among them a heaven-born lumberer, saw-mill man, and *che* a senator, but inexorable fate willed it otherwise :—That youth became robust, aldermanic, the possessor of something seemingly "with fat coupon lined" :—linguab roll in utterance was grand, the presence magnificent, and the eternal fitness of things at once pointed to the vocation intended for him by nature ; and now, wherever and whenever the denizens of the Capital do congregate *in bulk* he fills the CHAIR to the utmost of its capacity.

By inscrutable decree the workings of a higher law are beautifully exemplified in the adaptation of the "*Great Eastern*" and the HON. J——SK——D to their several duties which they each perform to the satisfaction of an admiring world.

Yea, Verily ! Providence ordereth all things well. In my opinion, dear GRIP, the thoughts as above evolved cannot be surpassed in beauty of conception.

MAJOR'S HILL.

DISHONEST DOGS.—The Scotch Collies in London.

Motto for J. D. E——G——R, ex-M. P., laureate etc., "*Exegi monumentum ore perennius.*" (They've raised a monument more lasting than brass.)

WHIS(T)T !—It is whispered that although G. B. had all the honors in his hand, that he has lost the odd trick. This comes of his playing games "not according to HOYLE."

EUCHRED !—MAYOR M——F passed because he thought B——N held all the court cards, and wanted to play it alone. Very like old SQUARETOES.