

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 5.

You have heard of a bull in a china shop, but I have seen Bunster in Parliament. The old-fashioned smile for incongruity has lost its force. A bear in a flower garden, a raccoon on the hearth rug, a porcupine in the parlor, the average New Brunswick legislator at a fashionable evening party, a St. John Alderman at a Temperance social, the compiler of the "religious column" of a daily newspaper at a prayer meeting, or "the Judge" sitting to Miles as Apollo, would not be so much out of place. He comes from the golden shores of the Pacific. His feet have been washed by the mighty waves which follow each other from China to Vancouver. The setting sun has gilded for him the rocky crowns of Columbia, Sea of Mountains. He has camped with the miner, chopped with the woodman, trapped with the hunter and played poker with the Heathen Chinese of the Pacific Province. The wildest has heard his cry and slunk back into the forest wilds, the grisly has heard his shout and taken to his cave, the coon has seen him level his rifle and cried, "Don't shoot—I'll come down." The "Parliamentary Companion," a new edition of which has just been issued from the *Citizen* office, pretends that Bunster was born in a civilized country, educated somewhere, and married a wife, but it requires more credulity to swallow this than it does to accept the common belief in his having been a forest fowling whom British Columbia bears adopted and reared. Roman history affords us an instance of the fatherly and motherly instincts of an animal equally savage, and also tells us that the wolf's protogee became as great a man as Bunster. Romulus founded a city, and Bunster is founding a Province. Romulus was never ashamed of his wet nurse, but Bunster is evidently desirous of depriving his of the credit that may be due her. If there had been a Remus in his case the truth might come out, but if he was all alone, as was probably the case, he will be able to keep the truth from the world, and a chapter of the marvellous from the historians, poets, and painters of his country. He could not have been one of twins, as one like him at a birth is all nature would ever venture on. His form is erect, like that of the dancing bears which are exhibited in the streets by Quebec *habitués*, and he paws the air when he speaks just as they do when prancing to the showman's music. His coarse black hair, of which he has enough to cover his whole body, if it were equally distributed, is matted and tangled to such a degree that a comb could no more get through it than a horseman through a tropical jungle. It looks as though the kindly old bear that suckled him (for I must stick to this theory of his infant days) had playfully scrambled his hair up before sending him out to the settlements to become a statesman, making a labyrinth of his raven locks, whose mazes no barber has yet been able to thread. It stands upright, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine;" twists into various fanciful shapes; forms ferns, cones, brambles; ripples along like rapid brooks over stony beds, falls over his ears like cataracts over precipices; and half hides his forehead. Alas for the Livingstone who shall be lost in his great African jungle of black beard, as no Stanley will ever be brave enough to venture in, in search of him. The effect is ludicrously unorthodox. Is this one of Barnum's wildmen? one asks when seeing him first. He ought to be in a show if he is not, is the response that one gives to a negative answer. Instead of making himself appear more civilized by a plug hat and a black coat, he but enhances the wildness of his natural aspect by contrast. With Kit Carson's dress (I refer to the voracious showman of that name) Bunster would not look so bizarre, as the furs and

skins would harmonize with his fierce and rough aspect. Bunster means business when he rises to speak. He means also to have the Canada Pacific Railway built, just as Peter Mitchell means to make the Government pay for that Barnaby River man's bull and four cows, or perish in the struggle. His tastes are agricultural, notwithstanding the savage wildness of his air; his appetite for corn, rye and barley, when properly prepared for consumption, being one of his most noticeable characteristics. Bunster is not a fluent speaker, but few men bring down the House more quickly. His oratory is something like that of the noble savage, stripped of its flowers of rhetoric and spiced with the practical. His sentences are short, and his words are jerked out jaggedly from the hair encircled cavern through which the workings of his great brain find utterance. His desire to see the Atlantic and Pacific shores of Canada linked together with iron bands, and the snorting horse of steel, careering across the continent with McLeod's extra fine-cut for the solace of weary miners, who watch old Sol slowly wrap himself up in the watery blanket which covers the ocean bed that reaches from their feet to the Flowery Kingdom whence cometh the pig-tailed Chinaman with obsequious airs, industrious habits, and the capacity of living on five cents a day. His desire to see this dream a reality is not strong enough to blind him to the evil consequences that may attend the building of the great work, and, with forecasting statesmanship, he is seeking to guard against them. An influx of Chinese laborers is what his prophetic eyes behold, and he would take measures to discourage it. With this object in view he moved a resolution forbidding, under penalty, the employment of any man on the Canada Pacific Railway, whose hair is longer than five and a half inches. His speech in support of the resolution, like all his oratorical efforts, was brief. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise to advocate a phase of protection which no other honorable member has alluded to. (Hear, hear.) I want to protect native elbow grease. (Laughter.) The Chinese want to make a slaughter market of Canada for their labor. (Hear, hear and applause.) But if there's any slaughtering to be done, so far as they are concerned, the free and independent Columbines, I have the honor to represent, will do it themselves. (Applause and laughter.) 'I says the sparrow with my bow and arrow.' (Laughter.) That's from the Greek, Mr. Speaker. (Laughter.) We want the money kept at home, not sent off to China. We ought to keep out Yankee spies also, who come here to spy out the land and devour our substance. (Charlton—Hear, hear.) We want Canada for the Canadians."

Mr. Dymond—"The honorable gentleman should move that Emigration Agents be required to measure the hair of every applicant for a passage ticket."

Mr. Bunster—"If our Agents in England had been required to measure ears they would have sent us over so many jackasses for the Reformers to choose as members of this House. (Roars of laughter and cries of order from Dymond.) I don't want to take up the time of this House. (Go on, go on.) I am going on. The long-haired race will overrun our country, like the locusts we read about in the Scripture, and devour every green thing. (Mr. Jones—Hear, hear.) The honorable Minister of Militia says hear, hear, Mr. Speaker, but he wouldn't be here long if these locusts visited us. (Cheers and long-continued laughter.) You see I am disinterested in this matter, as my hair is longer than the resolution allows. (Cheers.) I want Lord Dufferin continued as Governor General another term. (Hear, hear and Question.) This is the question, for he will be more likely to stay if the Chinese are kept out. British Columbia is a great country, Mr. Speaker, and the honorable gentleman, who spoke of her inhospitable mountains, slandered her. He would find hospitality wherever there was a bottle of old rye or a

shoe of pork. (Cheers.)" Bunster is allowed to say things, without offence, which would be tolerated in but few others. He is rather popular with members and reporters, is an excellent whist player, and understands draw-poker.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"BUCELL."—Your "Ode to Spring" is delicious.

"CHERUBINO," Halifax.—You must comply with our rules and send your real name.

HUMA.—Under consideration. You may see it print, and *huma* not. Do you see the humorous point of the joke?

"ERRATIC ENRIQUE."—Letter and papers received all right. Thanks.

TORCHISMS.

The young "rake," who, in the "*My* day of life," occasionally got *correct* on "Old Rye," has sown his wild oats.

PAY-RENT-AL AFFECTION.—A father turning his son out of doors for non-payment of rent.

A KISS.—A legal tender always taken at the face.

Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you un-buzz'em.

Why is the Devil never rude? Because the "imp of darkness" could never be imp-o'-light.

The best material for a binnacle-light in a vessel—Stear-line candles.

Why should a person feel sad when sitting down to a dinner of roast lamb? Because it is a lamb-on-table affair.

Why is musk the strongest perfume? Because it's the most musk-ular.

During Bunster's speech on Monday several of the members called out "Hair, hair!"

SPORTING SPLASHES.

Articles of agreement have been signed for a single scull race for \$4,000 and the championship of America between Evan Morris of Pittsburgh and Edward Hanlon of Toronto. The race is to take place over a five mile course—two miles and a half and turn—at Hulton, Penn., on June 20.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities went into regular training for their annual race on the 6th inst. The contest will take place on April 15.

The date fixed for the single scull boat race between F. A. Plaisted of this city and Edward Hanlon of Toronto is May 15. The race is to take place on Toronto Bay.—*N. Y. Times*.

Land and Water claims that the track on which Howse walked 129 miles in 24 hours 5 minutes and 25 seconds was not properly measured, and that a new one had been laid down for Stanton's bicycling.—*N. Y. News*.

Howse a bet to be decided, then?

A NEW MOUSE TRAP.—A few days ago, one of the pupils in a school department at the Institute, on going to her desk and removing the ink-bottle, discovered that a mouse had committed suicide by thrusting its head into the nose of the bottle, where it had become wedged.—*Telegraph*.

Why didn't the Coroner hold an ink-quest?

Gold and silver balls will be much used for buttons and for trimming this season; they are beautifully carved.—*Norristown Herald*.

Cashmere dresses trimmed with bullion fringe, would also be *au fait*.