



A SUITABLE TESTIMONIAL.

It is announced that the Reform Party of East York purpose making a presentation to Mr. Mackenzie, as a recognition of his sterling character and valuable services. The question as to what form the present should take has not as yet been decided, but GRIP is inclined to believe with the *Bobcaygeon Independent* that Mr. Mackenzie should get something at once plain and of solid worth.

BARNEY AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

AROUKIR, Aug. 14th, 1882.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Accordin' to your instructions, an' he manes av the funds so liberally contributed for me expinzes, behowl'd your war correspondent at lasht in Egypt. As soon as the owld country government got wind av me intinded expedition from the colony, as they call our Canada over there, Mither Gladstone sent orders to take possession av all the different telegraphs, so that the government could be instantly informed av me safe arrival at the seat av war, an' make all possible provisions for me comfort an' safety. Accordin'ly, to me great surprise an' delight, the moment I set down me fut on Egyptian sod, Admiral Seymour ordered the whole fleet to fire a salute, an' jist as I was openin' up me bundle to get out a clane paper collar, so I would luk dacent, up marches three brass bands playin' "See the conquerin' hero comes," an' behowl'd ye, what does they do but presents arms an' the following letter from Sir Garnet himself:

MY DEAR O'HEA,—*Cœd mille fœlthe* to the land of the pyramids, the scene of bygone victories, the land of the Pharaohs, (by the way that suggests a conundrum, so have at you, old fellow—why is Egypt like Ireland?—give it up. Because it is the land of the fairies—Pharaohs—how's that for a pun?) the land in which once more we unfurl to the orient zephyr the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. Come right on to head quarters. I have herewith sent three kettle drums and an escort, to bring you thither. Impatient to see you,

Ever yours immortally,
WOLSELY.

Well sur, meself was moighty flattered, to have a guard of honor consistin' av three brass bands an' a gun carriage to ride on, so I gets on, an' lights me pipe an' we marches away, the band playin' "Good-by John, don't stay long," whin there riz up the most terrible huroosh in the streets, the people flyin' in all directions, like frightened cattle, an' clouds av dust risin' up in the air, as a coach an' four came tarin' down the shirect like owld Pharaoh hot-foot afther the Israelites.

Bedad, sez I to meself, Barney it's all over wid yez, this must surely be Arabi Bey himself, heard av yer arrival an' cum to demand yer extradition there and thin. I declare to yez, I felt ivery hair on me head get up on its hind legs whin the carriage drew up in front av us an' stud there. But I screwed up me courage, an' sez I to meself aguin, well, considerin' how all the particulars av me horrible assassination will luk whin its printed in the *Globe* an' *Mail*, an' all the poetry that will be written about me, bedad, I'll die game anyhow. So whin the gentleman in the carriage steps out, an' moppin' his forehead says to me, "Hev I the honner av addressin' Mr. O'Hea, the war correspondent of the immortal GRIP?" I straightens meself up, an' sez I (wid a feelin' av grate relief, fur I saw it wasn't Arabi afther all), "Faith thin ye have, for it's meself happens to be that same individooal at prisint." "Wa-al thin," sez he, takin' off his hat an' makin' a low bow, "I have orders to escort you to the American Consulate, in my carriage under the pertection av the American flag. We 'ave' all Americans," sez he wid a smile. "Arrah! be off wid yez," says I, "Is it me ye'd be afther annexin' like that, Mither Long?" Sez I, "Fai' thin it's the tail av the wrong pig yez have a howld av this time, fur the devil fly away wid me if ivir I lave the owld flag. Much obliged to yez. Mither Long, an' give me compliments to the President, an' thank ye kindly all the same, but it's mighty comfortable meself is here intoirly." "Tarnation thunder!" sez he. "Wa-al now, it's tew bad! tew bad! Here's me a-run over more'n a dozen Egyptians, a-tryin' to get here afore them tarnation Britishers, just to show the affection that Uncle Sam has fur Kenady, an' now I spose there'll be the doose to pay. I believe I'll do as Moses did when he killed the Egyptian, I'll go home the other way. Haw! gee up!" sez he. "So Long," sez I, an' away he went, but I've heard since that the black devils tuk it out av him on his way home, an' that he was pretty much knocked about afore he got rid av them. The Gintiral was mighty glad to see meself, an' afther we had a comfortable cup av coffee, he sez to me, sez he, "O'Hea, my boy, if ould England thinks she can tie the legs av this chicken wid red tape, she is much mistaken. Arabi is going to get left. You think I'm going to wait for them blacks to come from India, afore I smash his face for him? Not much, Mary-Anne! Don't you think you see me gettin' the rheumatism, wadin' knee-deep in Nile water afore I get to work at demolishin' his earthworks. No siree! I'm going to have Arabi down on his narrow bones a-prayin' Arabi-aisy-will-ye, afore the slow-coaches in the owld country get settled down in their chairs to take into solemn consideration what's best to be done."

"More power to your elbow" sez I, slappin' him on the shoulder "sure an' aren't you the very man to do that same Garnet me boy? an' its proud meself is av ye this blissed day."

"Now," sez he, "Barney its meself will give yez a lethar av recommendation to the Admiral, an' yez can stay on board an' see the bombardment tomorrow. An' whin yez 'il be a-talkin' about meself, yez can let on that yez know all about it an' that I'm going to attack Arabi from the front tomorrow, that's all in me eye, but I want to get even with that Arabi. If he thinks to bluff me by piling up earthworks, he'd better get behind pyramids at wanst. Whispher! Afore I lave this, I'm goin' to put a helmet on the head av that owld sphinx, an' English gown on her back, and a trident for a sceptre in her hand, and I'm goin' to christen her Britannia-Pasha, and make a christian av her, an' see if that don't waken up the old lady from her long reverie away out there in the desert. Now be off wid yez Barney, good-day and good luck to yez,"

sez he wringing me hand wid grate affection. The land av Egypt sur, is the land av dhrames, and who doesn't know about owld Pharaoh's dhrames, an' whoivir hears av the name av Egypt without dhramin' himself? Sure thin an' where's the wonder if its dhramin' I was meself as soon as me two eyes went together that night. It was owld Mrs. Sphinx I was afther talkin' to, iv ye plaze! The owld lady was sittin' dozin' away there as usual, whin I walks up to her an' sez I "Good-mornin' ma'un," sez I, "mornin'!" sez she, liftin' her calm eyes to the sky in great surprise. "Is it really morning at last?" "Av course it is," sez I, "A fine morning," sez she, "It will be a glorious day by and by, how long the night has been!" sez she again wid a sigh, lookin' round to see if any av the neighbors were up. "Who's that?" sez she, turmin' her eyes on a foime, good-luckin' colleen, who was washing the cobwebs off av her face an' doin' up her back hair. "That's your next neighbor Mrs. Greece," sez I, she slept so long and so shtill that Mr. Byron thought she was laid out, an' waked her wid, "He who hath bent him o'er the dead, h'er the first day of death hath fled," &c. But bedad she's woke up at last, an' its Mither Gladstone 'il be the happy man to congratulate her whin she gets dressed and comes down to breakfast." Wid that, a phantom horse, wid a phantom rider cum gollopin' noiselessly past an' disappeared in the desert. It was the ghost av Arabi! "The black devil!" sez I, "Hush!" sez she, "His mission is accomplished, welcome morning and England!" Next week will send you an account av the bombardment. Your war correspondent,

BARNEY O'HEA.

STORY OF AN ORANGE.

A FACT.

An orange grew in a tropical grove,
Near to the cinnamon, lemon and clove,
Where the Eastern zephyrs the foliage move,
It thrrove.

An orange at first of an emerald hue,
Fill, warmed by the sun and bathed by the dew,
To a golden sphere to greet the view,
It grew.

A stately ship on the Ocean's breast,
Sailed with a cargo for Canada west,
The golden orange amongst the rest,
In a chest.

The shore is reached and from down below,
The sailors haul that vast cargo,
And some of it goes to Ontario,
Ontayreco.

A fat man eating an orange passed
Along the pavement, walking fast,
And down on the boards the peel at last,
He cast.

A peeler prances along the street
With his martial tread and his great big feet,
And takes, as the French would say, *loute suite*,
His seat.

The slippery peel on the slippery pave,
A sudden hoist to the peeler gave,
And he fell without an effort to save,
So grave.

But he sat and he swore till all was blue,
He cursed the land where the oranges grew,
And he cursed the people who ate them, too,
Mon Dieu!

And there on the seat of his trousers blue,
Is a patch of greenery gallery hue,
Presenting a truly æsthetic view,
Too-too.

But what of the orange of golden hue,
Warmed by the sun and bathed by the dew?
Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu.
Swiz.

While gadding about in our sulky the other day we saw a gad annoying our horse, took our gad in hand, and egad! you should have seen that gad fly!