



THE THREE HEROES.

The following startling and alarming announcement appears in one of the dailies:—*“Three Irishmen have left Philadelphia for Egypt. It is their intention to join Arabi Pasha in operating against England.”* We cannot allow such a paragraph in the world's history to appear “unwept, unhonored, and unsung,” and we therefore seize the harp, and with the melancholy cadence of Kingley's “Three Fishers” floating in our brain, proceed to indite the following anticipatory requiem, as it were:—

THREE PADDIES.

Three Paddies went sailing away from the West,
Bee-line for the East, while our hopes went down;
And England stood weeping and wringing her hands
When she heard who had left Philadelphia town,
“John, hand me my smelling salts, ah! let me weep,
Nor prestige nor power any more can I keep,
“Three Irishmen gone to Egypt!”

Three Irishmen left Philadelphia town,
To Arabi Pasha direct they have gone;
And England may now nail her crape on the door,
For these Irishmen three, they will do it alone.
France, Russia, Germany, she may defy,
But think of it, tyrants, and tremble and die,
“Three Irishmen gone to Egypt!”

Three Irishmen set out for Orient lands,
And leave with great pomp Philadelphia town,
And Arabi Pasha is rubbing his hands,
For England, proud England, at last must go down.
And a telegram's off to New Zealand to say,
“Bring your pencil and sketch book without more delay,”
“Three Irishmen are off to Egypt!”

FROM OUR LONDON (ENG.) CORRESPONDENT.

Och, you dear ould bird! wazent I glad to see yer face wanst more? Bedad, it's you that's the great artist, for who did I meet one day at Chairin' Cross but that grate frind an cmony of the idditur-in-chief of the *Globe*, Gooden Smith, an' by this an' by that, if I didn't know him the minit I clapped eyes upon him, an' all becase you used to dhrav his picther so natly when Brown an' himself did have so minny little huffs an' misanderstandin's. He has been ritin fur a magazeen here they call the *Fortnightly*, an' he has such a spite at ould Baconsfeel that he can't let the poor crayture rest in his grave, but must be takin' an odd rap at him in this magazeen. They say Baconsfeel made game av him wanst in a book, and Gooden niver furguv him.

Shure I wint to parliament t'other night, an' my hart almost blid for poor Gladstone. It's at home an' in his bed the ould man ought to be instid of sittin' up to three an' four in the morning listenin' to them spalpeens, that they call Home Rulers, badgerin' him. They wuz takin' up nearly all the time av the House an' nothin' wud shut their mouths. There wuz a difformed crayture among them, a member for Cavan they sayed he wuz, an' sich a spaker you niver heard. There's occasionally lively

times on a Canadian hundred-and-fifty-acre-farm about the ind of Novimber, whin they're killin' off fifty hogs. I would much prayfer that music. Half that number of mimbres had to be silenced an' suspinded, so that the bizness av the House could go on. I had a good laugh about that same suspinsion. I'm boordin' in the house of an ould jintleman that spakes Frinch, and some quare English too, for that matter. He sarved in the Raypublican Army of France long ago, and he says he's a Swish, or sumthin like that; but he's a grate radical, an' atther all, the Home Rulers is too much for him. I wuz tellin' him the fun about them bein' suspinded, an' sez he, “Suspended,” sez he, “it is on ze nearest lamp-posts zey ought all to be suspended,” sez he. I beg John A.'s pardon and the pardon of a good many Canadian politicians, but I must say they put their fut in it whin they sint that dookymnt over here recomminidin' that the Irish shud be let govern themselves. They jist put themselves in the way av havin' somebody say to thim “Mind your own business.” The Queen did not like it, no more did Gladstone, nor Englishmin in general. Shure what does John A. know about the janius an' nachure av Irish min? They would be very dull if they had to live in pacc. A shindy now an' thim makes things lively, an' is necessary for the joyment of hilt an' happiness. Bedad, if they had a Hause av Commons av their own there would soon be minny the free fight on thim same Commons. Do you think thim divils of Orangemen in the north would lie down gratefully under the heels of the majority? No, begorra, it's Home Rule they'd be wantin' for thimselves atther a bit.

You shud a seen your townsman Curnel Souskey among the volunteers on Satherday, doin' the agreeable among the nobls. He wuz dressed out av fine as spinnace, as the Queen's Eddycong, very splendid indeed. I diddent ax him how he was gettin' on wid the Ontario Bank, tho' I shud. There's manys the poor widdy that's frettin' an' maybe starvin' becase of the spill that was made there—an' more than widdys too. The boys from Canada diddent do badly atther all wid their rifles, but—oh wirra—what wether for shootin' in! I have well-nigh worn out a bran-new silk umbrell in a very few weeks, for 'tis openin' an' shuttin', openin' an' shuttin' whin you're on the shthreets, nearly ivery day. An' then if its not rainin' you don't know the minnit when it will, so you have to carry the troublesome thing wid you, fair wether or foul, an' if you don't your shiny “plug” hat, as you calls it, will soon have the consate tuck out av it.

I see yez have had a grate time fixin' John A. a little firmer in his lofty sate. Wan av your picthers (July the 1st, “on a mornin' clear”—Mr. Bowel will rimbimer the cotay-shun) shows Mr. Blake on his *sate* too, but bedad its another soart of a sate—sich a wan as a tailor wud talk to you about. I hope the poor man wuz not badly hurt, an' that he got up again some where. Oh what treatments for the champion of the party of the N. P.'s—piety, purity, an' progress! Well woundhers will niver sace.

We're all in a frustration here about the hornet's nest that Gladstone has disturbed. The hornets is bitin' like the dickens, an' they'll bite worse yit. The Prussian an' the Texas an' a lot av Canadian and more boats besides, is goin' to take out min an' horses an' gins to Agypt's sandy shore, an' the big fear is the min an' horses will either hev too much wather or too little whin they git there. They say the ribil cheef can either kill them with drouth or drown them all if it so plazes him. Faix an' its meself that's sorry to see the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards goin' out, for they have done plinty of travellin' an' fightin' in their time, an' there's some fine boys amongst thim, but as for the big, pampered Horse

Guards an' Lifo Gaards that hev been cam-paignin' for sixty-five years in the parks wid the purty nurse maids, an' stuffin' themselves wid beef and beer, let them go an' welcome an' larn what work is. There wuz wan thing I liked in the account av the bumbardin' av Alexandria. Whin the thavin' rascals wuz obleeged to stop their firin' on the British ships an' thim wint to robbin' and mnrderin' right an' left there wuz an ordher signal led from the A dmiral for min to be landed to stop the slaughterer an' the plunderin' an' the firin' of bildins', and to keep the pacc generally. So whin the min landed, faix who shud step up to thim cheerin' an' shoutin' but a lot of Yankee sailors and marrens too I understand; an' says they, “We'll help the English!” Wuzzent that good? A frind of mine whin he read this composed a song upon it, an' shure I got a copy av it, an' I'm goin' to send it to you to put in GRIP if it's not too sollem a thing for them funny collums. You need not be afraid to use it for the price won't be more than five hundred dollars an' its shure to make GRIP more popular across the lake.

My lethier is too long already but I want to put you in a good humor before I stop by tellin' you a little sthory about my landlord. Wan day he was talkin' to me about dixon-arrys an' he thought that had ones wuz a dreadful cause of trouble. He points to an ansient wun he has—French and English—an' sez he, “I de wish I did neyvure see zat, for it is so difficoolt wen you've learned wrong tings to get zem out of your 'ed. Now I am fond of 'am and I used to enjoy one—two—tranches de jambon, so ven I come to England, before I was marry, I look in the ze digisionary for English for *jambon*, and I find *gammon of bacon*. So I go to a restaurant and I speak to ze waiter and I say, “Hi! bring to me a slice of gammon.” He did open his eyes and regard me fixedly, and den he laugh and go away. He tought I was mocking me of him. Sacre! I was vex. Den I go also and find shop vere I see one jambon in ze window, and I point to it and buy a good big peese, and I carry it home in triomphe, and I say to my landlady ‘I ave brought some gammon for you’—and she open her eyes too and look furiouse and demand vat I mean by such talk, and I takes off ze papier and show to her the jambon, and then she comprehend and we had a grand laugh.” Wishin' you may have the same,

I remain,
Your humble sarvent and
OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. V.—THE COW.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Without the least doubt as to the truth of the statement, we may safely say that the cow is the model domestic animal. As patient and as quiet as a lamp-post, as obedient as a sewing machine, and as fruitful of good things as the mystical cornucopia that we see on big pennies, it is to man a boon only second to a gold mine. From its callhood days, when it gambolled in the meadow and disrespectfully wagged its few inches of frisky tail in the face of its matronly mother, it has always been of variegated use to man; even if it had given up the ghost in the days of its infancy, it would have been of use, for what we now call beef would have been digested as veal—and veal is dead calf, and calf is juvenile cow. Meekly and peaceably it goes through its daily routine of eating and being milked.

Just picture a cow. See the dear creature with its sleepy eyes beaming forth good nature by the bushel and its face as solemn as a coffin; see it chewing its cud with the easy satisfaction enjoyed by a boy locked in the preserve closet; see it slowly swinging its