

TO ENRY HIRVING.

And thou hast come and gone,
Great 'Enry! vamoused the ranche!
Oh 'Enry Hirving, would I had thy pouch
Together with the boodle it contains!
From thy three nights' engagement,
And at thy matinee raked in,
Beshrew me! 'Enry! but I'd have a time,
And in the words of the immortal Bill
I'd make Rome howl! at least I'd hire
A coupe and disport myself around
The city for a week or two,
Buy me an ulster with otter fur bedecked,
Raiso Hail Columbia, and the action take
Of an expatriated Yankee crook,
To this extent, no more. For 'Enry,
Packed from pit to dome the house
Was filled with dons and dudes
And brilliant ladies fair,
Who came to see the greatest actor act,
And whacked their duets up like little men,
Albeit scarce one man in every score
Who looked on thy long train and lanky form
Could tell the difference if thou hadst transposed
The plays that form thy brilliant repertoire.
In sooth their notions of the 'Ebrew Jew
Or Louis No. XI. are most crude,
But yet, as 'Enry Hirving heads the bill,—
'Enry who is the pet of lords at home
Where royalty doth deign to do him honor,
He must be just the cheese and so we'll go,
Altho' we'll have to stand the King-street tailor off.
Thus say the nobby youths. But, 'Enry Hirving,
Be not too proud at filling up the house,
Albeit the entrance fee was kept so high—
For should a nigger minstrel troupe appear
And raise the prices, ay as high as thine,
Methinks the minstrels still would fill the house;
Such are the varied tastes here in Toronto
Which runs in drama clear from nobs to nigs!



REMINISCENCES OF HOWTON LITTERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

PAPER I.—ON THE DEBATE.

Yes, sir! Littery sassieties were all the go, an' we were bound to go it with the best of 'em. We weren't goin' to play second fiddle to no blamed institution, you bet! So me an' a lot of the fellows laid our heads together, and putty soon we organizes ourselves into a sassiety fur littery and mewchal improvement puppuses. They fixed me in President; Tom Jones, vice; Jennie Jute, second vice; Sam Boil, Secretary; an' Tim Halloren, Treasurer. Tim was no great shakes, but we pinto him so as to secure the Catholic vote, as it were. The girls? why, of course we had to have the girls—the girls were the best part of the program. The rest were the orjunge. Well, we made out a stavin' program. Fust and foremost, we agreed that we'd all stick in a quarter an' hire a pianny—then we'd get Ada Sims an' Carrie Todd to play us a duet, if they'd stop gigglin' that long. Minnie Fly was a howlingale—we'd get her to sing a solo; an' Sam Boil he'd get off one of his comic readin's, or a rippin' sea-song, or suthin', an' then we'd have a debate. We'd an awful time gettin' a subject; suthin' new, you know; suthin' all the littery sassieties in the kentry hadn't been holdin' forth on fur the last century. Finally we struck ile. "Resolved that all men are born free an' equal." Me an' Tom Jones were voted on the 'firmative an' were just

considerin' like who we'd get on the negative, when up starts Jake Hopkins way down at the far end of the school house, an' says he, kind of squeaky like, "I move an' second, that I'm your man fur the negative." Well, sir, you could have knocked down every mother's son of us with a feather. You know what Jake is like—seven feet in his boots, all run up to seed like, his pants too short, his cuffs crep' up to his elbows, and a hat that could hold a good peck potatoes, stuck fast on the back of his red head. That's Jake. Well, the committee looked at me, an' I looked at the committee, an' then we all took out our handkerchers an' blew our noses you'd a' thought we'd got the cattarh bad. The girls giggled right out, but I stood up an' called the meetin' to order, an' said, keepin' on blowin' my nose, that I had much pleasure in announcin' that Mr. Jacob Hopkins was unanimously 'pinto on the negative. Then all the boys hoorayed, an' a coon behind kept jerkin' my coat tail an' sayin' "Ask him to say the benediction, Pete," an' I had a tough old time a yankin' that youngster outside the schoolhouse. We'd no end of fun that night after Jake went, an' all that week if we'd meet any of the fellows we'd see each other grinnin' a block off; seemed the fun was in the air like. Well, Friday came at last, an' we were all up there in the schoolhouse, me an' the members an' the orjunge,—all but Jake. We thought he had backed down sure 't we felt dissapointed an' said that was too d. We waited an' waited, no Jake! Finally the clock got a quarter past time, an' we had to open the ball with "Ella Ree." Whew! didn't that girl squeal! The boys clapped an' anchored her an' she give us another, "Wait till the clouds roll by." You never heard sich cheerin' an' clappin' an' heel-clammerin' all your born days. Then one of the fellows recited "Bingee on the Rhine," an' his mother an' sisters, they'd come to hear him, an' I'm blowed if they didn't sit an' weep all the time. Then I got up an' says I "Ladies an' gentlemen, when I was a little boy an' went to school, the very first thing I done,—that was all the length I got when the door opens an' in walks Jake. We didn't know him! He was dressed to kill in a bran noo bottle-green dood suit, biled shirt an' red silk necktie, a howlin' swell, you'd better believe; an' his red head all clipped an' smellin' of cheap shampoo. I sung dumb, an' for a minute or so ye mighta' heard a pin drop. Then somebody said "Why, it's Jake!" an' I tell ye sir, a cyclone circulation' up street wan't no circumstance to the racket that began then. The boys cheered, an' thundered an' clapped like mad till he got up to the platform an' sat down 'long side of the secretary. After that we got on right spry, everybody's spirits was kind of up like, an' kind of happy. By 'an by it cum Jake's turn on the debate. I seen he was all of a tremble an' a moppin' of his forred all the time, but at last he got up on his feet an' says he, "Mr. Ladies, President and Gentlemen" an' then he stopped short an' took a handkercher out of his coat pocket, an' turned it over an' shoved it in again. Then he looked up at the ceilin' an' down at his dood pants an' the cold sweat cam out in little pools all over his neck, an' all the time his arms were hanging down like the arms of a rag baby. Next he outs with that handkercher again, an' this time he mopped his head all over like it had been ninety in the shade. But by Jove! if he didn't strike an attitood after that it was nobody's business. He stuck one thumb in the arm-hole of his vest, an' shot out the other arm full length so suddint that his fist landed right in the eye of the 'firmative, an' the other members ducked an' run right to the other end of the platform. He went for them then! He clutched his handkercher an' walkin' up to the desk, he brought his fist down like a sledge hammer on the little ink-stand, smashing it flat an' sending the ink a-crawlin' all over the dek, an' sappin' in his

handkercher. He didn't see that though, he was too took up with the debate. "I deny it," says he "All men are not born free and equal. Dye mean to say that the man that's born in Persia under the Emperor Bismarck is free? no sir? He's a serf of the first water. D'ye tell me that the Czar of Rooshia was free when he surrendered to the first Napoleon at Sedan? Didn't Roscinko shriek when Freedom fell on the plains of Marathon. No sir! all men are not born equal neither. Aint some men born with a silver teacup in their mouths? Wasn't Washington, the grand father of his country, born with a hatchet in his mouth? Was he free to tell a lie? No sir! the cherry stones would choke him." By this time Jake was warmin' up nicely, an' kind of oratorial like; he lifts the handkercher off the desk an' wipes his nose a little, an' twirls it gracefully over his face an' I vum, the very next minute he was like a painted savidge! You see he was so took up about his argifyin' that he didn't notice that his handkercher was soakin' in the ink all the time. I seen them all grinnin' like fiends there in front of me an' I begun to suspect some devltry. I knew his speech was all O. K., solid facts of history that couldn't be disputed, an' I knew if he'd hold on like that he'd sweep all before him an' bring in a verdict for the negative; so what they sat snickerin' there for I couldn't make out, till I hitched my chair more to the front an' craned my neck round so's I could see his face. I saw it, an' you bet I vacated that chair mighty quick, an' made a bee line fur the side door, where I doubled up in the open air an' roared. Then the secretary he slipped out after me an' he roared, an' the vice with his handkerchief to his face like he had toothache. Finally out plunged Jake, tearin' mad, his noo dood suit all over ink an' his face like a sandwiched islander's. The uproar inside was something never to be forgotten—an' to this day I can't help laughin' when I think of that night Jake was on the debate.



Joseph Murphy, the popular Irish Comedian is appearing in his well-known role, at the Grand. Mr. Boucicault's modesty should prevent him from calling himself the greatest of Irish Comedians, while Joe Murphy is on the stage. Go and see him, and tell us if you can, wherein Dion excels him. At the Royal Museum, the fun is being kept up by Skiff & Gaylord's combination—a troupe whose reputation is long established. Matinees every afternoon at 2.

The Royal Handbell Ringers and Glee men, from London, Eng., are again performing at the Pavilion. Those who were present at their former concerts will be glad to renew the treat, and all who delight in sweet music should go with them. They remain until the end of the week.

Why talk about turning the *Great Eastern* into a restaurant and hotel. One objection that will naturally suggest itself is the trouble a fellow would have hunting up the bar-room.

A Barrie editor has received a sample copy of a horticultural paper "which is adorned with a colored plate of a new strawberry." The editor, as he reflects on the color of his nose, is uncertain whether to regard the request for "a notice" as an insult or only a little joke.