

A THOUSAND YEARS TO COME.

Oh! won't they have a glorious time, I mean that generation That in a thousand years from now inhabit this creation; Just fancy all the curious things will then have been invented, Tho' very thought of which just now makes me quite disconcerted; Slow steam will then have passed away and lightning be the power

To carry people through the air a thousand miles an hour— Excursion trains will hourly leave to visit other spheres— By Jove! they'll have a rousing time in just a thousand years, The Queen of Night, that o'er our heads with silvery brightness hovers,

Will have for guests a countless host of this world's moonstruck lovers, And, *entre nous*, which, you're aware, translated means between us,

There'll be a devil of a crowd ascending up to Venus; And she gives her sweetest smiles to mortals swift advancing, Apollo tunes his fiddle up, in case there may be dancing, Should jovial Bacchus still survive, and last in the horrors; He'll find enough to drink his health and wish him 'happy morrows.

Young men, who think the blacksmith trade is plenty good enough,

By taking Vulcan for a boss will soon be up to snuff. The Russians, when warm weather comes, will venerate to those stars,

Which are really most appropriate for subjects of the Czars; I mean that group astronomers, with telescope, declare To be the very counterpart of the northern gizzly bear. And should hot-headed youths fall out, they'll settle paltry jars; By taking coffee here below and pistols up in Mars. Discoveries will have progressed to such a vast degree, That 'Kohinoors' will be as cheap as pebbles in the sea. Don't talk about the "Armstrong gun," although its maker's knightier,

The nation that will use it then may well be thought benighted Their guns will be of such a size, and carry such a distance, The hardest substances on earth will offer no resistance.

Should Canada get in a row with her antipodes, I've reference to those funny chaps the opium-dried Chinese, They'll stick their muskets in the ground, about the proper angle, And send their bullets through the earth the poor pigstails to mangle;

And if there not killed outright, 'twill leave their *understanding* So much affected that their friends in Beldam soon will find them.

And then their horses for the turf, whose speed there is no knowing,

But rest assured our fastest nags they'll deem too slow for plow- ing;

The breeds will then be so improved that, as anro as you're alive, Their slowest coms will "do" their mile in just "two thirty-five." But I must close this lengthy "pome," of half a hundred lines, By briefly giving my idea of future orinolines:

They'll be an acre round, and rigged with an arrangement So the fair can take in fifty yards without the least derangement. Suppose, for instance, that a maid was out one evening shopping And found the carter across the way upon her silk dress drooping; Why all the beauty 'd have to do would be to pull a tassel, When, "presto," hoops are quickly furl'd, like sails upon a vessel.

TO-BACCO OR NOT TO-BACCO.

"It was resolved, that in the annual examinations of candidates for the military, it shall be the duty of the chairman of districts to include the disciplinary question: 'Do you take tobacco, &c.?' and that a distinct answer in the negative shall be required in every case, as a condition of continuance on trial from year to year."

So the Wesleyan Conference has commenced a crusade against the time honored "Indian weed." A second Reformation is imminent. All the venerable associations that shroud the forms of our most eminent divines in clouds of tobacco smoke, and tickle the nose of Memory with the ever-fresh fragrance of their princival pipes,—a fragrance as perpetual as their fame, as fresh as the laurels which still crown their honest brows; all these) are to vanish before the charge of these

ecclesiastical Vandals. Who passed the resolution. Was no honest old smoker there, to raise his voice against this iron decree? Could it be possible that any weather-braten old churchman smoked his four or five pipes over the resolution the night before, smoked the same number over it in the morning, came to the synod, smelling villainously of tobacco, and proposed the resolution so hostile to the vegetable which had been the solace of his manhood and old age? Let fancy buckle on a pair of bats' wings, and lead us through all the blackest and gloomiest caverns of her realm, while we attempt to conceive this scene of treachery and ingratitude! He rises in his place, takes off his hat, and looks towards the President, drawing an immense snuff-box from his pocket, as if by way of ammunition for a protracted siege.

"Mr. President,

I rise with deep solicitude to propose a resolution which may meet with great opposition, inasmuch as its enlightened spirit is considerably in advance of the age—(huge pinch of snuff.) But I am ready to incur any trials in a good cause—(snuff again.) The youths of this country are, I regret to say, early indoctrinated into the repulsive habit of smoking, which is a practice very, very, injurious to the mind, morals and physical constitution.—(snuff again.)"

It was almost a questionable matter whether tea and coffee are not deleterious to humanity. But when we pass to other more exciting stimulants, I think we can have but little doubt (spills snuff over Rev. X.Y.Z.'s cravat) as to their disastrous effects. I am sure we are unanimous in declaring that the use of tobacco (snuffs again) in any shape is detestable, (reads resolution, and hands to the President a copy, smelling most villainously of tobacco.)

This is doubtless the sort of scene enacted in the Conference. But seriously speaking, before so decided a step was taken, the statistics of the subject should have been compiled. Somebody should have moved for a return of the names and ages of all those divines who are in the habit of smoking or snuffing, or both. Reliable coloured photographs should have been procured in order that the authorities might notice the effect on the complexion and expression of face, and, more especially on the whites of the eyes. No doubt, on these statistics, action will be taken in a direction unfavourable to the tobacco cause. But let us suggest a judicious way of softening the hardships accompanying the reform. The victims must not be taken by surprise. Supposing that young men learn to smoke and snuff at the average age of seven years, indulgence must be granted to all those who have attained the age of ten years, for three years will have sufficed to rivet the habit fast. Let notice be given that after June 1st, 1868, no smokers or snuffers will be admitted into the Church. All those who have already contracted a steady habit of smoking and snuffing, will thus have due allowance made for them. We are against all interference with the old and well-known consumers of tobacco. But as the reform will not stop at its present stage, we put forward a humane and well digested project,

which is sure to put an end at last to all clerical consumption of tobacco.

A tobacco depot is to be established, and placed under the control of the authorities. All clergymen already belonging to the church are required to purchase their tobacco there, and at no other place. A certain allowance is to be adjudged to each, in proportion to the amount of his ordinary consumption. The tobacco of the first years' instalment is to be pure; in the second year, a small proportion of cabbage-leaf is to be mixed with what is smoked, and this proportion is to be gradually increased till the consumer become indifferent to his favourite dissipation. Horse radish and ginger might be effectually mingled with the chewing tobacco, and cayenne pepper with the snuff, according to the same rule. Allowances may be made for ministers who are colouring large meerschaums, the amount being in proportion to the darkness of the stain. Chibouques and hookahs should also meet with indulgence. These are the only suggestions we have to offer, but if they are acted upon, they will show themselves sound.

OUR PARK.

The College Avenue is the only place of public recreation which exists for the people of Toronto, and yet it is whispered that the hand of the despoiler is stretched over that pleasant place, and that aldermen and councilmen in human shape exist, who have it in contemplation to cut it up—to make roads through it—to deflower its beauties, and mangle its fair form. Can such beings exist? Can such undiluted villainy enter into the heart of mau? Can such heinous crimes be brewing, and the sun not instantly give notice of its intention to cease shining on Toronto, at least?

There was a time when the concoctors of such vile crimes would be mildly burned at the stake, or amicably broken on the wheel. Crimes there have been that have subjected the perpetrator to the inconvenience of standing up to his chin in water, while being consumed with thirst. Malefactors have before now been hung with their heads downwards, burned to death in oiled sheets, or rolled down mountains in barrels lined with nails instead of down. But all these were innocent compared with the man who could make a sledge road across the College Avenue.

To understand how our Park—our only Park—is appreciated, it is only necessary to go to the University grounds when the band of the Canadian Rifle is making the old woods echo with sweet music. At such a time, the youth and beauty, together with the age and deformity of our city may be seen playing themselves, to the best of their abilities. Long may the band continue to play, and long may the College Avenue last in its maiden loveliness to cheer the hearts of our citizen. And dreadful be the death of that councilman or alderman, as the case may be, who wags his tongue to injure our fair avenue.