

## THE CIGARETTE.



**CIGARETTE**, spawn of the old clay pipe, let me inhale thy poisonous smoke and coat my lungs with thy deadly soot. Despoiler of the brainless ones, and ruination of small boys (who smell each others' breath, before going home, to see if there is any evidence remaining by which "mamma may find out.") Miserable snipe of a once poor cigar, rotten weeds and sweet perfume are the leading actors in thy cheap farce. The hands that curl thee shake—but it's with the cold, you know. The eyes that wink at thy smoke grow dim—but the eye-glass is so very aristocratic looking, and serves as a mask to hide the vacancy behind. The

face becomes yellowish like—but the doctor told the snipe sucker the other day, to please him, that he had the liver complaint. His teeth, his breath, are as a slight remove from the stern end of a pole-catastrophe—but the poor fellah has indigestion, and is in poor health generally, the result of overwork—eating his meals. His lips are too red for health—but he says he kisses too much. Kisses what? Not sweet girls, we hope. What girl would kiss him even with a ten-foot pole? Oh! girls, spurn him; or, perchance, you like to see the thing strut up the street, arms akimbo, knees in, sense out, the smoke issuing from his diseased nostrils like the fever-gas from the typhoid reservoir of a pig pen. Ugh, cigarette! we'll have none of you, or the company you keep.

WM. B. WALLACE.

## THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE MUSEUM.

**H**AVE you seen the grand collection,  
In the Institute Canadian,  
Of the relics of the Red man  
Made by David Boyle, Curator,  
Ph.B., and right good fellow,  
White man, if there ever was one,  
Though so mashed on Indian relics?  
If you haven't, go and see it!  
For it well is worth a visit.  
There are tomahawks and wampum,  
Wampum much like trouser buttons  
Of the ancient bygone fashion,  
Which the red man used as boodle,  
Used for purposes of commerce,  
Or to blow in on a racket,  
But you could not, round the corner  
In the hostelry adjacent,  
Buy a single glass of lager,  
Buy a thimbleful of bug-juice  
With a pocketful of wampum,  
For it is not legal tender.  
There are Indian skulls and thigh bones,  
Ghastly relics of the red man  
Of the bygone generations,  
Who no more will sound the war whoop.

Or dig up the axe of battle,  
Dance the war dance, or the corn dance,  
Kill the beaver or the bison—  
If they could 'twould be surprising  
After many years of deadness.  
Arrow heads in great profusion,  
"Arrow heads of flint and jasper  
Arrow heads of chalcedony,"  
All arranged and duly labelled,  
Marked and classified and sorted,  
And displayed in neat glass cases,  
Pride of David Boyle, Curator.  
Pipes likewise, a fine assortment,  
Pipes of various dimensions,  
Strangely fashioned, oddly garnished,  
All of Indian manufacture  
From the great red pipestone quarry.  
Or some other famed location,  
Some renowned primeval centre  
Of our "native" manufactures,  
Long before they sought protection,  
Wildly clamored for a tariff—  
Likewise all arranged in order  
Ticketed and in glass cases.

Many other things you'll see there,  
Things too numerous to mention,  
In the way of Indian relics,  
Prized by David Boyle, Curator,  
He who goes around the country  
Resurrecting buried red men,  
Hunting in their graves for relics,  
Which he beareth home in triumph,  
To the Institute Canadian,  
Proud as though he'd struck a gold mine.  
There are people—I have known such—  
Narrow-minded, petty carpers,  
Jealous of the fame of others,  
Who assert in sneering whispers,  
Shrugging their contemptuous shoulders,  
Pointing with their index fingers  
To the stone yard just adjacent.  
"David never found those relics,  
Never groped in graves of Indians  
To discover pipes, or wampum,  
Tomahawks, or heads of arrows.  
That's the factory where he makes 'em,  
Chips them out of stone to order,  
That's his 'great red pipestone quarry'  
Where he gets up imitations  
Of the relics of the red man,  
Just to fool the stupid public,  
Just to mystify the savans,  
Of the Institute Canadian,  
But he don't fool us, by thunder!"  
Little for such talk he careth,  
Giveth it no more attention  
Than the wind among the pine trees.

Go and see this great collection,  
Admiration of the savans  
And the foreign men of science,  
Who are often struck with wonder  
At the order and completeness  
Of the varied choice assortment,  
Though 'tis on the topmost story,  
And there is no elevator,  
Well it will repay a visit  
Go and see it and you'll wonder  
At the slight appreciation,  
At the narrow, purblind vision;  
At the folly of the people,  
Who have money—tens of thousands—  
For all sorts of fakes and swindles,  
For pretentious institutions  
Not one-tenth part so deserving,  
But withhold their contributions,  
Save in niggardly proportion,  
From an enterprise so worthy,  
Which if housed in a museum  
Central, roomy and convenient,  
Would do honor to Toronto,  
Be a source of much instruction,  
And a permanent attraction.