

PROFESSOR BLUFF ON THE ELEMENTS.

It having come to our knowledge that the distinguished scientist Prof. Borax Bluff, of Hamilton, had been engaged by the Sisterhood of Scientific Spinsters to deliver a course of lectures on "The Elements," we determined to be there and secure for our readers the benefit of the professor's vast experience. Accordingly we despatched our most severely scientific maiden aunt on the errand of love, and below will be found a synopsis of the first lecture delivered Tuesday evening last.

I. FIRE.

"Ladies, members of this beloved Sisterhood," began the professor, in a voice full of melody, as he beamed upon the beauties before him, "in commencing the present series I have purposely chosen Fire as my first subject because of its extreme appropriateness to the present season, and as being well calculated to fill us with warmth should the present weather suffer a relapse. I do not desire that any heated discussion shall follow my remarks, because such discussions often cause the best of friends to act very coolly towards each other afterwards. What is fire? It is heat and light emanating from any body. Let us be careful that in the heat of the moment we do not make light of the subject. First, as regards heat. We say of any person, who, when arguing upon a subject, fires up at some statement made by his opponent, that his passions are inflamed. Again, anyone who misconducts himself in company and is ejected therefrom, is said to have been fired out, so that the excitement within him (that is, the resenting fire) may be allowed to smoulder out in the street. These examples go to show that this element is an innate property in man which should be carefully handled lest at any time it break forth and consume him. Fire is also produced by friction. Hard words, thrown promiscuously around by excited persons, frequently rub against the wrong individuals, and develop into red hot language, and fiery actions; and nothing short of the introduction of a foreign element (water, with a dash in it) can be depended upon to allay the irritation. Here, it will not be inappropriate for me to refer to love as a fire (a discernible flutter here passed along the ranks of the Sisterhood). This, of course is but figurative language, but if love is not a fire (and from time immemorial a loved one has been known as a flame) it requires only the introduction of a match to set it burning. The presentation of a \$20,000 dowry will best express the figurative part of the love element. On this earth the volcano is the greatest distributor of live heat, and its most moving agent is lava. Lava contains a large proportion of grit, and is found in nearly every lava-tory. It will remove marks that whitewashing cannot hide. In conclusion allow me to express the hope that the warmth of your affection for science has not been chilled, or your



THE MICAWBER POLICY;

OR, SALISBURY SETTLING THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

ardor cooled by this discourse upon Fire. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

BARNEY'S DREAM OF HERCULES.

ARRAH Pat, are yez wakin'? I want to be shpakin'.
Meself's afther havin' the quarest ould dhrame,
About gods and goddesses, wid ambrosial tresses;
An' bedad it's meself that was wan av that same.

Sure 'twas mosht ilivatin' a drinkin an aitin'
Wid all thim foine big bugs av Rome an' av Graace,
Wid Vinus an' Juno—an' the big blacksmith you know,
Misther Vulcan—to wit, wid the shmut on his face.

But the wan tuk me eye, was a broth av a b'ye,
The son av ould Jupiter, at laste, so they say,
His showlders were broad—he'd the eye av a god,
An' muscles av shteel had me bowld Herculaeye.

Och! the fayts he'd accomplish! he'd swape aff wid wan swish
The head av a giant, no matter how large.
Shure he'd showlder a mountain, or shwallow a fountain,
Or clare out an alley way, free widout charge!

Well, there was an ould shtable, that no one was able
To clane out—'twas worse than a haythen pig-shtye;
Sich an accumulation av durt since creation!
'Twas piled up in mountains as high as the shkye!

So I tips him the wink, wid remarks on the shtink,
Here's a chance, sez I now, for a man like yourself,
Sure there's no wan else able to tackle that shtable,
They're all too confoundedly fond av the pelf.

Be me sowl, sez he, Barney, its lashins av blarney
Ye're just afther givin', I'll do as ye say;
I'll tackle that job, or, I sware, s'help me Bob,
May the divil decamp wid your bowld Herculaeye.