

[For the Scientist.]

## THE WORLD'S CHEMICAL CONGRESS.

Somewhat more than a century ago the chemical elements determined to organize themselves into an association, the better to become thoroughly acquainted with each other as well as keep abreast of the times, especially in their own department. They could not but recognize and deplore the fact, they said, that seldom without the intervention of man could they be brought together, and when this was the case it was not always possible to preserve the most amicable relations. They determined therefore, without further delay, to establish a new and better order of things, and for this purpose a general meeting of all the chemicals was immediately summoned. The assembly was to convene at the library of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., and I as representative of the Practical Chemistry Class, was cordially invited to be present.

A few minutes before the hour, what a curious spectacle I witnessed! Oxygen, a middle-aged portly looking gentleman, entered the room. He was walking at a pretty lively rate and looked as if on very good terms with himself and all the world. Hydrogen, a young gentleman, next stepped along very lightly. Nitrogen soon followed, quite alone and apparently wishing to monopolize attention. I am told this is his usual habit; he seems to have no associates who really care for him, as it is their belief there is nothing in the man. His qualities are not promising, although he has an interesting family of five who follow closely behind. A word about one or two of these may not be out of place. The eldest is not of much account—like his father exactly. The second is, however, a lively chap and full of innocent fun.

He is always laughing and never happier than when he keeps others in a roar. The next two are not so well liked. (One of them, Hyponitric Acid, may be known by his ruddy color.) But the youngest is the best of all the boys. He is extremely useful and unflinching in the cause of right. There is not one of the richest or proudest of the metals—the very chemical elite in fact—with whom he will not come in contact if necessary, and will even attack the aristocratic Lord Gold himself, on which occasions, with a little help from his friendly neighbor Hydrochloric Acid, he has been known repeatedly to make his enemy disappear before you could say Jack Robinson.

And so they severally came along; it would weary you to tell all that was seen that day. Mrs. Carbon, an old lady with a large diamond ring on her finger, now hobbled up with the aid of a stick. Her two daughters accompanied her, Carbonic Oxide and Carbonic Acid, each in a blue dress of the latest fashion. In many respects these sisters resemble each other; they are both desperate flirts, and with their dancing steps dazzle many a poor man to destruction. The youngest, especially, has been the death of many by means of her treacherous arts.

The metals of whom mention has been made walked, I notice, pretty much by themselves, though they sometimes tried to edge closely to Mr. Oxygen, who, quieting each with his usual affability, seemed willing, if possible, to divide himself up among his friends.

But I must hurry on. The meeting when some forty or fifty persons had arrived, was called to order. Oxygen, owing probably to his important standing in the community, was unanimously voted the chair. One crusty old fellow, Fluorine, seemed to disagree with this, and did, it is true, move in