

Sorosis begged the lecturer to extend his remarks to the head-covering of her oppressed sex.

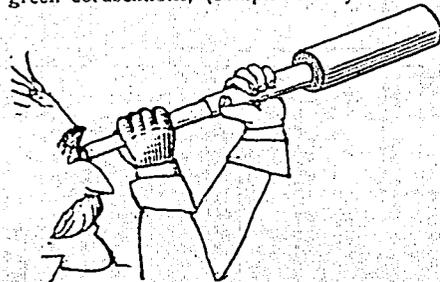
Amid general acclamation, the Professor resumed:

"With respect to Woman, the head-dress diminished in proportion to the brain it covered. The most authentic pictures extant of Mrs. Noah represented the appendage as perfectly umbrageous, whilst the 'girl of the period' required only a butterfly and a thin piece of elastic. The Chignon, however, was a great Geological Institution, which he commended to the Microscopic Section as an imperfectly-explored field of investigation. The female of the 19th century was undoubtedly, in this respect, an unprotected female."



The next paper was read by Lieut. SLASHER, on "Moonshine at the period of Total Eclipse."

Reviewing the opinions of the Ancients on the subject of Green Cheese, he ventured the suggestion that the atmosphere of the moon was composed of Thallium, which had been fully confirmed by spectral observations, taken during the late eclipse. He was of opinion that the green coruscations, (complimentary to the rose,) proceeded from the moon. He should have doubted the results himself had he not taken a "double sight."



Professor BORNJAW then delivered a recitation "On the Monocular Velocipede."

His first proposition was, that time was made for slaves;—secondly, that saddles were made of pig-skin;—thirdly, that wheels were within wheels.

This paper led to great

discussion, which ultimately became involved.

Professor TWINE, of Newport, did not see how this would agree with Euclid's grand parallax, that "when x meets x then comes the tug of war."

Professor PEARCER said he would like to see it in print, but not until his new "Algebra," now in the press, came out, and he could not sufficiently impress upon his publishers that, until then, every thing was *post restante*. He thought that if "L" could be converted by the fifth power into "H"—all might go on well with O, which might be looked upon as a monopede—but he would figure it up next trip.

AMOS GRIND, Esq. followed; "On the rotation of the World before the Flood," which, he maintained, was strictly mono-



eye is taken separately, as a contained in the simple satellite (i). Conceive an there you have Cosmos, the GASSIUS (interrupting).—referable to Geonosy, and

meeting to order, and begged

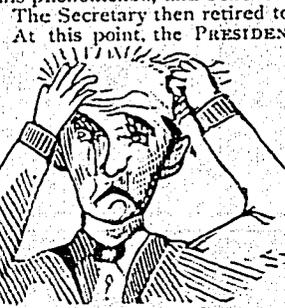
The PRESIDENT called the Hall wouldn't speak at once.



tically, and differentially, the sine of the angles being equal to polysistoma

vulgar. There was also an Indian name, which he could not read. It fell in the same shower near Keokuk, and it looked, as far as he could make it out, like *felo de se*. He thought the further researches of Lieut. Warren in and under Jerusalem would throw some light upon it.

The SECRETARY announced that he had just received a telegraphic report of an interesting paper just read in Exeter by Professor TINSELL, of the Royal Institution, from which he would read an extract:—"Experiment had proved that the juice of three or four lemons, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pound of loaf sugar, dissolved in about three pints of boiling water, gave saporous waves, which strike the palate at such intervals that the thrilling acidity of the lemon juice, and the cloying sweetness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of saporific waves. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it, we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow rind of one lemon. Here we might pause, if the soul of man required no other result than lemonade. But to obtain the culminating saporosity of punch, we must drop into the bowl a pint of old Jamaica, and a like quantity of genuine Cognac. The molecules of Alcohol, Sugar and Citric Acid collide, and an entirely new series of vibrations are produced. Now, we have rhythm—written rhythm,—and the product is a spell of subtle harmonies. As an ally of gravitation, it may bring the highest brain down to the gutter, or, on the other hand, raise the dullest spirit to the extacies of the seventh heaven! No outgrowth of modern organic chemistry can equal or excel the glowing harmonies of punch, which combines the syrene of melody with the harmonies of the Æolian harp." Several members said that they had not observed this phenomenon, and believed it peculiar to the old country.



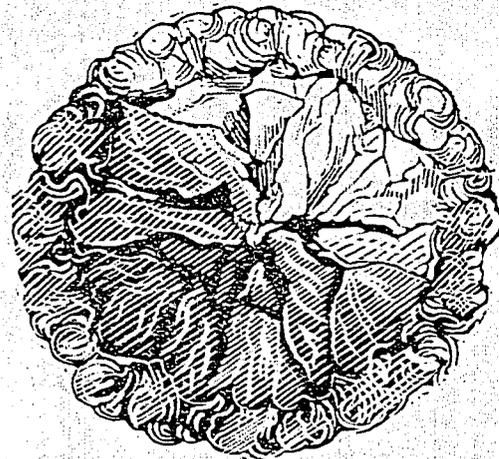
The Secretary then retired to test the experiment. At this point, the PRESIDENT called attention to the exhausted condition of the Short-hand Reporter, several feet of whose hair was found torn out under severe cerebral excitement. The effect of the last paper being equal to a sun-stroke, ice was freely applied to the cerebellum, under which treatment the whites of his eyes gradually reappeared. For some hours, however, he continued to repeat, in a state of semi-consciousness—

"Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly!"

At last, sense returning, he vociferated, in musical accents,—

"Polly, put the kettle on, we'll all have tea!"

Refreshments were then announced, and Section Q—adjourned. The next meeting will be held at Troy, N.Y., in the first week of September, 1870, provided the pie-crust of our earth holds out so long.



SECTION OF THE EARTH AND VOLCANOES.—POLY-BLAZES!

EUREKA!

WE—that is, the all-beneficent **DIOGENES**—is delighted, half-crazed with joy! The Cynic has given the Flag of Lanark to the breeze; fired unnumbered salvos from his pop-guns; rolled over and over in his Tub in the madness of his mirth!—Maddougall has returned in safety from Thunder Bay! and, unscathed by the lightnings of that eccentric region, where the electric fluid assumes the hue of BROWN, he has seen the road, and pronounced it good—better than good if it conducts to Governorship and Power! He returned, not only safe, but ameliorated. It is rumoured in political circles that he has been seen to smile; and his messenger has proclaimed to astonished under-ground coteries that he actually said, "thank you," when handed his hat! His companion in travail,—dear old Joe,—has gone on to Red River. Suggestive extension! Joe has been subject to changes of complexion. It is most devoutly to be desired that he may not come back a Rouge!