

SCIENCE IN CANADA.

SUNFLOWER VERANDA.

De tex ob de fo-gong marks, deah readers, yo' will find in a late numbah ob de *Mail*. De article am copied from de London *Times*, and am de fo'teenth verse ob de third chapter ob de 'pistle' cording to CHEEK. It am as follers and am *apropoh* ob de visit ob de British Science 'Sociation' to dis here kentry in eighteen eighty fo'. Verse 14th, "*Canada is great in extent, but not great in Science.*" Now good lawd! dis niggah wants to know how much Mother Britannia knew about science when she was de age ob her youngest darter Miss Kenady. When Mrs. Britannia was de present age ob our country she didn't know how to eat her victuals wid de aid ob a fork; and all she knew about science was how to burn in a tar barrel de old folks dat knew anything 'bout it, kase dey were witches and sich. She was mighty afeard ob science in dose days. Verse 15th, "*Humbler scientific views and less advanced thoughts than the British Association will bring out with it, would serve her as well, or any instruction she will derive from them.*" Dis statement, sah, oughter be bottled up, an' sealed an' labelled, "Double-condensed, sublime-essence ob cockney impudence. A poisonous irritant." Fo' de Lawd! Am Kanada a dog d't she should eat ob de crumbs dat fall from de table ob British science? Why can't she sit up at de table like de chillen? Am she a prodigal, dat she should fain to eat ob de husks dat feed de swine? Look heah! you *Times*, and dat ar mis'ble penny-a-liner, de writer ob dat ar chapter ob CHEEK, we want you to understand, de sooner, de quicker, dat we don't take no sich back seat, and don't come to anybody's do' a-beggin' for colli, left victuals in de way ob science. Dis yer Kenady ob ours hab got to feed her chillen on fust class mental fare, de feast ob reason and de flow ob soul hab got to be ob de best dat can be had, and she am willin' an' able to pay for it too. We don't take no stock in "humbler scientific views and less advanced thoughts," we am de "heir ob de ages" and deal only in de very latest style ob scientific diskivery. Verse 19th, "*Their acquirements and their performances will be alike taken on faith.*" Dat sarves us right fur de great 'mount ob faith we hab in de big opinion dey hab ob Kenady an' de Kenadians ober dere. Verse 20th, "*If they talk sense they will be listened to. If they talk nonsense they will be listened to all the same, and with the same degree of intelligent appreciation.*" Mistah *Times*, de hole Dominion rises en masse to bow dere purfound acknowledgments, fur de extror'nary compliment you pay to de inferiority of Kenadian intelligence, de only bitter drop in de taffy am de fact dat de writer ob dat compliment am not here in *propria persona*, so that he might be able to report at what degree of rarified altitude he suddenly found his horn exalted by the skyward propelling properties ob de Kenadian big toe acting in de rear. Verse 22nd, "*The invitation to Canada ought not, we think, to be accepted.*" All right, Mistah Cheek, in dat case you will hab de chance ob showing de 'spiorious manners ob de ole world by de polite declination ob our courtesy wid thanks all de same. We will now, my deah readers, pass ober a great morass ob hosh about Kenadian good feelin' to de mother country, simply remarkin' dat any little display ob good feelin' am what seems to cause de greatest surprise an' thankfulness, jus' as if dey in justice ought to look for something, quite de opposite all de time. Dis am probably a case ob conscience wid individuals. Verse 24th, "*The wish of our colonists is that they should not be strangers to us. Their country is to be a part of our country.*" Dere's where dey have us, yo' see, we hab no country, we are only a part ob dere

country, a dependency, and as such hab got to swallow any amount ob sich small meannesses as are usually doled out to dependents, indvidooonly or nationally. Dat de time is fas' 'pproachin' when we will no longer be a part ob any country, no "Dominion" any mo', but a NATION, a Power among Powers, neber seems to enter de head ob dis yer gomeril, he looks upon Britain as de sun, and thinks dis "colony" hab got to revolve round her till de crack ob doom. Verse 27th, "*They are our rivals already in some things more congenial to their habits of life than scientific pursuits are.*" Ahem! Dis den am de true inwardness ob dis article, "Dey are our rivals already, and if dis heah British 'Ssociation go ober dere wid all dere learning and science, fore we know where we are, dey will be beating us in dat too." Dat am de 'turpertation ob verse 27th. Verse 30th, and last, "*Her hospitable intentions are beyond all doubt, but if her hospitality is accepted, it must be accepted on its own account, and not for any added notion that Canada is a fit place for a scientific gathering.*" Now look heah! we took pity on dat po' hard working 'Ssociation cooped up in a little bit ob an Island where de 'sources are natty limited, an' we says let's invite de po' devils out heah to give dem a notion ob what fresh air, and distance and unlimited capability really is: let's give 'em a jolly good bath of asses milk, dat is, de milk ob human kindness. Let's take 'em out to 'splore our mountain ranges, our prairies, our rivers, lakes and waterfalls. Let's get Purfessor Bell to tell 'em all 'bout de geology ob de kentry, its coal fields, its minerals, its iron, silver and gold and other precious metals. Let's shew 'em, "Lo" past, present and future. Let's get Purfessers Selwyn, Chapman, Macoun, and other scientific men to entertain 'em wid de flora and fauna ob British Columbia, and oder small suburbs ob Kanada. In short, let's have a heavenly time. We'll listen while dey tell us what we know already, and we'll tell 'em a great deal dey know nothing at all about. Finally, we'll treat 'em handsomely, pay all dere expenses, and send 'em home every mothers son of 'em, with his money in his sock's mouf—not sadder but wiser men. Now it is open to de 'Ssociation to accept or decline dis very generous invitation jes' as they see fit, but we don't want dat superannuated old weathercock de London *Times* to waste good money payin' penny-a-liners for insultin' us to our teeth jes' kase we choose to open our hospitable doors to the scientific world, and guarantee to stand treat all round so long as our honored guest choose to stay among us. Dis niggah am very much afraid dat de writer ob dat cheeky article hab been led away and deloaded by de fabulous accounts ob de great orjunes dat listen to de lectures ob Purfesser Astronomical Johnson, and am afraid to trust dere men ob science ober heah, lest de pow'ful arguments ob dat filosopet convince dem dat de sun do move, and upser de hole solar system in consequence.

JAY KAYALLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

Melville reports no plumbers in the Arctic regions in the winter season.

A new color is called "honeysuckle." It must be "too sweet for anything."

It is pleasant to find a four-leaf clover, but beware of the poison IV plant.

Fashion note—Large figures are much sought after this season—by fortune hunters.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*


They say if you hold your thumb tightly over the muzzle of a gun you may fire the gun and the bullet won't be made to hit your thumb. We accept the trath of this statement at once. We don't propose to try the experiment just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post.*

"No Indian ever has his pony shod," observes the *Detroit Free Press*, "and yet the Indian Department is charged with \$18,000 worth of horseshoes per year." Oh, that's all right. The Indians hang 'em over the doors of their wigwams to bring good luck.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is all very well to say, "give a boy a chance to work at what he takes to;" but supposing he doesn't take to anything? Why, then the best course to pursue is to give him a chance to work at something he doesn't take to. If he won't go willingly to the work, the work must be brought to him.

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper; but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it. The gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

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