

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

TWAS BUT A GLANCE.

'Twas but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw a form so fair,
No creature of the painter's brush
Could e'er with it compare.

'Twas but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw her eyes so bright,
I could but think of them all day,
And dream of them all night.

'Twas but a glance, yet with that glance
I saw her lips so sweet;
And I my wish, ah, then how quick
My lips those lips should greet.

'Twas but a glance, yet 'twas a glance
I shall regret for aye;
For when I asked the maid to wed,
She answered: "Nay, sir, nay!"

ANONYM.

Windsor, May, 1886.

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TRIFLES—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Why does not the writer of the free and easy "Here and There" column of last year continue his contributions? He may have seemed too caustic sometimes, but after all, a kindly soul was evidently his.

"Sharler" has now been too long silent. His charming quotations, his happy comments, his unflinching vivacity, his half-wicked humor, his thoroughly wicked puns, made his contributions delightful to every cultured reader.

Said the Burlington *Herald*, upon hearing of Mrs. Cook's proposed lecture tour—"Dr. Joseph Cook is reported to have planned a series of 'thoroughly original' lectures, to be given shortly, in Boston and other eastern cities. And his wife, of whom we expected better, is also to take the platform. Their family are preparing to follow. The rest of the people of New England are preparing for the woods."

Ah, the irony of circumstances! Gladstone was once held up to execration by the dynamite organ of New York, now it displays his portrait with encomiums. It is well for the G. O. M. that he has other friends.

The following parody was picked up on Hollis street. The owner can have the MS. upon proving property and paying expenses of copying. Who the parodist is, I do not profess to know:—

"Three poets went writing—each all in his vest
Even here in the East as the sun went down;
Each felt that the editors loved him best,
And would welcome 'Spring' verses unto the town.
For poets must write, tho' the editors frown.
Their Esthetic natures will not be put down,
While the harbor bar is moaning!"

"Three editors climbed to the highest tower
That they could find in all that town;
And they planned to conceal themselves hour after hour,
Till the sun or the poets had both gone down.
For spring-poets must write, tho' the editors rage;
The Esthetic spirit must thus be engaged
While the editors all are groaning."

"Three corpses lay stark on the harbor sand,
Soon after a bright spring sun went down;
And three editors sat at a banquet grand
In honor of poets no more in town.
Yet poets will write while editors sleep,
Tho' they've nothing to earn nor ought to keep;
And the harbor bar keeps moaning."

Emerson says:—"Men who have commanded great armies and taken great cities; who have made laws for an empire or proclaimed the greatest discoveries in science, have sometimes shown the most idiocy in connection with the commonest affairs of life." Illustrative of this dictum is a little story of Sir Isaac Newton, which all the young readers of *The Critic* may not have already seen. The discoverer of the law of gravitation once amused himself by constructing with his own hands a neat little domicile for his cats. For the convenience of the larger feline, he cut a hole at one of the corners; then at another corner, for the equal convenience of the kitten, he cut a smaller hole; and it was only after he had been rallied and teased considerably about it by one of his friends, that he realized the fact, that the first hole would have sufficed for both—which, one might well suppose, ought to be self-evident to the feeblest understanding. Think of it!—the author of the *Principia*, one of the grandest works of human intellect, did not of himself perceive that a kitten could pass through a hole large enough for a cat! But Sheridan (Richard Brinsley) is said to have blundered quite as badly. Two days after he had gone to live in a suburban villa, he was visited by a friend, whom he told from the veranda, he must climb the fence, if he wished to come to the house. "But can't I go in by the gate," asked the friend, "I am very sorry," was the dramatist's reply, "But I can't untie the string. I myself had to climb over the fence since coming here." "I see it is but a leather string; why not cut it with a knife?" The non-plussed wit looked at him in amazement, then at the gate, drew forth a knife, cut the string, opened the gate, gave it a spiteful kick, and petulantly said—"If you love me; if you care a straw for me, kick me so. Why shouldn't I have thought of the knife before?"

SANTON-RESARTUS, JR.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, May 22, 1886.

It is entirely a work of supererogation for me to remark that the recent developments in the fishery matter are at the present time the all-absorbing topic of discussion and comment in this vicinity. There is blood on the moon and wrath in the eye of the Yankee fishermen ament the recent seizure by the Canadian authorities of two of their vessels. All the events of the day in the old world and the now have to give way to this interesting matter, and even the coming marriage of the chief executive of the nation pales in significance before this. Of course the views expressed both by the public and the press, as to the legality of the seizures, are diverse, but the weight of opinion, so far as I have been able to see, is decidedly in favor of the ground that they were unwarranted and a flagrant breach of international courtesy. Halifax and Digby have figured more extensively in the telegraphic columns of the local papers of late than they have for a long time before, and the fishery question as viewed from these points, has been worked for all it is worth. There has been a vociferous cry ascending from the Maine and Massachusetts fishermen over since the late unpleasant occurrences happened for revenge and retaliation, and resolutions have been resolved by the lineal mile calling upon Congress to take such action. A vigorous attempt is being made to have the ports of the country closed to all Canadian fishing vessels until such time as the Dominion government sees fit to remove the present restrictions on the American ones, on the one for that principle. Whether this will be finally done or not remains to be seen, but it certainly will if the wishes of the New England fishermen are deferred to by Congress and the administration. It galls the native fishermen very much to observe their Canadian brethren sailing serenely into Gloucester and other American ports and purchasing all the bait and provisions they require without molestation, while they themselves are "scooped" by Admiral Scott's armada if they enter a Nova Scotian harbor for the same purpose. And truly, this feeling seems only natural. There is apparently something wrong somewhere. It seems that somebody isn't living fully up to the golden rule's provisions. The talk of retaliation has gone so far even that threats have been made to send out armed schooners to make reprisals upon the audacious Canadians, and there was a rumor to the effect that one was being fitted out in Boston a day or two ago. This, however, proved to be a canard, and the Dominion fishery fleet is still safe. The ingenious Nova Scotian fishermen can hardly realize the terrible significance of such a threat as this. The American schooner is a fearful destructive agency and more terrible in its effects than dynamite. It is only a year or two since a proud United States "war" vessel was run into and sunk beneath the yeasty waves by one of them, and only recently the all-pronder "Oregon" was sent to the bottom by one. Whatever the doughty cruiser "Lansdowne" does, let it beware of the American schooner, especially when the said schooner is under motion. Then is the time you want to get your torpedoes out and your red lights burning. I don't want to risk my reputation as a prophet by discounting the outcome of this decidedly uncomfortable state of affairs, but whatever it is it will be a decided relief to have all settled one way or another.

For the past three weeks we have been enjoying the not very pleasant novelty of a strike, in which nearly all the building trades have been involved. The carpenters, plumbers, painters and bricklayers all went out for eight hours as a day's labor, instead of ten, except the last-named, who more modestly asked for nine. During the period named there has been a pretty general stagnation of the building movement and thousands of usually busy men have been idle. It looks at this writing as though the whole matter were likely to be a failure, for the carpenters have collapsed and given up the struggle and the demands of the others have not yet been met by the capitalists. It took the carpenters a long time to get ready for an organized movement of this kind, and now that they have finally done so they have been forced to acknowledge defeat. The union of capital has proved too strong for organized labor in this instance, but a new test will doubtless be made ere long. Without entering at all upon the merits or demerits of this question of shorter hours of work, one very bad feature of the present difficulty is that, while the master builders have loyally arrogated to themselves the privilege of strongly organizing, they have very inconsistently and insolently refused for a moment to admit the right of their employees to do the same. If this principle is to be followed out, it need not be wondered at if the country is again torn up by bomb-throwing such as that at Chicago recently.

T. F. A.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

[From the "Canadian Gazette," London, England.]

One part of the programme at the opening ceremony of the Colonial Exhibition was intended to be the presentation to Her Majesty by Lady Tupper of a bouquet of Canadian flowers forwarded by the Montreal Horticultural Society. Unfortunately, the bouquet reached London unfit for presentation. The Queen, in expressing her regret, conveyed to the Executive Commissioner and Lady Tupper her thanks for the personal interest they took in the matter.

The remainder of the exhibits to complete the Canadian Section are at last on the way. The consignment consists of about 800 tons on the steamship *Ulunda* of the Furness Line, which sailed from Halifax on the 6th inst.

Already much attention is being attracted in the Canadian Section by the agricultural machinery now in motion. This is probably the first time that machinery of this nature has been shown in motion in England. Large