

you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did, who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion."

"Mr. Gladstone accurately describes the consequences of the rejection of the Bill of 1845.

"See the consequences that have flowed from that deplorable action. We are told that the influence of the House of Lords should be a corrective influence. Was that a corrective influence? Was that an influence for the purpose of moderating the action of a popular principle? No, it was a narrow view which declined and refused all just reforms, and the refusal of which, so far from leading to moderation, has led to the necessity for the adoption of vast changes in Ireland, which naturally are the causes of great complaint to the same class of persons who applauded the rejection of Lord Derby's efforts in 1845."

FRANC-THEUR.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

NEWSY LETTER FOR THE LADIES.

Boston, Mass., June 5th, 1886.

Closed shutters, fans, and the thinnest of thin clothing, are the order of the day. With it all, there is a breeze, but it is suggestive of furnaces, volcanoes, anything that makes one long for "dear December."

Paterfamilias looks about him disconsolately, picturing the deserted home, the glittering from one fashionable resort to another—that soul-rending care of the maids—the baggage, whatnot, and all his cherished comforts banished. For the thousands of moderate means, endless discussions, as to "where shall we go," make the daily breakfast table a veritable Tower of Babel.

The theatres are—well, there is certainly more than standing room, notwithstanding the fact that various attractions are nightly put before the bonnets and toilettes.

Propos, the former are marvels of taste and elegance, and trimmed in every conceivable style. The shapes are mostly the same as those worn last winter—small, with flat, high crowns; the trimming, which is of loops of picot-edged ribbon, or ribbon and flowers, arranged very high and narrow directly in front; the strings in many of them come from the middle of the crown on the outside, slope down, and meet under a small made-up bow at the left side of the chin. English turbans are worn more than anything else in hats, and these are trimmed very high, many in front, and the oddest and most stylish ones at the side. When the trimming is of ribbon loops, each loop is either twisted at the back, or else wired, in order to give it the stiff, upright arrangement necessary, and this keeps the ribbon in place.

There is among the new dress goods an endless variety of novelties: combinations are presented in odd shades and colors, generally light, prominent are the canvas goods, plain, or with satin, plush, or velvet stripes, in a thousand colors. Exquisite Pongees, figured, plain, or striped, make lovely summer costumes. Then there are foulards, India silks, and light-weight wool goods, which make up stylishly, quite inexpensive, and are models of comfort and service. Very large bustles are still worn, and the dress drawn back from the sides rather tightly, much of the old "pull-back" appearance being given thus. The waists are long, and the collar or band is worn very deep and high.

Gossip is busy over the marriage of the President and Miss Folsom, and many conjectures are exchanged in fashionable circles as to what effect it will have on Miss Van Vechten, who for many months was, by rumor, appointed to the position of "first lady of the land." That the latter is justly considered a great beauty, no one can deny who has ever seen her. I met her first at the time of the Presidential election, and was charmed as much by her sweetness and grace of manner as by her high bred air and beauty. She is tall and very graceful; has large lustrous dark eyes, a low forehead, and sweet expressive mouth, small white teeth, and a lovely complexion. Albanians, exclusive as they are, smiled at the attentions showered on her by the Cleveland family, in return for the courtesies of the Van Vechten mansion; and the general opinion was, that this fair daughter of a proud old Knickerbocker family would dispense gracefully and brilliantly the hospitality of the White House. But alas, for human hopes, the portly figure of our guide and ruler wandered far afield in search of "Love's young dream," and Miss Van Vechten doubtless finds balm in such glories as her presentation at a St. James drawing-room by the wife of the American Minister, and other flesh-pots to be attained only in London society.

BECCA SHARPE.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

REAL AND UNREAL.

"Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."—*Emerson*.

Idle fancies, those resolutely active sprites, in character differing widely from their fairer sisters, the "bud-blooms upon obedience," own each one of them an enchanted castle in which are retained all who have once bowed to their sway.

Reader, have you lingered a willing captive in one of these fairy dwellings? Have you, too, gazed through its walls of thinnest crystal upon the transfigured outside world? You know, then, how wonderful everything appeared through the delicate walls of mingled rose, azure and gold; how brilliant the sky overhead, how dazzling the hues of tree and grass and

flower—unnatural as a Rappacini's garden. The human beings, from the king on the throne, to the beggar in his rags, are marvellously transformed for us by our Circe. Some of the most favored of our fellow creatures she even admits into the very centre of our gay Fairy-land; and once there, they come under the full power of her glamor. They are gorgeously apparelled without and within. To us their faces are far more beautiful, their forms more stately than those of the people outside. Their thoughts are surely the thoughts of genius;—their words its fitting expression. Their sympathies are in fullest, subtlest accord with our own. Life is here a full, intoxicating cup which never palls upon our taste.

Is it a pity, do you think, that sooner or later, we must make our escape, if we are not ignominiously expelled from so charming an abode? Perhaps some brusque movement of ours, or more probably of one of our favored guests, it may even be the one we have most delighted to honor, has shattered the frail walls; and the light from without, the white light of Reality streams in; and we gaze in wonder upon the tinselly-glittering ruins around us. And—"Life is never the same again"—do you, the disenchanted, murmur sadly, as vainly you regret the fairy gold, the magic light of the realm destroyed?

You have still to learn how limited in the mouths of mortals is that very word, "never." What is it but the expression of a longer or shorter duration of a thought, a mood or a feeling?

Life never the same again? Why should we regret it so passionately when a better, a truer life, is yet in store for us? However painful the wrench of parting with them, we are stronger without our illusions to cope with God's real world, and to do our work therein.

Patience, faithless soul. Time's scythe has wounded us, but his hour-glass numbers each pang of suffering. Wait, and disdain not his marvellous herbs of healing. In spite of our disdainful unbelief, he will press them upon the wound; and surely, if slowly, must we, one and all, acknowledge their efficacy; and wonders are wrought or, what we in our ignorance of spiritual law, call wonders.

The real gains in interest as the phantoms of the unreal fade from our view into their native nothingness. Things as they are, people as they are, will be accepted by us; will claim and receive their due attention. We cannot choose good, unless we have discerned evil.

Better still, as our spiritual eyes grow to the Light of Truth, we shall discern more clearly the outlines, the slowly forming shapes of the possible, the ideal—the Kingdom of God within and without us. M. S. N.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE POET BURNS.

A pamphlet, on "Robert Burns," by Rev. R. Grant, a Nova Scotian clergyman, has just come to my hand. This new little work is evidently an honest man's tribute to the worth of a poet whose character at least has not often been fairly represented. That the edition before me is the fourth, shows that Scotia's immortal bard, who so cordially sympathized with, and mocked not the "useful toil," nor (then seeming) "destiny obscure" of his countrymen, is well remembered and revered in New Scotland. Though not fulsome in panegyric, Mr. Grant is disposed to assign to Burns a high place among poets.

Some crude American scribe who passes in the New York *Critic* as a literarian, has been emptying over the memory of Burns "the phials of wrath," and of nonsense and error. He asserts—but proves not—that the Scottish poet is "harsh, uncouth, and obscure." *Harsh! uncouth!* Think of it! The silver-tongued master of the euphonious Lowland Scotch dialect—a form of English second only in the copiousness of its native music to the sweet-flowing Greek and the soft Italian—*harsh and uncouth!* If so, Calliope may be called brazen-voiced, and the notes of the spirit of music herself unpleasant and discordant. And *obscure!* Then sunshine is not bright, and the most limpid Helicon fount is muddy.

The assailant of the bard of Ayr would have the work of Burns published with a full commentary by some "critical modern writer." Let the proposer execute the plan—no one else will. Capital humor it would be:—deep calling unto deep—the non-obscure elucidated by the Unintelligible. The Queen of Dulness herself would arise from the almost forgotten scenes of the Dunciad, and sit rejoicing upon a new throne. Any man that seeks fame or notoriety by discovering, or attempting to discover, harshness, uncouthness, and obscurity in the songs and poems of Burns, can only be likened to that illustrious philosopher who professed to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Probably, the English-speaking public have not been told more than once that a comparison of the genius or gifts of Burns with other poets of the seventeenth century would result to his disadvantage. They have heard the opposite opinion from such poets as Longfellow, Scott, and Wordsworth; from such critics as Macaulay, Bulwer-Lytton, and Carlyle. A comparison of the gifts of Burns with those of any other poet of the seventeenth century, is not feared, and never was, by the admirers of the former. To him, even Gray, with all his vast scholarship and luxuriant beauties of diction, is demonstrably inferior. Listening to an old nurse's tales of "giants, cantrips, enchanted towers, and other trumpery"—earning his boyhood's daily bread "by the sweat of his brow," in the literal acceptance of the term—familiarizing himself with Nature, by making boyish pilgrimages on fine Sabbaths to the Leghwood—holding convivial meetings with smugglers on the coast of Kirkoswald—studying by fire-light or poor candle-light, the history of Scotland, and the half-dozen literary books, which, in his advanced