ABSENCE.

What must I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted to the last of my face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and the hour of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into yet days, and with some fond presence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee by on my soul the sin
Of casting from me the great gift of time?
Shall I, those miles of memory locked within,
Leave and neglect life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time and thine arrive?

Tell tell thee, for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all active duties, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through the dim long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; I will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have heretofore yet alive.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thee be shine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Tennyson and Victoria,

[Translated for the Cincinnati Commercial from the Revue des Deux Mondes.]

Few poems have, of late, created a greater sensation, both in England and North America, than the fisher idyl, "Enoch Arden," of the English poet laureate. In succession to the two previous many one, and if we recently read in the newspapers that, during the Paris Exposition, no less than five thousand copies a month were sold of the cheap English edition of the Champ de works, by Englishmen visiting the Champ de Mars, this gives us but a faint idea of the immense circulation of the work, for in North America alone their sale has been still more extensive.

For the rest, Tennyson is not a very popular man, because he dislikes to raise exorbitant demands. Nevertheless, he has refused the offer of him as of King Midas of yore, that all he touches turns to gold, for his fame is so popular magazines and reviews are anxious to profit by his name, and they offer enormous sums in order to get a poem from the author who has often been asked for several years. The "Good Words" paid him, a few months ago, two thousand pounds for twelve lines of blank verse, "Queen Victoria's Epitaph." Boston, for, and Boston, has volunteerly paid to him a large sum as remuneration (for his poems which they publish in America.

Queen Victoria is one of the most ardent admirers of Tennyson's poems, and shortly after the Enoch Arden had appeared, she heard that Tennyson's enemies and envious charged that poem with being immoral and a glorification of concubinage. She applied to an eminent clergyman, and learned from him that such cases of bigamy, it was true, were not very rare, and those whom such a misfortune befell might, perhaps, be pardoned by the Lord on the Day of Judgment, for the mercy of the Lord is infinite and earth knows no bounds; but that it indicated an alarming moral condition on the part of the poet to represent in a kind of hale a man who tolerated the continuance of such a disgraceful relationship between man and woman. This was what Enoch Arden was doing. Instead of separating from his wife in order to resume his position as her husband, he laid down and died.

The Queen was not a little disgusted on hearing this. It is true she was well aware that some of the high church dignitaries were not very favorably disposed toward Tennyson. His open letter to a rector named Maurice, who had been removed from his chair of theology, was thought. But since her husband's death the Queen had accustomed herself to attach very little or no importance to the voices of her surroundings than to her own opinion. She decide whether Enoch Arden really deserved the harshness with which it had been criticised, or to be sure that thought she had better consult somebody else on the subject, and, as prepared to adopt as her own the censure of Tennyson's poems with still greater severity, which, in her opinion, demanding that this person was no other than the lady who is generally believed to be the subject of one of Tennyson's earlier poems, the celebrated "Lady Vere de Vere"—the poetical rejection of an aristocratic coquette, who had cast her nets after the poet when he was still a very young man.

After this two-fold condemnation of Enoch Arden, whose wonderful success had meanwhile fallen in a thousand echoes upon her ears, the Queen thought it would be best for her to speak with the poet himself on the subject which is the great subject of Enoch Arden. She, therefore extended her drive along the seashore that very afternoon beyond its usual terminus, and ordered the coachman to drive further west. Osborne, the Queen's country seat, is not far from the Isle of Wight, and near the house of the poet, who lives, likewise, on that island; but no distance is very considerable. Queen Victoria have I know, on the island are excellent. She soon after saw the poet's house, which lies at the foot of a little grove of pines and firs, peering forth between the verdure and the orange trees.

The Queen was accompanied by two of her daughters. When the poet saw the royal party form in his garden—his long hair and full beard bareheaded, he ran down to meet them—he trusted her sketch-book and the metal box in which she all forest sketches, and he was her barbarian, to the princesses, and walked alone to the house at the door, where Tennyson had already hastened to meet her.

She did not want to enter the house, but walking with him along the shore, she explained to him which occasioned her to pay him a visit, and the beauties of which she dwelt with that refined appreciation which is said to be peculiar to her. In two thus walked along the high western shore—at their feet the sea, upon which many white sails, like scattered birds, thorn blossoms, were scudding, while the neighboring hedges resounded with the merry chirping of the robin redbreast and the wren, and innumerable sea-gulls, scudding, circled round the steep cliffs.

At last a bundle of fagots obstructing the pathway, arrested their progress. A light-haired, blue-eyed girl of ten or twelve years was standing beside it, not a little frightened at not having abandoned her burden yet, for she knew perfectly she knew the queen, and to have obstructed the path to the grounds, which, before the entrance of which lay her fagots, seemed the more unfortunate to her on account of her owing to its present condition on that day, could not be used at all by pedestrians.

Tennyson assisted the little girl in binding and shouldering her bundle of fagots; the Queen asked her name—it was Anna—and gave her a piece of money, and then "said to her something on her way."

"A red-cheeked child," said Queen, smiling after her, as she was tottering along with her heavy bundle, and then, as if to do her pleasure to the subject of their previous conversation, she added musingly: "It is about thus that I think Anna Lee must look when I picture to mean at the time she was the play-mate of Enoch and Philip, and, looking at the child, with her silk sparrels, promised them both to become their little wife."

"A painter really might use that little girl as a model for Anna Lee," said the Queen to Mr. Tennyson.

He had stood still, in order to allow the Queen to pass a puddle of rain-water, and the august party, with the best of good humor, followed Tennyson's idyls of the King, on seeing the ripple on the surface of the puddle, received its image.

"But that inscription in Enoch, is it not?" the Queen asked, looking at the lines in question on one of the moss-grown tombstones, and then aloud and with a clear voice, read: "Enoch! It is strange how important something which we formerly regarded with great indifference suddenly appears to us! True, for instance, this name, which I have so often seen and heard, seems among so many others from the Old Testament during my excursions on the island. Enoch and then, looking around, he added: "It is a pity that your Philip has not likewise a name sake like Jacob, people would be long in doubt Having that the two heroes of your poem are married long and they would, maybe, say the scene of your whole poem in the shade of these walnut trees. But, tell me, Mr. Tennyson, what you say to reply to all those objections which I mentioned to you before?"

"Very little, your Majesty."

"Why?"

"I should be sorry, your Majesty, if the little girl yonder had to bear the stain of illegitimate birth."

"What little girl?"

"The little girl disappearing just now behind the hawthorn hedge, your Majesty; I mean the child carrying the bundle of fagots."

"And what has that girl to do with your poem?"

"A great deal, for, if the Bishop of N. had had his way, little Anna yonder would be considered a child born in illicit wedlock."

The Queen had stood still.

"You do not mean to say, Mr. Tennyson," she replied, "that on our little island here an event such as you related in your Enoch Arden, has really happened?"

And as Tennyson was silent for a moment, she continued: "Oh, I know you do not like to answer such questions. But tell me, now, did Enoch Arden live here? And is he perhaps even buried underneath that tombstone?"

"Your Majesty," said Tennyson, "there occur among the lowly and poor many traits of heroism, for which historians might envy the actors in more of the people. Happy he who can contemplate and comprehend such traits, with an unblased mind; happy he who is enabled to set them in his poems without spoiling their simple originality! Happy, thrice happy, also he of whom poets can tell such traits. His memory deserves to be heavily sod."

The Queen had walked across the lawn to the tombstone and laid her hand on its moss-grown edge. She stood there a long while in silence, her eyes fixed on the spot where Enoch had laid his last resting-place. At length she drew herself up, and, turning to Tennyson, she said, "God bless him! He did right after all!"

Lord Brougham as a Literary Man.

As a literary worker, Lord Brougham occupies a prominent place, and we cannot, perhaps, do better than borrow the summary of his labors from the Westminster Review, which we find in the *Times*:

"He had been making free use of his power of composition through the whole course of his political career,—more than one newspaper, more than one review article, more than one speech, had been under obligations to his versatility. Some with, some without the name, in the form of *brochures* had been poured upon the reading tables of all classes of society and from time to time resumed the creation of solid octavos, interrupted since the 'Colonial Policy' appeared in 1803. His edition of 'Paley' came out in 1835; a few years later two supplementary volumes were added to it, under the title of 'Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology.' His 'Speeches,' with their accompanying historiettes, were published in 1841; in the following year appeared the first series of his 'Lives of Statesmen,' to which two more series were added successively, and the work concluded in 1846; meanwhile, in 1842, came out his 'Polity of Photography,' in 1845 and 1846 the 'Lives of Men of Letters,' attested his industry; in January, 1855, he published his French, Spanish, Italian and Rousseau, with some inedited Letters of Hume and Voltaire. His dialogue on Instinct, published in 1857, and his translation of the 'Dialogues of Demosthenes' must not be overlooked, much later, and with many discrepancies of style from his earlier writings, dating from the assumption of incognito, perhaps to the sedative influence of the quiet and retirement of the Lords of the Civil Wars of England and France, the Era of the Dumvir Henry and his military successor." Within the same period that witnessed this aggregation of subject and volumes, he found time enough of more than one or two romances in attributed to the pen of the noble author, and there were, besides, a troop of published letters, the contents of some of which, as bearing on the 'National Education,' in 1839; one to Sir James Graham, on 'Law Reforms,' in 1840; one to Lord Lyndhurst, on 'Criminal Policy,' and the Treatment of Juvenile Offenders,' in 1847; one on the Administration of Justice,' in 1848; one to Lord Denman on the 'Legislation of 1850.'

Of his more general exertions during his later years we cannot speak at length, but we will contract an interesting passage concerning them from the *Times* quoted above:

"Since 1850 he has chiefly figured 'out of doors' as a member of the Legislature, as a orator, as the brilliant speaker on all philanthropic subjects, as the author of the Scotch Reform Bill, as it are too well known to need mentioning here, as the author of the Bill for the Education of the public, as the author of the Bill for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and 2,000 ladies and gentlemen. Lord Brougham, with lost none of his old fire and eloquence, and what he has lost in physical strength, he still of his may stand as our own description of his excellent address: 'It was strong,' he said, 'in the copiousness of its topics. About the author of this address, the renowned president of the Social Science Congress, though he himself has given me a warning that panegyrics are not to be uttered in his presence, whose dignified and brilliant tracks of his diversified career, and the great amount of his achievements, I will not relinche the sphere of ancient controversies, or of concrete from prison to the abyss, as well as those who kept and managed them in the various bagnes of Europe, must have had some strange experiences of life. Nor were the "two nautical gentlemen," who shut up the Davenports, bad scholars in this branch of art.

That wrinkle, as recorded by Mr. Galton, deserve to be set forth here. It hinges on the fact that an active man, whose hands and feet are small, can be but imperfectly secured by ligatures, unless the cord or whatever else you use has been thoroughly well stretched. Many people have exhibited themselves for money, who have allowed themselves to be tied hand and foot and then put in a sack, whence they have emerged in a few minutes, with the cords in a neat coil in their hands. The brothers Davenport possessed this skill, but they knew better than to show themselves for pence at twenty-five a-piece. Their secret was released by supernatural agency, they held fashionable and delightful audiences in London. The two exhibitors were tied, face to face, in a cupboard, respectively by two persons selected by the audiences, and when they inspected one another's knots as well as they could. On their expressing themselves satisfied, the cupboard closed and lights in the room were kept low for five or ten minutes, until a signal was made by the confined performers. Then, in a blaze of gaslight, the doors were opened from within, and out sprang the two men, leaving the rope behind, them.

At length two nautical gentlemen indicted on using their own cord, which they had previously well stretched. This proceeding baffled the Davenports. Thenceforward, wherever they showed themselves, the nautical gentlemen also appeared, appealing to the audience to elect them to tie the exhibitors. In this way they exposed the supernatural pretensions and lately drove them out of England. The skill of the brothers was prestidigitatory, but their imposture was unbearable.

On one occasion, Mr. Galton was proposed by an audience to tie the hands. He did his best, and, on the assumption of his colleague's knot, as the dark and confined space in which the exhibitors were tied, permitted. The cord, or perhaps, a little too thick, but it was supple and well stretched. The audience greatly surprised at the ease with which the brothers disembarrassed themselves. They were not more than ten minutes in getting free. Of course, if either of the exhibitors had brought a pocket knife, or had his colleague. It was an ingenious idea, too, to tie two persons, and not one person, to the cord. It was improbable that a person taken at random would be able to disengage himself sufficiently. It was doubtfully impossible that two persons taken at random could be capable. If twenty to one against any one person's having sufficient skill, it was twenty-square to one against two. Nor were the "two nautical gentlemen," who shut up the Davenports, bad scholars in this branch of art.

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