

## MUSIC.

RY VERA.

A tone of music  
It may be a sound,  
Which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain by which we're darkly bound.

Awake, my harp! Thou long has slept  
Wake now at witching eventide!  
The dews their silent tears have wept,  
The languid breezes gently creep  
In woodland shades to hide:  
Wake! By thy spells the gulf be spanned  
That parts me from the spirit-land!

So may th' enfranchised soul go forth  
To seek a bliss denied it here  
In this dim dungeon of the earth,  
This prison-house of narrow girth,  
Stronghold of doubt and fear:  
So may it rise and soar and dare  
The trackless regions of the air.

Thus then the chords of my fingers sweep,  
Hark, hark! What strain salutes my ear?  
A bugle-call from some lone steep  
Where sentinels their night-watch keep  
Because the foe is near?  
Or is it Ocean's restless surge  
That chants some drowned maiden's dirge?

Nay, let a livelier measure move  
Like waves o'er golden sands that glance;  
Let music wake around, above,  
As Elf-land rings through lawn and grove,  
To speed the jocund dance,  
When joyous Oberon doth take  
His way across the lily lake.

Or touch a softer, tenderer key:  
Call up again the vanished scene  
When Youth and Mirth and Liberty  
Kept holiday beneath the tree  
On the old village green.  
Oh, days that were, I greet your shade  
Across Time's rushing stream displayed!

No more! Those tones of other years—  
The loved, the lost, to plainly speak:  
A funeral train the Past appears:  
Remembered joys shine bright like tears  
Upon a faded cheek!  
Since thus thy promise thou hast kept,  
My harp, I would thy music sleep.

Thy witchcraft I invoke no more,  
Nor woo the passionate transport strong  
When vain regret, the boundaries o'er  
Of Fate's inexorable shore,  
Pours the full tide of song.  
Nor, minion of the lost—the dead—  
On Memory's waters cast my break.

Music, thy spells cannot recall  
To embers cold their earlier fire:  
Therefore, in Life's deserted hall,  
Where garlands wither on the wall  
And festal lamps expire,  
All mute our vigil let us keep.  
No more, my harp! Rest there and sleep.

## THE BUCHANAN ROMANCE.

## IDLE TONGUES AND A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Judge Curtis, in his new "Life of President Buchanan," devotes a page to the well-known romance, the unfortunate termination of which left its traces upon all the after-life of the man. Says the biographer:—With an honorable and distinguished professional career thus opening before him, a favorite in society, both from his talents and his character, young, high-spirited and full of energy, it seemed that happiness had been provided for him by his own merits and a kind Providence. But there now occurred an episode in his life which cast upon him a never-ending sorrow. He became engaged to be married to a young lady in Lancaster, who has been described to me, by persons who knew her, as a very beautiful girl, of singularly attractive and gentle disposition, but retiring and sensitive. Her father, Robert Coleman, Esq., a wealthy citizen of Lancaster, entirely approved of the engagement. After this connection had existed for some time, she suddenly wrote a note to her lover and asked him to release her from the engagement. There is no reason to believe that their mutual feelings had in any degree changed. He could only reply that if it was her wish to put an end to their engagement he must submit. This occurred in the latter part of the summer of 1819. The young lady died very suddenly while on a visit to Philadelphia on the ninth of the December following, in the twenty-third year of her age. Her remains were brought to her father's house in Lancaster on the next Saturday, just one week from the day on which she left home. "The funeral," says the diary already quoted from, "took place the next day and was attended by a great number of the inhabitants, who appeared to feel a deep sympathy with the family on this distressing occasion."

From the same source I transcribe a little obituary notice which was published in a Lancaster paper on the eleventh of December, and which the diary states was written by Mr. Buchanan:

Departed this life on Thursday morning last, in the twenty-third year of her age, while on a visit to her friends in the city of Philadelphia, Miss Anne C. Coleman, daughter of Robert Coleman, Esq., of this city. It rarely falls to our lot to shed a tear over the mortal remains of one so much and so deservedly beloved as was the deceased. She was everything which the fondest parent or friend could have wished her to be. Although she was young and beautiful and accomplished, and the smiles of fortune shone upon her, yet her native modesty and worth made her unconscious of her own attractions. Her heart was the seat of all the softer virtues which ennoble and dignify the character of woman. She has now gone to a world where,

in the bosom of her God, she will be happy with congenial spirits. May the memory of her virtues be ever green in the hearts of her surviving friends. May her mild spirit, which on earth still breathes peace and good-will, be their guardian angel to preserve them from the faults to which she was ever a stranger.

"The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze."

The following letter, written by Mr. Buchanan to the father of the young lady, is all that remains of written evidence to attest the depth of his attachment to her:

LANCASTER, PA., December 10, 1819.

To Robert Coleman Esq.:—My Dear Sir,—You have lost a child—a dear, dear child. I have lost the only earthly object of my affections, without whom life now presents to me a dreary blank. My prospects are all cut off and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, have been much abused. God forgive the authors of it. My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have now one request to make, and, for the love of God and of your dear, departed daughter, whom I loved infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing her body before its interment. I would not for the world be denied this request.

I might make another, but, from the misrepresentations which must have been made to you, I am almost afraid. I would like to follow her remains to the grave as a mourner. I would like to convince the world, and I hope yet to convince you, that she was dearer to me than life. I may sustain the shock of her death, but I feel that happiness has fled from me for ever. The prayer which I make to God without ceasing is that I may yet be able to show my veneration for the memory of my dear departed saint by my respect and attachment for her surviving friends.

May heaven bless you and enable you to bear the shock with the foundation of a Christian. I am, forever, your sincere and grateful friend,  
JAMES BUCHANAN.

In the course of Mr. Buchanan's long subsequent political career this incident in his early life was often alluded to in partisan newspapers, and in that species of literature called "campaign documents," accompanied by many perversions and misrepresentations. These publications are each and all unworthy of notice. On one occasion after he had retired to Wheatland, and when he had passed the age of seventy, he was shown by a friend a newspaper article, misrepresenting as usual the details of this affair. He then said, with deep emotion, that there were papers and relics which he had religiously preserved, then in a package in a place of deposit in the city of New York, which would explain the trivial origin of this separation. His executors found these papers inclosed and sealed separately from all others, and with a direction upon them in his handwriting, that they were to be destroyed without being read. They obeyed the injunction, and burnt the package without breaking the seal. It happened, however, that the original of the letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to the young lady's father before her funeral was not contained in this package. It was found in his private depositories at Wheatland, and it came there in consequence of the fact that it was returned by the father unread and unopened.

It is now known that the separation of the lovers originated in a misunderstanding, on the part of the lady of a very small matter, exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues, working on a peculiarly sensitive nature. Such a separation, the commonest of occurrences, would have ended, in the ordinary course, in reconciliation, when the parties met, if death had not suddenly snatched away one of the sufferers and left the other to a life-long grief. But under the circumstances I feel bound to be governed by the spirit of Mr. Buchanan's written instruction to his executors, and not to go into the details of a story which show that the whole occurrence was chargeable on the folly of others, and not on either of the two whose interests were involved.

Among the few survivors of the circle to which this young lady belonged the remembrance of her sudden death is still fresh in aged hearts. The estrangement of the lovers was but one of those common occurrences that are perpetually verifying the saying, hackneyed by everlasting repetition, that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

But it ran, in this case, pure and unbroken in the heart of the survivor, through a long and varied life. It became a grief that could not be spoken of; to which only the most distant allusion could be made; a sacred, unceasing sorrow, buried deep in the breast of a man who was formed for domestic joys; hidden beneath manners that were most engaging, beneath strong social tendencies, and a chivalrous old-fashioned deference to women of all ages and all claims. His peculiar and reverential demeanor toward the sex, never varied by rank or station, or individual attraction, was doubtless in a large degree caused by the tender memory of what he had found, or fancied in her whom he had lost in his early days by such cruel fate. If her death had not prevented their marriage, it is probable that a purely professional and domestic life would have filled up the measure alike of his

happiness and ambition. It is certain that this occurrence prevented him from ever marrying, and impelled him again into public life after he had once resolved to quit it. Soon after this catastrophe he was offered a nomination to a seat in congress. He did not suppose that he could be elected, and did not much desire to be. But he was strongly urged to accept the candidacy, and finally consented, chiefly because he needed an innocent excitement that would sometimes distract him from the grief that was destined never to leave him. Great and uninterrupted, however, as was his political and social success, he lived and died a widower and a childless man. Fortunately for him, a sister's child, left an orphan at an early age, whom he educated with the wisest care, filled to him the place of a daughter as nearly and tenderly as such a relative could supply that want, adorning with womanly accomplishments and virtues the high public stations to which he was eventually called.

## HAWTHORNE IN LENOX.

The life of the great novelist in his retirement in the Berkshire Hills has an additional illustration in the following letter just brought to light by the Boston Saturday Gazette. It was addressed to Mr. Zachariah Burchmore, who had been associated with Hawthorne in the Salem Custom House. He is referred to in the prefatory chapter of "The Scarlet Letter" as "the model clerk."

LENOX, June 9, 1850.

Dear Zach:—I received your letter in due season, and should have answered it before, but have just got settled in my new residence, and hardly that. Beside, I had a cold that confined me to my chamber for several days. Since my recovery I have planted vegetables enough to supply all Salem, if I could only bring them to market. I am well pleased with my situation; have already got a good tan on my face, and expect to flourish. The children keep out all day, and are as brown as berries. My wife, on whose shoulders I kindly shifted all the trouble of arranging the house, will doubtless be very comfortable when she gets over her fatigue.

My house is an old red farm house as red as "The Scarlet Letter", a story and a half high; not very splendid in its outward aspect, but snug and comfortable, and with space enough for all our occasions. It is about a mile and a half from the village, whither I have not been since my arrival. Neither have I seen a single newspaper (except an anti-slavery paper) since the day I left Boston, and I know no more of what is going on in the world than if I had emigrated to the moon. I find it very agreeable to get rid of politics and the rest of the damnable turmoil that has disturbed me for three or four years past; but I must ploddingly to some few hankerings after brandy and water, rum and molasses, an occasional sugar, and other civilized indulgences of the like nature.

By-the-by, I have met with one unexpected piece of good luck. Sending to Pittsfield a few days ago, for a package we expected by railroad, the expressman brought back a strange-looking box that had come by way of Albany. On examination it was found to contain champagne of a first rate brand, and had been sent by the same unknown friend who, as I believe I told you, offered to lend me a thousand dollars a few months ago. If you come to see us this summer you will probably find a few bottles left. All other liquor (except water) you must bring with you, unless I should send me a case of gin, according to promise. For my own part I would rather have gin than champagne, as being both wholesomer and more agreeable. While on this subject permit me to express a hope that you will be as abstinent from choice as I am from necessity. Hadn't we better make a mutual pledge not to drink a glass of spirits until we meet again? Awful! I don't believe you will agree to it, nor stick to it if you do. As for myself I could not break the pledge if I wished, liquor being quite unattainable.

I hope and believe that you will yet live to acknowledge P—— to be a true man, as far as regards his conduct toward me and me. If false, he is certainly the most consummate hypocrite that ever lived; but fifty C——s should not shake my confidence in him, unless by circumstantial and other evidence better than his own word.

P—— has a real affection for you, and I trust you will not do or say anything that may make it impossible for you to be friends hereafter. He is certainly not a frank and candid man like yourself, but I uphold him to be incapable of treachery to his friends. P—— has not written to me.

While I think of it, I should like to have you ask C—— whether, a short time after I was appointed to the surveyorship, he proposed to either of the two M——s to engage in a plot to get me removed. As it is now merely a matter of curiosity, he will, perhaps, have no objection to telling the truth about it. The assigned reason was either that I declined to assist in getting him an office, or that I opposed his being put on appraising jobs. Do ask him about it; and tell him, too, that, whether true or not, I have occasionally the same kind of hankering for him that I have for brandy and water and a cigar.

The devil take the N—— impudence. The true and only reason for my sending him a book was that he made a pair of snow shovels for my children last winter, and refused to take any payment. Judging him by his own rule, I have

no doubt the intended them as a bribe to secure my influence for reinstating him in the measurer's office; but I beg you to assure him that I shall make no claim on his good office in my behalf, great a man as he may think himself. My only object was to acknowledge, in the way of my trade, a kindness he had done me in the way of his.

Your letter is first-rate, and I heartily hope you will continue the correspondence, whenever you have leisure and inclination, without waiting for response on my part. That story of the shrimps is too good; and whether or no your information about W—— comes entirely from your own brain, it corresponds so well with his character that I can't help believing it.

I need not say that it would give me sincere pleasure to see you here. The butcher comes three times a week, so that you need not dread starvation; and in six weeks or so I shall have an overflow of vegetables. Give my best regards to Mrs. Burchmore, and, with my congratulations on your escape from the Custom House, I remain truly yours,  
NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

## VARIETIES.

FOREIGN gossip says Sarah Bernhardt has definitely separated from Damala. Her lawyers will maintain that the marriage was not according to law, and that Damala therefore has no claim upon her.

GUSTAVE DORE left behind him about twenty fine illustrations of Shakespeare, the best being of "The Tempest" and "Hamlet." There are many smaller studies which, though not quite finished, are sufficiently far advanced to be traced by the wood engraver.

INSTRUCTIONS have been received to resume work on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, the operations of which were suspended during the discussion in Parliament. The cost is not to exceed £50,000 upon the hull and machinery, and £1,300 upon boats, rigging, and miscellaneous stores.

THE story of a diamond necklace of the value of £500, presented one evening to a young lady as a token of admiration for her great dramatic talent, especially seen by the giver, was a short one. The necklace was accepted, but the next day the lady left the stage, and the rising hopes of the admirer of dramatic art were doomed to disappointment.

At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks who receive three francs a day to commence with, and whose annual salary, after a year or two of service, rises to eighteen hundred francs; and at the Paris office of the Credit Foncier, where there is a large staff of women, the remuneration, beginning at three and a half francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or \$500 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 o'clock on six days of the week; and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest degree of privacy.

THE Russian Chemical Society having established a competition for the best lamps for burning the intermediate oils of the Caucasian naphtha, which have a density from 0.860 to 0.875, and found that the four competing lamps satisfy the required conditions, the best of them being that of M. Kumborg. According to experiments made by Professor Mendeleeff, the new lamps burn not only the intermediate oils, but also a purified mixture of all distillations, the heavy greasy oils which have a density of 0.910 at 15° included. Like the American naphtha, the Baku naphtha would thus yield more than two thirds (nearly three-quarters) of its weight of oils available for lamp, the oils from this last being far less dangerous than those of the former. It yields, besides, nearly thirty per cent. of greasy oils of great value.

It is announced that Lord Carnarvon intends touring it in the autumn in Canada and the United States, and will visit some of the colonial possessions of the Empire before returning home. This is a very sensible procedure on the part of one who will in all likelihood preside once more at the Colonial Office whenever his party succeeds to office. His lordship it is admitted on every side makes a model Colonial Secretary, possessing as he does a thorough grasp of the great questions with which he has to deal, and is in full sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of our loyal kinsmen beyond the seas who make up "Greater Britain."

THE upper class of Mexicans are highly educated. They have fine schools of art, law, theology and medicine. They have geographical and scientific societies, and carry on researches of this kind very earnestly and successfully. General Albert Myer, late Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, is said to have declared that the charts and reports coming from Mexico were more satisfactory than those from any other country. They do not as yet apply this finished education practically as we do. In common school education—the diffusion of learning among the masses—Mexico is very greatly behindhand. She has a good common school law, modelled after the laws of our own States, but it is practically inoperative. Her best men admit that they cannot get it into practical working order. It takes more than paper laws to found a common school system and establish it as an institution in the hearts of the people.