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Middlebury Register,

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Rena.

Roar oh tempest, shriek thy anguish,
Howl, and moan, and sweep the sea;
Mad waves, lash thy rocky barriers;
Screaming sea-birds glare at me.

Stand I here upon the cliff-top,
O'er my brow no trace of pain,
Scornful laugh I at thy ravings,
Seething, surging, foaming main.

Thou art suffering mighty ocean,
And thy wailings rend the air,
Like the death-cry of a proud heart
Breaking, sinking in despair.

Ay! I know it for I've lived it,
Braved it through. And nothing's left
Save the empty desolation
Of a spirit, crushed—bereft.

Yet my songs are ever gayest,
Lightest, clearest ring my laugh,
And the world has never dreamed, that
Aught but sweetest draughts I quaff.

But close locked within my bosom,
Long the poisoned steel has lain,
Till the venom drinks my life-blood,
And gnaws at heart and brain.

Until all things earthly mock me,
And echo shouts in glee
At pride assisting sorrow
In crucifying me.

Till dark shadows hover o'er me,
And to thee I come for rest,
Come, my throbbing brow to pillow
On thy rocking, heaving breast.

Come, where in thy coral caverns,
Fairy forms shall guard my bed,
While thy billows chant forever
Holiest anthems, far o'erhead.

* * * * * * * *

Good-by mother,—darling mother;
Ocean's heart your child will keep;
'Mong the pearls beside the rock-cliff
Weary Rena's going to sleep.

My First Evening in Stockholm.

We had arrived in Stokholm late one hot summer's evening in the year 1827, and after spending the next morning in unpacking and settling ourselves in our hotel, we started towards five o'clock to dine with Count W——, with whom we had some acquaintance during his stay in England some months previously.

As our host had considerately promised, there was no party, only himself and one of his unmarried sisters who presided as hostess; for the count himself had never been married. We were therefore a "*parti carre*," but by no means a quiet or stiff one, for we had many topics of mutual interest to discuss. The count had his old English friends to inquire after, and we on our part had many questions to ask with reference to the new acquaintances we hoped to make during our stay in the Swedish capital. In the course of our excellent little dinner I happened to remark on the beauty of the furniture of the suit of rooms, in the end of one of which we were then sitting, and my observation induced the count to say as I had admired some, he would show me all, if we would walk through them after dinner. After dinner, however, brought its own talk, and we sat round the open window gazing into the twilight, talking over our mutual acquaintance, without again thinking of host's offer.

One family in particular we touched upon, known to us all—an English family, to one member of which Count W—— alluded when he said to me,

"I should not have thought you could have known her, for she lived abroad for some years before death."

"Yes," I replied, "but still I quite remember seeing her when I was about fourteen; a beautiful tall girl, with a fine figure, and melancholy dark eyes. There was something unattractive to me about her though, in spite of her beauty, for her manner was cold, almost repelling."

"To those with whom she was but little acquainted her manner was indeed reserved; but to her friends, her depth of feeling and occasional demonstration of ardent affection atoned amply for her apparent coldness. Indeed, the exclusiveness of her tastes, and the very few intimate friends she cared to possess, made her an object of worship, almost, to those few. Of whom," he added, "I was one."

"You knew her well, then?" I asked.

"Intimately," he answered, "both before and after her marriage."

"I have heard," I said, with some hesitation, for I was uncertain how far I might venture with him on the subject, "that her married life was not a very happy one."

"She suffered," he said, in a tone of deep feeling, "she suffered bitterly, and undeservedly. Never was there a more virtuous being, in reality, though appearances were against her; and even had she not been pure as she was, her disappointed, sorrowing life would surely have atoned for much."

I was becoming deeply interested, and was meditating on how I could draw out from the Count more of this melancholy history, over which there had always hung a veil of mystery, when, to my disappointment, he said.

"But I have forgotten to claim your promise; you said you would honor me by looking through my rooms. You will come, will you not?"

Conceiving that he wished to terminate a conversation which was perhaps painful to him, I at once rose, and followed him as he led us from the *salon*, and through a sort of a small vestibule, to the door of a room.

Here he stopped, and turning to me with a slight smile, he said, "I am about to make a strange request. Will you look at my bedroom?"

"With pleasure," I said, smiling also; and we followed him into his bed-room. A plainly furnished, yet comfortable apartment, with two windows, a bed, tables, chairs, and the one door only by which we had entered.

"Now," said he again, "I have a second request to make—stranger, you will think than the first. Will you oblige me by sitting for one moment in the chair beside the heap of the bed? Thank you," he said, as I did so. "I have a reason for asking you to sit in that paaticular chair, which you will appreciate when you have had the kindness to listen to a story which I propose telling you, if you have the patience to hear it. But first let us return to our chairs in the *salon*."

Again settled as comfortably as before, close to the open windows, for the evening was hot and sultry, Count W—— began his story, which I will relate as nearly as I can remember it in his own words:—

"We were speaking just now of Lady A——, and you asked me if I knew her. She was one of my dearest friends, and I was ever proud of the warm affection, confidence, and sympathy which existed between us. She lived a great deal abroad with her parents, and her sister, and rarely visited England, though she did so the year of her ill-fated marriage, which must have been the occasion you alluded to just now.

"At the Imperial court, at that time, there was a young officer, attached to his majesty's person, good-looking, clever, and well-born. But in those words I have summed up his fortune, for he had not a penny in the world.

"He had no prospect of promotion either, except what was to be obtained by the Imperial smile, which unfortunately was not often turned upon him, for his family's political principles were in opposition to those of the existing ministry, whom his majesty had good reasons for wishing to conciliate. And therefore, though from a personal feeling of friendship, he had given the young man the post he then held, policy forbade his further advancement.

"The reigning beauty was Lady A—— and where all worship one star it was not thought strange that the eyes even of so humble an official as Gustav von L—— should turn in admiration to her who walked so proudly amongst them all.

"Indifferent it seemed to the admiration of others, and to their devotion also, this fair creature had a heart wholly given, though for some time she was scarcely aware of it herself, to young Gustav.

"There were no secret meetings, no appointments, for none were needed. They met often in the crowded rooms, and none noticed the powerful mutual magnetism which always drew him to her side, and caused her eye to wander eagerly over the heads of others anxious for her smile, till it rested on the beloved object. Once sure that he was there, she gave herself up to the brilliant conversation, of which she was the soul and spirit, and charmed all; while she herself grew more and more animated, knowing that he would soon join the circle and listen to her words and answer them with his own ready wit and sparkling merriment.

"But this could not last for ever! It passed like a dream, and the awakening came.

"There was another, a hard stern man, who could not look untouched on such charms, and his position, unlike poor Gustav's, fully entitled him to demand her hand. A chamberlain to the Emperor, of unblemished honor and ancient family, Count M—— stood at the head of the nobility of his country. He made advances, which were not repulsed, for with her thoughts full of Gustav, she was blind to the motives of others. And the count at length felt himself fully warranted by her encouragement to make proposals in form. He was haughtily refused.

"Never before had he met such a rebuff, and opposition only increasing his resolution, he determined that he never would forego his object. It is needless to relate how he carried his point, but carry it he did; and Lady A——'s visit to England at that particular time was a last effort to postpone, at least, the hated marriage. To decline it was now impossible; the Count had manœuvred so well that he had won all her relations over to his side, and I, alas! her only sympathizing friend, was powerless. Gustav I knew and loved. But what could I do? Her marriage with him was out of the question. All her relatives would have scouted the very idea, and his fortune was in Count M——'s hands, to make or mar. And mar it he most certainly would had Gustav crossed him in a point like this.

"The marriage took place, and Countess M—— was everywhere feted, and praised, and admired. But soon I saw her beauty fading, her beautiful face lost its lovely coloring, and grew pale and thin, an expression of pain grew habitual to her, and her eyes had in them a depth of suffering which revealed to me, who knew her secret the agony of those constant meetings with Gustav, which she dared not openly avoid for fear of exciting suspicion, and which always aroused fresh pangs in her wounded heart.

"I besought Gustav to go, to leave the Court. But whither was he to fly? Appointments were applied for, but in vain; none saw the reason why so accomplished a cavalier should seek to leave the court; and his doom was fixed when, after some years of service, promotion was offered to him, and that in so gracious a manner that it could not be refused.

"I believe also that Gustav himself could not make up his mind entirely to leave her presence. He told me then often, when I tried to reason with him, that the sight of her was necessary to his existence, and the one or two words which daily passed between them were hoarded by him as his greatest treasures. Her intercourse with him was now of necessity less familiar than of old; and I remember well his look of sorrow when a week passed without her addressing one word to him; and his tone of despair when he said to me, "She forgets me, she *will* forget me now," imprinted itself deeply on my heart. So as time passed on, he went on drinking in the sweet poison, inflicting tortures on the heart of her he loved, and on his own—till the fatal end. But I must not anticipate. Countess M——was rigidly faithful to her husband, and none knew or guessed the volcano that burnt in her bosom, but it raged none the less fiercely for being shut up, a close secret in her own heart.

"A few years passed and I left her country, my diplomatic duties bringing me here to a northern home. Our parting was a sad one, for I was almost her only friend, and she loved me doubly, I knew, for Gustav's sake. And I thought then I should never see her again.

"One night I lay sleeping in the room you have seen, when suddenly I awoke with a start, and hearing a slight rustling sound, I raised myself in my bed, and to my unutterable horror, I saw distinctly by the light of a lamp which burnt beside my bed, the figure of Countess M——!

"Paralyzed with affright I watched it. It advanced slowly, and taking up my dressing-gown from the chair in which I asked you just now to sit, the figure laid it down on the foot of the bed, and seating itself in the chair, gazed silently on me with its dark sorrowful eyes.

"I gasped out, "What is it?" and the soft gentle voice I knew so well, answered:

"Have you not heard?—oh! have you not heard?"

"I have heard nothing; what is it? what is it?"

"Go to Gustav, go to Gustav!"

"To Gustav!" I said, gasping with terror, so that I could scarcely utter a word; "why, what has happened?"

"Go," her voice said once more, "go."

"I looked fixedly at her, but she disappeared, and I fell back again in my bed, and must have slept, or at least I think so now, for the next thing I remember was starting up again, and seeing that lovely apparition once more by my bedside, and hearing words of melancholy unspeakable which rang through my ears.

"Are you not gone? Oh! go to Gustav. He needs comfort. Oh! go, go at once."

"I will go," I said; but the horrible feeling of impending calamity, and the terror of the present moment were so strong upon me that I could not stir, and could only feel that her eyes were fixed on me with a wild eagerness; and though the wish to speak was great, I could not utter another syllable. For what seemed to me an ague, though it could not have really been more than a minute, she fixed those eyes upon me, and then, as before, disappeared.

"Again I fell into a kind of stupor, when for the third time the thrilling rustling sound aroused me, and for the last time Countess M——stood beside my bedside, and the agonized pathos of her voice will ring in my ears till my dying day.

"You are not gone," she half said, half sighed. "Oh, poor, poor, Gustav!"

"I go," I cried, "I go instantly."

"And then her last words,—

"You are too late! Poor Gustav! Too late, too late!"

"The last words got fainter and fainter, and as the sound died away, the figure vanished also. I sank once more into a state of unconsciousness, and when I roused myself the sun was shining into my chamber, and everything wore its usual aspect. I tried to persuade myself that my vision of last night was only a dream; but my eyes fell upon my dressing-gown lying in its unaccustomed place on the foot of the bed, and not on the chair where I knew I had placed it the night before, and I felt sure then of what had happened.

"It all came upon me at once, and I was right. The next post brought me the news of the death of Countess M—— at V——, hundreds of miles from where I was. Another letter told me that a friend had broken the news to Gustav, and an hour after he was found in his room, a corpse. Alas! I was indeed "too late." His death must have taken place at the moment at which she appeared to me for the third and last time!"

Sketches of Lima.

In Lima's streets a stranger stood,
Who wrapp'd his thoughts about him
So close, that they who watched his mood,
But deemed the place without him.

MONDAY, MARCH 30. We were off this morning at an early hour for Lima. The distance is only seven miles, and is travelled by a line of omnibuses, drawn by six horses, three abreast. Our companions were lieutenants S. and L. of the Congress, two Peruvian officers, a Spanish lady with a lapdog, a creole girl smoking a cigar, and a quadroon in white kid slippers.

We passed on the right an obelisk surmounted by a cross, designating the spot to which the sea was thrown, in the great earthquake of 1746. A little further on we passed the neglected dwellings of Bellavista, projected as the new Callao, and built further inland, that it might escape the terrible fate of its predecessor. But fear soon yielded to the suggestions of commercial convenience, and Callao went back again to the strand of the sea.

After dragging along for nearly an hour, with our old vehicle buried to the axle in sand, we reached the halfway station, which consists of a dilapidated church and a grog-shop. In the ruined turrets of the one the martens had built their procreant nests; at the bar of the other stood a bare-headed monk soliciting the change which the glass of toddy might leave. His large feet were protected by sandals, and his Roman nose was so red that one of the passengers got out a cigar.

Having breathed our steeds, we started again, when a fierce quarrel arose between the Spanish lady and her poodle. The little fellow had his ears soundly boxed for the indiscretion. The quadroon took the part of the poodle, and the creole girl smoked on. We now passed several huge tumuli—the burial mounds of the aborigines. The heroic virtues which they entomb have perished. No Homer has swept his lyre in their giant shadows. The road, as we approached the city, presented on either side double rows of poplars, beneath which the Limanians take their twilight promenade. But at this time only a few donkeys were winding their way through them, buried up in grass, which they were taking to market. You saw only the burden; the animal was concealed under it, like a tortoise beneath its shell, or a mouse under a crow's nest,

We found at the gate a sentry posted with as much solemnity as if the old bastion could still thunder out its defiance. We rattled up a broad street into the heart of the city, where we were emptied from our crazy coach into an office surrounded by boys, who vociferously claimed the privilege of transporting our baggage. The urchins had hold of it before we could even tell them where we were going. The lady with her repentant poodle, and the creole with her cigar, went their way, and we brought up at Morin's hotel on the grand plaza. The keeper met us in the hall, welcomed us to Lima, and allotted us our apartments. Here we were then at last in the "city of kings," and in the most sumptuous hotel which its ambition and luxury could furnish. What a transition from the storms, the sleet, and whales off Cape Horn!

TUESDAY, MARCH 31. The heart of Lima is occupied by a great public square, in the center of which stands a fountain, the showering waters of which fall into a wide marble basin. Beneath the verandas which open on this square are the fancy shops of the city, while the Cathedral towers over all in its solemn magnificence. Around the fountain, instead of marble statues, you find donkeys, waiting to have the tanks, which are swung across their little pack-saddles, filled with water. As soon as this has been done, off they start on their destination, without leader or rein. For these two kegs of water the owner gets a real, or twelve and a half cents. Thus is Lima supplied with water; when it might be conducted by pipes through every street of the city.

In the shops, which line three sides of the grand square, are found almost all the elegant products of art and mechanical ingenuity. The long colonades which protect them from the sun, are paved with smooth pebbles, and are sufficiently wide for several persons to walk abreast.

Here you encounter, at all hours of the day, the indolent and the active, the grave and the gay of Lima. A more motley crowd in color and costume cannot well be conceived. The language of almost every nation on the globe throws its peculiar accents on the ear. The poorest have on them generally some article of luxury or refinement. The Spanlady is seen in her *savary manto*; the mestizoe in her gayly-figured shawl, and the quadroon in her white-kid slippers.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1. Since the great earthquake of 1746, the houses in Lima have generally been confined to one story. A few families of wealth, who consulted their pride more than their personal safety, have run their dwellings a little higher. The walls are uniformly of sun-baked brick, and the roofs flat. The more pretending houses have an open court between the heavy gate and the main building. The front of the dwelling, with its fresco paintings, and gilded window-frames, glimmering through the evergreens which fill the court, has a fine effect; every thing looks inviting and cool, well suited to the climate—but a dash of snow would ruin its attractions.

Almost every house betrays the Moorish origin of its architecture in its veranda. This appendage resembles a long, capacious bird-cage, fastened to the wall; it is composed of lattice-work, and printed green. Here the inmates can observe the passing crowd without being themselves seen. But all the buildings in Lima have about them the evidences of decay. Many of the mansions of the rich have passed into the hands of foreign merchants, and are used as counting-houses while others have been converted into hotels and restaurants. Many families of distinction, after the revolution, returned to Spain; and not a few of those who remain are slowly exhausting the remnants of their once splendid fortunes. A Spaniard with the most diluted drop of noble veins, will about as soon starve as work. He regards labor as a degradation.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2. The novelty in costume, which first strikes the stranger in Lima is the *savary manto* of the ladies. At a distance this dress looks like two petticoats; the one hanging down where all petticoats should hang, and the other drawn up over the head, as if lifted by a little whirlwind in mischief. But the lower garment proves to be a rich silk skirt, so plaited and arranged as to betray the swelling outline of the person and fall in wooing drapery arround the limbs, the upper one combines the advantages of the hood and mantle. It is fastened at the bottom within the band of the skirt, and falls over this cincture in a flowing wreath; while the top is gathered over the head and face, and so held by the hand within as to expose but one eye.—The disguise is complete; no husband could recognise his own wife in such a dress.

The apology for this dress is, that it enables a lady to go out in the morning, to mass or shopping, before she has made her toilet. The objections to it lie in the facilities which it lends to purposes of a very different character. It veils a love intrigue from all but the guilty. The jealous care of the husband, and the sleepless vigilance of the duenna, are alike baffled by its impenetrable folds. With the young it often paves the way to ruin and a life of crime. No virtuous community would tolerate its presence for a moment. It has been relinquished by some of the better families in Lima, and was once put under the ban of a legislative statute; but it still survives, and is still in extensive use. The Evil One, could such a thing be, might drop tears over its fall.

How the heart turns from such a picture as this, to that of one whose breathing features throw at this moment their unveiled sweetness on my eye. Born in other climes, she blooms here in all her native modesty and grace. There is an air about her, a delicacy, and a heart that speak the truthfulness of her nature, and her freedom from those affectations which vanity and a false taste induce.

A ROYAL INCOME.—During the office hours of assessor—there appeared before him—quite a crowd being present—a tall, lean individual, who wished to give in his income, having received through the Post-office, from Mr.——proper blanks which he was supposed to fill out. The lean individual approached the Assessor, and drawing the papers from his pocket, said:

"Look a'here, Mr. 'Sessor, I don't know the fust darn thing 'bout these yere papers."

"Well, sit down, sir, said Mr.——, "and we will soon make you comprehend. Did you have any income from trade?"

"Nary," said the lean individual.

"Any income from rents?" continued Mr.——.

"Not a red," said the lean person.

The Assessor continued down the list of questions prescribed by law, until he came to the sentence:

"Did your wife have any income?"

"Which?" says the lean individual.

"Did your wife have any income?" repeated the Assessor.

This was a poser, and our lean friend sat, apparently the most puzzled man that ever appeared before an officer of any kind. The Assessor waited a reasonable time, and then repeated the question with considerable emphasis:

"Did your wife have any income last year, sir?"

A light broke over the countenance of our verdant friend, and drawing himself up proudly he answered, with the utmost earnestness:

"You bet your butes. Two on 'em—ez nice a pair of twins ez ever yer seen."

The Assessor called for the "next" and our lean friend started for the door, with a sly smile playing around the corners of his mouth, and it is a question with many, whether he placed his thumb upon his nose, and waved his fingers in a suggestive manner or not.

A verdict of $36,920, in the case of the United States against Joseph W. Frizell, late collector of the Ohio district, and his sureties for money alleged due the government, was returned for the government.

Curious Crops in Germany.

One of the most common crops raised in Germany is that of trees, so that one sees pine forests planted in great numbers. These are laid off in rows as straight as those of a corn field. There is scarcely any wood at all in Germany but what is thus cultivated. The land is, in many places, so poor that it cannot be tilled every year; so that by taking a number of years to raise a crop of trees the occupants effect the double purpose of supplying themselves with wood and of getting at the end of that time, fallow ground again. One can see the pine tree fields of all ages, some with little trees of one or two years' growth, and others with large ones ready for the axe. When they gather in a forest they grub up every stump as low as there are any roots fit to burn.

Another curious crop in Germany is that of fish. In Northern Bavaria, especially, the fish ponds are very numerous. The whole country is spotted with them, and has the appearance of being filled with little lakes. The sight is quite unique, and often beautiful. Wherever there is a marshy place, or the lands need to be drained, they catch the water in a fish pond. Those in America who are cursed with sloughs might take lessons from the Germans in this. Many farmers realize as much from their water crop as from their land crop. At the foot of hills often, and where the waters come down from a mountain, they build these ponds. Not unfrequently they dam up large streams, or turn off sufficient of the water for their purpose. Sometimes along a whole brook one may see dozens of fish-ponds following close one after the other. They have, accordingly, in Northern Bavaria always a good supply of fish, notwithstanding they are far from the sea, and no large rivers flow through their country.

Another crop that is extensively cultivated in these regions is hops. This being the great beer country, hops, are, of course, in great demand. The whole country in the neighborhood of Hamburg and Hersbruck produces scarcely anything else. As far as the eye can reach the hills and valleys may be seen covered with hop poles, which are now stacked in pyramids, the time having not quite yet arrived for planting them. The shooting of the young hop vines has just begun; and, as one rides along in the cars he can see for miles, on both sides of the road, field after field of hops rising to his view. In some localities one can see nothing else, every hill and hollow being planted with them. I presume that nine-tenths of the country people in some of these districts are engaged exclusively in hop-raising. The grains also that are cultivated, as also throughout all Germany, have a close relation to beer-making, barley being the chief one of them. Barley here takes the place that wheat and corn does in America, and when a farmer brings his crops to market it is not to the ware-houses, but to the breweries.

Does He Drink!

When riding in Central Park, New York, not long ago, two gentlemen were thrown from a carriage, and one of them—a distinguished politician—was instantly killed! A sensible and sympathizing lady, on hearing of the unfortunate event, instantly inquired, "Had they been drinking?" Yea, verily. They had been "dining and wining." They were imprudent enough to attempt, when in a state of partial inebriation, to drive a span of spirited horses! The wonder is that both horses and men had not been killed.

"DOES HE DRINK?" Then no matter what accident happens, nobody is surprised. He was expected to come to a bad end. ACCIDENTS are, nine times in ten, the results of drink. The man was tired, or sleepy,—he took a glass, and was run over by a railway train; or he lost his money, his hat, his coat, his boots, or his life.

"He was a promising boy; but, like his father, he took to drink, and was ruined." He graduated at the head of his class, was an excellent scholar, but, in an evil hour, gave way to his appetite and is now a public pauper.

He was an only son; all the hopes of his fond parents were centered on him; but he became a drunkard, and is lost! lost!! lost!!!

Charlie was a handsome fellow,—popular with all the lads and lasses; but,—ah, that fatal "but"—DRINK sent him to an untimely grave, and bowed the heads of his bereaved parents with unutterable sorrow for his heartless conduct and his impenitent folly and sin.

Reader, cast about for a moment, and in your own experience recount the human wrecks which lie stranded on the coast of time! There was handsome William, stately Henry, plucky John, benevolent Jonathan, magnanimous James noble Abraham, wise Daniel, the kindly Oliver, and numerous others, cut off prematurely by "*drink*." O God! save us from this destroyer. Frequent accidents must inevitably happen to *all* who drink alcoholic stimulants. Misfortunes will surely and swiftly follow in the track of dissipation. Calamity awaits the transgressor. "God is not mocked." Little sins of body or mind grow daily, as the weeds, and if not checked in time will choke down the better plant and prevent its maturing. Young man, do you drink?

Ships are lost at sea; steamboats are blown up, or collide on river and lake; horses are killed or crippled; carriages smashed; railway trains thrown off the track; public buildings and private dwellings are burned, and the lives of thousands are sacrificed or jeopardized. Why? By what? Because men give way to a perverted appetite and indulge in that which is an enemy, and *only* an *enemy* to their bodies and souls. Young man, do you drink?

There are no new developments in the matter of the alleged sale of the information relating to the decision in the New York Central railroad case, and it is probable an investigation will soon be ordered.

A lawyer, not over young nor handsome examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said:

"Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty."

The young l