

## MISCELLANY.

### "NOBODY MISSED."

The world is gay and fair to us, as now we  
journey on—  
Not still 'tis sad to think 'twill be the same  
when we are gone;  
Some few, perchance may mourn for us, but  
soon the transient gloom,  
Like shadows of the summer cloud, shall leave  
our narrow tomb.  
  
For men are like the waves that roll along the  
mighty deep,  
That lift their crest awhile and frown, and then  
are lulled to sleep;  
While other billows swelling come, amid the  
snowy spray,  
And, as we view their foaming track, sink  
down—and where are they?  
  
And over thus the waves shall roll, like those  
but now gone past;  
The offspring of the depths beneath, the children  
of the blast;  
And ever thus shall men arise, and be like those  
that be,  
And a man no more be missed on land than a  
wave upon the sea. [Selected.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

I had the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a quiet and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity, no longer threw us at a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. I should never have guessed it, said Amelia; she seems neither vain nor peevish. How thankful was I for this reputation! Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. It must be singular ill fortune, thought I, if among this number, one at least does not flower. On leaving the garden I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in the winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk pale had not got on so far as *Parrots*: she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase, but I saw it all in bloom. In the meantime I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate from that of all the others of the quarter; my window at the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unlatch, I

caught up some volume which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day, saw for an instant the lovely street in which I lived on the same side, girl, & this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegance and prudence, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her taste with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canesses, where the poor girl envied herself to death with heming or knitting beside her mother's card table. But you ought to have been informed that no student, indeed no man under fifty was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance; but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mice having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. I understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraved in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well looking young man, but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion. It was summer

—they obtained permission to walk in the gardens, under the windows of the aloon, and the eyes of their mammas. followed them; and without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

"Amelia," said a pretty little laughing espouse, "how many of your favorites are condemned to death this winter? Not one," replied she, I renounce them—their education is too troublesome and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it."

"I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer; she gave it to me. 'You have just learned that I am passionately fond of roses; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am. Since I have been able to think of anything, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a rose tree in blow—as a new year's gift—the first of January. I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I had never been able to offer one rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in the winter, but from the moment that I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year, the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned that he is already a professor.' I should never have guessed it, said Amelia; she seems neither vain nor peevish. How thankful was I for this reputation! Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of

emoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal embarrassment, I laughingly enquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work?" "To read it, sir—doubtless," replied the bookseller. Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books." He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. "From her impatience for your book," added he, "I can answer for it, will be perused with great pleasure; more than ten messages have been sent, at last I promised it for tomorrow, and I beg you to enable me to keep my word." I thrilled with joy as I gave the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read & approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees, for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of the rose with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers, and I ended as wise as I began.

"The death of the greater number of my *elles*, however, soon lightened my labor; more than half of them never stuck root; I flung them into the fire. A fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped. Thus withered my hopes, and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last one of them, and but one of them, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowded with six beautiful buds that got new colour—grow, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calyxes, a slight rose tint.

"On the twenty-seventh of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked my stars, and hastened to place my rose-tree and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. I then dined and drank the health of my rose, and returned to take my station in the window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in, uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered and was to make her appearance abroad on this day, at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am certain Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first—it had scarcely

disappeared; for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart—I could neither close my window nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the wall; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity. The approach of night & the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose tree was still on the peristyle; never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it, and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing and tingling its bell. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no light avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane. I wished to drive away the glutinous beast—alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and in spite of all the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill tempered nor violent; but at this I was no longer master of myself.

"Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief he had done; was this worthy of the profession of philosophy, the admirer of the gentle Ame-

lia? But thus to eat up the rose trees, my only hope to get admittance to her. Catharine, said I, bring me your light; there is mischief here. You left the stable door open, that of the court was also unclosed, one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it."

"She soon came in with the lantern in her hand. 'It is not our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints what do I see!' exclaimed she when near; it is the pet sheep of our neighbor Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here?—Oh! how sorry she will be? I nearly dropped beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice, 'was she really a sheep?' Oh! no, she has not at this moment—but that which lies there; she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked off with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was red leather, ornamented with little bells; and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs he may be restored to her.' What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice that she most detests? She is right, it has been fatal to him. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow. Catharine, run ask for some ether or *eaude vie* or hartshorn

—run, Catharine, run!

"Catharine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put in my pocket without looking at it, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him without reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowded with six beautiful buds that got new colour—grow, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calyxes, a slight rose tint.

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lia? But thus to eat up the rose trees, in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground; you promised to recompense him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompence;—grant me my pardon for Robin's death."

"And I, sir, thank you for it, exclaimed the Mother. I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time and wearied me out of all patience with its blating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar, Amelia? pray explain all this."

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead. 'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home, I had put on the collar, that he might not be lost—he always had been brought to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it until I was at supper."

"What good luck it was that he went straight to this Gentleman's, observed the mother."

"Yes—for you," said Amelia; "she was cruelly received; was it such a crime sir, to enter your door?"

"It was night," I replied. "I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned then too late that the animal belonged to you."

"Thank Heaven, then you did not know it!" cried the mother, or where would have been my ring?"

"It is necessary at least," said Amelia, with emotion, that I should learn how my favorite so cruelly chagrined you."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present to—person on New Year's Day." Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—"All is pardoned." "If he had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow," cried out Madame de Belmont, "it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow." "And I am much mistaken," said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, if this very rose-tree was not intended for you." "For me! you have lost your sense, child; I have not the honor of knowing the gentleman." But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met with him, at Madame de S<sup>e</sup>s. Is it not true sir, that my unfortunate favorite had eaten up my mother's rose-trees. Madame de Belmont laughed heartily and said, "she owed me a double obligation." Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond," said I to her; "I claim yours also, madame." "Ask, sir." "Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you?" "Granted," replied she gaily. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned next day, and every day. I was received with a kindness that each visit increased. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties, she presented me as her friend, & they were no longer dull to her daughter. New year's day arrived. I had gone the evening before, to a sheepfold in the vicinity, to purchase a lamb similar to the one I killed. I collected from the hot houses, all the flowering rose-trees I could find: the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbor's with my present. "Robin and the rose-trees are restored to me," said I offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. "I also should like to give you a new year's gift, said Madame de Belmont to me, "if I but knew what you would best like." "What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you!" "If it should chance now to be my daughter." I fell at her feet and so did Amelia. "Well," said the parent, "there then are year new year's gift ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand. She took the rose-wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. "And, my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

### Collector's Notice.

HAVING received the duplicate rates of taxes for the year 1829, I am now prepared to receive them. Those concerned will pay the same, on or before the 1st day of September next.

I will sell lands and town lots for taxes on the 2d Monday in November next, agreeably to law.

Those indebted to me by note, fees, or otherwise, will please pay the same, on or before the 1st day of August next.

I will give in receipts for tax, or any debts due me, 37 1/2 cents per cord for cutting 1000 cords of wood and heaping the brush, on my lease on the lands of David Kees's heirs.

I will attend at the court house in Lawrenceburg on Saturdays for the purpose of performing my official duties and other business.

JOHN SPENCER, C. D. C.

July 11th, 1829.