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Salisbury, Oct. 17, 1872. [27:1y]

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Jan. 24th, 1872. 19:tf

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Jan. 22, 19:4t.

Editors Abbeville Banner—

The poetry of R. H. Wild, beginning, "My life is like the Summer rose," is universally admired and frequently found in the periodicals of the day. His politics are forgotten, his life of Tasso encumbers the shelves of the book sellers, whilst this gem, recognized as true poetry, even in fault-finding England, promises to embalm his name in literary immortality.

It is not, however, so well known that a lady of Baltimore met the distinguished advocate in the Court of Muses, and replied with much force in almost equal beauty. As the stanzas of each are not found in connection, it is proposed to give those of Wilde separately, and in a similar way the lady's answer in reply:

WILDE.

My life is like the Summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
Yes on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed.
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

LADY.

The dews of night may fall from Heaven
Upon the withered rose's bed,
And the tears of fond regret be given
To mourn the virtues of the dead.
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lulled to sleep,
And even love forget to weep.

WILDE.

My life is like the Autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray—
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away,
Yet ere that life shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade;
The wind bewail the leafless tree.
But none shall breath a sigh for me.

LADY.

The tree mourn its fallen leaf,
And Autumn words bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave a sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb.
Yet soon will Spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smilling hours
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to sigh.

WILDE.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the raising tide shall beat,
All trace shall vanish from the sand,
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestage of the human race
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

LADY.

The sea may on the desert shore
Lament each trace it bears away;
The lonely heart its cries may pour
O'er cherished friendship's fast decay.
Yet when all track is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on;
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to mourn.

THE SACHEM'S SECRET.

"Begone, you miserable little beggar, and never dare to show your face here again, or I will kick you out of doors, and Doctor Skinner rose, as if to put his threat into execution.

The boy whom he addressed retreated before the great, burly man, though his black eyes flashed vindictive fire—his little hands were clenched, his dark face flushed, and his whole manner told plainly that he wanted the strength, and not the will to, retaliate. And once out of the house of the physician he threw himself down beneath the first sheltering tree and brooded over his wrongs.

The Docter returned with an angry face indoors, flung himself savagely in his armchair and gave passionate and audible utterance to his thoughts: "The young scamp, to keep coming here day after day. Something must be done to quiet his tongue, or at last it may raise a wasp's nest over my ears, and I shall not escape without a sting. He knows too much, and lucky for me that he is only a child. Yes, something must be done, and the sooner the better. Let me see. He has no relatives to be inquiring into the matter, and if he should fail to turn up some day, there will be no hue and cry. Let me see. If his body was found in the river no one could say that he had not been accidentally drowned, even if they took sufficient interest for that, which is doubtful. Then the law and its officers are very lax on the frontier, and—but good heaven! I am thinking of murder!" and he stated at the sound of the word, although it was uttered by his own lips. But nerving himself from a bottle that stood near, he continued: "If his father did die, nothing can be said about it. Such things happen in the practice of every one of my profession, and if he chose to leave me his heir, that was his own business. The fact is, the brat was always a curse to him, and he will be to me, unless I can get him out of the way. Let me see."

While he was pondering thus the boy was thinking of the same subject but in a very different strain. Young as he was he became satisfied at the death of his father that he had not been fairly dealt with, but could prove nothing. Doctor Monroe Skinner was the only physician of any note in that part of the country.—His word was law in all questions of medicine, and it would have been a bold man indeed, who would have dared to accuse him of mal-practice. But, had such a charge been made, how could it have been proven? There was no chemist to analyze the contents of the stomach of the dead man—no one sufficiently skilled in poison to apply the proper tests, and the standing of the doctor would have outweighed a score of witnesses before the uneducated juries common upon the frontier at that time.

But the poor orphan boy had his own opinion of the matter. He remembered the last and fatal sickness of his father—his last kind words—the tenderness with which he had always been treated and he could not understand why he should have been left a beggar.

Perhaps others thought the same, but they were wise in not expressing it, and making an enemy of the nabob of the frontier village. They knew little of the final sickness of John Manning. He had died suddenly, with no one save his only son and the physician, and the account the latter had given of it could not well be questioned. But he was a rich man—that is, he was the owner of many acres of wild land that would rapidly increase in price, and when it was found that he had willed it all to Monroe Skinner, they shook their heads doubtfully. However, there were none to look after the interests of or take the part of the boy, and he drifted from place to place, though often visiting the doctor and endeavoring to obtain what he firmly believed was his right.

But again and again he had been repulsed, even though the physician made a great show of tenderness to him in public, talking loudly of what he intended to do, and never doing it; professing to pity and at the same time cursing—playing the saint and living the sinner—vaunting his liberality and keeping his pockets closed, and at last resolving to remove the boy from his path, though shuddering at even the name murder like one who had already tasted of the bloody cup.

If he had done so it could never be proved upon earth—no, not until his trembling soul awaited judgment before a higher tribunal.

Rising from his chair—taking another draught of his favorite prescription (for himself!)—Monroe Skinner walked to the window and grew still more angry, as his eyes rested upon the pallid face of the boy, who was still lying at a little distance, with his head resting against the trunk of a tree.

Repeating his favorite expression, he retreated beyond the eyes of the boy, that even appeared to him to be reading his guilty soul, communed with himself for a long time, and then finding that John Manning (he bore the same name as his dead father) had disappeared he started forth, mounted his horse, and rode out of town, with his customary dignified bearing and not-to-be read face, when he chose to conceal his emotions.

But it was no patient that had called him from his comfortable office, as soon became apparent; for, turning aside from the vicinity of the sparse settlements, he struck into a wooded path, and went on until he reached a little group of wigwams of the Indians, one of whom—a sachem, by the eagle plumes twined with his scalp lock—he familiarly addressed and motioned aside, so that he could converse with him unheard.

"The medicine of the pale-faces wants more of the roots that grow in the deep swamps?" said the Indian, questioningly.

"Yes, though not to-day. You know the boy that is constantly following and teasing me. I want you to take him out of my sight. Do you understand?"

"Yes!" and the savage drew his scalping knife from his belt sufficiently to show the shinning blade and the keen edge.

"No, no! Not in that manner," was the hurried answer.

"Then the trail is dark. The pale medicine must clear it so that the red man can see."

"Your people are soon going off on your annual buffalo hunt, I presume."

The Indian bowed in affirmation, crossed his arms upon his breast, stood like a bronzed statue and waited to hear what more would be said.

Could you not take the boy with you? I don't see any difficulty in it, and well, you need not bring him back again—can manage to trape him off with some distant tribe. I believe you often do such things with your captives."

"The light is beginning to break upon the trail," replied the Indian, though scarcely moving a muscle of his face

"That's well. Now we understand each other. When will you break your encampment?"

"When the moon is dark again."

"Let me see. That will be in about two weeks. Well, I suppose I shall have to get along with the troublesome brat somehow until that time."

"The warriors and hunters go first very soon, and the squaws and papooses will follow."

"Ah! How soon?"

"All are ready but me."

"What keeps you?"

The rest are mounted. My pony died last night. The trail is very long, and my moccasins would wear out and my feet become sore should I seek to keep up with them." And he turned his eyes to where the horse of the physician was standing. "Yes, yes, I see. If I give you the horse, you will take care that the boy pesters me no more—that he never returns?"

"The word of Big Elk has never been broken. His tongue never lies. Does the pale medicine not know this? and he looked in a manner that would have made a denial somewhat dangerous.

"Yes you have dealt squarely with me, I own, and if you still continue to do so, will not be the loser. You want the horse—he is a good one and will carry you fast and far- and I want to be clear of the boy. That's a fair trade. So if I happen to find the stable door open and the steed gone I shall ask no questions. But when shall the matter be finished?"

"The pale will go on foot when the sun shines again, or get another horse," replied the Indian, permitting the stern lines about his mouth to relax into something like a smile.

"To-morrow? So soon? Why, how you do jump at conclusions. No matter. It shall be as you wish, and the fact is, that the thing shall be done quietly, without noise, or coming to the knowledge of any one."

"The footsteps of Maple Leaf are soft as the falling of a snow-flake."

"What has your daughter to do with it?"

"The boy of the pale faces and the child of the red men are friends. She will lure him into the forest, and none of his people shall know that he has gone."

"A capital plain! You well deserve you reputation for wisdom, Big Elk."

"Is there anything,' asked the Indian, entirely ignoring the compliment, "the pale medicine would like to have from the country where the ground trembles as the herds of buffalo pass ovre it."

"I don't know. Let me see?"

"He who cures the sick of his people loves to study the nature of sepents and test their poisions."

"So I do. Are there any different ones where you are going from what we have here?"

"Some. But the rattlesmake of the mountains are as kings to those that live in the prairie."

"That I have heard. Yes, bring me the largest you can find. Mind, however that you knock its teeth out.'

"It shall be so harmless that a papoose could play with it in safety.'

"That settles the matter. Mind you make sure that the boy don't return, and you come back I'll find means to further satisfy you for all your trouble.'

With a few words more the physician departed, fully satisfied with result of his mission, except that he begrudged the valuble horse he had been forced to part with, not daring to question the terms so plainly implied by his savage confederate.

The Indian watched until he had entirely disappeared, and then sought his daughter and whispered a few words in her ear. To hear a command was to obey; and that afternooon the obnoxions boy was tempted to the forest—tempted to pass the night there and to join the Indians upon their distant journey. Abused and homeless as he was, this did not prove a difficult task, especially with the prospect of a great buffalo hunt before him.

Provided with a pony by the Indian, and constantly influenced by the young squaw, he came lose, in a great degree, his remembrance of wrongs and his love of civilized life; and after wandering with the tribe for several years, was adopted into it—adopted their manners and customs and dress, and when disguised by paint it would have been very difficult tell to the real from the counterfeit. This his naturally swarthy complexion and black eyes and hair favored, and still the more so as he invariably used the language of the red man.

But the chance has been as a thousand to one against such a consummation. It had been the intention of Big Elk to carry out his contract to the letter, and he wouldhave done so had the boy not displayed great bravery and cunning—had not been the means of saving his life, and had he not been swayed far more than he would have been willing to acknowledge by his favorite daughter.

Of what had become of the detested boy, Dr. Skinner never knew. The wily Indians effectually blinded his eyes when he visited, and as years passed even permitted the physician to see him (among others of his age,) and rejoiced when he found that his disguise was not penetrated. Yet the counterfeit Inddian him well enough, and all the hatred awoke within his bosom, was intensified by the life he had led, and it was lucky that the opportunity of revenge did not offer. And yet it was very near. When Big Elk returned from one of his annual visits to the physician, his brow was clouded and his heart filled with anger. He had been coldly received, brutally treated, bidden be gone for a miserable, thieving Indian dog, when he hinted that he should receive a present (as had always been the custom) for removing the boy out of the way great man. That he, a Sachem of his tribe, should be spoken to soul, and he pondered long upon the course he should follow.

He saw clearly the physician would have nothing more to do with him. He had become very rich—the power of the red man had been steadily failing—the great white one could trample him under his feet like dust, and there would be none to forbid. Everything was for the one and against the other, and Big Elk knew it would not answer for him to attempt any open revenge. Such a thing, however, was foreign to his nature. Like all of his race, he loved to lie in ambush until he could crush his enemy without danger to himself.

For many hours he bitterly brooded over the insults he had received then sought John Manning (who had grown to the stature and almost years of a man took him beyond the hearing of all and poured venom into his ear, and awoke again, in all his pristine freshness the devilish fire that had long slumbered within his breast.

"My son," said the Sachem, speaking after the manner of the elders of his race, "have you forgotten the home of your childhood, and he who drove you from it as the fierce wolf drives the deer?"

"Never" was the curt reply.

"Then listen to me. The pale medicine bribed me to lure you away, that you might no longer trouble him with demands."

"For my right!"

"Aye. I did so, and you have grown into my heart like a son.

The boy shook with anger, as the Sachem paused, he laid his hand in a meaning manner upon his hatchet, and asked!

"This?"

'No. Let your ears be open—your heart soft as the soil of the prairie in the Spring time to receive, and hard as it is in Winter to retain. He of whom we are speaking loves to study the serpants that most men dread and shun. In a little box in the room where he keeps his medicines he has those I have brought him from year to year, and he handles them as fearlessly and safely as he could the stingless fishing worm. He knows that—" and the Indian dropped his voice into a whisper and finished his sentence.

The boy started at the secret that had been revealed to him, and a smile of joy broke the usually stern lines about his mouth—stern, for the sorrows of his early youth and the habits of his reticence he had imbibed made him much more so than was usually the case with one of his age.

'I will go,' he said at length. 'It will not bring back to me the broad lands I know belong to me, but it will give me—'

'Revenge!' interrupted the Indian, breathing the word that was most dear to his savage heart.

Their consultation was continued for some time. Then they separated, and the boy stole away from the encampment and hastened toward the village, grown now so that he could scarcely find his way to the place he sought amid the many houses. But he did so—found the abode of Monroe Skinner, watched his opportunity, and, creeping within his office, deposited an open vessel of water behind the branches of feathery asparagus that decorated the fire place. Then like a shadow he again departed, and no one knew either of his coming or going

'The next morning Doctor Skinner was busy as usual in his office—even more so. He had a professional friend visiting him from the East—one whom he had not seen since they were students together—and was showing him the curiosities he had collected, proudly as he had done his landed property and stock.

'By the way,' said he, after the survey of the room was finished, 'do you take any interest in serpents? I have some rare specimens that I have collected from time to time, and among them the largest rattlesnake I ever saw. Nay, you need not start; there is not the slightest danger. I have handled them for years without the chance of being poisned, knowing what I do.'

He opened the box in which they were confined, dragged them forth, and in a moment the ugly monsters were wriggling about the floor.

'This,' he continued, taking up the largest, 'is King. An Indian brought it to me from the Rocky Mountains.'

'Be careful,' was the reply of his friend, who shuddered and drew away at the sight. 'Its never safe to handle such things.'

'O, pshaw! I have done so a thousand times,' and he continued tormenting it for a time. Then his attention was called to other matters. He put it down, and it crawled swiftly away to join its companion behind the bushes in the chimney—the Doctor muttering that it was a favorite place with them when at large.

The conversation flowed on with the olden times for theme, and the serpent was forgotten until a patient demanded the presence of Doctor Skinner. Then he looked about him and found them coiled upon the floor. One after another he took up and threw them into the box, and receiving a bite from several, and especially the largest. But he only laughed at the fears of his companion.

'Their bite is harmless,' he said. 'I have tested it again and again. No serpent can—O heaven! how came this there?' and he pointed to a little stream of water that trickled from the fire place—dashed thither, tore away the bushes, discovered the vessel the boy had placed there, and sinking upon the floor exclaimed: 'Great God! I am lost!'

An hour later he was a bloated, disfigured, horrid corpse. From many wounds the poison had spread with startling rapidity, and every effort to save him was in vain. The very thing he had most guarded against had been his death. He had learned that serpents cannot produce poison unless they have access to water—that kept from it, they are entirely safe.

That was the secret that had been whispered by the angry Sachem, and the wronged boy had made use of it for a terrible revenge.

A PACK OF CARDS.

A nobleman who kept a great number of servants, reposed confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamester. Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when behold; a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac!"

"Your almanac, indeed; then I desire that you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin: There are four suits in the pack—that intimates the four quarters in the year; as there are thirteen cards in a suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter, there are also the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of the zodiac through which the sun steer his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in a pack; that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiplied by twenty-four and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year! Thus, sir, have I convinced you it is my almanac, and by your lordship's persission, I will prove it my prayer-book also. I look upon the four suits representing the four prevaling religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahommedanism and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs, from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance owing his majety. The queen of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollection then ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from Heaven; the the ten plagues of Egypt, the ten commandments, the ten tribes cut off for their vice. The nine reminds me of the nine noble orders among men. The eight remind me of the eight beautitudes; eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man.; the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man—hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists; the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three days. He lay interred The two reminds me of the two Testaments; two contrary principles struggling in man—virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship and serve one truth to practice, and one good master to serve and obey."

"So far is very well!" said the nobleman; "but I believe you have omitted one card—the knave." "True, my lord the knave remind me of your lordship's—informer." The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharge the informer.

WHY WOMEN LOSE THEIR BEAUTY.

Shut up in houses nine tenths of their time, with either no exercise or that which is of a limited, irksome sameness, they are, as a consequence, unnaturally pale, soft and tender; their blood is poorly organized and watery, their muscles small and flabby, and the force and functions of their bodies, as a whole, run low in the scale of life. A spurious fullness is often seen in the outline during girlhood, which usually melts like snow under an April sun whenever the endurance is put to the test, as in performing the functions of a mother. The change in appearance from the maiden of one year to the mother of the next is often so striking and enduring that it is difficult to believe that we are looking on the same person. The round, pleasing shape is prematurely displaced by a pinched angularity, and an untimely and an unseemly appearance of age.—Travelers from other countries, who have had an extensive means for observation and comparison, have remarked upon the great beauty of American women and the early life at which it is lost. Some have ascribed this to the climate; but more intelligent observers agree that it is a hot house enervating mode of life. English ladies of rank, who, by the way, are celebrated for keeping their beauty even to a ripe old age, think nothing of walking half a dozen miles at a time; while American ladies would think such a thing "perfectly dreadful." If American women, so daintily and richly fed, will sit in dark and sultry rooms all day, they must expect to bloom too soon, to hasten through this charming period—at the longest in about ten years—and for twenty-five years after having the grim satisfaction of being thin, wrinkled, angular and sallow.

Over the beauty of the plum and apricot, there grows a beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate plush, that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels. Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from Heaven. On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his moral garmants in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessings of his morther's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss he can never make whole again.

MENTAL WEARINESS.

Show me the person that complains of mental weariness, and I will find in him a torpid liver, obstructed kidney, a dyspeptic stomach, constipated bowels, or an inactive skin. If the brain worker does not sleep enough, nor eat enough, or if he eats too much, or takes improper food, his digestive organs run down, and the clock-work of the brain, having no way to reconstruct the machinery through which it receives impressions and transmits volutions and impulses, is obliged to cease work.

The moral is, in brief, keep the body in health, and the brain will take care of itself, work it all you can.—*Dr. Trall.*