DAILY CRESCENT.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered at the feet of man like me.
Is scattered at the feet of man like me.
Yet on the rose's humbled bed
The sweetest dew of night is shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But who shall weep a tear for me?

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is feeble as its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away.
Yet, ere this leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

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

ANSWER TO "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE"...By Mrs. Buckley.

"The dews of night may fall from Heaven,
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,
And many a bounteous bed be given,
In lieu of that which now is dead.
The morning sun in balcony hours,
May chase upon this bed of flowers;
But they whose grief is pure and deep,
Can nearly never cease to weep.

The leafless tree, when spring shall come,
May feel its warm, reviving power;
And put forth many a lovely bloom,
Which recognized by its genial shower:
But sun nor shower can e'er restore
The friends whom now we see no more;
And birds may sing, and zephyr blow;
These tears can never cease to flow.

The ocean wave may gally swell,
Receding from the storm-lash'd shore,
But Memory heaves no funeral knell,
Amid its least resounding roar;
Though Nature still her course may keep,
Nor know o'er all our ills to weep;
Devoted hearts, when rudely torn,
Can never cease on earth to mourn.

SANITIVE HOUSE, conducted by W. K. F. FRYER, Indian Doctor, Principal residence and office 84 Camp street, New Orleans. Consulting rooms, 1 Bird Island avenue, New Orleans. Lodging-house connected with office of consultation, at the above date in the town of Biloxi, Miss., which will receive the invalid and convalescent, from this date, for the remainder of our season, at the following rates, viz: Board, with attendance, per week, healthy air, and a little country exercise in a healthy locality, $10 00. Board, with a few vegetable Medicines to administer as auxiliaries to nature, in her efforts to health, vigor and happiness, will no longer remain as problematical, as those who may then be cured will hereafter testify. Office hours, from 9 to 12 A.M., and from 3 to 5 P.M. Office in the city, from the foot of its being situated on a peninsula or point of land, a mile and a half wide, and nearly surrounded by the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi Sound, the sea breeze is a calm wind on the north, (with a very-boat running into the bay which makes four trips every day,) and a high and well-cultivated ridge of land, with a large orange grove, and a few good peach or low alluvial lands within fifty miles of the city. The water on my place is pure, soft and cool, and said to be 150 feet, by a gentleman who has an Artesian well