

IF I DIE FIRST.

If I die first, dear love, My mournful soul, made free, Shall sit at heaven's high portal, To wait and watch for thee— To wait and watch for thee, love, And through the deep, dark space To peer, with human longings For thy radiant face.

'Mid all the stars of heaven, One only shall I see, The earth, star of my passion, Half heaven for holding thee— All heaven for holding thee, love, And brightest of the spheres, By thy smile illumined, Or hallowed by thy tears.

If I die first, dear love, I feel that this shall be, For heaven will not be heaven Until it's shared with thee,— Until it's shared with thee, love, I'll linger at the gate, Or be thy guardian angel To teach thee how to wait.

And when this hour shall come, And through the yielding night I see thy happy spirit Upspring, robed in light, Mine shall go forth to meet thee, And, through the eternal door, Pass in with thee, rejoicing, Made one for evermore.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

THE CAPTIVE.

Late as was the hour, I determined to visit the captive before going to rest. My design would not admit of delay; besides, I had a suspicion that, before another day passed, my own liberty might be curtailed. Two days in one day—two antagonists wounded, and both friends to the commander-in-chief—myself comparatively friendless—it was hardly probable I should escape scot-free. Arrest I expected as certain—perhaps a trial by court-martial, with a fair chance of being cashiered the service.

Gallagher's views were different. "Let them arrest and cashier, and be hanged! What need you care? Devil a bit, my boy. Sow, man, if I were in your boots, with a fine plantation and a whole regiment of black niggers, I'd snap my fingers at the service, and go to raise'n' shugar and tobacco. Be St. Patrick! that's what I'd do."

My friend's consolatory speech failed to cheer me; and, in no very joyous mood, I walked towards the quarters of the captive, to add still further to my chances of "casti-erment."

Like an eagle freshly caught and caged—like a panther in a pentap—furious, restless, at intervals uttering words of wild menace, I found the young chief of the *Baton Rouge*.

My fancy was at fault. I heard him stop suddenly in his tracks—as if turning towards me—and the next moment his voice fell upon my ear. To my surprise, it pronounced my name. He must have seen through the darkness.

"You, Randolph!" he said, in a tone that expressed reproach; "you too in the ranks of our enemies! Armed—uniformed—equipped—ready to aid in driving us from our homes!"

"Powell!"

"Not Powell, sir; my name is Oceola."

"To me, still Edward Powell—the friend of my youth, the preserver of my life. By that name alone do I remember you."

There was a momentary pause. The speech had evidently produced a conciliating effect; perhaps memories of the past had come over him.

He replied: "Your errand? Come you as a friend? or only like others, to torment me with idle words? I have had visitors already; gay gibbering fools with forked tongues, who would counsel me to dishonour. Have you been sent upon a like mission?"

From this speech I concluded that Scott—the pseudo-friend—had already been with the captive—likely on some errand from the agent.

"I come of my own accord—as a friend."

"George Randolph, I believe you. As a boy, you possessed a soul of honour. The straight sapling rarely grows to a crooked tree. I will not believe that you are changed, though enemies have spoken against you. No—no; your hand, Randolph—your hand! forgive me for doubting you."

"Fool!" he exclaimed at length—"blind fool that I have been! And yet I suspected this smooth-tongued villain from the first. Thanks! noble Randolph! I can never repay this act of chivalric friendship; henceforth you may command Oceola!"

"Say no more, Powell; you have nothing to repay; it was I who was the debtor. But come, we lose

time. My purpose in coming here is, to counsel you to a plan for procuring your release from this awkward confinement. We must be brief, else my intentions may be suspected."

"What plan, Randolph?"

"You must sign the treaty of the *Oclawaha*."

"THE WAR-CRY. A single 'Ugh!' expressive of contemptuous surprise, was all the reply; and then a deep silence succeeded."

I broke the silence by repeating my demand.

"Never!" came the response, in a tone of emphatic determination—"never! Sooner than do that, I will linger among these logs till decay has worn the flesh from my bones, and dried up the blood in my veins. Sooner than turn traitor to my tribe, I will rush against the bayonets of my jailers, and perish upon the spot. Never!"

"Patience, Powell, patience!—You do not understand me—you, in common with other chiefs, appear to misconceive the terms of this treaty. Remember, it binds you to a mere conditional promise—to surrender your lands and move west, only in case a majority of your nation agree to it. Now, to-day a majority has not agreed, nor will the addition of your name make the number a majority."

"True, true," interrupted the chief, beginning to comprehend my meaning.

"Why, Randolph," said he, after a pause, "you must have dwelt in Philadelphia, that famed city of lawyers. I never took this view before. You are right; signing would not bind me—it is true. But think you that the agent would be satisfied with my signature? He hates me; I know it, and his reasons for this is not the first outrage I have suffered at his hands. Will he be satisfied if I sign?"

"I am almost certain of it. Signulate submission, if you can—Write your name to the treaty, and you will be at once set free."

"Friend! I shall act as you advise. I shall sign. You may inform the commissioner of my intention."

"I shall do so at the earliest hour I can see him. It is late: shall I say good-night?"

"Ah, Randolph! it is hard to part with a friend—the only one with a white skin now left me. I could have wished to talk over other days, but alas! this is neither the place nor the time."

The haughty mien of the proud chief was thrown aside, and his voice had assumed the melting tenderness of early years.

"Yes," he continued, "the only white friend left—the only one I have any regard for—one other whom I—"

He stopped suddenly, and with an embarrassed air, as if he had found himself on the eve of disclosing some secret, which on reflection he deemed it imprudent to reveal.

"One word," said he, "before we part. Circumstances may hinder us—it may be long ere we meet again. Alas! our next meeting may be as foes in the field of fight—for I will not attempt to conceal from you that I have no intention to make peace. No—never! I wish to make a request; I know, Randolph, you will accede to it, without asking an explanation. Accept this token, and if you esteem the friendship of the giver, and would honour him, wear it conspicuously upon your breast. That is all."

As he spoke, he took from around his neck a chain, upon which was suspended the image of the rising sun—already alluded to. He passed the chain over my head, until the glistening symbol hung down upon my breast.

I made no resistance to this offering of friendship, but promising to comply with his request, presented my watch in return; and, after another cordial pressure of hands, we parted.

"The treaty was produced. Oceola signed it without saying a word. His chains were taken off—his prison-door thrown open—and he was permitted to depart without further molestation. Thompson had triumphed, or fancied so."

It was but fancy. Had he noticed, as I did, the fine satirical smile that played upon the lips of

Oceola as he stepped forth from the gate, he would scarcely have felt confidence in his triumph.

He was not allowed to exult long in the pleasant hallucination.

Followed by the eyes of all, the young chief walked off with a proud step towards the woods.

Right gladly did I receive this order. I should escape from the monotonous duties of the fort garrison, of which I had grown weary enough; but what was a still more pleasant prospect, I should have many days at home—for which I was not without longing.

Not unwilling, therefore, did we accept our recruiting commission; and, bidding adieu to our companions at the fort, set out with light hearts and pleasant anticipations. Equally joyous was Black Jake to get back once more to the *ole plantayshun*."

I had frequent letters from my mother and Virginia; neither appeared to feel any alarm: my sister especially declared her confidence that the Indians would not molest them.

Withal, I was not without apprehension; and with so much the greater alacrity did I obey the order to proceed to the settlements.

Well mounted, we soon galloped over the forest road, and approached the scenes of my early life. This time, I encountered no ambushade, though I did not travel without caution. But the order had been given us within the hour; and having almost immediately set forth, my assassin-enemies could have had no warning of my movements. With the brave Gallagher by my side, and my stout henchman at my back, I dreaded no open attack from white men.

My only fear was, that we might fall in with some straggling party of red men—now our declared enemies. In this there was a real danger; and we took every precaution to avoid such an encounter.

Then for the first time during our journey a man was in sight.

He was a horseman, and at a glance we pronounced him an Indian.

After scanning us a moment, he wheeled his steed, and dashed back into the timber.

Impudently enough, Gallagher put spurs to his horse and galloped after. I should have cautioned a contrary course; but that the belief was in my mind that the horseman was Oceola. In that case, there could be no danger; and from motives of friendship, I was desirous of coming up with the young chief, and exchanging a word with him. With this view, I followed my friend at a gallop—Jake coming on in the rear.

I was almost sure this strange horseman was Oceola. I fancied I recognised the ostrich-plumes; and Jake had told me that the young chief rode a fine black horse. In a skelhood, then, it was he; and in order to hail, and bring him to a halt, I spurred ahead at Gallagher—being better mounted.

We soon entered the timber, where the horseman had disappeared. I saw the fresh tracks, but nothing more. I shouted aloud, calling the young chief by name, and pronouncing my own; but there was no reply, save the echo of my voice.

I followed the trail for a short distance, continuing to repeat my cries; but no heed was given to them. The horseman did not wish to answer my hail, or else had ridden too far away to understand its intent.

We had not ridden far, when we again struck upon the tracks of a horse—evidently those made by the horseman we had just pursued but previously to our having seen him. They led in a direct line from the river, towards which we were steering.

I was puzzled—and reflected; I could think of no motive, unless that the young chief had been playing the spy—no dishonourable act on the part of an Indian.

Certainly had the horseman been across the river! Let us see!

We rode rapidly along the trail, tracing it backwards.

In a few minutes it guided us to the bank, where the tracks led out from the water's edge. No corresponding trail entered near. Yes, he had been across.

I plied the spur, and plunging in, swam for the opposite shore.—My companions followed without asking any questions.

(To be continued.)

TRACING A STRANGE HORSEMAN.

It was deemed advisable to raise a force in the settlements of the Suwanee—my native district—and on this duty my friend Gallagher was despatched, with myself to act as his lieutenant.

Right gladly did I receive this order. I should escape from the monotonous duties of the fort garrison, of which I had grown weary enough; but what was a still more pleasant prospect, I should have many days at home—for which I was not without longing.

Not unwilling, therefore, did we accept our recruiting commission; and, bidding adieu to our companions at the fort, set out with light hearts and pleasant anticipations. Equally joyous was Black Jake to get back once more to the *ole plantayshun*."

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(To be continued.)

CAUSES AND MANAGEMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

Let us suppose that before you, on trial, is a suspected consumptive. On scanning your subject, from one to many well-known marks may be wanting. But there may be either a slender form with narrow chest, or features ashly pale, and homely, or perchance chisled and colored as in waxen beauty; lustrous eyes with long lashes; hair silken or dry, and generally thin; teeth white and frail, and possibly festooned with a red line at the gums; long lean fingers, with nails hooked forward; or occasionally a neck seamed with the scars of scrofulous childhood. All these in nature's language, means simply a feeble organization. And this, we know, may be either inherited or acquired. Many or few near relations may have died in the same way. But the records of the Brompton Hospital cheer us with the proofs that the share of the family taint in the mischief is not so great as some have dreamed. Only the weak lambs even of a delicate flock are commonly taken. Hospital statistics tell us, too, that the males even of these consumptive families, by freer exercise in the open air, have two chances to escape to one of the sedentary females.

But more frequently a frail, or even a good constitution, is lowered to the level of consumption by depressing influences. For the sake of a coming argument let us study these. Now and then a complaining or dissipated subject has inhaled the insoluble dust of the knife grinder, the stonecutter or the blacksmith, till weak lungs can bear it no longer. But more commonly the rich have grown despective, and the poor have starved. The hard student has overworked his brain, to rob his stomach; the merchant, in his early struggles, has devoted ten minutes to his dinner, or forgotten it; or a thin, nervous bookkeeper who for years narcotized digestion with tobacco. Some journeyman tailor has spent weeks of fasting, nights sitting like a Turk on his board; or an ambitious clerk, from a home of plenty in the country, has come to pine on a slender salary in a city warehouse, till, like the caged monkeys of Paris, he emaciates with tubercles. Or, like a gentle departed spirit we once knew, a rigid vegetarian, forgetting his mother's milk, his own canine teeth, and the great fact that the race in mercy pass through "omniporas," from the pole to the equator, has actually wilted, like a plant, with the strange fancy, that eating flesh is the "root of all evil."

"Extremes meet." A fine lady in a splendid mansion, who neither "toils" nor "spins," but lives largely by gaslight, loses her relish, and wastes away suspiciously; while a poor widow, weakened by watching the sick departed in a neighboring garret, at the same midnight hour, is silently acting the "song of the shirt," with a "hacking" accompaniment, till hunger is drowned in grief. Imprisonment, and sorrow, and want together tell fearfully. Early and late, in all weathers, a slender orphan girl, gliding past like a dark specter, bashfully veiled, and too virtuous to sell soul and body for more, thus toiling for the barest decencies of better days, has lived on bread and tea, till a hollow cough tells she will soon enter the close dusty workshop no more forever.

In a word, on careful study we discover that, in all its various forms, the prevailing cause of consumption is *depraved nutrition*. It is from poor chyle, converted into impoverished blood, that within the meshes of the lungs, according to Laennec, or on them, by the theory of Carswell, we have deposited the fatal sediments of tubercles. And this bad nourishment again, may from an inherited weak frame, poor food, or no stomach to eat it, prostration from foul or dusty air, grief or mental depression, excessive study, sedentary confinement, or few or many of the agencies pictured above. In the name of phisic of two thousand years can we not do something to arrest these! We can. From the "marks" enumerated and the family history, we can often fortify hereditary consumptives long in advance, and ward off threatened attacks! But with the predisposed and all others, at the first warning, the spitting of blood, tickling cough, wasting or faint "physical signs," we must promptly reform all these abuses. It is time to bring up all your forces. Thousands thus sin against the laws

of health unconsciously. Especially will they deny a feeble appetite or trashy diet. All the antecedents must be known and the whole life regulated. Dust, foul air, killing study, pining grief, domestic imprisonment, bolting, tobacco, and starvation must in mercy be forbidden. The two great elements to be secured are, *generous food and fresh air*. We must get of these all we can. It must be frankly stated, that life itself may depend on good dinners, and time to eat them. At any sacrifice in other things, these should comprise, if possible, as staples, good beef and mutton; as variations, poultry, game, and other digestible delicacies, either to be followed by farinaceous articles, rich milk or cream, and ripe fruits instead of pastry as dessert. The best caterer is here usually the physician. In this fearful malady, eating may often be aided by taking, for the "stomach sake," these questionable luxuries in health the purest ales and wines. But, to borrow the colloquial phrase of a friend, the greatest "appetizer" of all is regular exercise in the open air. Yet consumptives are very sensitive to sudden changes. All must be clothed in flannels next the skin, and well shod. We must prescribe even for fine ladies, higher rubber boots and umbrellas for damp days; tell them to keep dry, not to go out fasting, or remain chilled, and they may gradually defy three-fourths of the weather.

With plenty of bed clothes, even the distant sash of a close bed-room may be lowered half an inch at night. With the poor, or with most persons in crowded, paved cities, daily walks, lengthened with increasing strength, are excellent substitutes for riding on horseback, so serviceable in this affliction. Remarkable recoveries occasionally follow sudden reforms. Pale clerks, coughing and wasting, sometimes leave St. Louis and western cities, to sleep out on the prairies, finally to hunt buffaloes, and fatten on them, and return quite restored. Nearly two hundred years ago the great Sydenham wrote, quaintly: "But all of the remedies for phthisis, long and continued journey on horseback beat the bell." And it is mainly for their facilities for winter exercise, rather than anything specific in warm air, that we prize for these tender invalids the sunny deck on a tropical sea voyage, the balmy shores of the milder West Indies, or the perfumed pineries of Florida. But more than we dream can be accomplished at home. Consumptive stonecutters and blacksmiths must be told, if they continue the business they shall surely die. Dr. Beddoes, in the last century wrote a book to prove that hutchers, rising early, living well, and keeping with their merchandise in cool, puro air, were remarkably exempt from this disease; and he was right. Young persons frequently can change to more healthy callings; but with the poor we must often kindly compromise. The slavish clerk or student may compensate for confinement by better living and longer walks night and morning.

Wonderful sacrifices will sometimes be made by patients for a frank, honest medical adviser, and for precious life. We knew a physician who wrote on the fly-leaf of his "diary," as a motto: "With the blessing of Providence, I can always afford to do right." He said it cost much study, toil and charity; and withheld all medicines he would not take himself; but it brought in return sweet sleep and quiet conscience, and, slowly but surely, a competence. When he was young and poor, he once said to a rich lady with a train of carriages: "Ride only in rainy weather, and average a certain number of miles a day in walking on foot, or I cannot attend you." He lived to get a present above his fees, and she lived to thank him years afterward. We commend the deep moral of this story to all who treat consumptives.

Calm and even mathematical as this discussion has been, we approach its last words with unfeigned emotion. Deducting young children, how fatal still is phthisis! From eighteen to thirty-five, says Hippocrates, from twenty-five to thirty-five says Brompton Hospital—just the seed time of useful life—is its sad harvest. No malady so pinches the poor. None brings the pawnbroker so many warm garments from shivering woman, or fills his drawers with so many wedding rings to buy the last delicacies to

sustain lingering life. It is full of bitter memories to the physician, for it tells him of imploring looks answered by forced smiles with a heavy heart; of arms folded in despair, and blasted hopes. Perchance, as with us, it has struck down the noblest of kindred or friends; for it chooses the brightest and best, the gentlest lambs of every flock. And the lessons of triumphant faith the smiles on pallid lips, the dying counsels and looks of love they gave, made us but miss them the more; for they who are most ready to die are most worthy to live.—Dr. J. W. Carson.

DRINKING NOT NECESSARY.—A man that cannot pass an evening without drink merits the name of a sot. Why should there be drink to stimulate them to converse, and I have a thousand times admired their patience in sitting quietly at their work, while their husbands are engaged in the same room with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the expense, and still less of the shame, which the distinction reflects upon them. We have to thank the woman for many things, and particularly for their sobriety—for fear of following their example in which men drive them from the table, as if they said to them, 'you have had enough; food is sufficient for you; but we must remain to fill ourselves with drink, and to talk in language which your ears ought not to endure.' When women are getting up to retire from the table, men rise in honour of them; but they take special care not to follow their excellent example. That which is not fit to be uttered before woman is not fit to be uttered at all; and it is next to a proclamation tolerating drunkenness and indecency, to send woman from the table the moment they have swallowed their food. The practice has been ascribed to a desire to leave them to themselves; but why should they be left to themselves? Their conversation is always the most lively, while their persons are generally the most agreeable objects. No: the plain truth is, that it is the love of the drink and of the indecent talk that sends woman from the table—and it is a practise which I have always abhorred. I like to see young men, especially, follow them out of the room, and prefer their company to that of the sots who are left behind.—Cobbett.

THINGS NOT TO BE DESCRIBED.—Only a fervid imagination can realize the following:—Getting out of an omnibus and discovering that you have lost your purse. Going a long journey by rail, and finding an obstinate creditor in the same carriage with you. Breaking your braces when dancing La Varseviana with a partner who never wants to sit down. Finding a leaf out of your new book of poems round a roll of butter, just brought in by Jane the hired girl. Taking your wife to the Adolphia, and sitting next to the first "object of your affection." Travelling for 50 miles alongside of a mild, clergyman-looking man, conversing with him, and believing him to be a "most superior person," when, upon exchanging cards, you find he is about to "assist" officially at an execution on the following morning. You remember with an intensity of disgust that his sentiment as you imbibed a glass of beer together at the refreshment stall was "my services to you, sir."

WHAT WAS EATEN AND DRANK AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—1,600 dozen sandwiches, 1,200 dozen pork pies, 400 dozen Sydenham pasties, 800 veal and ham pies, 750 pigeon pie, 480 hams, 3,500 chickens, 120 balantine of lamb, 240 fore-quarters of lamb, 150 gelatines of chicken, 60 raised game pies, 3,052 lobster salads, 3,825 dishes of salmon mayonnaise, 300 score of lettuce, 40,000 buns at a penny each, 2,500 ditto at twopenny, 30,249 ices, 2,419 dozen "beverages," 1,152 ditto ices and stout, 403 Crystal Palace puddings, 400 jellies, nine tons of roast and boiled beef, 400 creams, 350 fruit tarts, 3,506 quarts of tea, coffee and chocolate, and 485 tongues. The consumption of wines, which was enormous, has not been ascertained.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—A correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette*, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning, adds:—"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used in any case where one is required. By making this simple antidote, you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end."

Two young ladies in the Isle of man solicited a farmer for a subscription to a charity. He declined to give them money; but proposed to the ladies that, if they would drive him home in daylight a pig, to which he pointed, they might constitute it an addition to the funds of the society they collected for. Much against his expectation the ladies thankfully accepted his kind offer, and started with their not very tractable companion for their destination, which they reached in triumph after a tedious journey of about two miles.