

land, where they have lived ever since, the mother an example of patient endurance and meek humility, and the daughter inheriting much of her disposition. It may be necessary to state for the information of my young and romantic readers, that the young gentleman whom the Sergeant attempted to murder, being an expert swimmer, kept himself floating on his back according to Dr. Franklin's approved method, until he was picked up by a fishing craft, to receive from the Sergeant's wife his portmanteau of gold, and to make her a present of one half for a marriage dower for her daughter.

And this, reader, is the story connected with the long, low, miserable Log-house in — Bay, which I dare say you never heard before. The house of course is haunted, so I would not advise you to sleep there.

A CORRESPONDENT.

TO MOTHERS.

ON HEALTH.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Have we not all of us seen, with pity and regret, some sickly mother, burdened with the cares of her household? Feeling that there were employments which none could discharge as well as herself—modifications of duty, in which the interest of her husband, the welfare of her children, the comfort of her family, were involved—duties which she could not depute to another, without loss—she continued to exert herself, above and beyond her strength.

Still her step is languid and her eye joyless. The "spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." Her little ones observe her dejected manner, and become sad; or, they take advantage of her want of energy, and grow lawless. She, herself, cannot long persist in a course of labour that involves expense of health, without some mental sympathy. A temper the most amiable, will sometimes become irritable or complaining, when the shrinking nerves require rest, and the demands of toil, and the claims upon painful thought, are perpetual. Efforts, which to one in health, are like dew-drops shaken from the eagle's wing, seem to the invalid like the ascent of the Alps, or like heaping Pelion upon Ossa.

Admitting that a sickly woman has sufficient self-control to repel the intrusion of fretfulness, and preserve a subdued equanimity, this, though certainly deserving of praise, is falling short of what she should wish to attain. The meek look of resignation, though it may cost her much to maintain, is not all that a husband wishes, who, coming from the vexed atmosphere of business or ambition, would fain find in his home the smile of cheerfulness, the playful charm of a mind at ease.

Men, prize more than our sex are always aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order, in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see a woman equal to her own duties, and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have the principal theme of domestic conversation a detail of physical ills, or to be expected to question, like a physician, into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this may be occasionally done with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution, cannot always be resisted by him who expected to find in a wife a "yoke-fellow," able to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life. A nature possessing great capacities of sympathy and tenderness, may doubtless be softened by the exercise of those capacities. Still, the good gained, is only from the patient, perhaps the christian endurance of a disappointment. But where those capacities do not exist, and where religious principle is absent, the perpetual influence of a sickly and mournful wife, is as a blight on those prospects which allure to matrimony. Folly, moroseness, and lapses into vice, may be often traced to those causes which robe home in gloom.

If to a father the influence of continual ill-health to the partner of his joys, is so dispiriting, how much more oppressive is it to those little ones who are by nature allied to gladness. Childhood, whose richest heritage is its innocent joy, must hush its sportive laugh, and repress its merry footsteps, as if its plays were sins. Or if the diseased nerves of the mother do not habitually impose such sacrifices, it learns, from nature's promptings, to fashion its manners, or its voice, or its countenance, after the melancholy model of the sufferers whom it loves, and so forfeits its beautiful heritage of young delight.

Those sicknesses to which the most robust are subject, by giving exercise to self-denial and offices of sympathy, from all the members of a household, are doubtless often blessed as means of improvement, and the messengers which draw more closely the bonds of true affection. But it must be sufficiently obvious, that I allude to that want of constitutional vigor, or of that confirmed feebleness of habit, which either create inability for those duties which in most parts of our country devolve upon a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family, or else cause them to be discharged in languor and wretchedness. And I speak of them, that the attention of those who conduct the earliest physical education of females, may be quickened to search how an evil of such magnitude may be obviated.

Mothers, is there any thing we can do to acquire for our daughters, a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes expressed, that our sex are becoming more and more effeminated? Are we as capable of enduring fatigue as were our grandmothers? Are we as well versed in the details of house-keeping, as able to bear them without inconvenience, as our mothers?—Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude for domestic duty, as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They effect the welfare of the community. For the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society, and the hidden springs of existence. Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offsprings, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our daughters. Their delicate frames require more care in order to become vigorous, and are in more danger from the prevalence of fashion.

I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise, as well as her brother, and that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play she happen to tear or soil her apparel. I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed:—nor bow her over her book; till the vital energy which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever.

Surely we ought to acquaint ourselves with the outlines of the mechanism of this our clay-temple, that we interfere not, through ignorance, with those laws on which its organization depends. Rendered precious, by being the shrine of an undying spirit, our ministrations for its well-being assumes an almost fearful importance. Appointed, as the mother is, to guard the harmony of its architecture, to study the arts on which its symmetry depends, she is forced to perceive how much the mind is affected by the circumstances of its lodgment, and is incited to cherish the mortal for the sake of the immortal.

Does she attach value to the germs of intellect? Let her see that the casket which contains them, be not lightly endangered or carelessly broken. Does she pray for the welfare of the soul? Let her seek the good of its companion, who walks with it to the gates of the grave, and rushes again to its embrace on the morning of the resurrection.

Those who educate the young, should be ever awake to the evils of compression in the region of the heart and lungs. A slight ligature there; in the earliest stages of life, is fraught with danger. To disturb or impede the laborers who turn the wheels of life, both night and day, is absurd and ungrateful.—Sampson was bound in fetters, and ground in the prison-house, for a while, but at length he crushed the pillars of the temple, and the lords of the Philistines perished with him. Nature, though she may be long in resenting an injury, does not forget it. Against those who violate her laws, she often rises as a giant in his might, and when they least expect it, inflicts a fearful punishment. Fashion seems long enough to have oppressed and insulted health in its strong holds. She cannot even prove that she had rendered the form more grateful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to whom our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untortured? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted, without manacles, to do the great work that the Creator assigned it?

The injuries inflicted by compression of the vital parts, are too numerous to be readily recounted. Impaired digestion, obstructed circulation, pulmonary disease, and nervous wretchedness, are in their train. A physician, distinguished by practical knowledge of the Protean forms of insanity, asserts that he gains many patients from this cause. Another medical gentleman of eminence, led by philanthropy to investigate the subject of tight-lacing, has assured the public that multitudes annually die by the severe discipline of busk and corset. This theory is sustained by collateral proof, and illustrated by dissections.

It is not sufficient that we, mothers, protect our younger daughters, while immediately under our authority, from such hurtful practices. We should follow them until a principle is formed by which they can protect themselves from the tyranny of fashion. It is true, that no young lady acknowledges herself to be laced too tight. Habits that shun the light, and shelter themselves under the subterfuge, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. A part of the energy which is essential to their reformation, must be expended in hunting them from their hiding-places. Though the sufferer from tight-lacing, may not own herself to be uncomfortable, the laborious respiration, the constrained movements, perhaps the curved spine, bring different testimony.

But in these days of diffused knowledge, of heightened education, is it possible that any female can put in jeopardy the enjoyments of health, even the duration of existence, for a circumstance of dress? Will she throw an illusion over those who try to save her? and like the Spartan culprit, conceal the destroyer that feeds upon her vitals? We know that it is so. Who, that has tested the omnipotence of fashion, will doubt it? This is by no means the only sacrifice of health that she imposes. But it is a

prominent one. Let us, who are mothers, look to it. Fully aware, as we must be, of the danger of stricture on the lungs and heart, during their seasons of development, why should we not bring up our daughters without any article of dress which could disorder the seat of vitality? Our sons hold themselves erect, without busk, or corset, or framework of whale-bone. Why should not our daughters also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But they have "sought out many inventions."

Let us educate a race who shall have room to breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver.—Doubtless, the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks.

Let us leave no place in the minds of those whom we educate, for the lunatic sentiment, that the mind's healthful action, and the integrity of the organs on which it operates, are secondary to the vanities of external decoration. If they have received from their Creator a sound mind in a sound body, teach them that they are accountable to Him for both. If they deliberately permit injury to either, how shall they answer for it before the High Judge.

But how shall the mother answer it, in whose hand the soul of her child was laid, as a waxen tablet, if she suffer fashion to cover it with fantastic images, and folly to puff out her feverish breath, melting the lines that wisdom pencilled there, till what heaven would fain have polished for itself, loses the fair impression, and becomes like common earth.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath the endearing smile and love-beaming eye has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's riper years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn purposes which are warped, and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in his earlier years.

GREAT QUARRELS FROM TRIFLING INCIDENTS.—Dr. King in his anecdotes of his own times, mentions a fatal duel which happened "between two gentlemen, who had been constant companions." The quarrel arose at a Coffee-house from a dispute "about the accent of a Greek word." They became so enraged that they agreed to decide the question with their swords. One of them "was run through the body and died immediately."

The same writer mentions two other gentlemen, who agreed to travel together four years on the continent of Europe. "About six days after they set out, they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge. They disputed long which of the birds should be cut up first, and with such animosity as to destroy their friendship. The next morning they parted and returned to England; one by the way of Ostend, and the other through Holland!"

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES WHIGS AND TORIES.—Goldsmith, in speaking of the reign of Charles II., says—"Whig and Tory were first used as terms of mutual reproach at this time. The Whig were so denominated from a cant name given to the four Scotch conventicles.—*whig being milk turned sour.* The Tories were denominated from the Irish banditti, so called, whose usual manner of bidding people deliver, was by the Irish word *toree*, or *give me.*" This account exemplifies the nature of party spirit, as the spirit of "reproach" and reviling. It not only bears some resemblance to "milk turned sour," but to the spirit of "banditti" or robbers. It *sours* the dispositions of men, and inclines them to *rob* others of their reputation, if not of their property.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—An Italian in Paris, who is a connoisseur in sauces, pies and pastries, has just built, for the convenience of the public, *une cuisine ambulante.* This kitchen is about the size of an omnibus, and pretty much on the same construction; and all those who wish to associate exercise and eating, may accomplish their desire for the moderate sum of fifteen sous.

REBUKE.—A garrulous barber happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "how shall I shave you sir?" "In silence," was the reply.