

a severe and random assertion; but it is too strictly and too fearfully true.

Travel our country over. Look at the young mothers of our land. Are they pictures of health and vigor, or of infirmity and disease? Does the bloom on the cheek denote that the blood is playing healthfully through the veins, or does the sallow complexion and shrunken features show that the purple tide pursues slowly and unwillingly its sluggish course? Does the sparkling eye exhibit the buoyancy of the feelings—is the joy of the heart shown through these windows of the soul; or is the melancholy sunken eye, the index of a sad heart? Mr. Colman, in his European tour, was surprised at the health and consequent buoyancy of spirits of the English women—the mother the equal of the daughter in health and vigor. On the contrary, the wan and faded appearance of American women is remarked by all travellers. The celebrated De Tocqueville spoke much on this subject. Miss Boecher says—“An English mother at thirty or thirty-five, is in the full bloom of perfect womanhood, as fresh and healthful as her daughters. But where are the American mothers who can reach this period unfaded and unworn?”

How few reach this period of age without suffering from head-ache, douloureux, diseases of the spine, and other nervous diseases so common to the women of this country. We might show the extent of this evil more fully; but, as it will be admitted, we think, that the health and beauty of American ladies are but short lived—that they are peculiarly liable to nervous diseases, destroying their own happiness and the happiness of their families,—and finally life itself—it will be more profitable that we should point out the cause and the remedy.

The cause commences in the cradle, and too often ends in the grave. In infancy, the mother is afraid to have a little of heaven's fresh and balmy air breathe upon her child. Before the child is of proper age it is sent to school—its mental faculties taxed to their utmost capacity, and but little time or opportunity given for the development of the powers of the body by air and exercise. It grows up like a house plant that has been deprived of light and air—weak and puny. The seeds of future suffering, perhaps early death, planted in its frame.

The child is become a young woman; and never having been accustomed to out-door exercise, she has no relish for it,—indeed, custom and fashion are opposed to it. A romp on the green—laboring with the hoe and spade among the weeds and flowers, would be decidedly vulgar, and show a want of refinement.—Walking a mile or two every day would be an outrageous imposition—father or brother must “harness up.” The young lady must sit in the rocking-chair and read silly novels, exciting the imagination at the expense of the heart and health—attend balls, and “dance all night” for exercise, feed on pickles, sweet cake, and other indigestible trash, when the stomach should be at rest, and the whole body enjoying “nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.” Young women thus grow up with impaired constitutions; and when active life with its cares and responsibilities come upon them, they are unequal to the task, fall victims to their own and their parent's folly, and either drag out a miserable life, or fill an early grave. “The delicate and feeble appearance of many American women,” says Miss Boecher, “is chiefly owing to the little use they make of their muscles. Many a pale, puny, shad-shaped girl, would have become a plump, rosy, well-formed person, if half the exercise afforded to her brothers in the open air had been secured to her during childhood and youth.”

The remedy, then, is exercise, and exercise out-of-doors. The health of children must not be sacrificed to boots. No over-anxiety of the parent must be permitted to bring on those very evils the parent dreads. Children love exercise—it is natural for them, and necessary to the development of their bodies—and they will have it, if not prevented by their parents. But exercise must not end with childhood. Our young ladies must walk, ride, and work in the open air. Never mind a little tanning in the sun and wind—health and comfort are cheaply purchased even at the expense of a fair complexion. By riding, we don't mean riding in a spring buggy with a cushioned seat—but horse-back. Saddle the horse yourself, young woman, and ride three or four miles every day. Or you can ramble through the woods and over the farm and fences. And have a garden—cultivate roses and carnations, and phloxes, and shrubs—and take good care of them. It will afford you exercise and pleasure; it will teach you more of nature than a thousand novels.

Mothers, learn your children to love gardening—alot them a patch for their own garden—get them such little implements as will entice them to work. It will do more to save them from years of suffering than all the drugs and sugar-pills in the universe.

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A woman has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may, as she pleases conform to his circumstance. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. The passion for luxury or display ought not for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least from this line of conduct. She will find her own respectability and the esteem of others in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin.—Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to “keep up appearances.” If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibition of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortunes, in a manner, are in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. All his moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every household care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate.

If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed. She of all human beings, can best minister to its needs. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as for corporeal ill. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to morbid irritability, let her gentle tones hover over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and fortitude have a power to rekindle them in the heart and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE HEART.—Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes. 'Tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.