

WOMAN—WIVES.

"There came
A stranger bright and beautiful
With steps of grace and eye of flame,
And tone and look most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent;
Oh, then I looked for tears. She stood
Before the prisoner of Calvary.
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the wreath of agony.
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
'Father, forgive them'—all was there!
I turned in bitterness of soul,
And spake of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control:
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly,
Then coldly curl'd her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment! Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!"

To make home happy is one of the offices of woman. Home, blessed word. Thanks to our Saxon fathers for it. Not the name merely, but the realities it expresses. An English, an American home is a Bethlehem-star in the horizon of earth's sorrows, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

"The tabernacle of our earthly joys
And sorrows, hopes and fears—this Home
Is it not pleasant?" [of ours]

Yes, home is the centre of all that is sweet in the sympathies, dear in the affections of the soul. There the kiss of love is impressed in its purity, the warm pressure of the hand knows no betrayal, the smile of joy plays no deceiver's part. All is candid, cordial, sincere. The faults and failings which belong to humanity fallen, are there covered by the mantle of charity, and the feeling of every member of the family is, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

It is worth while, then, to strive to make home happy; to do each his part towards rendering it the spot of all pleasant associations. In the several relations of child, sister, wife, mother, let kindness and cheerfulness reign.

Kindness comes over the spirit like the music of David's harp over the passion of Saul. It softens and subdues. It manifests itself in a thousand nameless forms, but all beautiful. It is a crown of glory on the head of old age, a jewel on the breast of childhood. The light it diffuses is soft, the rays it emits are melting.

"And oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth."

Cheerfulness is another attribute of character, tending to the happiness of home: and let me commend it to woman's cultivation. It gazes on the bright side of the picture, and throws its delighted glances upon every eye. And thus it not only augments present bliss, but in hoary years the memory of other days around the family hearth will be sweeter, and the influence on ourselves better.

Beautiful in the family is this spirit of cheerfulness; and surely it is an office of woman to cherish it. It can be wooed and won. Wherever woman goes, and especially at home, let it be as an halo of light around her head, and then shall she be a blessing to the circle in which she moves. Despondency is death, cheerfulness life. But remember that levity and boisterous mirth are no essential ingredients of this wholesome cordial. Its chief element is rather that which Paul spake of when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Another evident office of woman, is, to regulate the forms and control the habits of social life. In this land, especially, do the "lords of creation" bow with due deference to their ladies. We give them our arms, 'tis true, and we ask them to lean upon us, yet do we take step with them, and in turn lean on them, amid the trying times of life, and look to them for many of our joys, for most of our happiness. He is vulgar, even barbarous, we think, who does not appreciate her worth and respect her character. Hence,

everywhere, hers is the first place, the best place.

Such being her relative position, hers it must be to prescribe the customs of social life, and say to man, "hitherto shalt thou go and no further." The tone of morals will be such as she makes it. Man will be conformed to the model she exhibits. He seldom, if ever, rises above the level of his female associates. Surround him with the vulgar, the thoughtless, the impure, and you shall not see him pure, thoughtful, refined. Place him ever in the society of intelligent, dignified, Christian women, and their virtues will be reflected on him.

And it is so, that woman is responsible, in a great measure, for the fashions and habits of the community in which she lives? It is even so. If she discard that foolish frippery and passion for display, which occasionally characterize her own sex, it will not long live. It must be buried in its own follies, and have no resurrection. If she frown upon him who robs woman of her jewel, he is a fugitive on the face of the earth. If she discountenance the use of intoxicating beverages, the young man will learn that abstinence on his part is the price of respect and love on hers: Her office here is magnified: her influence has become a power. The other offices were guiding and directory; this is reformatory. Society looks to her for its type. Its virtues and its vices are of her moulding. *It is what she bids it to be.*

"Oh, what is woman, what her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light,
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in the curls of jet:
The light spring-flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step—and yet—and yet—
Without that meeker grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity."

A few words on Influence. This is woman's power. That distinctively belongs to man, and is exercised by authority. Law and penalty grow out of it. It regulates actions, it punishes crime. Influence, on the other hand, awakens feeling, generates opinions, implants sentiments in the soul, silently yet emphatically: and thus it crushes vice, promotes virtue, and avoids the necessity of penal infliction.

Now this is pre-eminently the potent lever in the hands of woman for regenerating and reforming the political and moral world. We may stand in awe, indeed, before the exhibition of power, whether physical or moral, but we are not won by them to the love of truth and goodness, while influence steals in upon our hearts, gets hold of the springs of action, and leads us into its own ways. It is the *inflowing* upon others from the nameless traits of character which constitute woman's idiosyncrasy. Her heart is a great reservoir of love, the water-works of moral influence, from which go out ten thousand tubes, conveying off the ethereal essences of her nature, and diffusing them quietly over the secret chambers of man's inner being.

Even the weakness of woman softens and subdues, and thus unseals the soul for the infusion of her own sentiments. Her winning smiles, her tender sympathies, her sensible expressions, her gentle ways, all influence us, flow in upon our spirits. Who can be long boisterous in the presence of woman? No more can the yeasty waves dash and foam when superinfused by the mollifying touch of oil, than can the passions of man rage with impetuosity in contact with the oleaginous serenity of gentle woman.

Let man, then, exercise power; woman exert influence. By this will she best perform her offices, discharge her duties. Thus will she most effectually make home happy, restrain utilitarianism, allay party asperities, regulate the habits of social life, and both exemplify and diffuse Christianity. *Thus will she become the conqueror of the conquerors of earth, and do more to bless the world, and make it truly happy, than all political institutions, fiscal agencies, and merely intellectual educations.*

MEN—HUSBANDS.

Assist your wives in making home happy, preserve the hearts you won.

1. When you return from your daily avocations, do you find your habitations alluring? Do not sit in a corner, silent and sullen, with clouded brow, and visage repulsive! Meet

your beloveds with a smile of joy and satisfaction: take them by the hand.

2. Never indulge in coarse, harsh or profane words. These to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibility, are exceedingly disgusting, and to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips: write it upon the table of your heart. Modesty and delicacy are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

3. Husbands be exceedingly cautious, never to say, or do any thing that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked respect than when alone.

4. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others; make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will confide in you: confidence begets confidence, love begets love, sweetness begets sweetness.

5. Above all, sympathize with the wives of your bosoms in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tears of sorrow?

6. Finally, husbands, remember that death will soon sever the combined cord! When you behold her, with whom you lived, and toiled and wept and rejoiced, cold and lifeless, laid in the coffin,—

"Think of the happiness so deep and tender
That filled the heart when wandering by her
side,
Think how her faintest smile had power to render
The darkest moment one of love and pride.

And now that this frail form in death grows colder,
A sweet calm rapture fills the parting hour,
That thou art with her though a sad beholder,
A witness of the dear Redeemer's power!"

Will you then regret that you studied always to promote her happiness? that the law of kindness and love dwelt on your lips, evermore? Oh, think, and be now her ministering angel!

THE WORLDLING'S DEATH.

Below is an account of the death of Dorat, the courtier poet:—

"As soon as I heard that he was dying, I forgot the fickle poet; I only remembered the poet who had loved me. I flew to him. He was the same *petit maitre*, without care; the same bantering, smiling creature. He sprang to my arms. 'I have been expecting you a long time,' said he, with a cheerful air, and a somewhat frolic expression. He wished still to struggle with love; he was gallant, but with his lips only; he was a worn-out player, wishing to play his part of the lucky poet to the last. Alas! when I went to see him again, he was no longer struggling with love. 'Marchionness,' said he, stretching out to me his parched, feverish hand, 'you see me struggling with death. I yesterday had a visit from the cure, who said, as he went away, he would return. It is not worth while, I told him, for I shall soon be gone.'

"It was with pain that I looked upon the poor poet. He was reclining upon his couch, in his morning gown and slippers. 'Ah, there you are,' said he, rising with difficulty. 'I expect some visitors—Madame Beauharnois, Madame d'Angeville, and Madame Death. If I am not mistaken, I have two hours longer to live. I have hardly time to dress.' He called his valet, he begged me to wait, and he then was assisted to his dressing-room.

"When he returned, his little *salon* was full of visitors; he bowed to them as he leaned upon his valet, and then took his seat. Every one observed the elegance of his last toilet: he was never more carefully wigged, powdered, nor more finely dressed. 'What is the cause of this unusual display?' asked the Marquis de Saint Marc, hiding his grief; 'there is some mysterious intrigue behind all this.' 'You do not know, then,' said Dorat, assuming a cheerful air, 'that I have some acquaintance with Madame Death? I do not say it to slander her, but she required less urging than some others. Her messenger, that is to say, the doctor, told me that she would come for me this afternoon; you will see that I will not have to wait long. I have retained the gallant habit of being always first at a rendezvous.'

"The Marquis de Saint Marc could not restrain a deep sigh. Every lady present turned away to conceal her tears; the young Freron wept by himself in a corner. But the deep grief of Mademoiselle Fannier, the comic actress, who had just arrived, was more bitter than mine. She threw herself, pale and over-

whelmed with grief, into the arms of Dorat. 'You have done my heart good,' he said with a smile, 'but you have disturbed my wig.' These were, I believe, his last words; he died in an instant after."

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The following despatch from Admiral Moresby has been received at the Admiralty:—

"Portland, at sea, lat. 25 25 S., lon. 126 29 W.
August 12, 1852.

"We made Pitcairn's Island on the morning of the 7th inst.

"It is impossible to do justice to the spirit of order and decency that animates the whole community, whose number amounts to 170, strictly brought up in the Protestant faith, according to the Established Church of England, by Mr. Nobbs, their pastor and surgeon, who has for 24 years zealously and successfully, by precept and example, raised them to a state of the highest moral conduct and feeling.

"Of fruits and edible roots they have at present abundance, which they exchange with the whalers for clothing, oil, medicine, and other necessaries; but the crops on the tillage ground begin to deteriorate, landslips occur with each succeeding storm, and the declivities of the hills, when denuded, are laid bare by the periodical rains. Their diet consists of yams, sweet potatoes, and bread fruit; a small quantity of fish is occasionally caught; their pigs supply annually upon an average about 50lb. of meat to each individual; and they have a few goats and fowls. Their want of clothing and other absolute necessities is very pressing, and I am satisfied that the time has arrived when preparation, at least, must be made for the future; seven or eight years being the utmost that can be looked forward to for a continuance of their present means of support. The summary of the year 1851 gives—births, 12; deaths, 2; marriages, 3. On their return from Tahiti they numbered about 60, of whom there were married 13 couples; the rest from the age of 16 to infancy.

"Mr. Nobbs was anxious to avail himself of my offer to convey him to Valparaiso, and thence enable him to proceed to England, for the purpose of obtaining ordination. At a general meeting of the inhabitants their consent was given, provided I would leave the chaplain of the Portland until Mr. Nobbs returned; the advantage is so obvious that I feel confident their lordships will approve my consenting. From the anxiety which has been expressed by high authorities of the church for Mr. Nobbs' ordination, I anticipate that it will be effected with so little delay that he will be enabled to return to Valparaiso by the middle of January. I enclose a copy of the memorandum given to the Rev. Mr. Holman.

"I was unable to comply strictly with the list of articles which their lordships authorized me to give the Islanders. I enclose a list of what we supplied; they were greatly wanted and gratefully received. The crew of the Portland also requested permission to give a portion of their allowance, and also that they might be allowed to send them a whale boat, with other stores, from Valparaiso.

"Captain Chads and the officers were most generous. I was fortunate in procuring at Barbora a young bull and heifer, also, a ram, accidents having befallen those previously sent.

"The Adeline Gibbs, American whaler, Mr. Weeks, master, was there during our visit. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks were living on shore. It would be a happy circumstance if a person like her could be found to reside among them.

FAIRFAX MORESBY,
Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

The Prince of Wales's First Exercise of Church Fairnage. In the London Gazette of Tuesday, Oct. 26, we read:—Prince of Wales's Council Chamber, Somerset-house, Oct. 26.—The Rev. Charles Leigh Pemberton, Clerk, B. A., has been presented to the rectory of Calstock, in the County of Cornwall, and diocese of Exeter, vacant by the decease of the Rev. Edward Morshead, Clerk. Patron, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The diligence from Naples was stopped last week, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the Pantine Marshes, near Terracina. The passengers were all robbed, and one gentleman who had a conspicuous ring on his forefinger, which did not slip off sufficiently glibly, was very near having his finger cut off. The brigands, however, contented themselves with putting a dagger point in the ring, and so wrenching it off the finger.