

WOMEN OF CYPRUS.

The often-boasted beauty of the women of Cyprus has long ceased to exist; they are now a plain race. The Grecian east of features in some measure survives, but the form of symmetry, slender and elegant, is looked for in vain. It is perhaps doubtful how far the women of ancient Greece were a generally handsome race; the statues which survive might be the *beau idéal* of the sculptor, or rather an assemblage of the beauties of various women, than the possession of any single one. Whenever this exquisite beauty really existed, it became the theme of the poet, and the subject of the painter, who lavished all their powers in the description, which would hardly have been the case if beauty was the common or frequent gift. Immured as they were in the seclusions of their own walls, their lives and minds in general insipid and uncultivated, their society must have been, in some degree, regarded with a similar esteem and respect by the intellectual Greeks, as the Ottoman ladies are by the Turkish lords of the present day. Another circumstance, unfavourable to the growth or preservation of beauty in the Greeks, was, that they confined their connexions chiefly in their own country, and did not generally intermarry with other nations. It is evident that the personal advantages the Turks possess over other nations are exclusively owing to their taking wives from all countries; Arab, Grecian, and Persian blood all flow in the veins of an Ottoman, and conspire to make him the handsomest of human beings."

THE following beautiful lines on Henry Kirk White, who was an early victim of the enthusiasm of study, are among the earlier and the happiest of Lord Byron's effusions. The leading idea in the metaphor is not new, but its management, and the appropriateness of its introduction, and the strength combined with sweetness of versification, entitle it to rank among the most select specimens of English poetry.

"'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low;
So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled to steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

THE rude peasant lives and dies without any sensibility to the grandeur of the evening sky, and the savage exhibits no emotion as he gazes on the falls of Niagara. It is the mind which has been prepared by education, that understands and feels their greatness. So it is in the finest works of art. The barbarous nation felt no admiration for the beautiful works of Rome; the Turks express none for those that lie in ruins at Athens, and the Cossacks would have looked with supreme indifference on the splendours of the Louvre. No one fully realizes the perfection of the Apollo Belvidere till he has been accustomed to similar works. It is characteristic of the most perfect productions in poetry, that, instead of being fully admired at first, their excellences open upon the mind gradually in repeated perusal, and some hidden beauties are found which disclose themselves only to a long and familiar observation.

Dray, a Genevian mechanic, once constructed a clock, which was capable of the following surprising movements: there were seen on it a negro, a dog, and a shepherd; when the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog, as if delighted with the music, jumped up and fawned upon him. This musical machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly struck with its wonderful powers. "The playful gentleness of my dog," said Dray, "is his least merit; if your majesty will be pleased to touch one of the apples in the shepherd's basket, you will admire his fidelity." The King took an apple, and the dog, in a musical tone, barked so loud, that the King's dog in the room began also to bark. At this the attendant courtiers, not doubting that the whole was a magical witchcraft, immediately left the room, crossing themselves as they hurried out.

AFFECTIONATE MANNERS.—"How much ministers and religious teachers gain by a tenor style! I hope, dear brethren, you will never withhold the pungent doctrines of the gospel; but I do hope you will cultivate that affectionate solemnity which accomplishes more than harshness. A minister preaches by his looks, his attitudes and his tones, out of the pulpit as well as in it, as well as by what he says. O, I do earnestly desire the prominent, all-pervading characteristic of every Christian! The above extract was in the journal of a missionary lady.

THE PASSIONS—never clear the surface of the soul; but raise darkness, clouds, and confusion in the soul: human nature is like water which is mud at the bottom of it; it may be clear while it is calm and undisturbed, and the ideas, like pbbles, bright at the bottom, but when once it is stirred and moved by passion, the mud rises up, permost and spreads confusion and darkness over all the ideas; you cannot set a thing in so just and so clear a light before the eyes of your neighbor while your own conception is clouded with heat and passion.

THE ORPHAN.

Don't speak harshly to him. He has no father to direct his steps, no mother to watch over him. Temptations was laid before him, and he yielded. Be not severe, peraps one kind word may save him from ruin. Do not drive him to more gross acts of sin, but manifest your voice and your tears, that you are his real friend. Had he been blessed with a mother's care he would not have stepped aside from the path of rectitude. Now he feels that no one cares for him; no one pities him; no one loves him. Go to him, and be his friend, his guide, his counsellor, and you will save him from the depths of degradation. There is nothing so effectual as sympathy, to allay the bad passions and incline the heart to virtue. How sweet is the reflection, I have drawn a soul from vice, and placed him in the path of virtue, and now he is bearing the fruits of usefulness on earth, exerting a good influence and ripening for a better world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE OF JUSTICE.

In the town of Galway in Ireland there is a very ancient house, over the door of which is coarsely carved a Death's head and cross bones. The circumstance which caused this emblem is curious. About the time of Henry VII, or perhaps earlier, the town was in itself a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had the power of pardoning or condemning criminals. John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, especially with Cariz, in Spain. On one occasion he sent over his only son with a cargo to his correspondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greatest hospitality; and on his departure he sent with him on a vessel his own son, together with a very large sum in specie, to purchase merchandise. Tempted by the whole the young De Burgh, with the assistance of two or three of the crew, the vessel being his father's threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return seemed greatly distressed by the loss of his friend, who he pretended had died at sea, of a fever. For some time this succeeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the sailors concerned in the murder, the whole business transpired, the men were seized, and instantly accused young De Burgh. The wretched father was obliged to mount his tribunal, to sit in judgment on his only son, and with his own lips to pronounce that sentence which at once left him childless, and blasted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family. His fellow citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death on the following morning. Their compassion for the father, their affection for the man, every noble feeling was aroused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from the prison that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to justice and his honour, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son. But

they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate. By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son to his own house, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, he caused him to be hanged at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of heaven, and an immortal proof of a justice that leaves every link of the kind in story. Can we describe just now.

The father immediately resigned his office, and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed above the door of the house a skull and bones, which remain there to this day.

AND POES OF THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.

His royal highness, the late Duke of Kent, during his last illness, asked his physician, if he was accustomed to pray? "Please your royal highness, I hope I say my prayers—but shall I bring a prayer book?" "No," was the reply. "What I mean is, that if you are accustomed to pray to yourself, you could pray for me in my present situation?" The doctor then asked if he should call the emperor? "No," said the prince. The duchess came and offered up a most affecting prayer in the behalf of her beloved husband.

On another occasion, when the duke expressed some concern about the state of his soul in the prospect of death, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability and honorable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him; when he stopped him short, saying, "No, remember if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."

When the royal highness felt that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career he desired the infant princess to be placed before him, while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up a most affecting prayer over her, the last part of which was to this effect, "In this very language, that 'if ever the child should be Queen of England, she might live in the fear of God.'" Having uttered these words, he said, "Take the child away," and this was the last time he ever beheld her. Who is not prepared to join in prayer, that this last petition of a dying parent may be found graciously and eminently answered?

These pious wishes I received from the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, a plain to his royal highness, and he had them from the medical gentleman himself (now, I believe, he is also dead) when they were travelling together to attend the funeral. They appeared too interesting to be left unrecorded, especially when we recollect the reflection his royal highness bore to the beloved sovereign of these realms. *Lon. B. Magazine.*

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—It is said that the first kings of England used for their seals their own image on horseback; afterwards, great men used their arms, when these became settled and hereditary. About the time of Edward III. seals became common among all the gentry. Muckenzie and Nisbet remark, that they served, in 1278, without the subscription of any name till this was ordered in Scotland by James I., 1340, and about the same time in England.

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "but pray, tell me, can she spin?"

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A young man was lately sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary for four years.—When was about to be sentenced, he stated publicly that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents—that thought he knew a mace of the world as his father did, and needed not his advice, but that as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came around him like a drove of hyenas, and hurried him on to ruin. There is no place so safe and happy as a good home.