

poor frame is nearly worn out; assist me to my chamber.

I did so—partially undressed him—laid him on the bed—and at his earnest request, then left him to himself.

The evening wore heavily on—midnight passed, and the occupants of the inn retired to their respective chambers—but I felt for the sick man a feverish anxiety that banished sleep. I rose and unclosed the lattice—the air was chill, the night dark and moonless—a torturing presentiment of coming evil oppressed me, and I stole quietly to the stranger's apartment. A stream of light issued from beneath the door, but all within was hushed. I feared to enter lest I should disturb him, and was about to retire, when a faint sigh startled me. An impulse beyond control urged me to enter, the door yielded to my touch. I stood beside the bed, a fixed and glassy stare met my inquiring look, I snatched a candle from the table, and one glance told me that the stranger was a corpse, and the sigh I overheard had been the parting struggle of a disembodied spirit!

I leaned over the departed soldier, and the marked expression of the countenance told that he had not passed quietly away. One arm extended above the coverlet, and a prayer book that had dropped from its hold, was open in a beautiful petition 'for persons troubled in mind, or in conscience.' The breast was uncovered, and two remarkable objects met my eye, the cicatrix of a gun shot wound, and the miniature of a beautiful girl. Other tokens of 'foughten fields' were visible—and the wasted arm scarred deeply by a sword cut, bore silent testimony that the Unknown had been engaged 'where death was busy.' We laid him in the grave he wished for, and the haughty soldier sleeps beside the fair unfortunate.

Who was he? Some posthumous document might tell, and on the evening of his funeral, we opened his writing desk in presence of the village pastor. Within, letters and trinkets, performed billets, ringlets of hair and other mementoes of lady love, were discovered, but they bore no superscription. One sealed packet was addressed to me, it conveyed a large sum in bank notes to Annette, with an earnest request that I should marry her; and like the rest, it too was without a signature. We found a Waterloo medal, the name and rank of the possessor would of course be engraven round the edge. I snatched it from the clergyman; but every letter had been carefully filed out, and the word 'Dragoons' alone were traceable.

'Who was he?' exclaimed the host.

'Colonel, I cannot tell—his secret perished with THE UNKNOWN.'

'Death came to the Unknown,' said the commander, with a heavy sigh, 'a welcome visitor; and whoever the sufferer was, you may rest assured, poor fellow, he had been once a splendid soldier. The sick bed, gentlemen, tries men more severely than the battle field. During the glorious hurry of a conflict the marvel is where cowardice finds leisure to creep in. But sickness, and if the malady be mental, the worse by far, it shatters the nerve and saps the courage of the boldest. Is it not also singular that men of the most opposite habits and pursuits occasionally contract strong friendships? Yours, sir, with the stranger at THE Woodman, affords a striking instance.'

'Many of mine, Colonel,' replied the lawyer, 'have been as warm and accidental. I formed a lasting friendship by sharing a prayer book in St Paul's; and another commenced in Oxford street from a passenger communicating the pleasing intelligence that my purse had been just abstracted by a pick pocket. A man who holds out for formal introduction before he ventures to bandy a civility, goes to the grave, leaving an unregretting clique behind, who do not value his demise at a pin's fee; while he who takes mankind as they come rough and smooth together, will find ore and dross combined, but, with a little discrimination, he will not be frequently puzzled in making his election between the two: I account my acquaintance with THE UNKNOWN, as the most important incident in life, for its ultimate consequence was—matrimony.'

#### CONVERSATION.

There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word to speak of your

prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours, is excruciating.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Why do we tear

Yon lingering tenant from his humble home? His children cowering 'bout him, and his wife Regardless of the wintry storm, doth stand Watching his last far footsteps with a gaze Of speechless misery. What is his crime? The murderer's steel in headlong passion raised, Or the red flame in stately malice touched. To some unguarded roof? Ah! no, ye say, His crime is POVERTY.

Disease, Perchance,

Hath paralyzed his arm, or adverse skies, Withheld his harvest,—or the thousand ill That throng the hard lot of the sons of toil Drunk up his spirits. Ye indeed may hold His form incarcerated, but will that repair The trespass on your purse? To take away The means of labor yet require the fruits, Savoreth, methinks, of Pharaoh's policy,— Doth Themis sanction what the code of Christ Condemns? How readest thou? Are those who deem

The smallest portion of their drossy gold Full counterpoise for liberty and health, And God's free air, and home's sweet charities?

'Mid the gay circle round the evening fire Sit they in luxury,—while warbled song, And guest, and wine cup, speed the flying hours, Unmindful of the prisoned one who droops Within his close barred cell, or of the storm That hourly round his distant dwelling sweeps, Whence he who in a lonely bed hath hid Her famished babes, kneels shivering at their side,

Mingling the tear gush with her lonely prayers. Revenge may draw a subsidy from pain, Wringing stern misery from woman's woe And infancy's distress; but it is well For souls that hasten to a dread account Of motive and of deed, at heaven's bright bar, To break their Saviour's law?

Up, cleanse yourselves

From the dark vestige of a barbarous age, Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light? Nor let a brother of your own blest clime, Reared in your very gates, participant Of freedom's and salvation's birth right, Less favor than the heathen.

It would seem

That man, who for the fleeting breath he draws Is still a debtor, and hath naught to pay; He who to cancel countless sins expect Unbounded clemency—would seem that he Might to his fellow man be pitiful, And show that mercy which himself implores, MRS SIGOURNEY.

From the New York New World.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL REFINEMENT OF ANCIENT GREECE.

WITH the name of Greece, in the breast of every student of history, are associated the most vivid conceptions of the noble and beautiful. Greece is to him the land of the sublime and lovely; and all the brightest creations of his fancy rise to people her classic shores. Her bright sky, half melting in its own serenity; her mountains, rising in majestic grandeur to mingle their summits with the blue above her radiant hills, to whose stillness comes the sea breeze, stirring with strange melody the dark leaves of the vine and olive; her wide spread plains, through which their crystal streams flow in their beauty, while the poet love mingles the tones of his harp-like voice with the music of their waters; her cities, in whose spacious streets fall the shadows of the palm; her temples, enthroned in grace amid the silence of her sacred groves; her statues and columns of victory to which the hand of Time has lent a golden hue; the broad glory of the 'far echoing sea,' that embrace her, like a bride, in all her loveliness—all gather before the eye as we hear the name of Greece.

Nor do we forget, while gazing on this picture of beauty, that, embosomed within her delightful bounds, there dwelt a refinement of intellect and feeling elsewhere undreamed of, and to our day unrivalled and unattained.

The refinement of a people, whose annals fill so bright a page in the history of the world, as those of the ancient Greeks, is well worthy the attentive and admiring study of every lover of the past. Rich in detail as is the record of the history, nothing is more clearly and forcibly delineated than their superiority to the surrounding nations in moral and intellectual culture. From the time when Cereops left the frightful savannahs of the Nile to build the walls of Athens, until the relentless and giant grasp of Rome had dashed away the last feeling of her heroic soul, Greece ever nourished the arts and sciences, and ever listened to the sweet

teachings of morality. Refined and noble, she drove back the Persian from a vain attack upon her shores; and, not before she had become enervated by luxury, and had fallen in dreamy stupor from the high standard of her excellence, could 'the proud mistress of the world,' beat down her gateways and plant the hurdle of subjection on her walls.

Her superiority to every nation, whose records the pen of history has preserved, can with certainty be traced to her beautiful religion—a religion pure, elevating and sublime. The Greek did not, as did his ancestors, the slavish and gloomy dwellers at the foot of the Pyramids, worship idols fashioned from the gnarled trunk of the palm, or fantastic and rude carved stone, and fancy that they heard his prayer; but he searched among the flowers and lovely forms of nature for the objects of his adoration and clothed them with moral natures like his own, while he looked in upon the workings of his own breast. From the high mysteries of the Egyptian astrologers—hoary gazers on the glories of the heavens—he also drew material for his beautiful worship. Pæbus smiled on him in the bright daylight, and in the silence and splendor of the evening Diana revealed to him her loveliness. Strange and lofty guardians of his destiny they walked through the heavens, and as he passed he worshipped. On the green luxuriance of his native land he gazed, and Cybele, dark mother of the living, fixed herself a throne in the temple of his fancy. Each god and dell, to his warm imagination, was the dwelling place of a distinct and separate divinity.

Defying the moral qualities and mental powers of his nation, he gave them each a place in his Pantheon, whence they watched over and guarded him from all evil. He looked upon the storm, and heard the deep voice of the thunder, and Jupiter sprung into existence, clothed with omnipotence and with the hot lightning gleaming in his grasp. In the clear vault of that bright sky, he fixed Jove's throne, and as he watched the eagle soaring higher and higher till it pierced the broad dome of heaven, he thought it his messenger, and thenceforth it became to him a sacred bird. When he wandered by the rivers the Naiads spoke out from the dancing ripples; and when he sought the coolness and deep stillness of the grove the Fawns and Dryads peered on him with pleasant eye from the high branches and quivering leaves. Nowhere did he turn where his foot fell was not answered by the echoing laugh or whisper of some spirit or divinity. Above was Pæbus and Diana, while over and around them closed the blue throne of the Olympian king. About him were unseen essences that watched his daily path and perchance came, in the darkness of his slumbers, and taught him of the future. Each action was observed, and each thought scrutinized by these invisible attendants on his steps. Some allured him to pleasure, and others tempted him to wrong. Yet with a voice dearer than all the rest, Virtue persuaded him to follow in her guidance. Thus drawn away from the mere gratification of the senses to a more elevated sphere of enjoyment—that of reflection—by the influence of his religion, he was at liberty to indulge that longing of his nature for improvement and perfection, of which he dreamed from the first dawn of infancy. With love he looked on all the beautiful objects around him, marking their changes and treasuring their memories in his soul. Relying on the powers of the air and earth, to which he had given in imagination the control of his destiny, he strove to merit their approbation by deeds of piety and love. His parents were venerated, and his relations honored and loved. And thus with his bosom open to the reception of pleasure that flowed from all the forms of nature that met his eye, he began the course of intellectual cultivation destined to render his native land immortal. In the meanwhile time rolled on, Centuries passed unchronicled before Homer arose to stamp the impress of his genius on the world—an impress that will remain indelible to the end of time. Yet in that unchronicled past, whose history is lost, and whose very existence may appear even doubtful, was matured the art of Poetry as it appeared on the pages of the Iliad. Little, perhaps, did the blind bard of Chios think that his poem would hold the first rank in the estimation of barbarians, whose remotest ancestors lived whole centuries after him—whole thousands of years after the spot where he had been buried was forgotten. Yet thus it is—his memory lives, and lives on for ever. Wandering minstrels carried the story of the fall of Troy to other lands; while in their own it was heard at the public festival and at the private feast; on the green hills, sung to the tremulous lyre, or recited by joyous bands of youth, in unison with the low humming of the waterfall. Thus was the refinement which gave birth to the pure nurse of Homer, perpetuated by its own lovely creations,—and the sweet simplicity of the poet, threw around the heart

of his countrymen, down to the latest period of their history, the silken cords of virtue and religion.

Do we, for a moment, doubt the perfection of Grecian refinement, after dwelling on the enchanting beauties of the Iliad, let us behold Protegenes busied at his easel while the walls of Rhodes are battered from their foundations; or visit the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and see Alexander starting from the life-like canvases under the hand of Appelles, or view the perfection of tropical beauty in the Helen of Zeuxis, and our doubts will vanish like the mist.

But not alone in Poetry and Painting is this refinement shown—it is seen also in Sculpture. No chisel of later times has equalled that of Phidias and Praxiteles; nor can we find a second Jupiter Olympius; nor an Apollo like that which graced the Vatican at Rome.

Yet this is not all that evinces the refinement of this lovely land. Let us stand amid the multitude that gathers around the Athenian forum and listen to the thunder of Demosthenes, and note the brow of his rival pining as he hears the flow of that resistless eloquence. Let us read the laws of Solon and Lycurgus that restrained, but their wise regulations, the Athenian and Lacedæmonian people long after the ashes of their framers had wasted from the funeral urn. In the cool shades of the Academy let us pause, and drink in the persuasive precepts of Socrates as he unfolds to his disciples his great theory of the Eternal Cause, the mighty *To On*; whose altar, in later times, stood before the gaze of the learned Paul, inscribed with the words 'To the Unsearchable God.' And then again let us listen to Plato inculcating the doctrines of his master, and Zenothen defending the character of Socrates from aspersion. And let us follow the 'Attic Bee,' in his campaigns, and in his retreat with the memorable the thousands which his prince lay dead upon the field of battle, and he in the very heart of a hostile country. Let us return with him to the welcome home of his beloved Africa; and sit by him as he pens the narration of his dangers and escape, his defeats and victories, in the quietness of his own villa. Again bid the thousands, whose plaudits rent the viewless air, assemble in the amphitheatres on the mountain side and listen to the plays of Euripides or Æschylus.

Not the nobles and men of letters merely; but the vine drawers of the over shadowing heights; the shepherd with his crooked staff, and the poor inhabitant of the city,—the tiller of the ground, and the grim soldier in his armour,—all interested, and enjoying the pure lessons of morality which were there instilled. Again call Anacreon from his green resting place, and bid him pour out his soul in honor of Love and Bacchus. Bid Sappho live, and again breathe the language of enraptured ecstasy in thrilling strains of her kindling muse—a muse that only a woman's glowing imagination can call from the bright way of her delicate sublimity.

The refinement of Greece was pure and lofty, because flowing from a religion itself bright and elevated—and it will ever influence the world by its sweet lessons of truth and loveliness. Yet the glory of Greece has gone. Her refinement dwells only in the halls of barbarians, while she lies slumbering, forgetful of her former self. The lone traveller as he weeps over her rest-temple, and broken and prostrate columns, sees no one of her degenerate sons amid the ruins of her cities, that he may picture as the risen from of one of her orators and poets, but tread in hopeless grief over the ashes of her departed glory.

#### From a lady's Residence on the Shores of the Baltic.

KISSING IN RUSSIA.

This is the national salute, in universal vogue from remote antiquity, rather a greeting than a caress, derived equally from religious feeling and from Oriental custom. Fathers and sons kiss, old generals with rusty monarchical kiss, whole regiments kiss. The Emperor kisses his officers. On a reviewing day there are almost as many kisses as shots exchanged. If a Lilliputian corps de cadets have earned the imperial approval, the imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, he in his turn to the next, and so on, till it has been diluted through the whole juvenile body.

If the Emperor reprimanded an officer unjustly, the sign of restoration to favor as well as the best atonement to favor is a kiss. One of the bridges is to this day called the *Potzarni Mast*, or Bridge of Kisses (not of Sight), in commemoration of Philip the Great, who having in a fit of passion unjustly degraded an officer in face of his whole regiment, kissed the poor man in the same open way upon the next public occasion on this very bridge. On a holiday the young and delicate mistress of a house will not only kiss all her maidservants, but all her men servants too, and, as I have mentioned before if the gentleman venture not above her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek.—As for the Russian father of a family his affection knows