

you, to a few words, which nothing but the most anxious solicitude for your interest could induce me to intrude upon you.

Are you sure that your father, that your mother would approve so great an intimacy with one so much a stranger as Mr Brentford? Be chary of your heart, I implore you. He may be all his very prepossessing appearance seems to claim, but remember, you do not know him.

Forgive these suggestions, at once so unwelcome and so reluctant, and believe that you have no sincerer friend than

CATHERINE GREGORY.

She folded the little note, and stepping across the hall, laid it on Clara's table. (To be concluded.)

From Putnam's N. Y. Monthly Magazine  
**OUR BEST SOCIETY.**

Our 3dly, is a class made by sundry French tailors, bootmakers, dancing-masters, and Mr. Brown. They are a corps-de-ballet, for the use of private entertainments. They are fostered by society for the use of young debutantes, hardier damsels, who have dared two or three years of the tight polka. They are cultivated for their heels, not their heads. Their life begins at ten o'clock in the evening, and lasts until four in the morning. They go home and sleep until nine; then they reel, sleepy, to counting-houses and offices and doze on desks until dinner-time. Or, unable to do that, they are actively at work all day, and their cheeks grow pale, and their lips thin, and their eyes bloodshot and hollow, and they drag themselves home at evening to catch a nap until the ball begins, or to dine and smoke at their club, and be very manly with punches and coarse stories; and then to rush into hot and glittering rooms, and seize very décolleté girls closely around the waist, and dash with them around an area of stretched linen, saying in the panting pauses! How very hot it is! How very pretty Miss Podge looks! What a good redoubt! Are you going to Mrs. Potiphar's?

Is this the assembled flower of manhood and womanhood, called best society, and to see which is so envied a privilege? If such are the elements, can we be long in arriving at the present state, and necessary future condition of parties?

Vanity Fair is peculiarly a picture of modern society. It aims at English follies, but its mark is universal, as the madness is. It is called a satire, but after much diligent reading, we cannot discover the satire. A state of society not at all superior to that of Vanity Fair is not unknown to our experience; and, unless scalding tears of sorrow, and the bitter regret of a manly mind over the miserable spectacle of artificiality, wasted powers, misdirected energies, and lost opportunities, be satirical; we do not find satire in that sad story. The reader closes it with a grief beyond tears. It leaves a vague apprehension in the mind, as if we should suspect the air to be poisoned. It suggests the terrible thought of the enfeebling of moral power, and the deterioration of noble character, as a necessary consequence of contact with society. Every man looks suddenly and sharply around him, and accost himself and his neighbors, to ascertain if they are all parties to this corruption. Sentimental youths and maidens, upon velvet sofas, or in calf bound libraries, resolve that it is an insult to human nature—are sure of their velvet and call bound friends are not like the dramatic persons of Vanity Fair, and that the drama is therefore hideous and unreal. They should remember, what they uniformly and universally forget, that we are not invited, upon the rising of the curtain, to behold a cosmorama, or picture of the world, but a representation of that part of it called Vanity Fair. What its just limits are—how far its poisonous perils reach—how much of the world's air is tainted by it, is a question which every thoughtful man will ask himself, with a shudder, and look sadly around, to answer. If the sentimental objectors rally again to the charge, and declare that, if we wish to improve the world, its virtuous ambition must be piqued and stimulated by making the shining heights of the ideal more radiant; we reply, that none shall surpass us in honoring the men whose creations of beauty inspire and instruct mankind. But if they benefit the world, it is no less true that a vivid apprehension of the depths into which we are sunken or may sink, nerves the soul's courage quite as much as the alluring mirage of the happy heights we may attain. To hold the mirror up to Nature, is still the most potent method of shaming sin and strengthening virtue.

If Vanity Fair is a satire, what novel of society is not? Are Vivan Grey, and Pelham, and the long catalogue of books illustrating English, or the host of Balzac, Sande, Sues, and Dumas, that paint French society, and less satires? Nay, if you should catch any dandy in Broadway, or in Pall-Mall, or upon the Boulevards, this very morning, and write a coldly true history of his life and actions, his doings and undoings, would it not be the most scathing tremendous satire?—if by satire you mean the consuming melancholy of the conviction, that the life of that pendant to a moustache, is an insult to the possible life of a man?

We have read of a hypocrisy so thorough, that it was surprised you should think it hypocritical; and we have bitterly thought of the saying, when hearing one mother say of another mother's child that she had made a good match, because the girl was betrothed to a stupid boy whose father was rich. The remark was the key of our social feeling.

Let us look at it a little, and, first of all, let

the reader consider the criticism, and not the critic. We may like very well, in our individual capacity, to partake of the delicacies prepared by our hostess's chef, we may not be averse to *paté* and a myriad *objets de gout*, and if you caught us in a corner at the next ball, putting away the fair share of *dinde aux truffes*, we know you would have at us in a tone of great moral indignation, and wish to know why we sneaked into great houses, eating good suppers and drinking choice wines, and then went away with an indignation, to write dyspeptic disgust at society.

(To be Continued.)

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.  
**PRAYER OF POVERTY.**

BY W. H. PATCHING

O Thou who ever lookest down with equal eye on all,  
On coronet, or queenly crown, or cottage homestead small,  
We ask, that in our fatherland thy blessings may endure,  
We humbly pray on bended knee,—O God, protect the poor.

Thou mak'st thy glorious sun to shine upon the vile and just,  
The seasons' changes are all thine,—in Thee alone our trust;  
Thy providence on every hand, thy mercy ever sure,  
Encompasseth abroad the land,—O God, assist the Poor.

We envy not the titled great their acres of our soil,  
Nor would we shun our lowly state of hard but honest toil;  
We willingly with sweat of brow would sustenance procure,  
But even this oft faileth us,—O God! preserve the Poor.

Is our sole heritage of worth the birthright which thou gavest?  
Our only portion of thy earth, that one lone spot—the grave?  
Yet such hath been the bitter part, the taunt which we endure,  
Oh soften Thou that iron heart,—O God, help Thou the Poor.

But Thou hast heard the needy cry; for sorrow, want, or pain,  
Hath never uttered prayer or sigh, or sued to Thee in vain:  
And thou hast taught to wealth and pride the evils they may cure,  
By scattering thy blessings wide,—O God, uphold the Poor.

Light is dawning—praise Thee, yet more that Thou hast shown  
The might, the right of Poverty,—not right of wealth alone.  
It doth not brand with shame our brow, with aspiration pure  
To Thee, and Thee alone, we bow,—Thou God who lovest the Poor!

**THE NIZAM'S FEMALE SOLDIERS.**

The princes and nobility of the East are noted for keeping large seragios, and his highness (the Nizam), to keep pace with them, has a considerable one attached to his household, for the protection of which, a corps of their own sex was raised many years ago, armed and accoutred like other regiments of the line, but not in such a superior style.—Their commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also women, and are much more expert in the performance of their respective duties than one would imagine. It has been said by some, who have been so fortunate as to have got a glimpse of this gallant corps whilst at exercise, that they have gone through their field movements in a manner highly amusing; and, if one were to judge from their appearance on duty around the seraglio and other places, it certainly must be a sight, above all others at Hyderabad, worth seeing. The sentries may at all times be observed very alert on their posts, excepting in the case of those who may have an infant to take care of, when, perhaps, one hand may be employed in holding a musket, whilst the other is engaged in nursing. Women in this condition must find it very difficult matter to conduct their duties to the satisfaction of their superiors. The husbands of these Amazons have nothing whatever to say to the regiment, and follow their own occupations, either under government, or upon their own responsibility.—*Captain Wilson's Private Journal.*

**I WILL.**

We like that strong, robust expression. No one having uttered it sincerely was ever a mean, cringing man. He pigmies of the world did not trouble him, although they rose in masses to pull him down. He speaks, and the indomitable will prevails. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary or scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with 'I will' breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toad stool and his influence died with his breath, and we will point to you a cringing wretch who trembled at the approach of a spider and fainted beneath a thunder cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will startle the slumbering universe.—*John Neal.*

The good alone are happy whether young or old.

**Sketches of Lectures.**

From the New York Tribune.

**THE MARITIME POWER OF ANCIENT ATHENS.**

BY PROF. ADOLPHUS L. KOEPPEN.

The regular monthly meeting of the Historical Society was held on Tuesday evening at their rooms in the University; the President, Hon. Luther Bradish, occupied the chair. Prof. Adolphus L. Koepfen was introduced to the audience by the Chairman, and read a paper 'On late Archaeological Discoveries in the Peiræus, illustrating the Naval Supremacy and the Commercial and Colonial Development of the Athenian Republic.'

Professor Koepfen introduced his discourse with a few remarks on the importance of this subject—namely, the Harbours and Naval Establishments of the Ancient Athenians. These had the greatest influence on the rapid development of the Republic, its conquests and glorious dominion of the sea. Interesting discoveries have lately been made in perfect accordance with the ancient historians, and throwing a new light upon the whole subject. From the time of the seventeenth century down to the reign of King Otho, all the maps and plans published on the harbors and coasts were incorrect and defective; nor had the site of Phaleron nor the ruins of the third or Phaleric long wall been discovered.

The particular advantage of the site of Athens consisted not only in the strong rock of the Acropolis, but much more in the remarkable character of the rocky coast, forming another fortress—the Munychia—which mainly contributed to extensive commerce and the great naval power of the Athenians.

The Castle of Munychia, situated on a steep hill, now called 'Castellon,' five hundred feet above the level of the sea, commanded the three locked harbors—the Peiræus, Zea and Munychia—spread out beautifully at its base. The largest of the three is the Peiræus during the middle ages called Drakos or Porto Leone, which is nearly three miles in circumference, and of a depth sufficient for men of war of the first class. South of the Peiræus, and divided from it by a low isthmus lies the Zea, which was the principal galley port of the Ancient Athenians, and still presents immense excavations in the coast and ruins of square blocks, indicating the wharves or ship-houses of the galleys. East of the Zea, immediately beneath the frowning rocks of the castle of Munychia, lies the third smaller basin, called, from its circular form, 'The Lantern,' the ancient port of Munychia. At its mouth are seen the ruins of the temple of Diana, the refuge of the exiled Athenians from which they departed into banishment.

The most ancient open harbor of the Athenians in the early times, during the reign of the kings, and long before the Persian wars, was Phaleron, situated, according to Strabo and Pausanias, on the southern promontory of the great Phaleric bay. The city of Athens was at that time built on the south and west of the Acropolis, and had by the Phaleric road an easy communication with the emporium at Phaleron. From this open port departed the early expeditions to Crete and Asia Minor but it is never afterward mentioned as having belonged to the fortified galley harbors during the bright period of Athenian history. It was the great Themistocles, who, in the interval between the first and second Persian war suggested the idea of the Athenians of augmenting the navy and fortifying the three natural ports of the Munychian peninsula, divided from Athens by an extensive swamp called the Halipedon, or Salt Plain. The gigantic fortifications of the ports, and the first attempt of uniting them to the city by long walls was made immediately after the defeat of the Persians at Platæa, about the year 477 B. C. The Athenians having not yet abandoned their old port of Phaleron, and fearing the landing of the enemy in the open bay, constructed one wall forty stadia in length to the Peiræus, and another five stadia shorter to Phaleron. Cimon, the son of Miltiades, finishing this expensive undertaking before his expedition to Cyprus in 449, B. C. A third or middle wall, running parallel with the Peiraic wall, was afterward added by Pericles, who thus completed the extensive fortifications of Athens and its land locked harbors, embracing a circumference of thirty English miles, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. At its unhappy termination in 404 all the fortification of the harbors and long walls were demolished. But the two parallel walls, called *markra skele*, were afterward rebuilt by Conon, who perhaps may have employed the stones of the more southern Phaleric wall, which was never restored, because Phaleron had ceased to be used as a port.

Many interesting traces of the parallel walls still existed on the arrival of King Otho, but unhappily the royal engineers employed the enormous square blocks as foundations for the new road to Athens. The middle wall, running 550 feet south of the Peiraic wall, may still be traced through the gardens and vineyards covering the plain, and some constructions of the still older Phaleric wall are seen here and there along the road from Phaleron to the base of the hill Museion, on the west of the Acropolis. Some highly interesting inscriptions were found on the pavement of the church Santa Irene at Athens in 1829. They belong to the period immediately preceding the fatal battle of Cheroneia, in 338, B. C., and contain a decree of the Athenians for the repairs of the walls. From these inscriptions it appears that they were, in part built of brick, and formed a covered gallery with large *thyrides*, or windows. Their

breadth was twelve to fourteen feet, their height only twenty feet and they were together with the fortifications of the city and the harbours, divided into ten military stations.

The walls of the Peiræus itself were much stronger. They were, according to Appian, forty feet high, and their breadth on the north of the Peiræus is eighteen feet of immense square blocks. The towers are square, standing on older circular bases, thus proving that the walls of Conon were built upon those of Themistocles. Sylla, the Roman, exerted all the strength of the Roman arms to dismantle the Peiræus. Traces are still seen on the north of a mine that had been run beneath a tower which is standing in a leaning position. The Romans destroyed the Peiræus with fire and sword. Its fortresses, arsenals, wharves, and proud monuments were levelled to the ground, and when Strabo, eighty years later, visited that place, he found nothing but ruins. Nor was it rebuilt during the middle ages. This accounts for the immense accumulation of rubbish, broken tiles and pottery, covering the whole ancient site to a height of twelve to sixteen feet. The city was built in the time of Themistocles, by the celebrated architect Hippodamus, from Miletus. From the large square, the Hippodamein market place, a large avenue extended along the port and terminated in the great Arsenal of Philon, where in 1843 a curious column was found with the inscription; 'This is the street and limit of the emperium.' On both sides of the street the foundations of buildings and porticoes with beautiful mosaic pavements were discovered during the late excavations. Cisterns, of a great depth, sometimes forming large subterranean chambers, were found dispersed all over the hills. They no doubt served as stores for wine, oil, grain and other provisions. Some even contain water, and seem to have communicated with the great subterranean aqueduct, which from the plain was led along the walls down to the Peiræus.

The innermost part of the basin formed the great commercial port of the republic. Five large porticoes, or *stoa*, among which was the *Deigma* or central exhibition hall for the grain and provisions of Athens sent in from her colonies and tributary allies, occupied the quays along the harbor. On the south shore stood the great temple of Venus, the Aphrodision, built by Conon, and in a bay on the southwest was the galley port Cantharus, near the great arsenal of Philon, where in 1835 the interesting registers of the Athenian fleet, from the time of Demosthenes, were discovered. They contain the names of the Triremes, their armament, and distribution in the three hundred and seventy two ship-houses, or *neostoihoi*, situated in the three landlocked harbors of Cantharus, Zea and Munychia. The position of the galley port of Cantharus was admirably chosen, and the galleys lying near the fortified mouth of the great harbor, and not disturbing the commerce of the emporium in the interior. And yet was the strongly defended Peiræus exposed to sudden stratagems of the daring Spartans. The Lacedæmonian Admiral Teutias, entered the Peiræus with twelve galleys in 358 B. C., and carried away all the transports and merchantmen, even the bankers and traders from the emporium, as prisoners, before the alarm could be given at Athens.

At the interesting period of Athenian power, toward the close of the fifth century before our era, a view from the towering heights of the Munychian citadel must have presented a most astonishing spectacle. Eastward, the beautiful plain with its sacred olive groves blossoming the distant hill of the Museion, the City of Athens, and the glittering Acropolis, through the plain extended the gigantic arms of the long walls, with their immense foundations, their solid fronts, and their embattled roofs and turreted gates. Still farther east, the old Phaleric wall, like a diverging radius, descending from the Museion along the sloping plain toward the distant part of Phaleron—all together forming a scenery very grand, striking and picturesque. Between the long walls were then seen the beautiful monuments of Eouipides and Melanandei, the temples burnt by the Persians, and the tumulus of Antiope, the queen of the Amazons, the beloved of Theseus. And then what a crowd—what a thronging of passersengers—what a driving and riding—what a shooting of the multitudes, hurrying up toward the city and down to the ports—what a movement and life around the hundreds of stores and taverns, and the medley intercourse of Greeks and foreigners, of mariners and warriors, in their showy dresses and glittering armor. Westward from the castle, the beholder surveyed the three beautiful harbors without the numerous ships floating on their bosom, not all surrounded by admirable walls and towers, and with their guards and battering engines. Immediately beneath his feet he had the Dionysian theatre, the stadium, the temples of Vestal, Diana and Jupiter, the covered wharves, and the highly-ornamented front of the immense arsenals. But of how short a duration was this brilliant political and commercial system of the great Ionian capital! It had no solid foundation in the territory and productivity of Attica; but rested exclusively on naval victories and ephemeral conquests. The virtue and the best vital force of Athens sunk beneath the walls of a Dorian colony, in the terrible destruction of her army and her fleet before Syracuse in 413 B. C.; and nine years later the haughty leader of the Dorians, the Spartan Lysander, with wild triumphal songs and the clangor of trumpets, carried off the fleet, and levelled to the ground the long walls, the fortifications and naval establishments of the Peiræus.

The Peloponnesian war destroyed forever the great emporium of Athenian commerce.