

scribed, and found it the least 'best' of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet in this hall? We shall meet three classes of persons: 1st, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy; 2d, those who belong to what are technically called 'the good old families,' because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and 3dly, a swarm of youths who can dance dexterously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now these are will arbitrary and factious distinctions; distinctions upon which to found so profound a social difference as that which exists in America, or, at least, in New York society. 1st, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men, of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are rather rough, unsympathetic, and perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions.

But they are married to scheming or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it; are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet and which they despise. Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities; how many refuse to dream their lives away in a Sybaritic luxury; how many are smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti, and dilute their manhood with factitious sentimentality instead of a hearty, human sympathy; how many are not satisfied with having the fastest horses and the crackest carriages, and an unlimited wardrobe, and a weak affectation and puerile imitation of foreign life?

And who are these of our 2dly, these 'old families'? The spirit of our time and of our country knows no such thing, but the habit of society, hears constantly of 'a good family.' It means simply, the collective mass of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces and descendants of some man who deserved well of his country, and whom his country honors. But sad is the heritage of a great name! The son of Burke will inevitably be measured by Burke. The niece of Pope must show some superiority to other women (so to speak), or her quality is inferiority. The feeling of men attributes some magical charm to blood, and we look to see the daughter of Helen as fair as her mother, and the son of Shakespeare, musical as his sire. If they are not so, if they are merely names, and common persons—if there is no Burke, nor Shakespeare, nor Washington, nor Bacon in their words, or actions, or lives, then we must pity them, and pass gently on, not upbraiding them, but regretting that it is one of the laws of greatness that it dwindles all things in its vicinity, which would otherwise show large enough. Nay, in our regard for the great man, we may even admit to a compassionate honor, as pensioners upon our charity, those who bear and transmit his name. But if these heirs should presume upon that fame, and claim any precedence of living men and women because their dead grandfather was a hero,—they must be shown the door directly. We should dread to be born a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte.

We should not like to be the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody,—that, in fact, you are only a name, and that, if you could consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be any thing but a rich man. My father was President, or Governor of the State, some pompous man may say. But, by Jupiter, king of gods and men, what are you? In the instinctive response. Do you not see, our pompous friend, that you are only pointing your own unimportance? If your father was Governor of the State, what right have you to use that fact only to fatten your self-conceit? Take care, good care; for whether you say it by your lips or by your life, that withering response awaits you,—then what are you? If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and, thanking Heaven that your name has been made illustrious, retire into a corner and keep it, at least, untarnished.

(To be Continued.)

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

An American writer gives the following as his idea of Transcendentalism:—Transcendentalism is that spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility, connected with conscientious ademption of incolumbent spiritual and etherealised connection, which is derived from a profound contemplation of the irragibility of those incessant divisions of the more minute portions of subdivided particles of invisible atoms that became anatomically tanalable in the circumambulating

commotion of ambloques volominousness, preposterated in the tecureable phlogiston of a refined ideality—tregerably protigious in rendering visible calamity orationable on the intensest infinitissitudes of labyrinthical oleration—palemodial compunctability, and compostered sermolescence. — A translation of the above wanted immediately.

DON'T BE EXTRAVAGANT.

If the poor house has any terrors for you never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharp, my boy, ascertain whether you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And, before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love wouldn't be just as glad to see you in a plain one, that cost half the money. If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts! and buy her own cloths. When you see a man paying five dollars for a Frenchified toy, that a philosophic Yankee baby will pull all to bits in five minutes, the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar; and if he don't he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, (no matter how cheap it is,) don't say yes! until you are sure that some one else wants it at an advance. Money burns in some folks pockets, and makes such a pesky hole, that every-thing that is put in drops through, past finding.—Clinton Courant.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WHEN we talk of this man or that woman being no longer the same person whom we remember in youth, and remark (of course to deplore) changes in our friends, we don't perhaps calculate that circumstance only brings out the latent defect or quality and does not create it. The selfish languor and indifference of to-day's possession is the consequence of the selfish ardour of yesterday's pursuit; the scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure: the insolence of the successful *parvenu* is only the necessary continuance of the career of the needy struggles are like our gray hairs or our wrinkles—but the fulfilment of the plan of mortal growth and decay: that which is snow-white now was glossy black once; that which is sluggish obesity to-day was boisterous rosy health a few years back; that calm weariness, benevolent, resigned, and disappointed, was ambition, fierce and violent, but a few years since, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and defeat. Lucky he who can bear his failure so generously, and give up his broken sword to Fate the Conqueror with a manly and humble heart! Are you not awe-stricken, you friendly reader, who, taking the page up for a moment's light reading, lay it down, perchance, for a graver reflection?—to think how you who have consummated your success or your disaster, may be holding marked station, or a hopeless and nameless place, in the crowds who have passed through how many struggles of defeat, success, crime, remorse, to yourself only known!—who may have loved and grown cold, wept and laughed, how often!—to think how you are the same, you, whom in childhood you remember, before the voyage of life began? It has been prosperous, and you are riding into port, the people huzzing and the guns saluting,—and the lucky captain bows from the ship's side, and there is a care under the star on his breast which nobody knows of; or you are wrecked, and lashed, hopeless, to a solitary spar out at sea:—the sinking man, and the successful man are thinking each about home, very likely, and remembering the time when they were children; alone on the hopeless spar, drowning out of sight; alone in the midst of the crowd applauding you.—W. M. Thackeray.

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH.

DEPENDS UPON BODILY EXERCISE.

Dr. James Johnston, physician to his Majesty William the Fourth, and one of the most eminent medical authorities of his day, says, in his work 'On the Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach,'—'I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of parents the necessity of gymnastic exercises. Those who, from false or fashionable ideas neglect to give their children the physical advantages which result from this education of the corporeal powers, are answerable for more than half the bodily ills which befall their offspring in after life. And if they recollect that the energies of the mind are mainly dependent on the health of the body, they may probably perceive the moral as well as the physical advantages of gymnastics.'

LEAVE TO DINE.

Every day, at about 1 p. m., the notes of a discordant horn resound through every town and village in the Siamese territories, meant to proclaim to the world at large, 'that his Majesty the King of Siam has had his dinner, and was graciously pleased to grant permission to all other potentates on the face of the earth to follow his judicious example.' A Siamese would no more believe that any other crowned head dared transgress this law with impunity than he would in the existence of an electric telegraph; and as for breaking through it themselves, instantaneous death would be the result.—Neale's Residence in Siam.

BACKBITING.—'I hate to hear people talk behind one's back,' as the robber said 'when the constable called 'stop thief!'

From the London Working Man's Friend.

PEBBLES.

—'Books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones.'

I TAKE my seat beneath a waving willow,
Beside a little, babbling, pebbly brook;
Then of the earthless roots I make a pillow,
And lay me down to listen and to look.

And as I watch the little wavelets glisten,
I see a truth shine out from every one;
And as their gentle murmuring I listen,
I learn a lesson from each pebble-stone.

The lives of men are like to pebbles rolling,
Adown a brooklet, ceaselessly along.
The never turning tide their course controlling,
The tide, though wayward, still for ever strong.

When first from off the parent boulder battered,
The little rocks are rugged things enough;
The hard and soft, throughout unequal scattered,
Make them sharp cornered, angular, and rough.

They drop into the stream; the current seizes,
And drives them downward with resistless force,
Directs, controls, and changes as it pleases
The various zig-zag of each little course.

But ever and anon, while downward driving,
'Gainst some obstruction they perchance are brought;
Ah! then in vain seems all their tiny striving,
Each deems himself for ever fixed and caught.

Then what a mimic whirlpool each one raises!
How swells with feeling every injured stone!
The pressing current grinds their softened faces,
And, *bon gre mal gre*, drives them harshly on.

Just so are men, poor little transient creatures!
Borne down the swiftly running stream of life:
They have their clayey and their flinty features,
And in the current snags are always rife.

The 'snag,' some failure of a high ambition,
Or pique of pride, or loss of love, may be,
Which seems to shut them out from all fruition,
And hold them firmly bound, and hopeless-ly.

But still the stream of life is swiftly rushing,
And, *bon gre mal gre*, with it they must go;
With still increasing force behind them pushing,
It drives them on, whatever be the woe.

THERE is one marked and remarkable feature of Astronomy; and that is, that multitudinous as seem to be the stars (suns or worlds be they) planted over the vast visible universe; various as must be their attributes, products, natures, and bases, yet in one or two grand points they all agree and are one and the same—They are all spheres! They all give out or reflect light.

I would rather associate with good-hearted people, however moderate in talent or deficient in shining qualities, than with the most accomplished heartless coterie in the universe.

Sketches of Lectures.

From the New York Tribune.

LUCK AND PLUCK.

OR, WHAT MAKES THE MAN AND HIS FORTUNES.

By Rev. Samuel Osgood.

The Lecturer commenced by observing that every man's life was a drama, in which the plot depended upon the play between his own will and his fate, or between his character and his circumstances. The ancient tragedy was well defined to be 'Man Conquered by Circumstances,' and the modern tragedy was equally well defined 'as Man Conquering Circumstances.' In both cases the parties were the same; and in many respects, he saw both varieties of the drama in active—in real life. Whatever be the scene or the character our interest always turned upon the hero, asking at the same time how far he made his destiny and how far it was made for him. But now adays we are not content to leave the development of this question with epic or dramatic heroes. Every man asked the question for himself and his children; and our poets and story tellers found favour as the illustrated by fervid portraiture, the trials and triumphs of our common lot. The current fictions of the day, which we were all so eager to read, were but so many prose epics of modern society. Now, we took pleasure in every life-like sketch of what we were all passing through, whether it were a biography or a novel, whether the hero was a statesman or an apprentice boy, the heroine a city belle or factory girl. Indeed we were setting our historians to work somewhat in the same direction; we asked them not to tell us how Caesar fought or Louis reigned, but how a man or a

family would get along in the ordinary routine of life, in either Rome or France—in fine, to tell us of the lot that befel the common people in the days when camps and courts ruled all. It might appear to some that the title of this lecture was odd; indeed, his subject might be translated 'chances and character or fortune of man,' but he would divide it into three distinct branches. He would speak of the chances of human life that went to make up what we called 'a man's luck.' Then he would speak of the dangers under which a man lay of being mastered by these chances; and lately of every man's duty to master those chances, or to conquer his luck by his pluck.

In meeting the chances of their lot, men divided themselves into three general classes; according as they watched those chances, they looked upon them with hope, or with fear, or with an even mind. First came the man who was in a fever at the prospect of luck—the sanguine man who believed life to be a lottery in which the intended to win. Such a man in his most vulgar shape was literally a gambler, bent on making a fortune as though the scene of his exertions was the card table or the race course. But let the gambler pass, for gaming trained no active, manly energies and necessarily ruined the man and his fortunes. Closely upon the heels of the gambler came the 'fast' man of business—in haste to be rich impatient of labour, and by his expenses, proving that if he did not make his own fortune, he understood as well how to spend another man's fortune as if he learned the 'act' in one Common Council. Life to such a man was very like a Mississippi voyage to those on the lookout for a race, consoling themselves with the reflection that the chances of their rival's boiler bursting and blowing them to atoms would be as great as their own. The 'fast man' thought the locomotive 'but a slow coach,' and that the telegraph 'did very well for a beginning.' The 'fast man' of business also looked forward with confident expectation for the arrival of the period when all days of receipt would be brought very near, and all days of payment indefinitely postponed. Look at a higher class of sanguine men—the schemer who erected in the clouds the air-drawn castles of his fancy. Sometimes his schemes it was true, opened up fields upon which men of greater prudence entered and improved to their own and the public advantage, though generally disastrous results attended his wild fanciful speculations. [At this juncture, the light of the gas became nearly extinguished so that the building was in almost complete darkness. The Lecturer jocosely remarked: 'This is surely one of the changes of life; let us wait in hope and with a good spirit.' The light, however, was soon restored, and the Lecturer resumed, and after speaking at some further length in reference to the over sanguine speculative class of men, and observed that the great stumbling block in the way of such men consisted in their totally forgetting the great law of probabilities, making the exception the rule, and not remembering that when men played for a crown disappointment was more likely to be met with than success. In this connection the Lecturer cautioned men of business, or those about to enter upon the bustle of commercial or professional life, from being dazzled by the glare of the great fortunes amassed by the hundred quacks of the day. If young men were apt to look upon quackery show or display as a sure mode of attaining success, let them recollect that cheats were generally detected in the end and that the mass of humbug would explode to the maker's own damage. We were as people too rash and too hopeful; nowhere in the world was moderation so much as in this land of boundless opportunity, with its nervous, restless, impatient, but mighty and indomitable race. But while we prized moderation we should especially guard against timidity. Timidity produces many varieties of 'the mope' among men. In one variety he slumbered away his existence whether asleep or awake, torpid, though not so lean as a wood chuck in winter. Again we found him a *convalescent* in everything lamentable—an epicure banqueting upon miseries—a dealer in bugbears, keeping a caravanserai full of them. An incubus upon the hopeful expectations of the young, such a man was always full of the gloomiest anticipations of the future. He (Mr. O.) did not believe in croaking: man must march through rough places—let him march then by music and not by groans. The lecturer, after touching in eloquent terms upon the incentives that exist to man's presenting a bold front against all the frowns of fortune, proceeded to treat of the duty of man to master the chances of life by energy. Man should, in the first place, consider that he was a something—that God sent him into the world to be a fact: he was sent upon to use his force of thought and to bring the power of his judgment into the field. From whatever quarter contingencies came he was to interrogate them sternly; gathering the treasure wisdom of his race, he was to choose the way of life best fitted for him, preferring to be an efficient somebody, with hands a little rough, than a milkop nobody, with fingers as soft as a girl's. He was to study the science of probabilities not like the gambler, but a student of practical life; he would look before he leaped, and while prepared for mishaps, he would not add himself as one more to the number of those who began life in presumption and ended in despair. The lecturer closed his discourse by a brilliant peroration, in which allusion was made to the examples of men mastering the chances of life, as displayed in the lives of Demosthenes, Webster, Columbus and Shakspeare. We regret that extreme pressure on our space compels us to curtail our report of the latter part of the lecturer's remarks.