

[ORIGINAL.]

## DESTINY.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

They say thou rulest invisible, unseen,  
A mystic power, omnipotent, I woen;  
Aye, it is thou that rules—that guides our course,  
That shapes our reason—gives mind its force,  
Great genius thou: to guide us o'er life's tide,  
To wrack our barque, or bid us safely ride;  
Thou lightest up the beacon by whose blaze  
We journey onward through life's busy maze.  
Thy talismanic voice, electric touch,  
Can make us nothing or can make us much.  
Thy fiat spoken, quick thy lightning spring,  
To mould a beggar or create a king.  
'Tis thou, oh destiny, that mak'st the man,  
Completing that creation had begun.

And what is destiny, hark reason asks?  
The sceptic doubts, but reason only masks;  
And reason answers, but with voice subdued  
From mirth's bright smile or gloom of solitude.

'Tis not the glittering dross of nature's hoard,  
'Tis not the vengeful fiat of the sword,  
'Tis not ambition's will or power's sway,  
A destiny can make or cast away,  
'Tis here—ye sceptics doubt it if ye dare,  
'Tis here—a moment lays the secret bare;  
But gently now, an angel breathes the truth,  
And man conveys it to the ear of youth,  
Alone—a mother's influence can span,  
Can mould, can seal the destiny of man.

Yes, mothers, 'tis your noblest task to fill  
To lead the twig or point the budding will;  
To mould the plastic mind and there to trace  
Those principles no time can e'er efface,  
The germ to foster and its course direct,  
To train each virtue and each vice detect;  
'Tis yours to crouch the mind and bid it swell,  
A candidate for heaven or for hell;  
To mould the embryo soul and bid it wear  
Fair Virtue's impress or a villain's stare.  
And ye may make that soul (a pearl of price)  
For heaven a gift—for hell a sacrifice.  
Ye sow the seeds of principles to be,  
And this, and only this, is destiny.  
Then oh! beware of how the task ye fill,  
Earth may not task your work, but heaven will.  
Oh train the germ, tis ye alone that can  
Implant the principle to make the man.  
A mother's influence must last long hold,  
A mother's teaching life's long page unfold;  
A mother's whispers (once they were your choice,  
But death, cold death, has hushed that sacred voice;  
Aye, long ago—long, long—yet still I hear  
A mother's promptings swelling on my ear);  
Oh mothers, guard them—watch the budding mind,  
A hidden store of mingled health and shroud,  
Oh frame the plant heart with mother's skill,  
With angel wisdom guide th' untutor'd will;  
Sow ye the seeds and watch ye how they shoot,  
Plink up the tares and watch the virtuous foot;  
Care not altho' the structure may seem rude,  
With virtue cherish'd and with vice subdu'd,  
Implant the principle in youth's bright dawn,  
And time and life will lay the varnish on,  
Train ye the youthful mind for virtue's prize,  
And saints will bless you in their native skies;  
Watch ye the budlings of the youthful soul,  
And train its virtues by your mild control,  
Oh train them good, for they in death shall see,  
A MOTHER'S TEACHING IS MAN'S DESTINY.

## MEN AND WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.

Somebody is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of "Father Langley," who is a very sensible old gentleman. The following is his opinion of the present generation:

"Failed, has he! I wonder they don't all fail! For what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of the men and women now-a-days, where is it all to end? Call themselves " Sons of the Pilgrims" do they? I wish in mercy their old grandfathers could see them! They were the true grit—real hearts of oak—but these popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering!—When I was a boy, it used to be the fashion for boys to be apprentices till they learnt their trade; but now they are all bosses! There ain't no boys now-a-days!—They set up for themselves as soon as they are weaned—know enough, sight more than their fathers and grandfathers—you can't tell them anything—they know it all! Their fathers sweated and tugged in the corn field at the tail of a plow, or else over an anvil; but they can't do it! They are far too grand to dirty their fingers! They must wear fine cloth, and shirt collars up to their ears—be made into lawyers, lara docturing, set themselves up as preachers, telling us we ought to do this or that, or else get behind a counter to measure off ribbia and tepe! Smart work for two-fisted men!—Mux, did I say? They ain't worth mor'n half men!—If we go on at this rate, the race will run out by another

generation—we shan't have nothing left but a mixture of coxcomb and monkey!

The women, too, are no better—it is just even!—They are brought up good for nothing under the sun, but to put in a buffet! When I was a boy it wasn't so—the spinning wheel stood in the kitchen, and the Aytub in the corner! They were put to work as soon as they could walk; they didn't have no nursery maid to run after them; their mothers warn't ashamed to tend their own babies! They could sew on a patch, and rock the cradle beside. The gals were good for something in those times—they could spin and weave woolen, linen, lincey woolsey, red and blue, and wear it, too, after it was done! They could eat bean porridge with a pewter spoon, and they were enough sight happier, and better suited, than the gals are now, with their silk gowns, their French messes, and silver forks; yawning and moping about, silly, pale-faced iffings, with nothing to do! SET THEM TO WORK! Set them to work!—Put them at it early! Idleness is the devil's foreman; and no chain is so strong, as the iron chain of habit!—Waits was nobodys fool, I can tell you! He knew what was what. Folks don't stand still here in this world; they are going one way or t'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down! Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no 'Irish gal,' nor 'nigger wench,' to wait upon her! What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant! Adam wasn't nobody, Eve wasn't nobody, they know it all.

But they can't work—they are so delicate—they are 'so weakly!' What has made them weakly? Send off your chamber maids, your cooks, your washer-women; and set your own gals about it! It made smart women of their grandmothers—if the old blood ain't run out, they'll be good for something yet.

It used to be the fashion to be honest; if a man got in debt he tried to pay; if he didn't make an effort, public opinion set a mark upon him; but it ain't so now, he tries not to pay; he'll lie, cheat and steal; (for what better is it than stealing?) and the one that can cheat the fastest is the best fellow! It is astonishing how slippery these fellows are! Slip through the smallest holes—don't make any more of it than a weasel! Just as soon think of catching a fee sapping, as one of them!—They drive fast teams without bit or curb; buy all they can; pay for as little as possible; pocket all they can carry; then fail; make a smash; snap their fingers at their creditors; go to California, or to grass, nobody knows where, and begin again! Good gracious, if some of these fellows had lived forty years ago, they'd have clapped them in prison and shaved their heads!"

VALUABLE ANIMAL.—A trusty house dog is sometimes the best of friends. We have an instance before us. A Mr. Betts, in Sandersford, Massachusetts having gone out on a visit, directed the oldest boy, about ten years old, to place wood under the stove to be in readiness for the morning fire. This the boy did and then went to bed with the other children up stairs. Soon after the fire communicated with the wood, and the faithful spaniel seeing it, went to the room where the boys were three times, barking and howling, before he succeeded in alarming them. The smoke convinced them that the house was on fire, and on going down found the dog scattering the brands with his teeth and paws in every direction.—N. Y. Sun.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES.—Some months ago, at the Royal Institution in London photographic images were obtained of a printed paper fixed upon a wheel which was made to rotate very fast, the light being produced by an electric discharge.

NATURAL COMPASS.—It is a well known fact that in the vast prairies of Texas, a little plant is always to be found which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or a compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

LONG LIVES.—Under the usual head of deaths in the Boston Traveller, last Friday, we find the deaths of 12 persons, accidentally brought together, one of whom has lived ten years over a century; 5 others, 90 years and upwards, 4 upwards of 80 years, and only one under that age. The aggregate age of the whole twelve is one thousand and seventy-nine years, and the average is a fraction short of 90 years.

## THE TRUE AND FALSE IDEAS OF A GENTLEMAN.

A LECTURE, BY THEODORE PARKER.

The lecture at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening was delivered by the Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston. His subject was the " True and False Ideas of a Gentleman." It is, said the lecturer, the aim of the material world to produce and make perfect the creature. Other things have their perfection as well as man, they all serve to perfect him. As nature blossoms in the material man, so society produces the gentleman, or the refined and perfect. As in the material world there is a constant tendency upward, from the lower creature, to man, so there is in society a constant tendency from the rude to the cultivated. Few is a harmonious development of all their powers, but rather types of overgrown particularities—thus St. Bernard was so great a Saint, that he could keep no iron on his bones; he could not look upon woman; but that if he did he might be tempted to forget that he was a saint. Thus, while he gained the character of a saint he lost that of a man. Leander was another of these great exaggerations. Some men are good for nothing more; all their manhood has been turned into deaconhood; newly married couples are but human love, not loving men and confiding women. In proportioned bodies we do not admire the parts, but the whole. In the Greek statues of the lower gods, the peculiarities were prominent—the whole was sacrificed to the part; while in the statues of the higher gods the whole is carefully proportioned; so the gentleman of the higher order of man—the perfect whole. Thus a false and a true idea of a gentleman. The one is a vulgar gentleman, and the lecturer drew a picture of class Money, and nothing but money, make up the vulgar gentility. But to this there are two or three cautions; the miser may be rich but he is not counted among the vulgar gentel. The gentel-vulgar man must stoop to labor; his hands must be free from toil; his a disqualifying circumstance, and takes all the vulgar gentel out of the would-be gentleman. Vulgar gentility consists in costly houses, splendid equipage, furniture, in having leisure time and the kind of money brings. It matters little how the money was obtained, so that you have it. To be a vulgar gentleman, you need not have intellect or taste, or refinement in intellect, in morality, in affection, in sympathy, would take you out of the pale of vulgar gentel. No reformer can be thought gentel by the vulgar any city of the Union. Vulgar gentility never goes out—it is lasting—permanent. Though as in the case of a miser, it may be dormant for one or two generations, it is still there, and, like the gout, will some day show itself. The vulgar gentleman must have manners, but they must not be the native, artless grace of a child, nor the natural grace of manhood—not the manners of the individual—but of the class. The vulgar gentleman must bow to a lord, but may kick a peasant in the street; he can put on and take off his manners as we turn on and shut off the gas at our public gatherings. The vulgar man is the subordinate of his own class—you never think of the man but of his riches—he is eclipsed by his own gaslight. You eat his dinner, you think of them—not of him who provides them. He has no ideas of his own—the popular press makes his religion, and the party paper makes his political opinions. Having thus sketched the character of the vulgar gentel man, the lecturer next examined the gentleman's development of the grub to the full-grown beetle. A young man comes from the country to the large city to make his fortune, he comes with a few dollars, and good principles and correct ideas, and youth, industry and perseverance. From the laborer on the wheel at the stable, he grows to the clerk and the silent partner—the "& Company," that we see on signs—then the junior, and thence the senior partner, until he becomes rich, and he is known as the wealthy Mr. and So. But while he has thus been growing rich, his purse has been expanding, his manhood has been contracting. When he started in the world he had a shilling and a tear for poverty; now he is rich, he might as well try to get a tear and a shilling from a monument on Bunker Hill, as from him. Once he went to church to see God, now he goes that he may be seen of men. As he has gone up from nothing to the corner of wealth, his morals have gone down from the same height to the nothing of selfishness. The lecturer showed the changes through which the man passes as his wealth accumulates, from the time when he