

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Oh, Heavenly Father, by that name
Which thou hast chosen, e'en above
Those which thy boundless power proclaim;
That name of mercy and of love,
Which bids us all our wishes speak,
Our woes impart, our wants declare,
Let me address thee now, and seek
To utter thus a Mother's Prayer:

Grant, Heavenly Father, to my child,
A heart submissive to thy will;
Thankful for good, and reconcil'd
By love to every seeming ill;
Still may it tell and understand,
That all alike thy love declare,
The cheering smile, the chaste'ning hand;
Oh, answer thus a Mother's Prayer.

Guide, Heavenly Father, guide its feet
Far from ambition's dang'rous height;
The throne where Virtue keeps her seat,
Be this its homage and delight;
Preserve its steps, in thoughtless youth,
From Pleasure's flower-concealed snare;
Direct them to the paths of Truth,
In answer to a Mother's Prayer.

Keep, Heavenly Father, keep its heart,
Pure, humble, ardent, and sincere;
Teaching the hand when to impart,
The eye to shed the pitying tear;
With virtuous fortitude supplied,
Undazzled by the tinsel glare
Of Fashion, Folly, and of Pride;
Oh, answer thus a Mother's Prayer.

Spar'd, Heavenly Father, may I be,
To mark a while its rising sun,
If so it seemeth good to Thee;
If not, thy better will be done:

This, then, the only boon I crave,
Grant that my child these gifts may share,
And thank thee, on a mother's grave,
For answering thus a Mother's prayer.

[Selected.]

From the New Yorker.

THOUGHTS.

They tell me that Hope is a meteor bright,
That plays over Youth's troubled ocean—
That her rays will be quenched in Despondency's
And the heart will but rue its devotion; [night,
Ah! then, let me cherish her light as it glows—
Let me bask in her beams' cloudless splendor;
And when they shall fade like the tints of the rose,
One sigh shall mark their surrender!

They tell me that Life is a circle of woes,
Where the joys that so fondly we cherish,
But dazzle our eyes as their beauties disclose,
Then speedily wither and perish:

Ah! then, let me seize them while fleeting so fast,
Let me quaff at their pure crystal fountain;
And when the parched stream shall ebb from me at
I'll tol up Adversity's mountain.

They tell me that Death is a palsying doom—
A bright on our happiness ever—
That the pathways of Earth do but lead to the tomb,
That Sea of Life's turbulent river:

Ah, well! let me husband the hours that are given,
To win but my heart from its errors,
Then placidly trust me to Mercy and Heaven,
And smile at Future's terrors.

Hope bear me aloft on thy venturous wing—
May thy spell from my spirit fade never!

Life! still to thy joys shall this sanguine heart cling
Till their light shall have fled me forever:
For all! who would yield to the phantoms of sorrow,
And mantle his soul in their sadness,
When Earth shall yet glow in the light of to-morrow,
And Nature awake in her gladness? H. O.

From the New York Mirror.

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LATE TRAVELLER TO THE MOON.

By J. K. Paulding.

One of our most inexorable philanthropists being desirous of bettering the condition of the enlightened subjects of the man in the moon, or, in case they did not require his good offices, getting some valuable hints for the use of the good people of this world, lately made a journey to that planet. How he contrived to get there, I cannot say, nor is it necessary to explain, since every body knows philanthropists can attempt, if not perform, impossibilities. His journal has accidentally fallen into our hands, and we make the following extracts for the benefit of all philosophers, philanthropists, and seekers after perfectability. Well has it been said that man is everywhere the same, since it will appear from these quotations that the inhabitants of the moon, where all the lost wits of the people of the earth are preserved for the benefit of the moonshiners, it would seem, are not much wiser than their neighbors. We shall only notice such portions of this interesting journal, as seem to exhibit the singular coincidence between people, who, in all probability, never had any intercourse whatever with each other. Philosophers, who are good at tracing the origin of nations, will find strong grounds for believing that the inhabitants of the earth must have originally descended from the people of the moon.

Our traveller remained in the moon a sufficient time to acquire the language, which is exceedingly figurative, sometimes a little obscure, and resembles, he says, very much, the fashionable poetry of the day. What was somewhat remarkable, and strengthened the resemblance, he observed that the less a man had to say, the more words he used, and the less he understood his subject, the more he had to say for himself. The government of the moon is one of laws, founded on reason; yet our traveller found to his astonishment, that according as he conversed with a moonite, or anti-moonite, as the two great parties were called, almost every thing was contrary to reason; that is to say, the moonites denounced all the acts of the anti-moonites as unreasonable, and the anti-moonites returned the compliment with interest. The origin of these two parties dates far back in the history of the moon, and is somewhat singular. It is stated, though we can hardly believe it, that the distinction arose from a contest who should carry their *h's* the highest. The inhabitants in consequence, all walk on tiptoe, and their necks are almost as long as cranes. In process of time, it came to pass that all the tall men became moonites, and all the little men, anti-moonites, and so they continue to this day. The former, though fewer in number, claim the government of the moon on the score of holding their heads the highest, and the latter on account of their superior numbers. Once a year the two parties meet, and like the terrapins of Madison's Island, have a great contest who shall look down on the other; after which they go quietly about their affairs, and find fault with the government of their own choice.

Every question in the moon is settled on principle, that is to say, by the rule of profit and loss. They seldom inquire whether a measure of the government is consonant to ancient laws and usages, or whether it conforms to the settled principles of the constitution; for our traveller says they have constitution, which is always interpreted by the rule of profit and loss. They inquire first whether any money is to be gained or lost by the measure, and decide accordingly. He visited the legislative-hall, and found that in every question the members all took out their tablets of arithmetic, and began to cipher away at a great rate. On one occasion, a measure, which every body said deeply concerned, not only the honor of the nation, but the welfare of posterity, was prematurely arrested by an old member, who was considered the best calculator in the assembly, and

it would involve a dead loss of six moon-beams, which are equivalent to about as many of our paper dollars. Therupon the honor of the nation, and the welfare of posterity, were both turned out of the house by the sergeant-at-arms.

Our traveller conversed with several persons, whose sole occupation, consisted in "bettering mankind," for this class of men abound in the moon, and found that they had adopted many ingenious theories, which he is determined to naturalize among us, if possible. Their favorite and fashionable doctrine at present is, that the increase of crime demands a mitigation of punishments; and that these punishments will have a much greater "moral influence" —a favorite phrase of the philanthropists of the moon—by being inflicted in secret, where nobody can be seduced by the example. They are convinced by their own arguments, that seeing a man hanged for murder, very often allures the spectator to commit the same crime, from mere curiosity to ascertain how it feels to be suspended in the air, without any thing to stand upon. These bettering men, have discovered a new principle in human nature, namely, that what we see does not make half the impression as that produced by what we know nothing about. The senses are not considered the medium of our impressions, by the philosophers and philanthropists of the moon.

These two classes of people are continually employed in the introduction of new improvements in society, and new means of securing the happiness of the moonshiners, who they say are already the happiest & most enlightened people in the universe. This our traveller thought rather unreasonable, inasmuch as they ought to be satisfied with this superiority. On intimating this notion to some of these bettering men, they turned their backs rather significantly, and muttered something about perfectibility.

One day, walking out in the square of the city, where the man in the moon kept his state, he found a great mob pelting the old gentleman with old shoes, rotten eggs and other unseemly missiles. On inquiring the cause of this demonstration, he was told they had nothing particular against him, only they were afraid he would be rather too comfortable in his situation, in comparison with themselves, and merely wished to produce a proper equality between the people and their rulers. Every moonshiner, they said, was a sovereign, and therefore they ought to be all upon a footing with each other. Our traveller asked them why they did not occasionally pelt each other, to keep up the distribution of political justice; but they said that altered the case.

On another occasion he was present at a large meeting of the wheat growers of the moon, to petition the legislature against the planting of potatoes, for both these are of universal production in the moon as well as on earth. The ground they assumed, was that the growing of potatoes interfered with the consumption, and of course the price of wheat. He thought them rather unreasonable, but going on a little farther, he encountered another large meeting of potato growers, who were passing furious resolutions against the growers of wheat, because they lowered the price of potatoes. Diamond cut diamond, thought our traveller—fit for tat; I suppose this is the way they preserve the union among the moonshiners. He hinted his doubts of the success of such a course, but they all swore they were doing nothing more than asserting their unalienable rights.

Notwithstanding the perfect equality boasted of among the moonshiners, our traveller was surprised to find that they, in fact, possessed nothing but the theory. The great body politic seemed split up into a vast number of little body politicks, each enjoying certain exclusive privileges, such as coining money, alias issuing paper promises, making turnpikes and rail roads, building bridges, and charging the rest of the people for passing over bad roads and bridges, always out of repair. All these petty sovereigns were exercising powers, and possessing privileges, which the rest of the moonshiners were debarred from by the laws. He pointed out this incongruity to a person who was boasting of their equal rights, but he was soon silenced by his triumphantly asking, "does not the constitution declare we are all equal!"

The moonshiners have abundance of steamboats, and boast of being the first inventors of these combustible machines. But the progress of human inventions, as our traveller well observes, is almost impossible to trace, and therefore he waives all controversy as to the undoubted claim of his own country. On one occasion a steamboat blew up, which accident was fatal to a member of the legislature. Upon this, that body set themselves to work to find out the cause, which all wise legislators consider fully equivalent to a cure. They all agreed was owing to the difficulty of governing steam, which is called vapour among the moonshiners, and passed a law with only one dissenting voice, denouncing the penalty of perpetual imprisonment against vapour. This was, after a debate of more than six moons, which cost the people a hundred thousand moonshine dollars in delivering, and twice as much for printing.

During his sojourn in the moon, the period for which the old man in the moon was chosen being elapsed, an unexpected difficulty occurred. They could find nobody to accept of the office, for the last incumbent had been so abused, calumniated and vilified, that all the moonshiners swore they had rather stand in the pillory, than to be set up as a mark for universal abuse. Several unfortunate candidates were soundly beaten by the moonshiners, for refusing the honor of being the ruler of a people so enlightened that they would not submit to any thing, and the whole government was at a stand. Fortunately, however, they got hold of a man who was deaf and dumb, and could neither read nor write, who, making no opposition, was unanimously chosen. Our traveller remained some months in the moon after this election, and declares that things went on, for all he could see, just as well as ever.

The moonshiners, he says, delighted him with their propensity to charitable institutions. He says the women don't mind robbing their own husbands and children, to give to those of other people. In one place particularly, he found that they were all living on charity, which he thought very delightful, till he was assured that they were all starving to death. This puzzled him not a little at first, until it occurred to him that in order to enable people to live without labor, it was necessary that somebody should labor for them.

Travelling one day in the interior of a province called Moonchange, he was surprised to see a great crowd of people working with all their might to turn the course of a great river, and inquiring the reason, was informed that the bottom of a river, being naturally an inclined plane, was the finest place in the world for a rail-road. Our traveller rather smiled at this, but was fain to make precipitate retreat, when he heard them consulting about the propriety of throwing him neck and heels into the river, as an enemy to internal improvements. He says, that on his first arrival in the moon, he heard so much about these matters, that he one day complimented a moonshiner, on the attention they paid to the improvement of the mind, which was what he understood by internal improvement.

"Improvement of mind," replied the other— "pshaw! what is that, compared to the improvement of roads and river?"

He naturally thought that this system of perpetual progression in internal improvements, must be a great public blessing, until one day in his travels, he came across a whole district of country, the inhabitants of which were crying and wringing their hands. They had spent all their money in digging a canal, and now a knot of enterprising, public spirited rascals had cut them out of their profits by a rail road. He comforted them as well as he could, by predicting that if paper money only held out, they would in a few years have the satisfaction of seeing the rail road cut out by an incorporated line of bal-

loons. Upon this they wiped their eyes, and went quietly about their business.

In the course of his peregrinations, our traveller being a mighty inquisitive person, visited some of the state prisons; for that system, too, is claimed as the invention of the moonshiners, and was delighted to see how much better clothed, lodged and fed, the rogues were than honest men, in the moon. He naturally concluded such examples would operate very powerfully in the prevention of crime, and the great object of bettering mankind. But he was a little alarmed when, on conversing with the honest tradesmen in the country round, he found they were all talking about the expediency of doing something to entitle them to a participation in the advantages of the state prison system. They assured him that the rogues could afford to work so much cheaper in the prison, having every thing found them, and no families to maintain, that they undersold the honest men in the market, and threw them entirely out of business. Our traveller shrugged up his shoulders, and could not help thinking to himself it was not quite so easy as he supposed, to better the condition of mankind.

In the course of his travels through the southern section of the moon, he came to a place where the blacks had just finished a general massacre of all the white people, men, women and children, with the exception of one white man who stood weeping over the scene. Hereupon, he condolled with him on this dreadful catastrophe.

"You are mistaken," replied the other, "I am a member of the immediate Abolition Society, and these are tears of joy at the triumph of reason and humanity I have just witnessed. I am in hopes it will operate as a great example, and thus, in a few years, rid our country of this stain upon its character."

This was rather beyond the philanthropy of our traveller, and he turned away, thinking how common it was for mankind to sacrifice the principles of religion to religion, and the feelings of humanity to humanity.

CUFFEE'S LECTURE ON PHENOLOGY.

I can up here ladies and gentlemen, of color, to prop to your satisfaction, dat black folks no more inferior to white, dan cat-fish to a whetstone oyster. Color and complexion hab no more 'feet' on da faculties, den my knuckles hab on big Joe's cranium. We nigger to be share—but what ob dat!

"D'you rose will smell as sweet by any oder name?" You tink, 'cause a brack snake is brack, he no snake at all! and if he be a snake, you tink 'cause he brack, he can't charm birds wid de same felicity as toder snakes! if any ob you tink so, by de goss-hum you must be a fool! dat's all I got to say.

Well, den, if complectum hab no fluence ober de intellect, you nink brack man's skull inside same like white man's! I tell you for sartin, dat it is. Suppose you take two pumpkins, one ob dem a *clod-sod*, and toddler a *spawrod*, dey no look so much alike do dey? Well, you degree den, dat de shape be no more like, den toad widout a tail; but I tell you what—take a nife and cut um open, and if you don't discover de terior conformatio to be cisely as like as two peas, tell me what you gib to know.

Natur sometimes plays trango fleeks; some folks, she make wid long heads, an some wid short; some she make hollow, an some as full as water mellon; some she make tick up high like sugar-loap, and some she flat like a hoe-cake. What for you grin, Cato? You tink I lude to you? Guess you pretty much mistaken. Shut your mouf, nigger; your head as round as West India coconut.

Well den, ladies and gemmen, you see, dat brack person's head, like white person's hab a variety ob shape, it be ebry ting but square. Being, den, in complectum ob de same qualities and features dextorioly, I guess its reasonable to spouse, dat both brack and white head, hab de same qualities infernally. Now upon this hypothesis don't you tink de moonshiners were exercising powers, and possessing privileges, which the rest of the moonshiners were debarred from by the laws. He pointed out this incongruity to a person who was boasting of their equal rights, but he was soon silenced by his triumphantly asking, "does not the constitution declare we are all equal!"

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Now ladies and gemmen, afore I proceed no furder, I shall go on wid my leeshum, by illustrating de theory ob freeeedomg by a zaminshaw ob the cranium ob any dat fel dexpsoed to larn de natur ob your talents. Will you please to step forward, Mr. O. Cato Johnshum? Humph!—you got almost too much wool ober your cranium. Your head clean, spouse!

Now my hearers, dis is a head; you see dat bump just under de *okiput!* Golly! It is a mighty big one, too! Cato, I no doubt you do de Columbian Shositye some service! Dat is de orgum of philoprogenitiveness; spouse you all know what dat is, so no splain him to you. You, see dis ere lump behind he ear! Ah ha! Gibbs de pirate, hab dat berry prominent. Cato, you look out you no get into his wicked scrape: dey say you go de watchous ebry night mos. Dat's de orgum of combattiveness. Now, you, see dis right ober de two eyes! He look very good; guess you play de fiddle, my frens, I've gotten a female subject. What your principal failing, Miss Broadlip?

Miss Broadlip—To dance at maria Julian's shiny's, sir. I know so, for he's de orgum ob *shabbiness* fully enveloped; but I guess you hab more as one failing!

I tell you what, dis is no scratch of a bumb; dont you hab to fix yourself same like a fine lady! Chah! I know you do, for I neber seed de orgum ob *dunderbitteness* so clearly laid open afore in no head.

Miss Broadlip—Law, doctor Phil. Brown made that a bump.

Humph! Den Phil Brown is no gemmen to trike you on de berry organ you hab so much reason to be proud ob. Ladies and gemmen, I will enter into your de science to-morrow night.

Tank you for your very kind tencence.

MISS BROADLIP—To the moon, I am bound to go, and I will be back to-morrow night.

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