

## FOR THE SPECTATOR.

From a Brother in Texas, to his Sister in Staunton, Virginia.

Though many a month has o'er me pass'd,  
And none from bitter change was free,  
Yet lives one thought—'twill die the last—  
Dear Sister, 'twas the thought of thee!

Earth and the loves of earth are vain,  
But ours is registered above;  
And Lucy, neither time nor pain  
Have shook thy brother's early love.

I see the parting moment yet,  
I hear thy gentle voice decay—  
Oh! how shall I the tear forget  
That from thy cheek I kissed away?

We parted—many a look I cast,  
To see thee lingering on the hill;  
Then far from home and thee I pass'd,  
Yet staid in spirit with thee still.

We loved when hearts were holy things,  
And though my locks are scattered now,  
And Time, try on his softest wing,  
Will touch thy crimson cheek with snow.

And though our early love be gone,  
And life with slower pulses move—  
Come to my heart till life is done,  
Thou idol of a Brother's love!

Mississippi, Dec. 10, 1839.

R. J. E.

## FOR THE SPECTATOR.

Another Sabbath has closed—all the duties of the sanctuary are over, and the different family circles have formed around the cheerful fire. The hands of some open the book of God, and perform the last holy services of the Sabbath, some criticize the sermons to which they have listened, others discourse on the ordinary topics of the day, and others again still worse employed than the latter, indulge a mind which is ever active, and a heart which knows no limit to its complaints, inveigh against the dispensations of the Creator, and daringly question that wisdom, which they can neither fathom or comprehend. Presumptuous being! You have visited where most you could feel, you have been made to know by sad experience the uncertainty of all earthly things; but then you have learned that this is not the abiding place of man, that this is a world of trouble and trial, that no earthly object can satisfy an immortal mind, and that unsullied bliss is reserved for immortality. These things we all know, but to see and realize them properly, is wisdom. But why should man complain! Even upon the supposition that he has but little to cheer, enlighten and animate his path, when he knows these things are but for a season, and that his "light afflictions, on certain conditions, will work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But who can say he has nothing to beautify and make smooth the rugged footsteps of life? However afflicted man may be, and however darkly and closely adversity may seem to follow and surround him, yet there are some bright spots in his temporal career, and around these his fancy should delight to dwell; and here, he should dwell and contemplate the goodness of his God in granting even these, when in justice, he might have been deprived of every thing. What is the worth of human philosophy, if it will not direct its destroying shafts against the evils of life, as the enemy of man, and will not rally around a single comfort, as a source of happiness? And why present the religion of the bible to him, if it will not enable him to see in his slightest enjoyment, the goodness and mercy of his Creator, and in his every affliction, the chastening hand of a father? Human philosophy has no value, if it can render no aid to enjoyment, and religion no excellence, unless it can administer comfort in adversity, and excite gratitude and praise in prosperity. Human philosophy has its advantages, the bible and its doctrines are worth every thing. There is a moral grandeur and sublimity in contemplating the spirit of God, as he exerts his mighty influence over mind, in softening the feelings, subduing the passions, encouraging the virtues, and elevating the immortal intellect, above the flitting objects which surround it, to scenes of unchanging and eternal bliss. And there is something, perhaps, still more astonishing, wonderful and sublime in the contemplation, that God, by His same spirit, exerts his power for good, even over those who will not admit his influence. The philosopher in his meditations, acknowledges no higher power than his own intellect; and as he strides along through universal nature, culling a flower here and blunting a thorn there; lightening human woes, and heightening his enjoyments, vainly supposes it is all the result of his own intellect. Whatever may be the means by which he acquired this enviable state of mind, it will be readily admitted, to mitigate pain, increase enjoyment and make the former, so far as can be, contribute to elevate the latter, which is the perfection of reason.

Whatever may be the effect produced on other minds by such reflections, on my own it is a happy one. I am not free from murmuring spirit, and when disposed to complain, among other things, I look around me, and abroad at the multitude, who have far more cause to murmur than myself; and ask who made me to differ? While I am seated in a comfortable room, with a cheerful fire, to defend me from the "eager and nipping" blasts of the pitiless storm, with raiment and food in abundance, many others are shivering under a few embers, in some lone and cheerless hut, clad with nothing but rags to breast the dread and gloomy winter, and perhaps not knowing whence they are to receive the next morsel of bread. These personal differences exist in the world, and whatever may be either the immediate or remote cause, we may individually see in them much to excite our highest gratitude for what we enjoy, and to encourage our untiring perseverance in every thing that is laudable.

And we, as a people, although we have a right to complain of misdeeds, and have a perfect right to resist and put it down by every fair and honorable means, yet we have too much intelligence and strength to despond, and are too highly favored as a Nation to complain. No Country on earth, can boast of the same amount of blessings that we enjoy. And although the practical operations of our Government have not been what we could wish them, and although we have among us some causes of trouble, yet our civil and religious institutions have been for more than half a century, a living monument of praise to free Governments. We are the boast of Republics, the terror of crowned heads, and the admiration of the world. With all our demagogical spirit, and the cor-

ruption that has existed for years in the powers that be, yet in no other government, can you find the same amount of combined excellence.

With intelligence, they who govern themselves, will do it well. They may not always know the right, and may be deluded by designing men, but there can be no permanency in delusion. There is a redeeming virtue in the "public mind. Although it may for a time, be clouded by error and steered to truth, yet truth is gigantic and will prevail. The principle of right is eternal, and must ever be the permanent rallying point of intelligence, integrity and justice. Fanatics have done their mischief, but their reign is turbulent and short-lived. The dishonest have practiced their frauds, but "truth will out." Corrupt demagogues have their mighty sway, but retributive justice awaits them. No man should despond. The Christian has his doubts, and he is sometimes driven almost to despair, but if he will look only steadfastly through the clouds that overshadow his mind, to the polar star of his hope, however dimly he may see it, darkness will be dissipated, and light when it again illumines his clouded intellect, will only present the brighter lustre, and show him the more strikingly the folly of despondency. The shipwrecked mariner in the wide ocean, in his desperate effort for life, snatches the plank as his only hope. He sees nothing but the mighty deep, anticipates a watery grave, and gives up all for lost, yet still he clings to his floating plank, and the Leviathan passes by and rescues him from death. No man can tell what a day may bring forth. Scripture is replete with lessons of encouragement—the world abounds in examples of the folly of yielding, and we at this day enjoy inestimable blessings won by firmness and resolution. What should be our present condition as a nation, if the band of patriots of '76, when they were tracking the desert with their own blood, had yielded to fear, suffering and self-denial? And with such noble spirits before us, shall we despair? When they, at such cost, won the laurel that now encircles our National brow, as a memento of their firmness, shall we cease to contend for civil and constitutional right, against unhalloved usurpation? Shall we not still strive to perpetuate that which our ancestors purchased so dearly, and which we have inherited as their offspring? The clouds may present a dark and portentous aspect—the fiery elements may thunder and rage and alarm our fears, but he who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm," speaks, and all is calm, and the sun throws out his lovely beams to admonish our want of faith. He who rules the natural world is the God of Nations. He who ruled a people to be free, can perpetuate freedom. Things in the moral world may excite our fears and our forebodings, but they can never deprive us of hope. It is this that admonishes fear, presents brightness in futuro, and prompts to vigorous effort. And whatever we may have seen of error, profligacy and corruption, and whatever may have been the anticipated result, our hopes are now revived. Light has sprung up in the East, and we have only to look and march to it. Before the coming of the Saviour, with reverence I make the allusion, various were the opinions as to what his character would be. Different persons had their different views, desires and fears—far the greatest number misapprehended his character, and were disappointed; and Christendom now rejoices and praises the living God that all delusion is dissipated. We have looked with anxiety to an event which was to form a new era in our National affairs. Our wise men were to assemble. The North, the South, the East and the West, were to send up their wisdom and strength. Each had his views and his favorite, and no one could foretell the result. All was intense interest, hope and fear; yet all were firm in purpose. The time arrived, action was had, many were disappointed, yet a Nation yields obedience. Prospects ahead begin to brighten. Despondency now is madness, union and effort, a redeeming virtue.

That talented and venerable body of men, who breathed the winter's storms in their country's cause, to meet their compatriots at Harrisburg, disappointed my hopes, but now Wm. Henry Harrison is my candidate for the Presidency in 1840. With combined effort he will relieve us from misrule. So far as we have been informed through the press, all is acquiescence and firmness, and the Whigs are determined to rally around the Hero of many battles. And he who has fought and conquered our common enemy, is to displace intrigue and corruption, and restore public confidence. Whigs are encouraged—the misnamed democrats fear and tremble, and our country begins to smile. The battle has begun and success is ours. We have the moral and physical strength. Combined effort is certain victory.—Who can, who will dare refuse? Can we, who were for Clay, be lukewarm and indifferent, when he, the bright star of America, has directed his noble mind and mighty influence for his country and Harrison, rather than himself? Can we see him willingly and cheerfully sacrifice himself for justice, and do less than our leader? Never. If we cannot have him for our ruler, we will follow him as our leader. And he who has spent his strength for his country—he who has been the civilian victor, shall now be our General, to lead us to battle for our victor in arms. And with such a man to command—such a cause to advocate—we expect every man to do his duty. Christians with different names worship the same God, fight the same enemy, and in one sense, march under the same banner to the haven of rest. So let us, what ever may be our different views and predilections, acknowledge but one common cause and one common enemy, march under one common banner, to battle and to victory.

You are at liberty, Mr. Editor, if you choose, to give the above article a place in your columns. If your readers should be at a loss to know how I got from the sabbath and sanctuary privileges, touching human philosophy, theology &c., to the presidential election, I can tell them with me it was an easy matter. If they have any difficulty in tracing the same path, it is not my fault. And if some should think it was not proper employment for the Sabbath night, to such I would say, that if I did conclude the article the night I commenced, it is no fault of theirs. Criticize as they choose, I will not complain; and if the thoughts are worth nothing, they can be set aside as such; if they are of any value, and this will not be denied, although they have no claims to originality, and may be crudely thrown together, I hope they may be dwelt upon, and carried out with profit.

BLANKS—Deeds, Constables' and Sheriffs' Blanks, Bonds, Notes, &c. for sale at this office.

Virginia Scrivener  
For sale at this office. \$3 Merchants supplied on commission, on liberal terms.

## COUNTING-HOUSE ALMANAC, For 1840.

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