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The Cambridge Chronicle.

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Poetry

[For the Chronicle.]

UNION OF SPIRITS.

Oh! that in unfettered union,
Spirit could with spirit blend;
Oh, that in unseen communion,
Thought will hold a distant friend.
Oft a strange mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefined,
O'er my lonely musings stealing,
Will impress my pensive mind.

When at Mercy's footstool bending
I have felt a sacred glow,
Faith and hope to heaven ascending,
Love still lingering here below;
Oft a thought has quite impressed me,
That some friend was there at prayer,
Or a wish at least possessed me,
That one could my feelings share.

Laws unknown, but laws quite certain,
Kindred spirits can control;
But what hand can lift the curtain,
And recall the human soul.
Dimly through life's vapor seeing,
Who but longs for light to break?
From this feverish dream of being,
When, oh when, shall we awake?

But that unknown hour is hast'ning,
Spirit shall with spirit blend;
Fast mortality is wasting,
Soon the secret all shall end.
Let then thought hold sweet communion,
Let us breathe the mutual prayer,
Till in heaven's eternal union,
We shall greet each other there.

CAMBRIDGE, SEP. 2, 1846. W******.

Select Miscellany.

[From the New York Observer.]

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS:—MOUNT CALVARY.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

Mount Calvary Comes last in the list of "Sacred Mountains," and by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur and the intense glory that beams from its summit, is worthy to complete the immortal group. Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heaven of heavens. The angels hover round the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scale its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even an immortal wing. The Divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth and depth and heighth.

What associations cluster around Mount Calvary! what mysteries hover there, and what revelations it maks to the awe struck beholder! Mount Calvary! at the mention of that name the universe thrills with a new emotion, and heaven trembles with a new anthem in which pity and exultation mingle in strange yet sweet accord. Glory and brightness are on that hill-top, and shall be to the end of time, but there was a morning when gloom and terror crowned it, and heaven itself, all but God the Father gazed on it in wonder, if not in consternation.

The strange and painful scene in the garden had passed by, and the shameful examination in the lighted chamber of the high priest was over. Insult and contempt had marked every step of the villainous proceedings, till at length one wretch more impious than the rest advanced and struck Christ in the face. The cheek reddened to the blow, but not with anger or shame; yet methinks as the sound of that buffet was borne on high, there was a rustling of myriad wings, as angels started from their listening attitude, waiting the thunderbolt that should follow.

This too passed by, and also the second mockery of a trial in Pilate's hall; and the uprisen sun was flashing down on the towers and domes of Jerusalem, and the vast population was again abroad, thronging every street. But a few took any interest in the fate of Jesus of Nazareth, yet those few were filled with the bitterest hate. The victim was now in their power—given up to their will, and they commenced the bloody scene they were to enact, by spitting in his face and striking his unresisting cheek with blow after blow. To give greater force to their insults, they put a crown on his head made of thorns, and mocked him with sarcastic words, and strove with fiendish skill to irritate him into some sign of anger or complaint. After having exhausted their ingenuity, and failing in every endeavor, they led him away to be crucified.

It was a bright and beautiful day when a train passed out of the gates of Jerusalem, and began to ascend the slope of Mount Calvary. The people paused a moment as the procession moved boisterously along the streets, then making some careless remark about the fate of fanatics, passed on. The low and base of both sexes turned and joined the company, and with jokes and laughter, hurried on to the scene of excitement. Oh, how unsympathizing did nature seem: the vine and fig tree shed their fragrance around—the breeze whispered nothing but love and tranquility, while the blue and bending arch above seemed delighted with the beauty and verdure the spread-out earth presented. The birds were singing in the gardens, all reckless of the roar and jar of the great city near, as Jesus passed by in the midst of the mob. His face was colorless as marble, save where the blood trickled down his cheeks from the thorns that pierced his temples; his knees trembled beneath him, though not with fear, and he staggered on under the heavy timber that weighed him down, till at last he fainted. Nature gave way, and he sunk to the earth, while the hue of death passed over his countenance. When the sudden rush around him, caused by his fall, had subsided, the cross, or rather *cross piece*, which he had carried was given to another, and the procession again took up the line of march. But suddenly over the confused noise of the throng and rude shouts of the mob, there came a wild lament. Friends were following after, whose sick Christ had healed, whose wounded hearts he had bound up, and on whose pathway of darkness he had shed the light of heaven, and now they lifted up their voices in one long, mournful cry. He turned at the sound and listened a moment, then murmured in mournful accents: "*Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, your wives and your children.*" Jerusalem on fire suddenly rose to his vision, together with its famine-struck and bloated population, staggering and dying around the empty market places—the heaps of the dead that loaded the air with pestilence, and all the horror and woe and carnage of that last dreadful seige; and forgetful of his own suffering, he exclaimed, "*Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children.*"

At length the procession reached the hill-top, and Christ was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven fastening them to the wood. Me-thinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons, and behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to rend above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands, and the cross piece inserted into the mortice of the upright timber, and a heavy iron crushed through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die. Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—of the multitude around him, or of the disgrace of that death. Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of the victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the *soul*, as every aid, human and divine withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his benevolent heart did not forget its friends.—Looking down from the cross he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice, he turned to John, who had so often lain in his bosom, and said, "Son, behold thy mother." Then turning to his mother, he said, "*Behold thy son.*" His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint—the mocking—the spitting upon—the cross, the nailes and the agony—but now came a woe that broke his heart. *His father's—his own father's frown began to darken upon him.* Oh, who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight. It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it; and as the cry "*My God, my God, why hast* THOU *forsaken me?*" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm. The earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. That was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Saviour, and he fell before it.—*Christ was dead*: and to all human appearance the world was an orphan.

How heaven regarded this disaster, and the universe felt at the sight, I cannot tell. I know not but tears fell like rain-drops from angelic eyes, when they saw Christ spit upon and struck. I know not but there was silence on high for *more* than "half an hour," when the scene of the crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken save by the solitary sound of some harp string on which unconsciousness fell the agitated trembling fingers of seraph. I know not but all the radiant ran[illegible] high, and even Gabriel himself turned w[illegible] deepest solicitude to the Father's face, [illegible]ue if he was calm and untroubled amid [illegible]al. I know not but his composed brow and serene majesty were all that restrained heaven from one universal shriek of horror, when they heard groans on Calvary, *dying* groans. I know not but they thought God had "given his glory to another;" but one thing I do know—that when they saw through the vast design, comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout that never before rung over their bright tops, and the crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST," was a "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

Yet none of the heavenly cadences reached the earth, and all was sad, dark and despairing around Mt. Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder had created vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slained change came over the feelings of the multitude and they began one by one to return to the city. The sudden darkness also, that wrapped the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake which made those three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in a tempest, had sobered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such supernatural exhibitions. Gradually the noise and confusion around the hill-top receded down the slopes—the shades of evening began to creep over the landscape, throwing into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood—and all was over. No not now, for the sepulchre was yet to open, and the slain Christ was to mount the heaven of heavens in his glorious ascension.

I will not speak of the moral grandeur of the atonement—of the redemption purchased by the agony and death on Calvary, for they are familiar to all. Still they constitute the greatness and value of the whole. It is the atonement that makes Mount Calvary chief among the "Sacred Mountains"—gives it such altitude that no mortal eye can scan its top, or bear the full effulgence of its glory. Paul called on his young disciples to summon their strongest energies and bend their highest efforts to comprehend the "length and breadth and depth and height" of this stupendous theme—"a length which reaches from everlasting to everlasting; a breadth that encompasses every intelligence and every interest; a depth which reaches the lowest state of human degradation and misery; and *a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Johovah.*"

MAHOMETAN REFORMATION.

There is at this moment a silent but great revolution progressing among the followers of Mahomet in Turkey which in time may spread itself all over Asia, and produce wonderful changes in the sentiments of Musselmen toward Christianity, and all other faiths. It is a triumph, bloodless but certain and practical, over fanaticism: and it appears to be clearing the way in that very interesting quarter of the world, for the fulfilment of prophecies which many have read with inattention, but many with deep and abiding concern. The religion of Mahomet was a religion of the sword. He impressed it upon his followers to carry that religion through every part of the globe. His doctrine was, "believe, or you die!" His promises of rewards for acts of faith, were eternal happiness and the enjoyment of all kinds of sensual pleasures. His Koran, tho' containing many impressive recommendations of charity, faith and temperance, was filled with wild and enthusiastic dogmas. His followers destroyed the Alexandrian Library which was the key to ancient history, in order that the Koran might reign alone triumphant. His Arabs were filled with enthusiasm, and after having subdued all Asia, passed down on the European and African side of the Mediterranean, sweeping all before them, and very nearly destroying all Christendom. For centuries they maintained undisputed sway over all Asia and Africa, and a fine portion of Europe. As long as the Koran was the only book and Mahomet the only prophet; as long as the direction to kill every man who would not turn Musselman, was carried into effect, all other faiths were detested by the Mahometans—shunned, abhorred, unknown and unnoticed. Thus the unity of Musselman was preserved, and their nationality sustained. —The battle of Toloza, and siege of Grenada, which drove them out of Spain—the Crusades, and the capture of Jerusalem—the wars of the Tartars, and Russians under Catharine—the capture of Ismael—the wars of Austria—the capture of Egypt, by Bonaparte—the siege of Seringapatam, and the triumph of the British arms in India—the loss of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the final separation of Greece,—events of the last five centuries, have gradually weakened the Musselman power, while the power of the Christian had been gradually spreading and extending, until it has surrounded and hemmed in the Musselman rule and preponderance; and nothing now prevents the complete overthrow of that power in Europe and Asia, but jealousy among European Sovereigns, from the difficulty of dividing among themselves the captured territories of the Musselman.

The followers of Mahomet see their ancient and indomitable power crumbling beneath their feet. Their religion is no longer able to sustain itself, whereas the Christian faith is spreading from pole to pole, and they have at length awakened to the true secret of this success—They have discovered and acknowledged that the spread of education, of toleration liberality, free institutions science and the arts; the progress of Agriculture; the improvements in manufactures; the extension of Commerce, and the discovery and application of steam, all the offspring of Christian institutions, have been the great leavers which have raised Christian nations to their present height; and the Musselmen have resolved to follow in the same path, adopt the same measures, and aspire to the same results. The young Sultan of Turkey, who has wise ministers, has commenced this system of reform by proclaiming freedom of conscience—establishing schools and colleges in every part of his kingdom, amounting, as it is said, to 20,000—clothing his soldiers, in European costume, adopting Christian habits manners and improvements, and changing completely the whole system by which the Musselman have been heretofore governed.

The world will see in this, under the hand of Providence, the progress of the reformation, which is reforming the nations in Asia and Africa. Rail roads are completing in Russia which will convey great armies to the borders of the Black Sea; the Sighs are subdued; the nations on the borders of the Indian Ocean are conqured Ibrahim Pacha has visited France and England to inspect in person the scenes of European triumphs in science and art; Mehemet All is now in Turkey to commune with his *suzeraine*, and an army of Christian missionaries is spreading Gospel truths over the sands of the Desert. To those who have an abiding faith in the fulfilment of the prophesies, who have studied them with untiring zeal, who have seen them verified and sustained by events of startling magnitude, this progressive revolution in Turkey, will produce increased faith in Revelation, while mere statesmen, politicians and sceptics, will consider it as indicative of the character of the age, and the extension of liberal principles. The protection which the Sultan has extended to the Armenians, in opposition to their own Bishops shews that free toleration is spreading over that empire. All this clears the way in the wilderness for that expected millenium, to which the sacred writings first directed the attention of mankind, and of these great events seem to be sure forerunners, signs and indications. Events in Musselmen countries begin to assume new and extraordinary interest.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

CAN COLLEGE LEARNING BE USELESS?

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child, and that if no use is made of the labors of the past ages, the world must remain in the infancy of knowledge: hence we are taught to study the ancient authors in their own writings, and are led in the way of certain studies, which, by themselves, do not form a necessary knowledge, though an inseparable branch of it, to help us in the pursuit of the very useful learning we are in search of; thus we are obliged to take a cursory glance at the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, in order to understand their history, philosophy and improvements, but by no means do we make of mythology a seperate and all-absorbing part of a college education.

College learning does not constitute the complete and finished education of any man, it only gives him the sure and fundamental elements of all knowledge, prepares him for higher attainments in all the sciences he may choose to pursue, provides him with the pilot that is to guide his bark through the world of knowledge, fearless of the roarings of prejudice and the thunders of ignorance. It is true that the same elements may be learned from books, and this is the case with the few self-educated men in whom we take so much pride, and recommend as encouraging examples for our young men to follow; but we must not forget that these very books are essentially and mostly the works of college men. Let us ask those meritorious few how many months, nay years of ceaseless labor, their hard-earned education has cost them, which would have been saved to them by a college apprenticeship, and which, taken from the endless search of books, might have been given to the contemplation of nature. And how many poor young men have put themseles earnestly on the tracks of these men, who, for want of proper guides in their self-pursuit of science, have fallen off in despair, and lost, by misguided notions of ignorant pedagogues, the promising fruits of a collegiate education. It may be said, perhaps, that self-educated men often achieve greater triumphs in the sciences than college students; yet, is this to be wondered at, when we look at the proper causes? The strong mind of one which raised him from the multitude and carried him over the first and hardest difficulties, will sustain him in his flight for improvement and discoveries, when the other will too often give away to untimely luxury, relinquish his studies at the very moment science is within his reach, and falls into the ranks of *superfluously* educated men. The first has to thank nature and poverty for his success, the second to curse parental indulgence and riches, but not the college, for his failure.

To the comparatively few, endowed by nature with the superior strength of intellect which sustained them through their laborious ask of self learning, could be opposed the names of hundreds of our greatest men, such as could silence the sophistry of any contending doctrine, and unite all philanthropists in a single prayer, that every citizen of our glorious republic might afford to each of his sons, a complete collegiate education, and thus add fuel to the great antodate of knowledge, which, from the once lonely rock of Plymouth, will one day illuminate the very halls of the Old World, and arousing their former energies now lulled by triumphs too long enjoyed, make them wonder at the achievements obtained by freemen through collegiate institutions.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the American thus details a most interesting incident which occurred at Bedford Springs a few days since:—

"Charles James Fulkner, Esq., of Virginia, who with his family has been here about two weeks, brought with him a very likely female slave, aged about 20 years, as a maid. The girl had not arrived more than a few hours when the fact that she was a slave became generally known, and the spirit of a false philanthrophy awakened in her behalf. From that moment the most unceasing efforts, all secretly conducted, were made to seduce her from her allegience to her master, notwithstanding her prompt and repeated rejection of the liberal offers made to secure her freedom. For four nights in succession they had their horses stationed near the mill, about a quarter of a mile from the Springs, in the expectation that she would yield to their persuasions, but so far without success. At length the poor girl, overpowered by their importunities and by the false and delusive arguments and inducements which they held out to her, on Monday night yielded to the temptation and suffered herself to be conveyed by them some ten miles beyond the town of Bedford to a place called "*the Quaker settlement,*" where she arrived about one o'clock in the morning, and found the family waiting to receive her, who hailed her as a redemed sister and showed upon her profusely, all the hospitalities of their home.

"She had, however, no sooner retired to rest than the fountains of her feelings burst forth in a flood of tears, which increased as her memory dwelt upon the happy and contented life which she had led, under the roof of her owners, and when she reflected upon the dark and uncertain fate to which these false and misguided philanthrophists were hurrying her. She spent a night of the deepest anguish and distress of mind. Early the next morning she apprized the family of her fixed and settled determination to return that day to her master; whereupon money was freely offered to her, the prospect of a sale by her master, if she now returned, held out, and every argument and inducement redoubled to prevail upon her to remain. But she was inexorable. Her master and mistress were to leave the Springs the next day, and she determined to return to them before they departed.

"The Abolitionists exercised no violence in detaining her, but refused to afford her any facilities for her return. She accordingly took up her baggage, and, without a guide to direct her steps through the endless hills and mountains of Bedford, she reached here last night about 12 o'clock faint and exhausted from fatigue. She immediately rushed up to the room of her master and mistress, and, begged that the indiscretion which she had committed in leaving them, might be overlooked.—She was kindly received, and her master was so highly pleased with her resolute resistance of the wiles of the abolitionists, that he tendered to her, if she had any wish to leave his family, her freedom and money to defray her expenses to any part of the State of Pennsylvania where she might wish to reside. But she promptly declined the offer, and declared that no consideration should ever tear her from a family from which she had received such uniform kindness, and to which she looked up without fear for protection and comfort, in all the adverse circumstances of life."

GOOD MOTIVES.

Influenced by good motives, and urged on by a generous impulse, while virtue beams conspicuously on your brow, you cannot but do good wherever you direct your steps. There will be no selfish propensities to gratify: no depraved inclinations to draw away the heart; no base passion to eat up the tender sensibilities. Your motto must be onward to Truth and to Virtue.

IT IS TRUE.

Do you believe it? Strive to promote the welfare and happiness of others, and you make yourself happy. Labor to destroy your neighbor's reputation and make him unhappy and you plant the seeds of misery in your own bosom. Look at the most miserable man that passes along. Is he not the wretch who lives for self and strives to crush his neighbors?—Go through your town and village, and our word for it, the most despicable characters are the most mean and selfish—who labor day and night to pull down their friends and build up themselves.—[*Portland Bulletin.*