

THE ADVENT HERALD,

AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES REPORTER.

BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!! GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM!!!

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AT EASE IN ZION.

The great man sat in his easy chair,
And dreamed the moments were snails,
And that Time's vessel from port was afar,
While idly were flapping the sails.

(Enter stranger bewildered.) "Good sir, canst thou tell—
Sir, Watchman on Zion's high tower,
If the tokens portend that now all is well,
May it please thee to tell me the hour?"

Still slumbers the sleeper. Thinks the stranger "I know,
This watchman deals not in 'deceit,'
As soon I doubt not his answer will show,
And guide my wandering feet."

A long while he waits—and then "canst thou tell—
Sir, Watchman on Zion's high tower,
If the tokens portend that now all is well,
Oh Watchman, pray tell me the hour?"

The dreaming man then disturbed in his sleep,
Rubs a little his leaden closed eyes,
And begs the intruder no more like a thief,
His slumbers so dear to surprise!

STRANGER.

"A weary lost wanderer, constrained to be bold,
Wilt thou be pleased to awake!"

WATCHMAN.

"If then you must know, the night is not spent,
All's well! thy rest, prithee, take!"

Enter Pilgrim.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand,
Thus pointed the clock long ago—
That soon on Mount Zion the ransomed shall stand,
The signs of the dawn plainly show.

Watchman, dreaming.

"Where? where is the promise, the night will soon end!"
We're watchful—yet see not a sign!
That soon from the heavens the Lord will descend,
In truth we cannot divine!"

"We charge thee be quiet—we logical men
Can dispose of these things at our leisure;—
To show 'every vision now faileth,' and then
The days are prolonged, is a pleasure."

PILGRIM.

"Thus saith the Lord God, this proverb shall cease,
Eze. xii. 23.

And in my set time the vision shall be.
Hab. ii. 3.

Wo! wo! to the prophets that prophecy peace.
Eze. xiii. 16.

When from desolation there's warning to flee!"

"Wo! wo! to the people that build up a wall.
Eze. xiii. 12--23.

"To the doubters with untempered mortar"—
Go say to the builders 'Behold it shall fall!'
And warn thou 'Jerusalem's daughter!'"
E. C. C.

Rome as She is.

The following letter from Rome gives a very good idea of the splendor and pomp that the Man of sin still displays.

LETTER FROM ROME.

From the home of the Cæsars, health and greeting! I wrote you 4 days ago, and now resume my correspondence in the Eternal city, where we have been four days, in time for all the ceremonies of the Holy week. In my former letter, I gave you an account of what I have seen from Havre here, and now I am so full of the sights of to day, that I must needs give them to you.

I have just returned from St. Peters! Would that I could convey the slightest idea the magnificent spectacle which I have witnessed. No description of mine, however elaborate, could do so. About ten this morning, I stationed myself behind one of the gigantic columns which support the great dome, and found the staging erected upon each side of the sepulchre, already crowded with ladies. The space between the High Altar and the Chair of St. Peter, was richly carpeted, and two thrones were placed within the enclosure, for the use of the Pope. Upon either side of the great throne were ranges of seats covered with tapestry, for the Cardinals; and back of these, galleries richly hung with crimson damask and gold, for the reception of the many Princes and distinguished personages at present in Rome. Upon two tables placed beside the altar, were set out the golden vessels of the communion service. Around the space reserved for the dignitaries of the Church, were ranged the gentlemen of the Pope's body guard, their rich attire in keeping with the splendor of every thing around. From the grand canopy of gilded bronze, eight feet in height, rising above the high altar, and brilliant with the light of over one hundred enormous gilded lamps, which ever burn before it, down to the great door of the church, were ranged double files of soldiers of four different regiments, who kept the naves free for the passage of the procession. The other parts of the immense edifice were occupied by crowds of peasants, citizens and strangers, who knelt before the various altars, or paced the aisles, and with whose mingled attire, shone out at intervals, the bright spear heads, and burnished mail of the Swiss Guard.

At about eleven o'clock a burst of music announced the coming of the Pope. The great doors were thrown open, and preceded by the officers of his guards, the great body of the priesthood, bearing upon cushions of velvet and gold, the various insignia of his office, and by the Cardinals, robed in their splendid dresses, came the successor of St. Peter, seated upon his throne, and borne by twelve digni-

taries, clad in scarlet. Over his head was borne a canopy of the richest tissue, sown with silver, and upon either side was carried an enormous fan of Ostrich feathers set in gold. The passage of this gorgeous procession up that vast aisle, was a brilliant and imposing spectacle; the effects of which was heightened by the kneeling of thousands who bent down at its approach.

The Mass which immediately commenced, was indeed grand, and the vast dome which soared up to Heaven over the crowded multitude, rang with music, such as I never hope to hear again. Could I have stood where I did, and have shut out from my view the gleam of armor, the glitter of splendid attire, and all the pomp and circumstance of earthly power and regal state which all around bespoke, and have heard alone the burden of that glorious chant go up to the o'er arching heaven of that wondrous vault, I should have been ready to exclaim, "the very spirit of Religion indeed is here—acceptable to God must be such an homage;" but the long lines of marshalled troops, the robes gleaming with gold and flashing with jewels, all witnessed to the wealth and told the power of the earthly sovereign, and I could not help thinking that the meek form of Religion was obscured with the gorgeous habiliments of State.

Shortly before the termination of the service, I left the church and stationed myself beside the Egyptian Obelisk in the centre of the piazza, in order to see the next great ceremony of the day—The Papal Benediction. The pealing of bells, the eager and strained gaze of the people, the floating of scarlet robes, and the gleam of crucifix and cross in the balcony over the great entrance, told that the august ceremonial of Rome and of the world, was about to commence. At least one hundred thousand people must have been gathered in the dense sea of restless life, which swayed and rolled about me. From the very Portico of St. Peters, covering steps and square Colonnade and Fountains, and choking the streets beyond, stretched the thousands. The three broad flights of stone which lead up to the church, were thronged with towns-people and peasants of the better sort, the men with high peaked hats of felt, bright crimson sash, and corduroy breeches, gay with buckles and ribbons—the women with colored gowns, and square head-dress of white, and broad and gaudy waist-bands. The space between these and the obelisk was occupied by some six thousand troops, forming a hollow square. Beyond them the remaining space was densely thronged with carriages, filled with ladies, and under the very wheels, and packed in between the horses were wedged numbers of the populace. And a motley mass they were—peasants, who could boast no peaked hat nor muslin head-dress, but who came clad in rags, looking as though their bed was the furrow, and their house where water was not to be found. Priests of countless grades, in hooded gowns of black serge, or scarlet—Pilgrims, who had paced many a weary mile, from other lands and distant provinces, with staff, and scallop shell, and sandal—Monks