He stands at the centre of the earth and sees it is round, measures its degrip around it, cuts it in a moment into a thousand angles, tells, Dr. D.
He ascends the heavenly levels are before him.
He measures space relative distance, fixes each relative position, and subjects the workmanship of God to man-invented laws. He has touched God's mightiest implements: for he has bound the lightning to run in his track, and sends it now and then to distant realms to announce sad or joyous news. What have not strong minds done?
In the dome Fact I see a body of men consulting by what means they may deprecate nature of her power—how they may, despite of her mandate, which says dust to dust shall return, give to immortality their being unaltered. How I see them exhibiting signals of escape and now I see a mighty Pyramid.
I look again and see upon Trojan plains the blood of Trojan heroes and I turn my eye to my little pile of books and there is Homer a treasure worth more than the hoarded silver of a friend. I see floating down the stream of time numerous specimens of human art which time can not obliterate.
The flight of the eagle teaches us wisdom.
When, for a time he walks upon the earth, whether hunger alone drives him, his glozy pinions become contaminated.