

From the Boston Liberator.

One who ministers at the altar, in this city—with whose poetic genius both Europe and America, are familiar—pours forth the emotions of his soul, in view of the fearful scenes at Philadelphia, in the following spirit-stirring verses.

THE TOCSIN.

Wake! children of the men who said,
‘All are born free!’—Their spirits come
Back to the places where they bled
In Freedom's holy martyrdom,
And stand you sleeping on their graves,
And hugging there your chains,—ye slaves!

Ay—slaves of slaves! What, sleep ye yet,
And dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ay—dream, while Slavery's foot is set
So firmly on your necks,—while deep
The chain her quivering flesh endures
Gnaws, like a cancer, into yours!—

Ha! say ye that I've falsely spoken,
Calling ye slaves?—Then prove ye're not!
Work a free press!—ye'll see it broken:
Stand to defend it!—ye'll be shot.—
O yes! but people should not dare
Print what 'the brotherhood' wont bear!—

Then from your lips let words of grace,
Gleaned from the Holy Bible's pages,
Fall, while ye're pleading for a race
Whose blood has flowed thro' chains for ages;—
And pray—Lord, let thy kingdom come!
And see if ye're not stricken dumb.

Yes, men of God! ye may not speak
As, by the word of God, ye're bidden;—
By the press'd lip,—the blanching cheek,
Ye feel yourselves rebuked and chidden;
And if ye're not cast out, ye fear it:—
And why?—The brethren' will not bear it.

Since, then, through pulpit, or through press,
To prove your freedom ye're not able,
Go,—like the Sun of Righteousness,
By wise men honoured,—to a stable!
Bend there to Liberty your knee!
Say there that God made all men free!

Even there,—ere Freedom's vows ye've plighted,
Ere of her form ye've caught a glimpse,
Even there, are fires infernal lighted,
And ye're driven out by Slavery's imp.
Ah, well!—so persecuted they
The prophets' of a former day!—

Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye are not slaves, but men:
Write 'FREEDOM' on its towering wall!
Baptize it in the name of PENN;
And give it to Her holy cause,
Beneath the Aegis of her laws:—

Within, let Freedom's anthem swell;
And, while your hearts begin to throb,
And burn within you—Hark! the yell—
The torch—the torrent of the Mob;—
They're Slavery's troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap!

At Slavery's beck, the prayers ye urge
On your own servants, through the door
Of your own senate,—that the scourge
May gash your brother's back no more,
Are trampled underneath their feet,
While ye stand praying in the street!

At Slavery's beck, ye send your sons
To hunt down Indian wives or maids,
Doomed to the lash—Yes, and their bones,
Whitening mid swamps and everglades,
Where no friend goes to give them graves,
Prove that ye are not Slavery's slaves!

At Slavery's beck, the very hands
Ye lift to Heaven, to swear ye're free,
Will break a truce, to seize the lands
Of Seminole or Cherokee!
Yes—tear a flag, that tartar hordes
Respect, and shield it with their swords:

Vengeance is thine, Almighty God!
To pay it hath thy justice bound thee:
Even now, I see thee take thy rod:
Thy thunders, leashed and growling round thee—
Slip them not yet, in mercy!—Deign
Thy wrath yet longer to restrain!—

Or—let thy kingdom, Slavery, come!
Let Church, let State, receive thy chain!
Let pulpit, press, and hall be dumb,
If so 'the brotherhood' ordain!
The Moss her own indignant spirit
Shall still speak out; and men shall hear it.

Yes:—while, at Concord, there's a stone
That she can strike her fire from still;
While there's a shaft at Lexington,
Or half a one on Bunker's Hill,
There shall she stand and strike her lyre,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her.

But should she thence by mobs be driven,
For purer heights she'll plume her wing.—
Spurning a land of slaves, to heaven
She'll soar,—where she can safely sing.—
God of our fathers, speed her thither!
God of the free,—let me go with her!

OLD MADELAINE,

AN INCIDENT AT HONFLEUR.—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

*** We left the chapel, and in the porch were again assailed by the supplications of the maimed, the halt and the blind, vociferous for charity, and exposing their infirmities to excite pity. The cross standing at the end of the promontory, relieved by the clear blue sky, had a bold and picturesque effect—for a moment emerging from the deep twilight of the shaded chapel, and seeing it in the full glare of a bright sunny day, it looked as if hung in the heavens; the expanded country on the other side of the harbor, comprising all that was beautiful along the coast, formed a splendid back ground to the simple yet glorious picture. It was an effect which no artist could convey to the canvas, however skilled he might be in his art. I never saw any thing like it, for after a moment or two, the cross seemed rooted as before on the peak of the toppling cliff, and the leaves of the beautiful trees by its side were dancing in the sunshine. As we approached, we perceived a circle worn on the grass at its base by the knees of the devout, who had performed their vows at its base: a little nearer, and I saw asleep beneath its shadow, her head resting on her withered arm, the self-same woman whose singular devotion on board the lone steamer had attracted my attention. She slept soundly upon her hard pillow, and her repose seemed tranquil as an infant's. The rosary was upon her arm, and her fingers grasped the cross. Her features looked still more aged and worn than they had done in the murky light when I first observed them, and her silver hair rested in snowy flakes on her wrinkled brow.—I wondered how she could sleep so soundly in the daylight; but she seemed like one who had both woke and slept by the waysides of life. I cannot say how long I might have stood and gazed on "poor Madelaine," had not a noisy set of sailors rushed trooping up the hill, accompanied by the great dog of the steamer, who was the only sage looking creature of the company. When they reached the summit they abandoned their noisy mirth, took off their hats reverently as they passed the cross, and entered the chapel. The dog appeared to recognise the old woman, walked up to her, moved his tail, snuffed around her, and as if convinced she was asleep, lay down at a little distance off. Two of the sailors belonged to the Honfleur steamer, and if they had a gift or a prayer to offer they did it quickly, for they came out long before their companions. The younger of the two advanced to the cross, and dropping on his knees, commenced praying with all his might: the other seated himself under the trees, and called the dog to him by a soft, low whistle. He looked good-natured (the man I mean), and I forthwith inquired if he knew the story of poor Madelaine?

"Story!" he repeated, opening his large grey eyes (grey eyes look unnatural in a French face, they have no corresponding features). "O, there is no story, it was a circumstance. Madelaine, I have heard, was a great many years ago one of the merriest maids in the town of Honfleur, and she won the heart of a mate of a ship, who married her before he sailed for the Spanish Main. It was the second week of August that his ship left France and his young bride, and she knelt by that cross praying for his "bon voyage," till the vessel was out of sight. She made a vow (I have heard tell) to our Lady of Grace—its nature I could never quite understand—but she believes to this hour, that if she renews it at the foot of that cross the second week in every August, her husband will yet return."

"She was a young and pretty girl when she made the vow you say," I observed, looking at the brown and withered sleeper.

"Ma foi, oui!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders; "but the hot sun, and sorrow, and, and—that was five-and-forty years ago."

And during the period of five-and forty years that faithful heart had retained its first affection!

"Was the ship lost?"

"It was never heard of. Madelaine had a son about five months after her husband left her—a brave garçon—and every one pitied the boy, for his mother little heeded him—her heart and hopes were on the sea. When the weather was fair, Madelaine would be up here on the lookout: when it was foul, she would kneel in the tempest, telling her beads at the foot of the cross. Years wore on, and she grew unsettled in her head. She would wander through *Bus Normandie*, or pass the river to Rouen; but the eldest person here says that she was always at the feet of our Lady of Grace the second week in August."

"And her son?"

"He got employment about the docks, and in the small craft on the river. He never married—never seemed to care for amusement—never cared for anything that I know of, except his crazy mother and this dog."

"That dog!" I exclaimed, remembering how the creature had

appeared to watch the old woman the evening I saw her first. "Ay he had found a pup, and when he was employed on board our steamer, 'Esperance' (as his mother would have him called), never crossed without his dog. One night, when we were about half way to Havre, he heard a splash in the sea, in another moment, *Vite!* and 'Courage' had sprung overboard. We missed poor Esperance, and we stopped and searched, and hung out lights, and did our best. We got the dog who was swimming and howling in the waves, but the poor comrade was gone: how, *le bon Dieu* only knows!"

"Did his mother ever miss him?"

"She was not here, Madame, when it occurred; but when she returned at her usual time, she looked about as if she wanted something. The dog knows her well; and what is strange, though the captain has taken him as his own, and four years have passed since his master was lost, the animal watches the water every time we cross the harbor, as if he expected *Esperance* to rise from its depths!"

"Does the old woman tell of her sorrow or anxiety?"

"No, Madame, it lies too deep for that, I think: when her own born child could not win her words or thoughts, we cannot expect them. Sometimes if she sees a sailor, she asks if any ships are in from the Spanish Main—"

He had hardly finished speaking, when Madelaine awoke; and then the grave old dog walked up, and licked her withered hands. She neither prevented nor returned his caresses, if so they might be called; and they seemed offered as a tribute of duty rather than affection.

My informant rose, and she rose also, and advancing with a hasty step to the sailor, curtsied, while she enquired in a feeble voice, "if any ships had arrived from the Spanish Main?" He shook his head. I could see the serge heave that was crossed upon her chest.

We retraced our path, giving many a lingering look to the cross and chapel; but I fairly paused as we descended by the carriage road, to gaze on that faithful woman for the last time:—and there I saw Old Madelaine, her hand shading her eyes, looking over the sea for the sails, that half a century ago had left her to return no more!—*New Monthly*.

THE GLOBE.

From Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*.

"The earth," says Burnet, "was first invested with an uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."—*Theoria Sacta*.

"The deluge," says Woodward, "was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies.—The whole of the globe was dissolved, and the paste thus formed became penetrated with shells."—*Essay*.

"God raised up," says Schenckzer, "the mountains, for the purpose of allowing the waters which had produced the deluge to run off, and selected those places in which were the greatest quantity of rocks, without which the mountains could not have supported themselves."—*Mem. de l'Academ*.

"The earth was formed from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the rain of another. The heat which it retained from its origin was the cause of exciting its inhabitants to sin, for which they were all drowned except the fishes, which, having been fortunately exempt from the heat remained innocent."—*Whiston, New Theory*.

"The earth is an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe, on which the vapors falling down again after it had cooled formed seas which afterwards deposited the limestone formations."—*Leibnitz Prologaa*.

"The whole globe was covered with water many thousand years. The water gradually retired. All the land animals were originally inhabitants of the sea. Man was originally a fish; and there are still fish to be met with in the ocean which are half men on their progress to the perfect human shape, and whose descendants will in process of time become men."—*Demaillet*.

"The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red-hot fragments. The age of the world then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass from a red-hot down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."—*Buffon's Theorie*."

All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects in the course of ages, magnified themselves into larger animals; the animals in the course of time converted a portion of the water into calcareous earth, the vegetables converted a portion into clay! These two substances in the course of ages converted themselves into silex, and thus the siliceous mountains are the oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life the globe would still be entirely liquid."—*Lawark*.

This, too, is the favorite mode among the German philosophers, of accounting for the formation and filling up of the world.