

what he might have done. He would have listened to a negro now if he had asked for justice, but that hour was past. The beams were crashing on the doors, and the doors were at last crushed before them. Well might Emile and Jeanette scream now, and their father turned pale as he leaned over them. Well might the frightened women rush into the saloon and petition their master for protection, as the furious assailants came shouting behind them. Bloody and heated with the combat, the stern Christove glared like a panther upon the planter, and waved his knife on high. With bloody dabbled garments, and blades that dropped gore, his companions mustered round him, and eyed the dismayed group.

'Have mercy,' faltered M. Jean, as he looked at Christove, and pointed to his daughters.

'We give what we received,' said Christove, 'blows and wounds; the white men never taught us mercy.'

'Are you a father,' said M. Jean, appealing to the negro's sympathies, but the white man blunted and perverted even these.

'I am,' said the Haytian, sternly; 'and I have seen my children scourged and dared not pity them. It is time that white men knew the bitterness of a slave father's agony.'

M. Jean looked beseechingly from face to face, but each was stern and grave.

'I have seen my mother, my wife, and my children scourged,' cried Christove, fiercely; 'you will know what I might feel.' As he spoke, he bounded towards the shrinking victim and his knife was waved on high.

In an instant the blow was stayed by a powerful hand, the knife was wrenched from his grasp, and Pierre stood calmly before him.

'Hold, Christove,' said Pierre, as he parried a blow aimed at him by his friend; 'I claim these people as my prisoners.'

'We will have no prisoners,' shouted Christove, turning to his band. 'Down with every foe to liberty!'

'Would you rob me of my vengeance?' cried Pierre to Christove's band; 'of the vengeance I have nursed for years! I have borne stripes and blows and insults, and this man was my master, would you my friends, snatch him from me now?'

'Pierre talks of mercy,' cried the chief; 'of mercy and of pity; he will spare this tyrant.'

'Would Christove spare Camille Grostette?' cried Pierre resolutely, 'if he were in his power? Would he not claim him as I do Baschich? Ah, do not fear me,' said Pierre, following up the impression he perceived that he had made upon the band, 'I will make him feel.'

'Pierre is right; he was Pierre's master,' said some of the combatants; 'let Pierre be his master now,' and they laughed loudly as they hurried from the saloon and dashed once more into the street.

Christove lingered a while and looked suspiciously upon his friend; but the shouts and cries of his followers recalled him to action, and snatching up the weapon which Pierre had thrown to the floor, he bounded away.

Shrinking, pale, and irresolute, M. Jean looked upon the negro, who returned the look with a calm unperturbed eye. The words of Constant Boncour came upon Jean now in all their force; and his own speculations upon negro character was resolved. If he had only taught Pierre how noble it was to save human life, perhaps Pierre would have spared him now; if he had given him his liberty when he rescued Jeanette from the waves, perhaps it would have been remembered. How easy it was to speculate in the cowardice of irresponsible power. How differently he thought when thought alone was free.

The arms of the negro were crossed upon his bosom, and his tall handsome figure was raised to its extreme height; neither the malignity of revenge nor the scintillations of passion were in his dark lustrous eyes, as they fell upon the trembling females. 'Wealth and power are transitory, M. Jean,' he said at last, in slow solemn tones; 'and misfortune, like her younger sister fortune, is capricious. You are poor, and Pierre, who yesterday was your slave, to-day, can pity you.'

The white man started, and looked in amazement upon the negro. 'Spare my life and protect my children, and I will amply reward you,' he said mechanically.

'I will spare your life, and do all I can to protect you all, but it is because you are poor and cannot reward me that I do so, for the white man will never have dominion in this island again,' answered Pierre proudly.

'The French republic is powerful, and what are slaves?' said M. Jean, betrayed again into his habitual train of thought.

'Slaves are the white men's footstools,' said the negro, mildly; 'but we are no longer slaves, we have tasted freedom and will maintain it; Pierre the negro is now the equal of M. Baschich.'

On the evening of that eventful day five persons walked at an easy pace through the ruined streets of Capre Francois. Two of them were females, and their faces were covered with long sable veils. The men were apparently all negroes. A dead solemn silence reigned in the city, for it had become a sepulchre. A lantern might be seen flitting amongst the ruins, and the howl of the bandog would rise at long intervals; but these sights and sounds conduced to render the desolate city more awfully dreary, and to fill the mind with sad and fearful thoughts. Bands of negroes passed the pedestrians, and a sign and whispered word was their only salutation; they passed so noiselessly that it was depressing to think even of them.

At last they reached the quay, and when one of the party whistled a boat pulled to the

shore. One solitary individual propelled it, and when it touched the ground he threw a rope which was caught by one of his friends, and then he leaped lightly to the land. The females were placed on board in solemn silence, and the oldest man sat down beside them without uttering a word. Pierre and Toussaint each drew a long inspiration, and uttered an ejaculation of pleasure.

'Noble, generous men!' said Constant, clasping a hand of each; 'how can I ever repay you?'

'Teach your brethren to think the better of our race,' said Toussaint.

'Oh, you deserve to triumph,' said Boncour generously.

'And we will,' said Pierre, solemnly. God armeth the patriot.'

'Farewell, farewell!' said Constant, again wringing their hands; 'would I could secure your liberty.'

They carried the young man on board of the boat, and instructed him in its management as they pushed it into the deep water; sobs came from the bosoms of the fugitives who were already seated; and as the generous Pierre respectfully saluted them, he felt that he had made friends to his race. Constant pulled at the oars in silence for a long time; he did not hoist the sail, for the land breeze was setting in and at last the fugitives reached a ship in the offing, and were borne away to Louisiana.

The Haytians were never subdued; and the fate of the noble Toussaint Louverture belongs to history. But Constant Boncour and his children never forgot the generosity of the gallant Pierre. That generous noble slave transmitted to France, at various intervals, portions of the wealth which had been seized from M. Jean; and, in his last communication, signed in his capacity as governor of Fort Jermaine, he assured Constant Boncour that the words of sympathy he had expressed on the evening of the insurrection have saved him and his relations from inevitable death.

ON A GIRL'S VESPER.

Meekly she prays—her beaming eyes she veils;

To God her faith and not her beauty shows.

No music flatters upward on night's gale—

From her lips eloquent, which firmly close,

As if 'twere blasphemy to seek his grace

By charms of thrilling voice and lovely face.

Not even the sigh

Which draws affection nigh,

To gaze with sympathetic eye,

Is breathed; she prays with simple heart

alone,

Unaided by a virgin's look or tone.

She must prevail; and the bright dreams

which come

Are Heaven's own fire upon the sacrifice,

In softest radiance descending dews,

From mercy-clouds of the approving skies,

Folded within their glory she reposes.

As in the golden morning look the roses;

For this sweet one,

Whose modest prayers are done,

And answer'd in her sleep begun,

I pray, O God! and o'er her fondly fling,

As on thy tender eye, thy shading wing

Thou watcher true! though worlds thou

should neglect,

And stars should leave without their only

guide

Be ever near my own love to protect!

Thy fairest child keep alway by thy side!

And take me there, to live with her—near

take,

Our common guardian—happy lot for me!

Oh, prove thy care!

Let not thy silken hair

Be stirr'd adown her bosom fair,

By any stroke, or touch, or kiss of harm,

But bind it as a token round thy arm!

From the Christian Treasury.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

BY THE REV J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

It is difficult to recall any scene vividly that has been so often described, and so long familiar to us, as that which transpired on the Mount of Olives. The mind is prepared for every event in it, and hence cannot be taken by surprise, or held in suspense. But there are moments when the heart forgets all that it has ever heard, and seems for the first time to witness that night of suffering. The indifference which long familiarity has produced, disappears before rising emotion, and that lonely hill-top—that midnight prayer—that piercing agony, with its bloody testimony, and the rude shock of Roman soldiers—all, all, swim before the swimming eye, with the freshness of first sight, till the heart thrills and sobs at the spectacle.

But as morally grand and moving as that scene was, it caused but little talk in Jerusalem. The streets of Jerusalem were filled with careless promenaders—parties of pleasure were assembled—dissipation and revelry were on every side; and the quiet of the staid citizen's home was not interrupted by the tragedy of Mount Olivet was to witness. Everything moved on its accustomed way, when, in an obscure street, in the upper chamber of an inferior dwelling, a group of coarse-clad

men sat down to a table spread with the plainest fare. The rattling of carriages and the hum of the mighty city were unheeded by them, and you could see by their countenances that some calamity was impending over their head. Few words were spoken and those few words were uttered in a subdued and saddened tone, that always bespeaks grief at the heart. At the head of the table sat one whose noble countenance proclaimed him chief there. He had won the love of those simple hearted men; and now they sat grouped around him, expecting some sad news; but they, O, they were unprepared for the startling declaration that fell from those lips, 'This night one of you shall betray me.' 'Is it I?' 'Is it I?' ran from lip to lip, in breathless consternation. At length all eyes centered on Judas, and he arose and went away.

I will not speak on the conversation that followed; but amid words that thrilled every heart, were heard such language as, 'This is my blood shed for many,' and as the bread crumbled beneath his fingers, 'This is my body,'—strange language, and awakening strange sensations in the bewildered listeners; and a mournful sadness rested on every face, as through the silent chamber rang those tones of tenderness.

Gradually the great city sank to rest, the noise of wheels grew less and less, and only now and then a solitary carriage went rumbling by. It was midnight, and from that solitary chamber arose the voice of singing the victim of the altar, the sufferer of the wheel, sent forth a hymn at the moment of sacrifice. Was there ever before a hymn sang under such circumstances?

Through the darkened streets those twelve forms are slowly passing towards the walls of the city, cared for and noticed only by the police, whom the betrayer has put upon the track. Kedron is passed, and they reach the garden of Gethsemane. 'Sit you here,' says Jesus, 'while I go and pray yonder,' and taking with him only Peter and James and John, he ascended the slope of Olivet. As they paused upon the solitary summit the human heart threw off the restraint it had put on its feelings, and burst forth in tones of indelible mournfulness—'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me.' Every prop seemed falling beside him, and in the deepening gloom and dread that surrounded him, he reached out for sympathy and aid. Then, as if recollecting himself and the task before him, he broke away, even from those three remaining friends, and they saw with speechless grief and amazement, his form disappear in the darkness.

Jerusalem is sunk in slumber and security, and naught but the tread of the watchman is heard along the streets. The disciples in the garden of Gethsemane are quietly sleeping below, and all is still solemn, as night ever is when left alone; and the large luminous stars are shining down in their wonted beauty. Kedron goes murmuring by, as if singing in its dreams, and the olive trees rustle to the passing breeze; as if their leaves were but half stirred from their slumbers. It is night, most quiet night, with all its accompaniments of beauty and of loveliness.

But hark, from the summit of Mount Olivet rises a low and plaintive moan, and there, stretched on the dewy grass, his face to the earth, is seen the dim outlines of a human form. All is still around, save that moan which rises in a deep perpetual monotone, like the last cry of helpless suffering. But listen again, a prayer is ascending the heavens; and what a prayer! and in what tones is it uttered! Such accents never before rung on the ear of God or man—'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' It is still again, and nature herself seems to gasp for breath; and lo, there arises another voice, in tones of resignation, sweeter than angels use—'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' O what inexpressible tenderness is poured forth in that word 'Father'—the very passion and soul of Love is breathed forth in it. Wearied and worn, that form slowly rises, and moves through the gloom towards where the three friends are sleeping—going in its humanity, after sympathy. The pressure is too great—the sorrow and despair too deep—and the human heart reaches out for help. 'What could you not watch with me one hour? falls on their slumberous ears; and the lonely sufferer turns again to his solitude and woe. Prone on the earth he again casts himself, and the waves come back with a heavier and darker flow. Bursting sighs, and groans that rend the heart, again startle the midnight air, and down those pale cheeks the blood is trickling, and the dewy grass turns red, as if wounded man were weltering there. The life-stream is flowing from the crushed heart, as it trembles and wrestles in the grasp of its mighty agony. Woe, and darkness, and horror inconceivable, indelible, gather in fearful companionship around that prostrate form; but still the prayer goes up, and still the voice of resignation hovers amid the tumult like the breath of God over a world in chaos, ruling the wild scene.

O, is the form that a few days ago stood on the same height and looked off on Jerusalem sleeping below, while the sunlight around and the fragrant breezes, loaded with the scent of the pomegranate and the vine, visited in kindness his brow, and the garden sailed up in his face from beneath, and garments were strewed before him, and branches of palm waved around him, and 'HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST!' shook the hill? Alas, what a change has passed over him! No hosannas greet his ear, but deep within his soul are voices of terror and dismay, striving, but in

vain, to shake his constancy or darken his faith.

At length the sacrifice was paid, the fearful baptism endured, and the brow prepared for its chaplet of thorns. The agony was over, but the Son of God, weak and exhausted, lay helpless on the earth, when, lo! a bright wing flashed through the gloom, and an angel appeared strengthening him. O, no wings ever before passed the portals of heaven with such lightning-like rapidity, not even when the birth song arose from the manager of Bethlehem, as those that sped away to the Mount of Olives; and never before did they so joyously enclose with their bright foldings a human or divine form, as when they wrapped the bloody, exhausted body of the son of God.

The first act in the fearful tragedy had now passed, and the second was soon to commence. There was however to be an interval of interval of insults, scorn and mockery.

Christ arose from the earth he had moistened with his blood, and stood beneath the stars that still shone on as tranquilly as if all unconscious of the scene that had transpired in their light. Kedron still murmured by, and the night air stirred the leaves as gently as ever. All was sweet and tranquil, when torches were seen dancing to and fro along the slopes of the hill, and the heavy tread of approaching feet was heard, and rough voices broke the quiet of nature; and soon Roman helmets flashed through the gloom, and swords glittered in the torch light, and a band of soldiers drew up before the 'Man of sorrows.' 'Whom seek ye?' fell in languid and quiet accent on their ears. 'Jesus of Nazareth,' was the short and stern reply. 'I am he,' he answered them, but in tones that had more of God than man in them—for swords and torches sank to the earth at their utterance, and those mailed warriors staggered back and fell like dead men. It was not the haggard and blood streaked face over which the torches shed their sudden glare, that unnerved them so, for they were used to scenes of violence and murder: it was the God speaking from the man.

'But so it must be, that the Scriptures may be fulfilled,' and the betrayer and his accomplices take up their fallen weapons, and freed from the sudden awe that overwhelmed them, close threatening round their unresisting victim. With their prisoner they clatter down the declivity of Olivet, across Kedron, and their heavy tread resounds along the streets of Jerusalem, as they hurry on to the house of the high priest.

The night wanes away—the morning, the last dreadful morning approaches, and the scenes of Mount Olivet are to disappear before the terrible tragedy of Mount Cavalry.

NAPIER'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT STEAM NAVIGATION.

Nor long after the introduction of steam navigation on the river Clyde, he had entertained the idea of establishing steam communication on the open sea; and, as a first step, he endeavoured to ascertain the amount of the difficulties to be encountered. For the purpose he took a place at the stormy period of the year in one of the sailing packets which formed the only means of intercourse between Glasgow and Belfast, and which he then required often a week to accomplish what is done by steam in nine hours. The captain of the packet in which he sailed, remembers a young man, whom he afterwards knew as Mr. Napier, being found during one of the winter passages to Belfast constantly perched on the bows of the vessel, and fixing an intent gaze on the sea when it broke on the side of the ship, quite heedless of the waves and spray that washed over him. From this occupation he only ceased at intervals, as the breeze freshened, to ask the captain whether the sea was such as might be considered a rough one, and being told that it was by no means unusually rough, he returned to the bows of the vessel and resumed his study of the waves breaking at her stern. Some hours after, when the breeze began to freshen into a gale, and the sea to rise considerably, he again inquired of the captain, whether now the sea might be considered a rough one, and was told as yet it could not be called very rough. Apparently disappointed, he returned once more to his station at the bows, and resumed his employment. At last however he was favoured by a storm to his contentment; and when the seas, breaking ever the vessel, swept her from stem to stern, he found his way back to the captain and repeated his inquiry—do you call it rough now? On being told that the captain did not remember to have fared a worse night in the whole of his experience, the young man appeared quite delighted, and muttering as he turned away, 'I think I can manage, if that be all,' went down contentedly to his cabin, leaving the captain not a little puzzled at the strange freak of his passenger. Napier saw the end of his difficulties, and soon satisfied himself as to the means of overcoming them.—*Steam and Steam Navigation, by J. S. Russell.*

DISCERNMENT OF COLOR.

Persons, all having excellent eyes, and seeing perfectly well, differ much in their powers of recognizing persons, finding their way, &c. In none of these points is the difference so striking as with respect to judging of colours. It is by no means uncommon to meet with individuals whose eyes appear excellent, and whose sight is excellent, and who may judge of form and distance correctly, but who cannot distinguish certain colours. Dr. Nichol describes a boy who confounded green with red, and called light red and pink, blue. His ma-