

thee; whilst the pansy shows that you, and you alone, occupy my thoughts; with the jonquil, I desire a return of affection; and the columbine expresses my firm resolve to win thee; the daisy is the fit emblem of your unconscious beauty; and the convolvulus my uncertainty and anxiety." The bouquet was tied with a blue ribbon, on the ends of which were written,

"Oh! what tender thoughts beneath
These silent flowers are lying,
Hid within its mystic wreath
My love hath kissed in tying."

Mrs. Morrison looked at the girl, who stood half bending before her; she possessed none of the beauty which so often falls to the share of the mixed race; her features were heavy, the large lustrous eye and the white teeth were the only things that redeemed them from absolute plainness; she had a pleasant voice and a graceful winning manner. There was nothing in her to attract attention; she had been simply educated, and it was entirely impossible for her to comprehend the delicacy of the compliment conveyed in the flowering *billet doux*; she could not even read the delicate lines traced upon the ribbon.

"Where did you get these flowers, Marah?" asked Mrs. Morrison.

The girl hesitated, was confused, and then said with a faltering voice:

"I would rather not tell you, Madam, where they come from."

"I am sorry for it, Marah; I cannot force you to do it, but you must remember your position; because I have you so much about me, and allow you privileges, which few in your situation can have, you must not allow yourself to forget there is a wide difference between you and a refined gentleman, such as the arrangement of these flowers betokens. Even here where all races mingle, and the colour of the skin forms but a slight impediment to any marriage, you cannot hope for an alliance much above your present position, for you have not the advantage of being a native of the island, and I hope, Marah, you will remember what is due to me, your poor father and mother, and yourself, and keep from forming any connection, which will prevent my returning you to your parents as innocent as I received you. If I thought there was any danger to you I would send you home by the next vessel."

"Oh! no, Mrs. Morrison, do not fear any thing," said Marah. "I know very well how to behave; I cannot go wrong; I think I shall be willing soon to tell you everything, and then I can be guided by you."

"I hope so, Marah, for I dislike this mystery

about any one near me; to be plain, simple and straight forward is the only right way. Now go about your work, and think no more of these flowers, or of the person that sent them to you; they will not contribute at all to your happiness."

"I will try to do it, Madam," said the girl curtsying humbly, "and if you please I will leave the posies here," and she took a small flower vase from the table, filled it with water, and putting the bouquet into it, she left the room; and Mrs. Morrison soon heard her singing gaily away, while she was pursuing her domestic avocations.

"Light hearted thing," thought Mrs. Morrison, "nothing will trouble her very long; but I must keep a good watch over her;" again she took up the bouquet, examined it closely, and tried to recall the handwriting on the ribbon; she was lost in conjecture, and in wonder what there was about the girl to attract any one out of her own class. Many a lovely, delicate girl, in her own or indeed in any land, Mrs. Morrison thought, would have given almost any thing for such an expression of admiration as this humble mulatto had now received. Oh! the wonders of Don Cupid! what a monstrous little elf he is! what a delight he takes in seeking out the most incongruous things; he is a sad rogue without the slightest judgment; the past and the future are nought to him; he cares only for his own present amusement, and derives his highest happiness from the very confusion and incongruities he produces in the world.

When Mr. Morrison returned from his warehouse, Mrs. Morrison consulted him as to the course she had better pursue; he could advise nothing, feeling that her woman's tact would be the best guide to her; he could give no clue as to the sender of the bouquet, and they could only arrive at the determination to watch Marah closely, and guard her from indiscretion.

A few days after this, Marah entered Mrs. Morrison's dressing room with a downcast, yet arch look, and a bashful, timid air; Mrs. Morrison looked up surprised as she came in, and asked her if she wanted anything. Marah advanced close to her, laid a letter upon the table before her, and asked her if she would be so kind as to read that to her; it was written so finely, she could not quite make it out.

Mrs. Morrison took the letter; it was a perfumed and excellently appointed *billet doux*; the most fastidious lady could have found no fault with it; the prettily stamped envelope, the expressive seal, the gilt-edged paper, with its exquisitely painted rose and forget-me-not, its delicately traced lines. As she opened it a sprig of myrtle with its white blossoms fell from its folds;