

melody than that of many of the native ladies. So ask who you like, and I will gather the demoiselles, spirits black, white and grey—but *n'importe!* only Heaven grant he may not have the prejudice of color."

"No fear of that, Annie—few Europeans are tainted with it; they might not choose the most intimate associations of life to be among the blacks, but they have no shrinking from the common intercourse of society with them; besides, in coming to this island, Mr. Müller knew, of course, the society with which he would be brought in contact."

Preparations were made for the festive occasion, not very elaborate, for in that land of fruit and flowers, it needs only the directing hand of taste to produce a beautiful effect; bouquets of heliotrope, jasmine, the wax-like japonica and delicate orange flower, hobnobbed their fragrant cups above the table, while from every nook and corner, wreaths and vases of the rich tropical flowers peeped forth. The dinner hour came; all were assembled, save the guest for whose honor the company had been collected. The bell rang, every eye was turned to the door. In lieu of the handsome German a note was brought in and given to Mr. Morrison; it was an apology from Müller, regretting his utter inability to meet Mr. Morrison's friends that day. This was unfortunate; still the other guests had a pleasant dinner; mirth, festivity and song prevailed, and when they adjourned to the drawing-room, they were greeted by the welcome sight of ladies in their festal attire.

A singular spectacle would that drawing-room have presented to the European or North American eye, for every shade of color was there seen; the dark Italian, the olive Spaniard, the fair Anglo-Saxon, the Mulatto, with the hue of the bourrasseau apple, the Quadroon of lighter shade, with the carnation of the white man's blood playing beneath the scarcely shaded skin of the proscribed race; and here and there were mingled a few of the Ethiopian, the pure negro, their dark skin rendered more striking from the contrast presented by their dresses, which were white, with short sleeves and low necks, their crisp curling hair wreathed either with the fragrant buds of the orange, or the scarlet pomegranate, while pearls or coral decorated their ears, necks and arms; there were not many of them, for even in St. Domingo, the home, free *par excellence*, of the black, the full-blooded negro is looked down upon by the mingled races, and but few attain the happiness of associating in festive intercourse with them. The evening passed merrily with songs and dances, the gay spirits of

the buoyant, unthinking creoles ever bubbling up, like a clear mineral spring, needing no false excitement to keep up the glittering sparkles; there were many regrets that the handsome young German, who had been peeped at many a time and oft thought their jealousies, by the damsels fair and brown, was not there; but they did not suffer it to cloud their enjoyment.

A few days after the party, Mr. Müller called upon Mrs. Morrison, renewed his apologies for not having accepted her invitation, but gave no reason for it. Again, Mr. Morrison invited him, but with the like success, and finding him so pertinacious in his refusal, they determined to trouble him no further with attentions he seemed so strictly to decline.

A few days after the second party, as Mrs. Morrison was looking out from her window upon the little court-yard and garden, amid which her house was built, she was attracted by seeing her favorite attendant, a young mulatto girl she had brought from Philadelphia, to be her own *femme de chambre*, sitting on a garden seat, gazing intently upon a bouquet of flowers she held in her hand; she seemed almost to be reading them, so earnest was her gaze. Mrs. Morrison's curiosity was so excited by the girl's eagerness, and the unusual grace displayed in the arrangement of the flowers, that she could not refrain from speaking to her.

"Marah! Marah! where did you get these pretty flowers?—bring them to me."

The girl started suddenly as she heard the voice of her mistress, and dark and swarthy as was her skin, the blood could be seen mounting to her very temples, till her face and neck looked like glowing metal; she rose, and her first impulse seemed to be to hide the bouquet in her bosom, but apparently recollecting that as it had been really seen she could not escape observation, she obeyed her mistress, and soon presented herself and her bouquet before her. Mrs. Morrison took it and examined it with much interest; her practised eye could read the message intended to be conveyed by the arrangement of the flowers. In the centre was a graceful bunch of dwarf almond, signifying "Hope," blending with it the "Austrian rose," "thou art all that's lovely." "Confession" lurked in the delicate "moss bud," the "arbor vitae," entwined with the "bay," formed the background, signifying "live for me," for "I change only in dying;" the purple columbine and sky-hued convolvulus minor, the velvet pansy, the fragrant heliotrope, with the jonquil, white poppy, formed a pretty combination, which might be thus translated: "With the heliotrope, and rose bud, I confess my love and devotion to