

A HAYTIAN DAY DREAM.

BY T. D. F.

HAYTI! The land of the citron and the mangrove, where the bright flowering cactus, and the stately palm, spring indigenous from the luxuriant soil—where the jasmine and the scarlet cordia wave their odorous flowers in the warm languid air! Land of coffee, and the sugar cane,—musical with the ever varying notes of the wild harmonious mocking bird—land of the fairy humming bird, and the gorgeous flamingo,—paradise of the monkey and the negro! Truly art thou the land of romance. Truly has both the deepest tragedy, and the brightest comedy of life been acted under the blue heavens which arch above thy varied and fertile hills. Thou hast echoed to the groan of the heavily tasked slave, writhing under the whip of the cruel overseer, or when the ties of affection have been rudely severed, and the wife and children sold to far removed bondage; thy hills have rung to the shriek and yell of the murdered white, when the too deeply wronged negro took into his own hand the fearful retribution for his own sufferings. Thy lofty trees have waved their leafy standards in sympathy with the wild shout of delight, which followed the cry of “Vive la liberté et Toussaint l’Ouverture!” which greeted thy Napoleon, the First Consul of Hayti, as nations acknowledged the freedom which his calm courage, and unswerving rectitude had won for his beloved island. Full of romance wert thou, oh, Hayti! in the days of the “ancien régime,” when French gentlemen of rank lived gaily on thy luxuriant plantations, and fair demoiselles from la belle France, gave grace and vivacity to thy society; but none the less full of romance art thou now, when thy queens of love are not only dark-eyed, but dark-hued girls,—not descendants from the stately dames who claimed their natal place on the banks of the Guadalquivir, or less beautiful, though more sprightly, from the country of the sparkling Loire,—but from the gentle, though world-oppressed race of the Ethiop. Yes! romance still lingers in thy dark words, floats with thy water lilies, and works wonders of enchantment scarcely equalled by those achieved in days of old, when fairies and good genii haunted the world, watching over, and carefully guarding all the tender and beautiful threads which are

enwoven in the life of even the most working-day mortal.

These thoughts have been recalled by listening to a veritable romance which occurred in the beautiful Carribean Island of Hayti. It is not a very probable one, yet it is nevertheless true; and do not all who study human nature allow that the wildest imagination of the most imaginative poet can never exceed the truth; no word painting, however vivid, no grouping, however unnatural, can outvie the scenes and occurrences which are daily passing within the sphere of every one's own observation. But this is quite enough of an introduction to the simple sketch, whose only merit is its truth, and its exemplification of the wonderful-working power of Don Cupid, in the glowing southern realms which seem to be his own especial domain.

“Why did he love her? Curious fool! be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?”

“When in that moment, (so it came to pass)
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.”

“Helen, I love thee! By my life! I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false, who says I love thee not.”

Shakespeare.

“Annie,” said Mr. Morrison, to his lovely young wife, as they were sitting over their breakfast table, sipping the fragrant coffee, and eating the delicious fruits which are so refreshing in a warm climate, “I shall invite Hermann Müller to dinner to-morrow, with three or four of our most distinguished merchants; he brought excellent letters; I have many transactions with his father's house in Hamburg, and I should like to render his residence on the island as agreeable as possible; we will have the gentlemen to dinner, and as many ladies in the evening as you choose to collect, to make it pleasant and attractive.”

“I am always ready for these réunions, Harry, and will cull the brightest spirits in our little circle; but Mr. Müller will not find much to interest him in the Haytian ladies, after the cultivated society he has been accustomed to in Hamburg; but I will do my best. Dancing and music I doubt not, he can enjoy,—for what German does not? and I am sure he could never have listened to sweeter