

new habitation, and he managed with much delicacy, to aid them in the expenses of fitting it up.

The school was commenced with a larger number of pupils than had been anticipated. It increased rapidly under the judicious superintendence of Constance; and in the course of two years she had rendered Isabella and Helen so capable of filling her place, that all the parents were perfectly satisfied to continue their children with them. At the end of that time, Lessingham, (who, in the interval, had made frequent trips to Philadelphia,) came to claim the promised hand of his Constance. They were married—she having first transferred the whole of her little property to her brothers widow.

At the earnest desire of Mrs. Lessingham, Mrs. Allerton consented that Louisa should live in future with her beloved aunt Constance, and consequently the little girl accompanied them to New Bedford.

Mrs. Allerton and her family went on and prospered; her son was everything a parent could wish; her children all married advantageously, and she herself passed the remainder of her days in that tranquility which, in the dark days of her misfortunes, she had never ventured to anticipate.*

* Abridged from *THE TOKEN*, an American Annual to which it was contributed by Miss Leslie, a lady whose good sense and knowledge of the world shine forth in all her writings.

For the Mayflower.

The Flowers.

I love the flowers! they all are fair
And precious unto me;
From those that bloom in gay parterre,
To wild ones on the lea.

I sing not of exotics rare,
Conservatory grown;
That for the rich perfume the air,
And for the rich alone.

But those that deck our cottages,
And in our gardens smile—
Cheering the widow's loneliness,
Gladdening the child of toil.

The Rose, that fills the garden throne,
Fair even to excess;
Blushing, with crimson face bow'd down,
At its own loveliness.

Lily, with combination rare,
Of grace and majesty;
Raising aloft its forehead fair,
In vestal purity.

With zoneless waist and flowing tress,
And garments flitting free;
Yet gracefulness in its wild undress,
Careless Anemone.

Sweet Pea, exhaling odours sweet;
Carnation, flinging far
Its rich perfume, the sense to greet—
And radiant Morning Star.

Pansy, in velvet robe bedight,
Lowly to look upon;
But yet the chosen favourite,
Of fam'd Napoleon.

The pale Narcissus, classic flower!
Bearing his hapless name,
Who for himself felt Passion's power,
And perish'd by the flame.

Tulip, with variegated streak,
And shades commingling fine;
White Innocent, with aspect meek,
And bell-shaped Columbine.

Retiring Lily of the vale,
Hiding its snowy bells,
Pensive and pure, and sweet; and pale,
Within its leaves' wide cells.

And its meek mate, the Violet,
Not easy to desery,
Within its leafy covert set,
Mocking intrusive eye.

Orange, that gives its blossoms fair,
To form the bridal wreath;
And gracing more than jewels rare,
The glossy braids beneath.

The Monkshood, with its cow-like flower,
Two heads within conceal'd;
Needing the hands' coercive power,
Ere they can be reveal'd.

Sweet William, with its cluster'd flowers,
And spicy, fragrant scent;
And Honeysuckle, of our bowers,
The brightest ornament.

The Mountain Daisy, growing low;
The Canterbury bell,
Rearing on high its stately brow,
In proud and graceful swell.

Peony, in its dazzling vest,
Of deepest crimson hue;
Convulvulus, more meekly drest,
In pale, cerulean blue.

The Tiger lily's sable dots,
On orange surface thrown;
Vieing with Leopard in the spots,
Upon its vesture strewn.

The small, blue flow'ret, that records
A lover's hapless lot;
Still chronicling his parting words,
Minute "Forget-me-not."

The Broom, with golden blossoms crown'd,
And dark, indented leaf;
The Love-lies-bleeding on the ground,
Thrown prostrate, as in grief.

The Widow's Tear, whence drops distil,
As from a fount unseal'd,
Ready, at slightest pressure, still,
Its liquid stores to yield.

Nasturtium's cornucopiers' bright,
With nectar'd sweets replete;
In depths impervious to the sight,
The honey-bee's retreat.

The Poppy, with its scarlet crest,
Of soporific power;
That lulls the wayward babe to rest,
And soothes its wakeful hour.