

**THE MAYFLOWER;
OR, TALES AND
PENCILINGS**

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The Mayflower; or, Tales and pencilings by Harriet Beecher Stowe

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

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FLORENCE L'ESTRANGE.

Page 7.

THE MAYFLOWER.

BY

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."



MARION JOYCE.

Master Joseph always took little Marion under his especial protection.—Page 123.

T. NELSON AND BONS, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Nelson's Library for Travellers and the Fireside.

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OR,

Tales and Pencilings,

BY

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

"A welcome garland here is wreathed
Of the pleasant flowers of May;
Of lesson, song, and story breathed,
And many a pleasant lay."

London:

T. NELSON & SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND EDINBURGH.

MDCCLIII.

PREFACE.

IN the following pages the reader will find a series of pleasing and instructive sketches, characterized by the refinement and tenderness which mark with such peculiar attractions the best productions of feminine taste, and confer on them such admirable fitness for the family circle. They are from the pen of the gifted American authoress—Harriet Beecher Stowe; and, in introducing this volume to the English reader, the editor feels assured that that sprightliness and happy humour, and still more the fine taste and high moral principle displayed by the authoress, will secure for her a hearty welcome to many a fireside in the Homes of merry England.

London, October, 1852.

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THE MAYFLOWER.

FLORENCE L'ESTRANGE; OR, THE ROSE TREE.

Rose! what dost thou here?

Bridal, royal rose?

How midst grief and fear,

Canst thou thus disclose

That ferid blue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows?

HEMANS.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living, perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, rested what seemed the counterpart of that so

lovely flower. That cheek so pale, that fair forehead so spiritual, that countenance so full of high thought, those long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, sorrowful, yet subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

“Florence! Florence!” echoed a merry and musical voice, in a sweet, impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a light and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seems to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seems like a thousand smiles at once. “Come, Florence, I say,” said the little sprite, “put down that wise, good, and excellent volume, and descend from your cloud, and talk with a poor little mortal.

“I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go away, as, to our consternation, you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatterbrain as I am. I do love flowers, that is a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line.”

“Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,” said Florence, with a smile; “I have no intention of calling upon your talents: I have an asylum in view for my favourite.”

“Oh then, you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain,