THE REMEMBER ME; A TOKEN OF LOVE, FOR 1855

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649690077

The Remember Me; A Token of Love, for 1855 by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

THE REMEMBER ME; A TOKEN OF LOVE, FOR 1855



THE

Not in PE 4,5-15

REMEMBER ME;

TOKEN OF LOVE,

FOR 1855.

PHILADELPHIA:

HENRY F. ANNERS,

48 NORTH POURTH STREET.



Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by HENRY F. ANNERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

EINS A DACED, PRINTERS, PUTLADELPHIA.

PREFACE.

FLATTERED by the success that attended the former volumes of the Remember Me, the publisher is induced to present another volume to the public, in the hope that it will meet with a favorable reception.

He would take this opportunity of expressing his thanks for the liberal encouragement hitherto extended to his publications of a similar character; a continuance of which, it will always be his aim to merit.

Philadelphia, August, 1854.

LIST OF PLATES.

	Page
Apprehension,	13
The Bride's Farewell,	108
The Young Helvetian,	151
The Cottager's Daughter,	187
The Girer Ballo	988

CONTENTS.

	Pape
The Last Look,	7
Sloep,	11
Morning,	12
Apprehension, by James Nack,	13
The Last Sleep, from the German,	14
The Parvenue, by Mrs. Shelley,	15
Death of the Wild Rose, by Ross H. Hendricks,	32
Youth,	36
Mick Purcell, an Irish Story,	37
Farewell, by Lady E. S. Wortley,	51
The Change, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing,	52
Echo,	54
The Nice Doctor, by J. Forbes Dalton, Esq.,	65
The Felon, by Mrs. Gilbert,	84
The Mother's Grief, by Rev. T. Dale,	87
The Falcon,	89
Who Loves Me Best, by Mary A. Brown,	97
Affection, by the Hon, Mrs. Norton,	100
The Bride's Farewell, by Mrs. Hemans,	103
The Bridal Morning, by Hannah Mary Jones,	105
Sonnet, by Barry Cornwall,	114

CORTENTS.

Evening, by Alaric A. Watte,	Page 115
To a Changeable Friend, by Rose Hendricks,	117
[12] [13] [14] [15] [15] [15] [15] [15] [15] [15] [15	
Tears, by R. E. H.,	119
Song, by L. S	120
Mabel; or, the Heiress of Hazelwood	121
The Young Helvetian, by the Rev. T. Dale,	151
A Mother's Lament, over her Dead Infant,	153
Sonnet, by George Fletcher, Eq.,	154
Ascent of Mont Blanc,	155
The Alps at Day-break,	165
The Exile's return, by the Rev. Hobart Counter, M. D.,.	166
Sonnet to the Moon,	167
Count Koningsfeldt, a Legend of the North,	168
The Dying Girl to her mother, by Miss Jewsbury,	185
The Cottager's Daughter, by D. W. Belisle,	187
Song, by Miss Mitford,	189
Patty Conway, a story of Irish Life, by Mrs. S. C. Hall,	190
The Comet, by Edward W. Cox,	209
Forest Changes, by Derwest Conway,	212
The Last Song, by Barry Cornwall,	213
Midnight,	214
"Yes and No," by the Author of Pricate Life, etc.,	215
Sonnet,	224
Blindness, by E. Ruston,	225
The Gipsy Belle, by D. W. Beliele,	227
Sonnet, by George Fletcher, Esq.,	229
The Bitter Wedding, a Swiss Legend, by J. N. Wyee,	230
The Palmetto,	249
I shall think of it ever by William Kennedy	250

THE LAST LOOK.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Av! take thy last fond look, unhappy girl, On that bright image, and the glossy curl Which oft with quivering smile and murmured tone Those full and fervent lips have pressed alone. Take thy last look !- that stealing glance no more Shall read in his the truth of all he swore: No more, as slow their timid lashes rise, The earnest fondness of thy trusting eyes Shall bless his happy heart, whose own express Mixed thoughts-half triumph and half tenderness! One lingering gaze she gives that pictured form, Which mutely smiles, unconscious of the storm That, bursting forth, like lightning from above, Hath scattered havoc through their world of love. One lingering gaze-but, in that last long look, All that affection ever gave or took, Each word-each tone-each breath of his, returns. And on her cheek in mantling blushes burns. She hath forgotten they are near her, now-And round her lip, and on her quiet brow,