

**THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,
PRESERVED FOR MY
FRIENDS; OR, A COLLECTION
OF SMALL POEMS**

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The Last Rose of Summer, Preserved for My Friends; Or, a Collection of Small Poems by Rose Ellen H.

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ROSE ELLEN H.

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OF SMALL POEMS**

INTRODUCTION.

No one reads poetry in this prose-loving age,—
so say the booksellers, so say the publishers,
so say my friends, so say I ; and still I cannot
let my last Rose shiver in the autumnal gale
without making an effort to preserve it.

Ladies, have compassion on it, for you will find
on unfolding the leaves that you form the com-
ponent parts of my flower. Let it not then
wither on the counter of a shop, but give it a
warm place on the cover of your drawing-room
tables, or else, *au dernier desespoir*, I shall
boldly seek a refuge in gentlemen's coat pockets.

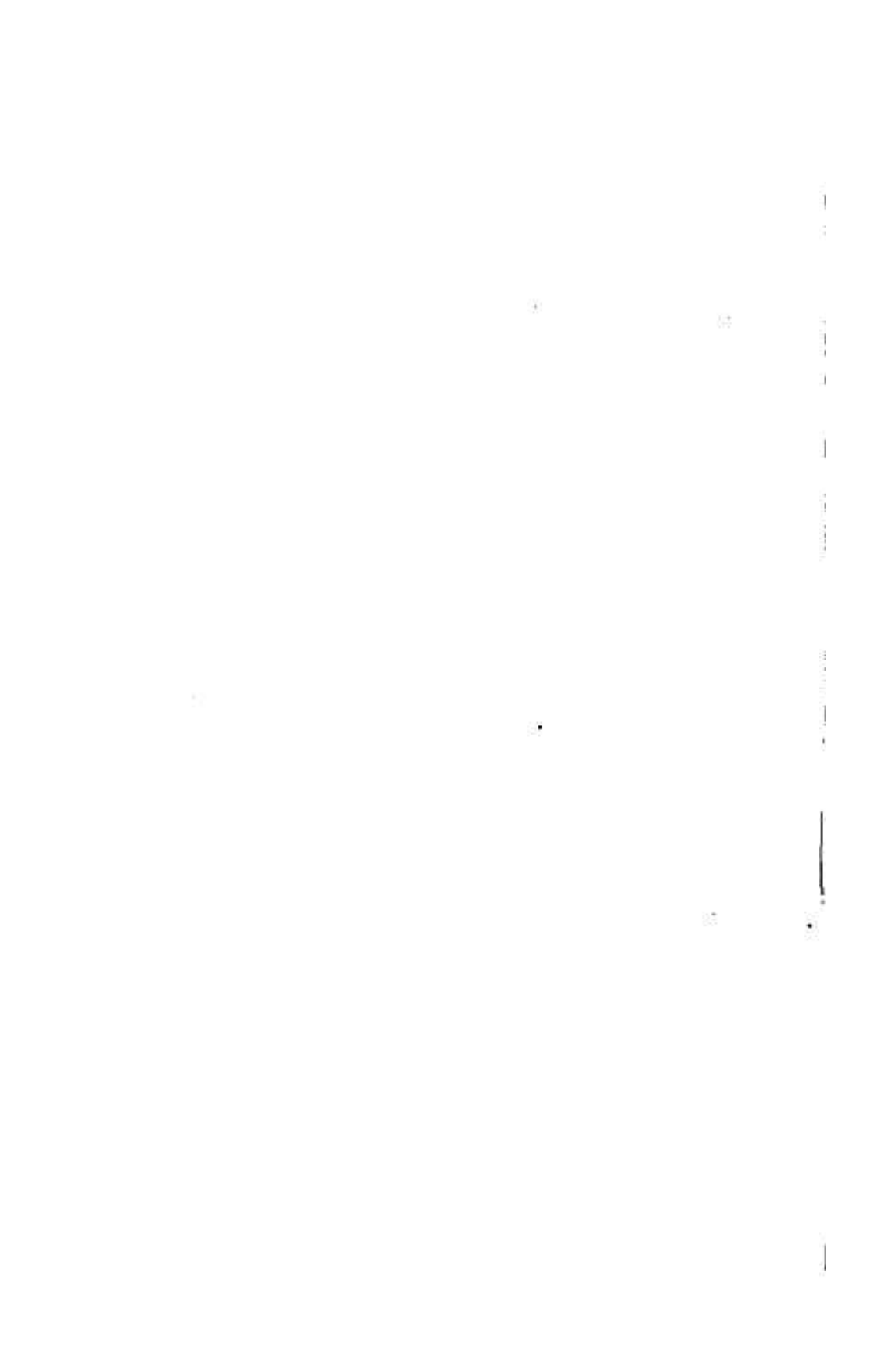
Even a *too* warm reception from the public press is better than total oblivion; but that lenient judge will not too severely find the thorns in the Last Rose of a young lady's bouquet.

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THE
LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,
ETC.

TO THE COUNTESS DE SALIS.

MUSE, wreathe me now a gentle lay,
Twine thy pow'r round my heart,
No longer then I'll bid thee stay;
When done thy task elsewhere depart.

Toss'd as a light bark o'er the seas,
I scarce the shoals dare brave,
Happy, kind Countess de Salis,
If thou my bark wilt save.