

Mrs. Sigourney's Letters

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Mrs. Sigourney's Letters

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Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.

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the Authoress by Cheney. Comprising numerous
Poems never before published.

Mrs. Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney.

Authoress.

B. & Vorwick, Bonn. 1791

L. Hartford, 1845.

Drawer 828



Engraved by H. B. Forrest from a Daguerreotype taken by Hartlett & Fuller

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

First in the American Library Magazine

The Native Place.

Thou'nd mid dark rocks and valleys bright
Again to greet my gazing sight

Thou' consist, where every joy had birth,
My cherish'd natal spot of earth.

— Thy rugged features sternly fair
Thy craggy summits high & bare.

Thy foaming torrents silvery flash,

Thy ^{cataracts} ~~waterfalls~~ everlasting dash,

Thy crowded mart, thy crystal tide,

The fairy boats that lightly glide,

But most of all, thy Sylvan shades,

Romantick dells, and leud cascades,

Rocks, woods and caves together piled,

The rude, the wonderful and wild,

Friendrich'd climes, and scenes more gay

Have won my heart's first love away.

— And there thou art, secluded home,

My tender parents' peaceful home,

And with what thoughts to thee I come

Throu' the far city's stifling hum,

Where cares in ceaseless billows swell,

Perchance the stricken deed can tell. —

— Sweet home! Unsparring Time hath not

To mar and scathe thy brow forgot,

Dark stains upon thy walls to fling

And shake thy casements with ^{his} ~~the~~ wing,

And pamper'd taste, and worldly pride

(Nought well thy lowly garb deride).

Even I, when stateliest halls aspire

Have far long'd to admire,

Although I know, the soul hearest
Might build, as light as ring-dove's nest,
Require no quarried marble's stone,
For cedar from the forest hoar,
But to the straw-roof'd cottage bring
Such wealth as mocks the scepter'd King. —
Thou too, remember'd Cell, I spy
Where Science met our infant eye,
And where our earliest tasks were plac'd,
The needle's humble course to guide,
As Round tiny bars of steel to enclose
The gaudy yard for kitten's nose,
Or with moist brow to ponder o'er
The alphabet's mysterious lore.

But who of infant students' chain
Can tell the duration, or the pain,
When from the mother's lulling arms,
From toys and cakes, and nursery-charms
To the hard bench, that torturing seat
Transfer'd, — & there with unposs'd feet,
And aching sides, and fetter'd tongue,
And wayward spirit, vex'd and stung,
Condemn'd with startl'd soul and ead
Impossible commands to hear,
For chance, or baby-friend to wreak
The miseries that it dares not speak. —

To us, no prophetic glance reveal'd
These strict laws by Time repeal'd,
Nor 'mid the daily weight of care
Which scarce La Trappe's pale monks might bear
E'er should the modern infant school
With happy, love, and peaceful rule,
Where knowledge on Affection's throne,
Dispense joys to us untold. —

Yet Ministry paints in brighter trace
A studious group of gentle grace,
Who when our Childhood's reign was past
Saw yon milk-cold thine beauty cast.
Their clustering curls by Fashion's rage
Uncharm'd, — fell clustering o'er the page
Where the fair brow severely bent

In patient thought, and calm content,
While the clear eye that lustre threw
Which from the fount of birth it drew.
— Retain'd once more, ye much-lov'd throng!
Come, full of gladness, youth and song!
Your smiles, your tones of music clear,
My weary, way-worn heart shall cheer.
Ye could not! — bowers and festal ban,
And household-hearth I search'd in vain,
Where are ye? — care and change severe
And Death's dark caverns answer, — here.

— I linger still, — but may not stay,
The tribute of my grief to pay,
For like the payment of a dream
This shadowy span of life doth seem,
And in the twinkling of an eye
The mourners with the mourn'd must lie.

— Harwell! — dear land of rocks and streams
Bede prompted of my Fancy's dream,
A curse of my youth, — a few times more
Winter may scatter thy temples hoar,
And Summer with unsandall'd foot
Thy sickle to thy harvest put,
And thou shouldst lend affection's name
One wild-flower garland for my grave,
Or Memory from Oblivion's throne
One faintly cherish'd trace restore,
Oh! let the simple vestige be
My hope in Christ, — my birth in thee.

76.

A Lover with his Miniature, ~~to send~~ a New Year's gift
to the promised Bride.

I come, — I come, — with the opening Year,
With the changelings winks of Affection dear,
And the smile that beam'd when thy steps way sigh;
Thou may'st wonder, perchance, that the speaking eye
And the glowing lip should be mute to thee,
Oh! — when shall the hour of our meeting be?

Cherish me, Sweetest. — In this still breast

By a love that can charm they woe to rest,
That will bulks bond, ev' thine hour of pain
And exult when they, brow is scain'd aglart;

Mrs Liguerney

Ms. M. Parker & Prescott.

Editors of the "Atlas."

New-York.

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1845

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Earth hath too scanty a limit given
Her, its perfect good, may it bloom in Heaven.