LETTERS OF LIFE,

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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1867.
in knowing that a portion of whatever profit might thus accrue was to assist in the education of a promising son, destined to the ministry by his parents, but removed by the All-Wise Disposer in the bloom of youth.

1837.


Those beautiful annuals which had reached us from over the water, so exquisite in typography and pictorial embellishment, had begun to excite among us a spirit of emulation. At this I rejoiced, having long felt that there was much room for improvement in the costume as well as the material of our literature. The aristocratic "Forget-Me-Not" of London had been regularly sent me by its editor; and admiration of it, as well as other considerations, induced me to accept the charge of a similar publication, originally commenced in Philadelphia by my revered and eloquent friend, the late Rev. Dr. Gregory Bedell. The labor of editing was more onerous than I had anticipated, demanding correspondence not only with the literati, but with artists and engravers. Yet, at the sight of a rich volume in white Turkey morocco and gold, of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, from our eminent writers, I felt more than remunerated.

This Annual, as well as its predecessor, from their tone of literature and style of embellishment, found favor with the public. Contributions had been widely solicited both in Europe and the United States, though I was sometimes disappointed where I had reason to place reliance. I had the gratification of receiving articles from over the water from Mrs. Opie, Bernard Barton, R. Shelton Mackenzie, and Dr. Stamatiades, of Constantinople—as well as from our own distinguished writers, Bishop Burgess, Bishop Chase, Bishop Williams, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Rev. C. W. Everest, and Colonel John Trumbull; also from Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Embury, and Mrs. Stowe, whose pen has since made itself known in both hemispheres. I was ambitious that these volumes should exhibit as great a variety of talent as possible; and therefore, although I had at first added more than one hundred pages myself, deemed it courteous as an editor rather to withdraw, and bring forward my friends, or, to borrow the expression of my Lord Bacon, "ring a bell for other wits." But the toil of exchanging hundreds of letters, not only with the literati, but with artists, all the sixteen illustrations requiring to be original, absorbed too much time, and was too slavish in its character; so, discovering that the department of editorship
was not congenial to my taste, I gladly declined giving it a third trial.

1840.

28. "Memoir of Mrs. Mary Ann Hooker."

Would that my pen had been adequate to the perfect transcript of one of the most lovely and intellectual of beings. This attempt, with some selections from her correspondence, an affectionate tribute to the memory of an early and valued friend, was left for publication under the superintendence of her husband, the Rev. Horace Hooker, at my departure for Europe.

1841.

29. "Religious Poetry."

This volume, of three hundred and forty-seven pages, with another one of poems of correspondent size, and an enlarged edition of "Letters to Young Ladies," were issued, according to articles of agreement, by publishers in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, during my residence in London. Their beautiful style of execution rendered them appropriate keepsakes, as testimonials of gratitude to the friends from whom I had received attentions and hospitalities while a sojourner in foreign climes.