

works over and over again; and, I am confident, could repeat from memory every line of poetry he ever wrote. While the ladies are dealing out their off-hand criticism, and canvassing the merits of the several productions of the gentlemen, the male part of my household, it seems, cannot speak sufficiently well of Miss Sedgwick's *Le Bossu*. If therefore, gentlemen, I may judge of these sketches from the impression the entire work has made in my family, and upon the various tastes of its members, it will suit every body—and this, I take it, is a most uncommon merit now-a-days, when so much foreign trash is republished (and sold too!) here, that pleases nobody.

It is not worth while to detain you with my own opinion of the several authors above alluded to; suffice it to say, that, although not a literary man, I nevertheless feel proud, whenever a good production, of domestic origin, makes its appearance; and most happy that so much real talent exists amongst us. I have perused the "*Tales of Glauber Spa*," and been much amused by them. In the whole two volumes, however, I have met with nothing that I like better than the eastern sketch, entitled *Selim*. From this I have copied the annexed passage, which please print if you have room and inclination. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. H.

## LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—I have been a subscriber to the *Mirror* for more than nine years; and, what is rather remarkable, during all that time, not a single number has ever failed to come punctually to hand, and I have never had any cause of complaint against you whatever. The paper has always given me the utmost satisfaction, and I look for it every Saturday with as much earnestness and pleasure, as I look for a day of rest after a week of toil and business. The truth is, I have been so long in the habit of reading your quarto—it is so great a favorite about the house, and contains so much to instruct and amuse us all, that I, for one, should be very unwilling to do without it. It has become quite a matter of necessity with me. But this is rather foreign to my present purpose; yet, while addressing you for the first time, I could not let the opportunity pass without setting it down. My family is large—six daughters and three sons. Last week, after the girls had read your superb review of "*Tales of the Glauber Spa*," they beset me on all sides to procure the book. I did so, and we have found the praise you bestowed upon it well merited. My eldest daughter, Mary, a bright-hearted, sprightly nymph of nineteen, is in raptures with the story of Mr. Green, and laughs incessantly at the quaint expressions and odd conceits of its author. She says, "it is just like Mr. Sands;" but that she'll never forgive him for the incident of the "three straws." She's "indifferent about the manner of choosing a wife, but she don't like that." Childe Roeliff seems to possess unusual attractions for Julia, who is certain she has met the identical tinman and his worthy family somewhere; but *where*, she appears sadly puzzled to determine. "They are originals, pa. They are people about town. I know who Mr. Paulding means as well as he does himself. It's strange I can't recollect just now." And she folds her arms, and shakes her wise little noddle, as much as to say—"I'm resolved to find out." Amanda, who is more of an *azure* than any of her sisters, has a *penchant* for the Block-house. She thinks Mr. Leggett one of the very best writers in the country; and insists that he gives a tale of the sea more interest than any other modern author. She quotes the "*Main-Truck*" in support of her opinions, and coolly remarks, she would rather have written that story than any one of Mr. Cooper's books! *Medfield* and the *Skeleton's Cave* have been much admired by all; but more especially by Jane and Marin, who, not long since, were so indignant at the review in the *Philadelphia Quarterly*, that they placed Mr. Bryant at the head of American literature, and have kept him there ever since in spite of what any person may say to the contrary. They have read all this gentleman's