

must soon open for her reception, to rescue her fame and virtue from the cruel imputations under which she was suffering. She then informed the lady, that if her husband would call at No. —, in — street, on a certain day, she would convince him of the truth of her assertions.— Yet she gave not the remotest intimation as to who was the husband who had thus contrived to keep her in seclusion, with but a doubtful reputation. The doubts of the lady and her husband were not removed, but their interest and curiosity to penetrate the veil which appeared to hang over the fate of the unhappy female, were powerfully awakened.

Meanwhile, and before the appointed time for the promised explanation had arrived, B— called as usual, to inquire after the family, and the health of his intended bride. He had never been more cheerful, and talked with his wonted frankness and seeming sincerity, of his approaching nuptials. While the evening was passing thus pleasantly away, the lady handed him the miniature of his deceased friend, to inquire of him whether it was a good likeness. He took the picture, but had no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than it dropped from his hands. For an instant his countenance was pale as ashes. Every drop of blood seemed to have rushed back upon his heart. His lips quivered, and he trembled in every joint. But he recovered his self-possession in a moment, picked up the picture, as though it had fallen by a common accident, and after a few common-place remarks upon it, left the house, earlier, and more abruptly than usual.

The mystery now increased and a dark suspicion flashed across their minds. His agitation had been too obvious not to be perceived; yet there was no definable cause for it, only that it appeared to be strongly connected with the picture. True it might have been occasioned by the sudden view of the well-known features of an endeared and valuable friend, whose remains had for more than three years been mouldering beneath the cloids of the valley.— But still the curiosity of the family was wrought up to a higher degree of intensity; and although the gentleman had hitherto doubted the propriety of attending the appointment of the unfortunate female, his resolution was now fixed, and he at once determined to visit her at the time appointed. He did so; and found her in a retired dwelling, melancholy and sad as before, but surrounded by her little family, and to all appearance very comfortably situated. She entered into a history of her life and situation, since her brother had entered the army several years ago. A few years after his departure, she had received the addresses of a gentleman whom she had known as her brother's intimate friend and associate, to whom some six or seven years since she was privately married. And she was induced to consent that their union should be kept an inviolable secret, in consequence of the representations of her husband, that this privacy was of the utmost importance to his pecuniary interests, as it regarded a large amount of property in expectancy, which would certainly be devised to him if his marriage were not known, but of which he would certainly be deprived, were the fact to come to the knowledge of his aged relative. Another motive for secrecy, he represented to be some heavy losses, which would prevent his going to house-keeping in the style he wished, until he should have retrieved his circumstances, which object would be accomplished at no distant day. For a long time, though deserted by the little circle of friends, she bore the seclusion cheerfully, and her husband often strengthened her resolution,

by representing the pleasure they would all derive when her brother arrived, from the agreeable surprise it would occasion him, to find his sister the happy wife of his early and constant friend. But from the day of her marriage she had not heard from her beloved brother; nor was it until long after his death that by some accident, she came to the knowledge of his marriage in this city, and his subsequent decease.— Her heart then sunk within her. But although the explanations of her husband were unsatisfactory, still he had always been kind and attentive to her, (only that he never dined at home,) and fearing that the estate would be lost, she had kept the secret within her own bosom. And even yet, she said the secret would not have been wrung from her, were it not that her own dissolution appeared to be near, and she was anxious that her children should be able to look the world in the face without blushing at the imputation of unlawful parentage. While giving this account of herself, she at times was almost overcome with emotion; and when speaking of the doubt and suspicion which had been cast upon her character,

“————— in a gushing stream,  
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brow,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolv'd in rain.”

But she still avoided giving any intimation as to the name of her husband, nor could entreaty induce her to alter her determination, until she had further time and another interview.— The conversation having been changed to the affairs of her brother and his widow, the gentleman with apparent carelessness, mentioned as a piece of intelligence that would naturally interest her, that the latter was to be married again in the spring, to B—. But had a bolt been hurled upon her head from the angry skies, the shock upon her feeble frame could hardly have been greater. She clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and as soon as her agitation would permit utterance, she exclaimed, “Oh, God! he is my husband! Oh! (she continued) is it possible!—But I see it all now!”—and swooned in convulsions upon the floor.— The shock was severe upon the gentleman, and had it not been for the mysterious incident of the picture, would have been much more so;—but the singular conduct of B— on that occasion, had in a measure prepared him for some strange disclosure. The usual restoratives having been applied, the unfortunate lady was so far recovered as to speak further upon the subject, and the secret having been thus divulged, she unburdened her heart more freely, and proved the truth of her representations, by producing the certificate of her marriage from a resident clergyman, who confirms its genuineness and authenticity.

## THE MEDLEY.

### ITALY.

“Italia! Oh Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty”——

The name of Italy is connected with many associations that are dear to the soul. Not with more enthusiasm did the crusaders visit the Holy Land, than does the man of literature this classic clime.— He cannot think of Virgil or Horace, Tasso, Ariosto, or the visionary Dante, or the divine Petrarch, without conjuring up to his imagination this “land of sweet sounds,”—this paradise of the world.— Nor is it less endeared, or become less interesting by the pilgrimages of men of modern times. Addison and Goldsmith, and the living bard whose genius has shed its departing rays over the remnants of its freedom, rush at once upon our minds when we think of Italy. The poet there takes his full draught

of inspiration; and when contemplating the ruins of all that was great and glorious on the earth, pausing as it were over the wrecks of time, and pondering on the vanity of all things, insensibly imbibes the pervading spirit of its former greatness; and in describing the dim forms of old, as they are shadowed to his imagination, his breast glows with a chivalrous ardor at their exploits, and he becomes at once a partaker of their pleasures and their immortality.

The richness and fertility of the soil, its abundance of cattle, the salubrity of the air, the endless variety of its fruits and flowers, its aromatic gums, its wine and oil, however beautiful they appear upon the face of the country, are not to be compared with the deep interest that is excited by its connexion with the mistress of the world. Rome, the queen of the nations, whose ruins are now enshrined in the jewels of poesy—Rome, the kingdom of the arts and sciences, whose literature was disseminated over the whole civilized world.—Rome, whose proud line of Caesars are slumbering in the dust, and whose mighty consuls are no more—Rome, whose golden eagles glittered in the sunbeam, and extended their ambitious wings over the face of the earth—Rome still survives the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the enthusiast:

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,  
And while Rome stands—the world.”

We cannot step even on the confines of Italy without being overshadowed and overwhelmed with the mysteries of its mythology. Here Saturn reigned and gave the golden age—and two-faced Janus, who built up splendid temples, and reared the sacred altars. Here the nymphs and satyrs danced to the inspiring music of the timbrel—here Agrippa erected his noble fame to the honour of all the gods.— The Tiber, with its golden sands, still flows; and is the same river which Horace describes as he saw it forced backward from the Tuscan shore! We may even now stand upon the Capitoline-hill, and look down upon ruined Rome—the “skeleton,” as some author has expressed himself, of that gigantic form which was once terrible to the nations. Tradition still consecrates the name of Hannibal with the lake of Thrasymane, and there is an old circular ruin which the peasants still call “the Carthaginian's tower.” The Egerian grot brings to our memory the fabled interview of Numa with the beautiful nymph, who, during her mighty visitations, instructed him to rule full well the Roman people. The springs over which she presided still bubble from among the pumice rocks and trickle through the mosses and long grasses that flourish there.

The swift Canilla scoured the plains of Italy, and opposed the landing of Aeneas, who, having escaped from the dangers of the Trojan war, and the perils of the deep, by command of Venus here rested from his toils and founded a city.—Here Pythagoras, after having travelled for knowledge to Egypt, and beyond the walls of Babylon, founded his school of philosophy, and taught the transmigration of souls. Nor should we forget Rome's founder, the son of warlike Mars, with the “she wolf,” his nurse, whose story seemed so wondrous in our youth. The luxurious Ovid attached his name to the immortal city, when in the spirit of prophecy he divined the perpetuity of his fame, and shouted

“One half of round eternity is mine!”

Corinna and the wanton Julia, and the chaste Virginia, and the vestal train who watched the vital fire, and Tullia, the proud paricide, and a numerous train of women, endeared by their virtues, or odious for their vices, rush over the memory when we think of Italy. Cato and Brutus, names dear to liberty, and Cicero, the parent of Roman eloquence, and what was still dearer to his honor and his virtues, the father of the Roman people. Poets, philosophers, historians, and orators, rise and pass in review before us with all their attributes, and in all their glory, and render Italy a country deservedly the most famous in the world. The Alps and the Appennines, and the now ‘spousless Adriatic,’ and the Tyrrhene sea, names sacred to sweet song, will