SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.—A young Lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband, all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend.

I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state. unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various deep sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure —my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is one of the most amiable of men, I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us, my husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly; crass, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom-friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party he says ought to obey implicitly,— but each yield to the other by turns— An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old—she is civil to all the neighborhood round, generous and charitable to the poor— I know my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and I wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, __________, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find with him. Adieu! May you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy.