THE SECRET LOVER.
FROM THE PERSIAN OF JUAMI.

Lives there the soulless youth, whose eye
That ruby tinted lip could see,
Nor long for thee to live or die?
How unlike me!

Or see that cheek’s pomegranate glow;
Yet think of anything but thee,
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?
How unlike me!

Or see thee o’er the golden wire
Bend with such lovely witchery,
Nor feel each tone like living fire?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in the evening dance
Float, like the foam upon the sea,
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?
How unlike me!

Or hear thy hymn, at moonlight rise,
Soft as the humming of the bee,
Nor think he sits in paradise?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?
How unlike me!

But lives there one who vainly tries
To look the freest of the free,
And hide the wound by which he dies?
Ah! how like me!

THE OBEEAH WOMAN.
A WEST INDIA NARRATIVE.

It was in the year 18—that I quitted England for the island of Antigua, my father, who was at the head of a mercantile house in this country, considering that a few months’ local and practical knowledge of the state of society in the West Indies would better enable me to form a just estimate of the wants and condition of the colonies, than all the theoretical study that could be obtained in England. It was with these just views that he determined I should remain a year in the islands,