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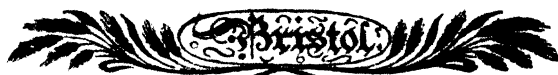
A Persian Exile.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

By CHARLES FOX.

صلاح حال خود در این دیدم که در سحرای
که از معموره دور باشد نزول نمایم *
تیمور



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ERRATA.

- Introduct. p. viii. for aud r. et.
 Ibid. p. xiv. for Mortader r. Mostader.
 Page 59, l. 18. for unknown to man, r. to man unknown.
 68, l. 14. for Will r. Wilt.
 71, l. 13. for HAKHEEM, r. HAKEEM.
 78, l. 19. for wordly r. worldly.
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 258, l. 22, dele a.
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INTRODUCTION.

THE Persian Empire, through remote ages down to the present century, has been celebrated in history, and held a distinguished rank in the scale of nations. Perhaps few now existing can boast so early an origin, and those few only are nations of the East. PERSIA, or, as it is termed by the natives, AYRAN, has also been ever considered as one of the most polished and refined in its manners, of all the oriental states; though the pride of the Greeks led them to speak of its inhabitants, as they did of other nations, by the generally reproachful name of barbarians. Persia has been governed, in succession, by Dynasties of its own native Kings, by the Khalifs of Bagdad, the Tartarian and Moghul Conquerors, the Tourcoman Beks, and the Sefis of the race of Ali, down to the usurpation of the sovereign power by Nadir Shah, more generally known to Europe by the appellation of Kouli Khan; after whose death various chiefs, aided by their soldiers, assumed sometimes the government of the whole, at other times only so much as they could obtain of particular provinces: but, through
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the course of all these various changes, they do not appear from history to have enjoyed, even during one short period, the least degree of **POLITICAL FREEDOM**: in fact, it seems never to have entered into the mind of a **PERSIAN**, that LIBERTY could exist but in a state of Nature, or of Patriarchal simplicity, such as yet may be found amongst some tribes of the **BEDOUINS**, that rove the Arabian wilds; and perhaps amongst the wandering shepherds and herdsmen of Persia; who, in the uncultivated parts of some provinces are very numerous. Hence to the titles of Khan, Beg, Shah, Melec, Shehriar, Sultan, &c. however they may denote a leader, guardian, or sovereign protector, must in effect also include the idea of a **DESPOT**; since, to their apprehensions and experience, *Government is a mastery*, regulated by the royal will; from which, however hastily expressed, neither property or life are at any time secure; though the Koran affords the presumptive basis of their laws. Some of their early Monarchs, indeed, have, through a native goodness of disposition, and superiority of understanding, rising to true greatness, given very striking proofs, that the plenitude of power and the abundance of riches are not *the never-failing, though doubtless the too-frequent means*, of corrupting the hearts, or perverting the judgments, of those who possess them.

How dreadful, and almost unparalleled in the annals of history, were the slaughters and devastations that attended

attended the irruptions of the Tartars under Genghiz Khan, Hulago, and Timour—the consequent oppressions of these rude and unfeeling masters and their successors—or the violent and sanguinary factions, that in frequent contests for rule, floated the land with blood ! Yet, even times of horror and anarchy like these, were followed by a state of things, that concurred less to the happiness of the people than could be readily pre-supposed. They were emancipated, it is true, from a foreign yoke ; and the ~~in~~vests of the cultivator were not so wantonly destroyed, or their produce, with the hard earnings of the industrious labourer and mechanic, so rudely wrested from their hands. But, great were the evils that remained ; a half-desponding, an abject spirit, had taken place ; and there was an extensive depravation of morals ; that, in the efforts made to establish the Sefian family on the throne, led to continual acts of outrage. And this tendency in the people was never more fully accordant with the tyranny of their rulers, than during the time that degenerate race possessed the sovereignty of Persia, from the day of carnage that first stigmatized the sanguinary reign of Ismael, on his taking possession of the city of Tabriz, A. D. 1503, and the almost incredibly deliberate slaughter he committed on his own subjects four years afterwards in Shiraz, when near forty thousand were destroyed,—down to the wretched reign of Hosain, that began in 1694. This race of tyrants, or, as they are emphatically termed in the phrase of their own language, **WORKERS OF INIQUITY, and DEVOURERS**

OF BLOOD, are so well characterized by the pen of the late Sir William Jones, that I cannot forbear quoting the passage :—" ISMAIL had many eminent qualities ; but he " sullied them all by his detestable CRUELTY. His successors, without excepting ABBAS, absurdly called the " Great, were such a disgrace to human nature, that an " account of their lives would be more like a description " of the tygers in some public collection of wild beasts, " than a piece of history. Almost every day of their lives " was distinguished by some horrid act of intemperance, " lust, or murder, aggravated by some new circumstance " of wickedness : their very love was fierce and inhuman ; " and they burned, for the slightest offences, the most " beautiful women of Asia ; either because they declined " drinking a cup of wine more than usual, or interceded for " some courtier in disgrace. At length the vein of inhumanity seemed exhausted in the family, and left nothing " behind it but an inconceivable stupidity."

On the death of Shah Abbas II. who fell a victim to drinking and debauchery, in 1664, his son was invested with *the sword of authority*, and ascended the throne, by the name of Shah Sefi II. ; but soon after abdicated it for a day ; during which it was put into the mock possession of one of the degraded Gaures, or worshippers of fire, a descendant of the Rostam race ; who, with all due solemnity, was deposed at an appointed minute in the evening ; in compliance with an ancient custom or law, that prescribed

scribed this form, with many ridiculous ceremonies, whenever the sovereign should incline to change his name. Sefi, persuaded by his physicians that his ill health had arisen from having been first seated on the throne in an unlucky hour, was weak enough to employ this expedient, of reascending it in one that was deemed propitious, according to the fooleries of astrological superstition, by the name of Selyman. His health soon afterwards amending, in conjunction with some other favourable circumstances, the ~~first~~ astrologers of the court were disgraced, through the intrigues of the doctors; as several of their profession had been recently maltreated through the machinations of the astrologers.

Shah Selyman had passed the whole of his youth indolently in the Haram. The cultivation of his mind was there almost totally neglected; being at the same time as destitute of good examples around him, as he was of preceptive instruction; and equally ignorant of all maxims of government, and the conduct of state affairs, as though he had been the son of a peasant, bred obscurely in a distant province. Perhaps more so; for having, until the death of his father, been precluded from conversing with, or even seeing any persons, but black eunuchs, and women of the Haram Serai, when the reins of government were placed in his hands, the leading *traits* of character he soon displayed, were those that might be reasonably expected to result from such an education—sloth, cruelty, and lasciviousness;

ousness ; of which the two latter qualities seem, in some sort, to be the portion of inheritance. He for a long time gave full scope to the inhumanity of his disposition, and the capricious dislikes, jealousies, and unfounded suspicions of a weak head, united to a depraved heart ; disgracing, banishing, destroying, many of his begs and chief officers of state ; some of whom were put to death on the most trivial occasions and surmises. At length, wholly abandoned to wine and women, he took no part whatever in public affairs ; reposing full confidence in his prime vizier Mirza Taher—an old man, devoid of all public principle—an artful dissimulator, corrupt and sordid to an extreme degree. His favour, his interest, was always to be purchased ; and the most inconsiderable gifts were never unwelcome to his hand.

In a reign so uncongenial to every thing great or good, it was the lot of ACHMED to obtain, through adventitious circumstances, an unexpected rise to favour, fortune, and command, without any departure from principles of integrity. Well had it been for this unhappy prince, and the people of that vast empire, had his court and his councils known the presence of a few more such characters. At what period of his reign Achmed was received into favour, or disgraced and banished, does not appear ; neither is the name of his ungrateful adversary mentioned ; whose advancement or prosperity was, however

ever, of no long duration. Such turns of fortune were not unfrequent in the time of the Sefis.

Shah Selyman reigned upwards of thirty years ; and fell at length a victim to libidinous excesses, and almost continual inebriety ; as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The manners of the sovereign, (especially when leading, through a relaxation of morals, to sensual indulgencies) must inevitably produce, in a country governed by his arbitrary will, a very strong influence on the morals and the manners of those around him, ever aspiring to higher degrees of favour and advancement. The Persians had been long an indolent and voluptuous people ; and the courts of the Sefis were notoriously the haunts of all, that, in true policy, should have been kept at a distance from them. Even the early habitudes, or the cultivated and reflecting mind of Achmed, seem to have afforded no insuperable barriers against the seductive pomp and luxury of the court, the banquet, and the haram. But there was an unthought-of remedy in the hand of Providence, against the prevailing influence and evil tendency of these :—
“ Happiness flows not to us through the channel of our
“ wills.”

The poems of Achmed contain more than the wild sportings of oriental fancy. Nature ever appeared before
him,

him, and her love gave being to his sentiments, and birth to his effusions. He has not only, in a very peculiar manner, interwoven a variety of picturesque description, with a train of the most trying circumstances and situations, such as are very remote from the common experiences of mankind in this quarter of the globe ; but they may be also considered, as displaying the faithful portraiture of no common mind, from the noon of prosperous fortune, through the night of adversity, to the day-spring of consolation ; from the agitations of youth, to tranquil happiness in the advance of life, when the autumnal calm of thought had matured the fruits of experience. “ Quanto
 “ aliquis magis sibi unitus et interius simplificatus fuerit,
 “ tanto plura ~~and~~ altiora sine labore intelligit.”

As these poems contain many sentiments and allusions, that are not strictly conformable to the creed, the manners, and customs of Mahomedans in *general*, and the Turks in particular, it will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the reader, if I point out, briefly, the origin of that difference, and wherein it really consists, together with a few connecting circumstances of Persian history. And this I am the better enabled to do, from the communications of a much valued friend, a man of rank and great literary talents, who resided several years in various countries of the East ; as well as through my intimate acquaintance with a native of Persia—a Mahomedan of liberal sentiments and extensive information, who had been educated in the principles of the Shiahs, or sect of ALI. The

The SUNNIS, though they term themselves *orthodox*, are divided into sects, who follow the different opinions of their four great doctors, Hanifa, Malec, Shafei, and Hanbal ; but the Shiah, from admitting a greater freedom of discussion, and extent of enquiries, have produced five principal sects, that are said again to have branched themselves into near seventy subdivisions, under various appellations ; all differing in some certain points of opinion, yet all united in believing with the Sunnis, the divine mission of their prophet MAHOMED, and the sacred authority of the Koran. The SUNNIS derive their name from the Arabic word *SUNEH*, which signifies the second, or Oral Law ; having never been delivered by their legislator in writing, but collected from the remembrance of his words and actions, and handed down by tradition, through the medium of authorized persons. Several of the Musulman doctors have collected these oral precepts, and written comments on them ; and it is by the means and application of these, that they have attempted to explain many ambiguities that are to be found in the book of their written law. On these traditions the chief part of their ceremonial and exterior observances are founded. The Shiah have also many oral laws and precepts, both of Mahomed and the Imams, that have been transmitted through very different hands.

The word SHIAH is Arabic; it implies a herd, a schism, or a faction; and is used by the SUNNIS as a term of reproach: whilst the Shiahs assume to themselves the
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appellation

appellation of *Alâdeliat*, or the sect of the Just. The leading causes of this division originated in the arts, the intrigues, and undue influence, employed at the appointment of the three first khalifs. Abou Bekr, Omar, and Othman, having been elected successively in preference to ALI, who succeeded them ; and was by a very numerous, though not the most affluent party, deemed the rightfully immediate successor of Mahomed. This claim they endeavoured to support by arguments drawn from various circumstances ; such as, that he was not only the cousin german, but the son in law, of the Prophet ; having married his daughter *Fatima*, by whom he had three sons, Hassan, Hosain, and Mohassan ; that therefore he and his descendants, who were the race of the Prophet, had a natural and legal claim : that, in addition to this, he stood first amongst the faithful, being the earliest convert the Prophet gained ; possessing, in his full concurrence, the most perfect knowledge of his mission ; and even, in some sort, a participation of it ;—that heaven, in a peculiar manner, had sanctified his entrance into the world, by causing him to be born in the temple of Mecca—a circumstance that never occurred in another instance either before or since—on this the Heidarians lay much stress ;—and, that the Almighty had marked him as a chosen favourite, by endowing him with many excellencies and divine graces ; gifting him also with those superior capacities of mind, that rendered the acquisition of learning and the sciences more pleasant than difficult to him. Hence it was, that when the influence
and

and intrigues of the opposing party had greatly embarrassed the state of public affairs, that ALI was heard to say, " GOD, in the distribution of his gifts, has been pleased to " favour me with understanding and with knowledge ; but " to my enemies he has given a different portion, *they* have " riches." The hatred of the Ommiades against the house of Ali, ceased not with the bloody deed of Abdal rathman ; who, in league with two other assassins, by the instigation of a woman at Coufa, cleft his head with a poisoned scimeter, in the mosque where he was officiating as chief iman. His two sons, Hassan and Hosain, were afterwards both destroyed by the inveterate and cruel enemies of their race. The first, though he had relinquished all claim to the khalifat, in favour of Moaviah, and had long devoted himself entirely to a religious life : yet, the workings of a malignant heart, in conjunction with the ambitious design of Moaviah, to insure the succession of the khalifat to his own family, caused him to suborn the perfidious wife of Hassan, by costly presents, and the promise of being soon united in marriage with his son Yezid. Through these inducements she perpetrated the deliberate murder of her husband, by wiping him with an envenomed napkin whilst he was in a profuse sweat. He was no sooner dead, than Moaviah sent her five hundred thousand drachmas of silver, as the price of her crime : but he refused to fulfil the other part of his promise—the presenting his son with such a detestable wife. That son, however, could scarcely be deemed worthy of a better help-mate ; nor perhaps could

he

he have found one with dispositions more congenial to his own ; for he was unprincipled, cruel, and avaricious.

In the sixty-first year of the hejra, A. D. 680, on gaining intelligence that Hosain (whom he had before basely attempted to destroy by poison) was crossing the desert, from Mecca to Cofa, attended only by his own children and relations on horseback, to the number of seventy-two, and a few Arabian soldiers on foot—Yezid, in the implacable spirit of destruction, had so concerted measures with Obeidallah, the general of his army, that Hosain and his company were unexpectedly surrounded, by ten thousand horse, on the plains of Kerbela. He, seeing no alternative, but that of surrendering himself and family to an inveterate enemy, who had already decreed his death, or to fall bravely on the field, choose the latter ; and, after maintaining for some time this very unequal conflict, was overpowered, and cut in pieces, with all his company. The Persians, therefore, never pronounce the name of Yezid, without adding, “ *laine tulla alaihi*, ”—the curse of God be upon him ; or some other phrase of similar import. Even the very name of Yezid, is used by them to signify any thing accursed, cruel, infamously wicked, and abominable.

This massacre, which took place on the tenth of the month Moharam, answering to our 25th of October, is kept in perpetual remembrance by the Persians ; who annually devote

devote the ten following days to public lamentation for the death of Hosain. This season of abstinence and mourning they call *Ashour*; and many amongst them employ it as much to excite a spirit of hatred and revenge against the Sunnis, as to purposes of devotion, or expressing their grief for the premature death of him, whom they venerate as a saint, a prophet, and a martyr.

A sumptuous monument was erected on the plain of Kербela, over the spot where his body is said to have been interred; and another, with a magnificent mosque, where his head was deposited in Egypt. The former is still resorted to by numerous *pilgrims* from the Persian provinces; with the same devotion that induces them to visit the tomb of his father ALI, near Coufa. From these pilgrims the Turkish governor of Bagdad extorts a kind of capitation tax.

The blood of this family, however, was not shed without many dreadful instances of retaliation. Mokhtar ben Abou Obeidah, an Arabian chieftain, and head of a powerful party, often exulted, that he alone had occasioned the destruction of at least fifty thousand enemies of the house of ALI; exclusively of the great numbers his troops had slain in battle: for, with this object of his vengeance *only* in view, he continued his hostile attacks, and almost daily slaughters, during the reigns of three following khalifs.

The nine Imans of the house of Ali, who successively held that station after the death of Hosain, maintained of course, with their followers, the exclusive right of the descendants of Ali, who were the offspring of Fatima (for he had many children by other wives), to have the supreme direction in all matters of government and religion, throughout the vast extent of the khalifat; deeming the heads of the other party usurpers, and their adherents rebels and heretics. They, however, at no time proceeded so far in their inveteracy as the Ommiades had done; who caused the family of Ali to be publicly cursed in their temples; though the compliment was long afterwards repaid by the Abbasides, at Bagdad.

The extraordinary course of events that raised the family of BOUID, a poor fisherman, to the sovereignty of Persia, under the khalifat of Moftader, A. H. 321, A. D. 932, forming a dynasty of seventeen princes, that reigned 127 years, made an important epoch in the history of the Shiah.

Although, from political motives, the Bouides did not openly profess themselves of the sect of Ali, they failed not to exert their utmost endeavours to advance the interests of the SHIAHS; not only within their own dominions, and with the neighbouring princes, but even at the court of the khalifs of Bagdad; whilst the Shiah, in return, as strongly attached themselves to the sultans of the house of Boud.

Bouid. Their party became rapidly strengthened ; and, about the 336th year of the hejra, when Moezaldoulet held a complete influence, or rather, a sovereign command, over the khalif MOTHILILLAH, as he had usurped over his predecessor MOSTACFI ; the Sunnis, finding their interests decline, though they were still very powerful at the court of the khalif, united themselves with the party of the Turks, and a civil war ensued.

These divisions at length caused even the destruction of Bagdad ; which became an easy conquest when assaulted by the fury of the Tartars. HULAGO, the blood-insatiate khan of these savage hordes, not content with the sacrifice of the khalif Almostazem and his two sons (Mirkhond says *four*), gave up that noble city and its environs to the rapacity and devastating rage of his soldiers ; and all their inhabitants to brutal violation and indiscriminate slaughter ; so that no less than one million six hundred thousand persons, of both sexes, fell the victims of barbarian cruelty in the course of a few days—the greater part of the city was destroyed by fire—and the treasures that fell into the hands of the Tartars were immense ; for Bagdad was at that time the most powerful, and the richest city in the whole world.

Such were the dreadful consequences of civil and religious discord, and such the termination of the empire of the khalifs ; after it had continued the vast sway of its
power,

power, and stronger influence, over all the West of Asia, near seven hundred years. This event happened in the 656th year of the hejra, A. D. 1258.

Timour, usually called by European writers Tamerlane, is said to have been educated in the religion of the *Dalai Lama*; which had been long held by the Mongouls, and many other Tartar nations. Afterwards, becoming a convert to the Musulman faith, he was, from that time, a favourer of the sect of Ali; and, after his return from the conquest of those countries bordering on the Tigris and Euphrates, he not only became the patron of the *Seids*, or descendants of Ali Mortiza; but, to evince his great veneration for the heads of that house, he assigned the districts of Bukhef and Jillah for the service of the sepulchre of Ali; whom, in addition to his Arabian titles "*Asad Allah al Ghaleb*"—the victorious lion of God; he stiled "the Commander of true believers---the King of Men." He likewise assigned lands and very considerable revenues, for the magnificent and perpetual support of the shrines of *Hosein*, and those of many others of that race, in Babylonian Irak, Persia, and Turkestan; who were estimated as saints and martyrs, and their tombs resorted to by innumerable pilgrims of the Shiah persuasion, as places of highly acceptable devotion. This in him was the depth of policy.

Timour, ever ardent in the pursuit of conquest, reverted from no means, however sanguinary or insidious they might be,

be, to effectuate his designs, extend his vast dominion, and establish his almost unequalled power. A robber, an assassin, may be superstitious ; but he cannot pursue his evil course with the love of God, with the interests of religion sincerely at his heart. Such might however as reasonably array himself in the *simulacra*, of piety and devotion, as the ambitious and cruel spoiler ; who not only over-ran, but desolated countries, even without any cause of quarrel ;— here giving up populous cities to saccage and the flames ; there deluging the land with blood ; and leading into Tartarian slavery, those still more cruelly reserved from slaughter.

A circumstance, however, happened on Timour's passing through the city of Ardebeil, that has been much praised by oriental writers, as an act of heroic clemency in him, and which led to many important events in after ages. There lived at that time in Ardebeil, a descendant of Ali, called Sheikh Sefi, or Sefi-eddin, which signifies *the purity of religion*. He was as much beloved for his amiable manners, active benevolence, and integrity, as he was venerated for his piety, his understanding, and his knowledge. Timour had brought with him from Caramania, a great many young captives in chains ; whom he had coolly and deliberately resolved to put to death, on some Tartarian festival, or other public occasion. He had heard the fame of Sefi-eddin, his virtues, and endowments ; and wished to obtain his good opinion and his friendship. With this design

design he paid him several visits ; and, being about to quit Ardebeil, on taking leave of the holy man, desired him to ask any thing that was in his power to comply with, and it should be granted. Sefi-eddin having been informed of Timour's horrid intention to destroy these unfortunate and unoffending young people, made it his immediate and only request, that their lives might be spared. Timour, in the earnest desire to oblige him, not only granted that request, but *gave them all to him, as his slaves, to dispose of as he should think fit.* This worthy man, rejoicing in the opportunity he had of doing good, with sentiments very different from those of the Tartarian emperor, who, in granting *life*, could resign it still to *slavery*,—caused them immediately to be freed from their chains, provided them with the best provisions and apparel it was in his power to bestow, and sent them, with his good wishes, to their native country. These, and their relatives, who were some of the principal people of Caramania, felt so strongly the obligation they owed their benefactor, that, in attempting to express it, they spoke the very language of extravagance ; and, to convince him how truly grateful they were, made him frequent visits ; which, according to the custom of the East, were seldom unaccompanied with gifts. A day rarely passed in which he was not visited by many : his manners and converse won every heart,—his delight was to instruct,—and his sayings were treasured as the words of wisdom.

They

They even enjoined their children to observe towards the descendants of this holy man, the same unremitted attentions and tokens of gratitude. Such were accordingly continued through several generations ; until the growing affluence of the *SEFIS*, and the greatly-increased number of their visitants, who were become converts to the peculiar doctrines of religion, which this family had derived from their ancestor,—excited jealous apprehensions in the mind of a Turcoman prince, called Jehan Shah, who at that time reigned in Azarbijian. He peremptorily ordered Sheikh JUNEID (then the chief of the family) to receive no more of those visits.

The Sheikh, well convinced that his longer continuance at Ardebeil would expose him to imminent danger, fled for refuge to the court of *Usumcassan*, Sultan of the Turcomans of the tribe of the *white ram*, who reigned in Mesopotamia. This prince received him with kindness, afforded an asylum to his followers, and, not long afterwards, gave him his own daughter in marriage ; by whom *Juneid* had a son, called *Heidar*. *Sheikh Juneid* commanded the troops of *Usumcassan* many years, during the wars he carried on against the King of Georgia ; whose capital, Trebisonde, a city strongly fortified, he obtained possession of, and left his son *Heidar* governor of it. He soon became a favourite of the conquered people ; many of whom embraced the Mahomedan doctrines, and united themselves to the Shiah.

Sheikh

Sheikh Juneid, now become rich and powerful, attempted to establish himself in the province of Shirvan, on the western coast of the Caspian sea. His numerous adherents were all of the sect of Ali, and enthusiasts in the promulgation of the Sefian tenets. But, neither the number of those devoted to his faith and family, nor his vast wealth, could secure him from a dark conspiracy formed by the chiefs of the country; by whose hands he was slain, after a resolute defence, together with many of his party.

The number of the Shiahs, and the very zealous profession they made of defending both their religious principles, and the remaining chiefs of their party, at all hazards, rendered them still formidable: but far more so when Sheikh Heidar, having obtained a considerable body of troops, with permission from Usumcassan, to lead them against the conspirators in Shirvan, with the intention of inflicting exemplary punishment on the tyrant Farrokhzad; through whose treacherous rapacity his father had been slain: but, in this attempt, he lost his own life; many of his followers fell with him; and those who could not save themselves by flight, were, soon after, massacred by the Sunnis with all the aggravations of cruelty.

The character of Sheikh Heidar was, in many respects, similar to that of Sheikh Sefi: but, being at an early age led into a military life, the subsequent fate of his father, friends,

friends, and adherents, roused him from that tranquil state, which it would have been probably the object of his life to maintain, and impelled him to the field. His mind, naturally of a serious and contemplative cast, sought for retirement; he was studious, abstemious in his living, simple in his manners, ever faithful to his word; and, having obtained the reputation of piety and virtue during his life, was venerated after his death, as a saint and martyr to the doctrines of the Shiah. From him that sect in Persia have been called Heidarians.

His two sons, Ali Mirza and Shah Ismael, fell into the hands of Rostam Beg, the son of Maksoud; who, after putting Ali Mirza to death, dismissed the other; but, soon afterwards, sent messengers in pursuit of Ismael, in hopes to destroy him also: but, in vain; the boy, young as he was, found means to elude them, and concealed himself in a small island, situated in the lake of Vasthan; where he was protected by an Armenian Christian;—and, from that circumstance, Christians of all denominations were favorably treated by the Sefis. Shah Ismael having, at the end of six years, quitted his place of concealment, although he had not then completed his fifteenth year, was placed by the Shiah at the head of 7000 Caramanians, who, entering Shirvan, overthrew Farrokhzad, and severely retaliated on him and his party the barbarous destruction they had made, of his family and friends.

From

From that time a series of victories attended Ismael, who assumed the name of Ismael Sophi. He freed Persia from the Turcoman yoke ; and, uniting the petty sovereignties into one empire, established himself on the throne of Persia, A. H. 910, A. D. 1504 ; which continued in the possession of his descendants, till Shah Thamasp was deposed by Kouli Khan ; who, in the year 1736, attempted to subject the Shiahs to a compliance with the *Sunni* forms ; and, on the chief Iman remonstrating against it, ordered him immediately to be put to death : but the Shiahs are yet the most numerous party in Persia. Those amongst them who devote themselves to a religious life, are called Sofian ; the word SOFI in the Persian language signifying *pious, intelligent, and spiritual* : though some, from the circumstance of their wearing, like the *Seids*, or race of Mahomed, only woollen, derive the name from *Souf* ; which, in the Arabic, signifies wool. These not only profess a voluntary poverty, and humility, as the dervishes amongst other sects of Mahomedans do ; but, in addition to this, they appropriate a certain portion of time to reading—to the acquisition of scientific knowledge—viewing the beauties of nature—and meditating on the works and attributes of God. Some of them, who dedicate the chief part of their time to SILENT RETIREMENT, *seek*, in an abnegation of the world and of self, the enjoyment of a spiritual intercourse with the Supreme Being.

To shew their manner of thinking, and expressing their sentiments on this and some other subjects, I quote the following passages.

“ It is from our humility, and the inaction of self, that
 “ the rays of a divine light shall shine forth—that our hearts
 “ shall feel its influence, and be renewed—and that all our
 “ affections shall be changed. When the dawn of this
 “ light shall begin to appear on our horizon, nothing shall
 “ be heard but the voice of prayer.”

“ An attentive regard to the presence of God (said Abul
 “ Cassem al Cavarini), is the particular exercise of the
 “ spiritual man in this life ; for it is that which shall con-
 “ stitute his happiness in heaven.”

“ A man is to be valued by that which he esteems : if
 “ he esteem the world, he himself is not estimable ; for the
 “ world is not so. If he esteem the life to come, and the
 “ things thereof, heaven is his price. But, if he estimate
 “ God above all things, his own value is inestimable.”

“ When an evil destiny scatters the seeds of calamity
 “ over the earth, the wise man finds a sure asylum from
 “ the troubles of the world in study and devotion.”

A spiritual and devout Musulman has expressed himself thus, in regard to a future state of felicity :

“ O you

“ O you, that invite me to enjoy the delights of Paradise,
 “ know, that it is not Paradise I seek ; but I seek the face
 “ of him by whom Paradise was created.” To obtain that
 supreme felicity, the KORAN thus prescribes the means, at
 the conclusion of the chapter of Amran : “ Ye who are
 “ already of the faithful, it remains for you to suffer—to
 “ persevere—to attach yourselves to God, and to walk
 “ with fear before him ; for by this way shall you at length
 “ arrive at the enjoyment of Paradise.”

This text one of their commentators interprets in this
 manner : “ Suffer, in combatting your passions, and sub-
 “ jecting them to the service of God ;—persevere in the
 “ endeavour to unite your hearts to the will of the most
 “ Merciful ; resigning yourselves to him during the
 “ afflictions of life, and acquiescing in all things to the
 “ order of his providence ;—attach and bind your spirits
 “ solely to the thought of uniting yourselves to him, and
 “ withdrawing them from every vain imagination that may
 “ tend to separate you from him ;—preserve carefully and
 “ anxiously the graces that God shall bestow upon you,
 “ and beware lest you lose them by a too familiar inter-
 “ course with the world. Thus shall you obtain that feli-
 “ city, which consists in being developep from the veil of
 “ the creature, to be reduced to nothingness of self in
 “ God ; and, to pass from this state of annihilation, to a
 “ permanent and unalterable existence in him.”

One of those spirituals addressed the Almighty in this manner : “ One man asks thee, O Lord ! for the enjoyment of paradise ; and another earnestly prays thee for deliverance from hell and its punishments : but I ask thee neither for the one nor the other of these ;—my only desire is, that in me **THY WILL** may be accomplished.”

“ The frequent expression of thankfulness, will not only produce an increase of **GRATITUDE** in our hearts, —but also obtain an increase of the divine favour towards him, who employs his heart and his tongue in that which is good. It is an exercise that dissipates all the diseases of the soul, and heals all the wounds of the heart.”

Such are the general sentiments of the **SOFIS**, in regard to the contemplative and spiritual life they profess to follow. Their hours, however, have not always been devoted to solitary meditation, to abstinence, and prayer, alone ; for, amongst their fraternity have been found many excellent masters in science, a few good poets, besides various writers on the subjects of morality and religion ; and of these there are some whose works would be deemed, if well translated into the European languages, no useless additions to the mass of that literary mountain of which we boast.

The Mahomedans have long born the stigma of an uncharitable narrowness of mind towards people of other professions, and Christians in particular. This unjust idea may be traced as far back in our history, as the barbarous times, whose blind bigotry gave rise to the desolating wars of the crusades; that seemed built on the model of those of the early khálifs, for the propagation of the faith, ~~and~~ and obtaining salvation by the sword. The Turks and Persians, not only as contending nations, but, as Shíahs and Sunnis, have indeed long combatted and reviled each other, with prejudices that have not been of a very dissimilar cast from those of some nations and sectaries in Europe that call themselves Christians; but the general charge of intolerance is certainly ill-founded. Christian churches and monasteries have been, and are still, not only permitted but protected, both in Turkey and Persia:—but where, at the same time, would the Musulman doctrines have been equally tolerated in Europe, had they thought fit to send missionaries amongst us, as both Protestants, and the church of Rome, have sent to them? Russia, indeed, has freely tolerated her Moslem subjects of various Tartar tribes and nations; and even admitted others to form free settlements, under the government of their own laws and chieftains, where they have their mosques, public schools, and colleges, in the very heart of that empire, particularly on the banks of the Volga, in and near the city of Casan. At Orenburg, and in the country round, there are numerous colonies from Bocharia, and other parts North of the Jihon;

Jihon ; besides large bodies of settled Tartars," and other tribes, that, having recently migrated thither,—though still retaining an attachment to that wandering life in which they had formed their habitudes,—yet, the encouragements they have had to settle, with the enjoyment of their native freedom, laws, and religion, have almost fixed them there. There are also many Turcomans, Arabs, and Persians, who are settled in and near Astrachan. The latter are known by the name of Kisilbashkians, or red heads ; from the taje, or red cap they wear, as being of the sect of Ali. Some of these, with whom I have conversed in Russia, expressed themselves to live very happy and unrestrained in that country : though the Nogayan Tartars, who dwell in their vicinity, and are SUNNIS, regard them with an evil eye. This is sectarian enmity. The genuine principles of their lawgiver were very different. " The Alcoran (says Angelo St. Joseph, a missionary of the order of bare-footed Carmelites, who resided many years in Persia) " the Alcoran teaches, that " each one may be saved by his own law." (vide chap. 2.) " Those who believe, Christians or Sabaites,—those who " believe in God—in a future judgment—and who do " good works, shall be recompensed by their Lord, and " shall be exempted from fear and affliction in the day of " resurrection."

Neither is that idea of sensual enjoyments in a future state (usually deemed a principal part of their creed) the real doctrine of the Moslems. The Shiahhs in particular understand

understand those passages in the Koran, that seem to countenance such notions, as merely figurative. Hence a Persian author says—"The happiness which the blessed enjoy, " in pronouncing the names and the glorious attributes of " God, is more delightful to them, than even their abode " in Paradise itself;—for though, in this region of bliss, " there is an inexhaustible series of joys that know no end; " yet these are accounted as nothing by the spirits of the " blest, in comparison with the union which they have " with God."—"The enjoyment of the divine presence " constitutes the supreme happiness of the blest in heaven; " as banishment from that presence constitutes the most " painful punishment of hell."

I could here point out many other opinions that are frequently mentioned, as generally characteristic of the disciples of Mahomed—that are equally as unfounded in fact, as some I have already noticed: such as that of women having no share in a future state—that there is a merit in an ignorant and blind belief—that learning and the sciences are to be depressed and rejected—that voluptuousness, pride, and rapacity, are countenanced by their law; &c. &c. So far are the latter positions untrue, that the whole tenor of the Koran militates against them: and how contradictory to these their maxims and sayings,—“What “ is the proper habit of a man, but the robe of purity and “ humility?” “The torn vest of Moses is preferable to “ the embroidered robe of Pharoah.” “He who restrains “ his

" his desires, and lives in a state of self-denial, shall pass
 " the sea of covetousness, and rest on the shores of peace."
 " The liberal man is the neighbour of God, the neigh-
 " bour of mankind, the neighbour of Paradise ; but far
 " remote from the neighbourhood of hell." " The fear of
 " poverty is a token of the wrath of God on him who is
 " seized with it." A Dervish, who was truly poor, being
 asked by a great prince, if he never thought of him in his
 necessities, replied, " I sometimes think of you ; but 'tis
 only when I forget to think of God." " Knowledge is a
 " treasure, of which the employment determines the
 value." " He that experiences, increaseth knowledge ;
 " but he who believeth, increaseth error." " One hour to
 " the learned man, is worth a whole life of ignorance."
 " Limit thy desire of gold ; but let thy pursuit of science
 " know no bound." " In riches or descent there is nothing
 " to ennoble the mind ; but, by learning and science, the
 " mind becomes truly dignified."

" If there be nothing in my words (said the Arabian
 " legislator, addressing the people) but that which makes
 " you DOUBTFUL of your hereditary belief, even THAT
 " is sufficient for your good ;—for he that doubts not, con-
 " siders not ; and he that considers not, examines not ;
 " but remains in a state of ignorance and error."

As to the commonly received opinion, of their holding
 that women have no *souls*, which has even been asserted
 by

by some respectable writers, I am convinced that it is totally unfounded ; for, in addition to the authority of Mons. D'Herbelot, who says it originated from a joke that was passed on an old woman ; I have heard the notion seriously contradicted by Mahomedans themselves, both of the Sunni and Shiah persuasion.

In concluding this long and multifarious Introduction, I have only to say, it was written chiefly for the purpose of giving, under a more general form, that information to the reader, which I hope will render notes on many particular passages of the Poems unnecessary ; as such references are too liable to interrupt in the course of reading.



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ACHMED ARDEBEILI.

YESTERDAY.

SAY, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me, where I may behold
The fleeting forms of YESTERDAY?

Where's autumnal plenty sped?
Winter! where's thy boisterous fway?
Where's the vernal flowret fled?
Summer! where's thy YESTERDAY?

Jocund sprites of social joy
Round our smiling goblet play;
Flit ye powers of rude annoy,
Like the ghost of YESTERDAY.

Odorous sweets,—and KERZEROM¹ wine,
 Hither, boy! with speed convey;
 Jasmin wreaths with roses twine,
 Ere they fade like YESTERDAY.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round;
 Lightly tune the sportive lay:
 Let the festal hour be crown'd,
 Ere 'tis lost like YESTERDAY!



THE
VOLUPTUARY.

THE toils the dangers now of WAR are o'er;
The glittering sabre I with joy resign:
No generous WARRIOR thirsts for human gore.
Boy! fill the golden cup with sparkling WINE.

Let the old DERVISH sacred deem his cell,
And waste in moping thought his stagnant hours;
With pining ABSTINENCE for ever dwell,
And shun the path that NATURE strews with flowers.

TO HIM, perhaps, far more congenial, gloom
The midnight horrors of the lonely grove;
Than all the varied sweets, the varied bloom
Of fairy fields, where souls enchanted rove.

TO HIM the death-toned screaming bird of night,
Responsive to the lion's hungry howl,
And gliding spectres, yield a dire delight.
Boy! fill the censer—fill the sparkling bowl.

To wine—to mirth—I dedicate my days;
 To mirth—to wine—I dedicate my song:
 Dear, lovely WOMAN, too, shall share my praise,
 To her sweet praise the sweetest notes belong.

Boy! bring more WINE—the goldengoblet crown,
 And wreaths of myrtle round my turban twine:
 In floods of nectar every care we'll drown,
 O scatter FLOWERS around, and bring me WINE!

Vainly would man in dreams of soft repose,
 Ignobly waste his listless life away;
 As well might sleep o'erspread the blushing ROSE,
 While flows the NIGHTINGALE's melodious lay.

How should TRANQUILLITY its charms impart?
 Ye lovely Maids who all despotic reign,
 You ravish PEACE resistless from my heart,
 As tempests tear the sheep-cotes from the plain.

Boy! bring me WINE, more WINE with speed supply;
 Pour till the golden goblets all run o'er.
 Let the gay carpet be no longer dry.
 Pour till the crimson torrent float the floor.

What joys more rapturous can immortals prove
In all the glories of their state divine?
Here, songs of GLADNESS hail the joys of LOVE.
Boy! scatter FLOWERS around, and bring me WINE.



THE
NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.

TO
 SELIMA.

THE plaintive minstrel of the midnight grove
 Had ceased his song. Now beam'd the orient day,
 And all the powers of young DELIGHT and LOVE
 Hail'd the glad influence of the morning ray.

On the bent foot-stalk of the lovely flower
 Whose virgin beauties now their tints disclose,
 Blind to a thousand blooms that graced the bower,
 The love-sick NIGHTINGALE address'd the ROSE.

‘ Fairest of all the daughters of the spring;
 ‘ Supreme o’er all the flowers that round thee bloom;
 ‘ To whom all captive hearts their tribute bring;
 ‘ O why effuse that more than sweet perfume?

‘ My raptured senses thrill with soft delight
 ‘ Till pleasing languor steals thro’ all my frame.
 ‘ The lamp of LOVE thus glows serenely bright,
 ‘ Effusing odours that the soul inflame.’

In bashful silence blush'd the lovely ROSE,
 / While sportive Zephyr midst her foliage play'd,
 Bidding the infant buds their tints disclose,
 And to the NIGHTINGALE these notes convey'd.

‘ Know, sweetest warbler, to requite thy song;
 ‘ Whose plaintive melody enchants the soul;
 ‘ These balms of Eden as I flew along
 ‘ From the entrancing SELIMA I stole.

‘ From her soft bosom bore them to this bower,
 ‘ And breath'd their fragrance on thy darling flower.’



BLISSFUL MOMENTS.

CARE enough—enough of SORROW
 Every mortal man has known:
 Whilst we think upon to-morrow,
 What we call'd to-day is flown.

Yes! 'tis flown, let welcome night, then,
 Spread her lunar radiance wide,
 Let the goblet of DELIGHT, then,
 Pour around its circling tide.

Soon the MORN again shall meet us,
 Soon the the glorious sun shall rise;
 Joys of DAY again shall greet us,
 When each nightly rapture dies.

Dreary wretch! whose bounded notions,
 Lost in sullen fogs of spleen,
 Or like tempest-troubled oceans,
 Darken with the darken'd scene!

Let us, nobler souls possessing,
 If we cannot fight with FATE,
 Grasp at bliss, enjoy each blessing,
 Tho' of momentary date.

BLISSFUL MOMENTS—still uniting,
 Hours—and days—and years compose;
 Let us then, new JOYS inviting,
 Happier moments add to those.

CARE, avaunt thee! ENVY, perish!
 What have we with GRIEF to do?
 MIRTH, GOOD-HUMOUR, LOVE we'll cherish,
 JOYS embrace and JOYS pursue.



TO
SELIMA.

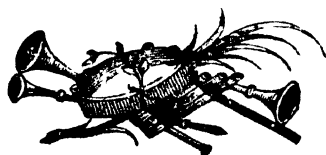
FAIR blooms the **R**OSE, but more than doubly fair,
Ting'd with fresh bloom from beauty's cheek divine,
What balmy odours scent the vernal air,
But ah! how heighten'd by the charms of **W**IFE.

How sweet to wander through the shady vale,
Or on the flow'r-clad margin of the stream
Breathe the mild incense jasmine bowers exhale,
And seek their covert from the noon-day beam.

But sweeter far, when to these varied joys,
(Unseen—secluded from life's busy throng)
Far from the city or the camp's rude noise,
Soft flows the **N**IGHTINGALE's melodious song.

Yet 'midst these scenes where **N**ATURE smiles around,
Aided by all the boasted powers of **A**RT,
The draught of bliss, and **M**USIC's mingling sound,
But vainly strive where **L**OVE has won the heart.

O SELIMA! dear sociate of my soul,
Deem'st thou thine ACHMED here can find delight?
Can aught of these the anxious sigh controul,
That heaves for thee, in whom all charms unite?



TO

SELIMA.

‘ LO! SPRING all sportively with verdure crown’d,
 ‘ Calls forth his flowers and bids the earth be gay,
 ‘ Wafts from the woods—the wilds—his balms around,
 / ‘ And tunes the winged warbler’s tenderest lay.

‘ Why then reflect on what the fates conceal?
 ‘ Vain is the thought to learn their dark decree;
 ‘ ACHMED! this truth alone they will reveal,
 ‘ The present hour belongs to LOVE and THEE.’

At early dawn as pensively I stray’d,
 From past misfortunes boding future woes,
 The gentle breeze those pleasing notes convey’d
 From the sweet BIRD that loves the opening ROSE.

’Tis NATURE’s voice! ah dearest maid incline
 To the soft magic of her artless lay;
 So shall thy ACHMED’s bliss increase with thine,
 ’Till ANGELS envying steal our souls away!

THE
ORPHAN BOY.

WHENCE art thou, whose warblings wild,
On mine ear so sweetly dwell?

‘ I’m a hapless ORPHAN CHILD,
‘ Bringing water from the well.

‘ If my ‘songs thine ear offend,
‘ I will quickly silent be :
‘ Here I am without a friend!
‘ MOSLEM! speak—I’ll list to thee.’

Little innocent, awhile
Will I shade me from the sun;
With thy songs an hour beguile,
And reward thee when ’tis done.

‘ Much I fear my accents rude,
‘ And my songs would worthless be,
‘ Should my singing be pursued,
‘ Hopeful of a gift from thee.

‘ Unconstrain’d, with simple voice,
 ‘ Did my words unheeded flow ;
 ‘ I must never more rejoice :
 ‘ *Grief’s the lot of Man below !*

‘ With my FATHER’s last embrace,
 ‘ *This he said*, and dropt a tear ;
 ‘ Left our home with hurrying pace,
 ‘ Bade my MOTHER *nothing fear*.

‘ HE was doom’d in fight to fall,
 ‘ Quickly were the tidings known :
 ‘ Soon SHE heard the Angel call,
 ‘ Died, and left her child alone.

‘ Friendless—unprotected—here,
 ‘ Want must still my portion be ;
 ‘ Pity, then, my lot severe,
 ‘ Gentle MOSLEM! pity me.’

Child of sorrow! wealth is mine;
 PITY leads my heart to prove
 If a spirit dwells in thine,
 Fraught with GRATITUDE and LOVE.

I will take thee, ORPHAN CHILD !
 And adopt thee as mine own:
 Cease not then thy warblings wild,
 Tho' thy toilsome days be flown.

I'll protect thy tender years ;
 Henceforth thy instructor be:
 Little warbler dry thy tears,
 Leave thy Cruse and follow me.



TO

SELIMA,

THOU, SELIMA! hast seen the tender Fawn,
Heedless of danger many a summer's day,
Crop the sweet flowers and herbage of the lawn,
And oft around thee sport in harmless play.

Lo! now the hunter's shout awakes his fears;
In vain, alas! his utmost speed he tries;
In every breeze the voice of death he hears,
With every breeze his soul desponding dies.

Ah! see, to *thee* he turns with eager speed:
Near *thee* he seeks protection from the foe :
Canst thou with tearless eye behold him bleed,
Nor strive to shield him from the fatal blow?

And wilt thou, then, dear Maid! one smile refuse,
To sooth the anguish of a faithful heart?
Whom tyrant LOVE unceasingly pursues,
And wounds more deeply than the hunter's dart.

to

SELIMA.



WHEN the fair ROSE amidst her flowery train,
 With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn;
 Say, will th' enamour'd NIGHTINGALE remain
 A lonely warbler on the desert thorn?

When the dark sullen GENIES ² of the night,
 Behold the MOON slow rising o'er the wave,
 Those wayward spirits curse the beauteous light,
 And hide with ENVY in her gloomy cave.

Yet shall the traveller with enraptured eye,
 As late he treads his solitary way,
 O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the sky,
 Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray.

The sweetest rose that blushful hails the morn;
 The moon's mild lustre rising o'er the main:
 The fairest maids GERGESTAN'S ³ blooms adorn;
 Or all CIRCASSIA's lovely virgin train:

These, these, O SELIMA! unnotic'd shine,
Lost in the blaze of thy superior charms;
And whilst I may aspire to call thee mine,
No saint more happy in a Houri's 4 arms.

O Angel of delight! of thee possest,
Not Paradise should bribe me from my love;
Ev'n the fond hope that animates my breast,
Speaks the pure raptures of the blest above.



THE
OLD SOLDIER.

REST awhile, disabled soldier !
Here some short refreshment take ;
'Tis not fit thou travel further,
Sure thy wearied limbs must ache.

Many a rude and rough encounter
Has thy dauntless breast withstood ;
Mark'd with scars—thy pallid features
Tell me thou hast lost much blood.

Well I know the various hardships
Soldiers brave are doom'd to share :
Oft unheeded by commanders,
Who a different burden bear.

I have led to dreadful combat
Troops that nobly scorn'd to yield ;
While the Ouzbek's ⁵ savage numbers
Vainly strove to gain the field.

Grateful still do I remember,
 Wounded, sinking, 'midst the foe,
 One much like thee, gallant soldier!
 Saved me from the threaten'd blow :

Smote the arm that raised the sabre
 Ruthless aim'd against my life;
 Bore me fainting from the conflict;
 Then resumed the work of strife.

Never could I find the warrior,
 Who thus nobly succour'd me :
 But if I mistake not, Soldier!
 Thy bold visage, thou art he!

‘ Valiant leader of the faithful,
 ‘ Much I joy, this day, to know,
 ‘ That the efforts of my duty
 ‘ Saved thee from the raging foe.

‘ In that day of dreadful slaughter
 ‘ Many a valiant MosLEM ⁶ fell:
 ‘ This *sait-numa*, ⁷ then thou gavest me,
 ‘ Mark'd the fatal hour too well.

‘ Three long years have followed mournful,
 & Since recovering from my wounds,
 ‘ Home I sought—but home I found not;
 ‘ Fate had run his gloomy rounds.

‘ Love my soul had long united
 ‘ To a kind and gentle fair :
 ‘ And one pledge of fond affection
 & Raised our hopes, and claim’d our care.

‘ But, alas! life’s fairy prospects
 ‘ Pass like summer clouds away,
 ‘ What is permanent around us,
 ‘ Who can claim the coming day?

‘ Grief, that flow’d from fatal tidings,
 ‘ Led my sweet love to the tomb;
 ‘ And the darling boy was quickly
 ‘ Hurried to some unknown doom,

‘ Thus afflicted, still I wander,
 ‘ With an almost broken heart :
 ‘ Sorrow more than wounds o’erwhelms me,
 ‘ Doubt still points Affliction’s dart.

' What tho' **POVERTY** assail me,
 ' Strength destroy'd and spirits fled ;
 ' Could I hear my boy were living,
 ' Joy would raise this drooping head.'

Raise it then, long-suffering soldier,
 Falshood shall not here beguile ;
 Heaven ordains the sun of **FORTUNE**
 On thy opening views to smile.

GRATITUDE, of gold unsparing,
 Bids thy wants exist no more.—
 Cease to sigh—a few short moments
 Shall thy long-lost child restore.

Not a little vagrant idler,
 But endued with worth and sense :
 Well instructed—grateful for it :
 He thy love shall recompence.

' Gracious **ALLAH!**' cried the soldier,
 ' I am raised to life again.
 ' Worldly glories fleet like shadows,
 ' **GOOD DEEDS** evermore remain.'

TO

SELIMA.

UNRIVALL'D MAID, whose heart-alluring eyes
 Call forth yon orb that pours his golden ray
 Wide o'er the plain, where ISPHAUN'S ⁸ minarets rise,
 To view thy charms diffuse a brighter day!

When wintry glooms have long o'ercast the sky,
 And chilling blasts, from TOURAN'S ⁹ desert borne,
 Cause every flower and fragrant herb to die;
 The mournful cypress lifts its head forlorn.

For then, no more soft HEZAR'S ¹⁰ soothing song,
 Join'd with the shepherd's voice salutes the vale;
 Nor the light breeze from SABA ¹¹ bears along
 The mingled fragrance balmy groves exhale.

But when the genial hours of SPRING return,
 Fraught with each joy that NATURE'S bosom warms;
 The waving cypress shall no longer mourn,
 Sweetly surrounded by unnumber'd charms.

Let not, O SELIMA! thy beauty's SUN,
 Veil'd in dark clouds, from ACHMED hide its rays:
 No! let it shine on him—on him alone,
 Whose lute now sounds enchanted with thy praise.

Life of my soul! withheld by love and thee,
 I cease to tempt the dangers of the field:
 Nor spoils nor triumphs now have charms for me,
 Nor all the gems GOLCONDA'S ¹² mountains yield.

This heart, with ardors grateful saints might own,
 Whose songs resound thro' EDEN's happy grove,
 Lives for its darling SELIMA alone,
 Whose form is BEAUTY, and whose soul is LOVE!



TO THE
P O P P Y.

LET the bards of YEMEN ¹³ praise
GAUTHA'S ¹⁴ groves, and musky gales ;
Let the song of rapture raise
All the sweets of SHEDAD'S ¹⁵ vales.

SARU ¹⁶ boast her favor'd soil,
Orange walks, and viny fields,
That reward their planter's toil
With every fruit luxuriance yields.

Let the blushful goblet glow
Rich with sparkling draughts of joy ;
Let the land of HIND ¹⁷ bestow
Gems and gold without alloy,

Pure as ZAGAN'S, ¹⁸ breezes breathe,
Pure as springs her fount of health,
BENDER-CONGO'S ¹⁹ waves bequeath
Boundless gifts of pearly wealth.

Incense from the shades of LAR, ²⁰

Diamonds bring from KORGA'S ²¹ shore,
Gleaming like the morning star

On the swords of NIZABOUR! ²²

SHIRABEH! ²³ still thy genial veins afford

A nobler banquet and a richer hoard.

What's wealth, what's wine, or balms that scent the air,
To that which eases GRIEF and soothes DESPAIR?

Let the buds of BEAUTY bloom,

Living roses of delight;

Smiling mirth dispelling gloom,

Clad in robes of ruby light.

Every charm with these combine,

FANCY forms and POETS sing;

All that HOPE e'er pictured, mine,

All that FEAR in shades can fling.

Let the worldly-wise disclaim

ACHMED'S hopes and ACHMED'S fears,
Strive to blast his every aim,

And veil his views in clouds of tears.

SHIRAZEH ! still thy lacteal veins produce
 A vital spirit, an ethereal juice,
 Whose SECRET POWERS thro' midnight shades display
 Far lovelier prospects than th' autumnal day ;
 With sportive zephyr blend AFFLICTION's sigh ;
 In bowers of bliss seal SORROW's wasted eye ;
 Improve the bloom of BEAUTY's virgin rose ;
 Heighten each joy that rapturous LOVE bestows ;
 Aid FANCY's wing thro' starry realms to soar ;
 And ope the treasures of mystic lore ;
 To flights sublime inspire the POET's lay,
 'Till sweet Delirium waft his soul away ;
 Away to unknown regions of delight,
 Where forms irradiant meet the wondering sight ;
 Where happy spirits all benignant glow,
 While SELF-LOVE's giant mantle shrouds the world
 below.



INSTABILITY OF FAVOR.

LET not the man sustain'd by royal smile,
 And thence too surely envied by the great,
 Admit the flatterer FANCY to beguile
 His reckless heart, a stranger to deceit.

Let him not deem his fairest actions pure
 From the dire blasting of calumnious breath;
 Nor lay him down to rest at night secure
 From mute unpitying messengers of death.

To rank and power unsought I swiftly rose
 From humble life,—INTEGRITY my guide;
 Shall then, the stream from HONOR's fount that flows,
 Swell the foul gulph of INSOLENCÉ and PRIDE?

Forbid it, gracious ALLAH! still to thee
 O let my daily oraisons ascend
 To keep this soul from pride and wealth-love free,
 And humbly blest to find one faithful friend.

To seek that blessing 'mid the courtly train,
To seek it in the haunts of busy life,
Were, of the desert's sand, to form a chain,
Or raise the plant of PEACE from seeds of Strife.

How many a VIRTUE, bloom'd in FORTUNE's shade,
Low-drooping withers in the courtly ray,
And mid the glare of GRANDEUR's vain parade,
Like some faint sick-bed vision fades away ;

And haply leaves distractive FEAR behind,
Leaning on pallid LANGUOR, to sustain
The conflicts of a lacerated mind
Rack'd by a thousand pangs of speechless pain.

Such FATE perchance, brave MORAD ! may be mine,
Ev'n whilst, afflicted man ! I pity thine.



THE

PLAINT OF MORAD.

VAIN was the youthful hope that fired my soul,
 When FORTUNE shower'd her gifts where'er I stray'd,
 When she conferr'd the ensigns of controul, . .
 And fertile KHORASAN my rule obey'd.

By HONOR summon'd to the field of FAME,
 I fought and conquer'd in my Sovereign's cause,
 Applauding millions hail'd my rising name,
 And royal favor crown'd their high applause.

But soon the dazzling blaze of FORTUNE fail'd,
 And ten-fold gloom my prospects overcast:
 ENVY's base demons o'er my prince prevail'd,
 Both FAME and FORTUNE sunk beneath the blast.

Far from SHERGULZAR's²⁴ proud aspiring towers,
 Indignant of the world I bent my way,
 In some lone vale to pass my future hours,
 And only own, sweet LOVE! thy gentle sway.

'Twas LOVE to MORAD gave the maid divine,
 Whose paradise of charms he valued more
 Than all th' exhaustless wealth of AGRA's²⁵ mine,
 Than all the sparkling gems of VIZAPORE.²⁶

But ah! when adverse FATE her victim dooms
 To feel the scorpion scourges of DESPAIR,
 In vain he seeks the forest's lonely glooms,
 Th' unwearied demon still pursues him there.

Ev'n when I fondly bade each fear farewell,
 The cruel TARTAR, with his barbarous band,
 Burst the weak barriers of my humble cell,
 Where sleep had charm'd us with his magic wand.

Abruptly starting at the rude alarm,
 I grasp'd my sword, and on th' invaders flew;
 But weak the efforts of a single arm,
 Against the fury of that raging crew.

Deep wounded and assail'd on every side,
 O'erwhelm'd I sunk upon the bloody ground,
 While the fierce OUZBEK seiz'd my lovely bride,
 Whose helpless cries in clamorous shouts were drown'd.

O sacred ALLAH! in that ill-starr'd hour,
Where slept thy thunder in the distant sky?
And where—O where! thy fiend-destroying power,
When heavenly innocence was doom'd to die?

DIE! could, alas! my anguish'd heart assume
That cruel hope, to calm its keenest woes;
Soon would I follow to the silent tomb,
Where injured VIRTUE only finds repose.

REPOSE! no, never shall my tortured soul
For one short moment taste the balm of PEACE,
Till savage tygers crouch to man's controul,
Till raging tempests all their fury cease.

VENGEANCE! but oh! such maddening woes as mine,
Would vainly seek it from a mortal hand:
O sacred ALLAH! nought but power divine
Can hurl that vengeance which my wrongs demand.



TO

SELIMA.

TEN thousand tulips bloom in MAVRA's vale,
 Ten thousand gems in CORGA's rocks are borne,
 Ten thousand odours scent the vernal gale,
 Ten thousand splendors crown the orient morn.

Ten thousand beauties eagerly conspire
 To blend, celestial! in the Maid I love;
 Ten thousand zephyrs fan the fond desire,
 And waft her fancied form where'er I rove.

Ten thousand hour-long moments gloom away
 In sad anxiety the wakeful night:
 Ten thousand rising fears distract the day,
 While for her safety all my hopes unite.

As many dark-brow'd guilty terrors scowl
 Around the wretch who tore me from her charms,
 As many seraphs shield her spotless soul,
 Till time restore her to my longing arms.

But vain are blessings—maledictions vain;
 DEATH guards yon dire inexorable gate.
 HEAVEN guards the just:—shall ACHMED then complain?
 Ten thousand armies cannot vanquish FATE.



ACHMED'S DREAM.

' WHEN VIOLENCE deforms a SULTAN'S sway,
 ' As faithless VIZIERS ²⁷ misdirect his will ;
 ' A MOSLEM'S duty is not to obey,
 ' For 'tis no DUTY to oppress and kill.

' I am a MAN—HUMANITY is mine !
 ' And what I claim from others—they from me :
 ' To keep the precepts of thy LAW divine,
 ' O GOD MOST MERCIFUL ! I owe to thee.

' Oft for my country have I fought and bled :
 ' To shield my SOVEREIGN'S life would risk my own :
 ' Yet more than his resentment—CRIME I dread.
 ' INJUSTICE never long sustain'd a throne.

' Should I (more liegeful deem'd) with hasty hand,
 ' E'er to thy HATRED sacrifice thy FAME ;
 ' Not rank, nor riches ;—favor, nor command,
 ' Could from my bosom banish GRIEF or SHAME.

‘ The holy SHEIKH HEIDER ²⁸ was wont to say :
 “ Those who in secret smite the man they hate, ‘
 “ Will, thro’ the course of each succeeding day,
 “ *Dread, from a Hand unseen, the stroke of FATE.*”

Such were the daring movements of his soul,
 And such th’ uncourtly words that ACHMED spoke :
 Tho’ born where tyrant power ne’er felt controul,
 He spurn’d the fetters and disdain’d the yoke : ‘

Dared when SHAH SEFFI urg’d him to deceit,
 And deeds of deadly guilt his heart abhorr’d :
 Dared FAITH and HONOR’s dictates to repeat,
 Nor fear’d the vengeance ev’n of PERSIA’s lord.

HONOR prevail’d, and CONSCIENCE gave applause:
 Yet such the baseness of a traitor’s blood,
 Ev’n HE for whom I pleaded MERCY’s cause,
 For whom the royal mandate I withstood :

Ev’n HE with arts of demon-darkness strove
 To blast my rising FORTUNE and my FAME ;
 Obtain’d the dire decree that bade me rove,
 A naked vagabond without a name.

Plant thou A TREE, it will not fail to yield
 A friendly shelter, or delicious fruit ;
 But plant ungrateful MAN in FORTUNE'S field,
 The miscreant shall uptear thee by the root.

Those flatt'ring hopes that warm'd my ardent breast
 At once o'er-shadow'd by a cloud of CARE,
 And the deep conflicts of a mind distrest,
 Urged me to some mad action of DESPAIR.

As all unshelter'd from the nightly dew,
 Fearless I laid me on the desert sand,
 ' The third bright morn,' I cried ' a deed shall view,
 ' That JUSTICE claims from injur'd ACHMED'S hand.'

' Back will I turn o'er interdicted ground,
 ' And openly avenge the wrongs I feel ;
 ' But—should I fail, this Shemshere yet can wound,
 ' My heart will leap to meet the friendly steel !

' For—ah ! what charm of life can ACHMED know,
 ' What food, what solace will these wilds afford ?
 ' Bereft of all I valued here below,
 ' Save conscious Honor, courage, and my sword.'

At length the guardian SPIRIT of REPOSE
Breathed o'er each wearied sense his opiate power,
And bade OBLIVION spread o'er all my woes,
Her magic mantle thro' the midnight hour.

When clad in glimmering light, a form divine,
A form like her's who taught my soul to love,
Smiled heavenly PEACE, and with a look benign
Spoke, as she pointed to the stars above.

‘ Has FAITH’s pure volume then permission given
‘ To thee, frail man ! the reptile of a day,
‘ To murmur at the wise decree of heaven,
‘ Or yield thy soul to DESPERATION’S sway ?

‘ Taught thee—REVENGE and all her fury train
‘ Inspire the bosoms of the wise and good ?
‘ Told thee—yon skies where happy spirits reign,
‘ Were form’d for those who rashly shed their blood ?

‘ The VICE in others thy own words condemn,
‘ Can never as a VIRTUE warm thy breast ?
‘ The crime that would affix itself to them,
‘ Thou in thyself more strongly shouldst detest.

‘ O’er this wild desert, **ACHMED**—point thy way,
 ‘ Till thy tired feet a resting-place shall find ;
 ‘ Heaven thro’ deep forests can direct its ray,
 ‘ And yield thee more than all thou leav’st behind.

‘ Tho’ dark the page of unaccomplish’d **FATE**,
 ‘ Submit, and bless thy **GOD**—all else is vain.
 ‘ Know this :—the present, past, and future state,
 ‘ Are links that form one great eternal chain !’

Here awfully she ceased !—Could man reply ?
 A more than mortal tremor shook my frame :
 And as I startling waked, the eastern sky
 Caught from the rising sun ²⁹ auspicious flame.

So, gracious **ALLAH** ! may thy purer **LIGHT**,
 (SUN of the intellectual world,) arise,
 Dispel the shades of mental—moral **NIGHT**,
 Illume my heart—accept its sacrifice !

Its faith—its humble hopes, henceforth resign’d,
 Shall rest on thee alone, **GREAT GUARDIAN** of mankind!



ACHMED'S RESOLVE.

SHALL I, because a TYRANT's will
 Condemns my life to woe ;
 The purport of his wish fulfil,
 And fall his VICTIM ?—No !

No, I'll ne'er sink beneath the stroke
 Thus aim'd against my joy :
 'Tis mine the sentence to revoke,
 When TREACHERY would destroy.

And now, escaped from tyrant rage,
 In SOLITUDE I rest :
 Thy love, O NATURE ! shall assuage
 The tumults of the breast.

Unstain'd with falshood—free from crime,
 And arm'd with strength of mind ;
 My Heart's a FORTRESS—POWER and TIME
 Impregnable shall find,

Assault ye FIENDS of earth and hell,
 Your legions—all combine :
 'Gainst JUSTICE, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, rebel :
 The victory shall be mine.

It is decreed—No mortal might
 The sentence can withstand ;
 Where HONOR, FAITH, and TRUTH unite,
 Against the Oppressor's hand.

Adversity, and Bonds, or DEATH,
 Dread Power! shall not prevail ;
 Tho' HE arrest the fleeting breath
 And spread the dusty veil.

These in the dark and silent tomb
 Shall ne'er dejected lie ;
 But spurning the inglorious doom,
 Shall rising soar on high :

Look down on tyrant rage below ;
 On earth's contracted clod :
 And bid the tear of PITY flow,
 For those estrang'd from GOD.

FORGIVE,

AND TIME SHALL TEACH THEE TO FORGET.

SAY! will Commiseration meet the man
Whose dark soul brooding o'er the nest of wrongs,
Hatches REVENGE, and meditates the plan
Of Horror, that to demon rage belongs?

'Tis great—'tis more—'tis heavenly to forgive
The heart that hates thee, or the hand that wounds;
But, near the Miscreant arm'd with power, to live,
Were to transgress, O CHARITY! thy bounds.

He who has injur'd thee—EXPERIENCE tells,
Will view thee after with a serpent's eye;
SUSPICION from his breast each hope repels,
That memory of wrongs can ever die.

Amid discordant Thought's perpetual jars
The fiends of 'MALICE all his fancies fill,
Watching some evil aspect of the stars,
Like fell DISEASE to work their baleful will.

ACHMED has felt RESENTMENT's fury power,
 (Impetuous despot of the youthful breast,)
 Her writhing victim many an anguish'd hour,
 Torn like the leveret in the vulture's nest.

But now, by more than man's behest, I'll fly,
 And seek forgetfulness of distant foes :
 On HOPE's soft bosom bid FORGIVENESS lie,
 Sweeter than dew-drops on the unfolding rose.

She tells me, PENITENCE at length may find
 Admission to the dark crime-tainted soul,
 That *some* REMORSE may reach a VIZIER's mind,
 And ev'n a SEFFI's pride-swoln heart controul.

AMBITION—AVARICE—haply will remain
 Relentless, sordid, to life's parting groan.
 How few, like great KAI KOSRO ³⁰ can disdain,
 The charms of Victory, Riches, and a Throne.

Triumphant o'er himself, as o'er his foes,
 He thank'd the GOD of goodness and retired,
 Lamented the long train of human woes,
 And led the life that PIETY inspired.

The GOLD long treasured in abundant store,
 Flow'd from the fountain of his liberal hand,
 In equal portions to the rich and poor,
 Thro' the wide circuit of the Persian land.

His heart at peace with all—the sage recluse
 Found in SIMPLICITY and NATURE's reign,
 Joys sweeter far than Asciar's ³¹ honied juice,
 Than ABDAL JELLEIL'S ³² pure poetic strain.

The weak, the timid, rarely will forgive :
 'Tis safer to offend the bold and strong.
 The BRAVE MAN cannot let his hatred live ;
 The COWARD nurtures wrath his whole life long.

He who would reason FOLLY from the fool,
 Strikes at an iron idol with his sword ;
 Where IMBECILITY attempts to rule,
 The GOD OF MERCY never is adored.

To cherish HATE with adverse FORTUNE's food,
 Were to pay tribute to the fiend of STRIFE.
 Detested ever by the wise and good
 Heaven-seeking pilgrims through the ills of life.

Ah! who would deem, to hear the world of man
Boasting its guidance by a law divine,
That thus reversing FAITH and REASON's plan,
TRUTH, GENIUS, VIRTUE, should in grief decline?

While round the lofty seat of POWER and PRIDE
A thousand guardian fiends of VICE appear;
Their outspread wings the face of NATURE hide,
Their yells for ever din the ROYAL ear.

In vain would INNOCENCE approach the throne
Of Flattery's JEMSHID, ³³ with her plaint of wrongs;
In vain AFFLICTION with a nation's groan,
Claim what to JUSTICE and to LIFE belongs!

For thee, alas! lorn ACHMED, FATE design'd
No common trials, and no callous heart :
May then th' ETERNAL LORD of all mankind
Grant thee to act a MOSLEM's pious part!

Whilst envying *Ignorance*, *Spleen*, and *Fraud*, abound,
As TIME and FORTUNE tell the tale of truth ;
May some safe solitary spot be found,
Where tranquil age may joy in mental youth.

ROSTAM BEG, the SON of MAKSOUD,

TO THE

TYRANT BAYSANGOR.



PERISH the name of ROSTAM from the earth,
Perish the memory of that hateful day
Whose morn ill-omen'd frown'd upon his birth,
And on his soul dark serpent furies prey!

If he permit one moment of repose
To lull the purpose of that soul to rest,
'Till VENGEANCE midst a storm of keenest woes
Shall sheath this dagger in BAYSANGOR's breast.

Sad AZARBIJIAN ³⁴ mourns beneath thy sway,
Sighs swell each blast—her torrents flow with *tears*,
Dread FAMINE through each valley wings his way,
And HORROR in his dragon form appears.

Cruel Usurper! soon shalt thou deplore
Thy short-lived triumph o'er my mangled frame:
Tho' thy barbarians welter'd in my gore,
His power that gave, restrained life's fleeting flame.

The AZURE GENI ³⁵ raised my drooping head,
 Then first he felt soft pity guide his hand.
 ‘ I come not now to claim thy life,” he said,
 ‘ But lead thee to REVENGE by Heaven’s command.

‘ Go, then, and riot in his base-born blood,
 ‘ That leaves no vile successor of his line:
 ‘ Yon hungry vultures claim their fated food,
 ‘ My shafts unerring and my bow are thine! ”

Sure ’twas no phantom spoke—my eager ear
 Devour’d each sound, my heart obeys the call:
 I pant with ardour in the blest career,
 O sacred AUTOSH! ³⁶ speed the tyrant’s fall.

Then grant, Oh! grant me, for the pangs I’ve known,
 To joy with IBBA ³⁷ o’er his gloomy soul!
 Mock with delight each agonizing groan,
 ‘Till KAPH’s ³⁸ black caverns echo with his howl!

Recounting all the wrongs his country bore;
 My ghastly wounds fresh opening on his view;
 Let DEMROSH NER’s ³⁹ dread voice in thunders roar,
 ‘ The *curse* of ROSTAM shall thy soul pursue!’

DANGERS.

THE interminable DESERT spreads around
 Its cheerless waste, all comfort flies afar:
 NIGHT spreads with giant pace her glooms profound,
 •Nor yields the guidance of one glimmering star.

Sad sinks the heart of SORROW with dismay;
 The yell of wandering demons wounds the ear;
 A thousand dangers cross the trackless way,
 And fancied forms at every step appear.

Forms of stupendous frame and ghastly hue
 Seem gliding thro' some deep o'ershadowing wood,
 Burst in dim legions on the uncertain view,
 While in hoarse torrents rolls the foaming flood.

But ah! no hoarsely-foaming flood is there,
 To yield refreshment in this dreary waste,
 To the poor wanderer,—let him then prepare
 To meet a danger that may prove his last.

'Twas sure some gust impetuous swept along,
 And raising in its rage the sandy cloud, 4
 Form'd to the fearful eye that spectred throng,
 And like th' imagined torrent roar'd aloud.

'Tis past!—and Heaven all-merciful ordain'd
 That *ACHMED* should not meet its falling force:
 Else had this poor exhausted frame remain'd
 An unknown victim buried in its course.

Then, 'mid succeeding dangers, wilt thou feel
 One deadly terror dart across thy soul:
 Say, canst thou doubt *that* *POWER* will there prevail,
 Whose energy pervades the mighty whole?

What's nature's tumult,—man's imagined woe,
 Or the wild workings of distorted will;
 Whilst *PROVIDENCE* in wisdom rules below,
 And all above, his high behests fulfil?



CONSOLATION.

'THO' midnight shades involve the world in gloom,
 And wearied NATURE sink to soft repose ;
 Yet shall the spectre, starting from the tomb,
 Deluge th' OPPRESSOR's soul with torturing woes.

Woes keener far and clad in murkier hue,
 Than those, sad ACHMED, that disturb thy rest :
 Thy pangs are faint, thine agitations few,
 Compared with those that haunt the guilty breast.

Then ACHMED rest secure, on Heaven depend,
 The Power that formed the SUN is *Virtue's Friend*.



TO

SELIMA.

THE blast of DEATH howls o'er the CASPIAN wave;
 Deep peals of thunder shake the vault of night :
 Demons of DISCORD burst th' infernal cave,
 And join the yell of HORROR and AFFRIGHT.

Impetuously along the dark profound,
 Contending meteors fly from sphere to sphere ;
 Yet while their lightnings fire the heavens around,
 My steady soul disdains each mortal fear.

Dear Maid ! thy faithful bosom well I know,
 Heaves for thine ACHMED many a tender sigh ;
 Breathes oft the fervent prayer, the sacred vow,
 TO THE MOST MERCIFUL, who reigns on high.

And sure, who ~~form~~ed thee thus divinely fair,
 Who bade thy heart with purest passion glow,
 Will smile to peace, the Demons of Despair,
 Or hurl them flaming to the deeps below.

Reverse each power of NATURE by his nod,
Ere, SELIMA, one pang shall wound thy breast !
Bright beam of BEAUTY—loveliest work of GOD,
He formed thee only to behold thee blest !



TO

SELIMA.

FAR from my SELIMA, my soul's delight!
 How cheerless gleams the radiant orb of day!
 How gloom the tedious hours of silent night,
 As life's dull current sick'ning wastes away!

For sure, in fate's dark volume yet remains
 No lingering curse, more cruelly severe
 Than that which binds my captive heart in chains,
 And dooms it thus to die desponding here.

Yet Heaven decrees—an EXILE thus I rove,
 And I submit, for what Heaven wills is best;
 Supported by that faith, and ACHMED's love,
 Let RESIGNATION calm thy troubled breast.

Know, from each grief, each anguish we endure,
 From each privation of repose or joy,
 Returning pleasures will arise more pure,
 From all the lifeless dross and dull alloy.

As the sweet music of the vernal grove
Succeeds the horrors of the wintry storm :
As the fond turtle views his faithful dove,
Succeed the ravenous vulture's fearful form :

So shall the hour that brings me to the arms
Of thee, sweet MAID ! atone for years of pain.
Ah ! while that kindling hope my bosom warms,
The flood of life swells rapturous every vein.

O what an OCEAN of unbounded bliss
Around me then its circling tide shall roll !
Thou PEARL of BEAUTY ! mid that deep abyss,
Shalt reign the sovereign treasure of my soul !



BLESSINGS.

WHEN will my wand'rings end, O gracious Heaven?
 When shall my anguish'd heart sweet solace find? ·
 Am I condemn'd thus ceaseless to be driven:
 Like some dark low'ring cloud before the wind,

The sport of tempests; veiling now the moon;
 Now hurl'd impetuous 'gainst the mountain's steep;
 And now, half-frozen in the wintry noon,
 Doom'd o'er the rugged precipice to weep?

Who can descry the mazy paths of fate,
 That lead poor mortals to their final home?
 As well the mariner might calculate
 O'er what rude rock the distant wave should foam.

Eternal source of life and boundless love!
 On thee alone shall ~~all~~ my hopes depend:
 Hence o'er the desert will I fearless rove,
 Tho' tygers prowl and fervid suns descend.

From the parch'd plain tho' scanty herbage spring;
 Tho' far, far hence, refreshing streamlets flow;
 Tho' every day fatigue and dangers bring;
 And every night-breeze seem the sigh of woe;

That breeze more welcome now salutes mine ear,
 Than erst th' insidious pest of flattery's breath.
 Not so the midnight warnings, tyrants hear,
 'Deep, hollow, dismal, as the groan of DEATH!

And know, ye slavish minions of the great!
 Ev'n here are blessings I would not resign,
 The milk-white bread of YEZDECAST to eat,
 With grapes of CASBIN, or SHIRAZIAN wine. 43

Tho', lovely maids of YEZED, famed in song
 For brightest beauty, your warm wishes crown;
 To me, all lonely in these wilds, belong
 What far exceed your luxury's renown.

Freedom is mine; and, tho' thus rudely driven,
 Blest resignation to the will of Heaven!

EMANCIPATION.

CEASE, **ACHMED!** cease, to goad thy harrass'd mind,
 With cares, with sorrows, or with treacheries past ;
 Swell with thy sighs no more th' autumnal wind,
 That hastes to mingle with the wintry blast.

Think'st thou while mountain echoes mock thy woe,
 That savage beasts, wild-startling at the sound,
 Will sympathetic, kind sensations know,
 Or pitying vultures sooth thy bosom's wound?

Deem'st thou thy murmurings will plead with fate,
 Reverse one instance of its stern decree,
 Of future ills remove the destined date,
 Or set thy soul from present evils free?

Could murmurings, could repinings ease one grief,
 Restore one comfort from the bosom torn ;
 Then might thy heavy heart expect relief
 From a dread glooming o'er its lot forlorn.

No!—Different far the tendency of these,
They sap the deep foundations of the mind,
Augment each sorrow into dark disease;
While DEATH stalks dreary in their train behind.

Fleet as the antelope for safety flies,
When he beholds the dread hyæna near,
Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies,
Fly from those demons that assail thee here.

Start from their hideous features with dismay:
Thy more than life—thy comforts they destroy;
While thou sad-sighing all the tedious day,
Feed'st on the scorpion-poison of thy joy.

Joy! whence that empty word's unmeaning sound?
Delusive phantom of the young and gay;
Once fondly sought, but ah! no sooner found,
Than torn by cruel destiny away.

Yet tho' condemn'd to quit my native shore,
And range these lonely wilds ~~unknown~~ to man.
Why should I hourly thus my lot deplore,
And to the midnight howl unite my moan?

While in the HARAM of DELIGHT I lay,
 Bound in soft fetters of luxurious ease;
 Pass'd like the dancer's step each smiling day,
 'Till PLEASURE almost lost the power to please.

The simple charms of NATURE all disdain'd,
 Amidst the meretricious blaze of ART;
 Tumultuous passions in my bosom reign'd,
 And false allurements triumph'd o'er my heart.

Tho' slaves obsequious flew at my command,
 Myself an abject slave more truly grown,
 Moved but by courtly favor's magic wand,
 And almost fear'd an earthly tyrant's frown.

His angry mandate now has set me free,
 Wide o'er the world to range beyond controul;
 With banishment he gave me liberty,
 And broke the fetters that enchain'd my soul.



TO

SELIMA.

THO' famishing, all lonely, and forlorn,
 Thro' trackless wilds, o'er burning sands I rove,
 Far from BLEST ARDEBEIL ⁴⁵ condemn'd to mourn
 •Malignant FORTUNE and divided LOVE.

Tho' tempests howl o'er my devoted head,
 And furious whirlwinds raise the sandy cloud ;
 Tho' panthers prowl around with savage tread,
 Or woods and cavern'd rocks my sufferings shroud.

One thought of thee, O SELIMA! can cheer
 The lonely forest, cheer the midnight gloom;
 Of savage monsters dissipate the fear,
 And all the horrors of my unknown doom.

When mighty AZRAEL ⁴⁴ bids my tongue forego
 Its wonted powers, forbids each pulse to move;
 Forbids with these my sorrowing tears to flow:
 Ev'n then, to thee my last sad sigh shall rove.

Shall rove?—shall fly!—out-wing the lightning's speed:

O SELIMA! receive the pilgrim guest.

My heart, dear Maid! thro' life must ever bleed,

Till, mingling soul with soul, supremely blest,

Thy long-lost ACHMED hail thee for his own.

But ah! dark FATE conceals the destined hour,

When each sweet draught of bliss shall well atone

For ages tortured by its adverse power.

What, tho' on earth that hour may ne'er be given,

To 'swell life's shadowy span with perfect joy,

Yet HOPE unwearied wings her flight to Heaven,

Where purest pleasures reign without annoy.

For thee alone, O SELIMA! for thee,

I drag with painful step life's lingering chain;

Else soon this friendly sword should set me free

From toil, anxiety, from grief, and pain.

This faithful sword, true emblem of my state,

Its lustre lost, its shattering scabbard gone,

Now seems in sympathy to mourn my fate,

As my soul sickens with the waning moon.

Yet what, alas! are all the transient smiles
Of prosperous FORTUNE, in this world of woe,
But some dire DEMON's unsuspected wiles,
To chain immortal beings here below?

To chain them 'midst uncertainty and strife,
To magic powers of sense an easy prey:
To check the spirit struggling into life,
And dim the dawnings of celestial day.

Great GOD of MERCY! source of each pure joy
That visits earth, or dwells in Heaven above,
Whose power that gave existence can destroy,
O take my soul, to live where life is love!



RETROSPECT.

T WAS ACHMED's prayer, ere Fate should seal his doom,
 A friend, a parent's last kind words to hear,
 Where pilgrims seek SHEIKH HEIDER's hallow'd tomb,
 Where SEFI-EDDIN ²⁸ closed his blest career

That friend alas ! that parent is no more,
 And ARDEBEIL, my birth-place, far away,
 Far the wild scenery of the CASPIAN shore, ⁴⁵
 Or GHILAN's vales, where oft I wont to stray,

To stray, from morn's bright dawn, till blushful eve
 Conceal'd her modest charms in twilight's veil,
 Where no false shews of wealth, of power deceive,
 Where ART ne'er strove o'er NATURE to prevail.

For NATURE there, with ever liberal hand,
 The fig-tree—and the empurpled vine bestows ;
 There—almonds, olives, citrons clustering stand,
 And cool, thro' mulberry groves the rivulet flows.

The peach, the nectarine, and the fruitful palm,
 Fence the ripe wheat field, and the millet ground :
 A thousand odorous herbs the breeze embalm,
 And birds wild-warbling cheer the woodlands round.

Shadowing the COTTAGE door, pomegranates spread
 Their branches, laden with delicious fruits ;
 And when the roseate blooms of SPRING are fled,
 Still humbler flow'rets smile around their roots.

There (in contentment rich) has ACHMED seen
 Young INNOCENCE with holy FAITH combined,
 And every VIRTUE dwell with AGE serene,
 And gentlest LOVE inspire the manly mind.

Memory's blest hours ! ah ! when shall I renew
 Your sweet delights ? When ARA's stream behold ;
 Or on romantic KOURA's margin view,
 Thro' aged woods his rapid waters roll'd ?

Roll'd on, united with his kindred flood,
 Impetuous as the LESGUIES ⁴⁶ scour the plain,
 Fierce as the OUSBK squadrons prowl for blood,
 Swift as the south wind sweeps th' ARABIAN main. ⁴⁷

Streams famed in many a song of ancient days,
 And sadly famed, alas ! in later years,
 When VICTORY sung a fierce invader's praise,
 Who triumph'd, impious ! in a nation's tears.

Sprites of the brave, defenders of those fields
 Torn by barbarians from your peaceful hands ;
 In vain each warrior chief assistance yields,
 More fierce, more numerous rush the savage bands,

Yet there your bones have found a tranquil grave,
 Hallowing their native shades—whilst driv'n afar,
 No sociate of the kind, the just, the brave,
 My course is mark'd by a malignant star.

Beneath yon sullen cloud, portentous hangs
 The pale-orb'd PLANET of my natal hour,
 † Horrid to me as the relentless fangs
 Of hungry lions, eager to devour.

Wide o'er the arid plain, night's murky shades
 Fast gathering, bid me prize this rugged mound
 Of difficult access ; here nought invades
 My place of rest, with wild shrubs mantled round.

Not ev'n, ill-omen'd STAR ! thy hateful beam,
 Thro' the dark-foliaged fence, can reach me here;
 Nor shall thy presence drive my nightly DREAM
 From AZARBIJIAN'S ³⁴ bowers—to caverns drear,

Where squats the NIGHT-HAG, 'midst her bloated brood,
 List'ning the death-bird's scream ; or fever'd moan
 Of some gorged WOLF, distent with gazal's blood,
 Sleeping in mock pomp on HULAGO'S ⁴⁸ throne.

No ! sportive FANCY haply shall restore
 The scenes, the loved friends, the delights of youth,
 Illusions fair, whose flight can I deplore
 When morn awakes to NATURE and to TRUTH ?

Inhospitable DESERTS—wide as waste,
 May raise in rude array their rocks, their hills ;
 Patient tho' wearied, onward will I haste,
 And chaunt with joy my flight from other ills.



THE
RESTING PLACE.

DEAD lay the vanquished **LION** at my feet,
And I, the stern possessor of his den,
Enter with gratitude the wild retreat,
Now more congenial than th' abodes of men:

Tho' haply here, to shun the blaze of day,
Dark birds of omen, wing their frequent flight,
Croak deep-toned horror o'er their mangled prey,
While hissing snakes discordantly unite.

Yet here, far happier—far more tranquil, here,
On the bare rock, I'll lay my pensive head,
'Than thou, base author of my lot severe,
Will ever sleep on Luxury's silken bed.

No scorpion **CONSCIENCE** hourly stings my soul !
ENVY, self-torturing fiend, ne'er haunts this cave ;
Here **AVARICE**, wolf insatiate, will not prowl,
Nor black **DESPONDENCE** mark me for her slave.

One only cause of anguish breaks my rest,
 Or bids the sadly-silent tear to flow.
 Oh! SELIMA!—but, let me think thee blest
 With saints above, for bliss ne'er dwells below.

And yet, with thee, ere FORTUNE's angry frown
 Blasted each joy, and tore me from thy charms,
 Heedless of wealth, of honors, or renown,
 I—ah! I dreamt of Heaven was in thine arms!

Short dream, alas!—yet, does the miscreant live,
 Whose perjured breath impell'd AFFLICTION's dart?
 But why revenge?—No stroke this arm might give,
 Could add new HELL to that which fires his heart.



THE VOW.

AMID your solitudes, ye **FORESTS** wild,
 Beneath the umbrage of your spreading boughs,
 Receive and shelter lorn **AFFLICTION**'s child :
 O sooth his sorrows, and attest his vows !

If e'er blind passion prompt his steps to stray :
 If e'er ambition's fire inflame his mind :
 If schemes of golden joy delude away,
 Or love of base—ungrateful human kind,

Cause him to quit this calm tho' rude retreat,
 For yon vain **WORLD** of treachery and strife ;
 May every power that moves his pulse to beat,
 Resign to pale disease his lingering life,

Until long-gathering storms of tyrant hate,
 Hurl his torn limbs where death's dire caverns gloom :
 Beyond his last faint gasp, the rage of fate
 Deny him rest within the darkling tomb.

There may the hags of discord scream affright,
 There demons rend his cold corse from the ground,
 And shroud his soul in ever-during night,
 Like **ESTIS** 49 plunged in **DOZAK**'s gulph profound.

If from these mountain solitudes he rove,
 Seeking the haunts of man with recreant eye;
 Till the MOST MERCIFUL, that reigns above,
 Who led him hither, grant him here to die.

Eternal SOURCE of all in earth or heaven,
 From angel energy to reptile rest !
 May health, may peace, to ACHMED here be given,
 •With faith in thee, no impious doubts infest.

If any tissue of the WORLD remain
 Inwoven with the fibres of his heart ;
 Let it not prove the cause of grief or pain,
 Holding the barbed fangs of treachery's dart.

All that the HAKIEM, AMEER, HADGY, ⁵⁰ boasts
 Of knowlege, power, or virtue, flows from thee.
 Thy PROVIDENCE his guard—can armed hosts
 Enslave the MAN determined to be free ?

If ACHMED's vows, blest ALLAH ! meet thy will,
 A faithful firmness shall those vows fulfil.



COMPARE,

'Twill lessen GRIEF.

WHENCE heaves my bosom with that swelling sigh?
Why throb the quicken'd pulses of my heart?
Why starts the trickling tear-drop from mine eye?
Ye dreams of long-lost HAPPINESS depart.

Too faithful MEMORY ! wilt thou still remain,
Haunting my soul, a sadly-pleasing guest,
Transforming absent bliss to present pain !
Come sweet OBLIVION ! come, and give me rest.

Why, ACHMED, thus thy destiny bemoan ?
To others far more wretchedness belongs :
In their afflictive lot, forget thine own,
Think on the poor distracted ABDAL's songs.

Think on his tales of visionary woe,
Doom'd every hour some varying dread to know,

FRAGMENT

OF THE

DEVANÉ, 5¹ ABDAL HASSAN.

O WHEREFORE was I born? or on the day
 That gave these eyes the light—these nostrils breath,
 Why did not pangs of infant misery lay
 • The little sufferer in the bed of DEATH?

Born but to pine, 'I live but to lament,
 Long nights of terror following days of pain;
 Ev'n now the STARS start from the firmament!
 And shower around me in a burning rain!

The scorpion fiend of ANGUISH, robed in snakes,
 Leads on his GOULES, 5² a grim and grizly band:
 All nature groans—wide rends the opening earth,
 And on the trembling precipice I stand!

Dark vapors rise! the SUN expires in gloom:
 A hollow blast along the valley howls;
 Deep thunders roar; while from HELL's lab'ring womb,
 Burst the wild wailings of despondent souls.

Midst a sulphureous gleam of livid light,
 Half-clouded met mine eye a giant form :
 Then, wrapt in shades of more than tenfold night,
 These fearful words he pour'd amidst the storm.

‘ While rage the horrors of yon dreadful scene,
 ‘ Where fiends unnumber’d madd’ning wing their way,
 ‘ Say, canst thou sit all careless and serene,
 ‘ A pleased spectator of th’ infernal fray ?

‘ Or woee with rapture to thine eager arms,
 ‘ The fury forms obscene that round thee roar :
 ‘ In each dire visage view immortal charms,
 ‘ And bid angelic beauties bloom no more ?

‘ Yet thus, the mind, by sensual sorcery caught,
 ‘ Quaffs the black venom of profoundest hell ;
 ‘ And mid fierce whirlwinds of distemper’d thought,
 ‘ Hears with wild joy the fiends infuriate yell :

‘ The fiends of passion, of untamed desire,
 ‘ AMBITION, AVARICE, ENVY, HATRED, STRIFE :
 ‘ That roll a torrent of consuming fire,
 ‘ O’er every fleeting bliss of human life.

‘ Till thou the love of all on earth forego,
 ‘ And with disgust even life itself resign :
 ‘ Such torturing tempests shall thy bosom know,
 ‘ FATE form’d the dire decree, the lot is thine.’

Here ceased the KENGOSH: ⁵³ thro’ my trembling frame
 Dismay with horror froze each vital power :
 Scarce could my tongue pronounce thy sacred name,
 Great GOD of MERCY ! in that awful hour.

Where then—Oh ! where shall I a refuge find ?
 Where seek that peace my soul has learnt to prize ?
 O blest CREATOR ! snatch me from mankind,
 To hail with Saints thy GLORY in the skies.

Presumptuous wish, extravagant and vain !
 All gracious ALLAH ! hear a humble prayer :
 Instruct my heart those VIRTUES to obtain ;
 Thro’ which alone thy servants enter there.



SOCIAL LOVE.

MAN, as he came from his CREATOR's hand,
 With infant innocence, instinctive love,
 Saw NATURE's beauty—felt her influence bland,
 As dawns the day thro' Heaven's blue vault above.

Wrapt in admiring joy he gazed around,
 And when his fellow man first met that gaze,
 Sprung forth towards him with spontaneous bound,
 Hailing a second self with wild amaze !

Or haply, if quick glancing, he survey'd
 The form of virgin loveliness disclose,
 Beneath the covert of some breezy shade,
 In all the sweetness of serene repose.

Heavens ! what emotions darted thro' his frame,
 What sudden transport fix'd his wand'ring eyes ;
 Ere hopes or objects had received a name,
 As new sensations—thoughts—affections rise.

She startling—wakes!—Will timid beauty strive
To fly—nor smiling animate her charms?
While he, to sensibility alive,
Clasps the sweet sociate with protecting arms?

From that glad hour, each joy that NATURE yields,
Doubles the influence of its first delights:
More gay the flowret, and more fresh the fields:
The morn more fair: ev'n blest the glooms of night,

A principle communicative dwells
Within the HEART of man: it leads him on
To seek SOCIETY; and he rebels,
Who scorpion-like crawls sordidly alone.

And if thus social, then, to make it blest,
Congenial minds sincerely must unite;
But where to find that true concordant rest,
Time ne'er has pointed in his ceaseless flight.

Nor in my various wand'rings have I found,
For ah! the WORLD is so far lost in ART,
The sweet simplicities of NATURE, wound
Th'affected, false, refinements of the heart.

- ‘ He only is thy true, thy faithful FRIEND,
 - ‘ Who feeds not vanity with flattery’s food ;
 - ‘ But from each sensual, proud, and selfish end
 - ‘ Averts thine aim, and leads thee on to good.
-
- ‘ To a degenerate world’s far-distant bourne,
 - ‘ Seeking that friend, in HOPE’s gay chariot ride,
 - ‘ Less light of heart thou wearied shalt return,
 - ‘ With DISAPPOINTMENT seated at thy side.’
-
- ‘ Confide thou then in HIM, and HIM alone,
 - ‘ Who form’d the fruitful earth and azure sky :
 - ‘ Whose PROVIDENCE, thro’ life, has led thee on,
 - ‘ And still regards thee with benignant eye.
-
- ‘ Humbly to HIM, thy heart, thy soul, resign :
 - ‘ Beyond thy faith, his streams of mercy flow :
 - ‘ Let TRUTH, BENEVOLENCE, GOOD DEEDS be thine,
 - ‘ EDEN shall end thy pilgrimage below.’

Inspired with love and charity to man,
 Such were the precepts blest SHEIKH HEIDER gave;
 But worldly policy’s contracted span
 Has laid those precepts in the martyr’s grave.

Th' Arabian adage says, ' to live secure,
 ' Climb thou to Heaven, or cavern'd depths descend;
 ' For on earth's surface nought is safe or sure,
 ' The wise man in the MIRROR seeks his friend.'

TO HEAVEN my Vows are sped, by whose command
 These far-secluded trackless woods I sought:
 Temptations to revisit PERSIA's land,
 Shall ne'er, prevailing, turn those vows to nought.

The will divine 'tis not for me to know,
 Beyond the point that teaches to obey;
 Not so the tyrant powers that rule below,
 In boastful pride of heaven-appointed sway.

All hail, ye mountain solitudes! from you
 And from your untamed inmates will I claim
 Those calm retreats that nature's children knew,
 Ere EDUCATION taught one artful aim.

Tho' here recluse, O GOD! inspire my mind
 With love of THEE, of NATURE, and MANKIND.

SERENITY.

THE gliding brook's soft murmurs lull to rest,
 Scarce breaking, silent EVE ! thy potent charm :
 Amid these shades, as with the heavenly blest,
 PEACE reigns superior to each vain alarm,

For vain I deem the TYGER's hungry rage ;
 In vain the Scorpion bears his deadly sting ;
 In vain would man his lawless warfare wage ;
 Where PROVIDENCE extends the guardian wing.

Beneath that shelter, ACHMED, rove serene,
 Or rest secure, for Heaven is virtue's friend.
 No more shall FORTUNE's ever-changeful scene,
 'Twixt thee and PARADISE its veil extend.

Tho' earth-born vapours float before thy sight,
 Tho' dim that sight while thou art wrapp'd in clay,
 Yet gloom-clad DEATH shall raise thy soul to light,
 As darkness leads but to the morning ray.

'Till that determin'd hour, may FAITH divine
 Strengthen a grateful heart, and health and peace be thine.

TO THE
P O P P Y.

MID the vast regions of ethereal space,
 While NIGHT in starry vesture sits sublime,
 NATURE bestows on her frail flowery race,
 A balm that soothes the wearied steps of TIME!
 SHIRAZEH, 'tis thine own, till opening day
 Bid thee resign the dew that melts my griefs away.

For oft as morn in crimson beams array'd,
 Wide o'er the desert pours his flood of light,
 The gentle PERIES of the dusk, dismay'd,
 Spread their transparent wings to eager flight.
 No more, with visionary forms I rove
 Thro' the gay bowers of youth, of joy, and love.

No more, bright HOURS of celestial mien,
 With songs of PARADISE delight mine ear!
 No more, angelic forms with smiles serene,
 In sweet benignity of converse cheer.
 At morn's approach, how heartless I resign
 The few, the transient blessings that are mine.

False fleeting bliss! and yet in **ACHMED's** scale,
 Such airy joys o'erbalance courtly gold,
 Whose artful wreaths no fragrancy exhale,
 Whose flocks are only kids of Satan's fold :
 To gain possession racks the anxious mind,
 And hornet conscience leaves a sting behind.

But thou, heaven-gifted harbinger of joy!
 The soft enchanter of my slumbering hours,
 Thou who canst all the active soul employ,
 And wake to extacy her latent powers :
 Still may thy mystic wand of force divine,
 Point to those fleeting forms, and make the phantoms mine.

Ah ! why will **SLEEP**, with all his sportive train,
 Far from my resting place so rudely fly,
 Unless I more than human aid obtain,
 To bind his pinions whilst I prostrate lie?
 Parent of **AFION!** ⁵⁴ by thy sacred spell,
 I joy with **ANGELS**, or I vanquish **HELL**.



SELF-DEFENCE.

WITH man I war not:—if he war on me,
 Fleet 'as the wild-goat o'er the crags I'll fly,
 Tho' he o'ertake, enslaved I will not be,
 FREEDOM is mine, in it's defence I'll die.

To fight for HONOR, or contend for FAME,
 To hunt the shadow of a passing cloud,
 To add new epithets to FOLLY's name,
 By WISDOM's voice have equal praise allow'd.

My LIFE or LIBERTY to guard alone
 Shall henceforth prompt this hand to lift the sword:
 But let deep penitence to Heaven atone,
 Past deeds of carnage from my soul abhorr'd.

ENVY's envenom'd tongue may now recal
 And blast those honor's CONSCIENCE would resign:
 For me, the world's conflicting waves may fall,
 Or rise.—PEACE, FREEDOM, and CONTENT are mine.

What brave, what good man, will EXULTING say:
 ' I've aided TYRANTS to extend their sway ?'

MID-DAY.

THE fervid blaze of NOON now scorches wide
 The scanty herbage of the desert plain;
 The streams that murmur'd from the mountain's side,
 Absorb'd by thirsty sands, are lost again.

The timid DEER their woody coverts leave,
 Pant in the glow, with oft-averted eye,
 False hopes awhile their wonted search deceive,
 They seek the STREAM, but find the CHANNEL dry.

Nor the dry channel do they find alone,
 To mock the misery of their parched way :
 Roused by their drooping melancholy moan,
 The crouching TYGER marks them for his prey.

Fly swift, ye hapless wanderers, swiftly fly,
 As the wing'd arrow from the TARTAR's bow ;
 Swift as the lightning flashes, or ye die,
 The mangled victims of a cruel foe.

Ev'n thus, O **ACHMED**! in the Persian land,
 Where streams of **JUSTICE** flow'd from heavenly springs;
 Thro' royal channels; now the thirsty sand
 Of **AVARICE** drinks, while **RAPINE** waves her wings.

There, tyger-like, lo! power-perverted lies,
 Low-crouching, arm'd with fury and deceit,
SUSPICION guides his ever-watchful eyes,
 And **DANGER** lurks around his thorny seat.

Truth, Honor, Virtue! swift with **ACHMED** fly,
 Swift as the light'ning flashes, or ye die.



THE

BEDAVI. 55

FAR o'er the plains the wandering shepherd strays,
Where verdure rises, rests his little flock ;
In simple pleasures pass his guileless days,
Pure as the water from the mountain rock.

Or, haply, when the summer sun-beam pours,
Intensely o'er th' unshaded wide extent,
He leads instinctive where the grove embowers,
And rears beside the brook his sheltering tent.

Or up the rugged mountain's sunless side
Winds slowly, seeking scantier herbage there ;
Yet free from insect swarms that ceaseless glide
Along the stream, and fill the lowland air.

Far from this hateful pest they feed at ease,
Or lull'd to slumber by the shepherd's song,
Beneath some high shrub-mantled bank, the breeze
Wafts cool refreshment to the fleecy throng.

Such was the life our early fathers led,
 Ere empires flourish'd, or proud cities rose;
 When patriarch sires (long number'd with the dead)
 Held parent sway, ere men to men were foes.

Their few cares then were only to provide
 Food, raiment, and a shelter from the storm;
 To chase the savage beasts that lurking hide,
 But ne'er incessant labour to perform.

For NATURE's genuine wants, and comforts too,
 Were all acquired by less than wearying toil,
 Until vain man, with LUXURY in view,
 Sought more than comforts from his native soil.

But, when subservient to his proud behest,
 He taught the weak obsequious mind to bend,
 AMBITION found a dwelling in his breast,
 And form'd the MASTER, while he lost the FRIEND.

He who in sluggish ease would pass his hours,
 First made his fellow man by fraud or force,
 Beyond FREE EXERCISE employ his powers,
 Yoak'd the young bull, and rein'd the generous horse.

The same base principle of SLOTH combined
 The ROBBER-BAND, on weaker bands to prey;
 And from that source th' oppressors of mankind
 Derived their wealth, their vices, and their sway.

O turn, my soul! from such degenerate times,
 When folly, low rapacity, and pride,
 Crouch to the TYRANT, and support his crimes,
 To gain some *worthless* end that Heaven denied.'

Indignant turn, and 'mid these wilds enjoy
 A heartfelt peace, that man can ne'er destroy.



THE
VINDICATION.

SUPPOSE, one moment, **ACHMED**, thy retreat
Were to the prying **WORLD OF MORTALS** known,
Thy life, thy manners, and thy state complete,
Passions subdued, and prejudices flown.

The **MONSTER** ⁵⁶ would exclaim, ‘ Scorn points at thee,
‘ Unsocial, indolent, a foe to fame,
‘ Adverse to power, to wealth, to policy,
‘ Resolved to live and die without a name.

‘ Lost to all learning, loosed from every band
‘ Of love, of friendship, kindred, native home;
‘ Thine injured **HONOR** claims a vengeful hand,
‘ Yet thou inglorious wilt wild forests roam.’

I’ll roam with savage beasts, in caverns hide,
Or scream with howlets thro’ the midnight hour;
Rather than dwell with **LUXURY** and **PRIDE**,
Or crouch the fawning slave of **WEALTH** and **POWER**.

A few short lines engraven on my sword,
 To SULTAN favour led in FORTUNE's morn,
 Led me from humbler hopes to shine a Lord,
 Gave me the ROSE, but not without a THORN.

Here NATURE reigns; MAN's *genuine wants* are few,
 Soon satisfied from her abundant store,
 Her beauties charm where'er I turn my view,
 I feel CONTENTMENT, and I ask no more. °

If VENGEANCE yet my injured HONOR claim,
 THAT, with my HEART, to HEAVEN I now resign:
 Torn from the world; I quit its every aim,
 Its motives, hopes, and hatreds, are not mine.

I'm not unsocial—all around me smiles,
 And I responsive, smile on all around,
 Not indolent—Activity beguiles
 My passing hours, and treads this sacred ground.

Sacred to LIBERTY, life's darling love,
 For her I'll dare whate'er man may endure,
 With her thro' forest glades delighted rove,
 Where no false charms of ART the mind allure.

And while the loud acclams of **FAME**, afar,
O'er fields of blood in savage discord rise,
Here will I sit, and view th' **EVENING STAR**
In silent glory beam amid the skies:

Here sit, and sing the transports of a soul
Inspired, O **NATURE**! by thy charms sublime;
And while the seasons in succession roll,
Enjoy the sweet vicissitudes of **TIME**:

Delighted, view yon azure mountain-range
Extend its broken outline, wildly rude,
Softened by distance;—wherefore then, exchange
These scenes, where no asperities intrude;

The joyless **DESERT** tract to traverse o'er,
Each painful step perplex'd with rock and thorn,
Rough craggy steeps, where winds tempestuous roar,
WOLVES prowl for prey, and **NATURE** droops forlorn?

Such is the **WORLD** when distant I survey,
And such its aspect as I draw more near;
Aloof, then, **ACHMED**! let thy fancies play,
But, shun the dangers reason bids thee fear.

They once were thine :—escaped, thy safety prize,
Scorn the world's maxims, and its scorn despise.

INSCRIPTION

ON

ACHMED'S SCIMETAR.

KEEN as the blasts from BULAK's ⁵⁷ desert blow;
High-temper'd as the souls of mighty kings;
Bright as the forky fires of light'ning glow,
When DEATH's dread ANGEL rides upon their wings.

Such is this sword, O thou, whose hasty hand
Is guided only by despotic will,
Learn that from GOD was given this high command:
' No blood UNJUSTLY shalt thou dare to spill.'

But to repel the force of lawless might,
To aid the INNOCENT, their wrongs redress,
Protect the ⁸ JUST, defend thy country's right:
For these, the BRAVE shall combat with success.

Wield then this vengeful blade.—By HEAVEN's decree
DEATH'S SABLE ANGEL ⁵⁸ shall give place to thee.

OMNIPRESENCE.

WHY was this SPIRIT, ardent still to rise,
Chain'd in a dungeon of compacted clay ?
Why were those thoughts, aspiring to the skies,
In heavy fetters doom'd to pine away ?

Strange—mystic union of discordant things,
Beyond the powers of REASON to descry :
Like the wild ostrich of the waste, whose wings
Tho' strongly nerved, yet are not form'd to fly.

O sluggish clay, that bend'st thy inmate down,
Low to the parent dust that gave thee birth !
I fain would spurn thee, all thy ties disown,
And roam a pilgrim from the realms of earth.

Roam where ? What unknown worlds wouldst thou explore ?
Where rest in boundless space thy weary flight ?
Float o'er ethereal oceans without shore,
Mount to the stars—or sink in endless night ?

What is thine aim ? What mighty object, say,
To rise above this sublunary sphere ?
Ev'n HIM, who reigns o'er all the realms of day,
Say, dost thou seek ? Vain man ! then seek him here.

For his Almighty WISDOM, POWER, and LOVE,
Are neither circumscribed by time, nor space,
But perfect here, as in the realms above,
Sustain the myriads of the human race. • °

Here shall the faithful heart with transport own,
GOD's awful presence fills not Heaven alone.



TO THE

J A S M I N E.

LET the wild OLIVE rise with towering pride,
 Deeply infix his strong tenacious root,
 Spread his contorted limbs on every side,
 And boast a copious load of bitter fruit.

What is his boast, sweet JASMINE! what to thee?
 Say can it hurt the humble, to survey
 The proud luxuriance of a lofty tree,
 To whom thy central stem is but a spray?

No—fair diffuser of delightful balm!
 Thy lowlier growth secures thee from the storm,
 Gives thee to bloom all-lovely midst the calm,
 That smiles complacent on thy slender form.

The fissured rock beneath the ridgy steep,
 Where tangled woodbines court the western gale;
 Where the close-mantling ivy loves to creep,
 And the low juniper surveys the vale.

These, bashful BEAUTY, yield thee more delight
 Than all the luxuries the vale bestows :
 With thy humility—content unite,
 And envy not the OLIVE or the ROSE.

Sweet child of purest NATURE ! let me rest
 Heedless of distant man beneath thy shade :
 SIMPLICITY like thine, is surely blest,
 No agitations thy meek state invade.

The little warbler midst thy foliage finds
 A kind recess to raise her infant brood,
 Shelter'd from feather'd foes—from boisterous winds,
 Where MISCHIEF's weazel-eye can ne'er intrude.

Her faithful sociate on thy light green spray,
 Shall speak his tender joys in rapturous song ;
 With tuneful GRATITUDE thy shade repay,
 And till the evening close, his strains prolong.

See the fall'n CEDAR, on that airy steep
 How prone he lies, that rose so proud before,
 Unheedful if the tempest rage, or sleep,
 The dew-drop fall, or deep'ning thunders roar :

• How prone he lies ! still frowns in faded state ;
 Frowns o'er the broken shrubs that sought his shade :
 Thus fall the mighty by the hand of FATE,
 That scarcely deigns thy humbler seats invade.

Blest be thy bow'ring branches—blest thy blooms,
 Emblems of innocence and infant joy ;
 • May light-wing'd zephyr waft their mild perfumes
 • To lovely bosoms, no rude thoughts annoy :

In virgin purity, serenely blest,
 With sportive, youthful Happiness combined ;
 Of every tender sentiment possess,
 That dwells, delicious, in the gentle mind.

So may'st thou live, and bloom in early SPRING,
 So may soft pleasure crown thy SUMMER's day ;
 Maturing AUTUMN wave her golden wing,
 Long ere bald WINTER reign with tyrant sway.

Ah ! while the circling SEASONS thus return,
 Be thou serene—the boist'rous power shall mourn.



THE
INVITATION.

WHY, hapless MAN! consume thy labouring life,
In fond pursuit of phantoms, light as air?
The sport of passions, whose unceasing strife
Blends MADNESS, FOLLY, RAPTURE, and DÉSPAIR.

In vain does NATURE with persuasive voice,
Amidst her bounties urge thee to enjoy,
Enjoy true pleasures, gratefully rejoice:
MAN, spurning NATURE, would her gifts destroy!

Each pure emotion blasting in its rise,
Each heav'nly inmate binds in earthly chains;
While golden visions dance before his eyes,
And sensual furies revel in his veins.

O thou of different mind! the MAN of THOUGHT,
Of simple THOUGHT—of heart estrang'd from pride,
Who tired of strife, canst hold vain things at nought,
NATURE—thine admiration! TRUTH—thy guide!

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INVITATION.

WHY, hapless MAN! consume thy labouring life,
In fond pursuit of phantoms, light as air?
The sport of passions, whose unceasing strife
Blends MADNESS, FOLLY, RAPTURE, and DESPAIR.

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Amidst her bounties urge thee to enjoy,
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Of simple THOUGHT—of heart estrang'd from pride,
Who tired of strife, canst hold vain things at nought,
NATURE—thine admiration! TRUTH—thy guide!

Come, Pilgrim, seek these woods, these mountains wild,
And vales unknown to all the slaves of ART,
By many a dark enchantment's charm beguiled,
That spreads a cank'ring poison through the heart.

O quit the treacherous WORLD, and taste with me,
Sweet PEACE, CONTENTMENT, HEALTH and LIBERTY!



THE
TURTLE DOVES.

HERE, ACHMED, let thy wearied frame once more
Enjoy the heavenly comforts of repose :
And may this much-lov'd solitude restore
Thy mind to calmness, long oppress'd with woes.

Unmanly RULER of the PERSIAN land,
A land of SLAVES, that abjectly obey ;
This lonely region owns not thy command,
Here, ACHMED bends to no proud tyrant's sway.

But blest with what primeval NATURE gave
To all that live—the right to rest, or roam ;
For GOD ne'er form'd a tyrant, or a slave,
Nor chain'd mankind to any hateful home.

Free as the light the MAN of NATURE rose,
Gazed on her beauties, and with raptured heart
Adored the guardian of his sweet repose,
Who bade the SUN his genial powers impart.

He saw a charm diffused on all around,
 His soul responsive, felt that charm her own ;
 His every thought with rosy chaplets crown'd,
 And pure emotions blest his heart alone.

How different far the man of modern days
 In vigorous health, and energy of mind ;
 Ev'n in maturity his strength decays,
 His spirit daunted—wavering and confined.

He acts not, speaks not, as he thinks or feels,
 But ruled by interest, or by custom led,
 Awed by false shame or fear, his chariot wheels
 Pursue the track from which lost REASON fled.

The sorceress, SUPERSTITION, waves her wand,
 And blasts the face of NATURE to his view ;
 While USURPATION grasps with griffon hand
 His scanty joys, his wealth, his freedom too.

Man taught alas ! DELUSION's voice to hear,
 And lur'd from PEACE, to CRUELTY and STRIFE,
 Led by AMBITION, meets the slaughtering spear,
 Or lifts the sabre 'gainst his brother's life.

Perhaps he falls:—the vulture screams delight,
 Hovering impatient o'er the carnaged plain;
 Perhaps—he triumphs in the field of fight,
 A gory DEMON! 'midst the mangled slain.

Behold the neighbouring CITY, whose full fate
 Hung on the chance of victory or defeat:
 Lo! its high towers o'erturn'd—its wealth, its state,
 Laid like their SOVEREIGN at the CONQUEROR's feet.

The VIRGIN's shriek—the WIDOW's frantic tear,
 The bitter anguish of a PARENT's love,
 Anticipating all the lot severe,
 That his poor captive offspring soon must prove.

The chain that binds so cruelly their hands,
 Binds them more firmly to his anguish'd soul:
 Yet, see! the iron-hearted warrior stands
 Exulting in the power of rude controul.

The smoaking ruin—the once lucid stream,
 Whose trembling waters flow distain'd with blood;—
 His dying sociate's pangs,—awake no gleam
 Of social feeling: Vengeance yells for food.

Nor yells in vain : Impetuous as the steed
That hears the shout of war with neighing joy :
While groans of DEATH to TERROR's scream succeed,
Aloud the son of DISCORD cries, DESTROY !

Admit—the SULTAN whom his sword defends,
Yields him a scanty portion of 'the spoils ;
RAPINE and MURDER still his hope extends,
With brutal revelry to crown his toils.

He lives a TYGER ! If his hated name
Debase the annals of th' historic page,
Indignant JUSTICE 'mid the sons of FAME,
Shall blast his memory—to each future age.

But hark ! a gentler voice salutes mine ear,
With softly murmuring notes of joy and love ;
A voice that long has breathed familiar here,
The placid spirit of the TURTLE DOVE.

Sweet birds ! that nestling in the clefted stone,
Where the wild creeper forms a floating shade ;
Ne'er may that discord to your lives unknown,
These sweetly-pensive solitudes invade.

Welcome—thrice welcome, then, my hallow'd fate,
And ah ! farewell ! thou world of cares and strife :
Wean'd from thy love, and heedless of thy hate,
HEAVEN yields me comforts, and sustains my life.



TO

SELIMA.

W. HERE are you flown, ye hours of gay Delight,
When countless BEAUTIES crowding on my view,
Seem'd by some mystic concord to unite,
In forms of fair enjoyment, ever new ?

When, as the nectar'd goblet pour'd around
Its smiling treasures to the sons of JOY :
The echoing roofs learnt only to resound,
' These, these are pleasures that can never cloy.'

Therf, spurning ev'ry fear of FORTUNE's frown,
TIME's rapid progress, or the shafts of FATE ;
I fondly call'd thee, SELIMA ! my own,
And deem'd my raptures of no mortal date.

' Let holy DERVISHES, ⁵⁵ of EDEN dream,
' And clasp the visions of celestial bliss,
' They ne'er beheld thy heav'nly beauty's beam,
' Nor from thy lips received a HOURI's kiss.

‘ O let my soul, transported as I gaze,
 ‘ Proclaim thy triumph o’er the rising day ;
 ‘ See, light-wing’d clouds obscure his blushful blaze,
 ‘ While gladden’d NATURE hails thy living ray !

‘ O SELIMA ! Enchantment reigns around,
 ‘ Whene’er thy magic fingers touch the lyre ;
 ‘ But when thy voice accords its sweeter sound,
 ‘ Ev’n listning SERAPHS with delight expire !’

Thus, I, exulting in each rapturous hour,
 Ne’er bade my heart with grateful ardors glow,
 To HIM whose goodness gave : his vengeful power
 Reversed each charm, and plunged me deep in woe.

Yet, can my wounded spirit e’er repine ?
 Has it not known the HEART’s supremest joy ?
 The blest IDEA ever shall be mine,
 Nor can ETERNITY that bliss destroy.



• O let my soul, transported as I gaze,
 • Proclaim thy triumph o'er the mingling day;
 • See, light-wing'd clouds obscure his blushful blaze,
 • While gladdened NARUKI hails thy living ray!

• O SILENCE! I ne'er met ne'er reign around,
 • When thy magic fingers touch the lute,
 • But when thy voice accords its sweeter sound,
 • LARKING SAKAPNE with delight expires!"

Thus, I, exulting, in each rapturous hour,
 Ne'er bide my heart with grateful ardors glow,
 To him whose goodness gave his vengeful power,
 Reverses all his charms, and plunged me deep in woe.

"Let, on my wounded spirit ever pine,
 Haunt not know the HELLER'S supreme design,
 The bitter I never shall be mine,
 Nor can LARKING that bliss destroy."



TO THE
TYRANT SON OF ABBAS.

FLATTERY was ne'er my tribute to the GREAT,
Nor to the HUMBLE were my words austere :
Ne'er with the LOFTY did I seek my seat,
Votaries of FORTUNE, or the slaves of FEAR.

Thou wast my PRINCE, I therefore honour'd thee ;
My sword, my fealty, and my life were thine,
'Till like the mock-thron'd GAURE, compell'd to flee,
I felt the blessedness of FREEDOM mine.

Scorning deceit, unpractis'd to betray,
For TRUTH I dared to meet the frowns of FATE ;
JUSTICE should thus direct a Sovereign's sway,
And MERCY ever sit beside his gate.

REASON should guide him—for he is a man,
HONOR adorn him—for he is a KING ;
Meer power despotic—like a GIANT's span,
Is soon contracted by a reptile's sting.

So when the LION, from a rising rock
 Surveys the vales, and deems their herds his prize,
 A few poor puny GNATS that round him flock,
 May in a moment close his greedy eyes.

AVARICE should find no place upon a throne,
 Nor shameless FRAUD conceal rich CASKETS ⁶⁰ there,
 A life of true BENEVOLENCE alone,
 Can call down blessings like a prophet's pray'r.

FAITH and GOOD-DEEDS the aid of Heaven obtain,
 Howe'er by man insulted or oppress'd ;
 While VICE and VIOLENCE exult in vain,
 Strangers to peace, security, and rest.

The PERSIAN people, grown degenerate,—base,
 Required a scourge—and found that scourge in thee ;
 For GOD's afflictive judgments smite the race,
 That sinks abandon'd to iniquity.

O fear HIM then—omnipotent as just !
 Of whose pure GLORY, ⁶¹ one resplendant ray
 Reduc'd MOUNT PHARAN into instant dust,
 As the *first substance* flow'd in streams away.

No ! proud, lascivious Man ! *thou* fear'st him not,
 And therefore I should fear thee, wert thou here :
 A heart more hard than SHEBLEB'S ⁶¹ is thy lot,
 And curst like VALID, ⁶² thou canst shed no tear.

All thy delights, (if thou delight canst know,)
 Are sensual, selfish, drawn from others' wrong ;
 On thee no warm sun shines, no breezes blow,
 But meet some malediction from thy tongue.

Obtain the luxuries of a thousand shores,
 Indulge thine appetites, thy pomp, thy pride,
 Let captive beauty ---riches---swell thy stores,
 And slaughter'd subjects fall on every side :

Deep in thy heart the thorn of GUILT shall lie ;
 TYRANTS who live like thee, hard, unrepentant die.



TO THE
LUXURIOUS.

YE, who beneath rich canopies of state,
Mid circling slaves, that bend with servile awe,
Sit idly great, in SULTAN pomp clad,
Your wild-will JUSTICE, and your passions LAW.

Lo! costly odours, and the richest wine,
To crown your banquets from far realms are borne,
And all the treasures of the East combine
To make your splendors emulate the morn.

Tho' melting sounds of music's vocal strains,
With the soft lute in harmony combined,
Or dance of WANTON BEAUTY strive, in chains
Light as her step, to hold the captive mind.

Ev'n, tho' a thousand sensual ARTS unite
To raise the enervated soul to joy;
Say, pass you in the HARAM OF DELIGHT
Your listless languid hours without annoy?

IN LUXURY'S vale, or FLATTERY'S fertile field,
 What crops of tares reward the tiller's toil !
 What acid grapes your mental vineyards yield !
 What rank and poisonous weeds o'erspread the soil !

Will SLOTH (that hag unknown to NATURE) lead
 Your half form'd weary thoughts to sweet repose ;
 Or with false appetites and passions plead,
 Along the stream from FOOLY'S fount that flows,

Hasty and foul, to swell the troubled lake
 Of PRIJUDICE, or stagnate round the root
 Of PRIDE'S cloud piercing tree, whose branches arch,
 Bending beneath a load of vapid fruit ?

Once, like yourselves, in flowery fetters bound,
 To soft desires of sense I captive fell ;
 Smiled on the margin of that gulf profound,
 Whose giddy whirlpools sink to DEATH and HELL.

Decm'd it a bliss to bear delusion's chain ;
 Spurn'd at those truths that WISDOM'S voice displays ;
 'Till blest ADVERSITY assumed her reign,
 And oped mine eyes to HEAVEN'S all beauteous rays :

Scourged me with thorns from LUXURY'S soft abode,
 Tore me from man, and raised my soul to GOD.

FREEDOM.

- ‘ FILL—fill the cup with generous WINE,
 ‘ And pass the circling goblet round;
 ‘ Expand the heart, dull thoughts resign, . ‘
 ‘ And let the song of JOY resound.
- ‘ Let BEAUTY’s praise inspire the lay;
 ‘ Fond LOVE thy rapturous strains impart;
 ‘ Thou, FRIENDSHIP, too, thy charms display,
 ‘ And reign united o’er my heart.’

Bright were the joys the draught inspired;

Sweet were the numbers of the song:

While all the heart enchanted, fired,

Bless’d the gay hours that flew along.

They flew, unmark’d by GRIEF or CARE,

For YOUTH and FORTUNE hail’d the day:

LOVE bless’d my vows, and FRIENDSHIP fair

Warm’d like the sun’s unclouded ray.

That smiled around on earth and skies.

O'er man could happier moments roll ?

‘ Yes, **ACHMED**, yes !’—hark ! **FREEDOM** cries,

‘ I was a stranger ‘to thy soul.’



TO

E N V Y.

DISTRACTION, Monster! seize thine every thought,
 Thine every scheme be frustrate.—What of good
 E'er in thy blasted yew-walks refuge sought,
 And found it?—Worst hag of JEHENNEM's⁶⁴ brood!

I hate thee more than EBLIS, sire of SIN.
 Thy bloody-mantled sister, CRUELTY,
 Scarce the dread work of torment does begin,
 Until inflamed and goaded on by thee.

Thou, fiend insatiate! findest not food in HELL
 To gorge thine appetite:—those hideous eyes
 Range thro' the world of man, starved wolf-like, fell,
 Yet sickening close whene'er they meet the skies.

For HAPPINESS is there thou canst not reach,
 To trouble, taint, diminish, or destroy.
 How long wilt thou on earth, blasphemer! teach,
 That GOD ne'er GAVE for mortals to ENJOY?

- Unless in some delusive guise, awhile
To taste mock bliss that terminates in tears;
Or, save when wildering dreams of hope beguile,
To leave the fond heart overwhelm'd with fears.

Self-torturing spirit! thou canst know no rest,
While ANGELS spread their MAKER's bounties wide,
And in the act of blessing, doubly blest,
• Fly from thee, far as PIETY from PRIDE!

Ungrateful MISER of the gifts of GOD!
Thou rather wouldst thy canker'd entrails rend,
Feel the dire scourge of TABEKH's ⁶⁵ fiery rod,
Than see one heavenly joy on man descend.

Tho' thy dark visage mock th' eclipsing moon,
Or locust clouds, wide-hovering, blot the stars;
Dark as the horrors of that dreadful noon,
When VENGEANCE drew the sword of KAIOMARS; ⁶⁶

Know, fiend abhorr'd! there is a power bestow'd
On generous souls, to daunt thy giant brood:
As SIMORG ANKA's ⁶⁷ living armour glow'd
Effulgence, that the GENI race subdued.

Thou dar'st not enter **ACHMED**'s lonely cave,
 Thou canst no venom thro' his heart diffuse,
 Thou canst not plunge him in life's stormy wave,
 Thou canst not dim the sunshine of his views.

DEMON! thou canst not in his bosom raise
 One sigh, for all that **TREACHERY** from him rent,
 To swell a **VILLAIN**'s boast :—whilst rugged ways
 O'er deserts led the wand'rer to **CONTENT**.

Unkindred spirits! never shall ye meet—
 From **ENVY**, far as **HAVIAT**'s⁶⁸ gloom from Heaven,
 Should **ACHMED** with **CONTENT**, his sociate sweet,
 Beyond the planetary spheres be driven :

Thro' lapsing ages traverse boundless space,
 With all the swiftness of the light'ning's speed :
 Yet, at the utmost wild-range of his race,
 Still would he find himself, like **VIRTUE**'s meed,

Embosom'd in that blest **INFINITY**,
 To **WHOM** creation as a point appears
 Amid the vast abyss.—**ETERNITY**
 Thus shows how moment-like the lapse of years.
 Dark **FIEND**, avaunt! For the world's happiness
 Let others envying pine.—**CONTENT** I here possess.

MORNING.

TO western climes as speed the GOBLIN crew,
 The starry SENTINELS of Heaven retire,
 Save ONE bright form, that o'er the trembling dew
 Mingles his sapphire beam with golden fire.

Deep growls the BEAST of CARNAGE, from the waste
 Retracing slow the steps he trod before :
 The VULTURE rears his crest, and snuffs the blast,
 Scenting afar the savage stain'd with gore.

From the rude apex of yon mountain's brow,
 Majestic see the ardent eagle rise,
 Hailing with joy the warm diffusive glow,
 He meets the sun-beam in the midway skies.

By gates, and bars, and circling guards, secured,
 The PERSIAN TYRANT groans in beauty's arms,
 He knows no joy, no peace, no power assured,
 To HONOR dead, and dead to NATURE's charms.

What tho' victorious chiefs his realms extend,
In each victorious chief he fears a foe ;
While in his own dark heart, a deadly fiend
Prompts to black deeds, then echoes, GUILT and WOE.

His days tumultuous, and his nights unblest ;
His VIZIERS faithless, and his KHANS ⁶⁹ unsound ;
Visions of terror break convulsive rest,
And ev'n the rays of MORN have power to wound.

The captive wretch thro' life that bears his chain,
The virgin doom'd to prove his brutal lust,
The tortured victims that his rage sustain,
May hope in death the portion of the JUST.

But can that HOPE pervade the TYRANT'S soul,
Long sunk in crimes, and daily acting new,
Remorseless, spurning MERCY'S mild controul ?
I thank thee, Heaven ! I've bid his realms adieu.

Here, MORN ! thy lovely beams unsullied shine,
Pure as those beams, thy breezes wing their way ;
HEALTH and CONTENT and LIBERTY are mine ;
And like the FAWN my sportive fancies play.

The soul unfetter'd, undistraught with cares,
 Heedless of all the din that jars mankind,
 Far from life's discord, pride, and sensual snares,
 Hails each effusion of TH' ETERNAL MIND.

SEES that effusion, NATURE! thro' thy reign;
 FEELS it in pure emotions of the heart;
 HEARS it melodious in the warbler's strain;
 TASTES it in all that can delight impart:

While flowery blooms that ev'n these rocks adorn,
 Breathe it in FRAGRANCE to the opening MORN.



TRANSITION.

HOW blest the day when bursting from the chains
 Of iron-hearted interest, slavish fear,
 And fiend-born superstition—o'er the plains
 Of **FREEDOM**, man shall run his bold career!

So runs the bounding **STAG**, with ardour wild,
 That seeks the shelter of his native shades;
 No more by appetite or sloth beguiled,
 He longs to traverse safe the lonely glades.

Marking the **WOLF**'s dire foot-**tracks**, swift away
 Along the wind, he soon eludes a **foe**
 Unskill'd with arts insidious to betray,
 Or, from afar inflict the deadly blow.

With **such** thy happy fortune, **ACHMED**, here,
 Forgive the wretch who sought thy blood to shed,
 Nor deem the storm of destiny severe,
 That shower'd down blessings on thy favour'd head.

When HEAVEN in mercy spares, the dangers past
 Contrasted, heighten all the joys we feel ;
 Thus SPRING emerges from the wintry blast,
 From its dark scabbard thus the gleaming steel.

The black cloud flown, thus lovely VENUS shines,
 Soft HEZAR's notes succeed the howlet's scream.
 The gloom-form'd treasures drawn from murky mines,
 Catch dazzling brilliance from the SUN's first beam.

Thus, rising from the grave, the righteous soul,
 Clad in etherial vesture, mounts the skies ;
 And while below dark billowy oceans roll,
 He views fair PARADISE with raptured eyes,

Contrasting heavenly JOYS with earthly strife,
 Blesses the parting pangs of mortal life !



BENEFICENCE.

IF possess'd of hoarded treasure,
 Wouldst thou strive to bless thy store ?
 Be it then thy sweetest pleasure
 To impart it to the poor.

What art thou, this gift possessing,
 But the minister of GRIEF,
 If thou hide the radiant blessing,
 Like the base and abject THIEF?

Look around thee, MAN ! and say
 Wouldst thou, 'like the source of day,
 Pour the golden flood of light,
 And glad the nations lost in night ;
 Exulting view thy lovely beams
 Illume the mountains, dance along the streams ;
 Bid the wide earth in extacy rejoice,
 And all her vocal tribes with grateful voice

• Hymn their delight?—Or, like the VULTURE, cowl
O'er the fall'n ELEPHANT, unable to devour
That giant carcase; yet insatiate, aim
To guard the mighty prey from every puny claim;

Crouch like the DRAGON in his murky den,
O'er gems and gold he knows not to employ :
Writhing his care-worn frame—his watchful ken,
Guards all approach of CHARITY or JOY?

What tho' the lovers of this fleeting world,
Like hungry DOGS, growl o'er their carrion prey ;
Tho' musky odours in their track were hurl'd,
Still by the tainted breeze would guide their way :

Thou, ACHMED, all such base examples shun,
Be great, beneficent, and imitate the SUN.
If, by the SCOURGE OF FATE, to deserts driv'n,
Thou there hast met the favouring smile of HEAVEN.
If REASON build her mansion in thy mind :
If MEDITATION with EXPERIENCE join'd :
While every passion slumbers in the breast,
False hopes, and fears, and interests soothed to rest :

If WISDOM'S sacred flame illume thy soul,
 And nought the freedom of her will controul.
 To weak, to erring man, that light impart,
 To guide his wand'ring steps, and warm his torpid heart.
 Teach him the vanity of earthly things,
 From sensual, sordid views, to pageant Kings :
 Teach him—distinctions of the LORD and SLAVE,
 Are soon forgotten in the silent grave.
 That NATURE'S various gifts, where'er bestow'd,
 Are all, the bounties of her guardian GOD.
 These *gratefully received*, a bliss impart,
 Beyond the boast of POWER, or pride of ART.
 Teach him to act on NATURE'S simple plan,
 Resign'd to HEAVEN—unconfident in MAN.
 Teach him to prize HUMILITY and LOVE,
 And seeking PEACE on earth—foretaste the joys above.



TO THE
SNAKE.

LET the false world, with dark reproach, compare
Thy winding course, to their meand'ring wiles,
That ceaseless form for INNOCENCE the snare,
And brẽw black venom under infant smiles.

Compare thy beautifully-tinted skin,
Thy graceful motion, and fair tapering form,
To those temptations that allure to sin :
To the gay sunshine that precedes the storm.

Gift thee with all the doublings of DECEIT,
In simplest guise still watchful to betray :
And, deep in human artifice, complete
The deadly character themselves display.

Such as young ACHMED (happier ACHMED here),
In FORTUNE's golden day, too sadly found :
Such as the seasons of the circling year
Shall still survey, in their unwearied round.

Thou blameless inmate of the thorny brake,
Heed not the blast of man's calumnious breath :
O ne'er the VIPER attributes partake,
Whose venom'd rancour joys in wounds and death.

Should barbarous RAGE, or MALICE seek thy life,
Retire, haste, hide thee in some deep recess,
Nor with contemptuous hiss provoke a strife
That would destroy thy simple happiness.

Yet (and perhaps with truth) thy frequent flight
Has borne the stigma of a coward fear :
With COWARDICE base cruelties unite,
And run with TREACHERY a dread career.

When PRUDENCE calls, true bravery will retreat,
Nor trust the GEM OF LIFE in HATRED's hand.
INTEGRITY, uncensured, dreads DECEIT,
As WISDOM shuns the touch of FOLLY's wand.

The BRAVE are generous, sincere and free,
The COWARD flies from all but INFAMY.

TO
NATURE.

WHO can behold thy wildly varied forms,
Thy gentler beauties, and thy lovely hues ;
Or walk sublime amid thy mountain storms,
O NATURE ! and the vocal lay refuse ?

Fair transcript of the vast eternal mind,
With awe—with love—with ever-new delight :
Viewing thy charms, I bless the ties that bind
My soul to thee ; ne'er may they disunite.

For all the works of GOD combine in thee, '
Vast aggregate of his creative will !
To him a point—to man immensity !
Fired with the sentiment, I fear no ill.

'Tis confidence in an eternal good :
'Tis resignation to almighty power :
'Tis human reason floating on the flood
Of WISDOM infinite, thro' FORTUNE's hour.

IN HIM shall ACHMED's boundless FAITH repose,
Thro' every change of sublunary things ;
Life of our joys, and balm of all our woes,
The diadem of PEACE to RIGHTEOUS KINGS !

When these, O lovely NATURE ! learn to prize
Thy simple charms, the harbingers of TRUTH ;
Then shall celestial virtues round them rise,
Fairer than all the blooms of vernal youth.

Then, spurning all the viper-brood of ART,
That taint the air of COURTS with poisonous breath,
Where embrio DEMONS form in FLATTERY's heart,
And LUXURY riots on the spoils of DEATH.

Yes, spurning these, th' indignant MAN of SWAY
Shall feel more joy, to will a NATION blest ;
More comfort, in one heaven-approving day,
Than ASIA's proudest Conqueror e'er possest.

Thro' thee, O NATURE ! will I raise my love,
To thine eternal ARCHETYPE above.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

THE savage haunted forest rises round :
 The drear—lorn deserts far more widely spread.
 Stern winter reigns : night low'rs in gloom profound :
 Roar the wild winds : Affrighted sleep is fled.

This solitary CAVE is cold and dank ;
 The hungry WOLF an entrance strives to find :
 All SOCIAL JOYS afar—a horrid blank
 Seems to involve the outcast of mankind.

Poor—miserable ACHMED ! what remains
 Of all those comforts once enjoy'd by thee ?
 Indignant memory of my former chains,
 With Health, Content, sweet Peace and Liberty !

These blessings triumph o'er the wintry glooms,
 And render night more fair than slavery's day :
 SPRING shall adorn these rocks with lovelier blooms,
 Than ART's fantastic rose-walks can display,

I'd rather rove along the broken shades
Of old torn trees, in SUMMER's sultry hours,
Than mid the artificial groves and glades
Of tasteless pomp—its founts—its jasmine bowers.

The shaggy mountain, rising vast and rude,
When the last sun-beam paints its rocky brow ;
Or more sublime, in twilight solitude,
Dead'ns the proud dome, and sinks its turrets low.

Nor let th' autumnal fruitage art obtains,
Presume to vie with all these wilds produce ;
As well might vinous draughts that fire the brains,
Rival SHIRABEH's soul-inspiring juice.

Let the gaunt WOLF howl eager as he stalks,
I heed him not,—I know his coward dread :
He'll not molest me in my lonely walks,
More than the WILD-GOAT on the mountain's head.

The only foe I'd shun is faithless MAN !
Who drove me hither, would destroy me here :
Yet such, O NATURE, is thy wond'rous plan,
I love—whom sad experience bids me fear.

No individual's sword, or ranc'rous hate,
 Could for a moment raise my soul's alarm :
 I've met my equals in the field of FATE,
 And felt those wounds that yet my courage warm.

But 'tis from MEN—degenerate MEN ! combined,
 As mutual guards from violence and wrong !
 Yet, prompt to aid th' OPPRESSORS of mankind,
 A bigot-multitude—a sordid throng.

Dead to all sense of freedom, dead to shame :
 Lost to each manly sentiment of heart :
 No mental energies their souls inflame,
 To act a firm—disinterested part.

They hate not TYRANNY, but long to share
 Its meanest portion, and in turn oppress :
 And at his nod, whose sanguine TAJE⁷⁰ they wear,
 Attack life, liberty, or happiness.

Such form the mass of MAN, self-fetter'd slaves
 Of SUPERSTITION, INDOLENCE, DECEIT ;
 The thoughtless herd at first creates, then craves
 Absurd protection of th' unfeeling great.

Thus, when the poor deluded GAURE ⁷¹ surveys
His miserable dwelling wrapt in flame,
He sees his ALL consume :—adores the blaze ;
And, prostrate, praises mighty AZAR'S ⁷² name !

Approach ye great, awhile your pomp resign,
Learn what is MAN in NATURE'S simple reign ;
Say, have ye known a LIBERTY like mine,
And will you still bear DESPOTISM'S chain ?

Yes ! LUXURY, PRIDE, and servile lust of POWER,
Rose in the HOROSCOPE ⁷³ that mark'd your natal hour.



TO THE

C A M E L.

EMBLEM of persevering patient toil ;
 Pattern of long-enduring abstinence :
 By thy example taught, I learn to foil
 The importuning snares of every sense.

Meek, patient sufferer ! O'er the burning sands
 Of the long desert, parch'd with thirst like thee,
 Hast thou convey'd the wealth of Indian lands,
 And oft to thine oppressor bent the knee.

Crouch'd in the dust, obedient to command,
 Prompt to receive the elephantine load ;
 Attentive to the guidance of his hand,
 Down the rude mountain's steeply rugged road.

What's the reward of all this toilsome care,
 And tame subservience to thy master's will ?
 A scanty pittance of the coarsest fare,
 Brouzed on the way-side of the shrubby hill ?

Bondage alas ! is thy unceasing lot,
And cruel stripes too oft thy toils attend ;
For one false step, past services forgot :
The too submissive rarely find a friend.

A TYRANT'S doubly such to those that trust
In the base workings of his wayward mind ;
And all whose aid supports his power unjust,
Or soon, or late, a dark reward will find.

Experience would instruct. How few that learn,
How many follow what they ought to flee !
An abject spirit never will discern
The sweetest joys arise from LIBERTY.

Bend thou the knee, receive thy load to-day,
Pass on, and meet with insult : check thy moan :
To-morrow, lo ! a thousand shall display
This truth—That FOLLY never acts alone.

One base example oft more followers gains,
Than every precept WISDOM'S BOOK contains !

THE
ECLIPSE.

WITHOUT a shade, where beams the orient light?
Where blooms the lovely rose without a thorn?
Is there a day without succeeding night?
Is there a MAN to NO MISFORTUNE born?

Is there a SULTAN free from cares of state?
Is there a VIZIER free from anxious dread?
Is there a chieftain with success elate,
Whose FORTUNE hangs not on a spider's thread?

Is there a sea unruffled by a storm,
Or rock-fenced shore unbeaten by the main?
Is there a sky no tempests e'er deform,
Or cloud that melts not into falling rain?

Ev'n now, the glorious SUN eclipsed I see,
Deep sunk in shadows, lo! his beams decay:
Why then, should prosperous FORTUNE favor me,
Thro' life's dim circle with a cloudless ray?
Grant me, just GOD! a calm, unfetter'd mind,
A humble heart—in all, to thee resign'd.

EXPANSION.

SHALL we not trace the various charms that please
Thro' NATURE—to an origin DIVINE ?
The pearl all-beauteous, form'd by dark disease,
With rubies, sapphires, emeralds shall shine. '

The powers of FANCY in the human mind,
Oft from the paths of TRUTH and NATURE stray,
Yet, their effusions artfully combined,
To TRUTH and NATURE point the certain way.

The destitution of these lively powers
That paint to age the sportive joys of youth ;
Leads to profound research, employs the hours
Of studious WISDOM, in pursuit of TRUTH.

The vast of SCIENCE, boundless as th' expanse
That holds the starry Heavens, invites the mind
Of man or angel, dauntless to advance,
Leaving all bounded hopes and spheres behind.

But vain the powers of man, or angel flight,
 The infinite of knowledge to pursue :
 For bounded faculties must find delight
 In bounded objects, equal to their view.

Hence let me ever venerate and love
 The simply-varied prospects NATURE yields,
 Superior to the PERIES' blooming grove,
 Enchanted palaces, and musky fields.

I love to traverse the wild tracts around;
 I love the forest glooms, and lonely glades;
 The rising rock, the wooded glen profound,
 Almost conceal'd in deep embow'ring shades.

And *there*, along the little wandering stream,
 At morn, at noon, at eve, I love to stray,
 To see its frequent-falling waters gleam
 Down the dark steep, caught by some vagrant ray;

And musing, listen to the water-fall,
 Converse with echoes all along the vale;
 Gaze the rude shrub-crown'd cliff, or cypress tall,
 That graceful greets the lightly-passing gale.

There, haply may the powers of GENIUS dwell,
 Where wild poetic FANCY loves to stray,
 And led by NATURE's more than wizard spell,
 In rapturous delight enjoys the day.

Rocks raised on rocks, aspiring to the *skies*;
 Shades, shadowing shades, the winding vale descend;
 To narrow bounds restricted, here the eye
 Sees a romantic charm each scene attend.

'Tis thus in human life, the heart that finds
 Domestic comforts in its humble home,
 Will ne'er on fluttering pinions mount the winds
 To gain the summit of AMBITION's dome.

And yet, EXPANSION is delightful, too;
 Expansion! torment to the *sordid* soul,
 Opens sublime those prospects to our view,
 That tempt a flight beyond the world's controul.

Let not the TYRANT think I languish here;
 An active spirit to this frame was given,
 That triumphs over destiny severe,
 And finds repose, altho' to deserts driven.

Laments the abject state of wretched men,
 And hails far FREEDOM in a LION'S DEN!

TO
AZRAEL,
THE
ANGEL OF DEATH.

WHAT's life? what's death? Fate's sunshine or its gloom?
And what th' alternate gift that each bestows?
A glittering bubble, or a silent tomb,
A giddy whirlwind, or a calm repose.

Amid the agitating storm, too long
My wearied soul has felt the direful blast:
Now, DEATH, to thee I pour my pensive song,
And claim from thee a tranquil hour at last.

Yes, mighty AZRAEL! I with transport view
Thy pale-wing'd messengers before thee fly:
Soon shall my grateful heart declare anew,
How pleasing to the wretched 'tis to die.

Such is the bliss from adverse fate that springs,
Thou beamst all-radiant on my closing hour:
I mount from earth, O AZRAEL! on thy wings,
And rapturous enter RUZVAN's happy bower.

While FORTUNE'S sons, and PLEASURE'S giddy train,
Start from their revels at thy sullen call;
And as they seek some sheltering shield in vain,
Their vital flame is quench'd in viper's gall.

How dire a fate life's blessings to forego!
But, ah! how sweet to quit a world of woe.



VIRTUE
INSEPARABLE FROM NATURE.

LET LUXURY her fancied wants deplore,
Let AVARICE pine amid his hoarded wealth ;
Let the proud Conqu'ror, when his wars are o'er,
Offer whole kingdoms for an hour of health.

For inward PEACE, CONTENT, heart-kindling Joy,
Such as reward the duties Heaven requires ;
Rewards to those who their best hours employ,
To vanquish strife and quench destruction's fires.

Obedient, heavenly WISDOM, to thy voice,
(More sweet than music to the virtuous ear),
Causing the poor, the aged to rejoice,
JUSTICE their guide, and MERCY their compeer.

Not all HINDOSTAN's wealth can purchase these,
Nor the soul-soothing hope from these that springs ;
That hope ne'er shipwreck'd on life's stormy seas,
Can meet the tempest on scaphic wings.

The GOOD MAN lives beyond the day of death :
 The BAD MAN dies before the year of doom :
 FATE ever threat'ning, claims his forfeit breath,
 Till giant INFAMY bestride his tomb !

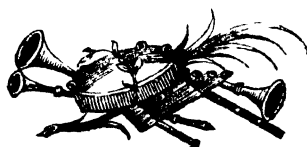
On thee, O GOD ! my soul for aid relies,
 On thee for ever shall her hopes depend ;
 Perish the earth, and dissipate the skies,
 VIRTUE shall live, for thou art VIRTUE'S friend.

No—not apart from NATURE, she is thine,
 Thy WISDOM infinite, her charms combined ;
 Omnipotence sustains the fair design,
 Eternal transcript of the heavenly mind.

Thro' her delightful, ever varying round,
 O let my soul a rapt enthusiast fly !
 Still to her love may I be faithful found,
 Live in her life, till FATE compel TO DIE.

TO DIE IS NATURE'S SABBATH.—To survive
 IS NATURE fraught with ACTIVE ENERGY.
 All from one omnipresent LIFE derive
 Existence, Joy, and love of Liberty.

Ah ! when will man, deluded man, rejoice
In NATURE's bliss, and listen to her voice ;
The voice of TRUTH, of HARMONY and LOVE,
That with the eagle's strength unites the mildness of
the Dove ?



TO

DISEASE.

UNWELCOME harbinger of languid woe,
 Pale emissary from the court of DEATH,
 Why wilt thou LUXURY's soft abode forego,
 To bid me draw with pain my labouring breath?

Wilt thou in these wild forests make abode,
 Where NATURE holds her ever-temperate reign,
 And quit for savage solitudes, the road
 That leads thro' short-lived pleasure's fair domain?

It lies before thee.—There the sensual throng
 Await thy coming, and invite thy stay:
 There shall the sons of ART thy powers prolong,
 And bid thee reign the despot of the day.

Whether insidious on soft languor's bed,
 Thou hold'st thy secret DIVAN⁷⁵ to destroy;
 Or fierce, by fever'd rage of slaughter led,
 In wild delirium all thy force employ.

Tremendous power! appall'd, thy form I view,
As the hush'd warbler's eye beholds the snake;
Shall my fix'd gaze by FASCINATION, too,
Imbibe the venom, and the fate partake?

Forbid it, all ye salutary gales,
That waft a cool refreshment on your wings,
Forbid it, all ye lightly-shaded vales,
And you, ye ever-pure pellucid springs.

Ye rocky summits, where the wild heath blooms
'Mid aromatic sweets that ceaseless rise,
And yield the tribute of their fresh perfumes,
A grateful offering to the vernal skies.

Forbid it, HEAVEN! whose kindly genial beam
Renews the vigour of my wasted frame,
Causing the lamp of life with cheerful gleam
Once more to animate its faded flame.

Why wilt thou linger here, dark spectre, say?
Lo! mighty AZRAEL beckons thee away.

THE

TEMPEST.

WILD tumult bursting from the depths of hell,
Invades the sacred empire of the night :
Deep thunders mingle with the tyger's yell,
And the torn heavens blaze forth sulphureous light.

Vast fragments from the high impending rock
O'erwhelm the lightning-rifted pines below ;
The giant mountain scarce sustains the shock ;
And as the winds with madd'ning fury blow,

Descend the clouds—the ten-fold torrents roar,
And round th' OPPRESSOR's dome dark spirits howl.
There was a time, when ACHMED thus could soar
'Mid the conflicting tempests of his soul ;

Catch a congenial fury from the blast,
And bid it rise more dreadful o'er the earth,
'Till haughty TYRANTS, red with crimes, aghast,
Should execrate the day that gave them birth :

Should tear the gorgeous trappings of their pride :
 Abjure the violence of lawless sway :
 Hopeless of mercy they so oft denied,
 And all their base dependants' shrunk away :

Dash from their lips th' untasted draught of death,
 And hurl the dagger from their murd'rous hands,
 Fly to lone glooms, there draw their lingering breath
 Thro' nights more num'rous than TEHAMA'S ⁷⁶ sands :

Stung with remorse, o'erwhelm'd with guilty shame,
 Conscious that millions execrate their name !



TO

AMBITION.

WHAT are the dazzling objects of thine aim,
 AMBITION! scourge of empires, and of all
 Who dare repel, or fortify thy claim :
 Both doom'd by thee, infuriate fiend, to fall.

Thou offspring of a cruel, proud, self-love,
 Untameable Hyæna! ne'er wilt cease
 The bane of joy, of freedom, life, to rove,
 And ev'n of thine own safety, rest, and peace.

By turns the false friend, flatterer, or the foe,
 Of all that's noble, generous, or brave :
 Viewing in each above thee or below,
 The hated rival, or the destined slave.

To thee what's honor, justice, public-good,
 Or aught that leads to virtuous self-esteem?
 Mad pestilence of HELL! go, swim in blood,
 Go, realize the maniac's sleepless dream.

Like SAUGHERY, ⁷⁷ go, supplant thy fortune's friend!
 MONTAZER ⁷⁸ like, thy sire remorseless slay!
 Like ABBAS, ⁷⁹ from thy son his eye-balls rend;
 And then, insatiate, tear his life away!

In VIRTUE's semblance sit on VICE's throne;
 With mimic JUSTICE, do deliberate WRONG:
 Thro' ravaged realms, and cities overthrown,
 Go, chaunt, accursed of Heaven, the Murd'rer's song.

Go! wander in some calm and moony night,
 Along the vale where CHEHEL-MINAR ⁸⁰ lies:
 There, listening, as some DEMON yells affright,
 Turn unappall'd, and view with wild surprize,

The long-fall'n domes to all their pride restored,—
 Such as they rose in PERSIA's golden days!
 Ere lust of conquest led thy bands abhorr'd,
 O'er burning deserts, or thro' boist'rous seas.

So fame relates.—The midnight wandering man,
 Whose feet approach these walls with dauntless tread!
 Beholds the visionary pomp—'till wan
 Around him, stalk tall shadows of the DEAD.

If the low groan of HORROR chill his heart,
 If overwhelming FEAR assume its sway,
 From their firm base the superstructures start,
 And like faint misty vapours fleet away.

Legions of horrid SPECTRES round him throng,
 And during all the residue of night,
 Thro' labyrinths of ruin chase along
 The poor wretch trembling in his mazy flight.

Thro' vaulted passages and spacious halls,
 Whose star-crown'd columns seem to prop the sky,
 While massy fragments of the marble walls,
 On every side in rude confusion lie.

Howls the fierce wolf, the night-bird loudly screams,
 Thro' the wide portals moans a hollow blast,
 The MOON in sable clouds conceals her beams,
 Awaken'd echoes shriek!—HE stands aghast!

But lo! the first faint gleams of MORN arise.
 Low speak the walls the MYSTIC WORDS they bear,
 The deep foundations shake.—Each spectre flies
 To his enchanted place, and fixes there!

Transform'd to STONE, no mortal force can rend
 Their giant bulk away, 'till that dread hour,
 When long-impending VENGEANCE shall descend,
 And AYRAN's fall unbind the MAGIC power.

Those hideous forms thus ranged in mute array,
 Were VIZIERS, who employed a MONARCH's name,
 To aid their own base aims, oppress, betray;
 Rapacious, cruel, and devoid of shame.

Or MAJES, ⁸¹ who approach'd with faithless hearts
 The altars of their GOD—thus expiate
 Their pride, hypocrisy, and impious arts,
 That sanctioned private guilt, or public hate.

O may the MASTER of the powerful spell,
 If e'er, AMBITION, thou my soul inflame,
 Doom me with these in magic bonds to dwell,
 Turn me to STONE, and there inscribe my name.



THE
TOMB OF FORTUNE,

THRO' all the mazes of delusive ART,
Let restless mortals serpentize their way,
Check each emotion of the feeling heart,
Where NATURE claims an undivided sway.

Pant for the phantoms of AMBITION'S aim,
Grasp at the countless wealth that AVARICE craves,
Or lured by sensual PLEASURE'S fev'rish dream,
'Midst their wild visions are they real slaves.

Slaves to some power, (despotic as the FATE
That hangs o'er all its strong compulsive chain)
Who bids the TYRANT in his pomp elate,
Bend abject to a lordlier tyrant's reign.

Blest was the hour that overwhelm'd my soul
With dark ADVERSITY'S tremendous gloom;
Burst the strong fetters of the world's controul,
While TRUTH, all radiant, shone on FORTUNE'S tomb.

On FORTUNE'S TOMB these sacred lines I read :

- ‘ CONTENTMENT with my smile was never given,
- ‘ Estranged from HER, even life itself is dead:
- ‘ AFFLICTION opes the gate that leads to Heaven.’



SOLITUDE.

THE azure face of Heaven no cloud enveils,
 No light-breeze waves the foliage of the wood,
 No voice, no murmur, now the ear assails,
 Mild, tranquil all, as souls divinely good.

Thy placid beams, fair MOON! diffuse around,
 O'er earth and sky a sweetly soften'd day;
 While rocks and woods, and hollow glens profound,
 Contrast their shadowy glooms to thy pure ray.

How sweet, O NATURE! are thy simple charms :
 What fair delights attend thy silent hour :
 How different far, from those the din of arms
 Conveys in TRIUMPH to the sons of power.

NO PRIDE, no ENVY, no AMBITION, here
 Lead pale REMORSE to ANGUISH and DESPAIR :
 No sanguine HOPE, no spectre-haunted FEAR,
 No self-devoted sacrifice to CARE.

The stream of DAY smooth-gliding from its source,
Thro' smiling vales of ever green delight,
Here wandering, winds its gently devious course,
To dance with moon-beams on the lake of NIGHT.

Long banish'd hence, each dark, discordant thought:
Each vain desire, each passion sooth'd to peace:
Lost the false lore by EDUCATION taught,
While all the mental energies increase.

Increase and kindle, NATURE, as I view
Thy hourly-varying beauties round me rise,
Or, up the mountain-steeps my course pursue,
Where wilder, more stupendous scenes surprize.

And canst thou, ACHMED, thus serenely blest,
Turn to yon agitated world of strife?
Can its vain joys, its love, pervade thy breast,
And bid it sigh again for social life?

Yes—often does that sigh of social love,
With charm instinctive softly here intrude,
And tell me, ' MAN was never born to rove
' O'er rugged wilds, in ceaseless SOLITUDE.'

Yet often too, does old EXPERIENCE find,
The firm support of REASON's potent sway :
Her voice recalls th' afflicted wand'ring mind,
From all that FATE, or FORTUNE reft away.

Asks the fond heart, if midst the world of youth
It found ONE SOUL congenial with its own ?
Enquires if HONOR, EQUITY, and TRUTH,
Dwell in the cottage, or sustain the throne ?

If cities, courts, or camps their presence grace ?
If yet sweet PEACE with man has deign'd to dwell,
Parent of blessings to the human race,
Beyond the comforts of this silent cell ?

‘ Ah ! NO.—Th' inspiring voice of HEAVEN replies,
‘ Here gratefully repose, in true contentment wise.’



THE
DERVISH.

WITHOUT assistance of the reas'ning power,
Without a precept, or an earthly guide ;
Without apparent motive, every hour,
The soul on her own movements will decide.

Repress—excite—resolve :—and simply fraught
With inborn sentiment of wrong or right,
More justly act, than when distracted thought
Wanders by REASON's misdirected light.

How oft dull mists o'erspread the sluggish mind,
Distorting or obscuring all around :
Mid clouds of ERROR, blown by PASSION's wind,
Will TRUTH, bright ANGEL, sit divinely crown'd?

See, worldly WISDOM, in her devious course,
She seeks rich harvests from the stony plain :
Thro' sandy deserts would the streamlet force,
Or raise tall forests on the stormy main?

See INTEREST, PREJUDICE, and PRIDE, combined
To lead insulted REASON far astray :
See POWER tyrannically awe mankind,
And grasp even mental freedom as her prey.

See POVERTY's long train of deep'ning woes,
Incessant TOIL, pale FAMINE, and DISEASE ;
OPPRESSION, SLAVERY, every ill that grows,
From mis-led IGNORANCE combined with these. ' .

Enter some proud SERAGLIO, ⁸² where enshrined
Sits SENSUAL JOY, in all her wishes blest,
And say, what powerful influence o'er the mind
Has sacred REASON ever there possest.

Lone in the bosom of BERKESTAN's wood,
A hoary DERVISH long has made abode ;
Remote from ill—sought only by the good,
His converse holy as his prayer to GOD.

Attentive, hear the venerable SAGE .
Speak the experience of a length of years ;
And deeply read in WISDOM's sacred page,
What sweet simplicity of heart appears.

‘ Why wilt thou, restless mortal, vainly stray,
 ‘ Thro’ the dark mazes of the world, to gain
 ‘ That rule of life, whose strong, persuasive sway,
 ‘ Shall o’er thy soul dominion long obtain ;

‘ Guide thee thro’ paths of HONOR, VIRTUE, PEACE;
 ‘ Bless thee thro’ life, and bless thy parting breath :
 ‘ Lead thee to scenes where joy shall never cease,
 ‘ Beyond the power of pain, disease, or death.

‘ Seek not the learn’d expounders of THE LAW,
 ‘ Whose mystic dogmas render dimness blind :
 ‘ Nor from the page of HIST’RY seek to draw
 ‘ The bright exemplars of a perfect mind.

‘ But humbly listen to the gentle voice
 ‘ Of TRUTH, of NATURE, and her sovereign LORD,
 ‘ That speaks within thy heart, confirms thy choice
 ‘ In all that’s GOOD, and renders VICE abhorr’d.

‘ Bids thee be mild, beneficent and free :
 ‘ Bids thee be ever temperate, ever just :
 ‘ Adverse to STRIFE, OPPRESSION’S enemy,
 ‘ And ne’er forget thou art the child of dust.

- ‘ Then—then shall REASON bear her genuine sway, ,
- ‘ And sun-like, brighten all the mental day :
- ‘ Then, wing’d with FAITH, thy soul pursue her course,
- ‘ Pure as she sprang from her ETERNAL SOURCE.’



TO THE
NIGHTINGALE.

WHILE light-wing'd zephyrs waft each tender note,
Thine early energies, sweet bird, attune ;
The harsh NIGHT-RAVEN opes his clamorous throat,
And screams, ill-omen'd, at the western moon.

While live those horrid discords, cease thy song,
Ah ! cease, till silence hover o'er the vale,
Where the charm'd echoes shall thy strains prolong,
Till from the dawn swift flies the moon-beam pale.

Flies like the fairy dream of youthful joy,
Before the gloomy scowl of haggard CARE :
Were mine thy voice, sweet warbler, I'd employ
Its varied cadences to sooth DESPAIR.

Dark fiend of life—may his unhallow'd tread
Ne'er print the path in which I'm doom'd to go
What tho' the hours of vernal HOPE be fled,
May comforts still attend my days of woe.

Ev'n as the voice of MELODY is thine,
To chaunt the *requiem* of thy murder'd mate :
So be some tender consolation mine,
Thro' all the dark severities of FATE.

Sweet warbler ! raise once more the plaintive strain,
That swells in unison with ACHMED's heart,
Long doom'd in suffering silence to remain,
Or only to the breeze its griefs impart.

Haply at times the breeze responsive sigh'd—
Methought I heard some sympathetic soul :
And as its low faint breathings gently died,
My heart scarce heaved, 'twas NATURE's own controul.

Sweet warbler, how I love thy lonely lay,
How heav'nly-soothing 'midst th' obscure of night,
That seems to linger on the verge of day,
Withheld by melancholy, soft delight.

Withheld like me, in magic circle bound,
Tho' wearied nature claim the balm of rest,
All mute I stand upon th' enchanted ground,
In the lorn spirit of thy wild notes blest.

Sweet warbler ! cease not, close not yet the song,
Whose harmony delays the twilight hour :
'Till bright the MORN arise, its strains prolong,
The minstrels of the day shall own thy power ;

While the glad vales their loveliest blooms disclose,
To greet the beauties of thy darling ROSE.



DEPENDANCE

SUPREME BEING.

NATURE degenerates not; why then should **MAN**,
The boasted **LORD** of her terrestrial reign?
If sovereign **WISDOM** form'd the mystic plan,
Unchang'd its end, its order must remain.

If boundless **LOVE** embrace the wond'rous whole,
A work congenial to creative will :
Shall not all beings ranged from pole to pole,
The perfect **FIAT** of that **LOVE** fulfil?

The reptile crawling in his native clay,
The eagle soaring to the midway skies,
The dread Hyæna prowling fierce for prey,
The helpless Fawn to shun his rage that flies,

The lab'ring husbandman, the slothful lord
Feasting luxurious on the poor man's toil,
The sordid wretch by gen'rous minds abhorr'd,
The sparkling diamond and its artful foil,

The dusky gloom of **IGNORANCE**, behold :
 The imbecility of **FOLLY**'s train :
 Sweet **INNOCENCE** more pure than virgin gold :
AMBITION restless as the billowy main.

Th' intriguing statesman, wand'ring **AFGHAN** rude,
 The pious **MOSLEM**, or the sensual **JEW** ;
 The exiled **ACHMED** here in solitude :
 All equally the destined path pursue.

But to what end—is known to him alone,
 Who rules supreme o'er Ocean, Earth, and Heav'n.
 Should I repine—if thro' the burning zone,
 Or to the icy north my course were driv'n ?

In **HIM** I live—by his behest I move ;
 His active energy my heart inspires :
 I feel a portion of his heav'nly **LOVE**,
 Expand my soul, and raise her native fires.

ETERNAL BEING ! merciful as just !
 With thy blest **TRUTH** illumine my erring mind ;
 Teach it, **IN THEE** to place unbounded trust,
 To leave the world and all its hopes behind.
 With sweet **CONTENT**, O grant me here to dwell,
 And bless the solitudes around my cell.

TO THE

SUN-FLOWER. 83

WHERE is the MAN who thus can nobly say ?

I hail'd bright TRUTH in her eternal source ;
Pursued her flight thro' all the realms of day,
Nor ceased to follow her celestial course,
'Till that Almighty power, who rules the sphere,
Spread wide the mental night, and check'd my bold career.

If on this earth that man sublime there be,
That man, O lovely flower ! resembles thee.

The breeze that wakens with the orient DAWN,
Scarce from thy bosom shakes the quiv'ring dew ;
Scarce is the dusky veil of NIGHT withdrawn,
Ere thy fond eye expanding to the view,
With kindling rapture meets the golden gleam,
That now ascends the sky, now floats along the stream.

And when the burning blaze of summer Noon,
 Darts from the midway heaven's ætherial height;
 Thy daring eye, broad as the rising moon,
 With transport gazes on the KING of LIGHT;
 Tho' all around thee droop the languid head,
 And all the energies of life are fled.

And oft as EVENING sheds the dewy tear,
 O'er the pale relics of departed day,
 And in the blue expanse of Heaven, appear
 The first faint gleams of many a starry ray,
 Dost thou responsive to the zephyr's sigh,
 Mourn the past radiance of the western sky.

Thus, thus, may NATURE's more than magic charm,
 Attract for ever my admiring gaze;
 Her purer dictates all my bosom warm,
 And guide me far from SUPERSTITION's maze.
 Tho' lost to yon vain world, may ACHMED prove
 True to the last faint gleam of REASON, FAITH, and
 LOVE!



W A R.

‘ **O SACRED FIRE ! O ever active FLAME !**

‘ **Kindle my courage, but my FOE’s consume ;**

‘ **In smoke and ashes blend his hated name,**

‘ **While round my head the flow’rs of conquest bloom.**

‘ **Speed ! speed ! my shemshere,’ fierce BAHARAM ⁸⁴ cried**

‘ **I pant for battle as the wolf for prey ;**

‘ **And should the palm of VICTORY be denied,**

‘ **Let me with HONOR die this fated day.’**

Grant me sweet PEACE : th’ inglorious ACHMED craves,

I seek SERENITY and heav’nly LOVE :

Ne’er may MY efforts give untimely graves

To those that aid, or those that disapprove.

How swiftly flows the stream of human life,

Oft winding thro’ the glooms of GRIEF and CARE ;

How agitated by the storms of STRIFE,

Dash’d from HOPE’s airy steep in cataracts of DESPAIR.

And can the restless mind of man devise,
Grateful to all the raging pow'rs of hell ;
To offer up the dreadful sacrifice
Of human hearts —mid WAR's infernal yell?

Oh! how I loathe the wretch whose scorpion soul
Inflicts those miseries on human kind ;
Whom no soft ties of NATURE can controul,
Unfeeling as the rage of waves and wind.

Is there no charm in morning's ruddy dawn,
Unless the evening ray be tinged with blood ?
Is there no beauty in the verdant lawn ?
In the smooth surface of the tranquil flood ?

The murderous HAND is held ACCURSED of Heaven,
And can it bless the HEART that prompts the deed ?
If OBEIDALLAH's ⁸⁵ guilt be unforgiven,
Shall impious YEZID's pardon be decreed?

Inherent lust of CRUELTY alone,
Could ne'er perpetuate the tyrant mind ;
No! see on ISMAEL's ⁸⁶ blood-establish'd throne,
HYPOCRISY—PRIDE—AVARICE combined.

From their dark scowl ev'n ENVY's DEMON flies,
And all the VIRTUES seek their native skies !

TO

PEACE.

THE TRUMPET and the TEBEL'S⁸⁷ din, no more
 Invade my slumbers, or my soul inspire,
 To seek grim-visaged WAR, and stain'd with gore,
 Join FURY's yell, or light DESTRUCTION's fire.

To banish PITY from my burning heart,
 Pant with dire rage of Conquest and of Prey ;
 Defy the lifted shemshere and the dart,
 While demons triumph in the deadly day.

NO—Heaven-born PEACE, beneath thy sacred palm,
 Far, far removed from all the strife of KINGS,
 My deeply wounded heart imbibes that balm,
 The soft breeze gently scatters from thy wings.

What haggard forms in murky mantles clad,
 Have ris'n around, whilst memory mark'd each deed ?
 Torn with REMORSE, my soul, in anguish mad,
 From dark thought starting, saw their war-wounds bleed.

Yet now, sweet PEACE ! those terrors disappear :
 I feel the beam of MERCY'S mildest ray
 Dispel those glooms, my sinking spirits cheer,
 And light them into thy fair dawn of day.

With thee, 'tis HEAVEN, in this lone cave to dwell,
 A throne without thee is a pledge of HELL !



VIRTUE AND RESIGNATION.

THE few who bravely and sublimely dare,
 To act the part thro' life that DUTY claims,
 Who stand aloof from bland ALLUREMENT's snare,
 And bend their souls to no ignoble aims.

Seek not from FORTUNE's cloud the golden shower,
 Mingled with Widows' tears and Orphans' blood ;
 Feel no AMBITION in the blaze of power,
 But that of being truly WISE and GOOD :

Crouch not with ADULATION's courtly band,
 To SULTAN pride, or VIZIER's dangerous sway,
 That, whilst it taints the heart, impels the hand,
 With dragon grasp to guard its golden prey.

Nor will the faithful MOSLEM's tongue restrain
 The voice of warning from a SULTAN's ear ;
 Nor cease to thunder on the minion train,
 Those awful truths OPPRESSORS dread to hear,

But if invested with the SOVEREIGN sword,
Fearing th' Almighty JUDGE of earth and Heaven,
He shall behold THE RULE OF RIGHT restored,
And from his courts the base, the venal, driven.

Driven like the waves when MOSES raised his rod,
And wide disparting, roar'd the MESREAN flood: ⁸⁸
Driven like the impious, when the hand of GOD
Smote MOSEILAMA ⁸⁹ in the vale of blood.

Thus acted ALI, ⁹⁰ friend of the Most High,
And thus pure HOSAIN, ⁹¹ whose lamented death
Draws still the tear from heavenly VIRTUE's eye,
And claims the sigh of PITY's gentlest breath.

Of such the PROPHEET ⁹² spoke when thus he said:

• To GOD's high will I wholly am resign'd,
• With all who have his sacred LAW obey'd,
• True as the arrow pointed with the wind.

• Ask those who now in purity of heart,
• His written precepts own and understand.
• Ask those who in that knowledge bear no part,
• Far from ARABIA's happy, favour'd land.

- ‘ Ask them—if they resign their selves to GOD?
- ‘ Those who in truth affirmative reply,
- ‘ Follow the path, sweet PEACE, to thine abode,
- ‘ Serene thro’ life as EDEN’s cloudless sky.

- ‘ His MERCY boundless as his LOVE divine,
- ‘ Shall from their hearts remove each peccant stain,
- ‘ His radiant WISDOM in their bosoms shine,
- ‘ And his OMNIPOTENCE their strength sustain. ‘

- ‘ Ev’n in the night of ENVY’s darkest hate
- ‘ Of all that rises eminently good;
- ‘ Ev’n in the moment when the hand of FATE
- ‘ Waves the keen sabre raised to shed their blood,

- ‘ Shall RESIGNATION calm each mortal fear,
- ‘ Repress the sigh, restrain the parting tear.’



NATURE

ALONE CAN LEAD TO TRUE DELIGHT.

TO notes of joy my LUTE was lightly strung,
When PLEASURE led me thro' the bowers of YOUTH:
Beside my path the blooms of FANCY sprung,
While fairy phantoms veil'd the face of TRUTH.

Accustom'd fleeting shadows to pursue,
How painful 'tis to face the rising ray;
Yet, by degrees th' intellectual view,
With eagle eye enjoys the blaze of day.

Where'er, O MAN! thou may'st sojourn, or rove
By streams where cool and balmy breezes blow,
O'er rugged hills, or thro' the darkling grove,
Or in parch'd deserts meet the sultry glow.

Let NATURE's charms attract thy wand'ring eye,
Her simple voice, persuasive, gain thine ear,
She reigns around thee, as she beams on high,
And guides the planets through the rolling sphere.

From her pure LAWS creation never strays ;
 In this the tyger and the lamb unite ;
 The falcon owns them, as the dove obeys ;
 The scowling tempest, and the orient light.

Shall MAN—vain MAN, presume with impious aim
 To raise himself on ART's fantastic throne ;
 To powers exclusive urge his boastful claim,
 Burst from Creation's bonds, and act alone ?

Self-starting from its base, with equal ease,
 Yon rugged mountain might in air ascend,
 Traverse the plain, or float upon the seas,
 As MAN to more than mortal powers pretend.

Yet, mortal powers, perverted from that aim
 For which they surely were by Heaven design'd,
 By FORCE, and FRAUD, and SUPERSTITION, claim
 The right of tyrannizing o'er mankind.

Ye gloomy DESPOTS, gorged with human blood !
 Ye foes to virtue, innocence, and truth !
 Whose pageant influence, hard to be withstood,
 Sway'd the lost moments of my giddy youth.

Why does one thought of those delusions dwell,
 With your detested memory on my mind :
 But that the comforts of this savage cell
 O'erbalance all **AMBITION** yet could find ?

Mine is that **FREEDOM** which you would destroy ;
 Mine is that **PEACE** you never can enjoy :
 By **NATURE**'s bounty are my wants supplied ;
GOD's **PROVIDENCE** my guard, his **INBORN LAW**
 my guide.



ADVERSITY.

WHY do thine hours, thy days, thy years, O TIME!
 Unmark'd, in silent, swift, succession fly,
 Blest as the bloomy SPRING of youthful prime,
 Bright as the love-fraught glance of BEAUTY's eye?

Why fade not NATURE's charms in ACHMED's sight?
 Why do the Heavens still smile serenely fair?
 Why fail'd the gloom-clouds of AFFLICTION's night,
 To shroud his solitude in dark DESPAIR?

Children of dust! your cares, your sorrows flow,
 Like troubled fountains, from a soil impure;
 Tinged in their native bed, they ne'er forego
 A taint that must thro' all their course endure.

Winding thro' shades impervious to the day,
 They add dire increase to the stagnant fen,
 From whence black PESTILENCE oft takes her way,
 On sluggish wing, to blast the haunts of men.

Like her foul train, what fury passions rise
 In every form that can distract the soul:
 Even in the bosoms of the good and wise,
 LOVE, TRUTH, and REASON, dread their fierce controul.

The sun of FORTUNE, ⁹³ SLOTH's seductive calm,
 With VICE's locust squadrons, lend their aid,
 To spread those noxious powers no earthly balm
 Can conquer, where their influence is convey'd.

WEALTH ask thy vot'ries, POWER thy giant arm
 That wields at once the sceptre and the sword.
 Do you possess the talismanic charm,
 That makes EXISTENCE, like her GOD, adored?

NATURE admired and loved?—Her joys invite?
 And all her gifts throughout their wide increase,
 Bloom like the TREE of temperate delight,
 Whose root's CONTENTMENT, and whose fruit is PEACE?

Know, that deluded by the world's false love,
 AMBITION's wild chimeras, FORTUNE's toys,
 The captive mind, in their enchanted grove
 Shall only find A DEMON that destroys.

O blest ADVERSITY ! to thy stern power
I owe that FREEDOM which I here possess,
That heartfelt joy which brightens every hour,
With the mild beam of mental happiness.

HEALTH's balmy breeze breathes round my lone abode,
And all things speak the presence of their GOD.



TO THE

EVENING STAR.

HAIL! beauteous **PLANET**, whose unrivall'd ray
Smiles all benignant thro' the early **NIGHT**,
To me, more grateful than the orb of **DAY**,
Crown'd with the glories of celestial light.

Like those, thy splendors beaming on the eye
Of antient **SAGES**,⁹⁴ taught them to adore
The awful—sacred symbols, placed on high,
Of **MYSTIC POWER**, that they could ne'er explore.

O whilst that mystic power my heart sustains,
And warms my soul, enraptured with the thought;
The proudest prince in **ASIA**'s rich domains,
His pomp, his armies, vanish into nought.

Such shadowy forms fantastic, seem to glide,
Clad in dim vapour, by the winding stream:
While **NATURE** mourns at eve her flowery pride,
Lost like the phantoms of a transient dream.

The transient dreams of RICHES, RANK, and POWER,
 With all the varied JOYS that mortals know,
 Droop sadly pensive, like the faded flower,
 When adverse FORTUNE clouds her angry brow.

Yet, HEAVEN, in mercy to each suffering soul,
 Soothes with the balm of PATIENCE every grief,
 Bids PASSION yield to REASON's calm controul,
 And each wing'd moment waft some kind relief.'

For such the fabric of th' immortal mind,
 We cease to weep those ills that long endure;
 Long absent blessings faint remembrance find,
 And long past pleasures scarce our hearts allure,

Ev'n 'mid these rocks and savage haunts, alone,
 Reckless of danger, void of every fear,
 I claim the hours of rising NIGHT my own,
 And chide the moments of their swift career,

O lovely STAR! in thy fair form I view
 Sweet CONSOLATION, robed in light divine.
 My languid pow'rs of life, if HEAVEN renew,
 Mild as thy first-born beam, shall PEACE be mine.

TO THE

L A M P.

SWEET solace of the dark and dreary hour,
When active mind eludes the bond of sleep;
When brooding MEMORY would exert her power,
To make FATE's victim mournful vigils keep.

Blest was the night, when from her leafy throne,
The wandering GLOW-WORM gave the hint of thee,
Yielding a joy to ACHMED long unknown,
A new delight to HEALTH and LIBERTY.

This wild recess by ART commodious made,
Secured from damp, and screen'd from wintry wind,
Ev'n noon-day radiance would in vain pervade,
Yet MIDNIGHT, smiling, throws her glooms behind.

In vain her shadowy train to caverns fly,
Whilst beams around the MOON's mild cheerful light:
More clear, more lovely, beams thy lucid eye
To me, than all the lustrous orbs of night.

No more the hideous bat, on fiend-like wing,
 Shall hold with cries obscene his orgies here;
 No more the bird of night his dirges sing,
 To demon powers, or scream on ACHMED's ear.

In beetled forms those demon powers, no more
 With ceaseless whirl shall break my calm repose,
 Nor, darkling to my anguish'd soul restore
 The direful register of distant woes.

Ye sluggish hours, oppress'd with wintry gloom,
 'Mid your chill horrors sinks the languid frame:
 Deep throbs the heart, as tho' impending doom
 Hung in dank vapour o'er my vital flame.

Such often was the lonely exile's state,
 Ere heaven-born PEACE could soothe his soul to rest;
 Ere thy bright presence thus could compensate
 The loss of many a joy his youth possest.

For ah! one comfort in the hour of ill,
 One soothing FRIEND when FORTUNE adverse proves,
 Beside this grot, the pure, tho' scanty rill,
 Outweighs the world's false smile, its joys, and loves.

Here might the idly great, abash'd, survey
Of needful industry th' untutor'd skill,
The rush-work curtain, and the slender spray,
Rudely entwined, but use-directed still.

There might they see the wicker-woven door
Closing the entrance of my inmost cell ;
The moss-form'd bed, the smooth-compacted floor,
Where LUXURY's self might inly sigh to dwell.

There, often too, thy rays, blest LAMP! diffuse
Their cheering influence thro' the wakeful night,
Nor will the soothing power of sleep refuse
To smile complacent on thy sober light.

Ne'er may the wintry gust's unhallow'd breath
Consign thy transient beam to darkness and to death.



THE
PURSUITS OF MAN.

POOR human life—perplex'd and painful span!
Tired, we exclaim, yet dread the hour of death,
Lament the evils of unhappy man,
Yet struggling, strive to gain a moment's breath.

Breath! for what end?—To lengthen MISERY's date
To grasp at false delights, that end in woe?
Opposing sickly HOPE to certain FATE,
That mocks our efforts to elude the blow?

Mark those who combat in the fields of FAME;
View those that aim at titles, wealth, and power:
Or those who feel, fond LOVE! thy gentle flame,
And seek soft transports in the nuptial bower.

Those who aspire to gain the praise of ART,
To guide the pencil, NATURE's charms pourtray,
Employ the pen, truth, sciences, impart,
Or on poetic pinions wing their way.

Whate'er the OBJECT, still th' attentive mind
 This only difference learns in the event,
 The MANY ceaseless seek, but never find,
 The envied FEW that find—are not content !



THE
LOVE OF NATURE.

NOW the grey dawn along the eastern sky,
Faintly begins to light th' horizon round ;
Dark gloom the woods, and mountain rocks on high,
While all below forms one vast shade profound:

Silence—deep silence reigns, ev'n sleeps the breeze,
That wakening soon, shall rise on misty wing ;
And o'er the waving foliage of the trees,
Breathe the mild spirit of the bloomy **SPRING**.

Earnest of joys unnumber'd, rising round
My peaceful dwelling: let not man deride
Those joys of simple **NATURE**, that abound
Far from **FAME**'s votaries and the haunts of **Pride**.

And sure the more remote, the happier still ;
If **HAPPINESS** on earth will deign to dwell,
Pure as the waters of the mountain rill,
Calm as **CONTENTMENT** sits in yonder cell.

O NATURE, how I love thee ! ACHMED cries,
As the wild scenery discloses round :
‘ I love thee ! ’ hark ! a faltering voice replies,
The lonely EXILE startles at the sound.

As when soft MUSIC vibrates from the string,
‘ And thro’ the air melodious accents float :
Some kindred lute, some silver vase shall ring
In UNISON, and die as dies the note.

Speaks not some guardian SPIRIT from the rock,
To tell thee—‘ ACHMED walks not here alone ?
Or does the sportive echo idly mock
A heartfelt sentiment too rarely known ?

Yes—NATURE, much I love thee, and that love
Shall live, while life sustains my heaving heart ;
And tho’ pure bliss be only found above,
To gain that bliss, from thee I dare not part.

For I DO love thee ! Every gladsome morn,
Each tranquil eve—and thro’ the gliding day,
Thy beauties more attractive charms adorn,
And o’er the guileless heart confirm thy sway.

A sway more strong than SULTAN yet could boast ;
For whilst it claims the hand, it holds the heart ;
More potent, than all AYRAN's mighty host,
That wield the scimeter or point the dart.

Dire was the wretch, th' infuriate wretch, who first
Raised the keen sword against his fellow man ;
As the fell tyger loves to quench his thirst,
At life's warm fountain—such the ruthless KHAN.

From such I flee—for such my soul abhors !
I've fought, I've conquer'd in youth's feverish reign.
I've bled in battle, and with deep remorse,
Year after year, bewail'd the brave men slain.

And if contrition can for guilt atone,
For victims slaughter'd at AMBITION's call,
Ye MIGHTY of the EARTH ! your crimes bemoan,
At whose behest unnumber'd thousands fall.

Learn—learn to think as MEN, as MEN to feel,
And acting as the guardians of mankind ;
Exert your powers to sheathe the reeking steel,
And rude CONTENTION yield to waves and wind.

So may th' ETERNAL BEING, ever blest,
Most merciful to those that MERCY show ;
Reward your labors with that peace and rest,
In PARADISE—you meant for MAN below.

But lo ! the SUN in dazzling glory, rears
His golden orb above the orient hills ;
While all illumed each mountain head appears,
What dusky shade the woodland valley fills.

While sport the wild goats on the craggy steep,
And many a mountain warbler tunes his song ;
Dim, misty, vapours, o'er the low-lands creep,
And darkling glides the little stream along.

Yet, by degrees, th' obscuring mists shall fly,
Till all the lovely landscape stand reveal'd,
And while ten thousand beauties charm the eye,
Be not th' emotions of the soul conceal'd ?

No ! 'tis impossible—for pure and free,
O SUN of NATURE ! they arise with thee.

ASTEKHER.

WITH moss hung shaggy, stands the shatter'd pine,
While waves the willow o'er the falling stream ;
With vines embower'd, th' arching rock is mine,
Where zephyr flies, to shun the sultry beam. '

And sooth'd by wild notes floating on the breeze,
From hence, I view the broken prospects round ;
Here opening fair—there half obscured by trees,
Whose long and bending branches meet the ground.

The ARJVAN ⁹⁵ blushful, and the JASMIN ⁹⁶ sweet,
That owe their stations here to ACHMED's hand ;
With many a flow'ret blooming at their feet,
The wild heath mingling as tho' NATURE plann'd.

Yes, ACHMED ! she, the fair instructress, claims
O'er all this rude domain a fostering care :
She forms thy fancy, she improves thy aims,
And when false ART prevails, she cries ' forbear.'

Then, sure, to violate her high behest,
Were to profane the love of BEAUTY'S charms;
Were to repel, ungrateful! from thy breast,
Each hope that animates, each joy that warms.

The joys of sweet simplicity and truth,
That like th' ethereal Heavens, will ne'er decay :
But ever blooming—in eternal youth
Survive the frailty of this frame of clay.

Now sinks the SUN : yet glows the welkin clear,
Tho' wide spread clouds hang hovering on high :
Clad in grey haze the distant wilds appear,
Till in faint azure they elude the eye.

How widely different from the sullen gloom,
That scowling ushers in the wintry night :
Dark, dismal, as the caverns of the tomb,
Compar'd with youth's gay spring of warm delight.

Yet, tho' full many of those long nights drear,
Have closed poor ACHMED in his lone retreat ;
While haply brooding o'er his lot severe,
TEMPTATION spoke the language of deceit :

Bade him with morn arise, and smile farewell,
To cheerless solitude—the world regain,
And nothing fearing of old foes, dispel
Seclusive principles, with all their train.

As oft, methought, a voice that spoke within,
Cried sternly, ‘ACHMED learn thy soul to prize :
‘ FATE led thee hither, from a world of SIN,
‘ Of SORROW, and of SORDID SACRIFICE. ’

‘ Thy Vows forget not, lest the guardian power
‘ That heard the solemn pledge, abandon thee ;
‘ For know if thou return to MAN, that hour
‘ Shall blast thy HEALTH, thy PEACE, thy LIBERTY. ’

Long strove calm REASON, ere the stubborn heart
Could well resign its loves, its hopes, its fears ;
Ere habitudes of LUXURY would depart ;
Ere sad EXPERIENCE was matured by years.

Ere simple NATURE had obtain'd her sway,
And heav'nly PROVIDENCE in all appear'd ;
Ere sheltering groves had risen from the spray,
By ACHMED's long-continued care uprear'd.

And as they rose, AFFECTION with them grew,
As for a babe long nurtured on the knee ;
AFFECTION follow'd, for the region too,
Where Freedom dwells with sweet Tranquillity.

For mental conflicts now no more obtain
Discordant power, amid these peaceful seats ;
ASTEKHER's fallen domes shall rise again,
Ere ACHMED freely quit these loved retreats.

All potent TIME, whose widely wasting hand,
Has laid ASTEKHER's ⁸⁰ loftiest turrets low ;
Tho' still her palaces thy might withstand,
Their massy columns dread th' impending blow.

Unnumber'd SPIRITS, as tradition tells,
Ceaseless defend the old PEHLEVIAN wall ;
Where DEVASTATION, bound by magic spells,
Shall ne'er prevail till AYRAN's empire fall.

If yet one wand'ring wish could tempt to stray
From these dear shades, it were to rove awhile
'Mid those stupendous RUINS, and survey
The deep recesses of each antique pile :
With ghosts of ancient bards and heroes mourn
The lapse of ages never to return.

THE

FLOATING SUN-BEAMS.

THE tranquil water's glassy surface glows
 With all the splendors of the morning sky,
 Where lightly-hovering clouds their tints disclose,
 In soften'd beauty to the wand'rer's eye :
 Yet, brighter far, yon orb, whose parent ray
 Yields all the lustre that adorns the day.

While thus I view the glad creation round,
 Each moment some attractive charm supplies,
 Warbles delight in every tuneful sound,
 And odoriferous balms around me rise ;
 For here, the first-born fragrance of the vale,
 Floats o'er the flowers that still new sweets exhale.

Lured by the love of NATURE's vernal charms,
 I rove—delighted—lost to all beside :
 Ev'n FANCY's fire no more my bosom warms,
 And fled each thought to REASON's power allied.
 Exterior beauties crowd upon my soul,
 Raise her to joy, and all her powers controul !

But when, O gracious ALLAH! when to thee
 On wings of holy FAITH my thoughts aspire,
 Swift from my raptured soul tumultuous flee
 The brief delights those circling charms inspire :
 EARTH—SKIES—dissolve, the SUN himself decays,
 Lost in thy GLORY's uncreated rays!



TO THE

K I D S.

YE wanton KIDS that browse beside my bowers,
 Sportive companions of my vacant hours,
 That joyful follow where I love to stray,
 That, doubly sweet, receive from ACHMED'S hand
 The dewy branch, bedeck'd with flow'rets bland,
 Breathing the fragrance of the new-born day.

Here, in assured tranquillity repose,
 Here, dreadless of the fierce and hungry foes,
 That o'er yon crags impel your sires to bound,
 Or prowling thro' th' obscure of night, obtain
 An aid that fearful vigilance in vain
 Strives to elude :—but this is hallow'd ground.

Here but one steepy avenue remains,
 By careful toil secured—this, ART maintains

With barriers that the WOLF's approach defy :
 The tender herbage then without a fear,
 The fragrant thyme, the low-hung branches, here
 Browse gaily—till obscures the evening sky.

Then shall the rock beside mine own retreat,
 Yield to your slumbering hours a cavern'd seat,
 A fold enshelter'd from the nightly dews :
 There, while fierce whirlwinds o'er the desert sweep,
 Or tempests rage around the lofty steep,
 Shall sweet security a calm diffuse.

How blest the calm that ACHMED has enjoy'd,
 A calm of PASSIONS, not that cheerless void
 Which can at times absorb the sensual mind,
 That from false friends and froward fortune gains
 The respite of distaste—yet bears the chains
 That unregenerate men ne'er leave behind.

Such will not, uncompell'd, these mountains range,
 Nor quitting scenes of discord, seek to change
 Their turbulence and cares for silent peace.
 The greedy of the WORLD will far away
 With POWER's heaven-spurning vot'ries pass their day,
 Where splendid wretchedness may find increase.

But why to you, sweet innocents! of these,
 Of their dark councils, and detested ways,
 That to the shrieking shades of ZACOUR⁹⁷ lead?
 You ne'er saw cruelty without remorse,
 Exulting o'er a virtuous victim's corse,
 Mangled by treachery's dirk—while Princes praised
 the deed.

With ACHMED, here remote from guile and crime,
 'Mid rocks and woods—where NATURE reigns sublime,
 And bloom the beauties of the lovely spring,
 In harmless gay delight you pass your hours,
 'Mid aromatic herbs and heathy flowers,
 And where mild zephyr roves on wanton wing.

Blithe children of my care, whene'er I view
 Your gambols, all my youthful hours renew.



THE
ADVANCES OF AGE.

THE wither'd leaves that float adown the stream,
Scarce tinge its surface with their yellow hue,
Now faintly glimmer with the morning beam,
Then sinking—vanish from my transient view.

Lured by the promised joys of vernal youth,
They burst their gems to court the smile of day,
Matured beneath that smile, the cank'ring tooth
Of some base reptile works their swift decay.

Or, if perchance, succeeding SUNS behold
Their wings wave lightly to the sportive breeze,
Ere AUTUMN's varying vesture change to gold,
The rude gale tears them from their parent trees.

Yon parent tree before the rising storm
Bends his wild branches to elude the blast,
Tho' whirlwind rage his tortured limbs deform,
Yet stands unrent his lonely trunk at last.

Thus bloom'd the hope-buds of mine early hours,
 Thus frequent fell the prey of insect art :
 Or, haply, when increasing manhood's powers,
 Cherish'd some darling vision of the heart.

' While FORTUNE pointed with her golden wand
 To fairy forms of bliss—gay hovering round,
 Lo! FATE descending, scourged with hasty hand,
 The sportive phantoms into shades profound. , ' 6

Tore me from all my heart had deem'd secure,
 Tore me from fortune, friends, and native clime :
 Torn from my love, he bade my soul endure
 A grief that scorn'd the conquering power of TIME.

Scorn'd, but in vain—TIME's lenient voice prevail'd,
 Whispering sweet peace, and charm'd my lonely way,
 And while the languid powers of REASON fail'd,
 Tormenting MEMORY hasten'd to decay.

Like the fall'n leaves that floated down the stream,
 Past sorrows rise to momentary view,
 Catch oft from FANCY's light a wand'ring beam,
 Then sinking, bid the mind a dark adieu !

No more I feel the poignancy of wrongs
Which youthful SENSIBILITY endures :
IMPATIENCE now no more my grief prolongs,
Nor painted HOPE my steadier thought allures.

As rest to labour—peace succeeds to strife :
When sinks the storm, the raging waves subside :
Thus undisturb'd my tranquil eve of life
Into an azure twilight seems to glide.

No threat'ning clouds o'erhang my closing day,
But friendly PLANETS shed their mildest ray.



H O P E.

HOPE! thou false inmate of the human breast,
 Delusive charm, enchanting souls from rest, '

 Why wilt thou strive to gain admittance here,
 Where FORTITUDE has made the rock her seat?

 Why with thy trembling sociate, coward FEAR,
 Seek to invade this calm tho' rude retreat?

 Why your vain influence o'er my heart combine,
 Like morning dews on yonder blasted pine?

Here worldly wishes long have ceased to rove;
 But, like the breeze that met the orient ray,
 And 'mid the noon-day fervors fann'd the grove,
 With evening's faded lustre, died away.

HOPE! ere again on me thou triest thy power,
 Bid moon-beams raise to bloom the wither'd flower.

Shall RESIGNATION gaze on rainbow glare?
 Shall wearied THOUGHT on FANCY's pinions fly
 To scenes of mimic joy where griffon care
 Glotes on her victims with distorted eye,
 And restless fiends of strife in ambush lie?
 HOPE! when thy beams illume MISFORTUNE's cave,
 Bid the pale SPECTRE triumph o'er the GRAVE.



THE
BATTLE.

WHAT mean those deep'ning shouts that rend the sky,
Join'd with the yell of **ANGUISH** and **DISMAY**:
Loud peals of thunder that approach so nigh,
And clouds of smoke that veil the face of day?

At the shrill blasting of the **BOUKZAN**'s ⁹⁸ breath,
Lo! the fierce **OUZBEK** rushes to the plain,
Where **ASMOUGH** wields the scimeter of **DEATH**,
And **RAPINE** riots o'er the mangled slain.

Alternate **RAGE** and **TERROR** rule each band,
As savage **FURY** floats the field with gore;
DESTRUCTION wildly waves her blazing brand,
And red with carnage, wolf-like, howls for more.

When sinks the sun beyond the **CASPIAN** main,
And **HORROR** hails the gloomy fiend of night;
Sad—sullen **BONDAGE** clanks his iron chain,
And wandering spirits claim the funeral rite.

For deeds like these shall endless praises flow ?
 Shall blood-stain'd VICTORY swell the trump of FAME,
 Has GLORY placed her TAJE ON TIMOUR'S⁹⁹ brow,
 And join'd ' immortal ' to KHAN ZINGI'S¹⁰⁰ name ?

GOD of the just ! O let me ne'er repine,
 Or, while those glaring meteors strike my view,
 Heave the deep sigh—wish impiously to shine,
 And bid this calm, this blest retreat adieu !

Ah ! what avails the splendid pomp of state,
 The boast of RICHES, or imperial sway ;
 While on the restless bosoms of the great
 Beams not CONTENT her mild, celestial ray ?

Far from heart-hard'ning scenes of public strife,
 Far from AMBITION'S call, and fields of blood,
 She walks with PEACE the vale of humble life,
 And smiles serenely on the WISE and GOOD.

A L A R M.

FROM whence?—what art thou?—ghastly **SPECTRE!** say.
 Why glooms that visage on my twilight view?
 Does **FATE** presageful hither guide thy way,
 And bid dark **VENGEANCE** here my soul pursue?

That **SHEMSHERE** gleaming by the moon's pale light?
 Those faltering steps that would my cave explore?
 That groan deep wounding the repose of night?
 And why appear those limbs distain'd with gore?

Does magic art by demon power constrain
 Thine airy image to some dire intent?
 Or, fever'd **FANCY** form within my brain
 Distemper'd phantoms only to torment?

The tyger, the hyæna, here might rove,
 As darkling o'er the wilds for prey they prowl,
 For oft along th' impending rocks above,
 The echoes tremble with their midnight howl.

But thus remote from all the haunts of men,
 And where no motives can induce to stray,
 What mortal being would approach this den,
 Freely and dreadless in the face of day ?

Scarce at the noon-tide hour could FATE's decree
 Here lead me by the guidance of DESPAIR,
 When these sequester'd glooms first shelter'd me,
 The child of SORROW, and MISFORTUNE's heir.

A LION's headlong fury to elude,
 Drove me to scale the rugged rocks beneath ;
 And plunged amid this darkling solitude,
 I sought a refuge from the jaws of death.

But DANGER dwelt here.—With tremendous roar,
 And sullen step, advanced the savage foe :
 Wildly impell'd, a ponderous stone I bore,
 Heaven gave me fortitude, and sped the blow.

Tho' down yon broken steep the LION fell,
 Torn in his fall, blood-wet with many a wound,
 With wilder rage and agonizing yell,
 Recovering soon, he climb'd the craggy mound :

This sword received him, and the monster died.

Now say, if MAN thou art—what leads thee here?

‘ A MAN I am,’—the DREARY FORM replied,

‘ Long lost to HOPE, and now estranged to FEAR.

‘ Know, bold possessor of this lonely cave,

‘ No base designs induce me here to roam :

‘ Wounded in fight the hand of help I crave,

‘ Far from my friends and from my native home.

‘ But why of friends or native home to thee,

‘ Who mournst, perchance, thine own as dearly loved,

‘ As long, as sadly lost, as mine to me,

‘ As much regretted, and as far removed ?

‘ In sympathy I share thy bosom’s grief,

‘ Ah ! could I feel resign’d, such comforts too,

‘ For know, thy prayers, ere thus I sought relief,

‘ I heard with wonder, as to Heaven they flew.

‘ And sure, who seeks for MERCY from on high,

‘ And craves with pious prayer the aid of HEAVEN,

‘ Will not a hapless wand’rer’s suit deny,

‘ Deep wounded—famish’d—o’er the desert driven.’

Enough, afflicted stranger! Achmed said.
 Tho' rooted from the garden of mankind,
 I yet can hear the voice of NATURE plead,
 And speak soft comfort to the wounded mind.

Approach then, fearless SOLDIER, and partake
 Of such refreshments as these wilds bestow,
 'Herbs from the glen, and berries from the brake,
 With purest water from the spring below.

This forest too shall yield a kindly balm
 Of power to sooth thy wound's afflictive smart;
 And haply here RETIREMENT's genial calm
 May shed it's influence o'er a troubled heart.

The MOON all lovely, from her clouded veil
 Soft-gliding, lifts her silvery lamp on high,
 The little STARS their twinkling rays conceal,
 And to their dens the powers of darkness fly.

So, when the beams of heavenly comfort shine,
 Life's fairy visions faintly glide away;
 The train of ANGUISH fly her light divine,
 That yields the faithful soul eternal day.

Now NATURE claims (each sorrowing sigh suppress)
 Her due refreshment and the hour of rest.
 To-morrow's morn shall ampler time bestow,
 To speak those truths we each desire to know.



TO THE
STRANGER.

IS then this tranquil life so irksome grown ?
Are these sweet SOLITUDES devoid of charms,
And is fair NATURE form'd for ME alone ?
For still HER LOVE my aged bosom warms.

As when in active youth I fondly stray'd
By ABI-KOURA ⁴⁵ or the CASPIAN shore,
With rapture her romantic mien survey'd,
And all her hues of beauty o'er and o'er :

Felt the mild sway of her attractive power,
To soothe, refine, and harmonize the heart,
To waft delight with every winged hour,
With every changing scene new joys impart.

O had those scenes of simple joy remain'd,
Present, as now in retrospective view,
Had MEMORY thro' my riper years retain'd
The *traits* of NATURE, YOUTH's wild pencil drew.

Then had not dreams of unsubstantial bliss
 Display'd their dazzling veil before my sight,
 Nor LUXURY'S spell enchain'd, nor serpent hiss
 Of ENVY'S demon, changed my noon to night.

A long tempestuous night, whose hollow blast
 Raised into billowy rage my anguish'd soul,
 Presaging future wrongs to crown the past,
 Indignantly I spurn'd at base controul;

Spurn'd at the bonds, the maxims that enslave
 To abject views, the free, the generous mind,
 Disdaining dark REVENGE, resolved to brave
 The dangerous desert, and abjure mankind.

'Twas then, resign'd to HEAVEN, I sought REPOSE,
 And here, with LIBERTY, REPOSE I found;
 With every rising morn new comforts rose,
 Each day fair NATURE lovelier smiled around,

And smiled within, and gently whisper'd PEACE;
 Calm REASON heard her voice with mild assent,
 And bade the tumult of the passions cease,
 While health and temperance led to sweet CONTENT.

And here I hourly bless the heavenly hand,
 That led thro' yon lorn wilds my lonely way,
 Preserved me from the TARTAR's wandering band,
 And from night-prowling savage beasts of prey.

That, when AMBITION, ENVY, SENSUAL LOVE,
 Had triumph'd over GRATITUDE awhile,
 Bade a dark miscreant and his sociates prove
 The just reward of VIOLENCE and GUILE.

For vainly MAN, or FIENDS infernal, strive
 To strike the blow that PROVIDENCE disowns,
 In vain would FORCE effect, or ART contrive
 To crush an insect, or perpetuate thrones.

A wond'rous chain of causes and effects
 Combines mute nature, animals, and man,
 Whether the being's passive, or reflects,
 Or acts instinctive, in the mighty plan.

That chain, depending from the throne divine,
 Can ne'er be broken by created force :
 While pure intention of the heart is thine,
 No act that follows will disgrace its source.

Thy woes have risen from thy FATHER's crime,
And I, his earlier VICTIM, pity thee :
O may the gently-soothing hand of TIME
Pour o'er thy griefs the balm that comforts me.

HE is no more, and SELIMA is blest,
Since Heaven in MERCY claim'd HER as its own :
That world of charms his treachery possest,
Delusive HOPE long pictured mine alone.

Depart in peace, and with my last FAREWEL
Receive the counsel of experienced years :
PRIDE, AVARICE, LUXURY, from thy breast expel,
OR THEY will guide thee to the fount of tears.

Let not th' atrocious deeds of demon POWER
Produce malignant influence on thy mind,
But imitate th' autumnal cloud, whose shower
Revives the plain where thirsty suns have shined.

Thou art the child of HER in LIFE adored,
And still in DEATH remember'd with a sigh ;
Thou art the offspring of A MAN ABHORR'D
Whose memory often clouds my mental eye !

Yet learn this truth, from his once deadly foe
 I felt more pleasure here to shield his son,
 Than he, AMBITION's votary, could forego,
 When his career of short-lived power was run.

Henceforth, his NAME in dark oblivion rest,
 No more remembrance bid his actions live,
 But may th' all-merciful and ever-blest
 Forgive his frailties as I now forgive !

To thee these tranquil scenes no solace yield,
 Nor seem my words congenial to thine ear ;
 That ardent spirit seeks a different field,
 For PEACE and NATURE only, harbour here.

To ME yon spreading CEDAR's friendly shade,
 Yields more delight in SUMMER's sultry hour,
 Than erst the pomp of grandeur's vain parade,
 Than all the dazzling charms of wealth and power.

O'er broken rocks I love to climb the steep,
 And trace thro' those wild glens the winding way
 O'erhung with gloomy pines, whose shadows deep,
 Almost exclude the living light of day.

Gain some rude prominence—thence widely view
The varied prospect of the wilds below,
Or DISTANCE fading to ethereal blue,
While nearer mountains catch the evening glow.

Hear oft, delighted, at the close of day,
The little warbler's briefly-broken song,
'Till the sweet nightingale assume the lay,
Whose notes soft echoes from the rocks prolong.

And oft the azure arch of heaven survey,
When silent night advances calm and clear,
Trace thro' its signs the planetary way,
And various aspects of the changeful year.

As roll the stars around the radiant pole,
I contemplate THE POWER that gave them birth,
And gives expansion to the free-born soul,
To raise its views above this little earth.

On FANCY'S wing with lightning swiftness fly
Thro' all the regions of ethereal space,
Mix with the happy spirits of the sky,
And o'er the clouds the blazing meteors chace.

These are delights to which thou wilt not soar;
 In the closed HARAM see soft pleasures reign,
 Seek COURTLY interest, FORTUNE's golden store,
 Or rush to CONQUEST o'er the bloody plain.

Win FLATTERY's FAVOR, and aspire to FAME,
 Ascend the dangerous pinnacle of POWER,
 Let pompous titles supercede thy name,
 Nor heed the threat'ning storms that o'er thee lower.

When YOUTH retires, when FORTUNE adverse proves,
 And gloomy CARE thine every hope invades;
 Perhaps remembrance of these silent groves
 May lead thy footsteps oft to lonely shades.

May lead thee far—induce thee here to stray,
 And seek old ACHMED in his calm abode;
 His voice shall cheer thee, kindly bid thee stay,
 And strive to lighten thy oppressive load.

Or if, since FATE relentless reigns o'er all,
 And soon or late will claim our fleeting breath,
 Should ACHMED hear the blest angelic call,
 And this dear cell become the cave of DEATH.

If then the sigh of SORROW heave thy breast,
Or tear of tender PITY mourn my doom,
Form HERE my grave, HERE let my relics rest,
'Tis all I ask from MAN—a simple TOMB.



THE

ALLEGORY.

IN long and painful silence, have my thoughts,
 My pensive thoughts, revolved from day to day,
 From year to year. Ev'n now, by MEMORY led,
 An ever-active circling course they run
 Around the central point of human life,
 Where sad EXPERIENCE, laden with the gleanings,
 Abundant gleanings, of that various harvest
 Mown by the hand of TIME, deems herself rich
 In wisdom and in knowledge : thence presumes,
 With countenance austere, to cast a gloom
 Athwart the smile of HOPE ; or, with a voice
 Formed to the trembling accents of distrust,
 Recals, with harsh rebuke's sententious lore,
 The lovely wand'rer from that fair expanse
 Thro' which she wont to roam on vagrant wing,
 Catching far-distant views of FAIRY LAND,
 Romantically beauteous ; or, from meads
 Of more than vernal loveliness, where blooms
 A mimic EDEN ; and the roving eye

Along the smooth but swiftly-gliding stream,
 Expatiates unwearied :—many a form
 Of magical illusion, from the surface
 Apparently reflected, but from objects
 As unsubstantial as the forms that float
 Upon the wat'ry mirror.—Here awhile,
 'Mid the gay bow'rs of youth, I fondly stray'd,
 And cull'd the flowers of FANCY, for they grew
 In fair luxuriance.—HOPE with airy step
 Still led me on thro' mazes of DELIGHT;
 And as the zephyr gently-sportive play'd
 Amid the quivering foliage, that o'erhung
 Our devious path, sequester'd from the eye
 Of prying CURIOSITY, and all
 The sick'ning tribe of ENVY, or the sons
 Of soul-corroding CARE. Along the grove
 Aerial notes of harmony divine
 Dwelt on the ear enraptured, for awhile
 In low vibration, then, with gentlest swell
 Flow'd on the breeze, or on its bosom died
 Amid the fragrance of a thousand balms,
 Stol'n from SHEBAVAN's vale, from groves of LAR,
 From OBOLA's jasmine borders, and the meads
 That skirt MOSELLA's stream; ¹⁰² or, where amid

SHIRAZIAN gardens ¹⁰³ prodigal of blooms
 The lonely minstrel that awakes the morn,
 Bends o'er the new-blown rose, inebriate
 With beauty and with love.—A trembling light
 That seem'd as if the lucid powers that mourn
 Confined within the caves of VIZAPORE, ²⁶
 Had burst their fated bonds, and beam'd at once
 The mingled radiance of JAURABAD'S ¹⁰⁴ gems—
 Now tinged with changeful gleam the light of heaven.
 All was enchantment! yet the wizard power
 So artfully conceal'd, that still the whole
 Seem'd a fair region of reality,
 Nor did the mind, assimilated softly
 To the CHARM, once dare to deem it FICTION.
 Here in fond admiration, as I gazed
 On NATURE'S fairest FLOWER, whose lovely form,
 Soft tinted hues, and odoriferous scent,
 Might rival all the blooms of PARADISE,
 My heedless foot press'd on a sleeping SNAKE
 That sudden turn'd, and writhing round the limb,
 Oped wide his venom'd jaws that threaten'd death,
 And hissing, darted forth his forky tongue.
 Aghast, I started back—HOPE hurrying fled
 With more than arrowy speed. A phantom train

Of shapes infernal, dreadful as the band
 Raised by infuriate FANCY to torment
 Some wretched MANIAC in his wildest hours,
 When ghastly DEMONS burst upon his eye,
 When nought assail his ear but shrieks of woe,
 And HORROR's deadly fiend with iron hand
 Grasps his convulsive heart :—'mid dusky clouds
 That wildly roll'd around, the SPECTRES flew,
 Now half obscured, now starting from the gloom,
 Then vanishing again. A chilling blast
 That rose in whirlwind eddies, now involved
 The visionary throng in one dire mass
 Of horrible confusion. Thro' the midst
 Led by a hand unseen,—with trembling step
 And heart subdued by dread, beyond the power
 Of utterance to express, o'er broken ground
 Bestrew'd with thorns and over rugged rocks
 I pass'd despondent, 'till by slow degrees
 The cloudy veil dissolving into air,
 Open'd my prospect to a scene more wild
 Than e'er imagination yet could paint,
 From many a rude romantic form combined,
 Of mountain, forest, rock, and narrow'd vale,
 Thro' which the roaring waters wend their way,

Impatient of the day-beam that ne'er pierced
 The gloomy *Asghaubs*, whence they burst to freedom,
 Thro' deep enchanell'd banks, rudely o'erhung
 By half-fall'n aged trees, whose distant YOUTH
 Enjoy'd its vigour, when proud AYRAN's realm
 Was blest and vigorous too.—AGE steals on ALL—
 And happy they who meet it well prepared—
 That meet it, like the heaven-devoted bard
 Sheikh Mosla-eddin SAADI, ¹⁰⁵ whose pure song
 Shall live whilst heart-felt harmony endures—
 Long as divine benignity shall bless
 BEN-ATHA's ¹⁰⁶ pious strains, that sung of joy
 Amid the desert waste.—These aiding oft
 The sweet effusions of congenial minds—
 KHACANI ¹⁰⁷ — virtuous KEMALEDDEIN thine—
 And thine sublime KERMANI, ¹⁰⁸ humbly great—
 Who, leaving courtly grandeur, and the snares
 Of soul-enfeebling luxury, didst retire
 To temperance and a cottage—science fraught ;
 And, midst the plane-tree-shaded valley sing
 Of that fair HOPE—DELIGHT—SERENITY—
 Which pure intention of the heart alone
 Yields the poor HADJY thro' life's pilgrimage.
 These oft in faithful recollection dwell,

And charm my lonely hours—and grateful raise
To heavenly ardors this enkindling heart.

But lo ! the torrent dashing down the steep,
Thro' pendent woods, and over many a mass
Of jutting rock, and huge disjointed stone,
Rifted by lightnings from the cliffs above.
A broken pathway winding up the glen
Here lay before me :—whilst on either side
The high-embow'ring branches overspread
Fair slopes of liveliest verdure,—such as rise
Where PERI spirits join in festive dance
Beneath the myrtle shade, and hymn the hour
When NEURUZE ¹¹⁹ first unfolds the blossom'd bud
Thro' sweet MOURDESTAN's forest, ever-green—
And almost ever-blooming :—lov'lier far,
Delightful SHIRAZ, than thy cypress groves,
That wave their spiring branches o'er the nest
Of the complacent turtle, who restrains
Her murmuring love-note, whilst the nightingale
Listens attentively to ZSHOOLEH's lay. ¹¹⁰
So Angels hear the GOOD MAN's song of praise
Flow from a humble heart. My friendly guide
Unseen, and scarcely felt, withdrew his hand,

While on mine ear a more than mortal voice
 Thus broke divinely sweet.—‘ ACHMED, forbear
 ‘ To doubt that PROVIDENCE which hitherto
 ‘ Has been thy guide, thy guard. O let thy soul
 ‘ Resign’d in all to Heaven’s ETERNAL LORD,
 ‘ Seek WISDOM from on high, and from the source
 ‘ Of boundless LOVE receive th’ inspiring gift
 ‘ Of fair BENEVOLENCE, that bids thee meet
 ‘ The wide creation with expanded heart.
 ‘ Do good to every creature that exists
 ‘ Within thy field of action : for the world
 ‘ Of INSECT OR OF VEGETABLE LIFE,
 ‘ Alike display the wonders of his power,
 ‘ Alike partake the bounties of his hand,
 ‘ Alike obey the mandates of his will,
 ‘ Alike advance the universal good,
 ‘ With MAN’s more lordly race, or ANGEL powers,
 ‘ That rise sublime above thy sphere, as man
 ‘ Above the lowest reptile.—Yonder path,
 ‘ Tho’ devious it appear, will lead thee on
 ‘ Thro’ NATURE’s fair domain. At every step
 ‘ New wonders will present, and every hour
 ‘ The grateful heart new tribute will bestow
 ‘ Of love and admiration.—If the forms

- ‘ Or hues of BEAUTY can attract thine eye,
- ‘ If sweet SIMPLICITY can charm thy heart,
- ‘ Or TRUTH—eternal TRUTH, can e’er extend
- ‘ Her empire o’er thy soul, there shalt thou find
- ‘ A bliss, a heavenly bliss, that wayward MAN
- ‘ Spurns from his crowded *haunts*, his *camps*, his *courts*,
- ‘ And leaves the EXILED ACHMED to enjoy.



N O T E S.

NOTES.



NOTE 1.—PAGE 2.

Odorous sweets and KERZEROM WINE.

KERZEROM is a place situated in the province of Farsistan, and much celebrated for the delicious wines produced in its vicinity. The vineyards there, as at Shiraz and other parts of Persia, are chiefly cultivated by Armenian Christians, who are also the principal dealers in this article; which, although prohibited in the strictness of the Alchoranic law, yet the generality of the Persians free themselves from such restraints by maintaining that the *improper use* of it only was forbidden, and drink it without scruple—many of them to excess: such the more rigid observers of the law stigmatize with the appellation of بادۀ پرسپان *Badei Perestan*, “worshippers of wine; as they also term a worldly-minded man زصارن پرست *Zemané perest*, “a worshipper of transitory things.” Some Arabians are so very scrupulous that they will not even name it. The Sultan, Shemseddin Khoghiah Ali, passed a very severe decree, forbidding not only wine but any kind of intoxicating liquor to be mentioned otherwise than metaphorically, in such phrases as these: “the draught of perdition,” “the water of destruction and ruin.” This however, with other severities, thro’ which he attempted a too speedy reformation of manners,

manners and morals in his dominions, occasioned him to be assassinated in the castle of Sebzvar, A. D. 964. The Sephis were so totally different in this respect, that their courts were the very seminaries of intemperance. Shah Seliman not only drank wine in public himself, but often caused those who were admitted to an audience to drink freely before he would hear them ; and, by way of diverting himself would frequently incite his courtiers to such an extreme of drunkenness in his presence, that they were sometimes carried out apparently dead. The Persians are not accustomed to use small glasses, as we do, but filling a large goblet or bowl, drink their wine, which is very potent, in full draughts. “ *Ridiculum reputant* (says Angelo á St. Joseph) *vini potum, nisi ad ebrietatem perveniet.*”—“ They think it absurd to drink wine, unless they feel the effects of intoxication.”

NOTE 2, p. 17.—GENIES. The fertile fancy of the Orientals has ever been fond of passing the bounds of visible nature, and sporting with the images of its own luxuriant creation. Hence they have supposed mountains, deserts, and lonely valleys, to be inhabited by spirits of different kinds, which they call Ghool, Kengosh, Ardav, Seidanet, Ketrab, &c.

The infernal spirits form another class of beings. From TABEKH the Angel of Hell, to the personification of all the vices and evil dispositions of the wicked. They also conceive supernatural beings to preside over certain places.

times,

times, and seasons. In this the ancient Persians were very superstitious, and Mahomedanism has not yet banished it quite from amongst their descendants. But the ideal beings which most frequently appear in the works of the Persian poets, are the *Dive* and *Peri*, دیو و پری; to the former, which are also called *Genies*, جنی — جنان, are ascribed wicked and malignant dispositions, both towards the Peries and the human race. They are accordingly spoken of as deformed and ugly; whilst the Peries are, on the contrary, represented as beautiful in face and form, as they are gentle, benevolent, and friendly to mankind—subsisting only on the sweetest perfumes: they are also supposed to be small and DELICATE, as the Dives are rude and gigantic. They are considered as races of beings totally distinct from angels, devils, departed spirits, or men; and that, having inhabited this earth during some thousands of years before the creation of the human species,—they were, for acts of disobedience, (a small number only excepted) banished to a wild region, called جنستان *Jenistan*, or بادیات غولدار the desert of Monsters, which they still continue to inhabit. Such as were not thus banished, are supposed to have been entirely under the command of king Soloman; and that talismans, charms, and incantations, still have a powerful influence over them: the superstitious belief in these, and in magic arts, being almost universal in Persia, as in many other countries of the East.

NOTE 3, p. 17.—**GERGESTAN**, گرجستان The country of Georgia, lying between the Black Sea and the Persian province of Shirvan, that extends along the Western shore of the Caspian. It is a very rugged and mountainous tract of country, abounding with savage animals of various kinds; therefore the herdsmen who pasture their cattle on the mountains, are obliged to be very vigilant. The valleys are fruitful, and the inhabitants raise vast quantities of silk worms, though they manufacture but little of their produce. The Georgians are in general stout well-grown men, and of a warlike disposition. They profess a kind of Christianity, that however scarcely deserves the name; and its deficiencies unhappily are not compensated by moral character;—for they are said to be brutal in their manners, and given to robbery and drunkenness,—making it even a frequent practice to steal each others children, particularly females, for the purpose of selling them as slaves to the Turks and Persians. Their women, with those of Circassia, are reputed to be the most beautiful in Asia; and are for that reason eagerly sought, and purchased for large sums, by the rich voluptuaries of Persia and Turkey, who pride themselves much on obtaining them for their harems;—but, from a total deficiency of education, their manners would ill accord with that personal beauty which is spoken of with so much enthusiasm,—were it not that those who pursue the infamous traffic of purchasing for sale these young females from the wretches that steal them, find it their interest to get them
taught

taught a few *exterior* accomplishments, that may afterwards enhance their price.

NOTE 4, p. 18.—HOURI; حوري one of the virgins of Paradise. Tho' the more spiritual Mahomedans understand such expressions as merely figurative of an unspeakable and pure felicity; yet others, and especially the poets, speak of them as actually existant beings, possessing every charm of the most exquisite beauty, united with angelic sweetness of disposition, and mental loveliness: thus Saadi,

حوران بهشتي را دوزخ بود عاراف
از دوزخیان برس که عاراف بهشتست

To the virgins of Paradise, Aaraf (the place of prisons) is a hell.

But ask of those in hell,—if Aaraf would not be to them a Paradise.

NOTE 5, p. 19.—The Persians usually denominate the inhabitants of various nations beyond the river Jihon, or Abi-amu, by the general name of Turcomans: though that tract South of the Jaraxes, is properly Bocharia, or the kingdom of Maw'r-al-naher. It was conquered by Tamerlane, whose descendants reigned there until the year 904 of the hejra; when they were conquered by the Ouzbek Tartars, who have remained in possession of this populous and beautifully fertile country ever since; where they have proved, at times, very troublesome and formidable neigh-

bours

bours to the Persians—with whom they have had frequent wars. In the reign of Shah Selyman they entered and ravaged great part of the province of Khorasan; and were with difficulty prevented from taking the strongly-fortified city of Meschid. This city, containing the tomb of Iman Ali Rezia, who is reputed one of the highest of the Musulman saints by the Persians, is continually resorted to by numerous pilgrims. Many miracles are said to have been wrought there; and superstitious zeal has not been sparing of its rich gifts and endowments. The treasures deposited there were immense, and made its capture one great object of the Ouzbek invasion: though the war originated in the fraudulent avarice of Selyman, that provoked this fierce nation to revenge and plunder.

NOTE 6, p. 20.—MOSLEM, *مسلم*, or Musulman, *مسلمان* i. e. a true believer. This term is applied by the Mahomedans to themselves, as believing in the absolute unity of God, and the mission of their prophet Mahomed; though the Shiahs and Sunnis frequently bestow on each other, with all the acrimony of uncharitableness, the epithet of *روافض* *rouvafez*, or heretics.

NOTE 7, p. 20.—SAIT-NUMA, a watch, or pocket-dial. Some of the latter are furnished with a small magnetic needle; by which they determine, on a journey, the quarter they are to turn to in the act of prayer. Such an instrument is termed *Kebleh-numa*. *ساعة يا قبله نها*.

NOTE

NOTE 8, p. 23.—MINARETS. *منازلها*. Towers, spires, and particularly the turrets of the mosques ; from whence, at stated hours, the people are every day called five times to prayer, by the muezins.

NOTE 9, page 23.—The name of TOURAN *توران* is often used to denote the whole country north of the river Amou or Jihon ; but it more properly applies to the wild region of Turkestan, that lies north of the Jaraxes, which flows from the mountains of Little Bocharia into the lake of Aral. The northern winds, blowing from Siberia over these Tartarian deserts during the winter season, are felt keenly in some of the Persian provinces, even to the South of Shiraz. Isphahan is said to be almost as cold as Amsterdam, in the depth of winter.

NOTE 10, p. 23.—HEZAR, *هزار* the nightingale : called also by the Persians *بلبل* *bulbul*, *اندلیب* *andeleb*, and *مرغ* *murga sehr*, the bird of the morning.

NOTE 11, p. 23.—SABA. The district of Hadremuth, in Arabia, famed for the fragrance of its aromatic plants, and trees that produce the Benzoin and Frankincense.

NOTE 12, p. 24.—GOLCONDA, a mountainous country of India, It is celebrated for its beautiful gems of various kinds ; and for producing, in particular, the largest and most valuable diamonds and rubies. •

NOTE 13, p. 25.—YEMEN; **يَمَن** that part of Arabia, which from exhibiting a much finer face of country, and possessing greater fertility of soil than the provinces that lie contiguous to it, has been called “Arabia the happy.”

NOTE 14, p. 25.—GAUTHIA, or Gautha Demeskh; a delightfully fertile tract in Syria, not far from the city of Damascus; and denominated, by the Orientals, one of the four Paradises of Asia. The other three are, 1. OBOLLA, situated near the confluence of the Tygris and Euphrates, on a branch of the former, in Babilonian Irak. These two great rivers are not known to the natives by the names we give them, but are called Dejeleh, and Shat Fraut. **دجلة و شط فرات**.—2. SHEBBAVAN, a small district, near the city of Noubendigian, in Persia; which, though delightful in itself, owes perhaps much of its celebrity to the striking contrast it makes to the rugged sterility of the neighbouring desert, which lies along the Northern borders of Farsistan;—and, 3. the SOGD, a succession of beautiful and highly cultivated vales, fertilized by a stream that falls into the Abi Amu, near the city of Samarcand, the capital of the kingdom of Maw'r-al-naher; a country, which, though seldom visited by European travellers, is the centre of a vast inland commerce, between Russia, Persia, China, Indostan, and various parts of Tartary, and is one of the most fully inhabited, as well as one of the best-governed nations of the east.

NOTE 15, p. 25.—SHEDAD BEN AD; one of the ancient kings of Arabia Felix—is related to have formed a fine tract of country into the most beautiful gardens. These have been celebrated by the Eastern poets, in a manner that gives the whole story a semblance of fiction. This Prince, who is also named by some IREM BEN OMAD, impiously affected to obtain divine honours from his subjects; and for this purpose strove to captivate their imaginations and seduce their senses—by centering, in the gardens of Irem, *كلستان ارم* every thing that could fascinate the weak mind, and gratify the voluptuary. Though the impiety of Shedad is mentioned with detestation in the Koran; yet the Mahomedan writers frequently make use of the word Irem, to denote the celestial abodes of the blest. Jennat, Aden, and Rouzvan, which signify beautiful and shady groves and gardens, watered by cool and translucent streams, are words also frequently used by the Orientals (who are extremely fond of employing the imagery of description, even when they treat of divine or moral subjects), to express heaven, or a state of felicity. Thus the author of the *Javādan Khurd* *جاودان خرد* or, book of ETERNAL WISDOM, exclaims,—“ At length, “ O Lord, am I saved from the storms, and freed from the “ travail of the world. I seem to be seated in the midst of “ the garden of Irem; for I have now attained the enjoyment of that state of peace and rest, destined for those “ who quit this world to serve thee.”

NOTE 16, p. 25.—SARU; a small city, in the province of Ghilan, near the Caspian sea. The country round it, is said to produce great plenty of the most delicious fruits; particularly grapes, oranges, peaches, figs, pomegranates, and melons, in the highest perfection, with an abundance of olives, almonds, and pistachia nuts.

NOTE 17, p. 25.—HIND, هند that part of the dominions of the great Mogul which lies East of the river Indus, called by the Persians Sindab; those provinces on the West being distinguished by the name of Sind.

NOTE 18, p. 25.—ZAGAN, a small city in the province of Shirvan, near the Caspian sea. It is famed for the salubrity of its air; and the longevity of its inhabitants, who are for the most part people of fortune, whom these circumstances have induced to reside there.

NOTE 19, p. 25.—BENDER-CONGO, is a sea port in the Persian Gulph, or Green Sea, where there is a very considerable pearl fishery carried on by the inhabitants, who are very expert in diving for them.

NOTE 20, p. 26.—LAR, is a large well-built city, with a strongly fortified castle situated on the summit of a mountain, which has been much used as a place of confinement for state prisoners. The chief part of the inhabitants of this city are jews, who have established a considerable
manufactory

manufactory of silks there. From the neighbouring mountains are brought large quantities of frankincense, the produce of a kind of tree, called Kender derekht, کندر درخت much resembling our largest pear trees in foliage and growth.

NOTE 21, page 26.—The rocky hills and shores of KORGA, an island in the Persian gulph, which runs twenty-four leagues in length, though only four in its utmost breadth, produce many valuable diamonds : there is also an extensive pearl fishery carried on there.

NOTE 22, page 26.—NIZABOUR, نیشاپور or Nishapor ; the largest and most wealthy city in the province of Khorasan. It was built about the beginning of the Christian æra, on the ruins of an ancient town, that was founded by Tamuras, and destroyed by Alexander the Great. The many vicissitudes of fortune that alternately raised, and almost destroyed this place, have furnished ample materials for a volume, written in Persian, by Ibrahim ben Ibrahim, under the title of تاریخ نیشاپور * *Ta-rikk Nishapor.*" The Turcomans, the Gazes, and the Tartars, particularly the last, made its inhabitants the sad victims of their cruel ferocity ;—for, not content with plundering and destroying the city, and carrying thousands into captivity ; there, and in the surrounding country, according to Mirkhond, they slaughtered near a million and half of unoffending people. The principal manu-
R
facture

facture they have since carried on, is of weapons of war. The sword and scimitar blades made there, are reckoned equal to the highly valued *ruheina* blades of Damascus.

NOTE 23, p. 27.—SHIRABEH, شیرابه the poppy plant; called also by the Persians, Kouknaur, Heisher, Munsoor, &c.

NOTE 24, p. 30.—SHE'RGULZAR شهر گلزار the city of Rose Gardens: an appellation given to Herat, the capital of Khorasan, from the thickets of rose trees of the most beautiful species, which grow wildly luxuriant in every part of the delightful country that surrounds it. \

NOTE 25, p. 31.—Before the city of DEHLI, دهلي rose to its present consequence, AGRA, اکره which is situated not far from it, was the usual residence of the Great Mogul. Agra is however still considered as the capital of Hindostan, and estimated to be twice as large as Isfahar, the capital of Persia. The *rich mine* here spoken of, was a vast depository of wealth, consisting of eight large vaulted subterraneous apartments in the castle; of which four were said to be filled with silver, two with gold,—one to contain an immense quantity of diamonds, rubies, and other jewels,—and the last, a miscellaneous collection of the most valuable things that had been received as presents by the Mogul Emperors, at various times. Nadir Shah, however, becoming master of this city in the year

1739, caused the chief part of these treasures to be removed into Persia; which, after the payment of his vast army, and giving his officers and soldiers their share of the booty, left him more than the value of *eighty-seven million pounds sterling!*

Note 26, page 31.—The kingdom of VIZAPORE has an extent of Western coast, that is in the possession of the Portuguese. The interior of the country is rude and mountainous; and produces great quantities of diamonds and other valuable gems, especially near the city of Raolconda.

Note 27, page 35.—VIZIERS; the title of Vizier, وزیر is usually given in the East to the prime minister, or chief counsellors of state. In Persia, during the reign of the Sophis, it was also bestowed on the governors of certain large cities. The governors of provinces where there were fortresses and troops, were called بکلبک *beglerbeg*, and those of other provinces خان *khan*. The Viziers are sometimes so far invested with the sovereign authority, as to have discretionary powers of acting; but frequently others, who are appointed to subordinate departments under them, are placed as constant spies upon their conduct. At the best, these high dignities are always, in the Asiatic courts (which are full of intrigues) stations of considerable danger.

NOTE 28, p. 36.—SHEIKH-HEIDER, — شیخ هیدر — a descendant of Ali, and great grandson of Sheikh Sefi. His mother was the daughter of Usun-cassan, first Sultan of the Turcoman dynasty of the White Ram. Sheikh Heidar having been furnished by this Sultan with a large body of troops, for the purpose of avenging the death of his father Juneid, lost his own life in the attempt, near Derbent. His death was accompanied by many circumstances of cruelty and barbarism : his head being cut off, was thrown to dogs to be devoured ; and the principal part of the Sefi family, which was then very numerous, destroyed. Sheikh Heidar having in his life-time obtained a great reputation for sanctity amongst his followers, and zeal for a religious reform, which he in some degree effected, was considered as a saint and martyr by the same party after his death. His remains were removed to the city of Ardebeil ; and his tomb, with that of SEFI-EDDIN, صفي الدين is resorted to by the Persian devotees as a place of holy pilgrimage.

Note 29, p. 39.—AUSPICIOUS FLAME.—Notwithstanding the Persians are perhaps the most enlightened, in many respects, of all the Mahomedan nations of the East, yet they retain many superstitious notions that have been handed down from former times. Such is their belief in auguries, omens, and astrological signs ; and such the veneration with which they behold the rising sun—the great symbol

symbol of the Deity—which their forefathers adored.—Many of the Oriental Christians, as well as the Persian Mahomedans, are accustomed to make a solemn obeisance to the sun, when they first meet its beams in the morning.

NOTE 30, p. 43.—KAI KHOSRO, * کي خسرو the thirteenth King of Persia, (who, it is calculated, was nearly cotemporary with Solomon,) gained the reputation of being one of the greatest and best of their early sovereigns. It is remarkable, that when yet a young man, returning victorious from the province of Azarbigian, where he had succeeded in taking the city of Ardebeil, which had resisted all the efforts of Faramorz, the king's brother, a brave and experienced warrior, who attacked it with an army of equal force. Siavesh, his grandfather, appointed him his successor, and immediately resigned the kingdom into his hands. Though the reign of this Prince was troubled by a long continuance of wars, with Afrasiab, king of Touran, who had crossed the Jihon, and invaded Persia with a very powerful army: yet, through wise councils, and the valour of the much celebrated Rostam, who conducted the Persian armies, the government was not only strengthened by true policy, and a regular administration of justice; but, peace being at length restored by the total overthrow and death of Afrasiab,—Kai Khosro, desirous of passing the remainder of his life in retirement, and having no son to succeed him, resigned the throne of Siavesh, to Lorasp, his second cousin ;

sin ; and, fixing his residence on the mountain of *Dilemgue*, lived there many years in a devout and peaceful seclusion from the world. Previously to his quitting the throne, he did, what perhaps has never been done by any other prince ; he restored to his subjects all the money which had been raised by taxes during his reign, that had not been expended for the public service : and as vast sums lay also accumulated in the treasury, that had been levied by his predecessors, he caused these also to be divided amongst his subjects, as proportionably as it could be done. He is said to have lived ninety years, and to have reigned sixty.

NOTE 31, p. 44.—ASHIAR, or *ال عsher* Al Asher ; a tree growing in Arabia, and some of the Persian provinces, that produces the gum called *kemashir*, and fruit of a remarkable sweetness ; from the saccharine juice of which they make a kind of fine sugar, called, in the Persian language, *شکر تیغال* “ *sheker teegal*.”

Note 32, p. 44.—ABDAL JELLEEL RESHIDI ; a Persian poet, who was patronised by Atsiz, third sultan of Khoresm. He was remarkable for the harmony of his verse, and the purity of his language. His writings have in general a moral tendency, and with those of Anvari contributed much to reform both the style and sentiment of the Persian poetry, which at that time was chiefly the offspring of the wanton and immoral muse.

NOTE

NOTE 33, p. 45.—JEMSHID, جمشید who according to Mirkhond, was the fifth King of Persia, raised his nation to a high degree of prosperity, and extended his sway over seven large provinces. His government was well regulated, useful arts were encouraged, new cities built, and of these Shiraz was made the royal residence. But at length, forgetting the frail lot of humanity, absorbed in a vortex of voluptuous delights and unbounded magnificence, and with full pride of heart giving ear to the flattery of his courtiers, he became so intoxicated with their adulation, as to require his subjects to worship him as a God, and for that purpose caused statues of himself to be made, and sent into all the provinces. But amidst these dreams of impious exaltation, his prosperity received a fatal blow from one of his own family. Shedad Ben Ad, King of Arabia, his nephew (mentioned in a former note), invaded Persia, defeated his troops, and expelled him from the seat of power. Zohak, the general of Shedad's army, usurped the throne of Persia, and Jemshid passed the remainder of a wretched life in wandering from one country to another.

NOTE 34, p. 47.—AZARBIGIAN, or Azerbaijan, — *اذربيجان* the region of fire. A considerable province of Persia, situated between the Deriai Shirvan, دریای شیروان or Caspian Sea, on one side, and Curdistan, with the region of Mount Ararat, on the other. It made part of the antient Media, and was the first seat of the Peblevian Monarchy, as established by Caithmaras.

NOTE 35, p. 48.—AZURE GENI, **اسمان** Asoman, called also **مرداد** Mordad, the **فرشتهٔ مرگ** Frerishte Merg, or the angel of Death, by the Gaures, as Azrael is by the Mahomedans.

NOTE 36, p. 48.—ATOSH, **اتش** Fire. The Divine Being worshipped by the ancient Persians, and by the small number of their descendants who have not embraced Mahomedanism, under the symbol of Fire.

NOTE 37, p. 48.—IBBA, **ابا** the refractory Spirit, a name given to **EBLIS**, **ابليس** after his fall from the divine favour.

NOTE 38, p. 48.—KAPH, **كاف** or Kaf, a vast range of mountains, supposed by the ancients Persians to encompass the whole earth. These were represented to contain innumerable caverns, the dreadful abodes of giant Dives and evil spirits, abounding with venomous reptiles, snakes, and dragons, where the souls of wicked men were tormented after death.

NOTE 39, p. 48.—DEMROSH-NER, **دمروش نر** —One of the most malevolent and cruel of the giant Dives, who inhabited a vast cavern in the dark mountain of Kaf.

NOTE 40, p. 46.—**اسماعيل صوفي** ISMAEL SOPHI, —the son of Sheikh Haider, and the first of that family who reigned

reigned in Persia. His many splendid achievements, and the princely virtues that have been attributed to him, were all sullied by a spirit of revenge, excited by circumstances that attended the death of his father. The city of Tabriz felt the first effects of his fury, where, forgetful of the precept which his great ancestor Ali left to his followers, "When GOD shall have given you victory over your enemies, the best Thanksgiving you can offer up for the divine favour is to pardon them." And at that early time of life, when the heart unhardened in habitudes of cruelty, is yet alive to nature, and the offspring of her genuine sensibilities--Humanity,—he not only caused a dreadful slaughter to be made of the inhabitants with a studied barbarity, which the brute animals also shared, but it is even said his own mother, who, during the time of her son's concealment, had been married to a Chief of the opposite party, was put to death with three hundred women of profligate character, in a most inhuman manner. At Shiraz his rage was re-kindled, not so suddenly as unexpectedly a few years afterwards. On being told by some of his courtiers that there were persons living in that city who had fought against his father, he ordered his soldiers to fall on the inhabitants, of whom almost 40,000 were put to the sword, without any discrimination of age or sex. He died A. H. 921. A. D. 1523, at the age of only 38, though he had reigned, or rather tyrannized, 24 years. The revengeful character of ROSTAM BEN MAKSUD رستم بنک seems to have been equally, if not more strongly marked by

being concentrated to a point, in his malignant determination to destroy the young sovereign, during whose short reign he had been confined in the fortress of Aleniak, from whence he was rescued A. D. 1492, and proclaimed Sultan. In the following year he slew BAISANGOR, and soon after caused ALI MIRZA (the brother of Shah Ismael, who was also a child) to be murdered by assassins. In the year 1498, Hamed Beg, another Turcoman Prince, having defeated ROSTAM, he fled into Georgia, where he was pursued by his enemies and slain. The destructions and slaughters of those times were dreadful in Persia, and the perpetrators fell victims in their turns, verifying the observation of a Mahomedan Sage, "EMPIRE may continue in the hands of the INFIDEL, but it will not continue in the hands of the TYRANT."

ملک بکفر باقی ماند و بظلم باقی نماند

NOTE 41, p. 50.—The deserts of sand in Arabia, Persia, &c. frequently spread into extensive plains, called by the Persians KHERJLEKHA خرجیلهکا on which the traveller seeks in vain for verdure, variety, or bound. The eye is generally too little elevated in its highest raised view from the back of a camel, to catch the airy tint of distance, except when a light exhalation, called by the Arabians *serab* سراب affords, under the almost vertical sun, an appearance similar to that of a tranquil sea, by many deemed peculiar to these sultry deserts; but I have seen what
very

very nearly resembled it, over the long sandy level between Falsterbo and Tralleborg in Sweden, as also from the high terrace of the Imperial palace at Zarsco Zelo in Russia, where an immense extent of flat country, wholly covered with birch and pine woods, exhibited the same phenomenon in a much higher degree of beauty.

Clouds of sand are often raised by sudden gusts and whirlwinds, to which the ignorant and superstitious, who attribute them to the anger of Demons, give the name of *Dive-bad* دیوباد Travellers have often been buried beneath the fall of these sands, and even the entrances of cities have been obstructed by them. In the year 1677 some of the gates of Bussorah were entirely blocked up by hills of sand blown from the deserts of Irak. On the eastern side of the province of Hadremuth, in Arabia, there is a large tract of country covered with these sand hills, called from thence الاحقاف Al Ahkaf.

NOTE 42, p. 52.—The navigation of the CASPIAN SEA, is not only rendered extremely dangerous by the many rocks and shoals along its shores, that are little known even to the few Persians who sail upon it, but the violent gusts of wind that frequently descend from the mountains of Shirvan شیروان and داغستان Daghestan, or the lofty ridges of Mount Caucasus, جبال کاف raise its waves to a tremendous height, and render it by far more perilous than the open sea.

The Russians, since they have possessed a chart of it made from a hasty survey by order of Peter the Great, have navigated it with more success ; that chart was, however, very imperfect, but during the reign of the late Empress Catherine II. some excellent draughtsmen and surveyors were sent to take views of the head-lands, as also more accurate surveys and soundings.

NOTE 43, p. 57.—The vineyards of CASBIN are famed for producing the largest and sweetest grapes of any in the East. YESDFECASI is equally noted for the excellence of its bread, YIZED, for lovely and accomplished women, and SHIRAZ for its wine : whence the Persians have a proverbial saying, that “ The man who would enjoy the best of the good things of this world, should eat the bread of YEZDFECASI, drink the wine of SHIRAZ, and possess one of the beauties of YEZED.”

NOTE 44, p. 61.—AZRAEL, عزرائل the Angel of Death, according to the belief of the Mahomedans, as Mordad, or Azoman, is held to be by the Guebres ; he is also called قاضى الارواح — the seizer of souls.

NOTE 45, p. 64.—ARDEBEIL, اردبیل in the province Azarbijan, is one of the most ancient cities of Persia ; it is large, but rather irregularly built, and very populous. The tombs of Sefi-eddin and Sheikh Heider being in this city, have caused it to be the resort of pilgrims from all parts

parts of Persia, the first being highly venerated as a saint, and the latter both as a saint and martyr, by the sect of Ali, hence it has gained the appellation of **آبادان فیروز** Abadani Firouz, or the Abode of Felicity. The river Aras, **نهر ارس** formerly called *Araxes*, flows by the walls of Ardebeil, through a finely diversified country, until uniting with the wildly impetuous stream of the Kur or river of *Cyrus*; they pour their waters into the Caspian Sea, a little to the southward of the port of Baku. The western shore of the CASPIAN runs wildly romantic, from the Mountains of Derbend **کوهستان دربند** along the coast of Daghestan and Shirvan, till it terminates in prospects of a more pleasingly picturesque, and richly luxuriant character, on the shores of GHILAN, **گیلان**, one of the most fertile provinces of Persia.

NOTE 46, p. 65.—The LESGUIS are a rude and warlike race of people, of Tartarian origin, who inhabit on the eastern side of Mount Caucasus, a wild tract called Leguistan **لکستان**—As their various tribes can readily bring an irregular army of more than 10,000 horse into the field, and are strongly inclined to marauding, they have at times proved very troublesome and dangerous neighbours both to the Georgians and some of the Persian provinces. They are Mahomedans of the sect of the Sunnis, and therefore more friendly to the Turks than to the Persians.

NOTE 47, p. 65.—That part of the Indian Ocean which lies between Cape Guardafui in Ethiopia, and the Gulph of Cambay, is called by the Persians دریای اعظم—the great Ocean, and the ARABIAN SEA. The coast lying open to the South, when the winds blow strongly from that quarter, there is a very heavy sea thrown in, and from Cape Ras-al-ghat رأس الغط along the desert shores and sands of Mahra, Shihr, and Hadremuth, the surf runs high and dangerous.

NOTE 48, p. 67.—HULAGO KHAN هلاکو خان the fifth Emperor of the Mogul Tartars, was the son of Tuli Khan, the fourth son of Zingis. He succeeded to the Sovereignty of that fierce nation, and its conquered dependencies, on the death of his brother Mongaca. The ravages, conflagrations, and slaughters perpetrated by the savage hordes under his command, exceed the common bounds of belief; and it is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that many accounts given of his cruelties and desolating rage, may have been the exaggerated relations of terror and abhorrence.—(Vide Introduction.)

NOTE 49, p. 70.—EBLIS, the sovereign Prince of the Peries, who was supposed to be created from the pure element of Fire.—(Vide Note 2.)

P. 70. — DOUZAKH دوزخ The Abyss of Misery—Hell. The Mahomedans say there are seven entrances to
to

to Hell, but that there are eight to Paradise, to intimate that the Mercy of God is extended to more of the human race than his Justice condemns to punishment.

NOTE 50, p. 71.—HAKKEEM حَكِيم a Philosopher, a learned man, or a Doctor of the Law, more especially when advanced in years.

P. 71.—AMEER, امير a Prince, a Nobleman, a Military Commander. This title was also given to the KHALIFS, Commander of the Faithful—being considered as the highest that could be conferred on any Sovereign.

P. 71. — HAJY حَاجِي one who has duly performed the Haj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, which is supposed to confirm his faith and sanctify his life. A Woman who has fulfilled this act of devotion prescribed by their law, is termed Hajjet حَاجَّة. The pilgrimage to Mecca was performed, by many of the Arabians, as a religious observance, long before the birth of Mahomed : the CAABA, كَعْبَة or square temple, being built (according to their traditions) on the spot where the house of the Patriarch Abraham stood : him they venerated both as a favoured Prophet of God, and the father of Ishmael, from whom they derived their descent.

NOTE 51, p. 73.—ABDAL, ابدال a kind of Der-
vish, of an irregular order. These are devotees of a very
peculiar

peculiar kind, some affecting the appearance of an idiotical stupidity, others, that of an almost frantic enthusiasm, which is frequently produced by the intoxicating quantities of Benk, or Opium, they are in the daily practice of swallowing ; and in these reveries they often repeat proverbial sayings, or sentences from the Koran, which are received by the ignorant as from the mouth of an Oracle.

By the appellation of Divané دیوانه is to be understood any one whose intellect is in *reality* deranged.—The Moslems are taught to consider such persons in many instances, not so much the afflicted as the favoured of Heaven.

NOTE 52, p. 73.—GOULFS, غولر. The imaginary being which the Persians call Goule, or Ghool, is pictured by superstitious fear; gigantic, hideously mishapen, and breathing noisome vapour, having the malignity of a demon united to the voracity of a hungry wolf. It is supposed first to approach the lonely wanderer of the desert with a low voice, like very distant thunder heard amidst the hiss of serpents (sounds which they call عزیف زهرآج زبزم *zeezem, zehraj, or aazeef*), but soon assuming his most terrific appearance, the Ghool darts on his victim, whom tearing limb from limb he greedily devours. With these and other phantoms of terror they have given supernatural inhabitants to their solitary wilds, but more especially to the desert of Noubengian, the mountains between Lar and Gombroon,

Gombroon, the inaccessible summits of mount Ararat, and a place in Bahrein, from its desolate appearance called Belalik, supposed to be the peculiar haunt of Demons.

NOTE 53, p. 75.—KENGOSH كنگوش—one of those evil spirits, or demons, that are commonly known by the name of Genies; they are also called Keragosh.

NOTE 54, p. 82.—AFION افیون—Opium.—The inspissated juice of the poppy.—Many of the Persians and other people of the East, are in the daily habit of using opium as an exhilarant, substituting it in the place of wine and cordials; but of these too many are apt to carry their love of it to an excess of inebriation. The lower classes of people use instead of it, the cheaper and more deleterious preparations of hemlock, henbane, the leaves of hemp, &c. beat into a consistence for pills, calling it BENK—بنک—and those who addict themselves to the use of it, Benky, as the eater of opium is termed Afiony. They have also an intoxicating drink called KOKNAR—کونار—prepared by boiling poppy heads in water; such as the opium has been drawn from are used by the poorer people for this purpose. An extract of poppy heads made in rose water, is used by many of the genteeler class.

NOTE 55, p. 86.—BEDAVI بدایي one who leads an unsettled rural life. Many families and tribes of this description inhabit the Arabian wilds; they live in tents, and

drive their flocks and herds from one station to another, as they find it most convenient for pasturage or water. The manners of these people are represented as being fraught with all the simplicity of old Patriarchal times. There are many of these wandering herdsmen in Persia, and others that dwell in the wild countries bordering on Bocharia. In the Southern parts of Russia are several tribes of Tartarian NOMADES, that rove in like manner with their families and herds during the Summer months, between Casan and Orenburg, but during the winter they find it requisite, in that severe climate, to betake themselves to more sheltered situations, where they form little village communities until the milder season returns.

NOTL 56, p. 89.—MONSTER. The depraved and en-fettered state of society in the large cities of Persia, and especially near the seat of Power, during the reigns of the latter SEFIES, must inevitably have led a thinking mind, in the calm of retirement, to look on the recollected aggregate of the world (at least that part of it from which he had derived his experience), with but few favourable sentiments of its condition, its objects, and pursuits, as accordant with a cultured mind, the simplicity of nature, or the duties prescribed by that law of Religion publicly professed. Sentiments, which however generally degrading, must ever cause the man of truly estimable character, as an individual, to be more highly estimated.

کر لعل همه سنک بدخشان بودی
بس قیمت سنک لعل یکسان بودی

“ If, (says the venerable bard of SHIRAZ) every stone
 “ in the wilds of Bedukhshan were a ruby, then the value
 “ of a ruby would but equal the worth of a stone.”

NOTE 57, p. 92.—BULAK'S DESERT, the wild and sterile tract of country, between Khorasan and the Deshti Gaur **دشت گور** in the mountainous parts of which the descendants of the tyrant ZOHAK took refuge from the vengeance of Persia. These extensive deserts afford the Persian frontiers their best security against the incursions of the Ouzbeks, and other Tartar nations on the north eastern quarter.

NOTE 58, p. 92.—THE ANGEL OF DEATH is supposed by the Moslems to appear with a beautiful and luminous countenance to the just and virtuous, but to the wicked and to the infidel, with a dark and frightful visage, at the time of their departure.

NOTE 59, p. 105.—DERVISHES, **درویشان** a religious order of men amongst the Mahomedans, who having relinquished the temporal concerns of the world, profess to lead a life of Poverty, Abstinence, and Humility, as fitting them for the duties of prayer and instruction. Some of these Dervishes live together in monastic communities (their monasteries, supported by gifts, being called **خانقاه** *Khankah*: some few, who live in a more secluded manner as Hermits, are stiled **خلوت نشین** *Kelwetneshin*, sitting in
 solitude.

solitude. There are others who, forsaking their friends and native place, wander continually from one city, province, or country to another, wearing a coarse and peculiar dress, in Persia chiefly blue, and subsisting on the gifts of Charity.

The *sanctity* of no one is held in estimation by the Persians, whose appearance does not indicate the humility of a Dervish, and a rejection of all worldly wealth رد مال دنیا

To those, however, who make no such pretensions, their advice is not of the fastidious kind. The excellent Poet SAADI, who was himself a Dervish, left this as a maxim for the affluent, “ Riches are given to be expended “ for the *enjoyment* of life, but not life to be *devoted* to the “ accumulation of money.”

مال از براي اسایش عمر است
نه عمر از بهر کرد کردن مال

But, addressing one of his own fraternity, the Poet says,

جهان ای برادر نماید بکس
دل اندر جهان افرین بند و بس

This World, O my brother, is a permanency to no one,
“ Center then thy heart on the Creator of the world, for
“ he is all-sufficient.”

Whilst

Whilst to the avaricious worldling this sarcasm is directed ; *سم بخند ار خاک براند که وي در خاک دراند*

“ The wealth of the Miser arose from the earth,
“ To yield him a space for his Grave.”

TAMERIANE decreed, that if any of his kindred should prove rebellious, they were to be humbled to the condition of a Dervish,—*اشنانرا دروش سارند*

NOTE 60. p. 108.—It is related, that the war which the OUZBEKS waged with so much fury against the Persians, when, in the last century, they overcame and ravaged great part of the large and fertile province of KHORASAN, was occasioned by this circumstance.—The Sultana, wife of the Sultan Colican, going in pilgrimage to MECCA, accompanied by the Sultan's brother and a train of attendants, consisting of 3000 Tatars, Shah Seliman refused to admit any more than 200 of them to enter the city of Ispahan, where the Sultana confided a most valuable CASKET of jewels to the care of the King of Persia, until her return. Her brother having died on the pilgrimage, Seliman not only with much discourtesy denied her a passage back to Samarcand by the route she came, but obliged her to make, with the wearied pilgrims, a very circuitous journey, through rugged and mountainous roads, by the way of Shiraz, and basely refused to restore the jewels. True is the Arabian adage, *لا بر مع شح* ۱

“ Justice with Avarice never can unite.”

NOTE

NOTE 61, p. 108.—THE GLORY OF GOD. جلال الله Jellali Allah. The Mahomedans say that one ray of this divine glory reduced Mount Pharan, in Arabia, into dust, and dissolved into water the *Berneh*, برنك or *Heyvela al avely*, هبولا الاولى the first substance that was created to form the world.

P. 109.—SHEBEEB BEN ZEID, شبيب بن زبد an Arab chief, who was highly celebrated for his valour and his victories in the time of the Ommiades. He was never wounded or defeated, until the day on which he lost his life, although he often engaged his troops against great superiority of numbers. He was at length drowned in an attempt to cross the river Saisar, in a small skiff, when clad in armour. The eastern writers relate, that his body being taken out of the water and opened, his heart was found to be as solid and hard as a stone. يکپاره و پائنده چنين سنگي بود

NOTE 62, p. 109.—VALID, or FERAON VALID, فرعون وليد PHARAOH, King of Egypt, who is held in such detestation by the Moslems, that they rarely pronounce his name but with an execration, as they are accustomed to do when they speak of the Devil. وليد نام پليد لعنة خدا بر وي

NOTE 63, p. 110.—HAREM, حرم that part of a house or palace which contains the women's apartments, (the word is Arabic, and signifies prohibited or forbidden.) These are often

often decorated with a profusion of expensive ornaments, and furnished with every thing that can please the voluptuary, and accord with the luxurious and slothful lives of their inhabitants.

NOTE 64, p. 114.—JEHENNEM, جهنم - جهيم JEHEEM, the infernal regions.

NOTE 65, p. 115.—TABEKII, طابخ the Angel of Hell, who presides over the avenging Angels, the Demons, and those condemned to be tormented by them. In the 74th chapter of the KORAN it is said, that these Angels are nineteen in number.

NOTE 66, p. 115.—KAIOMARS, كاي ومارث or Caiu-marras. This Prince was, according to the Persian histories, not only the first of their Monarchs, but is also supposed to have been the first who ever reigned over any people. To avenge the death of his son NAZEC, who, being of a philosophic turn of mind, and a great admirer of the beauties of Nature, had retired with his wife to a secluded but pleasant abode in the country, where he was soon after murdered by a gigantic race of marauders, CÂ-IOMARS pursued them with a body of troops into Tabristan, where their defeat was followed by a dreadful slaughter; those who escaped the carnage of the day being carried into captivity, were employed in building the city of Balkh.

NOTE 67, p. 115.—SIMORG **عنقا** **سبمورغ** a bird or griffon, of an extraordinary strength and size, as its name imports, signifying as large as 30 eagles, which, according to the eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastize the rebellious Divs, in the fabulous ages of antiquity. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech. The CAHERMAN NAMEH relates, that Simorg Anka, being asked his age, replied, "This world is very ancient, for it has been already seven times replenished with beings different from man, and as often depopulated. That the age of 'ADAM, or the human race in which we now are, is to endure 7000 years, making a great cycle; that himself had seen twelve of these revolutions, and knew not how many more he had to see." The story of SIMORG protecting the infant ZALZER, and the miraculous power of his feather at the birth of ROSTAM, is related by Ferdusi in the 7th and 8th books of the SHAH NAMEH.

NOTE 68, p. 116.—HAVIAT **هاويات** the lowest and most dreadful caverns of hell, destined for the punishment of Hypocrites.

NOTE 69, p. 118.—KHANS, Governors of certain Provinces in Persia (vide Note 7.) It is also given as a title, to great Lords and Sovereigns, and to the Tartarian Emperors, who likewise assumed the title of **خاقان** KHACAN.

NOTE 70, p. 131.—TAGE, or TAUJ, تاج a crown, or diadem. It here signifies the scarlet cap, invented by SHEIKH HEIDER, and used as the badge of a military order by ISMAEL SOPHI, and his successors, whence they derived the name of Kisilbashkians, or red heads, which the Turks apply in ridicule to the Persians in general.

NOTES 71 & 72, p. 132.—Superstition has been known to extend its influence so fully over the GAURES, that many of them, when their habitations have been on fire, instead of endeavouring to stop the progress of the destructive element, which they call AZAR اذر have fallen prostrate before it, and, after returning thanks as to a benevolent divinity, have fed its flames with offerings of oil.

NOTE 73, p. 132.—HOROSCOPE برج طالع the ascendant stars at the hour of a person's nativity, supposed to determine his fortune through life. Hence TAMERLANE, assumed a title given to Kai Khosro and Solomon—Lord of the planetary conjunctions. صاحب کران

NOTE 74, p. 139.—RUZVAN رضوان one of the Mahomedan names for the celestial Paradise.

NOTE 75, p. 144.—DIVAN دیوان a Council of State, a tribunal, a consultation.

NOTE 76, p. 147.—TEHAMA تَهَامَة a Province of Arabia, South of Mecca, on the coast of the Red Sea, called also from its low situation غور Gaur.

NOTE 77, p. 149.—TAHER, Sultan of Sistom, being with his courtiers on a hunting party, SAUGHERY, a vassal to Leis, his kinsman, who had raised him to a military command, taking advantage of the Sultan's absence, made himself master of the city of Shiraz by surprise; then leading his followers against the Sultan, who having received intelligence of the revolt, was marching to recover the city, routed his army and took one of his brothers, whom he bound in chains, and sent to Bagdad. He soon after seized on Leis, his patron and benefactor, and sent him also with Madel, another of the Sultan's brothers, a prisoner to Bagdad.—A. H. 302.—A. D. 914.

NOTE 78, p. 149.—MONTAZER BILA, the thirtieth Khalif of Bagdad, being impatiently ambitious to reign, caused his own father to be murdered by his slaves, A. D. 850. He only lived to disgrace the throne about six months. اهل حرص در راه هلاک می رود
The votary of Ambition walketh in the path of Perdition.

NOTE 79, p. 149.—SHAH ABAS, شاه عباس usually called the Great, distrustful of his son, Sefi Mirza, صفی میرزا because of his superior abilities, and the love which the people expressed for him, first caused him to be deprived

prived of sight, by having a red-hot wedge of gold held near his eyes ; but not satisfied with committing only this unnatural act of barbarity, he soon after commanded one of the Ameers to strike off his son's head with a scymetar !

NOTE 80, p. 149.—CHEHEL-MENAR, the vast ruins of the ancient city of استخر Astekher, better known in Europe by the name of PERSEPOLIS.—Chehel, or Chelmenar چهل منار signifies, in the Persian language, forty towers, an appellation given it in past ages, from the appearance which the pillars, porticos, and other prominent parts of the ruin made, on approaching them. The traditionary superstitions of the neighbouring country have not failed to make them the abodes of supernatural beings, such as Genies, Ifrits, Binaries, and the spirits of the dead, attributing strange and magical effects to the inscriptions on the walls, which have hitherto defied all attempts of the learned to decypher them, being in a language and character now totally unknown, and prove, beyond all dispute, the city to have been of the remotest antiquity. On the walls within, and at the principal entrance of the great hall, as well as on the precipitous sides of the surrounding mountains, the eye is struck with a great number of gigantic representations of divinities, sacrifices, and funeral processions, in which the figures are represented with flowing vests, long hair, tiaras and caps in the form of mitres, very different from the Persian dress of later times. Many animals and monstrous forms are also sculptured

sculptured in relief, which, with the grotesque statues, doubtless led a people fertile in fancy to conceive such wild notions of spectres and magical transformations, as the poem here referred to contains.

NOTE 81, p. 151.—MAGES, مغان the priests and teachers of the doctrine of Zoroaster, or Zeradusht, زرادشت which previous to the conquest of Persia by the Moslems, was generally the religion of that empire.

NOTE 82, p. 158.—SERAGLIO, حرم سراي (See N. 63.)

NOTE 83, p. 166.—THE SUN-FLOWER گل آفتاب grows wild in the vallies of Persia, larger and more deeply coloured than in our gardens. It is also called *Khor-perest* خور پرست or worshipper of the Sun. The Guebres hold it in superstitious regard.

NOTE 84, p. 168.—BAHARAM, or Ardshir diraz dest, اردشیر دراز دست — بهرام was the sixteenth King of Persia, and, according to their historians, one of the best and bravest of the old Pehlevian race. It is related that at the completion of the first year of his reign he assembled his nobles, and requested, that if any of them should see in his future conduct that which they might deem reprehensible, to advertise him freely and fully of it ; and if he should be found unworthy to reign, to depose him, and he would remain thenceforth contented in private life. His father

father Askandiar, having been slain in single combat with the celebrated champion of Persia, in consequence of Rostam's refusal to embrace the religion of the Mages, Baharam, soon after ascending the throne, meditated vengeance for the death of his father ; but ere he could with his army reach the place where Rostam lay encamped, tidings arrived that he was dead, and his son advancing with a large army. They met, and after a severe conflict, victory remained with Baharam. The son of Rostam fell, and ZAL, his grandfather, was taken prisoner.

NOTE 85, p. 169.—OBEIDALLAH (Introduct. p. xii.)

NOTE 86, p. 169.—It need scarcely be here repeated, that ISMAEL SOPHI obtained the throne of Persia, and supported himself upon it, by a course of insidious artifice, violence, and slaughter, only to be equalled by the pride, capricious cruelties, hypocrisy, and debauched lives of his descendants.—(See N. 40.)

NOTE 87, p. 170.—TEBL, **طبل** a drum ; the Persian field officers have a small one affixed to their saddles, on which they strike when they give the word of command.

NOTE 88, p. 170.—MESREAN FLOOD ; the Red Sea, or Deria Yemen. **دريا يمني**

NOTE 89, p. 173.—MOSEILAMA, an Arabian chieftain,
who

who, after having embraced the Mahomedan religion, relinquished it again, and became one of the most inveterate enemies it ever had, setting himself forth as a prophet, he promulgated some strange doctrines, and had for a short time many followers, who put to death such of the Moslems as fell into their hands. The Khalif OMAR, soon after the death of Mahomed, led a body of troops against them, but met with a more formidable resistance than he expected, and retreated with the loss of 1200 men, yet in another attempt he succeeded. Moseilama, and 10,000 of his followers were slain, and the valley of Achreb, where this and the former engagement took place, was from thence called the Vale of Blood. The neighbouring city of Hagiar contains the tombs of those who fell of the assailants; these are visited often by pilgrims as containing the bodies of martyrs for the faith.

NOTE 90, p. 173.—ALI, or Ali-Mortiza, the fourth Khalif.—(See the Introduction.)

NOTE 91, p. 173.—HOSAIN, the second son of Ali.—(See Introduct. p. x. xi. xii.)

NOTE 92, p. 173.—The Moslems, speaking of MAHOMED, very rarely mention him by name; but say simply *ال نبي* *the Prophet*, or “the Messenger of God, on whom be the blessing and peace of God.”

رسول الله صلى الله عليه وسلم

NOTE

NOTE 93, p. 179.—The three leading causes assigned for the pestilential contagion so dreadfully frequent in the Levant, are, the excessive heats of Summer, the air impregnated with marsh effluvia in consequence of calms, and the swarms of locusts, that after eating up every trace of verdure, die, and infect the country with their putrid millions.

NOTE 94, p. 181.—ANCIENT SAGES.—The Sabians, صابيين who before the Zoroastrian adoration of fire, worshipping the Divinity by symbols, sought them in the sublime of Nature. The Sabian was probably the religion of the most early ages; many who yet profess it, say they are the unmixed descendants of the old Assyrians, but call themselves, in consequence of a decree of the Khalif Mamoun, Christians of St. John. These chiefly inhabit near the banks of the Tygris and Euphrates.

NOTE 95, p. 192.—ARJVAN, ارجوان a tree that bears a profusion of beautiful red flowers, frequently inclining to the crimson or purplish hue, the leaf buds are also of a deep red, which gives it an uncommon appearance, especially when the old trees are in full bloom, which is often before the green leaves are expanded. It is a species of the *Arbor Judaica*, or *Circis* of Linnæus.

NOTE 96, p. 192.—Many beautiful species and varieties of the Jasmine are natives of Persia, yellow, blue, and white.

white. Of the latter there is a sort that grows plentifully about OBOLLA, and in various parts of Bahrein, which they call Gul Razeki گُل رازکی. It resembles the buds of the hundred leaved rose, continues long unfaded, and is said to surpass in fragrance every other Asiatic flower; hence it is often named گیتی ارای Giti arai, adorning the world.

NOTE 97, p. 200.—ZACOUH شجرة ال زقوم a tree which the Mahomedans say, grows in the centre of He'l, that its fruit are the heads of Devils, and that its dismal shade ever resounds with shrieks and lamentations.

NOTE 98, p. 206.—BOUKZEN بوق زن a Trumpeter.

NOTE 99, p. 207.—TIMOUR. (See Introd. p. xvi.)

NOTE 100, p. 207.—KHAN ZINGIS, (or as we commonly write it) Gengis Khan, died A. D. 1226, at the age of 73, having devoted the greater part of his life to the conquest and ravaging of the most fertile and flourishing kingdoms of ASIA, destroying cities and slaughtering mankind.

NOTE 101, p. 206.—ASMOUGH اسموغ the Demon of War and Discord. The Gaures still use talismans and cabalistic rhymes, to keep him from their dwellings and social assemblies.

NOTE 102 & 103, p. 222.—The beautiful avenues of cypress trees, vineyards, groves and gardens, with which the city of SHIRAZ is surrounded, especially along the neighbouring vale of ROKNABAD, like the charming region near MOSELLA, (where the most admired flowers grow wild in far more luxuriant beauty and perfection than in our gardens) have furnished the Poets of Persia with the most pleasing rural images and allusions. HAFIZ even says, in one of his mystic odes,

بده ساقی می باقی که در جنت نخواهی یافت
کنار آب رکناباد و شکشت مصلا را

“ Boy, bring the residue of the wine—for thou wilt not find in the gardens of Paradise, the sweet banks of the river of Roknabad, or the flowery meads of Mosella.”

NOTE 104, p. 223.—JAU'RABAD جواهر اباد the fabled capital of the Province of Shadeh Kiam, in Fairy-Land, is described by Oriental fancy as the center of delights, and in all parts ornamented with gold and jewels, “ outshone the morning-star.”

روشنتر از شباهنگ چشم باز نمود

NOTE 105, p. 225.—SHEIKH MOSLAH-EDDIN SAADI AL SHIRAZI شیبخ مسله الدین سعدی شیرازی This celebrated Poet was born at Shiraz, in the year 571 of the Hejra. Being a Dervish, he passed the early part of his days in a wandering and abstinent life, in the course of which he met with a variety of adventures. He performed

the pilgrimage to Mecca, and in his Western rambles fell into the hands of the Crusaders, by whom he was compelled to work as a slave, on the fortifications of Tripoli, in Syria, until ransomed by a Merchant, who purchased his freedom for ten crowns, and gave him a hundred more as a marriage portion with his daughter, who added nothing to his happiness. This he laments in some bitter stanzas ; though he says in the *GULISTAN*, which he finished in his ninetieth year,

اگر جنطل خوري از دست خوش خوي
به از شیربني از دست ترس روي

If thou eat Coloquintida from the hand of kindness,
It shall be sweet as honey from the hand of ill-nature.

He afterwards wrote his *BOSTAN*, or fruit Garden, besides other pieces, in prose and verse. Having lived in the enjoyment of health and the cheerfulness of youth, to the great age of 120 years, he died at Shiraz, A. H. 691. A. D. 1292.

NOTE 106, p. 225.—*AHMED BEN ATHA*, was an Arabian Poet, who wrote several fine pieces on a contemplative and retired life, the bounties of Providence, and the joys of humble independency.

NOTE 107, p. 225. *KHACANI*, a Poet of admirable talents, who was possessed also of much learning and philosophic science. After a highly honoured but unwilling residence

residence at the Court of Manuchehar, Sultān of Shirvan, he was permitted to follow the bent of his inclination for a retired life, and became a Dervish. During his pilgrimage to Mecca, he composed some beautiful poems on the wild scenery of the mountains, sands, and deserts that he traversed in his journey. He died at Tabriz, A. H. 582. A. D. 1186.

NOTE 108, p. 225.—KEMALEDDIN ISMAEL, called also ملك الشعراء — the King of Poets. After the destruction of Ispahan by the Tartars, they sought for hidden treasures near the hermitage of Kemaleddin, and even put him to the most cruel tortures, which he bore with great firmness, rather than betray a confidence reposed in him, by some who had once been his envious persecutors. He died A. H. 635. A. D. 1237.

P. 225.—OMAD EDDIN FAKIH derived the appellation of KERMANI from کرمان Kerman, his native province. He was of an ennobled family, and stood very high in favour with MODHAFFER, Sultan of Shiraz, and was esteemed the most correct yet elegant writer of that age, a man of science, and a philosopher, but at the same time pious and contemplative, which caused him to retire from Court favour and the luxuries of life, to a small cottage in the country, where he received the frequent visits of many learned men. He died A. H. 775.

NOTE 109, p. 226.—NEURUZE نوروز the first day of the month Ferwerdin فروردین answering to our March, and sacred to the Genius of the New Year. Though as Mahomedans, they have adopted the Arabian Calendar, this day is still kept in Persia as one of their greatest public festivals.

MOURDESTAN موردستان an extensive and tall forest of beautiful Myrtles, between Shiraz and Baheban.

NOTE 110, p. 226.—ZSHOOLEH, زوله a species of ground Lark, having a very sweet note, though inferior both in compass and melody to those of the Peearek پیارک and the Nighthingale.

FINIS.



