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MOORE'S

LALLA ROOKH.

Brilliant Edition.

LALLA ROOKH;

AN

ORIENTAL ROMANCE

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

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TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND

AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817

LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdallah, King of the Lesser Bucharìa, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet: and passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visiter and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendor to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH* ;—a Princess described by the poets of her time, as more beauti-

* Tulip Cheek

ful than Lelia, Shrine, Dewilde, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellished the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of Empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharìa.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses*; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who on parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood

* Gul Reazea.

to take the last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendor. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favor, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armor of their cavaliers, who vied on this occasion with the guards of the great Keder Kahn, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold; the glittering of the gilt pine apples on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs smallurrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay, as it were, enshrined; the rose-colored veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honor, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLA-

DEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, from the pencilling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose leaves to the composition of an epic poem; and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, "Should the Prince at noon-day say, it is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and, when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; some

times under the sacred shades of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as, "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who now and then lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet FADLADEEN elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favorable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,*—such as he appears to their young imaginations,

* The Indian Apollo.

heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shaw-goats of Tibbet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor could the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirits of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET

OF

KHORASSAN.*

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves,
Among MEROU'S† bright palaces and groves;—
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er MOUSSA'S‡ cheek, when down the mount
he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, *Province, or region of the sun.*....*Sir W. Jones.*

† One of the Royal Cities of Khorassan.

‡ MOSES.

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
swords,

On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with
brand

Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death :
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,*

Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;
Their weapons various ;—some, equipp'd for
speed,

With javelins of the light Kathaian reed ;
Or bows of Buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems† that bloom on IRAN'S rivers ;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they
seem

Like a chenar-tree grove, when Winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold

* Black was the color adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans and standards.

† Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

The rich inoresque-work of the roof of gold,
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
 Where, through the silken net-work, glancing
 eyes,

From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp
 below:—

What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would
 dare

To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you
 there?

Or that the loves of this light world could bind
 In their gross chain, your prophet's soaring
 mind?

No—wrongful thought!—commissioned from
 above

To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
 Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise)

There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
 And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades!
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done,

And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at BRAHMA'S burning
 founts,*

To the fres'a nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S
 mounts;

* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong,
 esteemed as holy.... *Turner*.

From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY,*
 And GEORGIA's bloom and AZAB's darker smiles
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there;—each land its flower hath
 given,
 'To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this armed array?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds, of different shapes and dyes,
 Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,—
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this
 hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less
 proud,—

Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer's sky;—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth needs
 Of cooler spirits, and less practis'd swords,—

* China.

Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n sent Chief:

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young AZIM's fame;—beyond th' Olympian
snows,

Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelmed in fight and captive to the Greek,*
He linger'd there till peace dissolv'd his chains;
Oh! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the
plains

Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd the awakening spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good, that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart;—proud views of human-
kind,

Of men to gods exalted and refin'd;—
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but seem, alas, to
meet!—

* In the war of the Caliph Mohadi against the Emperor
Irene: for an account of which, see *Gibbon*, vol. x.

Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
 On the white flag MOKANNA'S host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the
 World,"

At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world, and the
 next;

And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage
 bind

Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
 In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspir'd
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who, kneeling,
 pale

With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
 With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and
 loud;

While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN!

Then thus he spoke.—“ Stranger, though new
 the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
 For many an age,* in every chance and change
 Of that existence, through whose varied range,
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to
 hand,
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,
 From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

“ Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd
 That run this course;—Beings, the most divine,
 'Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
 Such was the essence that in ADAM dwelt,
 To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One
 knelt; †
 Such the refined intelligence that glow'd
 In MOUSSA's frame;—and, thence descending,
 flow'd
 Through many a prophet's breast;—in ISSA ‡
 shone,
 And in MOHAMMED burned; till, hastening on,
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall

* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.
 See *D'Herbelot*.

† “ And when we said unto the Angels, Worship Adam,
 they all worshipped him except Eblis, (Lucifer,) who re-
 fused.”—*The Koran*, chap. ii

‡ Jesus.

In many a maze descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last !)
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !”

Again, throughout th’ assembly at these words,
 Thousands of voices rung ; the warrior’s swords
 Were pointed up to heav’n ; a sudden wind
 In th’ open banners play’d, and from behind
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
 The Haram’s loveliness, white hands were seen
 Waving embroider’d scarves, whose motion gave
 A perfume forth ;—like those the Houris wave
 When beckoning to their bowers th’ Immortal
 Brave.

“ But these,” pursued the Chief, “ are truths
 sublime,
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time
 Than earth allows us now ;—this sword must
 first
 The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
 Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
 Her weakening day-light in a world of sin !
 But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
 Earth’s shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;
 When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down
 His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
 The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath

Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
 Shall cast the veil that hides its splendors now,
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide
 expanse,

Bask in the glories of this countenance !
 For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou has yet
 Some task to learn, some frailties to forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can
 wave;—

But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"
 The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
 Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA'S
 own

The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught
 glances ;

The old deep pondering on the promis'd reign
 Of peace and truth ; and all the female train
 Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze !

But there was one among the chosen maids
 Who blushed behind the gallery's silken
 shades,—

One to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death ;—you saw her pale dismay
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA ! there *was* a time, when bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
 When but to see him, hear him, breath the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer !
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;
 When thou didst study him, till every tone,
 And gesture, and dear look, became thy own,—
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
 With twice th' ærial sweetness it had brought !
 Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
 E'er beam'd before,—but ah ! not bright for thee ;
 No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
 From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight :—
 Sad dreams ! as when the Spirit of our Youth
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track

Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's
groves,

Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,* which from its
spring

In the dark mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from BUCHARIA'S ruby mines,
And lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born.
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
But war disturbed this vision—far away
From her fond eyes summon'd to join th' array
Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire,—and love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM'S plains.

* The Amoo, which rises near the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
 Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim
 Ev'n summer suns when not beheld with him!
 From time to time, ill-omen'd rumors came,
 (Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick man's
 name,
 Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds of
 dread
 Fell withering on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"
 Of grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
 Since the day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
 Ev'n reason blighted sunk beneath its touch;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom returned, the delicate
 chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there but turned astray,
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heav'n except the guiding one!
 Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
 But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain

It was like the notes, half extacy, half pain,
 The bird* utters, ere her soul depart,
 When vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful
 art.

She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke
 her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young ZELICA,—that mission, which around
 The Eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
 Which the Veiled Prophet destined for the skies!
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught;—
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
 Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say “of
some?”

No—of the one, one only object trac'd
 In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd
 With ev'ry broken link of her lost mind;
 Whose image lives, though Reason's self be
 wreck'd,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

*The Nightingale

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all
 The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
 Or dream that he, of whose unholy flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
 No—had not Reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou had'st an amulet
 In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's
 art,

And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
 That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
 But lost, inflam'd—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
 First of the Prophet's favorites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well th' Impostor
 nurs'd

Her soul's delirium, in whose active frame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant flame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.
 No art was spared, no witchery;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employed to fill
 Her mind with gloom and extacy by turns—
 That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer
 burns;

That extacy, which from the depths of sadness

flares like the maniac's moon, whose light is
madness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the
sound

Of poesy and music breath'd around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should forever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM'S side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—

'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house ;—through all its
steams

Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine !—
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
Seem'd through the bluish death-light round
them cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
Such,—oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in he'll's own language fram'd.

Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never
 never!"

From that dread hour, entirely wildly given
 To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to
 Heaven;
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram
 nam'd
 The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her
 eyes
 With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
 When round, in trances only less than hers,
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate wor-
 shippers:
 Well might MOKANNA think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own:
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look—oh! where's the heart so
 wise,
 Could unbewildered meet those matchless eyes?

Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—LOW
 crost

By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;
 In every glance there broke without control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA—so
 chang'd
 From her who, some years since, delighte
 rang'd

The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's tide,
 All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!

So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
 The vision of that youth, whom she had lov'd,
 And wept as dead, before her breath'd and
 mov'd;—

When—bright, she thought as if from Eden's
 track

But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
 Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd
 brain

Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ;
 And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
 Unhop'd for entrance through some friend within
 One clear idea waken'd in the breast
 By memory's magic lets in all the rest !
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !
 But, though light came, it came but partially ;
 Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
 Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence ;
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbor which might save.
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind
 But oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone :
 In shame and falsehood since those moments
 shone ;

And, then, her oath !—*there* madness lay again
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chair
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
 From light whose every glimpse was agony !
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain—tears, flood
 of tears,

Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring time from the snowy hills,
 And gushing warm after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long been
 lost !

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came

A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
 And she till now, had heard with extacy,)
 To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day
 The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray ;
 Sometimes alone, but, oftener far, with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favor in his sight
 As the young Priestess ; and though, since that
 night
 When the death-caverns echoed every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's dis-
 guise,
 And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,
 As ev'n across the desperate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt ;
 Yet, zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 'The thought, still haunting her, of that bright
 brow
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
 Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her reveal'd,
 To her alone ; and then the hope most dear,
 Most wild of all that her transgressions here
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Ev'n purer than before, as perfumes rise

Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the
skies—

And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst
deceit

Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood
sweet.

But now that shape which had appall'd her
view,

That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear
And waking up each long, lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in
despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
'To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless.

That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
 From the quick, ardent, Priestess, whose ligh-
 bound

Came like a spirit o'er the unechoing ground,—
 From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance !

Upon his couch the veiled MOKANNA* lay,
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray
 Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
 In holy KOOM,* or MECCA's dim arcades,—
 But brilliant, soft, such light as lovely maids
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer
 Which the world fondly thought he mused on
 there,

'Stood vases, fill'd with KISHMEE's† golden wine,
 And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine ;
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
 Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness‡ had power
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flower !

* The cities of Com [or Koom] and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ah, the Saints of Persia. . . . *Chardin*.

† An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

‡ The miraculous well at Mecca ; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
 Th' approaching maid so deep his reverie ;
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which
 broke

From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke :—
 “ Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given.
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven
 God's images, forsooth !—such gods as he
 Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity ;*—
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
 To whom, if LUCIFER, as grandams say,
 Refus'd, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light
 To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right !—
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
 Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
 My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name.
 Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey !

“ Ye wise, ye learned, who grope your dul
 way on

By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at
 night†—

* The god of Hannaman.

† A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called th

Ye shall have honors—wealth,—yes, sages, yes,
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh when trumpeted along,
 In lying speech and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng ;
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so
 small,
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all !

“ Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it
 breeds ;
 Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies ;
 Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
 Seen, heard, attested, every thing—but true.
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
 For truths too heavenly to be understood ;
 And your state priests, sole vendors of the lore
 That works salvation ;—as on AVA'S shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileg'd to trade
 'n that best marble of which gods are made ;*
 They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff

Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat
 of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a West
 ern than an Eastern superstition.

* *Symes's Ava*, vol ii p. 376.

For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
 A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
 A splendid Paradise—pure souls, ye must :
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
 Who finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all ;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
 Vain things !—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heaven of each is but what each desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity !
 So let him—EBLIS ! grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no hell were worse.”—

“ Oh my lost soul ! ” exclaim'd the shuddering
 maid,

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,—
 MOKANNA started—not abashed, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
 “ Oh my lost soul ! ” there was a sound so drear
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o'er Hell's gate is read !
 That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could
 dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!" thus, with ready
 wile,
 Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou whose
 smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's dream!
 Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
 So close with love's, men know not which they
 feel,
 Nor which to sigh for in their trance of heart,
 The Heav'n thou preachest, or the Heav'n thou
 art!
 What should I be without thee? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory!
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that
 shone
 All life, last night—what! is their glory gone?
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them
 pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would
 fail,
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From Light's own fount, supplies of brilliancy!
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem's bright color, as they go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns

'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
 There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him
 then;

Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
 Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss

The world calls Virtue—we must conquer this—
 Nay shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
 To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery.

The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.

This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy;—young MIRZALA'S blue
 eyes,

Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
 AROUYA'S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips, that, like the seal of SOLOMON,
 Have magic in their pressure; ZEBBA'S lute,
 And LILLA'S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot,
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!—
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
 From which to Heav'n is but the next advance;—
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which religion stamps her image best.

But hear me, Priestess though each nymph of
these

Hath some peculiar practised power to please,
Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside ;
There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
One, who in every look joins every lure ;
Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd
pass,

Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning
glass ;

Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,
Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our fate takes for granted are divine !
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and
light,

To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;
Such the refined enchantress that must be
This Hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From whence these words, like south-winds
through a fence

Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came filled with pestilence : *
So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,

* “ It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe
in the hot south-wind, which in June or July passes over
that flower, [the Kerzerah,] it will kill him.”—*Thevenot*.

And the wretch felt assur'd, that once plung'd in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose
beam

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"
All flash'd at once, and, shrieking piteously,
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God!
to whom

I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
The pander of his guilt—oh, infamy!
And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
Others!—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day:
Not him I lov'd—not him—oh! do but say,
But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark fiend! will worship, even
thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time be
ware,

Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice;
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes.

And should the youth, whom soon those eyes
 shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.—
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! those eyes were
 made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd.”

“Obey'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me, on me heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily—but AZIM, brave and true,
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
 Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not
 like me;
 No—he's all truth, and strength, and purity!
 Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witchery fiends, will have no charm for him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met without a stain!
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonor'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he lov'd—once! *still* loves doatingly

Thou laugh'st tormentor,—what!—thou'lt brand
my name?

Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
Could tempt or change me, and—so once
thought I.

But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she came
But I may fade and fall without a name!

And thou,—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art.
Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my
heart,
And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—thro' soul and
frame

With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!
If when I'm gone"—

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage—by heaven, not half so bold
The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.*—
And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what, give up all
Thy chaste dominions in the Haram hall,

* The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.—*Barrow's Cochinchina.*

Where now to Love, and now to ALLA given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth MEDINA's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven '
 'Thou'lt fly? as easily may reptiles run,
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from its loving folds, as thou from me.
 So, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA's
 bride!

"Hast thou forgot thy oath?"

At this dread word

The maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
 Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd ev'n through her des-
 pair!—

Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in
 bowers

The bridal place—the charnal vault was ours!
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Lose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
 Day flickering death-lights shone while we were
 wed,

and for our guests, a row of goodly dead,
 Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,
 From reeking shrouds, upon the rite look'd out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine
 repeat~

That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledg'd, the charnal's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
 Bound thee by chains, that, whether blest or curst
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!—
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—any thing but sad;—yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath
 passed,

I see that thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at
 last.

Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all
 true,

And that I lov'd mankind!—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
 Upon the small sweet fly that round him floats;
 Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she
 lives!*

And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
 'Tis time those *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
 This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial light!
 Hath been reserved, to bless thy favor'd sight!
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded
 might,

Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and
 quake—

* Circum easdem ripas [Nili, viz.] ales est Ibis. Ea
 serpentium populatur ova, grattissimanque ex his nidis
 escari suis refert.---*Solinus*.

Would that they *were* Heaven's lightning for his sake!

But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt, what I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,

upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth; and on that race who, though more vile they be than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!

Here, judge, if Hell with all its power to damn, can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

He rais'd his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round,
look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground.

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of campment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley which led to the Royal Pavilion artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, presenting arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre as soft as that of the nights of Peristan. ✓

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendor to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations. Without a moment's delay young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLA-DEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shïa or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM! thou hast brav'd
The bands of GREECE, still mighty, though en-
slav'd;
Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs

Of every hue as Love may chance to raise
 His black or azure banner in their blaze;
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
 To the sly, stealing splendors almost hid,
 Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast
 lid.

Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host
 Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
 Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
 A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms
 Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
 Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving
 lights

And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
 Some skilled to wreath the turban tastefully,
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
 Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
 Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that
 one: *—

While some bring leaves of Henna to imbue
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue, †

* "Thou hast revished my haart with one of thine
 yes."—*Sol. Song.*

† "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with
 henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Sto-
 ry of Prince Futtam in Bahardanush.*

So bright that in the mirrors depth they seem
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
 And others mix the cohól's jetty dye,
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,*
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud
 to cull
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion; rings, plumes, and pearls
 Are shining every where;—some younger girls
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
 Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
 How each prefers a garland from that tree
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent
 day,
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.
 The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,†
 Thinks of the time when by the GANGES' flood,
 Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
 While the young ARAB, haunted by the smell
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—

* "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Cohól."... *Russel*.

† "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-colored Champac on the black hair of the Indian women, has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions."
 ...See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

The sweet Elcaya,* and the courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy†—
 Sees call'd up round her by these magic scents
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
 And wishes e'en its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
 From many a jasper fount is heard around,
 Young AZIM roams bewild'rd—nor can guess
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.
 Here the way leads, o'er tessalated floors,
 Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
 Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
 The bowers of TIBET, ‡ sends forth odorous light
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
 For some pure Spirit to its blest abode!—
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon ;
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays

* “A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.”...*Niebuhr*.

† Of the genus *mimosa*, “which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade.”...*Niebuhr*.

‡ “Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence.”...*Turner's Tibet*.

In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
 High as th' enamell'd cupola which towers
 All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers ;
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew
 Like the wet, glistening shells of every die,
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage
 thrown

For their weak loveliness—is like her own !
 On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;
 While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
 With odorifeous woods of CAMORIN*
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree, †
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, † and the thrush

* " C'est d'ou vient le bois d'aloës, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantite.... *D'Herbelot.*

† "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees." ... *Barrow*

‡ " In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons which none will affright or abuse, much less kill ".... *Pitt; Account of the Mahometans*

Of Indostan,* whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening from the tall pagoda's top;—
 Those golden birds,† that, in the spice time drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
 Whose scent hath iur'd them o'er the summer
 flood;

And those that under Araby's soft sun
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;‡—
 In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds,§ that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on through scenes past all imaginings,—
 More like the luxuries of that impious King,||
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning
 torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch;

* “The Pagodathrush is esteemed among the first cho-
 risters of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagodas,
 and from thence delivers its melodious song.---*Pennant's*
Hindostan.

† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in
 flights from the southern isles to India, and “the strength
 of the nutmeg,” says *Tavernier*, “so intoxicates them,
 that they fall dead drunk to the earth.”

‡ “That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its
 nest with cinnamon.”---*Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

§ “The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the
 crops of green birds.”---*Gibbon*, vol. ix .p. 421.

|| *Shehad*, who made the delicious gardens of Irim a
 imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the
 first time he attempted to enter them.

Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword for man's enfran-
 chisement—

Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound,
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

“Is this then,” thought the youth, “is this the
 way

To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
 Of worldly sloth;—to teach him while he lives
 To know no bliss but that which virtue gives;
 And when he dies to leave his lofty name
 A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?
 It was not so, land of the generous thought
 And daring deed! thy god-like sages taught;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
 Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
 With which she wreath'd her sword, when she
 would dare

Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe,
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
 'This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 'This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities?

Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting place?
 But no—it cannot be that one, whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard F'alsehood's rod,—
 A prophet of the truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his
 cause

With the world's vulgar pomps,—no, no—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul;—shine on 'twill stand the
 blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but ev'n while he de-
 fied

The witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
 Through every sense. The perfume, breathing
 round,

Like a pervading spirit—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep!
 And music too—dear music! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem

* "My Pundits assure me that the plant before us [the Nilica] is their Scephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms" -- Sir W. Jones

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream,—
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss:
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this.
 Soften'd, he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are
 laid;

He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
 And of the time, when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

“O my lov'd mistress! whose enchantments
 still

Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look,
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile, worth immortality!
 How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
 To that young heart where I alone am lord,
 'Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they
 started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!

Oh my own life!—why should a single day,
A moment, keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which
Day

Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us ;
So long the path, its light so tremulous ;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers ;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free.
Who seem'd to mock their sister's slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling
flight

Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;
While others walk'd as gracefully along,
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still !
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would
vie

With Fancy's pencil, and gave birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !

Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
 Around the rich pavillion of the sun,
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,
 Through many a path that from the chamber
 leads

To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind—
 Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
 And she is left in all that light alone ;
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair,
 Such as the maids of YEZD and SHIRAZ wear
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung
 A golden Amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine ;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
 Which once or twice, she touch'd with hurried
 strain,

Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
 And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
 'Thugh shrinking still she came ;—then sat her
 down

Upon a musnud's* edge; and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN †
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's †
 stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day
 long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
 dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the
 year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet!
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDE-
 MEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the
 wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while fresh-
 ly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that
 gave

* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities; as, the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Ghilminar

All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my
eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BEN-
DEMEER!

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou
wert sent,
With thy soft lute and beauty’s blandishment.
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know’st the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breath’d such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth’s virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e’er it wander’d thence—
So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th’ unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine.”

Scarce had this feeling pass’d, when, sparkling
through
The gently open’d curtains of light blue
That veil’d the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening
skies,

Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there.—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as
 they
 Who live in th' air on odours, and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the
 ground,
 Chase one another in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dreams of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light: we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who
 danc'd,
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore; *
 While from their long' dark tresses, in a fall

* "To the north of us, [on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku] was a mountain which sparkl-d like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals, with which it abounds"—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
 Of EDEN, shake in the Eternal Breeze, *
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more
 sweet,
 As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet !
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood
 wreath'd
 Within each other's arms ; while soft there
 breath'd
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the
 sighs
 Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
 The ear could track through all that maze of
 chords
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd
 words :—

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air ;
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh ! *they* resemble

* "To which will be added, the sound of the bells,
 hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the
 wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the
 blessed wish for music"---*Sale*

Blue water-lilies, * when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet
this.

By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and the wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

* The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and Persia.

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
 Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour!
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as
 this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
 And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves
 most,
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost;
 The youth had started up and turned away
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense,
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there,
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
 Which knows ev'n beauty when half veil'd is
 best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest!
 There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Trac'd through each gay voluptuous wandering
 With her from SABA'S bowers, in whose bright
 eyes

He read that to be blest is to be wise ;*—
 Here fond ZULEIKA† woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young
 charms,
 Yet, flying turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that heaven and she could both be won !
 And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love !‡

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,
 And hastened to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took
 away

* For the loves of King Solomon, [who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii] with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot* and the *Notes on the Koran*, Chap. ii.

† The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the Patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.

‡ The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abu'feda*, p. 151.

All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd?
 Dream on unconscious boy! while yet thou
 may'st;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them
 last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'er-
 cast;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in heaven!
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee now
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
 Oh that a dream so sweet so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are
 flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
 Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one
 nigh—
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd.
 Leaning as if both heart and strength had failed
 Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er

With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep-blue melancholy dress,*
 BOKHARA'S maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away ;—
 And such as ZELICA had on that day
 He left her—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his
 check.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before ;
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy, ✓
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound.
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground ;—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his
 knees—

'Tis she herself!—'tis ZELICA he sees !
 But, ah, so pale, so chang'd—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once ador'd divinity ! ev'n he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
 Upon those lids where once such lustre blaz'd
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;
 Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour

* " Deep-blue is their mourning color."—*Hanway*.

Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,*
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my ZELICA—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
 Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heaven! whatever
 chance

Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
 There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss
 hath run

Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her mine, all mine again!
 Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
 When, had the whole rich world been in my power
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,
 From the whole world's collected treasury
 To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
 My own best purest ZELICA once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those lov'd lips
 Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
 And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
 Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath.
 Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen

* The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odors after sunset

Gazing on his—not as they late had been,
 Quick, restless, wild—but mournfully serene ;
 As if to lie, ev'n for that transc'd minute,
 So near his heart, had consolation in it ;
 And thus to wake in his beloved caress
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
 But when she heard him call her good and pure,
 Oh 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure !
 Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
 Said, in a tone, whose anguish would have rivell'd
 A heart of very marble, “ pure !—oh! heaven.”

That tone—those looks so chang'd—the withering
 blight

That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy !
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;
 And then the place, that bright unholy place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
 its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves ;*—
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
 As death itself ;—it needs not to be told—
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand

* “ Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry : several were brought me alive, both in Yambo and dda.”... *Bruce*.

Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand
That could from heav'n and him such brightness
sever,

'Tis done—to heav'n and him she's lost for ever
It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years,
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst,
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate !

“ Oh ! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he
toss'd

His desperate hand tow'rds heav'n—“ though I
am lost,

Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall ;
No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all !
Nay, doubt me not—though all my love hath
ceas'd—

I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from
thee !

They told me thou wert dead—why, AZIM, why,
Did we not both of us that instant die
When we were parted ?—oh, could'st thou but
know

With what a deep devotedness of wo
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop, that, night and day

Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away !
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou went to come.
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 Oh God! thou would'st not wonder, that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'er-cast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way
 And I became a wreck at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
 All wild—and ev'n this quenchless love within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that
 sky

Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend, who lur'd me hither—hist! come
 near,

Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh! with such dev'lish art.
 As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where, bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him*
 here,

I should forever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
 Think, think how 'ost, how madden'd I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
 Thou weep'st for me—do, weep—oh! that I
 durst

Kiss of that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,

They must not touch thee;—one divine caress
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!
 The last of joys last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop in all this waste of wo,
 My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
 This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no:
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
 Enough that guilt reigns here—that hearts, once
 good,
 Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!"—

"ZELICA! ZELICA!" the youth exclaimed,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
 Almost to madness—"by that sacred Heav'n,
 Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be for
 given,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!

I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place.”——

“ With thee ! oh bliss,
 'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
 What ! take the lost one with thee ?--let her
 rove

By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
 When we were both so happy, both so pure—
 'Tis heavenly dream ! if there's on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way ;--
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me ;
 And in their light re-chasten'd silently,
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun.
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon ;
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
 And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;—
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven !
 Oh yes, I'll fly with thee.”——

Scarce had she said
 These breathless words, when a voice, deep and
 dread

As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to
both—

Rung through the casement near, “Thy oath!
thy oath!”

Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that maid's look!—
“'Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but
the skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—

“'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—

Go—fly this instant, or thou art ruined too—

My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,

True as the worm in this cold heart it is—

I am MOKANNA'S bride—his, AZIM, his.—

The Dead stood round us while I spoke that vow:

Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!

Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that
bowl,

'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul.

And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-
night

What angels know not of—so foul a sight.

So horrible—oh! may'st thou never see

What *there* lies hid from all but heit and me!

But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,

Nor Heav'n's, nor love's, nor aught that is
divine—

Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that
sever

Hearts, cannot sunder hands? -thus, then--for ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends
the weak,

She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more
years

Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight.

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gayety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers had com

mitted it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity:—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,) informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wander-

ing. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War, which in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him, who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,*
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright
armory!—

Princely pavilions, screened by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold,
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun;
And camels tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain that not a sound

* The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

But the far torrent, or the locust bird*
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;—
 Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
 Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the
 wind!

The neigh of cavalry; the tinkling throngs
 Of laden camels and their driver's songs;—
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
 Of streamers from ten thousand conopies;—
 War-music, bursting out from time to time
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That, far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of the Abyssinian trumpet,† swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye
 “who?”

And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,‡ over yonder tent?—
 It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.
 Rous'd in his palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,

* A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain, between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

† “This Trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies, The note of the Eagle.”—*Note of Bruce's Editor.*

‡ The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the house of Abbās, were called, allegorically, the Night and the Shadow. See *Gibbon*.

And of his host of infidel's, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam* and the world ;—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright palace calm reclin'd,
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign ;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave†
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And, with an army nurs'd in victories,
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
 Such pomp before ;—not e'n when on his way
 To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury ;‡
 When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the North, in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool'd his thirsty lip beneath the glow
 Of MECCA's sun, with urns of Persian snow ;§
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that,
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.

* The Mahometan Religion.

† “ The Persians swear by the tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Cashin ; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.”...*Struy.*

‡ Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

§ “ Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam avaro visam.”...*Abulfeda.*

First, in the van, the People of the Rock,*
 On their light mountain steeds, of Royal stock ; †
 Then Chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ; ‡
 Men from the regions near the VOLCA'S mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South ,
 And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks,
 From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK'S sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh, §
 And many a mace arm'd Moor, and Mid-sea
 islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school was the vast multitude
 That, fir'd by zeal or by oppression wrong'd,
 Round th' white standard of th' Impostor throng'd.
 Besides his thousands of Believers,—blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner ;—Chiefs of the UZBECK
 race,

* The inhabitants of Hejas or Arabia Petræ, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock."—*Ebn Haukal*.

† "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds."—*Niebuhr*.

‡ "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold and silver or in marquetry with small gems."—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.

§ Azab, or Saba

Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;
 TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From the aromatic pastures of the North ;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills†—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of HINDOO KOSH,‡ in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who owned the Chief's com-
 mand,
 Rush'd to the battle field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than IRAN's out-law'd men,
 Her worshippers of fire§—all panting then
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'er-
 turn'd,
 From YEZD's|| eternal mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire :

* “The Chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans.”—*Account of Independent Tartary.*

† “In the mountains of Nishapour, and Tous, in Khorassan, they find turquoises.”—*Ebn Haukal.*

‡ For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

§ The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

|| “Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished

From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the CASPIAN,* fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were
blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;
While steams of carnage in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heav'n—hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,
In the red desert when the wind's abroad!

“On, swords of God!” the panting CALIPH
calls—

“Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who
falls!”

“On brave avengers, on,” MOKANNA cries,
“And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!”

for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called *Aur Quedah*, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who lies off that mountain.”... *Stephen's Persia*.

* “When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea, to a distance almost incredible”... *Hanway on the everlastig fire of Baku*.

Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the CALIPH'S troops
give way!

MOKANNA'S self plucks the black banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
is just within his grasp—when, hark! that shout.
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's
rout;

And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
in glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDAR'S
vale,)*

Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks!
In vain MOKANNA, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,

* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Bedar, he
was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand an-
gels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hizzun....
The Koran and its Commentators.

And seems of *ali* the Great Arch-enemy!
 The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!
 Right tow'rd's MOKANNA now he cleaves his
 path,

Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
 To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all.—
 Yet now the rush of fugitives, too strong,
 For human force, hurries e'en *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
 Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forced flight is—murdering as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns e'en in drowning, on the wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And to the last devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay
 "Alla il Alla!"—the glad shout renew—

"Alla Abkar!"*—the Caliph's in MEROU.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines, and chaunt your zira-
 leets;†

The swords of God have triumph'd—on his
 throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath
 flown.

Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who does not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls
 Like music round a planet as it rolls!
 He turns away coldly as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine;—
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
 Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief:
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,‡

* The techbir, or cry of the Arabs, "Alla Abkar!" says Ockley, means, "God is most mighty."

† The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.

‡ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life

Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead.
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight
 of wo

Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow,
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
 Melt into splendor, and Bliss dawn at last—
 'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly
 blown,

This mortal blight of misery came down!
 Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they
 start!

And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
 Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who
 cast

O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
 For this, when rumors reach'd him in his flight
 Far, far away after that fatal night,—
 Rumors of armies, thronging to th' attack
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him
 back,

Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
 And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly
 hurl'd

Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.

For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall ;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire !

But safe as yet, that spirit of evil lives ;
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,
 'That last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
 He gain'd MEROU—breath'd a short curse of
 blood

O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the JIHON'S
 flood,*

And gathering all, whose madness or belief
 Still saw a Saviour in their downfall'n Chief,
 Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB'S
 gates,†

And there, untam'd, th' approaching conqueror
 waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,
 One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
 For ZELICA stood withering 'midst the gay,
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
 From the Alma tree and dies, while overhead
 To-day's young flowers springing in its stead ! ‡

* The ancient Oxus.

† A city of Transoxiana.

‡ "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you
 meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom

No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as
he

Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity !
But no, she is his victim ;—*there* lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as virtue e'er unroll'd
Blaeken beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph ; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him, among demons, all but first !
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light as that with which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it con-
sumes !

But other tasks now wait him--tasks that
need

All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives* have gifted him--for
mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made
dark,

* Drops underneath on the ground. (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers,) others come forth in their stead." etc. etc....*Nicuhoff*.

* The Demons of Persian mythology.

Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
 That spangle INDIA'S fields on showery nights *—
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleagu'rer spread,
 Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the
 town

In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
 MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
 That, friendless, throneless, he thus stands at
 bay,

E'en thus a match for myriads such as they!
 'Oh! for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,
 Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian King†
 To darkness in a moment, that I might
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
 But come what may, let who will grasp the
 throne,
 Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
 Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—
 King—
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring

* Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.---See his *Travels*.

† Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Mousal. . . *D'Herbelot*.

With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave--
 Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my
 grave."

Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain:—

“Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
 I bear from Heav'n, whose light, nor blood shall
 drown

Nor shadow of earth eclipse,—before whose
 gems

The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
 The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne
 Of PARVIZ,* and the heron crest that shone,†
 Magnificent, o'er ALI's beauteous eyes,‡
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
 Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we've
 pass'd

O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
 Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That ISLAM's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes

* Chosroes. For a description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot*.

† “The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban.”—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.—See *Chardin*

‡ “The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as lovely

From NEKSHEB'S Holy Well portentiously shall
rise!

Now turn and see!"—

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendor all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles*—
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd manaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when they set
Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol Star
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
While he of MOUSSA'S creed, saw, in that ray,
The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark,† and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;

they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali."...*Char-*
din.

* "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la villa de Nekhsheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable a la Lune, qui portait sa lumiere jusqu'a la distance de plusieurs milles."...*D'Herbelot.* Hence he was callad Sazendehmah, or the Moon-maker.

† The Shechinah callad Sakinet in the Koran ... See *Sule's Note*, chap. i

But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the MOSLEM'S mighty force.
 The watchmen of the camp—who, in their
 rounds,

Had paus'd and e'en forgot the punctual sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count the
 night,*

To gaze upon that supernatural light—
 Now sinks beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.

“ON for the lamps that light yon lofty screen,†
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
 There rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance!”

Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them through the glimmer-
 ing shade,

And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot—like bees of KAUSEROON‡

* The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.---See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. ii. p. 119.

† “The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.”---*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

‡ “From the groves of orange trees at Yauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey”---*Morier's Travels*.

the sarril timbrel's summons—till, at length,
 e mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 d back to NEKSHEB's gates, covering the plain
 ith random slaughter, drives the adventurous
 train ;

mong the last of whom, the silver Veil
 seen glittering at times, like the white sail
 some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night
 tching the tempest's momentary light !
 And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low ?
 or dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring ? No.
 ough ha'f the wretches, whom at night he led
 o thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,
 et morning hears him, with unshrinking crest
 ll vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest.
 id they believed him !—oh, the lover may
 trust that look which steals his soul away ;—
 e babe may cease to think that it can play
 ith heaven's rainbow—alchymists may doubt
 e shining gold their crucible gives out ;
 ut Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 o some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
 And welk th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
 hat LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts ;
 or, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 gainst men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.
 -fated ZELICA ! had reason been
 wake, through half the horrors thou hast seen
 ou never could'st have borne it—Death had
 come
 t once and taken thy wrung spirit home.

But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intent
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took
flight :

And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,
Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath !—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill
The cold pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again as in MEROU, he had her deck'd,
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice ;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide !*

* “ A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the god of the Nile ; for they now make a statue of earth in the shape of a girl, to which they give the name the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.”...Strong.

and while the wretched maid hung down her
 head,
 and stood as one just risen from the dead,
 amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
 his credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
 possessed her now,—and from that darken'd
 trance
 would dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
 If, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness
 came,
 instant the bold blasphemer would translate
 her ravings into oracles of fate,
 would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes
 and call her shrieks the language of the skies!
 But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
 gathering around; and famine comes to glean
 all that the sword had left unreap'd:—in vain
 the morn and eve across the northern plain
 she looks impatient for the promis'd spears
 of the wild hordes and TARTAR mountaineers.
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguers
 pour
 engines of havoc in, unknown before,
 and horrible as new;—javelins, that fly

* The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the
 emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either
 launched in red hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in
 rows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow
 which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the da-
 sky,
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they moun-
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,
 Showers of a consuming fire o'er all below;
 Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go
 Like those wild birds* that by the Magicians, o
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion
 wide!

All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore :—
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd ;—
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets,
 Now gush with blood ;—and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the evening glare
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer :—
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall
 And death and conflagration throughout all

* " At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Seze they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustible fastened round with beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced." --- *Richardson's Dissertation.*

The desolate city hold high festival !
 MUKANNA sees the world is his no more ;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 ' What ! drooping now ?'—thus, with unblush-
 ing cheek,
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famished slaves, around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—
 ' What ! drooping now ?—now, when at length
 we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success ;
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favor from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 The chosen few who shall survive the fall
 Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all !
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you
 are,
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your
 Star ?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Would, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but
 now
 All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow !
 To-night—yes, sainted men ! This very night
 Bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where, having deep refreshed each weary limb

With viands such as feast Heaven's cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the dark-ey'd maids above
 Keep seal'd with precious musk, for those they
 love*—

I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light ;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe !"
 Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts ;
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught sup-
 plies

To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout " to-night !"
 " To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice !
 Deluded victims—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth !
 Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the
 shout

Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out ;—
 There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,

* " The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine sealed ; the seal whereof shall be musk."... *Koran*, chap lxxxii.

and, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 among the dead and dying, strew'd around ;—
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his
 wound

plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 a ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head !
 'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful
 pause

had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
 that lately from those royal gardens burst,
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
 When ZELICA—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 in every horror doom'd to bear its part !—

Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
 grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
 compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
 his message through, fell lifeless at her feet !
 huddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 a presage that her own dark doom was near,
 rous'd every feeling and brought Reason back
 once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
 All round seem'd tranquil—e'en the foe had
 ceas'd,

as if aware of that demoniac feast,
 his fiery bolts ; and though the heavens look'd
 red,

'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread,
 but hark !—she stops—she listens—dreadful
 tone !

'Tis her tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,

A long death-groan comes with it—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
 She enters. HOLY ALLA, what a sight
 Was there before her! By the glimmering light
 Of the pale dawn, mixed with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless
 hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had
 quaff'd,
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the
 draught?
 Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
 With their swoll'n heads sunk, blackening, on
 their breasts,
 Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them
 through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
 While some the bravest, the hardiest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
 Would have met death with transport by his
 side,
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they
 died,
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last
 strain,
 And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.
 Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,

The stony look of horror and despair,
 Which some of these expiring victims cast
 Upon their soul's tormentor to the last;—
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now
 rais'd,
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
 Not the long promised light, the brow whose
 beaming
 Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeem-
 ing;
 But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
 On its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,*
 No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the
 light
 Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
 Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows.
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your
 Star,—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
 Is but a trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd

* "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous soli-
 tudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a
 lonely demon, whom they call the Ghooliee Beeabau, or
 Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness
 of an, sequestered tribe by saying, they are wild as the
 Demon of the Waste."—*Elphinstone's Caubul*.

E'en monstrous man, is—after God's own
taste;

And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are
fled.

Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If EBLIS loves you half so well as I.—

Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy
seat;

Nay come—no shuddering—didst thou never
meet

The dead before?—they grac'd our wedding,
sweet;

And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so
true

Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one
too.

But—how is this?—all empty?—all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop re-
mains,

Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering
arms

Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

“For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,

With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming 'There his godship lies!'
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew
 breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in
 death.

Thou see st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd ;
 There will I plunge me in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame !
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave ;
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
 To come again with bright unshrouded smile !
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall
 kneel,
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from
 Hell !

So shall my banner, through long ages be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy ;—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA'S name,
 And though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt, and blood, that were 't's bliss in life
 But mark ! their battering engine shakes the wall

Why *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all:
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 And I can trust thy Faith, for—tho'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were
 said—

Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,
 And ZELICA was left--within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;
 The only wretched one, still curst with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!
 More like some bloodless ghost, such as, they
 tell,

In the lone Cities of the Silent* dwell,
 And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
 Their Globes of fire, (the dread artillery, lent
 By GREECE to conquering MAHADI,) are spent;
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
 All speak the impatient Islamite's intent

* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave invisible to mortal eyes."... *Elphinstone*

To try, at length, if tower and battlement,
 And bastion'd wall, be not less hard to win,
 Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
 First in impatience and in toil is he,
 The burning AZIM—oh! could he but see
 Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor Boa's clasp,
 Could match the gripe of vengeance, or keep
 pace

With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the
 walls;

Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls;
 But still no breach—"once more, one mighty
 swing

Of all your beams, together thundering!"

There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops
 exult—

"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest cata-
 pult

Right on that spot,—and NEKSHEB is our own!"

'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two.
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!
 But strange! no signs of life—nought living
 seen

Above, below—what can this stillness mean?

A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
 "In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
 But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness checks the troops awhile.

Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there
glanc'd

A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis
He,

MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the
ground—

"Mine, Holy Caliph!" mine he cries, "the task
To crush you daring wretch—'tis all I ask."

Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruins slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound rushes on AZIM's spear;
And, casting off the veil in falling, shows—
Oh!—'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she leant her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
"I meant not *thou* should'st have the pain of this;
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou would'st not rob me of, didst thou but
know

How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be

Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
 A light comes o'er me, from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,
 Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
 But live, my AZIM;—oh! to call thee mine
 Thus once again! *my* AZIM—dream divine!
 Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
 Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
 Oh live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,
 And pray that he may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
 Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind,
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-
 known flowers,
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
 For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.
 So shall thy orizons, like dew that flies
 To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise

With all love's earliest ardor to the skies!
 And should they—but, alas! my senses fail—
 Oh for one minute! should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
 Reveal their joys to those they love in this,—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and
 tell—

Oh heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, fare-
 well!"

Time fled—years on years had pass'd
 away,

And few of those who, on that mournful day,
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 'The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the
 shade

Of death hung darkening o'er him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory in th' horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim
 His soul had seen a vision while he slept;
 She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel's smiles, and told him she was blest.

For this the old man breath'd his thanks and
died,—

And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his ZERICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to the learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favorite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected

of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, “to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—“My good FADLADEEN;” exclaimed the princess, interrupting him, “we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition.” “If that be all,” replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing but the subject immediately before him—“If that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched.” He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain, (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi,) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-

favored gentleman, with a veil over his face; a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a divinity. “From such materials,” said he, what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honor and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling.”*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even these politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the

* La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenait de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les meprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait etaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette preference attira a Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.---*D'Herbelot.*

manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments, mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's* apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses too in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

“Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.”

“What critic that can count,” said FADLADEEN, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?”—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: “Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage

* The blacksmith Gars, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal standard of Persia

the young man: so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion; to *one* heart, perhaps too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested

during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi—"Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed forever!"—that she took occasion from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air and never touches the earth;* it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words like those on the Western Mountain, last forever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment without having a critic forever, like the old Man of the sea upon his back."†—FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at

* The Huma.

† The Story of Sinbad.

FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favorite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated, from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossom the heaven of India is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost—the young poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly, that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture

to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listen'd to the Springs
 Of life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open'd portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!"

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
 With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenau, from the plane trees upon it"---*Forster*

And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
 Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,*
 Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them all

“Go wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious Angel who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which, Bramins say,
 Blooms no where but in Paradise!
 “Nymph of a fair, but erring line!”
 Gently he said—“One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 ‘*The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this Eternal Gate
 The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*”

* “The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it”—...*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the sun—
 Fleeter than the starry brands,
 Flung at night from angel hands *
 At those dark and daring sprites,
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights, —
 Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heav'n?—" I know
 The wealth," she cries, " of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn ;
 Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR ; †—
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright ARABY ; †—

* " The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the Heavens."—*Fryer*.

† " The Forty Pillars : so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there."—*D'Herbelot, Volney*.

* The Isles of Vanchaia.

I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,*
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of ALLA'S wonderful Throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
 Whose mountains pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!
 But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 'Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
 'Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,

† "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis." ...Richardson

Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones †
 'Tis He of GAZNA! *—fierce in wrath

He comes, and INDIA's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violat'ed necks

Of many a young and lov'd Sultana; †
 Maidens within their pure Zenana.

Priests in the very lane he slaughters,
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks

Of golden shrines the sacred waters!
 Downward the PERI turns her gaze,

And, through the war-field'd bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand,

And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share

The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—

Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,

* Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.... See his *History* in *Dow* and *Sir J. Malcolm*.

† "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."... *Universal History*, vol. iii.

For answer to th' Invader's heart.
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell !—
 Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last—
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its free-born spirit fled !
 "Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill,
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !
 Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her
 cause !"
 "Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 Who die thus for their native land.—
 But see—alas ! —the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
 That opens the gates of Heav'n for thee !"
 Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,

Now among AFRIC's Lunar Mountains,*
 Far to the South, the PERI lighted ;
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile!†
 Thence, over EGYPT's palmy groves,
 Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,‡
 The exil'd Spirit sighing roves ;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm ROSETTA's vale§—now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake.||
 'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold !
 Who could have thought that saw this night

* “ The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise.”...*Bruce*.

† “ The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant.”...*Asiat. Recherches*, vol. i. p. 387.

‡ See Perry's View of the Levant, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

§ “ The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle doves.”...*Sonnini*.

|| Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mæris.

Those valleys, and their fruits of gold,
 Basking in heav'n's serenest light;—
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep, descending,
 Warns them to their silken beds;*—
 Those virgin lilies all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their belov'd Sun 's awake;—
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
 Some purple-wing'd Sultana† sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
 And glittering, like an idol bird!—
 Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,

* "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—*Daford el Hadad*

† "That beautiful bird with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colors has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini*.

More mortal far than ever came
 From the red Desert's sands of flame !
 So quick, that every living thing
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants, where the Simoon hath past,
 At once falls black and withering !
 The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again !
 And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey !
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks *
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight. and his carnage plies—
 Wo to the half-dead wretch who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes †
 Amid the darkness of the streets.
 "Poor race of men !" said the pitying Spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
 Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all !"
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;

* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries, &c.

† Bruce.

For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many ;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept, by any !
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day.
To speak the last, the parting word
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard :
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.
Deserted youth ! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
'That she, whom he for years had known
And lov'd, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—

Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain—falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd
But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unmask'd, or without shame.
“ Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breath'd by thee.”

And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing, or death. 'tis sweet to me !
There, drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm.
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side ?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers when thou art gone ?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no,
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too !
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn ;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there !”
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living !
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving !
‘Sleep,’ said the PERI, as softly she stole

The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast.—

“ Sleep on ; in visions of odor rest,
In balmy air than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,*
And in music and perfume dies away !”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of dooms-day taken
From their dim graves, in odor sleeping ;—

While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !
But morn is blushing in the sky ;

Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sight
Of pure self-sacrificing love.

High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win.
For the bright Spirit at the gate

* “ In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.”—

Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of ALLA swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !*
 But ah ! e'en PERI's hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade ; again
 Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"
 The Angel said, as, with regret,
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
 By Seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But PERI, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than e'en this sight the boon must be
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee."
 Now, upon SYRIA's land of roset†

* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity, drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise*, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous ; hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls *
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN,
And then, the mingling sounds that come,

* “The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ined buildings were covered with them.”---Bruce

Of shepherd's ancient reed,* with hum
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banquetting through the flowery vales.—
 And JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods so full of nightingales !
 But nought can charm the luckless PERI ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great temple, once his own, †
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from e'n high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by !
 Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tabret seal'd
 With the great name of SOLOMON,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm that can restore so soon,
 An erring spirit to the skies !
 Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither —
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither ;—

* "Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—*Russell*.

† The temple of the sun at Balbec.

When o'er the vale of BALBEC, winging
 Slowly she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,*
 That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems ;—
 And near the boy, who, tir'd with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
 In which the PERI'S eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests !—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,

* " You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire, procured for them the name of Damsels."— *Sorcini*.

Ere mercy weeps them out again !
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burned all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from his bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 Lipping th' eternal name of God

From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !

Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child
 A scene which might have well beguil'd
 E'en haughty EBLIS of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by !
 And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,

Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild
 Heart-humble tones—"thou blessed child!
 When young, and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now"—
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
 Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down
 from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon EGYPT'S land,* of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them ail."

* The Nucta or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt, precisely on St. John's day in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeams shine upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they lingered yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear, that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek :

To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptured PERI knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near !

" Joy, joy forever ! my task is done—
 The gates are passed and heaven is won !
 Oh ! Am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,*
 And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD !

* The country of delight---the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan

Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
 Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—
 My feast is now the Tooba tree,*
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

“ Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief—
 Oh ! what are the brightest that ere have blown,
 To the Lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S Throne,†
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf ;
 Joy, joy forever !—my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won !”

“ AND this,” said the Great Chamberlain, “ is poetry ! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt.” After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just

* The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet.”— *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* “ Tooba,” says, *D'Herbelot*, “ signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.”

† Mahomet is described in the 53d chapter of the Koran as having seen the angel Gabriel, “ by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing ; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.” This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven on the right hand of the throne of God.

recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.* They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigor which gave a dignity even to negligence—who, like them, flung the jereed† carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—“and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pa-

* “It is said, that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.”—*Ebn Haukal*.

† The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—See *Castellar, Mærus des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 16!

gans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam."

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism, to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand," he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects* should undertake."

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of

* For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, see *Parson's Travels*, p. 262

the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman—no one had ever yet reached its summit.* Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN'S eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not entirely taken possession of her already.

* “Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talisman, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit. . . . *Kinzeir*

She was here met by messengers despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful, as to love *without* knowing it, had been delicious. FERAMORZ too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!* She saw but one way

* “The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.”—P. Vanslebe, *Relat d’Egypte*

to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy ; and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure ; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever !*

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in a most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people, while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and

† See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 494.

gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment ;—particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads* as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary ;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory !) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees, † at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere ;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacock's feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticism, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One even-

* Ferishta.

† The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, is planted with trees on each side.

ing, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

TELL me not of joys above,
 If that world can give no bliss,
 Truer, happier than the Love
 Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
 Far from me their dangerous glow,
 If those looks that light the skies
 Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what love is here—
 All its falsehood—all its pain—
 Would, for e'en Elysium's sphere,
 Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
 Sees the waters fade away,
 Would not rather die than meet
 Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH'S heart—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could

not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamored and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East: where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the palmyra—that favorite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn, where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA RHOOK guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies sug

* The Baya, or Indian Cross beak . . . *Sir W. Jones.*

gested, that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection; but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them—looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH'S eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land, to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burn-

ing Field at Bakou,* when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes agliah, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigotted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse;—

† The "Agar ardens" described by *Kempfer, Amœnit. Exot.*

he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore readily granted, and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S Sea ;*
 Her banks of pearls and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight on HARMOZIA'S† walls,
 And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel, ‡
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest !

* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

All hush'd there's not a breeze in motion ;
The shore is silent as the ocean.

If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;—

The wind-tower on the EMIR'S dome*
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

E'en he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumbered sheathes
Are starting to avenge the shame

His race had brought on IRAN'S† name.

Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike ;—

One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,

Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven :

One, who will pause and kneel unshod

In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God

Engraven on his reeking sword ;‡—

Nay, who can coolly note the line,

The letter of those words divine,

* " At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses." -- *Le Bruyn*.

† " Iran is the true general name of the empire of Persia." -- *Asiat Res. Disc 5*.

‡ " On the blades of their scimitars some verses from the Koran is usually inscribed," -- *Russell*

To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into his victim's heart !
 Just ALIA ! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime ?
 E'en as those bees of TREBIZOND,
 Which, from the sunniest hours that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad !*
 Never did fierce ARABIA send
 A satrap forth more direly great ;
 Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd
 In their own land—no more their own—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where MITHRA once had burn'd,
 'To Moslem shrines—oh shame ! were turn'd,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate, worship pour'd,
 And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
 Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still

† “ There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.”—*Tournefort*.

With hope and vengeance :—hearts that yet.
 Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
 They've treasured from the sun that's set,
 Beam all the light of long-lost days !—
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare ;
 As he shall know, well dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalmed in heaven's approving ray !
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
 By the white moonbeam's dazzling power :
 None but the loving and the lov'd
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.
 And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
 Yon turret stands ; where ebon locks,
 As glossy as the heron's wing
 Upon the turban of a King,*
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild.—
 'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
 All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
 Though born of such ungentle race ;
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain !†

* “ Their kings wear plumes of black heron's feathers upon the right side as a badge of sovereignty.”—*Harway*.

† “ The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition is situated in some dark region of the East.”—*Richardson*

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
 Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light .
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
 The flower, that blooms beneath the sea,
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity !
 So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
 And oh what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
 Like those, who, all at once, discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip hath ever breath'd but theirs !
 Beautiful are the maids that glide
 On Summer eve, through YEMEN's* dales ;
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils ;
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmin'd flowers they wear,
 Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
 Before their mirrors count the time,
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In ARABY's gay Harams smil'd,

* Arabia Felix

Whose boasted brightness would not fade

Before AL HASSAN'S blooming child

Light as the angel shapes that bless

An infant's dream, yet not the less

Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—

With eyes so pure, that from their ray

Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,

Blinded, like serpents when the gaze

Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !*—

Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,

Mingling the meek and vestal fires

Of other worlds with all the bliss,

The fond, weak tenderness of this !

A soul, too, more than half divine,

Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,

Religion's soften'd glories shine,

Like light through summer foliage stealing,

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,

So warm, and yet so shadowy too,

As makes the very darkness there

More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid, who, at this hour,

Hath risen from her restless sleep,

And sits alone in that high bower,

Watching the still and shining deep.

* " They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones, (emeralds,) he immediately becomes blind "—*Imed ben Abdalazir*, Treatise on Jewels.

Ah! 'twas not thus—with tearful eyes
 And beating heart—she used to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height!—
 So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night air
 After the day-beam's withering fire,*
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive,
 For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water!

* "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—*Marco Polo*.

Yes ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,
 Though nigh that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude
 Of ARARAT'S tremendous peak,*
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heav'n's path-ways, if to thee they led!
 E'en now thou sees't the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way:
 E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below!
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom with his locks of light,†
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scal'd the terrace of his bride;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And mid-way up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love there!"
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero ZAL in that fond hour,

* "This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

† In one of the books of the Shah Nameh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Ro-lahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist in his ascent; he, however, manages it in a less romantic way, by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See *Champion's Ferdos*

Than wings the youth, who fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to HINDA'S bower.
 See—light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,*
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.
 She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away!
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover?
 Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon, †
 Alone, at this same watching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way

* "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræ are rock-goats."
 ...*Niebuhr*.

† "Canun, espece de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le sarrail, avec des decailles armees de poin'es de coco." - *Toderini, translated by De Courman*

To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :
 And though, when terror's swoon had past,
 She saw a youth of mortal kind,
 Before her in obeisance cast—
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words—and gleams have broken
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallow'd child of air,
 Some erring spirit cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !

Fond girl ! nor fiend, nor angel he,
 Who woos thy young simplicity ;
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day-God's living fire !
 But quench'd to-night that ardor seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow :
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now :
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep,
 Visions that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,

Like warning ghosts that leave the spot
 All wither'd where they once had been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking up on that tranquil flood—

“How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle :

Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,

Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,

And we might live, love, die alone—
 Far from the cruel and the cold—

Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely ?
 Would this be world enough for thee ?”—

Playful she turn'd, that he might see

The passing smile her cheek put on ;
 But when she mark'd how mournfully

His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ,
 And bursting into heart-felt tears,

“Yes, yes,” she cried, “my hourly fears
 My dreams have boded all too right—

We part—for ever part—to-night !

I knew, I knew it *could* not last—

'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !

Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die!
 Now too—the joy most like divine,
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
 Oh misery! must I loose *that* too?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though heaven—it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
 Betier to sit and watch that ray,
 And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast,"
 The youth exclaimed—"thou little know'st
 What he can brave, who, born and nurs't
 In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst!
 Upon whose ear the signal-word
 Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword
 His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!
 Danger!"

“ Say on—thou fears't not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again ?”

Oh ! look not so—beneath the skies
now fear nothing but those eyes.
Nought on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course—
Nought could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
T'would be those eyes ;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away !
But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours ?
Oh, Arab maid ! as soon the Powers
Of Light and Darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine !
Thy father”——

“ Holy ALLA save
His grey-head from that lightning glance !
Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave,
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisp'ing maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.

And still, whene'er at Haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me when in playful mood,

A hero shall my bridegroom be.
Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
And won with shouts of victory!

Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st

Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:—
Good Heaven that frown!—e'en now thou glows'st!

With more than mortal warrior's rage.

Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,
Oh, still remember Love and I

Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors"—

“Hold, hold—thy words are death”—

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath

The Gheber belt that round him clung.*
“Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!

* “They [the Ghebers] lay so much stress on the cu-
she or girdle as not to dare to be an instant without it.”—
Grosce's Voyage. “Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose
mais, ayunt ere depouille de sa robe, et la large ceinture
qu'il portait comme Ghebr,” etc. etc.—*D'Herbelot*, art.
Agduani.

Yes—I am of that impious race,
 Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
 Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

Among the living lights of heaven!*

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To IRAN and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame,
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die
 Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—

He who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise!
 But know—'twas he I sought that night

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
 Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within;—

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love hath made one thought his own,

That vengeance claims first—last—alone!
 Oh! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart e'en now forget

How link'd, how blest we might have been,

* "They suppose the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary."

Had Fate not frown'd so dark between,
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighboring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
 At the same kindling altar knelt—
 Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
 In which the charm of country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one;—
 While in thy lute's awakening sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw in every smile of thine
 Returning hours of glory shine!—
 While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
 Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through
 thee—

God! who could then this sword withstand?

Its very flash were victory!

But now—estrang'd, divorced for ever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
 Our only ties what Love has wove,

Faith, friends, and country, sundered wide:—
 And then, then only, true to love,

When false to all that's dear beside!

Thy father, IRAN'S deadliest foe—

Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet!

No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee!
 When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,

Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
 And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
 But look'—

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointing to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnal meteors burn'd
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,*
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

“ My signal-lights!—I must away—
 Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
 Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
 Now—vengeance!—I am thine again.”
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
 Nor look'd--but from the lattice dropp'd
 Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
 Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below
 Startled her from her trance of wo:
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew—

* “ The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.”...*Baumgarten*.

"I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
 Oh! I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under;
 Sweeter to rest together dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind.

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the travel

fer that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seemed to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea* palely shines,
 Revealing BAHREIN's groves of palm,
 And lighting KISHMA's† amber vines.
 Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,
 While breezes from the Indian sea
 Blow round SELAMA's‡ sainted cape,

* The Persian Gulf.---“ To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.”---*Sir W. Jones.* ”

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. “The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits or flowers into the sea to secure propitious voyage.”---*Morier.*

And curl the shining flood beneath—
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
 Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentler skies and breezes fair !
 The nightingale now bends her flight
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen,
 And hides her from the morning star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
 In the clear dawn—bespangled o'er
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
 The best and brightest scimeter*
 That ever youthful Sultan wore
 On the first morning of his reign !

And see—the Sun himself!--on wings
 Of glory up the East he springs.
 Angel of Light ! who, from the time
 Those heavens began their march sublime,
 Hath first of all the starry choir
 Trod in his maker's steps of fire !
 Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
 When IRAN like a sun-flower, turn'd

* In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says,
 "the dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest
 scimeter should be exposed to it all night, it would not re-
 ceive the least rust."

To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER

To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND

Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?

Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESSIA'S* bloody plains,

Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem

From IRAN'S broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains:—

Ask the poor exile, cast alone

On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,

Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,†

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,

Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!

Yet happier so than if he trod

His own belov'd but blighted sod,

Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—

Oh! he would rather houseless roam

Where Freedom and his God may lead,

Than be the sleekest slave at home

That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN'S pride then gone forever,

Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA'S caves—

No—she has sons that never—never—

* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

† Derbend.—“Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porto de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens.”... *D'Herbelot*.

Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heaven has light or earth has graves,
 Spirits of fire that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong ;
 And hearts, where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds ;
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like ZELIAN'S giant palm,*
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forest round !

Yes, EMIR ! he, who scal'd that tower,
 And, had he reached thy slumbering breast,
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
 How safe e'en tyrant's heads may rest—
 Is one of many, brave as he,
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;
 Who, though they know the strife is vain—
 Who, though they know the riven chain
 Snares but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart,
 Yet dare the issue—blest to be
 E'en for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of liberty !

* The Talpot or Taltpot tree....“ This beautiful palm tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may 'e classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon .. *Thunberg*

Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
 Thou satrap of a bigot Prince!

Have swarm'd among those Green Sea crags;
 Yet here, e'en here, a sacred band,
 Ay, in the portal of that land
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;
 Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
 Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success
 Had wafted to eternal fame!
 As exhalations when they burst
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,
 Darken to fogs and sink again;—
 But if they once triumphant spread
 Their wings above the mountain-head,
 Become enthron'd in upper air,
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
 Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
 Before whose sabre's dazz'ing light

The eyes of YEMEN'S warriors wink !
 Who comes embower'd in the spears
 Of KERMAN'S hardy mountaineers ?
 Those mountaineers, that, truest, last,
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on IRAN'S heights,
 Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of his worship too !

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm ;—
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Son's of Fire !
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest HAFED in the midst should rise !
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,*

* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy Land among the Peris and the Dives may be found in Richardson's Curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Who in their fairy helms of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groan to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,
 And such the coloring Fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
 For happy homes, and altars free—
 His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty !
 One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names that have sanctified their blood ;
 AS LEBANON'S small mountain flood
 Is rendered holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks !*
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;—
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,

* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints," among which it rises.

Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads, that, shrinking, bow'd
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
 No—far he fled, indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame,
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
 And as a lover hails the dawn

Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For vengeance and for liberty!
 But vain was valor—vain the flower
 Of KERMAN, in that dreadful hour,
 Against AL HASSAN's whelming power.
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,
 Upon the threshold of that realm
 He come in bigot pomp to sway,
 And with their corpses block'd his way—
 In vain—for every lance they rais'd,
 Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
 For every arm that lin'd their shore,
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er—
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
 Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd
 As dates beneath the locust cloud!
 There stood—but one short league away
 From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea

Of Oman beetling awfully :

A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach

From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,

Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across ;

While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,

A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross*

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,

And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering

Started—to find man's dwelling there

In her own silent fields of air !

Beneath, terrific caverns gave

Dark welcome to each stormy wave

That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ;—

And such the strange, mysterious din

At times throughout those caverns roll'd ;—

And such the fearful wonders told

Of restless spirits imprison'd there,

That bold were Moslem, who would dare

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff

Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,

That seem'd above the grasp of Time,

Were sever'd from the haunts of men

* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope

By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,
 No eye could pierce the void between;
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.
 Like distant thunder, from below,
 The sound of many torrents came;
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire;*
 And though, forever past the days
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone—
 Though fled the Priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on
 'Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!
 Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
 His little army's last remains;
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is h aven to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,

* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterranean fires.

They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers ;—
 " This home," he cried, " at least is ours—
 Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread ;
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vulture's beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die !"

'Twas night when to those towers they came ;
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glar'd on his features, as he spoke :—
 " 'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done :
 If IRAN will look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God !
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men in whose veins—oh last disgrace !
 The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM,* rolls—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,
 And turn from MITHRA's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday !
 If they *will* crouch to IRAN's foes,

* Ancient heroes of Persia. " Among the Ghebers there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."—
Stephen's Persia.

Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to heav'n, and bondage grows
 Too vile for e'en the vile to bear!
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave let's fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall:
 But *here*, at least are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—

This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profan'd;

And, though but few, though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of LEBANON
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,*
 We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
 And when some hearts that proudest swell
 Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
 When Hope's expiring throb is o'er.
 And e'en Despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save!"
 His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—

* See Russell's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts where once the mighty sate ;
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering spirits of their dead ;*
 Though neither priests nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate,†
 Nor hymn, nor censers fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ;‡
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them* ; while on that altar's fires
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
 Should be, in IRAN'S injured name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,

* Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."...*Richardson.*

† In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says; "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

‡ "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the Sun; and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."...*Rabbi Benjannin.*

Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom Love first touch'd with others' wo—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, EMIR ! thy unheeding child,
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd—
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,
 Before the combat's reddening stain

Hats fall'n upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
 While heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—
 And oft, when thou hast pac'd along

Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,

That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear ;
 Far other feelings Love hath brought—

Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,

And thinks that o'er, almost to madness !
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all ;"

And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight ;
 And—had he look'd with clearer sight—
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimn'd his eyes—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame.
 When from the field of blood he came ;
 The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—
 He would have mark'd all this and known
 Such change is brought by Love alone !
 Ah ! not the love that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast :
 Not the pure open prosperous love,
 That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness !
 No, HINDA, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—
 A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,

It lies like some ill-gotten treasure—
 Some idol without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep!
 Seven nights have darken'd OMAN'S Sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly

Hurry her Gheber's bark away—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep.
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.

The owlet's solitary cry,
 The-night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogged wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banquetting,
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN'S brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,
 When tost at midnight furiously,*

* "It is observed with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that, when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire"—*Travels of two Mchammecars.*

Tells not a wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye !
 " Up, daughter up—the Kerna's* breath
 Has blown a blast would waken drath,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head, heart, limbs—will all be mine ;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep !"
 " *His blood!*" she faintly scream'd—her mind
 Still singling one from all mankind—
 " Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
 HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
 Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 Without whose aid the links accurst,
 That bind these impious slaves, would be
 Too strong for ALLA's self to burst !
 That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
 My path with piles of Moslem dead,
 Whose baffling spells had almost driven
 Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
 This night, with all his band, shall know
 How deep an Arab's steel can go,

* A kind of trumpet :---" It was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to heard at a distance of several miles."...*Richardson.*

When God and Vengeance speed the blow,
 And—Prophet—by that holy wreath
 Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,*
 I swear, for every sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
 But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those lived lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood befits not thee,
 And thou must back to ARABY.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
 In scenes that man himself might dread,
 Had I not hop'd our every tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
 Curs'd race, they offer swords instead!
 But cheer thee, maid—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
 'To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
 And, ere a drop of this night's gore
 Have time to chill in yonder towers,
 'Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!'"
 His bloody boast was all too true—
 'There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count
 Around him on that Fiery Mount.
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd

* "Mahommed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."
 --*Universal History*

The path-way through the valley's shade
 To those high towers where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field last dreadful night,
 When sallying from their Sacred Height,
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave ;
 That sun which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave ;—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and heaven to scorn !
 Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might !
 May life's unblessed cup, for him,
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim—
 With hopes that but allure to fly,
 With joys that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips !
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die—
 While lakes that shone in mockery night
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted.

Like the once glorious hopes he blasted ?
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell !

LALLA ROOKH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and oderiferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was sent to burn in the cassolets ;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed around, and after a short prelude on

his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the poet thus continued :—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy !

There's not a cloud in that blue plain,
But tells of storm to come or past ;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast ;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling !
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth, 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land : upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when HINDA'S bark

Went slowly from the Persian shore.—
 No music tim'd her parting oar,*
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more.
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.†
 And where was stern AL HASSAN then
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,
 With that keen, second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath!‡

* “The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.—*Harmer*.

† “The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage though it into the Ethiopic ocean.”
 ...*Richardson*.

‡ I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear”...*Pennant*.

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from the scenes of slaughter,
 As a young bird of BABYLON,*
 Let loose to tell of victory won,
 Flies home with wing, ah! not unstain'd
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
 The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells;
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount.†—
 Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again, at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary
 In her own sweet accacia bower.
 Can these delights, that wait her now,
 Call up no sunshine on her brow?
 No—silent, from her train apart—
 As if e'en now she felt at heart

* "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon."—*Travels of certain Englishmen.*

† "The Empress of Jehan-Quire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which he caused to be put round them."—*Harris.*

The chill of ner approaching doom—
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
 As a pale angel of the grave;
 And o'er the wide tempestuous wave,
 Looks, with a shudder to those towers,
 Where, in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!

“Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
 So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
 Foe—Gheber--infidel—whate'er
 Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
 Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
 Yes, ALLA—dreadful ALLA! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
 Forgetting faith, home, father, all—
 Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship e'en Thyself above him—
 For oh! so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shar'd with him!”
 Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
 Dropping their tears 'like moonlight rain;
 And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow.
 A holiness in those dark eyes,

Which show'd--though wandering earthward
now—

Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,

Is always pure, e'en while it errs ;

As sunshine, broken in the rill,

Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !

So wholly had her mind forgot

All thoughts but one, she heeded not

The rising storm—the wave that cast

A moment's midnight as it pass'd ;

Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread

Of gathering tumult o'er her head—

Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie

With the rude riot of the sky.

But hark ! that war-whoop on the deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,

Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,

'Mid yells and stampings of despair !

Merciful heaven what *can* it be ?

'Tis not the storm, though fearfully

The ship has shuddered as she rode

O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God !

Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,

Trembling all over—for she felt,

As if her judgment hour was near ;

While crouching round, half dead with fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd nor stirr'd—

When hark !—a second crash—a third—

And now, as if a bolt of thunder

Had riv'n the laboring planks asunder,

The deck falls in—what horrors then!
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
 Come mix'd together through the chasm;—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 “For God and IRAN!” as they fall!
 Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her, breathless, from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame,
 Amid the ruins of that hour,
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower!
 But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
 Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands*—as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran,
 One general rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!
 Once too—but no—it could not be—

* The meteors that Pliny calls “faces.”

'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul—e'en then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow men,
 As on some black and troublous night,
 The star of EGYPT,* whose proud light,
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest
 In the White Islands of the West,†
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way passed her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead!
 How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour when storms are gone;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquility—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn:

* "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."...*Brown.*

† See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still ;
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem*
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs !
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all
 And e'en that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heaves
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest !
 Such was the golden hour that broke
 Upon the world when HINDA woke
 From her long trance, and heard around

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it ; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal

No motion but the waters sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
 A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
 Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie ;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.
Blest ALLA ! who shall save her now ?
 There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
 From her own Faithful Moslem land

Their garb—the leathern belt* that wraps
 Each yellow vest†—that rebel hue—
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps‡—
 Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
 And heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
 Abandon'd her to HAFEE'S power;—
 HAFEE, the Gheber!—at the thought
 Her very heart's blood chills within;—
 He, whom her soul was hourly taught
 To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
 Some minister, whom hell had sent
 To spread its blast, where'er it went,
 And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
 His shadow betwixt man and God!
 And she is now his captive—thrown
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
 His the infuriate band she sees,
 All infidels—all enemies!
 What was the daring hope that then
 Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
 With boldness that despair had lent,
 She darted through that armed crowd
 A look so searching, so intent,
 That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd
 Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
 As if he guess'd whose form they sought,

* *D'Herbelot*, Art. Agduani.

† “The Guebers are known by a dark yellow color, which the men affect in their clothes.”... *Thevenot*.

‡ “The Kolah, or cap worn by the Persians is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary.”... *Waring*.

But no—she sees him not—'tis gone—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!
But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees
Their course is tow'rd that mountain hold—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where MECCA'S godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid th' illumin'd land and flood.
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the green alone.

But every thought was lost in fear,
 When, as their bounding bark drew near
 The craggy base, she felt the waves
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves
 That from the deep in windings pass
 Beneath the mount's volcanic mass:
 And loud a voice on deck commands
 To lower the mast and light the brands . . .
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
 Gloomy as that eternal Porch

Through which departed spirits go;—
 Not e'en the flare of brand and torch
 Its flickering light could further throw
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
 In that dark chasm, where even sound
 Seem'd dark—so sullenly around
 The goblin echoes of the cave
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
 As 'twere some secret of the grave!
 But soft—they pause—the current turns
 Beneath them from its onward track;
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns

The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
 And scarce the oar's redoubled force
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course:
 When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
 The oars are up—the rattle clings

And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then a day-beam, through the shade,
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she snuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes ;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.
Blest power of sunshine ! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray !
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !
E'en HINDA, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again !
But soon this balmy freshness fled :
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,

And long is heard from steep to steep,
 Chasing them down their thundering way
 The jackal's cry—the distant moan
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone ;—
 And that eternal, saddening sound
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,
 As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !
 All, all is fearful—e'en to see,
 To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings !
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own
 But does she dream ? has fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 'Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here !'
 She *does* not dream--all sense--all ear,
 She drinks the words, " thy Gheber's here."
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent !
 Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay

Open her bosom's glowing veil,*
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one!
 Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink
 Hath power to make e'en ruin dear—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her—a maid of ARABY—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness!
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way!
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover?
 "Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes
 Have ever welcom'd with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice

* A frequent image among the oriental poets, "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose."...*Jami*.

Of sinner's hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee!
 Let him but live, the burning tear,
 The sighs, the sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be heaven's alone.
 Youth pass'd in penitence, and age,
 In long and painful pilgrimage,
 Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
 Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin;—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 Together Thine—for, blest or crost,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine;
 And if he perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that

hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat for the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the West
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent whose last
 Bright hours atone for dark or es past,
 And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
 Shine, as they fall with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves
 And shaken from her bowers of date
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,*
 Now, lull'd to langour, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream.
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those Peri isles of light,
 That hang by spell-work in the air.
 But vainly did those glories burst
 On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first
 The bandage from her brow was taken,
 And pale and aw'd as those who waken
 In their dark tombs—when scowling near,
 The Searchers of the Grave† appear—
 She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
 In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
 And saw those towers, all desolate,
 That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
 As if defying e'en the smile
 Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.

* “ In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers.”... *Ebn. Haukel.*

† The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir; who are called “ the Searchers of the Grave ” in the “ Creed of the orthodox Mahomedans ” given by Ockley, vol. ii.

In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
 She looks for him whose voice so dear
 Had come like music to her ear—
 Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.
 And oh ! the shoots, the pangs of dread
 That through her inmost bosom run,
 When voices from without proclaim
 " HAFED, the Chief ! "—and one by one,
 The warriors shout that fearful name .
 He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
 How shall she dare to lift her head,
 Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
 Not YEMEN'S boldest sons can bear ?
 In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
 As in those hellish fires that light
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night !*
 How shall she bear that voice's tone,
 At whose loud battle-cry alone
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
 Scattered, like some vast caravan,
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell ?
 Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now ;

* " The Arabians call the mandrake ' the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."

And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—

Never was pause so full of dread ;

Till HAFED, with a trembling hand,
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
“ HINDA ! ”—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—

Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes

To hide them on her Gheber's breast !

'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,

The fellest of the fire-fiends brood,

HAFED, the demon of the fight,

Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight—
Is her own lov'd Gheber, mild

And glorious as when first he smil'd

In her lone tower, and left such beams

Of his pure eye to light her dreams,

That she believ'd her bower had given

Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,

Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun

Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom

Around the crater's burning lips,

Sweetening the very edge of doom !

The past—the future—all that Fate

Can bring of dark or desperate

Around such hours, but makes them cast

Intenser radiance while they last !

E'en he this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,

One dreary waste of chains and graves!
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down and share her death—
E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth

All other transports known on earth,

That he was lov'd--well, warmly lov'd--

Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd

How deep, how thorough-felt the glow

Of rapture, kindling out of wo;—

How exquisite one single drop

Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top

Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,

Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,

Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,

Whom Fancy cheats into a smile,

Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!

The mighty ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
 Lay open tow' rds the ocean flood,
 Where lightly o'er th' illumin'd surge
 Many a fair bark, that all the day,
 Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
 Now bounded on and gave their sails,
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
 Were still with lingering glories bright--
 As if to grace the gorgeous West.

The spirit of departing Light
 That eve had left his sunny vest
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
 Never was scene so form'd for love !
 Beneath them waves of crystal move
 In silent swell--heav'n glows above,
 And their pure hearts, to transport given,
 Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.
 But ah ! too soon that dream is past--

Again, again her fear returns ;--
 Night, dreadful night is gathering fast,
 More faintly the horizon burns,
 And every rosy tint that lay
 On the smooth sea hath died away.
 Hastily to the darkening skies
 A glance she casts--then wildly cries
 " At night, he said--and, look 'tis near--
 Fly, fly--if yet thou lov'st me, fly--

Soon will his murderous band be here,
 And I shall see them bleed and die.—
 Hush!—heard'st thou not the tramp of men
 Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
 Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—

Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
 He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
 I know him—he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors, e'en to agony,
 She clings around the wandering Chief;—

“Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me

Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.

Lost as I am, nought ever grew
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too—

My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
 And nothing lives that enters there!

Why were our barks together driven
 Beneath this morning's furious heaven?

Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 Had thrown into my desperate arms—

When casting but a single glance

Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
 I vow'd (though watching view'less o'er

Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
 To meet the unmanning sight no more—

Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
 Why weakly, madly met thee now?—

Start not—that noise is but the shock

Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
 Dread nothing here upon this rock,

We stand above the jarring world,

Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
 Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
 In league to storm this sacred height,
 Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
 And each o'erlooking star that dwells
 Near God, will be thy sentinels;
 And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
 Back to thy sire'—

“To-morrow!—no”.

The maiden screamed—“thou'lt never see
 To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,
 Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
 Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
 That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
 Nay, doubt not—by yon stars 'tis true—
 Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
 This morning, with that smile so dire
 He wears in joy, he told me all,
 And stamp'd in triumph through our hall
 As though thy heart already beat
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
 Good heav'n, how little dream'd I then
 His victim was my own lov'd youth!—
 Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
 By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!”
 O! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which siezes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.

He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
 So amazed and motionless was he ;
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or some mute, marble habitant

Of the still halls of ISHMONIE !*
 But soon the painful chill was o'er,
 And his great soul, herself once more,
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays !
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days !
 Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal lights of Fate

Were shining in those awful eyes !
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In IRAN'S sacred cause is come :
 And though his life hath pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory, permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of aftertimes,
 The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night

* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc., to be seen to this day, see *Perry's Views of Levant*.

For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes †
 This rock his monument aloft,

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
 And hither bards and heroes oft

Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wondering boys where HAFED fell,
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive

Th' accursed race whose ruthless chain
 Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain,
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !
 Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on HAFED'S brow :
 And ne'er did Saint of ISSA* gaze

On the red wreath for martyrs twin'd,
 More proudly than the youth surveys

That pile, which through the gloom behind
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,

Glimmers—his destin'd funeral pyre !
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,

Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-god's shrine it stands,

Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,

† Jesus.

Which rescues them from bonds and shame.
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant prophet spread,
 When pitying heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!*
 With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoots his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear!
 "HAFED, my own beloved lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last ador'd:
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt

Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
 Here, on my knees, that never knelt
 To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
 Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
 Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
 East—west—alas, I care not wither,
 So thou art safe, and I with thee!
 Go where we will, this hand is thine,
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,
 Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
 The world's a world of love for us!

* "The Ghebers, say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—*Tavernier*.

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
 Where 'tis no crime to love too well ;
 Where thus to worship tenderly
 An erring child of light like thee
 Will not be sin—or, if it be,
 Where we may weep our faults away,
 Together kneeling, night and day,
 Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA'S shrine,
 And I—at *any* God's for thine !''
 Wildly those passionate words she spoke —
 Then hung her head, and wept for shame,
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
 With every deep-heav'd sob that came.
 While he, young, warm—oh ! wonder not
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
 And IRAN'S self are all forgot
 For her whom at his feet he sees,
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.
 No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
 Was born to kindle and to share !
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting he brush'd the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;

Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from nis sword the dew's of night,
That had but dimn'd, not stain'd its light.
Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, and yielding as her own;
And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said—
“Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear—
If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet!”
Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn* hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,

* “The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet, for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.”—*Perrault*

Th' alarm to tell when hope was past,
 And the tremendous death-die cast !
 And there upon the mouldering tower,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge note of the brave and free.
 They came—his Chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all
 Alas, how few !—the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN'S plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash

Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun—
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
 And the wide ox-tails stream'd behind,*
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode
 Were wing'd, and every chief a god !

How fall'n, how alter'd'now ! how wan
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
 As round the burning shrine they came ;—

How deadly was the glare it cast,
 As mute they paus'd before the flame

To light their torches as they pass'd !
 'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
 The duties of his soldier-band ;

* “ The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.”—*Thevenot*.

And each determin'd brow declares
 His faithful Chieftains well knew theirs.
 But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
 And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
 That look from heaven, ye may behold
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet ;—
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever ;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.

And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'Twas any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste !" she cried, "the clouds grow
 dark,

But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;
 And by the morrow's dawn—oh bliss !

With thee upon the sea-bright deep,
 Far off I'll but remember this,
 As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep !
 And thou'—
 "But ah ! he answers not—
 Good heaven ! and does she go alone ?

She now hath reach'd that dismal spot,
 Where some hours since, his voice's tone
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
 Sweet as the Angel ISRAFIL'S,*
 When every leaf on Eden's tree
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
 Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—

“HAFED ! my HAFED !—if it be
 Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
 Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy loved name,
 'Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
 Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
 But near each other while they fade ;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And I can die ten thousand deaths !
 You too, who hurry me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh ! stay—one moment is not much ;
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 HAFED ! dear HAFED !”—All the way
 In wild lamentings, that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
 To the dark woods—no HAFED came :
 No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last ;
 Your hearts should both have broken then :
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
 You'll never meet on earth again !

* “ The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice
 of all God's creatures.”—Sale.

Alas for him who hears her cries!—

Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!

Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind,

And on the deck still lingering stay,

And long look back, with sad delay,

To watch the moonlight on the wave,

That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?

That dreadful shout!—across the glen

From the land side it comes, and loud

Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd

Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,

Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell

Had all in one dread howl broke out,

So loud, so terrible that shout!

“They come—the Moslems come!”—he cries.

His proud soul mounting to his eyes—

“Now spirits of the brave who roam

Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,

Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire

Are on the wing to join your choir!”

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound

To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep

And gain'd the shrine his chiefs stood round.

'Their swords as with instinctive leap,
 Together at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
 And hark! again—again—it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
 Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
 Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?
 He read their thoughts—they were his own—
 "What! while our arms can wield these
 blades,

Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No—God of IRAN'S burning skies!
 Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice
 No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
 Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen
 Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"
 Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,

While vigor, more than human, strung
 Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe
 Still through the dark defiles below,
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
 Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA'S vale*
 The mighty serpent in his ire,
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell
 The very tigers from their delves

Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untam'd and fearless as themselves!
 There was a deep ravine, that lay
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;—
 Fit spot to make invaders rue
 The many fall'n before the few.
 The torrents from that morning's sky
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,
 The guards, with which young Freedom lines
 The pathway to her mountain shrines.
 Here at this pass, the scanty band
 Of IRAN'S last avengers stand—
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,
 And listen for the Moslem's tread
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad

Above them flaps his wings unheard !
 They come—that plunge into the water
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
 Now Ghebers, now—if ere your blades
 Had point or prowess, prove them now—
 Wo to the file that foremost wades !

They come—a falchion greets each brow,
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless ;
 Till scarce an arm in HAFED'S band,
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand

The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd !
 All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand.
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand ;—
 Wretches who wading, half on fire

From the toss'd brands that round them fly
 Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire :
 And some who grasp'd by those who die,

Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!
 But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;--
 Countless as tow'rd some flame at night
 The North's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas!

What hope was left for you? for you,
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they
 knew,

And burn with shame to find how few.
 Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
 Some found their graves where first they stood.
 While some with hardier struggle died.
 And still fought on by HAFED's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe trod back
 Tow'rd the high towers his gory track;
 And as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride*

* "In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbor themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowing"

From the wild covert where he lay,
 Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,
 So fought he back with fierce delay,
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.
 But whither now? their track is lost,
 Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone
 By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
 The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
 They panting cry, "so far behind—
 Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
 To track the way the Gheber went!"
 Vain wish—confusedly along
 They rush more desperate as more wrong:
 Till, wilder'd by the far off lights,
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
 Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
 And down the darkling precipice
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss:
 Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
 Of ravening vultures—while the dell
 Re-echoes with each horrid yell,
 Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
 That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear,
 Now reach him, as aloft, alone,
 Upon the steep way breathless thrown,

of the river, gave occasion to the allusion of Jeremiah, "he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." . . .
Maunder's Appo.

He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And IRAN'S self could claim no more
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast ;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !
A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a lov'd friend, the only one
Of all his warriors left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
“And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
Foes round us, and the Shrine so near?”
These words have rous'd the last remains
Of life within him—“what ! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains?”—
The thought could make e'en Death forget
His icy bondage—-with a bound

He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
 E'en feebler, heavier than his own,
 And faintly up the pathway leads,
 Death gaining on each step he treads.
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow—
 They mount--they bleed--oh save them now--
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
 The rock-weeds dripping with their gore—
 Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
 Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
 Come near and nearer from below—
 One effort more—thank Heav'n! tis past,
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—
 When, lo!--his weak, worn comrade falls
 Dead on the treshold of the Shrine.
 "Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
 And must I leave thee withering here,
 The sport of every ruffian's tread,
 The mark for every coward spear?
 No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
 He cries, and with a strength that seems
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd's the flame
 Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
 Then lights the consecrated brand,
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze,

Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN'S Sea.—

“Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,”

The youth exclaims, and with a smile

Of triumph vaulting on the pike,

In that last effort, ere the fires

Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires.

What shriek was that on OMAN'S tide?

It came from yonder drifting bark,

That just has caught upon her side

The death-light—and again is dark.

It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—

That bears the wretched Moslem maid

Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom

Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom;

But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,

Was render'd to her father's eyes,

Their pardon, full and prompt, would be

The ransom of so dear a prize.

Unconscious, thus, of HAFED'S fate,

And proud to guard their beauteous freight,

Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves

That foam around those frightful caves,

When the curst war-whoops, known so well

Come echoing from the distant dell—

Sudden—each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side

And, driving at the current's will,

They rock'd along the whispering tide

While every eye, in mute dismay,

Was tow'ard that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.
Oh! 'tis not HINDA, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch,
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour--
Thy silent agony--'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell '
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lone spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart ;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm, of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking !
Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow ;
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,

Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that to make her blest,
 And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
 That bounds in youth's yet careless breast—
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now!—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
 In vain with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
 E'en now, this night, himself must die!
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wondering guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast—
 Too well she knows—her more than life,
 Her soul's first idol and its last,
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.
 But see—what moves upon the height?
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
 What bodes its solitary glare?
 In gasping silence tow'rd the shrine
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine

Fix their last failing-life beam there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,
 And far away o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent :
 While HAFED, like a vision, stood
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
 Shrin'd in its own grand element !
 ' 'Tis he !'—the shuddering maid exclaims—
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more ;
 High burst in air the funeral flames,
 And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er !
 One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
 Then sprung, as if to reach the blaze,
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave—
 Deep, deep—where never care or pain
 Shall reach her innocent heart again !



Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter
 (Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea :
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water.
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing
 How light was thy heart 'till Love's witcher
 came

Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl
Islands,
With nought but the sea-star† to light up her
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burn-
ing,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and
the old,‡
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she
dresses

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."....
Stephen's Persia.

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays"....
Mirza Abu Taleb.

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see
Kempfer, Amœnitat, Erot.

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero! forge
 thee--

Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
 start,

Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set
 thee,

Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her
 Heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow,
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the
 deep ;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the
 billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;*
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd
 chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie dark-
 ling,

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. . . See *Trevoux. Chambers*

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head,
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian* are
 sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain,
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
 mountain,
 They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in
 this wave.

THE singular placidity with which FADLA-DEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore,

* "The bay of Kienelarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."... *Struy.*

† "The application of whips or *toda*."... *Dubois.*

immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and, if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigor on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, arguing better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROCKH expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for

mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,* and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Harem.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,† beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favorite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal, and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she

* Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him "formæ corporis estimator." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Harem by a sort of regulation girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

† The Attock.

had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.’’*

The whole party, indeed seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens, and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Musselmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature

* The star Sohe', or Canopus.

hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdau! were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquility. As the prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"—and here in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal—the Light of the Haram,* who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond—the youth, in order to delay the momen' of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconcilment of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the

* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called N'urjehan, or the light of the World.

Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
 With its roses, the brightest that earth ever
 gave,*
 Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
 wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the
 Lake

Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to
 take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she
 goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleam-
 ing half shown,

* "The rose of Kashmire, for its brilliancy and delicacy of color has long been proverbial in the East."... *Forster*.

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its
own.

Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the magian his urn full of perfume is
swinging,

And here at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
ringing.*

Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly
shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of
stars,

And the nightingales hymn from the Isle of
Chenars

Is broken by laughs and wild echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young
people meet :—

Or at morn when the magic of day-light awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the
Sun.

When the spirit of Fragrance is up with the
day,

From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away ;
And the wind full of wantonness, woos like a
lover.

* “, Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sound-
ed with ravishing melody.”...*Song of Jayadeva.*

The young aspen-trees* till they tremble all over
 When the East is as warm as the light of first
 hopes,

And Day, with its banner of radiance unfurl'd.
 Shines in through the mountainous† portal that
 opes,

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world †

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light.

Visions by day and feasts by night!

A happier smile illumines each brow,

With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy—for now

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.†

That joyous time when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose—

The flowret of a hundred leaves,§
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,

* "The little Isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbors and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall."... *Bernier*.

† "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster*

‡ "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."... See *Pietro de la Valle*.

§ "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."... *Ouseizy*

And every leaf its balm receives !
 'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid its sultry flame
 Behind the palms of *BARAMOULE*.*
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd from their embroid'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On *BELA*'s† halls is less alive
 When saffron beds are full in flower,
 Than looked the Valley at that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade ;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret ;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wandering around,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks that would not dare shine cut
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night !

* Bernier.

† A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or *Memoirs of Jehanguire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere

And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaim'd to all they met,
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.
 And what a wilderness of flowers !
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet :
 The minaret-cryer's chant of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,*
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighboring Harem, wild and sweet ;—
 The merry laughter echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange grove ;

* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russell*.

Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents* that line the way,
 Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other!—

And the sounds from the Lake—the low whisp'-
 ring boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight;—the
 dipping of oars,

And the wild, airy warbling that every where
 floats,

Through the groves, round the islands, as if
 all the shores,

Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave!†

But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of
 feeling,

That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing—
 Some lover who knows all the heart-touching
 power

Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh! best of delights as it every where is,

* "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, and boys and girls, with music, dances," etc. etc --- *Herbert*.

† "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them." --- *Grosier*

To be near the lov'd *One*—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may
 glide
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by
 his side !

If women can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a heav'n she must make
 CASHMERE !

So felt the magnificent son of ACBAR,*
 When from power and pomp, and the trophies
 of war,
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Haram, his young NOUR-
 MAHAL.

When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully
 snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not
 match,
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that
 curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the
 world !

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's
 light,

* Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made ten-
der,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of
bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it
flies,
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheeks to
the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in
gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of heav'n in his
dreams!
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others was born with her face;
And when angry—for e'en in the tranquillest
climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms some
times—
That short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when
shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy re-
vealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of new
feelings!

Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took
wing

From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in
Spring :

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages,*
While her laugh, full of life, without any control

But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her
soul ;

And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,

In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all
over—

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

Such, such were the peerless enchantments that
gave

NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her
slave ;

And though bright was his Haram—a living
parterre

Of the flowers† of this planet—though treasures
were there

* "In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odors."—*Richardson*.

† In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

For which SOLIMAN's self might have given all
 the store
 'That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his
 shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young NOUR
 MAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw the City of Delight*
 In fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems, and light, and flowers!
 Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissensions between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried;
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,

* The capital of Shadukia'n.

When heav'n was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind, or wrongly taken
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin :
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh you, that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above,
 He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round ;*
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight,
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.

* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Ceremonies Religieuses*.

Like that celestial bird—whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Loose all their glory when he flies!*

Some difference, of this dangerous kind—
 By which, though light the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst;
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own—
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.†
 In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the earth supplies
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,

* "Among the birds of Ton jin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendor."... *Grosier*.

† "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les ames damnees.'"—*Dalloway*

The eyes are dim—though rich the sp^{er}
 With every flower this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not ?*
 In vain the Valley's smiling throne
 Worship him as he moves along ;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers ;
 They but the Star's adorers are,
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star .

Hence is it too, that NOURMAHAL,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
 With no one near, to sooth or aid,
 But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress ;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather, as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing c^{er}
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,

† “ You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his
 † J. M. T. P.”

And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!
 All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,* which around
 The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
 To the gold gems† of AFRIC, bound
 Upon the wandering Arabs arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's‡ harm.
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere.
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her SELIM's§ smile to NOURMAHAL!

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd
 From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep

* "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."... *Wilford*.

† "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."... *Jackson*

‡ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c. in a human shape"... *Richardson*.

§ "The name of *Jehangaire* before his accession to the throne

Their odor to themselves all day,
 But, when the sun-light dies away
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about ;
 When thus NAMOUNA :—“ 'Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 As Genii of the Sun behold,
 At evening from their tents of gold
 Upon the horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away !
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
 Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowrets' breaths, and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell" ———.

“ For me, for me,”

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently—

“ Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-night.”

Then rapidly with foot as light

As the young musk-roe's, cut she flew

To cull each shining leaf that grew

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams

For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.

Anemones and Seas of Gold.*

And new blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowrets, that unfold
Their buds on CAMEDEVA's quiver;†

The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of MALAY

Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,‡
So like a bride, scented and bright,

She comes out when the sun's away.

Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through ZAMARA's shades;§

And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On ZERENDIB's high crags to those

Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove trees in the gale;—

In short, all flowrets and all plants,

* "Hemasagare, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold color."---*Sir W. Jones.*

† "This tree (the Nagacessara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odor of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver or Camadeva, or the God of Love."---*Jb.*

‡ "The Malaysans style the tube-rose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."---*Pennant.*

§ The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails"---*Marsden.*

From the divine Amrita tree,*
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil† tuft, that waves
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,
 And to the humble rosemary,
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
 To scent the desert‡—and the dead—
 All in that garden bloom, and all
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,
 Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
 And leaves, till they can hold no more,
 Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews
 And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
 As, in a kind of holy trance,
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs,
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed

* "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amri'a or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—*Sir W. Jones.*

† Sweet-basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in church-yards.

‡ "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—*Asiat Res.*

From flow'rs and scented flame that fed
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
 Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves
 In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

I know where the winged visions dwell
 That round the night-bed play ;
 I know each herb and flowret's bell,
 Where they hide their wings by day.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.
 The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough,*

* "The Almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches." *Hasselquist.*

Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes

The glitter of mines unfold,

Inhabit the mountain herb,* that dyes

The tooth of the fawn like gold.

The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—

That appal the murderer's sight,

Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,

That shrieks, when torn at night!

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured patient mind

That smiles at the wrongs of men,

Is found in the bruise'd and wounded rind

Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown

Plac'd on her head, than sleep came down,

Gently as nights of summer fall

* An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL,
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonics
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of AZAB* blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy Red-Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping: †--
 And now a spirit form'd 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light, so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness, when he waves his wings
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From CHINDARA'S ‡ warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
 From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell,
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,

* The Myrrh country.

† "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red-Sea."... *Wilford*.

‡ "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing" ... *Richardson*.

And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain.
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly!
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr.* Tab. 19.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ,
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on,
 To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be,
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
 breath.

And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
 When music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like th' silent stars, that wink and listen
 While heav'n's eternal melodies roll !

 So, hither I come,
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,*
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then,
 Shut close her lids of light again.

* "They have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break"...
Waring.

And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
Oh bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings!
And then her voice—'tis more than human—
Never till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.—
“Oh! let it last till night,” she cries,
“And he is more than ever mine.”
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening fade away—
For things so heavenly have such fleetness
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along.
Like echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.
That evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love releas'd
By mirth by music, and the bowl)
Th' Imperial SELIM held a Feast
In his magnificent Shalimar,
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled,
All the bright creatures that like dreams

Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams,*
 And all those wandering minstrel maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
 Of that dear valley and are found
 Singing in gardens of the South†
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth;
 There too the Haram's inmates smile:
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the NILE,
 Delicate as the roses there;‡
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks;§
 Light PERI forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;||

* "The waters of Cachemir are the most renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."...*Ali Yezdi*.

† "from him I received the following little GAZZEL, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cachmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."...*Persian Miscellanies*.

‡ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for men of rank to recline upon" ...*Jackson*.

§ "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphain diamond."...*Mariti*.

|| "There is part of Candahar, called Peria or Fairy Land."...*Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the

And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,*
 That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying!

Every thing young, every thing fair,
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—oh NOURMAHAL!
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one!

Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by!

Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee
 But ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids†—

North of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

* "These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language *Flying Leaves*. Some of them have shining colors, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."... *Dunn*.

† "The Arabian women wear black masks with little

A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery—
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
 And waited trembling for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.
 The board was spread with fruits and wine ;
 With grapes of gold like those that shine
 On CASBIN's hills ;*—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears
 And sunniest apples that CAUBUL†
 In all its thousand gardens‡ bears.
 Plaintains, the golden and the green,
 MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen ;§
 Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of SAMARKAND ;
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the Sun,|| from IRAN's land ;—

clasps prettily ordered."---*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

* "The golden grapes of Casbin."---*Description of Persia*.

† "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates, etc."---*Elphinstone*.

‡ "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaunder about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account ; that city and its 100,000 gardens, etc."---*Id.*

§ "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world ; the pride of the Malay Islands."---*Marsder*.

|| "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ed shems, signifying sun's seed."---*Description of Persia*.

With rich conserve of Visna cherries,*
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells.†

All these in rich vases smile,

In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle‡

Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.

Wines too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw;

Amber Rosolli ||—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;¶

And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran

As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby, for which CUELAI-CHAN
 Offer'd a city's wealth, ¶ was blushing
 Melted within the goblets there!

* "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers, etc"---*Russel*.

† "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."---*The Moallakat*, a poem of *Tarafa*.

‡ Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fisherman and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan.--See *Kempfer*.

§ Persian Tales.

¶ The white wine of Kishma.

¶ "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen, Kublai-Khan sent and offered

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
 And seems resolv'd the floods shall reach
 His inward heart—shedding around
 A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd.
 For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy;—
 As bards have seen him, in their dreams
 Down the blue GANGES laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,*
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.
 But what are cups, without the aid
 Of songs to speed them as they flow?
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
 Of her own country maidens' looks,
 When warm they rise from TEF LIS' brooks;†
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,
 Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
 His heart is weak, of heav'n should pray,

the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."...*Marco Polo*.

* The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo....See *Penant*

† Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths....See *Ebn Haukal*.

To guard him from such eyes as those !-
 With a voluptuous wildness flings
 Her snow hand across the strings
 Of a syrinda,* and thus sings :

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;
 And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their
 sigh
 As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a
 bee ; †
 And precious their tears as that rain from the
 sky, ‡
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
 Oh ! think what the kiss and smile must be
 worth,

* “ The Indian Syrinda or guitar.”... *Symes*.

† “ Delightful are the flowers of the Amra-trees on the mountain tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil ”... *Song of Jayadeva*.

‡ “ The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells.”... *Rickardson*.

When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in
 bliss,
 And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that hallow'd by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from
 their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth* left the fountains
 above,
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have
 here.
 And bless'd with the odor our goblets give forth,
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would
 miss?
 For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
 When the same measure, sound for sound,
 Was caught up a another lute,
 And so divinely breath'd around,
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,
 As if they thought to see the wing
 Of ISRAFIL,† the Angel, there;—
 So powerfully on every soul

* For an account of the share which wine had in the fall
 of the angels-- see *Mariti*

† The Angel of music.

That new, enchanted measure stole.
 While now a voice, sweet as the note
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
 Along its chords, and so entwine
 Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
 The voice or lute was most divine,
 So wond'rously they went together:

'There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
 told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly
 tie,
 With heart never changing and brow never
 cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they
 die!
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss!
 And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
 But that deep magic in the chords
 And in the lips, that gave such power
 As music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 'It is the mask'd Arabian maid!'
 While SELIM, who had felt the strain

Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes wrapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ,

As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breath'd and shone,
 New, as if brought from other spheres.
 Yet welcome as if lov'd for years !

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—
 Fresh as the fountain under ground
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place ;

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine !

* The Hudhud or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

There was a pathos in this lay,
 That, e'er without enchantment's art
 Would instantly have found its way
 Deep into SELIM's burning heart ;
 But breathing, as it did, a tone
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown,
 With every cord fresh from the touch
 Of Music's Spirit 'twas too much !
 Starting, he dash'd away the cup—
 Which, all the time of this sweet air
 His hand had held, untasted, up,
 As if 'twere held by magic there—
 And naming her, so long unnam'd,
 " Oh NOURMAHAL ! oh NOURMAHAL !
 Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
 I could forget—forgive thee all,
 And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off--the charm is wrought
 And SELIM to his heart has caught,
 In blushes, more than ever bright,
 His NOURMAHAL, his Harem's Light !
 And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
 The charm of every brighten'd glance ;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light awhile ;
 And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
 " Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light hapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, “frivolous”—“inharmonious”—“nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favorable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions—not to mention dews, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers: and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion—these were the themes honored with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the unfaithful, wine; “being perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Harem on this point, “one of those birds, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose

images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the

very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled—to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of the Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled.* But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless water-falls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts

* Kachmire be Mazeer. . . . *Forster*

which but darke ied and grew bitter every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honor to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-colored tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly: and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imagi-

nable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her:—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold odoriferous wind that is to blow over the earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she arose in the morning, and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake:—first kissing, with a mournful look, the

little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have ever borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more, perhaps, catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell. In the barge immediately after the Princess was FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chauk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens

ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat ALI RIZ, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable.

But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was siezed with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded, as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, ALIRIS, and ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.



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