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SALÁMÁN

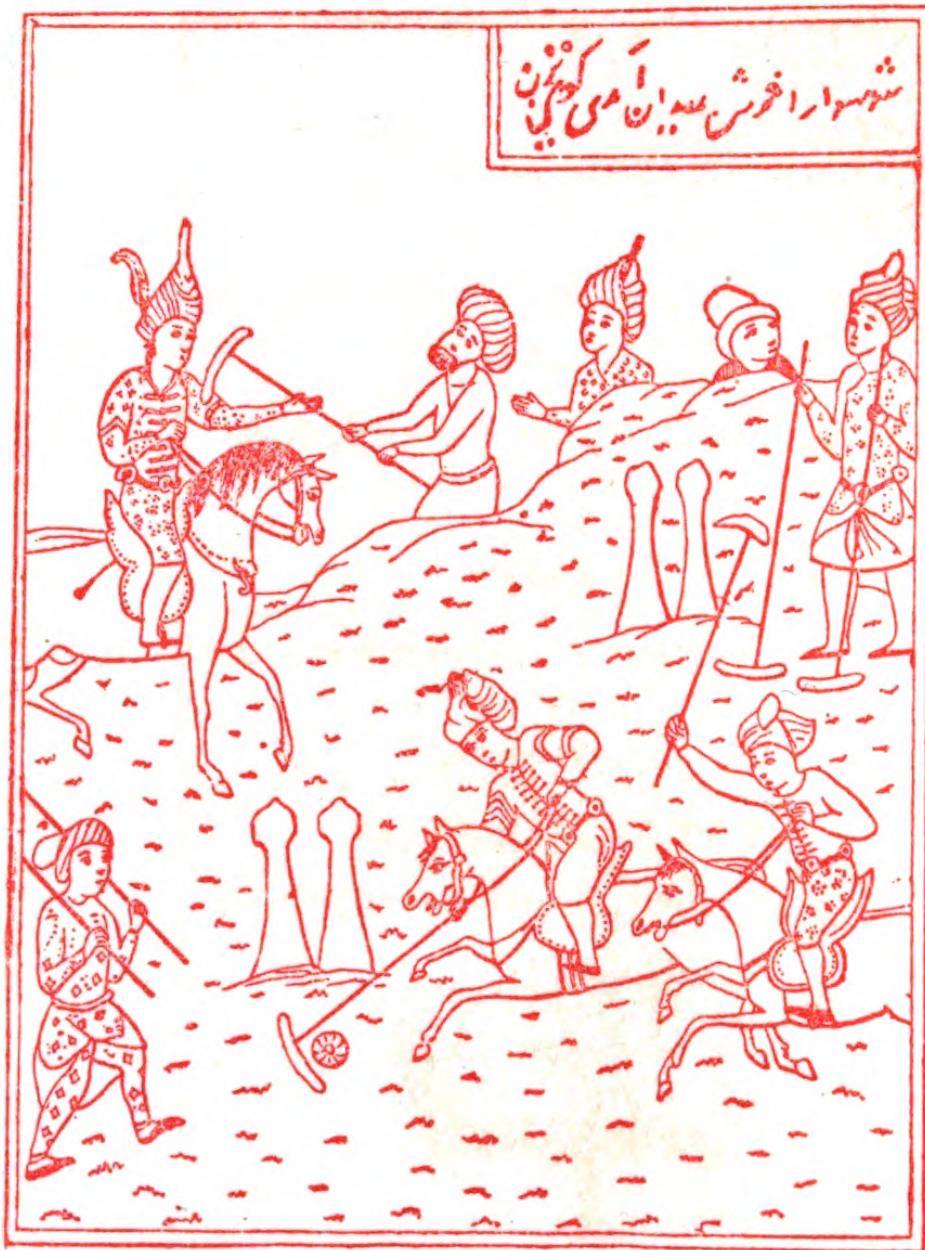
AND

ABSÁL

5.17

Pe

SALÁMÁN
AND
ABSÁL



*Welcome, Prince of Horsomen, welcome!
Ride a field, and strike the Ball!*

SALÁMÁN & ABSÁL

AN ALLEGORY
TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN
OF
JÁMI

BY
EDWARD
FITZGERALD



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MY DEAR COWELL,

Two years ago, when we began (I for the first time) to read this Poem together, I wanted you to translate it, as something that should interest a few who are worth interesting. You, however, did not see the way clear then, and had Aristotle pulling you by one Shoulder and Prakrit Vararuchi by the other, so as indeed to have hindered you up to this time completing a Version of Hafiz' best Odes which you had then happily begun. So, continuing to like old Jámi more and more, I must try my hand upon him; and here is my reduced Version of a small Original. What Scholarship it has is yours, my Master in Persian and so much beside; who are no further answerable for *all* than by well liking and wishing publisht what you may scarce have Leisure to find due fault with.

Had all the Poem been like Parts, it would have been all translated, and in such Prose lines as you measure Hafiz in, and such as any one should adopt who does not feel himself so much of a Poet as him he translates and some he translates for—before whom it is best to lay the raw material as genuine as may be, to work up to their own better Fancies. But, unlike Hafiz' best—(whose Sonnets are sometimes as close packt as Shakespeare's, which they resemble in more ways than one)—Jámi, you know, like his Countrymen

generally, is very diffuse in what he tells and his way of telling it. The very structure of the Persian Couplet—(here, like people on the Stage, I am repeating to you what you know, with an Eye to the small Audience beyond)—so often ending with the same Word, or Two Words, if but the foregoing Syllable secure a lawful Rhyme, so often makes the Second Line but a slightly varied Repetition, or Modification of the First, and gets slowly over Ground often hardly worth gaining. This iteration is common indeed to the Hebrew Psalms and Proverbs—where, however, the Value of the Repetition is different. In your Hafiz also, not Two only, but Eight or Ten Lines perhaps are tied to the same Close of Two—or *Three*—words; a verbal Ingenuity as much valued in the East as better Thought. And how many of all the Odes called his, more and fewer in various Copies, do you yourself care to deal with?—And in the better ones how often some lines, as I think for this reason, unworthy of the Rest—interpolated perhaps from the Mouths of his many Devotees, Mystical and Sensual—or crept into Manuscripts of which he never arranged or corrected one from the First?

This, together with the confined Action of Persian Grammar, whose organic simplicity seems to me its difficulty when applied, makes the Line by Line Translation of a Poem not line by line precious tedious in proportion to its length. Es-

pecially—(what the Sonnet does not feel) —in the Narrative ; which I found when once eased in its Collar, and yet missing somewhat of rhythmical Amble, somehow, and not without resistance on my part, swerved into that “easy road” of Verse—easiest as unbeset with any exigencies of Rhyme. Those little Stories, too, which you thought untractable, but which have their Use as well as Humour by way of quaint Interlude Music between the little Acts, felt ill at ease in solemn Lowth-Isaiah Prose, and had learn'd their tune, you know, before even Hiawatha came to teach people to quarrel about it. Till, one part drawing on another, the Whole grew to the present form.

As for the much bodily omitted—it may be readily guessed that an Asiatic of the 15th Century might say much on such a subject that an Englishman of the 19th would not care to read. Not that our Jámi is ever *licentious* like his Contemporary Chaucer, nor like Chaucer's Posterity in Times that called themselves more Civil. But better Men will not now endure a simplicity of Speech that Worse men abuse. Then the many more, and foolisher, Stories—preliminary Te Deums to Allah and Allah's-shadow Sháh—very much about Alef Noses, Eyebrows like inverted Núns, drunken Narcissus Eyes—and that eternal Moon Face which never wanes from Persia—of all which there is surely enough in this Glimpse of the Original. No doubt some Oriental character

escapes — the Story sometimes becomes too Skin and Bone without due interval of even Stupid and Bad. Of the two Evils?—At least what I have chosen is least in point of bulk; scarcely in proportion with the length of its Apology which, as usual, probably discharges one's own Conscience at too great a Price; people at once turning against you the Arms they might have wanted had you not laid them down. However it may be with this, I am sure a complete Translation—even in Prose—would not have been a readable one—which, after all, is a useful property of most Books, even of Poetry.

In studying the Original, you know, one gets contentedly carried over barren Ground in a new Land of Language—excited by chasing any new Game that will but show Sport; the most worthless to win asking perhaps all the sharper Energy to pursue, and so far yielding all the more Satisfaction when run down. Especially, cheer'd on as I was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog of a Persian Scholar never hunted with before; and moreover—but that was rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently brightening about us like Aurora's Self, or chiming in with musical Encouragement that all we started and ran down must be Royal Game!

Ah, happy Days! When shall we Three meet again—when dip in that unreturning Tide of Time and Circumstance!—In those Meadows far from the World, it

seemed, as Salámán's Island—before an Iron Railway broke the Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Millwheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy Stream that turned it as they chased one another over to lose themselves in Whispers in the Copse beyond. Or returning—I suppose you remember whose Lines they are—

When Winter Skies were ting'd with Crimson still

Where Thornbush nestles on the quiet hill,
And the live Amber round the setting Sun,
Lighting the Labourer home whose Work is done,

Burn'd like a Golden Angel-ground above
The solitary Home of Peace and Love—

at such an hour drawing home together for a fireside Night of it with Aeschylus or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls, modest almost as those of the Poor who cluster'd—and with good reason—round, make to my Eyes the Tower'd Crown of Oxford hanging in the Horizon, and with all Honour won, but a dingy Vapour in Comparison. And now, should they beckon from the terrible Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of Future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the shadow of everlasting Farewell!

But to turn from you Two to a Public—nearly as numerous—(with whom, by the way, this Letter may die without a name that *you* know very well how to supply),—here is the best I could make of Jámi's Poem—“Ouvrage de peu d'

étendue," says the Biographie Universelle, and, whatever that means, here collaps'd into a nutshell Epic indeed; whose Story however, if nothing else, may interest some Scholars as one of Persian Mysticism—perhaps the grand Mystery of all Religions—an Allegory fairly devised and carried out—dramatically culminating as it goes on; and told as to this day the East loves to tell her Story, illustrated by Fables and Tales, so often (as we read in the latest Travels) at the expense of the poor Arab of the Desert.

The Proper Names—and some other Words peculiar to the East—are printed as near as may be to their native shape and sound—"Sulayman" for Solomon—"Yúsuf" for Joseph, etc., as being not only more musical, but retaining their Oriental flavour unalloyed with European Association. The *accented* Vowels are to be pronounced long, as in Italian—Salámán—Absál—Shírín, etc.

The Original is in rhymed Couplets of this measure:—

— ˘ — — | — ˘ — — | — ˘ — | |

which those who like Monkish Latin may remember in:—

"Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus intrá de profundis aestuat."

or in English—by way of asking, "your Clemency for us and for our Tragedy"—

"Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants Man here below, nor little long."

LIFE OF JÁMI.

[I hope the following disproportionate Notice of Jámi's Life will be amusing enough to excuse its length. I found most of it at the last moment in Rosenzweig's "Biographische Notizen" of Jámi, from whose own, and Commentator's, Works it purports to be gathered.]

NÚRUDDÍN ABDURRAHMAN, SON of Maulána Nizamuddin¹ Ahmed, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "FATHERS" of Islamism, was born A.H. 817, A.D. 1414, in Jámi, a little Town of Khorásan, whither (according to the Heft Aklím—"Seven Climates") his Grandfather had migrated from Desht of Ispahán, and from which the Poet ultimately took his Takhalus, or Poetic name, JÁMI. This word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jámi, and dipt in the "*Jam*" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must be called JÁMI in the Book of Song." He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles—"Lord of Poets"—"Elephant of Wisdom," &c., but often liked to call himself "The Ancient of Herát," where he mainly resided.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín—the "Light of Faith," and even so early began to show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distinguished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mehmed

¹ Such final "uddins" signify "OF THE FAITH." "MAULÁNA" may be taken as MASTER" in Learning, Law, etc.

Parsa, then in the last year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. "I was not then Five Years old," says Jámí, "and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders of one of the Family and set down before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Maulána Fakhruddín Loristani had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'ALI' and 'OMAR' in the Air, laughed delightedly to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervish let me live, and Dervish die; and in the Company of the Dervish do Thou quicken me to Life again!"

Jámí first went to a School at Herát; and afterward to one founded by the Great Timúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellows in the very Encyclopaedic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled the Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity welcomed him

—“Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!”—In the wider Field of Samarcand he might have liked to remain; but Destiny liked otherwise, and a Dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfi Master there, Mehmed Saaduddín Kaschgari, of the Nakhsbend Order of Dervishes, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámi went back to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed by without daring to present himself; but the Master’s Eye was upon him; day by day draws him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him—“Lo! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare!”

Under him Jámi began his Súfi Noviciate, with such Devotion, and under such Fascination from the Master, that going, he tells us, but for one Summer Day’s Holiday into the Country, one single Line was enough to “lure the Tassel-gentle back again;”

“Lo! here am I, and Thou look’st on the Rose!” By and bye he withdraws, by course of Súfi Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his Return to Men he has almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorized to teach as Súfi Doctor, he yet will not, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of Him as had drawn Himself to Herát;

and not till the Evening of his Life is he to be seen with White hairs taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through Nations to whom Poetry is a vital Element of the Air they breathe. "A Thousand times," he says, "I have repented of such Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead"—"As Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafiz and Saadi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosru and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World." "The Kings of India and Rüm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irak and Tabriz load me with Gifts; and what shall I say of those of Khorasan, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence?"

This, though Oriental, is scarcely Bombast. Jámi was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, and at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats; by his own Sultan Abou Saïd; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia—"Lord of Tabriz"—by whom Abou Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain; by Mahomet II. of Turkey—"King of Rüm"—who in his turn defeated Hasan; and lastly by

Husein Mirza Baikara, who extinguished the Prince whom Hasan had set up in Abou's Place at Herát. Such is the House that Jack builds in Persia.

As Hasan Beg, however—the USUNCAS-SAN of old European Annals—is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámi's Life, I will briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A.H. 877, A.D. 1472, Jámi set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca. He, and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the intervening Countries by order of their several Potentates as far as Bagdad. There Jámi fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower he had re-proved, and who (born 400 Years too soon) misquoted Jámi's Verse into disparagement of ALI, the Darling Imám of Persia. This getting wind at Bagdad, the thing was brought to solemn Tribunal, at which Hasan Beg's two Sons assisted. Jámi came victoriously off; his Accuser pilloried with a dockt Beard in Bagdad Market-place: but the Poet was so ill pleased with the stupidity of those who believed the Report, that, standing in Verse upon the Tigris' side, he calls for a Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Bagdad were unworthy.

After 4 months' stay there, during which he visits at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son, Husein, who had fallen at

Kerbela, he sets forth again—to Najaf, where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb—crosses the Desert in 22 days, meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to MECCA, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mahomedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turns Homeward: is entertained for 45 days at Damascus, which he leaves the very Day before the Turkish Mahomet's Envoys come with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. Arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia (Diyak bakar), he finds War broken out in full Flame between that Mahomet and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who has Jámi honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there receives him in Diván, "frequent and full" of Sage and Noble (Hasan being a great Admirer of Learning), and would fain have him abide at Court awhile. Jámi, however, is intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for *he* is turned of Sixty!—and at last touches Herát in the Month of Schaaban, 1473, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the HASAN, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), of whose protection Jámi speaks in the Preliminary Vision of this Poem, which he dedicates to Hasan's Son, Yacúb Beg:

who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismael, Founder of the Sofí Dynasty in Persia.

Arrived at home, Jámi finds Husein Mirza Baikara, last of the Timúridae, fast seated there; having probably slain ere Jámi went the Prince whom Hasan had set up; but the date of a Year or Two may well wander in the Bloody Jungle of Persian History. Husein, however, receives Jámi with open Arms; Nisamuddín Ali Schír, his Vizir, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising in the West;" and they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámi sickened of his mortal Illness on the 13th of Moharrem, 1492—a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, about the Hour of Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one years. Sultan Husein undertook the Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervish Poverty; the Dignities of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where 20 days afterward was recited in presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizír, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory—the first Stone of

“Tarbet’i Jámi,” in the Street of Mesched, a principal Thoro’fare of the City of Herát. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jámi was revered not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave the Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that once in his Life, an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be mortally unsound, had very shortly after died, as Jámi had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that Libellous Rogue at Bagdad—he, putting his hand into his Horse’s Nose-bag to see if “das Thier” has finisht his Corn, had his Fore-finger bitten off by the same—“von demselben der Zeigefinger abgebissen”—of which “Verstümmlung” he soon died—I suppose, as he ought, of Lock-jaw.

The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity, are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jámi’s case they have hit upon the word “KAS,” A Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative Letters make up his 81 years. They have *Taríks* also for remembering the Year of his Death : Rosenzweig gives some ; but Ouseley the prettiest, if it will hold—

Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—

“The smoke” of Sighs “went up from Khorásán.”

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jámi that he had more than one Wife (Grand-daughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons; which, however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem. Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beharistan" lived but a few years, and was remembered by his Father in the Preface to his Chiradnameh Iskander—a book of Morals, which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction.

Of Jámi's wonderful Fruitfulness—"bewunderungswerther Fruchtbarkeit"—as Writer, Rosenzweig names Forty-four offsprings—the Letters of the word "Jám" completing by the aforesaid process that very Number. But Shír Khán Lúdi in his "Memoirs of the Poets," says Ouseley, counts him Author of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Grammar, Poetry, and Theology, which "continue to be universally admired in all parts of the Eastern World, Irán, Turán, and Hindustán"—copied some of them into precious Manuscript, illuminated with Gold and Painting, by the greatest Penmen and Artists of the Time; one such—the "Beharistan"—said to have cost Thousands of Pounds—autographed as one most precious treasure of their Libraries by two Sovereign Descendants of TIMÚR upon the Throne of Hindustán; and now repositied away from "the Drums and Tramlings" of Oriental

Conquest in the tranquil Seclusion of an English Library.

Of these Ninety-nine, or Forty-four Volumes few are known, and none except the Present and one other Poem ever printed, in England, where the knowledge of Persian might have been politically useful. The Poet's name with us is almost solely associated with "YÚSUF AND ZULAIKHA," which, with the other two I have mentioned, count Three of the Brother Stars of that Constellation into which Jámi, or his Admirers, have clustered his Seven best Mystical Poems under the name of "HEFT AURANG"—those "SEVEN THRONES" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic Name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

He must have enjoyed great Favour and Protection from his Princes at home, or he would hardly have ventured to write so freely as in this Poem he does of Doctrine which exposed the Súfi to vulgar abhorrence and Danger. Hafiz and others are apologized for as having been obliged to veil a Divinity beyond what "THE PROPHET" dreamt of under the Figure of Mortal Cup and Cup-bearer. Jámi speaks in Allegory too, by way of making a palpable grasp at the Skirt of the Ineffable; but he also dares, in the very thick of Mahommedanism, to talk of REASON as sole Fountain of Prophecy; and to pant for what would seem so Pantheistic an Identification with the

Deity as shall blind him to any distinction between Good and Evil.¹

I must not forget one pretty passage of Jámi's Life. He had a nephew, one Maulána Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámi first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bid him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámi then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most noted) Poem—Laila & Majnun.

This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,
May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdallah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues and multiplies in fine Manuscript and Illumination to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhalus of HÁTIFI—"The Voice from Heaven"—and Last of the so reputed Persian Poets.

¹ "Je me souviens d'un Prédicateur à Ispahan qui, prêchant un jour dans une Place publique, parla furieusement contre ces Soufys, disant qu'ils étoient des Athées à bruler; qu'il s'étonnoit qu'on les laissât vivre; et que de tuer un Soufy étoit une Action plus agréable à Dieu que de conserver la Vie à dix Hommes de Bien. Cinq ou Six Soufys qui étoient parmi les Auditeurs se jettèrent sur lui après le Sermon et le battirent terriblement; et comme je m'efforçois de les empêcher ils me disoient—'Un homme qui prêche le Meurtre doit-il se plaindre d'être battu?'"—CHARDIN.

The several Spellings of some Proper Names, especially the Prophet's, in Memoir and Appendix, must be excused by the several Writers they are quoted from.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL

I.

PROLOGUE.

Oh Thou whose Memory quickens Lovers'
Souls,
Whose Fount of Joy renews the Lover's
Tongue,
Thy Shadow falls across the World, and
They
Bow down to it; and of the Rich in
Beauty
Thou art the Riches that make Lovers
mad.
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the
Cheek
Of LAÏLA smite does she inflame MAJNÚN,
And not till Thou have sugar'd SHÍRÍN's
Lip
The Hearts of those Two Lovers fill with
Blood.
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by
Thee,
Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the
Veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from
itself
Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a
Bride
That glances past us Veil'd—but ever so
As none the Beauty from the Veil may
know.
How long wilt thou continue thus the
World
To cozen with the Fantom of a Veil

From which Thou only peepest ?—Time
 it is
 To unfold thy perfect Beauty. I would
 be
 Thy Lover, and Thine only—I, mine
 Eyes
 Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all but
 Thee,
 Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself
 Self-Lost, and Conscience-quit of Good
 and Evil.
 Thou movest under all the Forms of
 Truth,
 Under the Forms of all Created Things ;
 Look whence I will, still nothing I dis-
 cern
 But Thee in all the Universe, in which
 Thyself Thou dost invest, and through
 the Eyes
 Of MAN, the subtle Censor scrutinize.
 To thy Harím DIVIDUALITY
 No Entrance finds—no Word of THIS
 and THAT ;
 Do Thou my separate and Derivéd Self
 Make one with thy Essential! Leave me
 room
 On that Diván which leaves no Room for
 Two ;
 Lest, like the Simple Kurd of whom they
 tell,
 I grow perplext, Oh God! 'twixt "I"
 and "THOU ;"
 If I—this Dignity and Wisdom whence ?
 If THOU—then what this abject Impo-
 tence ?

B



A Kurd perplext by Fortune's Frolics
Left his Desert for the City.
Sees a City full of Noise and
Clamour, agitated People,
Hither, Thither, Back and Forward
Running, some intent on Travel,
Others home again returning,
Right to Left, and Left to Right,
Life-disquiet everywhere !
Kurd, when he beholds the Turmoil,
Creeps aside, and, Travel-weary,
Fain would go to Sleep ; " But," saith he,
" How shall I in all this Hubbub
" Know myself again on waking ?"
So by way of Recognition
Ties a Pumpkin round his Foot,
And turns to Sleep. A Knave that heard
him

Crept behind, and slyly watching
Slips the Pumpkin off the Sleeper's
Ankle, ties it round his own,
And so down to sleep beside him.
By and by the Kurd awaking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ankle—
Cries aloud, " Oh Good-for-Nothing
" Rascal to perplex me so !
" That by you I am bewilder'd,
" Whether I be I or no !
" If I—the Pumpkin why on You ?
" If You—then Where am I, and Who ?"

Oh God! this poor bewilder'd Kurd am I,
Than any Kurd more helpless!—Oh, do
thou

Strike down a Ray of Light into my
Darkness !

Turn by thy Grace these Dregs into pure
Wine,

To recreate the Spirits of the Good !
Or if not that, yet, as the little Cup
Whose Name I go by, not unworthy found
To pass thy salutary Vintage round !

II.

And yet how long, Jámi, in this Old
House
Stringing thy Pearls upon a Harp of Song ?
Year after Year striking up some new Song,
The Breath of some Old Story ? Life is
gone,
And yet the Song is not the Last ; my
Soul
Is spent—and still a Story to be told !
And I, whose Back is crookéd as the Harp
I still keep tuning through the Night till
Day !
That Harp untun'd by Time—the Har-
per's hand
Shaking with Age—how shall the Har-
per's hand
Repair its cunning, and the sweet old
Harp
Be modulated as of old ? Methinks
'Tis time to break and cast it in the Fire ;
Yea, sweet the Harp that can be sweet
no more,
To cast it in the Fire—the vain old Harp
That can no more sound Sweetness to the
Ear,
But burn'd may breathe sweet Attar to the
Soul,
And comfort so the Faith and Intellect,
Now that the Body looks to Dissolution.
My Teeth fall out—my two Eyes see no
more
Till by Feringhi Glasses turn'd to Four ;
Pain sits with me sitting behind my
knees,

From which I hardly rise unhelped of
hand ;
I bow down to my Root, and like a Child
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
With whom I soon shall cease to moan
and weep,
And on my Mother's Bosom fall asleep.

The House in Ruin, and its Music heard
No more within, nor at the Door of
Speech,
Better in Silence and Oblivion
To fold me Head and Foot, remembering
What that BELOVED to the Master whis-
per'd :—
“No longer think of Rhyme, but think
of ME!”—
Of WHOM?—of HIM whose Palace THE
SOUL is,
And Treasure-House—who notices and
knows
Its Income and Out-going, and *then* comes
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
Whose Shadow being KINGS—whose
Attributes
The Type of Theirs—their Wrath and
Favour His—
Lo! in the Celebration of His Glory:
The KING Himself come on me unaware,
And suddenly arrests me for his own.
Wherefore once more I take—best quitted
else—
The Field of Verse, to chaunt that double
Praise,
And in that Memory refresh my Soul
Until I grasp the Skirt of Living Presence.

One who travel'd in the Desert
 Saw MAJNÚN where he was sitting
 All alone like a Magician
 Tracing Letters in the Sand.
 "Oh distracted Lover! writing
 "What the Sword-wind of the Desert
 "Undecyphers soon as written,
 "So that none who travels after
 "Shall be able to interpret!"—
 MAJNÚN answer'd, "I am writing
 "LAILI"—were it only 'LAILI,'
 "Yet a Book of Love and Passion;
 "And, with but her Name to dote on,
 "Amorously I caress it
 "As it were Herself, and sip
 "Her Presence till I drink her Lip."

III.

When Night had thus far brought me
 with my Book,
 In middle Thought Sleep robb'd me of
 myself;
 And in a Dream Myself I seem'd to see,
 Walking along a straight and even Road,
 And clean as is the Soul of the Suff;
 A Road whose spotless Surface neither
 Breeze
 Lifted in Dust, nor mix'd the Rain to
 Mire.
 There I, methought, was pacing tranquilly,
 When, on a sudden, the tumultuous
 Shout
 Of Soldiery behind broke on mine Ear,
 And took away my Wit and Strength for
 Fear.
 I look'd about for Refuge, and Behold!
 A Palace was before me; whither running
 For Refuge from the coming Soldiery,





Suddenly from the Troop a Sháhzemán,
 By Name and Nature HĀSAN—on the
 Horse
 Of Honour mounted—robed in Royal
 Robes,
 And wearing a White Turban on his
 Head,
 Turn'd his Rein tow'rd me, and with
 smiling Lips
 Open'd before my Eyes the Door of
 Peace.
 Then, riding up to me, dismounted;
 kiss'd
 My Hand, and did me Courtesy; and I,
 How glad of his Protection, and the
 Grace
 He gave it with!—Who then of gracious
 Speech
 Many a Jewel utter'd; but of these
 Not one that in my Ear till Morning
 hung.
 When, waking on my Bed, my waking
 Wit
 I question'd what the Vision meant, it
 answered;
 "This Courtesy and Favour of the Shah
 Foreshadows the fair Acceptance of thy
 Verse,
 Which lose no moment pushing to Con-
 clusion."
 This hearing, I address'd me like a Pen
 To steady Writing; for perchance, I
 thought,
 From the same Fountain whence the
 Vision grew
 The Interpretation also may come True.

Breathless ran a simple Rustic
 To a Cunning Man of Dreams ;
 "Lo, this Morning I was dreaming—
 "And methought, in yon deserted
 "Village wander'd—all about me
 "Shatter'd Houses—and, Behold !
 "Into one, methought, I went—and
 "Search'd—and found a Hoard of Gold !"
 Quoth the Prophet in Derision,
 "Oh Thou Jewel of Creation,
 "Go and sole your Feet like Horse's,
 "And returning to your Village
 "Stamp and scratch with Hoof and Nail,
 "And give Earth so sound a Shaking,
 "She must hand you something up."
 Went at once the unsuspecting
 Countryman ; with hearty Purpose
 Set to work as he was told ;
 And, the very first Encounter,
 Struck upon his Hoard of Gold !

Until Thou hast thy Purpose by the Hilt,
 Catch at it boldly—or Thou never wilt.

IV.

THE STORY.

A SHAH there was who ruled the Realm
 of Yún,
 And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander ;
 And in his Reign A SAGE, who had the
 Tower
 Of Wisdom of so strong Foundation built
 That Wise Men from all Quarters of the
 World
 To catch the Word of Wisdom from his
 Lip
 Went in a Girdle round him.—Which
 THE SHAH
 Observing, took him to his Secresy ;

Stirr'd not a Step nor set Design afoot
Without that Sage's sanction; till, so
 counsel'd,
From Káf to Káf reach'd his Dominion:
No Nation of the World or Nation's
 Chief
Who wore the Ring but under span of his
Bow'd down the Neck; then rising up in
 Peace
Under his Justice grew, and knew no
 Wrong,
And in their Strength was his Dominion
 Strong.

The SHAH that has not Wisdom in Him-
 self,
Nor has a Wise Man for his Counsellor,
The Wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the Base.
For he, discerning not the Characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a Desert, and the
 Fount
Of Justice a Seráb. Well was is said,
"Better just Káfir than Believing Tyrant."

God said to the Prophet David,—
"David, speak, and to the Challenge
"Answer of the Faith within Thee.
"Even Unbelieving Princes,
"Ill-reported if Unworthy,
"Yet, if They be Just and Righteous,
"Were their Worship of THE FIRE—
"Even These unto Themselves
"Reap glory and redress the World."

V.

One Night THE SHAH of Yúnan, as his
wont,
Consider'd of his Power, and told his State,
How great it was, and how about him sat
The Robe of Honour of Prosperity ;
Then found he nothing wanted to his
Heart,
Unless a Son, who his Dominion
And Glory might inherit after him.
And then he turn'd him to THE SHAH,
and said ;
“ Oh Thou, whose Wisdom is the Rule
of Kings—
“ (Glory to God who gave it !)—answer
me ;
“ Is any Blessing better than a Son ?
“ Man's prime Desire; by which his Name
and He
“ Shall live beyond Himself; by whom
his Eyes
“ Shine living, and his Dust with Roses
blows ;
“ A Foot for Thee to stand on, he shall be
“ A Hand to stop thy Falling; in his
Youth
“ Thou shalt be Young, and in his Strength
be Strong ;
“ Sharp shall he be in Battle as a Sword,
“ A Cloud of Arrows on the Enemy's
Head ;
“ His Voice shall cheer his Friends to
“ Plight,
“ And turn the Foeman's Glory into
Flight.”

Thus much of a Good Son, whose whole-
 some Growth
 Approves the Root he grew from ; but
 for one
 Kneaded of Evil—Well, could one undo
 His Generation, and as early pull
 Him and his Vices from the String of
 Time.
 Like Noah's, puff'd with Ignorance and
 Pride,
 Who felt the Stab of "HE IS NONE OF
 THINE!"
 And perish'd in the Deluge. And be-
 cause
 All are not Good, be slow to pray for One,
 Whom having you may have to pray to
 lose.

Crazy for the Curse of Children,
 Ran before the Sheikh a Fellow,
 Crying out, "Oh hear and help me !
 " Pray to Allah from my Clay
 " To raise me up a fresh young Cypress,
 " Who my Childless Eyes may lighten
 " With the Beauty of his Presence."
 Said the Sheikh, " Be wise, and leave it
 " Wholly in the Hand of Allah,
 " Who, whatever we are after,
 " Understands our Business best."
 But the Man persisted, saying,
 " Sheikh, I languish in my Longing ;
 " Help, and set my Prayer a-going !"
 Then the Sheikh held up his Hand—
 Pray'd—his Arrow flew to Heaven—
 From the Hunting-ground of Darkness
 Down a musky Fawn of China
 Brought—a Boy—who, when the Tender
 Shoot of Passion in him planted
 Found sufficient Soil and Sap,
 Took to Drinking with his Fellows ;
 From a Corner of the House-top

Ill affronts a Neighbour's Wife,
 Draws his Dagger on the Husband,
 Who complains before the Justice,
 And the Father has to pay.
 Day and Night the Youngster's Doings
 Such—the Talk of all the City ;
 Nor Entreaty, Threat, or Counsel
 Held him ; till the Desperate Father
 Once more to the Sheikh a-running,
 Catches at his Garment, crying—
 “ Sheikh, my only Hope and Helper !
 “ One more Prayer ! that God who laid
 “ Will take that Trouble from my Head ! ”
 But the Sheikh replied : “ Remember
 “ How that very Day I warn'd you
 “ Better not importune Allah ;
 “ Unto whom remains no other
 “ Prayer, unless to pray for Pardon.
 “ When from this World we are summon'd
 “ On to bind the pack of Travel
 “ Son or Daughter ill shall help us ;
 “ Slaves we are, and unencumber'd
 “ Best may do the Master's mind ;
 “ And, whatever he may order,
 “ Do it with a Will Resign'd.”

VI.

When the Sharp-witted SAGE
 Had heard these Sayings of THE SHAH, he
 said,
 “ Oh SHAH, who would not be the Slave
 of Lust
 “ Must still endure the Sorrow of no Son.
 “ —Lust that makes blind the Reason ;
 Lust that makes
 “ A Devil's self seem Angel to our Eyes ;
 “ A Cataract that, carrying havoc with it,
 “ Confounds the prosperous House ; a
 Road of Mire
 “ Where whoso falls he rises not again ;



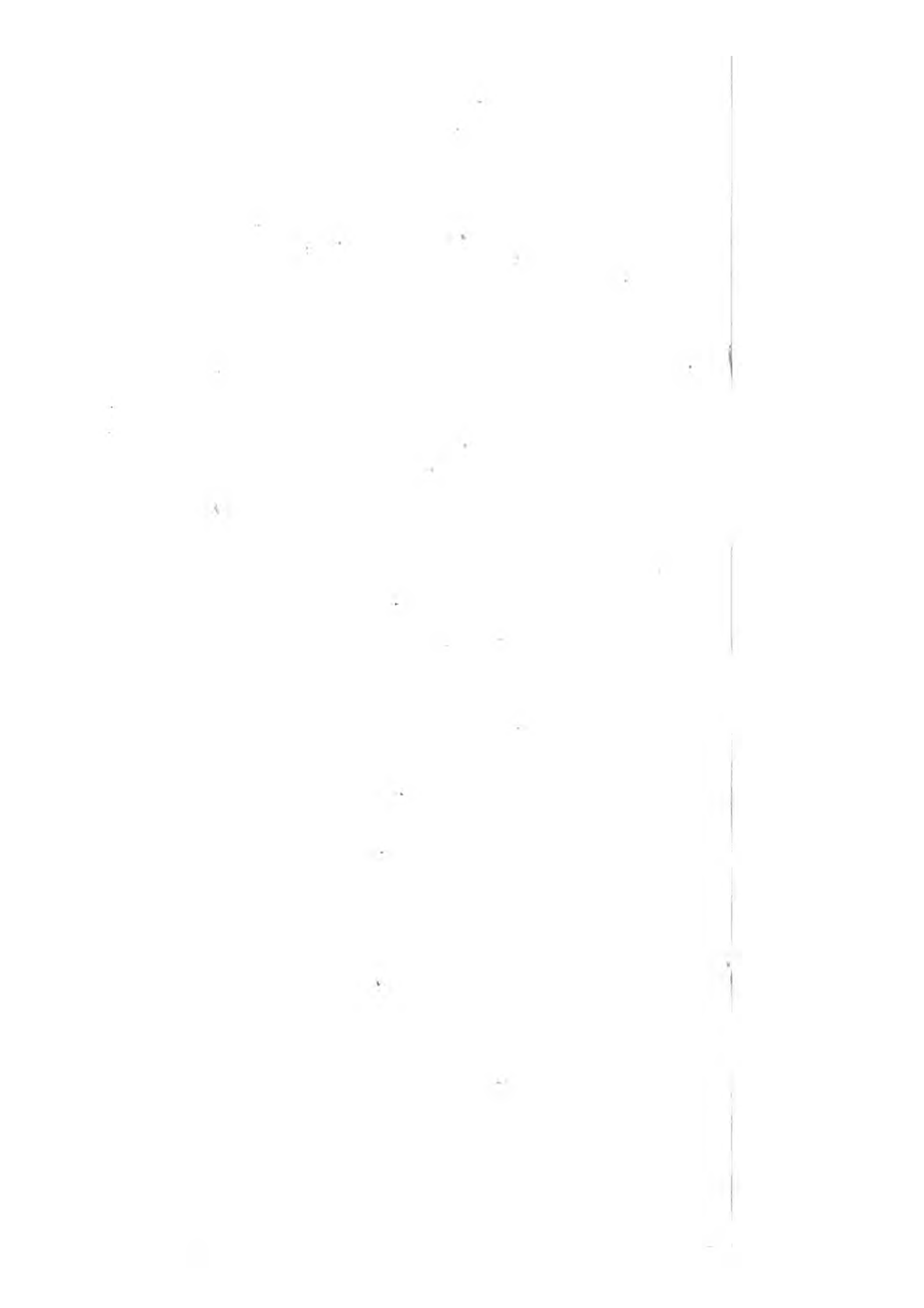
" A Wine of which whoever tastes shall see
 " Redemption's face no more—one little
 Sip
 " Of that delicious and unlawful Drink
 " Making crave much, and hanging round
 the Palate
 " Till it become a Ring to lead thee by
 " (Putting the rope in a Vain Woman's
 hand),
 " Till thou thyself go down the Way of
 Nothing.
 " For what is Woman ? A Foolish, Faith-
 less Thing—
 " To whom The Wise Self-subjected,
 himself
 " Deep sinks beneath the Folly he sets up.
 " A very Káfir in Rapacity ;
 " Clothe her a hundred Years in Gold
 and Jewel,
 " Her Garment with Brocade of Susa
 braided,
 " Her very Night-gear wrought in Cloth
 of Gold,
 " Dangle her Ears with Ruby and with
 Pearl,
 " Her House with Golden Vessels all
 a-blaze,
 " Her Tables loaded with the Fruit of
 Kings,
 " Ispahan Apples, Pomegranates of Yazd ;
 " And, be she thirsty, from a Jewell'd
 Cup
 " Drinking the Water of the Well of
 Life—
 " One little twist of Temper,—all you've
 done

"Goes all for Nothing. 'Torment of my
 Life !'
 "She cries, 'What have you ever done for
 me !'—
 "Her Brow's white Tablet—Yes—'tis
 uninscrib'd
 "With any Letter of Fidelity ;
 "Who ever read it there ? Lo, in your
 Bosom
 "She lies for Years—you turn away a
 moment,
 "And she forgets you—worse, if as you
 turn
 "Her Eye should light on any Younger
 Lover."

Once upon the Throne of Judgment,
 Telling one another Secrets,
 Sat SULAYMAN and BALKIS ;
 The Hearts of Both were turn'd to Truth,
 Unsullied by Deception.
 First the King of Faith SULAYMAN
 Spoke—"Though mine the Ring of Em-
 pire,
 "Never any Day that passes
 "Darkens any one my Door-way
 "But into his Hand I look—
 "And He who comes not empty-handed
 "Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."
 After this BALKIS a Secret
 From her hidden Bosom utter'd,
 Saying—"Never Night or Morning
 "Comely Youth before me passes
 "Whom I look not longing after ;
 "Saying to myself, 'Oh were he
 "'Comforting of my Sick Soul !—'"

"If this, as wise Ferdúsi says, the Curse
 "Of Better Women, what should be the
 Worse ?"





VII.

THE SAGE his Satire ended; and **THE SHAH**
With Magic-mighty **WISDOM** his pure

WILL

Leaguings, its Self-fulfilment wrought from
Heaven.

And Lo! from Darkness came to Light

A CHILD,

Of Carnal Composition Unattaint,—

A Rosebud blowing on the Royal Stem,—

A Perfume from the Realm of Wisdom

wafted;

The Crowning Jewel of the Crown; a

Star

Under whose Augury triumph'd the

Throne.

For whose Auspicious Name they clove

the Words

“**SALÁMAT**”—Incolumity from Evil—

And “**AUSEMÁN**”—the Heav'n from

which he came—

And hail'd him by the title of **SALÁMÁN**.

And whereas from no Mother Milk he

drew,

They chose for him a Nurse—her name

ABSÁL—

Her Years not Twenty—from the Silver

Line

Dividing the Musk-Harvest of her Hair

Down to her Foot that trampled Crowns

of Kings,

A Moon of Beauty Full; who thus elect

SALÁMÁN of Auspicious Augury

Should carry in the Garment of her

Bounty,

Should feed Him with the Flowing of her
Breast.

As soon as she had opened Eyes on him
She closed those Eyes to all the World
beside,

And her Soul crazed, a-doting on her
Jewel,—

Her Jewel in a Golden Cradle set ;
Opening and shutting which her Day's
Delight,

To gaze upon his Heart-inflaming
Cheek,—

Upon the Darling whom, could she, she
would

Have cradled as the Baby of her Eye.

In Rose and Musk she wash'd him—to
his Lips

Press'd the pure Sugar from the Honey-
comb ;

And when, Day over, she withdrew her
Milk,

She made, and having laid him in, his Bed,
Burn'd all Night like a Taper o'er his
Head.

Then still as Morning came, and as he
grew,

She dress'd him like a Little Idol up ;

On with his Robe—with fresh Collyrium
Dew

Touch'd his Narcissus Eyes—the Musky
Locks

Divided from his Forehead—and em-
braced

With Gold and Ruby Girdle his fine
Waist.—

So rear'd she him till full Fourteen his
Years,
Fourteen-day full the Beauty of his Face,
That rode high in a Hundred Thousand
Hearts ;
Yea, when SALÁMÁN was but Half-lance
high,
Lance-like he struck a wound in every
One,
And burn'd and shook down Splendour
like a Sun.

VIII.

Soon as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung
his Horse
Over the Horizon into the Blue Field,
SALÁMÁN rose drunk with the Wine of
Sleep,
And set himself a-stirrup for the Field ;
He and a Troop of Princes—Kings in
Blood,
Kings too in the Kingdom-troubling
Tribe of Beauty,
All Young in Years and Courage, Bat in
hand
Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the Golden
Ball
And chased, so many Crescent Moons a
Full ;
And, all alike Intent upon the Game,
SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all
The Prize, and shouting "Hál!" drive
Home the Ball.
This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a Bow
To Shooting—from the Marksmen of the
World

Call'd for an unstrung Bow—himself the
Cord
Fitted unhelped, and nimbly with his hand
Twanging made cry, and drew it to his
Ear :
Then, fixing the Three-feather'd Fowl,
discharged.
No point in Heaven's Azure but his
Arrow
Hit; nay, but Heaven were made of
Adamant,
Would overtake the Horizon as it roll'd ;
And, whether aiming at the Fawn a-foot,
Or Bird on wing, his Arrow went away
Straight—like the Soul that cannot go
astray.

When Night came, that releases Man
from Toil,
He play'd the Chess of Social Intercourse;
Prepared his Banquet Hall like Paradise,
Summon'd his Houri-faced Musicians,
And, when his Brain grew warm with
Wine, the Veil
Flung off him of Reserve. Now Lip to
Lip
Concerting with the Singer he would
breathe
Like a Messiah Life into the Dead ;
Now made of the Melodious-moving Pipe
A Sugar-cane between his Lips that ran
Men's Ears with Sweetness : Taking up
a Harp,
Between its dry String and his Finger
fresh
Struck Fire ; or lifting in his arms a Lute

As if a little Child for Chastisement,
Pinching its Ear such Cries of Sorrow
 wrung
As drew Blood to the Eyes of Older Men.
Now sang He like the Nightingale alone,
Now set together Voice and Instrument;
And thus with his Associates Night he
 spent.

His Soul rejoiced in Knowledge of all
 kinds;
The fine Edge of his Wit would split a
 Hair,
And in the Noose of Apprehension catch
A Meaning ere articulate in Word;
His Verse was like the PLEIADS; his Dis-
 course
The MOURNERS OF THE BIER; his Pen-
 manship,
(Tablet and running Reed his Worship-
 pers,)
Fine on the Lip of Youth as the First
 Hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to
 Despair.

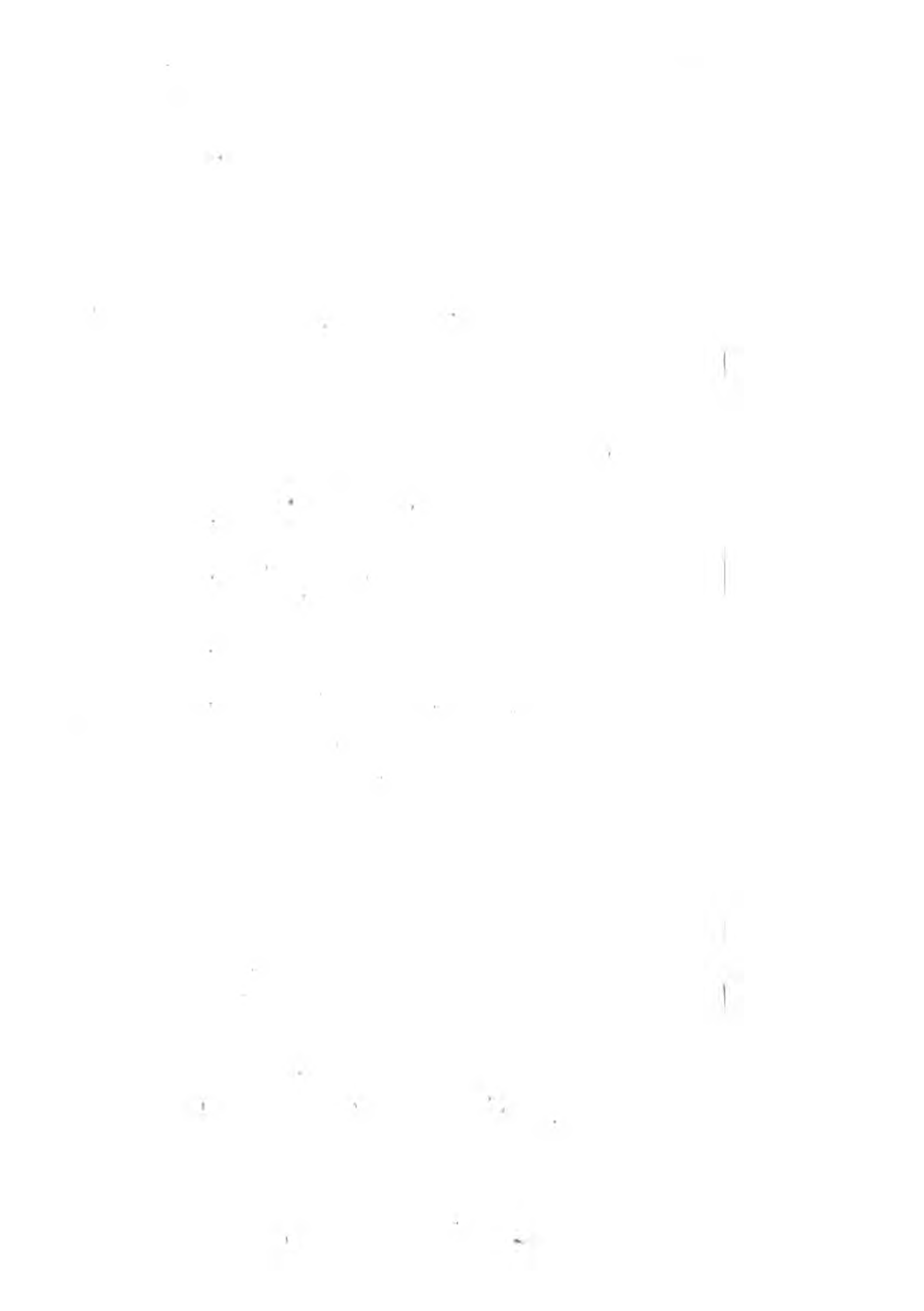
His Bounty was as Ocean's—nay, the
 Sea's
Self but the Foam of his Munificence,
For it threw up the Shell, but he the
 Pearl;
He was a Cloud that rain'd upon the
 World
Dirhems for Drops; the Banquet of whose
 Bounty
Left Hátim's Churlish in Comparison—

IX.

Suddenly that Sweet Minister of mine
Rebuked me angrily; "What Folly, Jámi,
"Wearing that indefatigable Pen
"In celebration of an Alien SHAH
"Whose Throne, not grounded in the
Eternal World,
"YESTERDAY was, TO-DAY is not!" I
answer'd ;
"Oh Fount of Light!—under an Alien
Name
"I shadow One upon whose Head the
Crown
"Both WAS and IS TO-DAY; to whose
Firmán
"The Seven Kingdoms of the World are
subject,
"And the Seas Seven but droppings of
his Largess.
"Good luck to him who under other
Name
"Taught us to veil the Praises of a Power
"To which the Initiate scarce find open
Door."

Sat a Lover solitary
Self-discoursing in a Corner,
Passionate and ever-changing
Invocation pouring out ;
Sometimes Sun and Moon; and sometimes
Under Hyacinth half-hidden
Roses ; or the lofty Cypress,
And the little Weed below.
Nightingaling thus a Noodle
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,—
"What !" quoth he, "And you, a Lover,
"Raving not about your Mistress,
"But about the Moon and Roses !"
Answer'd he ; "Oh thou that aimest





"Wide of Love, and Lover's Language
"Wholly misinterpreting ;
"Sun and Moon are but my Lady's
"Self, as any Lover knows ;
"Hyacinth I said, and meant her
"Hair—her Cheek was in the Rose—
"And I myself the wretched Weed
"That in her Cypress Shadow grows."

X.

Now was SALÁMÁN in his Prime of
Growth,
His Cypress Stature risen to high Top,
And the new-blooming Garden of his
Beauty
Began to bear ; and Absál long'd to gather ;
But the Fruit grew upon too high a Bough,
To which the Noose of her Desire was
short.
She too rejoiced in Beauty of her own
No whit behind SALÁMÁN, whom she now
Began enticing with her Sorcery.
Now from her Hair would twine a musky
Chain,
To bind his Heart—now twist it into
Curls
Nestling innumerable Temptations ;
Doubled the Darkness of her Eyes with
Surma
To make him lose his way, and over them
Adorn'd the Bows that were to shoot him
then ;
Now to the Rose-leaf of her Cheek would
add
Fresh Rose, and then a Grain of Musk
lay there,
The Bird of the Belovéd Heart to snare.

Now with a Laugh would break the Ruby
 Seal
 That lockt up Pearl; or busied in the
 Room
 Would smite her Hand perhaps—on that
 pretence
 To lift and show the Silver in her Sleeve;
 Or hastily rising clash her Golden Anclets
 To draw the Crownéd Head under her
 Feet.
 Thus by innumerable Bridal wiles
 She went about soliciting his Eyes,
 Which she would scarce let lose her for a
 Moment;
 For well she knew that mainly by THE EYE
 Love makes his Sign, and by no other
 Road
 Enters and takes possession of the Heart.

Burning with Desire ZULAIKHA
 Built a Chamber, Wall and Ceiling
 Blank as an untarnisht Mirror,
 Spotless as the Heart of YÚSUF.
 Then she made a cunning Painter
 Multiply her Image round it;
 Not an Inch of Wall but echoed
 With the Reflex of her Beauty.
 Then amid them all in all her
 Glory sat she down, and sent for
 YÚSUF—she began a Tale
 Of Love—and Lifted up her Veil.
 From her Look he turn'd, but turning
 Wheresoever, ever saw her
 Looking, looking at him still.
 Then Desire arose within him—
 He was almost yielding—almost
 Laying Honey on her Lip—
 When a Signal out of Darkness
 Spoke to him—and he withdrew
 His Hand, and dropt the Skirt of Fortune.



XI.

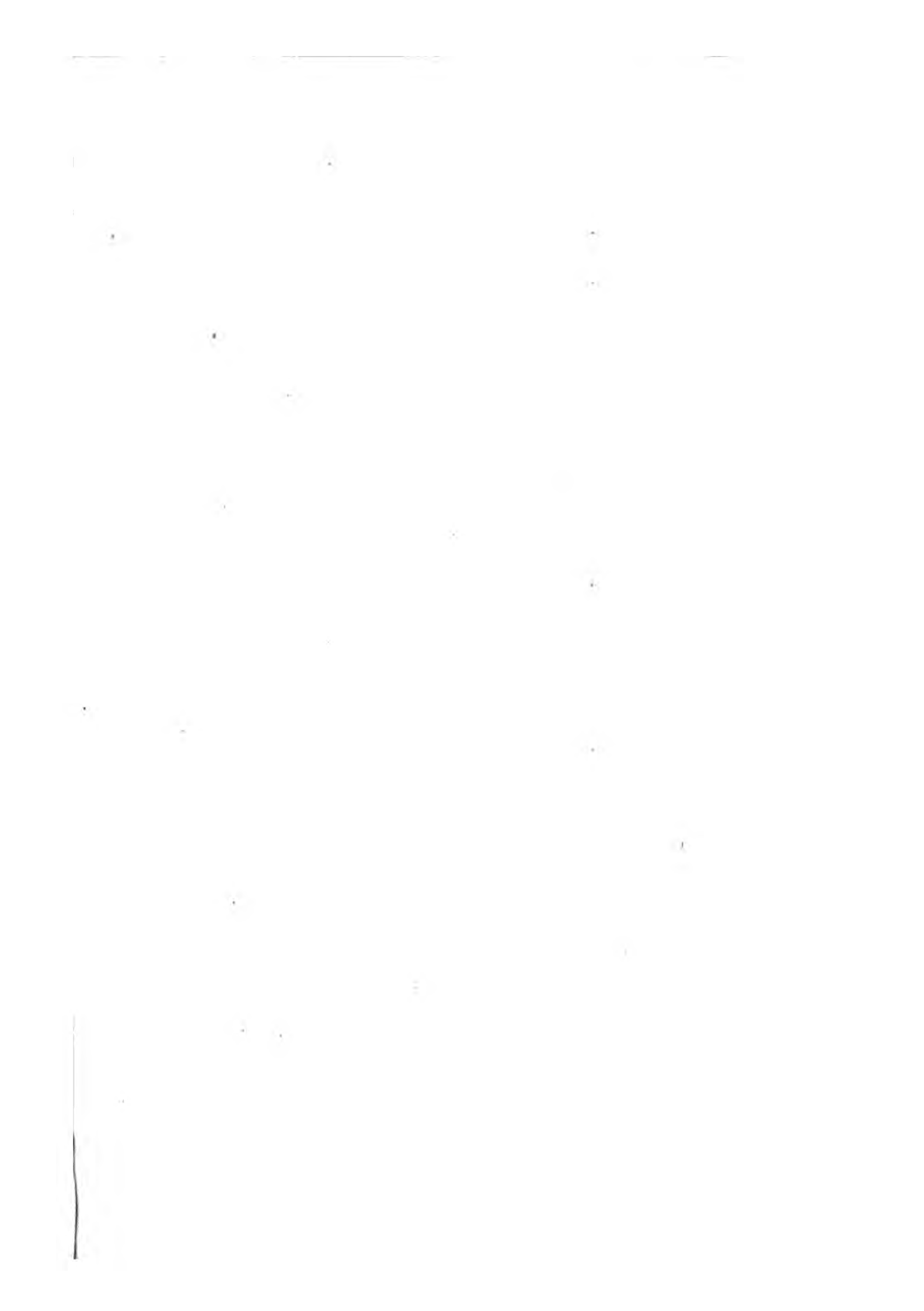
Thus day by day did ABSÁL tempt SALÁ-
MÁN,
And by and bye her Wiles began to work.
Her Eyes Narcissus stole his Sleep—their
Lashes
Pierc'd to his Heart—out from her Locks
a Snake
Bit him—and bitter, bitter on his Tongue
Became the Memory of her honey Lip.
He saw the Ringlet restless on her Cheek,
And he too quiver'd with Desire; his
Tears
Turn'd Crimson from her Cheek, whose
musky spot
Infected all his soul with Melancholy.
Love drew him from behind the Veil,
where yet
Withheld him better Resolution—
“Oh, should the Food I long for, tasted,
turn
“Unwholesome, and if all my Life to
come
“Should sicken from one momentary
Sweet!”

On the Sea-shore sat a Raven,
Blind, and from the bitter Cistern
Forc'd his only Drink to draw.
Suddenly the Pelican
Flying over Fortune's Shadow
Cast upon his Head, and calling—
“Come, poor Son of Salt, and taste of
Sweet, sweet Water from my Maw.”
Said the Raven, “If I taste it
Once, the Salt I have to live on
May for ever turn to Loathing;
And I sit a Bird accurst
Upon the Shore to die of Thirst.”

XII.

Now when SALÁMÁN's Heart turn'd to
 ABSÁL,
Her Star was happy in the Heavens—
 Old Love
Put forth afresh—Desire doubled his
 Bond :
And of the running Time she watch'd
 an Hour
To creep into the Mansion of her Moon
And satiate her soul upon his Lips.
And the Hour came ; she stole into his
 Chamber—
Ran up to him, Life's offer in her Hand—
And, falling like a Shadow at his Feet,
She laid her Face beneath. SALÁMÁN
 then
With all the Courtesies of Princely Grace
Put forth his Hand—he rais'd her in his
 Arms—
He held her trembling there—and from
 that Fount
Drew first Desire ; then Deeper from her
 Lips,
That, yielding, mutually drew from his
A Wine that ever drawn from never
 fail'd—

So through the Day—so through another
 still—
The Day became a Seventh—the Seventh
 a Moon—
The Moon a Year—while they rejoiced
 together,
Thinking their Pleasure never was to end.





But rolling Heaven whisper'd from his
 Ambush,
 "So in my License is it not set down.
 "Ah for the sweet Societies I make
 "At Morning and before the Nightfall
 break ;
 "Ah for the Bliss that with the Setting Sun
 "I mix, and, with his Rising, all is done!"

Into Bagdad came a hungry
 Arab—after many days of waiting
 In to the Khalifah's Supper
 Push'd, and got before a Pasty
 Luscious as the Lip of Beauty,
 Or the Tongue of Eloquence.
 Soon as seen, Indecent Hunger
 Seizes up and swallows down ;
 Then his mouth undaunted wiping—
 "Oh Khalifah, hear me Swear,
 "Not of any other Pasty
 "Than of Thine to sup or dine."
 The Khalifah laugh'd and answer'd ;
 "Fool ! who thinkest to determine
 "What is in the Hands of Fate—
 "Take and thrust him from the Gate !"

XIII.

While a Full Year was counted by the
 Moon,
 SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,
 And for so long he stood not in the face
 Of SAGE or SHAH, and their bereavéd
 Hearts
 Were torn in twain with the Desire of
 Him.
 They question'd those about him, and
 from them
 Heard something ; then Himself in Pres-
 ence summon'd,

And, subtly sifting on all sides, so plied
 Interrogation till it hit the Mark,
 And all the Truth was told. Then SAGE
 and SHAH
 Struck out with Hand and Foot in his
 Redress.
 And First with REASON, which is also Best;
 REASON that rights the Retrograde—com-
 pletes
 The Imperfect—REASON that unties the
 Knot :
 For REASON is the Fountain from of old
 From which the Prophets drew, and none
 beside.
 Who boasts of other Inspiration lies—
 There are no other Prophets than THE
 WISE.

XIV.

First spoke THE SHAH ;—" SALÁMÁN, Oh
 my Soul,
 " Oh Taper of the Banquet of my House,
 " Light of the Eyes of my Prosperity,
 " And making bloom the Court of Hope
 with Rose ;
 " Years Rose-bud-like my own Blood I
 devour'd
 " Till in my hand I carried thee, my Rose ;
 " Oh do not tear my Garment from my
 Hand,
 " Nor wound thy Father with a Dagger
 Thorn.
 " Years for thy sake the Crown has worn
 my Brow,
 " And Years my Foot been growing to the
 Throne

"Only for Thee—Oh spurn them not
 with Thine ;
 "Oh turn thy Face from Dalliance un-
 wise,
 "Lay not thy Heart's hand on a Minion!
 "For what thy Proper Pastime? Is it not
 "To mount and manage RAKHSH along
 the Field ;
 "Not, with no stouter weapon than a
 Love-lock,
 "Idly reclining on a Silver Breast.
 "Go, fly thine Arrow at the Antelope
 "And Lion—let not me my Lion see
 "Slain by the Arrow eyes of a Ghazál.
 "Go, flash thy Steel among the Ranks of
 Men,
 "And smite the Warriors' Necks ; not,
 flying them,
 "Lay down thine own beneath a Woman's
 Foot.
 "Leave off such doing in the Name of
 God,
 "Nor bring thy Father weeping to the
 Ground ;
 "Years have I held myself aloft, and all
 "For Thee—Oh Shame if thou prepare
 my Fall !"

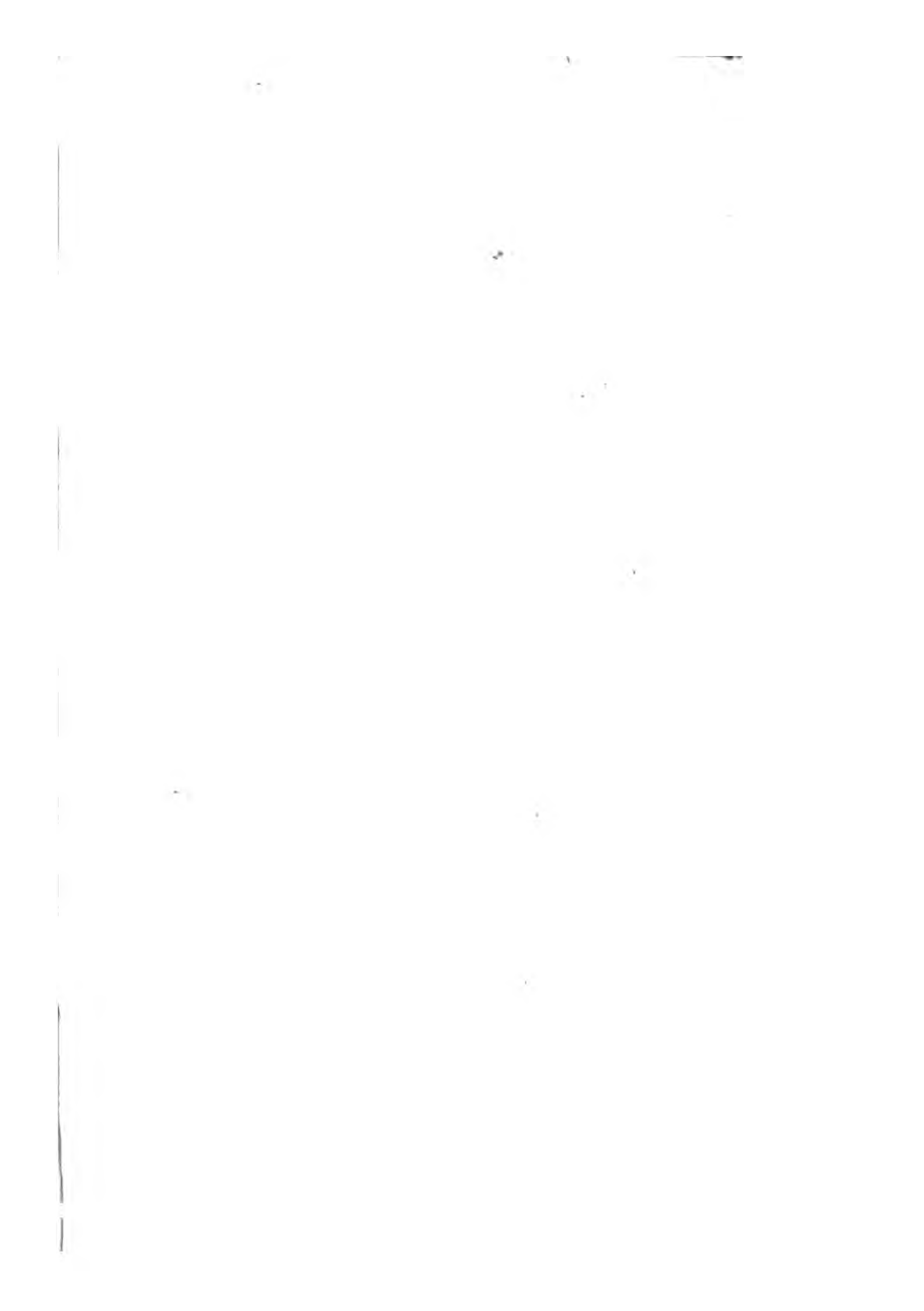
When before SHIRÚEH'S Feet
 Drencht in Blood fell KAI KHUSRAU,
 He declared this Parable—
 "Wretch!—There was a Branch that,
 waxing
 "Wanton o'er the Root he drank from,
 "At a Draught the Living Water
 "Drain'd wherewith Himself to crown ;
 "Died the Root—and with it died
 "The Branch—and barren was brought
 down !"

XV.

SALÁMÁN heard—the Sea of his Soul was
mov'd,
And bubbled up with Jewels, and he said;
“ Oh SHAH, I am the Slave of thy Desire,
“ Dust of thy Throne ascending Foot am I;
“ Whatever thou Desirest I would do,
“ But sicken of my own Incompetence ;
“ Not in the Hand of my infirmer Will
“ To carry into Deed mine own Desire.
“ Time upon Time I torture mine own
Soul,
“ Devising liberation from the Snare
“ I languish in. But when upon that Moon
“ I *think*, my Soul relapses—and when *look*—
“ I leave both Worlds behind to follow
her ! ”

XVI.

THE SHAH ceased Counsel, and THE SAGE
began.
“ Oh Thou new Vintage of a Garden old,
“ Last Blazon of the Pen of ‘ LET THERE
BE,’
“ Who read’st the SEVEN AND FOUR ; in-
terpretest
“ The writing on the Leaves of Night
and Day—
“ Archetype of the Assembly of the World,
“ Who hold’st the Key of Adam’s Treas-
ury—
“ (Know thine own Dignity and slight it
not,
“ For Thou art Greater yet than all I
tell)—
“ The Mighty Hand that mix’d thy Dust
inscribed





"The Character of Wisdom on thy Heart;
 "Oh Cleanse thy Bosom of Material Form,
 "And turn the Mirror of the Soul to
 SPIRIT,
 "Until it be with SPIRIT all possest,
 "Drown'd in the Light of Intellectual
 Truth.
 "Oh veil thine Eyes from Mortal Para-
 mour,
 "And follow not her Step!—For what
 is She?—
 "What is She but a Vice and a Reproach,
 "Her very Garment-hem Pollution!
 "For such Pollution madden not thine
 Eyes,
 "Waste not thy Body's Strength, nor
 taint thy Soul,
 "Nor set the Body and the Soul in Strife!
 "Supreme is thine Original Degree,
 "Thy Star upon the Top of Heaven; but
 Lust
 "Will fling it down even unto the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzin unto Crested
 Chanticleer—"Oh Voice of Morning,
 "Not a Sage of all the Sages
 "Prophesies of Dawn, or startles
 "At the wing of Time, like Thee.
 "One so wise methinks were fitter
 "Perching on the Beams of Heaven,
 "Than with these poor Hens about him,
 "Raking in a Heap of Dung."
 "And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
 "Once I was; but by my Evil
 "Lust am fallen down to raking
 "With my wretched Hens about me
 "On the Dunghill. Otherwise
 "I were even now in Eden
 "With the Bird of Paradise."

XVII.

When from **THE SAGE** these words **SALÁ-**
MÁN heard,
The breath of Wisdom round his Palate
blew ;
He said—"Oh Darling of the Soul of Plato,
"To whom a hundred Aristotles bow ;
"Oh Thou that an Eleventh to the Ten
"Original **INTELLIGENCES** addest,—
"I lay my Face before Thee in the Dust,
"The humblest Scholar of thy Court am I ;
"Whose every word I find a Well of
Wisdom,
"And hasten to imbibe it in my Soul.
"But clear unto thy clearest Eye it is,
"That Choice is not within Oneself—
To Do,
"Not in **THE WILL**, but in **THE POWER**,
to Do.
"From that which I originally am
"How shall I swerve ? or how put forth
a Sign
"Beyond the Power that is by Nature
Mine ?"

XVIII.

Unto the Soul that is confused by Love
Comes Sorrow after Sorrow—most of all
To Love whose only Friendship is Re-
proof,
And overmuch of Counsel—whereby
Love
Grows stubborn, and increases the Disease.
Love unreproved is a delicious food ;
Reproved, is Feeding on one's own
Heart's Blood.



SALÁMÁN heard ; his Soul came to his Lips ;
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of him,
But drove Confusion in ; bitter became
The Drinking of the sweet Draught of
Delight,
And wan'd the Splendour of his Moon
of Beauty.

His Breath was Indignation, and his Heart
Bled from the Arrow, and his Anguish
grew—

How bear it ?—Able to endure one wound,
From Wound on Wound no remedy but
Flight ;

Day after Day, Design upon Design,
He turn'd the Matter over in his Heart,
And, after all, no Remedy but Flight.

Resolv'd on that, he victuall'd and equipp'd
A Camel, and one Night he led it forth,
And mounted—he and ABSÁL at his side,
The fair SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL the Fair,
Together on one Camel side by side,
Twin Kernels in a single Almond packt.
And True Love murmurs not, however
small

His Chamber—nay, the straitest best of all.

When the Moon of Canaan YÚSUR
Darken'd in the Prison of Ægypt,
Night by Night ZULAIKHA went
To see him—for her Heart was broken.
Then to her said One who never
Yet had tasted of Love's Garden :
“Leavest thou thy Palace-Chamber
“For the Felon's narrow Cell ?”
Answer'd She, “Without my Lover,
“Were my Chamber Heaven's Horizon,
“It were closer than an Ant's eye ;
“And the Ant's eye wider were
“Than Heaven, my Lover with me there !”

XIX.

Six days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode,
And then Remembrance of foregone Re-
proach

Abode not by him; and upon the Seventh
He halted on the Seashore, and beheld
An Ocean boundless as the Heaven above,
That, reaching its Circumference from Káf
To Káf, down to the Back of GAU and
MAHI

Descended, and its Stars were Creatures'
Eyes.

The Face of it was as it were a Range
Of moving Mountains; or as endless
Hosts

Of Camels trooping from all Quarters up,
Furious, with the Foam upon their Lips.

In it innumerable glittering Fish
Like Jewels polish-sharp, to the sharp Eye
But for an Instant visible, glancing through
As Silver Scissors slice a blue Brocade;
Though were the Dragon from its Hollow
roused,

THE DRAGON of the Stars would stare
Aghast.

SALÁMÁN eyed the Sea, and cast about
To cross it—and forthwith upon the
Shore

Devis'd a Shallop like a Crescent Moon,
Wherein that Sun and Moon in happy
Hour

Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
That, figured like a Bow, but Arrow-like
In Flight, was feather'd with a little Sail,
And, pitch'd upon the Water like a Duck,
So with her Bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sail'd their Vessel for a
 Moon,
 And marr'd their Beauty with the wind
 o' th' Sea,
 Suddenly in mid Sea reveal'd itself
 An Isle, beyond Description beautiful;
 An Isle that all was Garden; not a Bird
 Of Note or Plume in all the World but
 there;
 There as in Bridal Retinue array'd
 The Pheasant in his Crown, the Dove in
 her Collar;
 And those who tun'd their Bills among
 the Trees
 That Arm in Arm from Fingers paralyz'd
 With any Breath of Air Fruit moist and
 dry
 Down scatter'd in Profusion to their Feet,
 Where Fountains of Sweet Water ran,
 and round
 Sunshine and Shadow chequer-chased the
 Ground.
 Here Iram Garden seem'd in Secresy
 Blowing the Rosebud of its Revelation;
 Or Paradise, forgetful of the Day
 Of Audit, lifted from her Face the Veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no
 more
 Of Further—there with ABSÁL he sat down,
 ABSÁL and He together side by side
 Rejoicing like the Lily and the Rose,
 Together like the Body and the Soul.
 Under its Trees in one another's Arms
 They slept—they drank its Fountains
 hand in hand—

Sought Sugar with the Parrot—or in
 Sport
 Paraded with the Peacock—raced the
 Partridge—
 Or fell a-talking with the Nightingale.
 There was the Rose without a Thorn, and
 there
 The Treasure and no Serpent to beware—
 What sweeter than your Mistress at your
 side
 In such a Solitude, and none to Chide !

Whisper'd one to WÁMIK—"Oh Thou
 "Victim of the Wound of AZRA,
 "What is it that like a Shadow
 "Movest thou about in Silence
 "Meditating Night and Day?"
 WÁMIK answer'd, "Even this—
 "To fly with AZRA to the Desert ;
 "There by so remote a Fountain
 "That, whichever way one travell'd
 "League on League, one yet should never,
 "Never meet the Face of Man—
 "There to pitch my Tent—for ever
 "There to gaze on my Belovéd ;
 "Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
 "Grew to BEING Her I gaze on,
 "SHE and I no more, but in One
 "Undivided Being blended.
 "All that is not ONE must ever
 "Suffer with the Wound of Absence ;
 "And whoever in Love's City
 "Enters, finds but Room for ONE,
 "And but in ONENESS Union."

XX.

When by and bye THE SHAH was made
 aware
 Of that Soul-wasting absence of his Son,
 He reach'd a Cry to Heav'n—his Eye-
 lashes





Wept Blood—Search everywhere he set
a-foot,

But none could tell the hidden Mystery.
Then bade he bring a Mirror that he had,
A Mirror, like the Bosom of the Wise,
Reflecting all the World, and lifting up
The Veil from all its Secret, Good and
Evil.

That Mirror bade he bring, and, in its
Face

Looking, beheld the Face of his Desire.
He saw those Lovers in the Solitude,
Turn'd from the World, and all its ways,
and People,

And looking only in each other's Eyes,
And never finding any Sorrow there.

THE SHAH beheld them as they were, and
Pity

Fell on his Eyes, and he reproach'd them
not ;

And, gathering all their Life into his hand,
Not a Thread lost, disposed in Order all.
Oh for the Noble Nature, and Clear
Heart,

That, seeing Two who draw one Breath,
together

Drinking the Cup of Happiness and Tears
Unshatter'd by the Stone of Separation,
Is loath their sweet Communion to des-
troy,

Or cast a Tangle in the Skein of Joy.

The Arrows that assail the Lords of Sorrow
Come from the Hand of Retribution.

Do Well, that in thy Turn Well may
betide Thee ;

And turn from Ill, that Ill may turn
beside Thee.

FIRHÁD, Moulder of the Mountain,
Love-distracted look'd to SHÍRÍN,
And SHÍRÍN the Sculptor's Passion
Saw, and turn'd her Heart to Him.

Then the Fire of Jealous Frenzy
Caught and carried up the Harvest
Of the Might of KAI KHUSRAU.

Plotting with that ancient Hag
Of Fate, the Sculptor's Cup he poison'd,
And remained the Lord of Love.

So—But Fate that Fate avenges
Arms SHIRÚEH with the Dagger,
That at once from SHÍRÍN tore him,
Hurl'd him from the Throne of Glory.

XXI.

But as the days went on, and still THE
SHAH

Beheld SALÁMÁN how sunk in ABSÁL,
And yet no Hand of better Effort lifted ;
But still the Crown that shall adorn his
Head,

And still the Throne that waited for his
Foot,

Trampled from Memory by a Base Desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—
Then from the Sorrow of THE SHAH fell
Fire ;

To Gracelessness Ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter his rebellious Lust,
Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL discharged.

And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turn'd,
But could not reach her—look'd and
look'd again,

And palpitated tow'rd her—but in Vain!



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Oh Misery! what to the Bankrupt worse
 Than Gold he cannot reach! To one
 Athirst
 Than Fountain to the Eye and Lip for-
 bid!—
 Or than Heaven opened to the Eyes in
 Hell!—
 Yet, when SALÁMÁN's Anguish was ex-
 treme,
 The Door of Mercy open'd in his Face;
 He saw and knew his Father's Hand out-
 stretcht
 To lift him from Perdition—timidly,
 Timidly tow'rd his Father's Face his own
 He lifted, Pardon-pleading, Crime-confest,
 As the stray Bird one day will find her
 Nest.

A Disciple ask'd a Master,
 "By what Token should a Father
 "Vouch for his reputed Son?"
 Said the Master, "By the Stripling,
 "Howsoever Late or Early,
 "Like to the reputed Father
 "Growing—whether Wise or Foolish."
 "Lo the disregarded Darnel
 "With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
 "And for all the Early Season
 "Satisfies the Farmer's Eye;
 "But come once the Hour of Harvest,
 "And another Grain shall answer,
 "'Darnel and no Wheat, am I.'"

XXII.

When THE SHAH saw SALÁMÁN's face
 again,
 And breath'd the Breath of Reconciliation,
 He laid the Hand of Love upon his
 Shoulder,

The Kiss of Welcome on his Cheek, and
 said,
 "Oh Thou, who lost, Love's Banquet
 lost its Salt,
 "And Mankind's Eye its Pupil!—Thy
 Return
 "Is as another Sun to Heaven; a new
 "Rose blooming in the Garden of the
 Soul.
 "Arise, Oh Moon of Majesty unwaned!
 "The Court of the Horizon is thy Court,
 "Thy Kingdom is the Kingdom of the
 World!—
 "Lo! Throne and Crown await Thee—
 Throne and Crown
 "Without thy Impress but uncurrent
 Gold,
 "Not to be stamp'd by one not worthy
 Them;
 "Behold! The Rebel's Face is at thy
 Door;
 "Let him not triumph—let the Wicked
 dread
 "The Throne under thy Feet, the Crown
 upon thy Head.
 "Oh Spurn them not behind Thee! Oh
 my Son,
 "Wipe Thou the Woman's Henna from
 thy Hand:
 "Withdraw Thee from the Minion who
 from Thee
 "Dominion draws; the Time is come to
 choose,
 "Thy Mistress or the World to hold or
 lose."



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Four are the Signs of Kingly Aptitude;
Wise Head—clean Heart—strong Arm
—and open Hand.

Wise is He not—Continent cannot be—
Who binds himself to an unworthy Lust;
Nor Valiant, who submits to a weak
Woman;

Nor Liberal, who cannot draw his Hand
From that in which so basely he is busied.
And of these Four who misses All or One
Is not the Bridegroom of Dominion.

XXIII.

Ah the poor Lover!—In the changing
Hands
Of Day and Night no wretcheder than
He!

No Arrow from the Bow of Evil Fate
But reaches him—one Dagger at his
Throat,

Another comes to wound him from be-
hind.

Wounded by Love—then wounded by
Reproof

Of Loving—and, scarce stauncht the
Blood of Shame

By flying from his Love—then, worst of
all,

Love's back-blow of Revenge for having
fled!

SALÁMÁN heard—he rent the Robe of
Peace—

He came to loathe his Life, and long for
Death,

(For better Death itself than Life in
 Death)—
 He turn'd his face with ABSÁL to the
 Desert—
 Enter'd the deadly Plain; Branch upon
 Branch
 Cut down, and gather'd in a lofty Pile,
 And fired. They look'd upon the Flames,
 those Two—
 They look'd, and they rejoiced; and hand
 in hand
 They sprang into the Fire. THE SHAH
 who saw,
 In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
 Directed by his Self-fulfilling WILL,
 Devouring utterly ABSÁL, pass'd by
 SALÁMÁN harmless—the pure Gold re-
 turn'd
 Entire; but all the baser Metal burn'd.

XXIV.

Heaven's Dome is but a wondrous House
 of Sorrow,
 And Happiness therein a lying Fable.
 When first they mix'd the Clay of Man,
 and cloth'd
 His Spirit in the Robe of Perfect Beauty,
 For Forty Mornings did an Evil Cloud
 Rain Sorrows over him from Head to
 Foot;
 And when the Forty Mornings pass'd to
 Night,
 Then came one Morning-Shower—one
 Morning-Shower
 Of Joy—to Forty of the Rain of Sorrow!—

And though the better Fortune came at
last
To seal the Work, yet every Wise Man
knows
Such Consummation never can be here !

SALÁMÁN fired the Pile ; and in the Flame
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL like
Straw,
Died his Divided Self, and there survived
His Individual ; and, like a Body
From which the Soul is parted, all alone.
Then rose his Cry to Heaven—his Eye-
lashes
Dropt Blood—his Sighs stood like a
Smoke in Heaven,
And Morning rent her Garment at his
Anguish.
He tore his Bosom with his Nails—he
smote
Stone on his Bosom—looking then on
hands
No longer lockt in hers, and lost their
Jewel,
He tore them with his Teeth. And
when came Night,
He hid him in some Corner of the House,
And communed with the Fantom of his
Love.
“ Oh Thou whose Presence so long
sooth'd my Soul,
“ Now burnt with thy Remembrance !
Oh so long
“ The Light that fed these Eyes now
dark with Tears !

Oh Long, Long Home of Love now lost
for Ever!

"We were Together—that was all
Enough—

"We two rejoicing in each other's Eyes,
"Infinitely rejoicing—all the World

"Nothing to Us, nor We to all the
World—

"No Road to reach us, nor an Eye to
watch—

"All Day we whisper'd in each other's
Ears,

"All Night we slept in one another's
Arms—

"All seem'd to our Desire, as if the Hand
"Of unjust Fortune were for once too
short.

"Oh would to God that when I lit the
Pyre

"The Flame had left Thee Living and
me Dead,

"Not Living worse than Dead, depriv'd
of Thee!

"Oh were I but with Thee!—at any Cost
"Stript of this terrible Self-solitude!

"Oh but with Thee Annihilation—lost,

"Or in Eternal Intercourse renew'd!

Slumber-drunk an Arab in the
Desert off his Camel tumbled,
Who the lighter of her Burden
Ran upon her road rejoicing.

When the Arab woke at morning,
Rubb'd his Eyes and look'd about him—

"Oh my Camel! Oh my Camel!"
Quoth he, "Camel of my Soul!—

"That Lost with Her I lost might be,
"Or found, She might be found with Me!"

XXV.

When in this Plight THE SHAH SALÁMÁN
saw,
His Soul was struck with Anguish, and
the Vein
Of Life within was strangled—what to do
He knew not. Then he turn'd him to
THE SAGE—
“ Oh Altar of the World, to whom Man-
kind
“ Directs the Face of Prayer in Weal or
Woe,
“ Nothing but Wisdom can untie the
Knot ;
“ And art not Thou the Wisdom of the
World,
“ The Master-Key of all its Difficulties ?
“ ABSÁL is perisht ; and, because of Her,
“ SALÁMÁN dedicates his Life to Sorrow ;
“ I cannot bring back Her, nor comfort
Him.
“ Lo, I have said ! My Sorrow is before
Thee ;
“ From thy far-reaching Wisdom help
Thou Me
“ Fast in the Hand of Sorrow ! Help
Thou Me,
“ For I am very wretched ! ” Then THE
SAGE—
“ Oh Thou that err'st not from the Road
of Right,
“ If but SALÁMÁN have not broke my Bond,
“ Nor lies beyond the Noose of my Firmán,
“ He quickly shall unload his Heart to me,
“ And I will find a Remedy for all.”

XXVI.

Then THE SAGE counsell'd, and SALÁMÁN
heard,
And drew the Wisdom down into his
Heart ;
And, sitting in the Shadow of the Perfect,
His Soul found Quiet under ; sweet it
seem'd,
Sweeping the Chaff and Litter from his
own,
To be the very Dust of Wisdom's Door,
Slave of the Firmán of the Lord of Life.
Then THE SAGE marvell'd at his Toward-
ness,
And wrought in Miracle in his behalf.
He pour'd the Wine of Wisdom in his
Cup,
He laid the Dew of Peace upon his lips ;
And when Old Love return'd to Memory,
And broke in Passion from his Lips, THE
SAGE,
Under whose waxing WILL Existence
rose
Responsive, and, relaxing, waned again,
Raising a Fantom Image of ABSÁL,
Set it awhile before SALÁMÁN's Eyes,
Till, having sow'd the Seed of Quiet
there,
It went again down to Annihilation.
But ever, for the Sum of his Discourse,
THE SAGE would tell of a Celestial Love ;
"ZUHRAH," he said, "the Lustre of the
Stars—
"Fore whom the Beauty of the Bright-
est wanes ;

"Who were she to reveal her perfect
 Beauty,
 "The Sun and Moon would craze ;
 ZUHRAH," he said,
 "The Sweetness of the Banquet—none
 in Song
 "Like Her—her Harp filling the Ear of
 Heaven,
 "That Dervish-dances at her Harmony."
 SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclin'd—again
 Repeated, Inclination ever grew ;
 Until THE SAGE beholding in his Soul
 The SPIRIT quicken, so effectually
 With ZUHRAH wrought, that she reveal'd
 herself
 In her pure Beauty to SALÁMÁN's Soul,
 And washing ABSÁL's Image from his
 Breast,
 There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty
 seen,
 He left the Earthly ; and, once come to
 know
 Eternal Love, he let the Mortal go.

XXVII.

The Crown of Empire how supreme a Lot!
 The Throne of the Sultán how high!—
 But not
 For All—None but the Heaven-ward
 Foot may dare
 To mount—The Head that touches
 Heaven to wear!—

When the Belov'd of Royal Augury
 Was rescued from the Bondage of ABSÁL,
 Then he arose, and shaking off the Dust

Of that lost Travel, girded up his Heart,
And look'd with undefiléd Robe to
Heaven.

Then was His Head worthy to wear the
Crown,

His Foot to mount the Throne. And
then THE SHAH

Summon'd the Chiefs of Cities and of
States,

Summon'd the Absolute Ones who wore
the Ring,

And such a Banquet order'd as is not
For Sovereign Assemblément the like
In the Folding of the Records of the
World.

No arméd Host, nor Captain of a Host,
From all the Quarters of the World, but
there ;

Of whom not one but to SALÁMÁN did
Obeisance, and lifted up his Neck
To yoke it under his Supremacy.

Then THE SHAH crown'd him with the
Golden Crown,

And set the Golden Throne beneath his
Feet,

And over all the Heads of the Assembly,
And in the Ears of all of them, his Jewels
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut and
said :—

XXVIII.

“ My Son, the Kingdom of The World
is not

“ Eternal, nor the Sum of right Desire ;

“ Make thou the Faith-preserving In-
tellect

- " Thy Counsellor ; and considering To-
 DAY
 " To-MORROW's Seed-field, ere That come
 to bear,
 " Sow with the Harvest of Eternity.
 " All Work with Wisdom hath to do—
 by that
 " Stamp't current only ; what Thyself to
 do
 " Art wise, that *Do* ; what not, consult
 the Wise.
 " Turn not thy Face away from the old
 Ways,
 " That were the Canon of the Kings of
 Old ;
 " Nor cloud with Tyranny the Glass of
 Justice ;
 " But rather strive that all Confusion
 " Change by thy Justice to its opposite.
 " In whatsoever Thou shalt Take or Give
 " Look to the *How* ; Giving and Taking
 still,
 " Not by the backward Counsel of the
 Godless,
 " But by the Law of FAITH increase and
 Give.
 " Drain not thy People's purse—the
 Tyranny
 " Which Thee enriches at thy Subjects'
 cost,
 " Awhile shall make Thee strong ; but in
 the End
 " Shall bow thy Neck beneath a Double
 Burden.
 " The Tyrant goes to Hell—follow not
 Him—

- " Become not Thou the Fuel of its Fires.
 " Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock
 the People,
 " To save and not destroy ; nor at their
 Loss
 " To lift Thyself above the Shepherd's
 calling.
 " For which is for the other, Flock or
 Shepherd ?
 " And join with Thee true Men to keep
 the Flock.
 " Dogs, if you will—but Trusty—head
 in leash,
 " Whose Teeth are for the Wolf, not
 for the Lamb,
 " And least of all the Wolf's Accomplices,
 " Their Jaws blood-dripping from the
 Tyrant's Shambles.
 " For Shahs must have Vizirs—but be
 they Wise
 " And Trusty—knowing well the Realm's
 Estate—
 " (For who eats Profit of a Fool? and
 least
 " A wise King girdled by a Foolish Coun-
 cil—)
 " Knowing how far to Shah and Subject
 bound
 " On either Hand—not by Extortion,
 " Nor Usury wrung from the People's
 purse,
 " Their Master's and their own Estates
 (to whom
 " Enough is apt enough to make them
 Rebel)
 " Feeding to such a Surplus as feeds Hell.

" Proper in Soul and Body be They—
 pitiful
 " To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—
 " Their sweet Access a Salve to wounded
 Hearts,
 " Their Vengeance terrible to the Evil
 Doer,
 " Thy Heralds through the Country
 bringing Thee
 " Report of Good or Ill—which to con-
 firm
 " By thy peculiar Eye—and least of all
 " Suffering Accuser also to be Judge—
 " By surest Steps builds up Prosperity."

XXIX.

EPILOGUE.

Under the Outward Form of any Story
 An Inner Meaning lies—This Story now
 Completed, do Thou of its Mystery
 (Whereto the Wise hath found himself a
 way)
 Have thy Desire—No Tale of *I* and
 THOU,
 Though *I* and THOU be its Interpreters.
 What signifies THE SHAH? and what THE
 SAGE?
 And what SALÁMÁN not of Woman born?
 And what ABSÁL who drew him to Desire?
 And what the KINGDOM that awaited him
 When he had drawn his Garment from
 her Hand?
 What means that FIERY PILE? and what
 THE SEA?

And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH who at
 last
 Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of his Soul?
 Learn part by part the Mystery from me;
 All Ear from Head to Foot and Under-
 standing be.

XXX.

The Incomparable Creator, when this
 World
 He did create, created First of All
 The FIRST INTELLIGENCE—First of a Chain
 Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
 Sole Agent is in this our Universe,
 ACTIVE INTELLIGENCE so call'd; The One
 Distributor of Evil and of Good,
 Of Joy and Sorrow, Himself apart from
 MATTER,
 In Essence and in Energy—his Treasure
 Subject to no such Talisman—He yet
 Hath fashion'd all that is—Material
 Form,
 And Spiritual, sprung from HIM—by
 HIM
 Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
 Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing
 SHAH
 To whom the World was subject. But
 because
 What He distributes to the Universe
 Himself from still a Higher Power re-
 ceives,
 The Wise, and all who comprehend
 aright,
 Will recognise that Higher in THE SAGE.

His the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontaneously
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,
Was from no Womb of MATTER repro-
duced
A Special Essence called THE SOUL—a
CHILD
Fresh sprung from Heaven in Raiment
undefiled
Of Sensual Taint, and therefore call'd
SALÁMÁN.

And who ABSÁL?—The Lust-adoring
Body,
Slave to the Blood and Sense—through
whom THE SOUL,
Although the Body's very Life it be,
Does yet imbibe the Knowledge and
Desire
Of Things of SENSE; and these united thus
By such a Tie GOD only can unloose,
BODY and SOUL are Lovers Each of other.

What is THE SEA on which they sail'd?—
The Sea
Of Animal Desire—the Sensual Abyss,
Under whose Waters lie a World of Being
Swept far from God in that Submersion.

And wherefore was it ABSÁL in that Isle
Deceived in her Delight, and that SALÁ-
MÁN
Fell short of his Desire?—That was to
show
How PASSION tires, and how with Time
begins
The Folding of the Carpet of Desire.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN's Heart
Back to THE SHAH, and looking to the
Throne
Of Pomp and Glory? What but the
Return
Of the Lost SOUL to its true Parentage,
And back from Carnal Error looking up
Repentant to its Intellectual Throne.

What is THE FIRE?—Ascetic Discipline,
That burns away the Animal Alloy,
Till all the DROSS of MATTER be con-
sumed,
And the Essential Soul, its raiment clean
Of Mortal Taint, be left. But forasmuch
As any Life-long Habit so consumed,
May well recur a Pang for what is lost,
Therefore THE SAGE set in SALÁMÁN's Eyes
A Soothing Phantom of the Past, but still
Told of a Better Venus, till his Soul
She fill'd, and blotted out his Mortal Love.
For what is ZUHRAH?—That Divine Per-
fection,
Wherewith the Soul inspir'd and all array'd
In Intellectual Light is Royal blest,
And mounts THE THRONE, and wears
THE CROWN, and Reigns
Lord of the Empire of Humanity.

This is the Meaning of This Mystery
Which to know wholly ponder in thy
Heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
Enough—The written Summary I close,
And set my Seal:
THE TRUTH GOD ONLY KNOWS.

APPENDIX.

What follows concerning the Royal Game of CHÚGÁN comes from the Appendix to Vol. I. of Sir William Ouseley's Travels in the East.

FIRDÚSI tells of SIAVESH and his Iranian (Persian) Heroes astonishing AFRASIÁB of TURÁN with their Skill at this Game 600 years before Christ; and GUSHTASP (Hystaspes), to the sound of Drum and Trumpet, drives the Ball Invisible with his Blow. NIZÁMI sets SHÍRÍN and her Maidens playing at it, against her King, KHUSRAU PARVÍZ, and his Ministers;

“On one side was the Moon and her Stars,

“On the other THE SHAH and his Fir-mán-bearers.”

Ouseley however (allowing for Poetic License) believes the Game was played “through almost every Reign of the Sassanian Dynasty—as much esteemed by the Mahommedan Kings as by their Fire-worshipping Predecessors.”

“We find the Greek Emperor, Manuel Commenus, with his Byzantine Princes and Nobles, enjoying this Amusement on Horse-back in the 12th Century; the Wooden Ball having been exchanged for one more soft, form'd of stuff'd Leather; and the Stick, or Wand, instead of a Hammer-like Head, terminating in a Hoop; which, as our Battledores or Tennis-rackets, presented to the Ball a reticulated space. This Imperial Sport is well described by the Historian Cinnamus, who

probably was a Spectator." It went by the slightly altered name TSUKANISTERION—which word, however, since CHÚGÁN means the Bandy-stick employed, more properly signifies, I suppose, the Ground played on; and equally related to the Persian, had they chosen to affix, as so often, the Verb common to themselves, the Greeks, the Latins, and us, and called the place of Exercise CHÚGÁNistán; or CHÚGÁN-stand.

Piétro della Valle, who saw it played in SHAH ABBAS' time (1618), calls it "Pallamaglio," and found both Game and Name subsisting in the Florentine "CALCIO"—only that the Florentine played a-foot, and the Persian "piu nobilmente a Cavallo." The Spanish Jesuit Ovalle found it also (also on Foot) under the name of "CHUECA," in South America, in 1646.

Ducange finds Name and Game also in the "CHICANE" of Languedoc, from which he naturally thinks it borrowed; not daring to push Derivation to the English word "Chiquen," he says, "qui signifie un Poulet; en sorte que 'Chiquaner' seroit imiter les Poulets qui ont coutûme de courir les uns apres les autres pour arracher les morceaux du Bec," etc.

Englishmen know the Game well (on Foot too, and with such Leather Balls as the Persians perhaps knew not how to harden), under many Forms and Names—Golf, Stow-Ball, Shinty, Hockey, Bandy, etc.

And now with regard to the Frontispiece. It is "accurately copied" from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which he says (and as those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is "accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Hafiz, transcribed in the Year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted to the Sport; we see the MÍL, or Goals; Servants attend on Foot holding CHÚGÁNS in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince—as his PARR, or Feather, would indicate—receives on his Entrance into the MEIDAN, or Place of Exercise, a CHÚGÁN from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Hafiz himself," etc.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Hafiz which the Drawing illustrates;

Shahsuvára Khúsh bemeidán ámedy
gúiy bezann.

Though the Sticks, or Bats, are here represented *long*, they really were (as Chardin and others report) so short as to

cause the Rider to stoop below the Saddle-bow to strike; which, the Horse going full gallop, was great part of the Difficulty. And Tabri describes Events in the Eighth Century (just before his own Time), when Harun Alraschid was still little, so that when on Horseback, "he could not reach to strike the Ball with a Chúgán." Ouseley also, judging from the Illustration (in which Persian Artists are not very accurate), thinks the Chúgán sticks were only *generally*, or partially, semicircular at the striking End. But that they were so (varying perhaps a little in degree as our Bandy sticks do) is proved by the Text of the Present Poem, as also by a previous line in the Original, where—

"The Realm of Existence is the space
of his Meidán,
"The Ball of Heaven in the Crook of
his CHÚGÁN."

And passages in Hafiz speak of his Heart as being carried off by his Beloved's Eyebrow; which no Persian Lover ever dreamt of but as arched indeed.

As the "FAIR ONE" of Persian Mysticism is the Deity's Self—so the Points of that Beauty (as in our Canticles) adumbrate so many of the Deity's Attributes; varying however with various Poets, or their Commentators. Sir W. Jones speaks of THE HAIR as emblematic of "The Expansion of Divine Glory"—THE LIPS as of "Hidden Mysteries"—The Down of the Cheek as "Spirits round the

Throne," whose central point of excessive Light is darken'd into the Mole upon the Cheek!—Tholuck, from a Turkish Commentary, interprets the Ringlets as "The Divine Mysteries;" the Forehead their Manifestation, etc.

The Beauty of **ABSÁL**, though Sensual, yet seduces **SALÁMÁN** (**THE SOUL**) with its Likeness to the Divine; and her Tresses, as we see, play their part, involving him in their Intricacies. The following Ode of Jámi's on the subject very happily entangles the Ear with its repetitions of that mysterious **ZULF** which closes the first two, and every alternate Line, to the End. "Le Texte de cette Ode," says De Saçy, "est d'une Charme inexprimable que l'on chercheroit inutilement dans une Traduction." The Persian therefore is here vocalized as nearly as possible in English Notes, to give the Reader a Notion of the harmony which is its chief Merit. But I subjoin for the Lover of literal Translation a very literal one, which he can if he chooses place word for word under the Persian, and, if he will accept a very little help at starting, may construe into what form he pleases: supplying for himself a Verb and a Point where the Reader of the original has to do so.

The apostrophized 'i (here written, but in Persian only pronounced) either denotes that the following Noun, Pronoun, or Adjective belongs to it as Genitive or

Epithet—as in the first line “*dil’i man*” = “heart of I (Me);” or acts merely as a *passing Note* of harmony (with a People who hate all harshness but in Deed) between any two Consonants and a third, or between any consonanted long Vowel and a succeeding Consonant, unless that long Vowel’s Consonant be *n*. “*Tamám ’i zulf*” in line 3 is an instance of the *’i* in its latter use. In both cases it is common in quantity.

The *ra* in the 5th and last lines mark the Dative.

Ay dil’i man sayd’i dām’i zulf’i tó
 Dám’i dilhá gashta nám’i zulf’i to
 Banda shud dar zulf’i tó dilhá tamám
 Dám ū band ámad tamám’i zulf’i to
 Dád’i tashrif’ í ghūlám’ í-bandará
 Zulf’i tó ay man ghūlám’ í zulf’i tó
 Láik’i rukhsár’i gulrang’ í tū níst
 Juz nikáb’ í mushkifám’ í zulf’i tó
 Ram kunand az dām’i murghán way
 ajáb

Ján’ i bí áram’i rām’i zulf’i to
 Zulf’i tó bálá’i mah dárád makám
 Bas buland ámad makám ’i zulf’i to
 Subh’i íkbál’ ast’i tálf’ har nafás
 Banda-Jámí-rá zi shám’i zulf’i tó.

Ah heart I prey snare Ringlet You
 Snare Hearts become name Ringlet
 you

Bound are in Ringlet you Hearts wholly
 Snare and bond become wholly Ring-
 let you

Give honour Slave-bound

Ringlet you Ah I Slave Ringlet you
Worthy cheek rose-colour'd you not is
Except Veil musky-natured Ringlet
you
Escape make from Snare Birds Ah
strange
Soul without peace obsequious of Ring-
let you
Ringlet you above Moon has place
Very high is place Ringlet you
Dawn Bliss is revealed every breath
Bondman-Jámi from Night Ringlet
you.

NOTES

Page 1. **LAILA, MAJNÚN.**—all well-known Types of Eastern Lovers. **SHÍRÍN** and her Suitors figure in Sec. XX.

Page 1. **TO COZEN THE WORLD.**—the Persian Mystics also represent the Deity Dice-ing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.

Page 2. **CENSOR.**—"the Appollonius of Keat's Lamia."

Page 2. **NO ROOM FOR TWO.**—This Súfi Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Sect. XIX.) is shadowed in a Parable of Jelaladdin, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!' and the Door was opened to him."

Page 3. **THE POET'S NAME.**—the name "JAMI," also signifying "A Cup." The Poet's YÚSUF and ZULAIKHA opens also with this Divine Wine, the favourite Symbol of Hafiz and other Persian Mystics. The "Tavern" spoken of is The World.

I listen in the Tavern of Sweet Songs,
And catch no Echo of their Harmony:
The Guests have drunk the Wine and are
departed,
Leaving their empty Bowls behind—not one
To carry on the Revel Cup in hand!
Up JAMI then! and whether Lees or Wine
To offer—boldly offer it in Thine!

Page 4. **OLD STORIES.**—"Yúsuf and Zulaikha," "Layla and Majnún," etc.

Page 4. **GLASSES TURN'D TO FOUR.**—first notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.

Page 4. "The Master," whose Verse is quoted, is Jellalládín, the Great Súfi Teacher. The "King Himself" is Yacúb Beg, whose Father's Vision appears in the next Section.

Page 7. SHÁHZEMÁN.—"Lord of the World, SOVEREIGN; HASAN, BEAUTIFUL, GOOD." HASAN BEG of Western Persia, famous for his Beauty, had helped Jami with Escort in a dangerous Pilgrimage. He died (as History and a previous line in the Original tell) before Salámán was written, and was succeeded by his Son YÁCÚB.

Page 8. YÚN.—OR "YAVAN," Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "YÚNAN,"—IONIA, meant by the Persians to express GREECE generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great, of whose Ethics Jami wrote, as Nizami of his Deeds.

Page 9. KÁF.—the Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all sides.

Page 9. SERÁB.—miráge; but, of two Foreign Words, why not the more original Persian? identical with the Hebrew Sháráb; as in ISALAH XV. 7,— "The SHÁRÁB (or MIRÁGE) shall become a Lake;"—rather, and better, than our Version, "The parched Ground shall become a Pool."—See GESENIUS.

Page 11. THE DELUGE.—in the Kúran God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Yam, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately

the Water abated and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!'—Noah called upon his Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family; this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.'"—Sale's *KURÁN*, Vol. II. p. 21.

Page 13. A RING TO LEAD BY.—'MIHAR,' a Piece of Wood put through a Camel's Nose to guide him by.

Page 14. SULAYMAN AND BALKÍS.—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Page 15. "MUSSULMAN" is very usually derived from the same "SALEM" element as "SALÁMÁN." So "Solomon," etc.

Page 16. THE EYE'S BABY.—literally, MARDUMAK—the MANNIKIN, or PUPIL, of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.

Page 17. YEARS AND COURAGE.—the same Persian Word serving for Both.

Page 17. THE BALL.—the Game of Chógán, for Centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of Name and Practice by other Nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks so short the Player must stoop below the Saddle-bow to strike, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of upright Pillars. See FRONTISPIECE and APPENDIX.

Page 18. FITTING THE CORD.—bows being so gradually stiffened, to the Age and Strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundredweight of Pressure to bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the Process up to bringing up the String to the Ear, "as if to hang it there" before Shooting. Then the First Trial was, who could shoot highest; then, the Mark, etc.

“Premièrement, à bander l’arc ; dont l’Art consiste à le bien tenir, à le bander, et à laisser partir la Corde à l’aise, sans que la main gauche qui tient l’arc, et qui est toute étendue, ni la main droite qui manie la Corde, remuent le moins du monde. On en donne d’abord d’aises à bander ; puis de plus durs par degrés. Les maitres de ces Exercices apprennent à bander l’arc devant soi, derrière soi, à coté de soi, en haut, en bas—bref, en cent postures différentes, toujours vite et aisement. Ils ont des arcs fort difficiles à bander, et, pour essayer la force, on les pend contre un mur à une Cheville, et on attache des poids à la Corde de l’arc à l’endroit où l’on appuie la coche de la Flèche. Les plus durs portent cinquante cents pesant avant d’être bandés,” etc.—Sir JOHN CHARDIN, Vol. III. 437. He elsewhere says, “La bonté d’un Arc consiste, comme on le dit en Perse, en ce que d’abord il soit rude à bander, jusqu’ à ce que la Flèche soit à moitié dessus ; et qu’ ensuite il soit mou et aisé, jusqu’ à ce que le bout de la Flèche soit entré dans la Corde.”

Page 19. THE PLEIADS. — i.e. compactly strung, as opposed to Discursive Rhetoric, which is compared to the scattered Stars of THE BIER AND ITS MOURNERS, or what we call THE GREAT BEAR. This contrast is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvari Soheili—“When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as THE PLEIADS, disperse wide asunder as THE MOURNERS.”

Page 19. HÁTIM’S BOUNTY. — The Persian Type of Liberality, infinitely celebrated.

Page 20. AN ALIEN SHAH.—the Hero of the Story being of YÚNAN—IONIA, or GREECE generally, (the Persian Geography not being very precise,)—and so not of THE FAITH.

Page 21. ADORNING THE BOWS.—with dark Indigo Paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.

Page 21. A GRAIN OF MUSK.—a ‘PATCH,’ sc.—“Noir comme le Musc.”—De Sacy.

Page 23. FORTUNE’S SHADOW.—alluding to the Phœnix, the Shadow of whose wings foretold a Crown upon the Head it passed over.

Page 27 and elsewhere—The THRONE is spoken of as ‘under Foot.’ The Persepolitan Sculpture still discovers its King keeping his Chair as Europeans do with a separate Footstool. But in Jámi’s time The Throne was probably of the same Fashion that Chardin saw Solíman twice crowned on 200 years after—perhaps the very same—“Un petit Tabouret carré,” 3 feet high, Golden and Jewelled, on which the Prince gathers up his feet in Oriental fashion, so as it serves for Throne and Footstool too. “Ce Tabouret, hors le Temps qu’il sert à cette Cérémonie se garde avec grand Soín dans le Trésor Royal qui est au Donjon de la Forteresse d’Ispahan,” where also, to prove the Conservatism of Persia so far as Habits go,—“J’ai vu,” he says, “des Habits de Tamurlan; ils sont taillés tout comme ceux qu’on fait aujourd’hui, sans aucune difference.” So the Mirrors used in Persia 200 years ago were commonly of polished Metal, just as Jámi so often describes. [Solíman’s 2nd Coronation came about because of his having fallen so ill from Debauchery, that his Astrologers said his first must have taken place under an Evil conjunction of Stars—so he must be crowned again—which he was—Chardin looking on both times.]

Page 27. RAKSH. — “LIGHTNING.” The name of RUSTAM’S famous Horse in the SHAH-NAMAH.

Page 27. “KAI” which almost signifies “Gigantic King,” properly belongs to Khusrau, 3rd King of the Kaianian Dynasty; but is here borrowed for Parvís as a more mythical Title than Shah or King.

Page 27. KHUSRAU PARVÍZ (Chosroe The Victorious), Son of NOSHÍRAVAN The Great; slain, after Thirty Years of Prosperous Reign, by his Son SHIRÚEH, who, according to some, was in Love with his Father’s Mistress SHÍRÍN. See further, Section XXI., for one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian History.

Page 28. The Pen of “KÚN”—“Esto!”—The famous Passage of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.

Page 28. SEVEN AND FOUR.—Planets?—adding Sun, Moon, and the Nodal Dragon's Head and Tail; according to the Sanscrit Astronomy adopted by Persia.

I have proposed "The Planets" for those mysterious "SEVEN AND FOUR." But there is a large Choice, especially for the ever mystical "SEVEN"—Seven Commandments; 7 Climates; 7 Heavens, etc. The "FOUR" may be the 4 Elements, or even the 4 acknowledged Mahomedan Gospels—namely, The Pentateuch, Psalms, New Testament, and Kurán. For Salámán, though fabled 'not' of THE FAITH, yet allegorically represents The Mirror of all Faith, and as The original Form of the Human Soul might be intuitively enlightened with all the Revelations that were to be—might even be, in esoteric Sufiism, The Come and Coming Twelfth Imám who had 'read' all the previous Eleven; it being one Doctrine in the East that it is ever the 'Last' and most perfect Prophet who was 'First' Created and reserved in the Interior Heaven nearest to God till the Time of his Mission should come.

Sir John Chardin quotes Seven Magnificats written in gold upon azure over Shah Abbas' Tomb in the great Mosque at Kóm—composed, he says, "par le docte Hasan-Cazy," mainly in glory of ALI the Darling Imam of Persia, but of which the First Hymn "est tout de Mahomet." This has some passages so very parallel with the Sage's Address to Salámán, that (knowing how little worth such parallels are, especially in a Country where Magnificent Titles of Honour are stereotyped ready to be lavished on Prophet or Khan) nevertheless really seemed borrowed by "le docte Hasan-Cazy," who probably was hard set to invent any new. They show at least how Jámi saluted his 'Alien' Prince with Titles due to Mahomet's Self, and may perhaps light any curious Reader to a better understanding of these Seven and Four. He calls Mahomet "Infaillible Expositeur des Quatre Livres"—those Gospels; —[So Sir John: but the Kurán being one, this looks rather address to Ali than Mahomet.]—

"Conducteur des huit mobiles" the 8 Heavens of the Planets, says the Editor; "Gouverneur des Sept Parties" the Climates; "Archetype des Choses créées; Instrument de la Creation du Monde: le plus relevé de la race d'Adam. Ce Peintre incomprehensible, qui a tiré tout d'un seul Coup de Pinceau 'KOUN FIKOUN,' n'a jamais fait un si beau portrait que le Globe de ton Visage."

Page 29. THE TEN INTELLIGENCES.—this passage finds its explanation in the last Section.

Page 32. GAU AND MAHI.—The Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on Gau; Gau on Mahi; and Mahi on Air; and Air on what? on NOTHING; Nothing upon Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attar; quoted in De Sacy's PENDINGAMAHA, XXXV.

Page 32. The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Pauranic (or Poetic) Astronomers of the East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But we know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the NODES, or Points formed by Intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit." Sir W. Jones' Works, Vol. IV. p. 74.

Page 33. "Iram Garden." "Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a King named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

Page 34. WÁMIK.—Another Typical LOVER OF AZRA, A VIRGIN.

Page 35. A MIRROR.—mythically attributed by the East—and in some wild Western Avatar—to this Shah's Predecessor, Alexander the Great.

Perhaps (V. Hammer thinks) the Concave Mirror upon the Alexandrian Pharos, which by Night projected such a fiery Eye over the Deep as not only was fabled to exchange Glances with that on the Rhodian Colossus, and in Oriental Imagination and Language to penetrate "THE WORLD," but by Day to Reflect it to him who looked therein with Eyes to see. The Cup of their own JAMSHÍD had, whether Full or Empty, the same Property. And that Silver Cup found in Benjamin's Sack—"Is not this it in which my Lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he DIVINETH?—Gen. XLIV. 5. Our Reflecting Telescope is going some way to realize the Alexandrian Fable.

Page 35. THE CUP OF HAPPINESS AND TEARS.—
*Κρατηρα μακρον ηδονης και δακρυων
 κινωντες εξεπινον αχρις ες μεθην.*

Page 36. HURL'D HIM, ETC.—One Story is that Khusrau had promised if Firhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Firhád was on the point of achieving his Work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Firhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has decyphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Firhád's.

Page 36. WILL DISCHARGED.—He Mesmerizes Him!—See also further on this Power of the Will in Sections XXIII. and XXVI.

Page 38. THE MINION.—"Sháh" and "Sháhid" (Mistress)—a sort of Punning the Persian Poets are fond of.

Page 41. ANGUISH.—
 "When the Cloud of Spring beheld the Evil Disposition of Time,
 "Its Weeping fell upon the Jessamine and Hyacinth and Wild Rose."—HAFIZ.

Page 44. "ZUHRAH." The Planetary and Celestial Venus.

Page 45. **THE SPIRIT.**—"MAANY." The Mystical pass-word of the Súfis, to express the Transcendental New Birth of The Soul.

Page 46. **MY SON.**—one sees Jámi taking Advantage of his Allegorical Shah to read a Lesson to the Real—whose Ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached unless obliquely. The Warning (and doubtless with good Reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.

Page 49. The Story is of 'Generals,' though enacted by 'Particulars.'

Page 50. "These Intelligences are only another Form of the Neo-Platonic Dæmones. The Neo-Platonists held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse—they were, as it were, 'incommensurate.' How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God the "Actus Purus," created an **CEON**; this **CEON** created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth **CEON** was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual 'Form.'

Similarly we have in Sufiism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, The Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, The Moon, to the Ninth; and **THE EARTH** is the peculiar Sphere of the Tenth, or lowest Intelligence, called **THE ACTIVE.**"



