

own, and one of the verses taken from his odes which we give below, so clearly seems to express his own opinion on this subject, that we think it ought to stand foremost as a motto to all translations of his works.

"I hide in the words which my fancy inspires,
Like the odour which dwells in the dew-sprinkled rose;
And he, who to see me now burns with desires,
Must view me in thoughts which my writings disclose."

Even in Persia, however, these odes are used for the most opposite purposes, being chanted as songs to excite the young and dissipated to pleasure, and recited as hymns to remind the old and devout of the rapture of Divine love. It must be remembered, however, that Hafiz was a Soofee, or Philosophical and religious devotee; and "among many classes of Soofees the natural feelings which man has on earth, and the immortal longings of the soul after its Creator, are deemed inseparable; and with a poet of this persuasion, it was likely that the subjects should be so blended as to render it impossible to distinguish when he meant to sing of earthly and when of heavenly joys."*

The morality of Hafiz is most doubted by foreigners, and his descriptions of the pleasurable effects of wine, &c., are certainly such as incline us to believe he was not altogether writing from hearsay. His commentators, however, defend the morality of his writings.

We close these prefatory remarks, which have extended already far beyond the limits we had originally assigned them, by a few remarks from the pen of the translator of the manuscript odes before us. If a thorough knowledge of the language, and a long residence among the people, entitle his opinions to respect, these qualifications, united to an earnest study of the subject under consideration, have not been wanting:—

"When the odes of Hafiz come to be better understood, I have no doubt but their mystical meaning will be found to allude to the Supreme Being; and that *He* is allegorically represented by everything that is lovely in nature. Thus—the "moon-faced beauties," "cupbearers," &c., of Hafiz, are for the most part, I suspect, allusions to the Deity; and "curling locks," "sweet odors," &c., his attributes,—inasmuch as they are the appendages of beauty.

"The sun and the moon are constantly introduced, allegorically, as objects of praise and adoration; and warmth, light, &c., as their attributes. The more I read of Hafiz, indeed, the more he brings conviction to my mind that,

"The love which fills his reed is love divine."

"The allusion to worldly objects is, in many of his odes, indeed remarkably strong; and there are few readers (I mean European) who would be disposed to give him credit for more

than this; and yet I feel convinced, that most, if not all, educated Persians, as Sir Wm. Jones remarked of the Turks at Constantinople, understand the odes in no other way than as allusions to the Deity in the highest, and as it certainly sometimes is, the sublimest strain of metaphor.

"I remember a Moonshee* I once had, when reading these odes with me, bursting into the wildest exclamations of praise, at one or two passages, which, I am sure, nine Europeans out of ten, would have considered actually indecent, and whose allegorical meaning, at all events, I found it impossible to render decently into intelligible English."

It is a peculiarity in all Persian odes that the writer introduces his name into the last stanza. This I have retained in the English versification.

Having already attempted to show that the odes of Hafiz are not, in all cases, to be literally understood. I shall, in the first few which I propose to include in this sketch, choose some of those in which even an ordinary reader may readily trace the mystical meaning referred to. If my efforts to interest a few Canadian readers in the subject, shall prove successful, I may, at a future day, contribute another leaf from the manuscript.

ODE 1.

Where the wine-streams daily flow,
Where the drinkers nightly lie;
Where the golden goblets glow,
And the care-worn, grief-defy;
Wonderfui that I should know
Here, thy light Divinity! †

Pilgrim old, upbrañ no more,
Sight is mine beyond thine own;
Let my spirit higher soar
Than thy thoughts have ever flown—
Thou the mansion may'st adore,
I, the master on his throne!

Fain would I through ether blue,
Follow thee my soul's delight,
Fain thy odorous locks undo,
And behold thee in thy night;
Vain the phantom I pursue—
Thou art far beyond my sight.

All the griefs my heart hath known,
All the tears mine eyes have wept,
Morning sigh and nightly moan,
Floods of war that o'er me swept;
Springing from thy love alone,
Bowed the head thy kindness kept.

Many a wild mysterious tale
Fancy speaks of thee and thine;
Could she paint thee, and not fail
To pourtray thy form divine;
Who would step behind her veil,
Who to listen would incline?

* Moonshee is the name given to a Persian teacher of the language,—literally, I believe, a secretary.

† "The Soofees," says Aga-Mahomet-Ali, "deems everything in the world a type of the beauty and power of the Divinity."

* For a full account of the views and tenets of the Soofees, see "Malcolm's Persia."