

not die, but eventually, when what is now thought light, hath been discovered to be but mental delusion,—shall burst forth with renewed splendour, shedding a purer fairer ray through the clouds which obscured it,—as the rising moon dissipates with its mild and enduring beams, the storms and thick darkness of night.

We cannot help feeling that in dealing with any subject not of the practical, mechanical nature of which we have spoken, we are, in a great measure wasting our labour; but we would fain hope that even here amidst the almost untrodden western wilds, there are some few in whose breasts a love of the ideal, still, like an echo of childhood, lingers; who, while they calmly admit that the mine is one which can never yield the metal for which all are striving, are yet willing to take it for what it is worth, and to believe even yet farther, that the time may come when these despised pursuits shall yield them a higher and purer enjoyment—

"Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Or all the gems of Samarcand."

And who would join their tears with those of the weeping poet, while he exclaims:—

"And thou sweet Poesy, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.
Dear charming nymph! neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found me poor at first and keep'st me so:
Thou guide by which the vulgar arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!"

Mahomed Schemseddin Hafiz, who has been called, we cannot help thinking from a mistaken view of his writings, "the Anacreon of Persia," was born at Shirauz, probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century; as we hear of him at that place, at the period of its subjection by Timour, better known to Europeans as Tamerlane, which word is a corruption of Timour-lung, signifying Timour the lame, he having been lame from his youth. The occasion to which we refer was as follows:—In one of his odes, which has been beautifully, though rather freely paraphrased by Sir W. Jones, the poet, speaking of some youthful beauty, exclaims:—

"If that lovely girl of Shirauz would accept of my heart, I would give for the mole upon her cheek the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara."

The Tartar conqueror, upon taking possession of the city, commanded Hafiz to appear before him, and with real or apparent displeasure, demanded of him by what right he had disposed of his two finest cities for the mole upon the cheek of his mistress.

"Can the gifts of Hafiz ever impoverish Timour?" was the reply which changed the displeasure of the monarch into admiration, and produced reward instead of punishment.*

It is related of him that he knew the Koran by heart, and for this reason received the surname of Hafiz. He died at Shirauz in 1377, and a magnificent tomb was erected over his remains by Kurreeem Khan, one of the kings of Persia, who died, A.D., 1779. This tomb, with many other monuments in the neighbourhood of Shirauz, including that of the no less celebrated Saadi, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1825.

As one of the many proofs of the estimation in which the poet's memory is held by his countrymen, we are told by Sir J. Malcolm, that this pious act of Kurreeem Khan's was one of the most popular of his reign, with the inhabitants of a city whose highest boast is that of being the birth-place of him whose memory he so greatly honoured.

"The natives of Persia, says the same author, "are enthusiastically devoted to poetry; the meanest artizan of the principal cities of that kingdom, can read or recite some of the finest passages of their most admired authors; and even the rude and unlettered soldier leaves his tent to listen with rapture to the strain of the minstrel who sings a mystic song of divine love. I was forcibly struck with this fact during my residence in Persia. I found several of my servants well acquainted with the poetry of their country, and when at Isfahan, in 1800, I was surprised to hear a common tailor, who was at work repairing one of my tents, entertain his companions by repeating some of the finest of the mystical odes of Hafiz."

The following sketch of this celebrated tomb, as it appeared in 1810, taken on the spot by the father of the writer of this paper, may not be considered altogether misplaced:—

"At the distance of half a mile from the city of Shirauz, to the right of the road leading towards Isfahan, is the tomb of the celebrated Persian poet, Hafiz. It is pleasantly situated upon a gently rising ground, near the foot of the mountains that form the north and north-east boundary of the plain of Shirauz, and within two hundred yards of the "rosy howers," as Hafiz described them, "of Mosulla." I ought to remark, by the way, that at the present time there is not even the shadow of a tree nor the vestige of a rose-bush to be seen. A small ruin is all that now remains of that spot which the Persian poets have so luxuriantly described, and which through them has deceived all the moderns of Europe. It is rather a singular thing, that every European who visits Persia, expects to find it all that is beautiful, and Shirauz, "Jennet Tur-rauz," charming as Paradise, as the Persian poets wantonly call it, whereas the strongest feeling experienced by travellers on visiting this celebrated place, is one of deep disappointment.

When we read of a "*Bang e dil Goshia*,"

* Vide Malcolm's History of Persia.