

No man of understanding dare deny it  
Why men are reckoned men of judgment by it  
But next to him who can relate a story  
The hers of the late comes in for glory  
A man is lucky in this lower dwelling  
Of whom remains a story with the telling  
For this good reason Roshem Lemir proceeded  
to relate a story about his own personal self Lady  
of the land I will tell you what said he - For-  
-merly travelled a good deal with the caravans  
and once upon a time as were journeying  
towards Meir we happen'd to pitch our  
tents at the foot of a hill around which the  
ground was smooth and level The day drew  
to a close the shades of night began to thicken  
the sun descended into the cavern of the west  
and the sable regions of Zanguebar began to  
prevail against the brilliant sun of Rum  
as the Song says

For in the palace of the twilight skies  
The graceful queen of heaven began to rise  
Wan was her wanery with grief oppress'd  
Like some sweet angel banished from the blest  
The Modest groves like timid virgins drew  
Before their charms a veil of shadowy blue  
Fine as the Houris veils in paradise  
Which hide their charms from guardian angels eyes  
Amid