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لِلّٰهِ كُنُوزٌ تَحْتَ ٱلْعَرْشِ مَفَاتِيحُهَا أَلْسِنَةُ ٱلشُّعَرَاءِ

'God hath Treasuries aneath the Throne, the Keys whereof are the Tongues of the Poets.'

Hadís-i-Sheríf.

A

HISTORY

OF

OTTOMAN POETRY

BY

THE LATE

E. J. W. GIBB, M. R. A. S.

VOLUME III

EDITED BY

EDWARD G. BROWNE, M. A., M. B.,

SIR THOMAS ADAMS' PROFESSOR OF ARABIC AND FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE; FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY.

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the modern, which will form the subject of the subsequent volumes.

This volume, though it had not, like vol. II, undergone a final revision for press at the author's hands, is nevertheless entirely his work, only here and there retouched by me (and that always as slightly as possible) during the careful revision to which I submitted it before placing it in the printer's hands. All that I have added, besides this Preface, is the Appendices; and even here I found the author's rough notes ready to my hand for Appendix A, while, as for Appendix B, the texts of every single poem translated in this volume were fully and fairly copied out in my friend's clear and careful hand for the volume of original texts which will conclude the History. Thus, while the writing out of Appendix A. from the often blurred and indistinctly written pencil notes, which alone served as my guide in this part of the work, was laborious and difficult, the construction of Appendix B. was singularly easy in comparison with the preparation of the corresponding Appendix in vol. II, where the poems translated appeared not to have been copied out, and in many cases had to be recovered with infinite trouble from the manuscripts in my late friend's collection.

I must now speak of the remaining portion of the work, and offer some forecast as the number and scope of the future volumes. The manuscript material which remains to be examined, revised, arranged and edited, is contained in sixteen packets (excluding the texts), of which six are labelled "Transition Period," seven "Romanticist Period," and three "Modern Period." The two former periods run more or less contemporaneously, and would perhaps be better described as "Schools," and in the arrangement of the thirteen chapters devoted to them I anticipate some considerable difficulty, since I have not yet been able to satisfy myself precisely

as to the plan which the author intended to adopt in this part of his subject, and in particular whether he meant to separate these two Schools, or to maintain the strictly chronological order hitherto observed, which would render impossible any attempt to keep the two Schools altogether apart. At present I incline to the chronological arrangement, as being both simpler and more in accordance with the preceding portion of the work; indeed I am disposed to believe that the names of periods and schools marked on these packets of manuscript do not in all cases represent the author's final scheme of arrangement, outlined, so far as the Fourth Period (which will form the subject of vol. IV) is concerned, at pp. 130—132 of vol. I. For the illustration of this Fourth or Transition Period, at all events, the author has left ample materials in a form which needs but the same sort of revision that this volume has received to fit it for Press.

As regards the Modern Period, in many ways the most interesting period of all, and rendered yet more so by the author's profound conviction of its intrinsic value and sympathy with its aims,[1] the case is, unfortunately, otherwise. Here the materials committed to writing by my friend are comparatively scanty, consisting only of three chapters; one, evidently introductory, entitled "the Dawn of a New Era;" one devoted to Shinásí Efendi; and one to Ziyá Pasha. About Kemál Bey, the third great pioneer of the New School, and in many ways the most important, nothing has been written by Mr. Gibb, save here and there, amongst his voluminous rough notes, mostly jotted down in pencil on hundreds of loose half sheets of writing-paper, a fragment of translation, biography or criticism. I am more than doubtful whether it will be within my power to make good this deficiency, even with the help of ʿAbdu'l-Haqq Hámid Bey of the Ottoman

[1] See particularly vol. I, pp. 133—136.

Embassy in London, himself one of the greatest and most brilliant representatives of the New School, and one of Mr. Gibb's oldest and most valued friends, and of my colleague and friend Halíl Hálid Efendi, Turkish Lecturer at Cambridge, to whom also I was first introduced by the author of this work, who valued him equally highly as a friend and as a collaborator. Of Kemál Bey, and of other prominent writers of the New School, I may, no doubt, should time allow, be able to compile some account, however inadequate, from the rich materials contained in Mr. Gibb's library of printed and lithographed books, which, not being otherwise assigned by his will, was, with rare generosity, presented by his widow to the University Library of Cambridge. For this, and for the many other ways in which she has assisted the progress of this work, and striven to further and facilitate the studies to which her husband's life was devoted, I desire to seize this occasion to express my most profound gratitude and appreciation.

From what has been said above as to the extent of the still unedited manuscript, it will be clear that, without any further additions, there is enough material to form at least another volume and a half; or, with such an Index as I contemplate, and which my colleague and successor as Persian Lecturer at Cambridge, Mr. R. A. Nicholson, to whose collaboration I owe much in the preparation of this volume, of which he has corrected all the proofs, is at present engaged in preparing, two stout volumes. Finally there will be a volume containing the original texts of all the poems translated in the (probably five) English volumes of the *History*, which will thus, so far as I can anticipate, be completed in six volumes. When these will be completed and published I can scarcely venture to guess, but under the most favourable conditions I can scarcely hope that the work can be

accomplished much before the year A. D. 1910, while any adverse circumstance may cause its appearance to be still further delayed. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when a great work, designed to occupy a life-time, is suddenly deprived of its creator, and left dependant on one who, besides being weighted with his own work, has but a general and superficial knowledge of the subject which had constituted the life-study of the author?

I turn now to the second topic on which I wish to say a few words, namely the fine collection of Turkish manuscripts made during a period of some twenty years, at great cost and labour, by Mr. Gibb with a special view to the preparation of this work, and left by him in a will made some years ago (I think about the time of his marriage) to the British Museum. In my Preface to vol. II, the first which it was my sad duty to edit, I explained, at pp. XV—XVI, that the unwillingness or inability of that institution to depart on any terms in the slightest degree from what I must still, I fear, characterize as its deplorable non-lending policy (the more deplorable because of the evil influence it continues to exercise on other libraries in England, notably the Bodleian at Oxford and the John Rylands at Manchester) made it impossible for me to undertake the continuance of the work unless the transference of the manuscripts to the Museum were deferred until its completion. Till last month (February, 1904) they remained in the custody of Mrs. E. J. W. Gibb, but at that time, for reasons into which I need not here enter, she desired to transfer them to my keeping, and accordingly sent them to Cambridge, where they now are, and where it is intended that they shall remain until the last volume of this work has been published, when they will finally be transferred to the British Museum. Before they go there I hope to be able to compile and publish a fuller

account of this unique collection than was possible in the Preface to vol. II (pp. XV—XXXI).

It now remains only for me to add a few words on another matter whereof I spoke briefly on pp. XXXI—XXXII of the Preface above mentioned, I mean the Gibb Memorial Fund, created and endowed by the noble generosity of Mr. Gibb's mother. When I spoke of it in the Preface to the last volume, it was as a thing in contemplation, but for the last year and a half or so it has been an accomplished fact. The income which it yields exceeds £ 200 a year, and is administered, subject to Mrs. Gibb's approval, by a body of Trustees, which includes, besides myself, Messrs. Amedroz, A. G. Ellis (of the Oriental Manuscript Department in the British Museum), Guy Le Strange, R. A. Nicholson, and Dr. E. Denison Ross, Principal of the Calcutta Madrasa, advised by Mr. Julius Bertram, Clerk of the Trust. Though the Trustees are, under the Trust-deed, given wide powers as to the purposes for which the money can be employed, it has been decided for the present to devote the income chiefly to the publication of texts, translations, epitomes, and the like, of Turkish. Persian and Arabic works of importance. The first work undertaken was the publication in fac-simile of a manuscript of the Chaghatáy original of the Emperor Báber's Memoirs. This manuscript, which belongs to an Indian scholar, was sent to England on loan, and appears to contain a text not only differing from, but fuller than, that published by Ilminsky. The importance of this antobiography of the Turkish founder of the so-called "Moghul" Dynasty of India rendered the preservation and diffusion of this new text (manuscripts of the Turkí original of which are exceedingly rare) very desirable, and as Mrs. Beveridge of Shottermill, who has long made the life of Báber and his successors an object of special study, was willing to undertake the editing and annotation

of the text, the Trustees gratefully accepted her offer of collaboration, and confided the production of the fac-simile to Messrs. Nops of Ludgate Hill. The plates are now all prepared, but, as is in my experience usually the case, the correction of numerous defects caused by ambiguous dots and the like, which, in spite of every precaution, will invariably creep in, has retarded the production of the volume, which, comprising as it does some six or seven hundred pages, necessarily involves a large expenditure of time and trouble.

This, though the first and most advanced, is not the only work undertaken by the Trustees. There exists in the British Museum a copy of a very rare and important Persian work on Prosody, Metre, Rhyme, and the kindred arts of Poetry, entitled *al-Muᶜajjam fí maᶜáyíri ashᶜárᵓl-ᶜAjam* ("the Persianised [Treatise] on the standards of Persian Poetry"), written by a certain Shams-i-Qays for one of the Atábeks of Fárs early in the thirteenth century. The publication of this, because of its antiquity, its extreme rarity, the light it throws on the principles accepted by Persian poets in the early classical period ere yet Saᶜdí had attained celebrity, and the numerous illustrative poems cited in the course of the treatise, amongst which are included a good many *Fahlawiyyát*, or verses in Persian dialects, seemed to us, and especially to myself, very desirable; and, having ascertained that the Imprimerie Catholique of Beyrout could set up the text in type from the excellent photographs taken by Donald Macbeth, also of Ludgate Hill, we decided to print this important work, which I have undertaken to edit and annotate, in this way, and the photographs are now being taken.

A third work contemplated by the Trustees is the publication of an unpublished portion of the great history of Rashídu'd-Dín Faḍlu'lláh entitled the *Jámiᶜut-Tawárikh*, one

of the principal sources of information about the Mongols. The Trustees learned that M. Blochet, of the Oriental Manuscript Department of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, had long been busied in preparing a text of a part of this vast work which deals with the history of the Mongols, and proposed to him to include it in the series of volumes for the publication of which they were making arrangements. Their proposal was accepted by M. Blochet, and it is hoped that the manuscript will soon be ready for press. It will be printed by Messrs Brill of Leyden, the publishers of this work, who will be the continental agents of the Trustees, while Mr. Bernard Quaritch has consented to act as their English agent.

Lastly, it is proposed to publish an analysis or epitome of Ibn Isfandiyár's *History of Tabaristán* which I have prepared from the India office manuscript of this important unpublished work, and which I have collated in the more difficult and doubtful passages with two manuscripts belonging to the British Museum. This work I hope to send to press almost immediately. It will thus be seen that, though the Trustees have not yet been able actually to publish anything, arrangements for the publication of several important volumes have been made, and in the course of a year or so it is confidently hoped that we shall have given ample proof of the benefits to Oriental studies which may be surely anticipated in the future from Mrs. Gibb's noble gift.

March 28, 1904. EDWARD G. BROWNE.

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BOOK III

THE SECOND PERIOD.

(CONTINUED FROM VOLUME II.)

A. D. 1450—A. D. 1600.

(A. D. 1520—1600.)

CHAPTER I.

THE SULEYMÁNIC AGE. SULEYMÁN I. 926—974 (1520—1566).

Introductory. Suleymán I and his sons. Further remarks on Kemál-Pasha-záde.

Up till the time of Sultan Suleymán the Lawgiver the poetry of the Ottomans has been like the prattle of a clever child, now correct and now incorrect, but offering scarcely anything which can be put forward as an example of literary skill. So at least says Kemál Bey; after which verdict he goes on to declare that the literary era of his people dawns with the reign of Suleymán the Great. Without going so far as this, we may admit that Ottoman poetry only now begins to rise above the mediocre, and that the Turkish race only now begins to produce poets worthy to stand side by side with the Persian masters. Von Hammer again would have us believe that the reign of the Magnificent Suleymán is the culminating-point of all Ottoman poetry, the Augustan age of Turkey, unparalleled in the brilliancy of its literary triumphs as it is unrivalled in the splendour of its military glories. Here likewise, without going quite so far, we may allow that this reign is the culminating-point of the Classic poetry of the Ottomans, and the most brilliant period of Persian culture in Turkey. The hundred and thirty years

which lie between the accession of Ahmed I and the deposition of Ahmed III, and which form what we might call the second bright period of the Classic Age, do indeed present a higher average and a more even excellence; but the illustrious names which distinguish this later epoch being further apart, the effect produced is less splendid and less vivid than that obtained from the concentrated lustre of the comparatively short period embraced by the reign of Suleymán. The genius of Fuzúlí, one of the truest poets that the East has ever borne, would alone suffice to make this reign illustrious for ever. And Fuzúlí does not stand alone; in elegance of expression and graceful harmony of language not one of the Persianising poets of Turkey can vie with Báqí, whom his contemporaries called the King of Poets; while in the versatility of his talent Lámiʿí of Brusa surpasses every poet of the first three Periods, and in the fertility of his genius every poet who has yet appeared in Turkey.

The poetry of this brilliant era is marked by no essential change from that which goes before; it proceeds along the old familiar Persian lines, keeping in view the same old goal, and circumscribed by the same old limitations; its progress is that of development rather than of transformation. It arises from the nature of the case that this development runs almost entirely upon technical lines, the principal object of this School of Poetry being, as we well know, not so much the expression of true feeling as grace of diction and faultless manipulation of language. It therefore follows that such development as it is capable of will naturally proceed in that direction. And so we find in the Suleymánic age a great improvement in the style of poetry viewed simply as an art, without any corresponding advance in its substance. This renders it impossible to give by means of a series of translations any adequate idea of the improvement which

now occurs; in order fully to appreciate this a certain familiarity with the rules of Persian prosody and rhetoric is requisite, as well as a critical knowledge of the Turkish language.

The Suleymánic era owes its pre-eminence over earlier times to this development of poetry as an art, which had been in progress since the beginning, now finding its high-water mark; while it owes its pre-eminence over the remaining years of the Classic Period to the circumstance that at no other time were there living at once so many poets the average merit of whose work was so high. In after years poets did indeed appear from time to time who could vie with the greatest of the Suleymánic writers; but never again did so brilliant a constellation cross the sky of Turkish poetry.

The reign of Sultan Suleymán is the golden age of the Romantic Mesneví. There has indeed been a steady flow of works of this class ever since the days of Sheykhí's Khusrev and Shírín, but with the exception of that poem and of Hamdí's Yúsuf and Zelíkhá, none of the works yet produced have had any high poetic merit. Now we find not only a great increase in the number of romantic mesnevís written, but a great advance in their average excellence. The works of Fazlí and of Yahya Bey are justly famous; Lámi'í is said to be the only Eastern author who wrote a series of seven romantic poems; [1] while the graceful Leylá and Mejnún of Fuzúlí is one of the most beautiful works in all Turkish literature.

The only new category of poetry which the Suleymánic age has to show is the Riming Chronicle. Bards had not been wanting in the earlier times to sing the great deeds

[1] Jámí, the great Persian poet, left, as is well known, a collection of seven mesnevís; but only four of these are romances, the other three being didactic or religious poems.

of the ʿOsmánli Kings and warriors; but their works, besides dealing merely with single battles or campaigns, were without any poetic value, and were in great part written in Persian. Sultan Suleymán instituted the office of Sheh-Námaji, a term which practically means Imperial Riming-Chronicler, but is literally "Sheh-Náma (or King-Book) writer." The duty of the poet who held this honourable and well-paid position was to versify current events in the manner of Firdawsi's famous history of the ancient Kings of Persia. As a rule the Sheh-Námajis were not content with merely recording the events of the day, but prefixed to their proper work a long versified history of the Empire from the days of Er-Toghrul and ʿOsmán. The office appears to have been frequently left vacant for some time after the death of the occupier, and after a few reigns it fell altogether into desuetude. Besides the official Sheh-Námajis, there were a number of private writers who versified sometimes the entire history of the Empire, sometimes the exploits of a particular Sultan or commander. When the whole of Ottoman history was his subject the author usually called his book likewise a Sheh-Náma; but when his theme was more special, his book received a special title, in which the name of the hero generally figures. Works of this class are, almost without exception, devoid alike of literary merit and historical value; in style they are inflated and tedious, while their matter is for the most part a mere paraphrase of the prose annals. No poet of eminence ever undertook the drudgery of writing a Sheh-Náma; when such a one desired to sing the praises of a great man, he did so in a qasída.

If the historical versifiers of this age failed to produce any poetry worthy of the name, the cause of their unsuccess must be sought elsewhere than in the source of their inspiration. In the reign of Sultan Suleymán Turkey attained the

pinnacle of her greatness as a conquering power; never before or since did the fame of the Turkish arms on land and sea stand so high. The work of reconstructing the Turkish nation which in previous reigns had absorbed so much of the strength and attention both of the government and the people was now finally accomplished, and all the energies and resources of the West-Turkish race were set free to pursue the path of foreign conquest. And so we find the Turkish fleets in Indian and Moorish waters, and the Turkish armies at Baghdad and Vienna. And although the Turks have made many a conquest and won many a splendid victory since Suleymán the Magnificent passed to his rest, they have never again gone forth conquering and to conquer on the grand scale of those old days. Indeed, broadly speaking, the history of the Empire since that time has been little more than the story of the gradual loss of those foreign lands which were won by Suleymán and his ancestors.

At no time, even in Turkey, was greater encouragement given to poetry than during the reign of this Sultan. Suleymán himself wrote very fair verses and well knew how to maintain the honourable traditions of his house with regard to literature, art, and science. Five of his sons are placed by the biographers among the lyrists; and one of these, Selím, who succeeded him on the throne, is perhaps the best writer of Turkish verse among the royal poets. Each of these Princes was, after the old Turkish fashion, the centre of a group of poets and literary men.

Suleymán's efforts to foster literature and art were ably and energetically seconded by his Grand Vezir Ibráhím Pasha. This remarkable man, the son of a Greek sailor of Parga, had first attracted the notice of Suleymán by his skill as a player on the viol. Being possessed of many high qualities, he soon gained the warm affection of his master, who, on

his accession, made him Grand Vezir and married him to his sister. For thirteen years 929—42 (1523—36) Suleymán and Ibráhím lived together on terms of intimacy unheard of in the relations of Sultan and Vezir either before or since. When apart, they would write to one another every day, and when together, they would often share the same meal. At last Ibráhím went one evening to the Seraglio, as he often did, and in the morning he was found strangled in one of the imperial apartments. It may have been that the ever-increasing arrogance of the Grand Vezir had something to do with his tragic end, but the true reason was probably of a very different nature, and one which the private honour of the Sultan forbade to be made public.

Another distinguished patron of letters during the earlier part of Suleymán's reign was Iskender Chelebi the Defterdár, a man of enormous wealth, who thought with the help of his great riches to enter the lists as rival to Ibráhím Pasha, a vain dream for which he paid with his life, as he was ignominiously hanged at Baghdad on the representations of the Vezir, almost immediately after the capture of the city by the Turks. Although they took a warm interest in literature and did much to encourage it, neither Ibráhím nor Iskender wrote poetry themselves.

Ibráhím's successor in the Grand Vezirate was Ayáz Pasha, who was chiefly remarkable for his great admiration for the fair sex. He was followed by Lutfí Pasha, whose tastes were otherwise, and who, though a learned man, cared nothing for poetry. In 951 (1544) the Grand Vezirate fell to Rustem Pasha, in consequence of the machinations of the Sultan's favourite, the Russian Khurrem,[1] who seems to have possessed a goodly share of her nation's genius for intrigue. Almost alone among Ottoman Grand Vezirs Rustem Pasha was the

[1] This is the lady whom so many European writers call Roxelana.

avowed enemy of poetry and poets. He held office till his death in 968 (1561), save for two years during which he had to retire in consequence of the popular feeling provoked by the execution of Prince Mustafá. Rustem is the last Grand Vezir who concerns us at present; Soqollu Muhammed, who succeeded only two years before the death of Suleymán, had no influence on the literary history of this reign.

The four earliest biographers of the poets flourished during the reign of Suleymán the Great. The first of these is Sehí Bey who died in 955 (1548); his book, which he called the Eight Paradises, [1] gives the lives of the Turkish poets from the foundation of the Empire to his own time. Sehí Bey had been a friend of the poet Nejátí, along with whom he had been in the service of Prince Mahmúd, the son of Báyezíd II, as Secretary of the Divan.

The second is Latífí [2] of Qastamuni, to whose Tezkira (or "Memoirs of the Poets") allusion has so often been made in these pages. This important work was finished in 953 (1546), although the author did not die till some forty years later. Like Sehí's Eight Paradises, it comprises the poets who had flourished from the earliest times down to the date of composition.

ʿAshiq Chelebi, [3] whose personal name was Pír Muhammed, and whom Latífí and Qináli-záda describe as a native of Brusa (but Riyází, a later biographer, as of Rumelia) covers much the same ground as Latífí, but carries the list of poets a little further on. His work is of considerable value, especially when dealing with contemporary poets, many of whom

[1] Hesht Bihisht. Mevláná Idrís, who died in 930 (1523), wrote in Persian the first official general history of the Empire for Báyezíd under the same title. [Sehí's work is extremely rare, but there is a good copy amongst the Author's MSS. See vol. II, p. 18. ED].

[2] See vol. I, p. 139, n. 3.

[3] Ibid., n. 4.

the author knew personally; but it is written in a very laboured and highly artificial style. ᶜAshiq, who died, according to Qináli-záda, in 976 (1568—9), wrote some fair original poems, the most notable of which is one on the River Danube.

ᶜAhdí of Baghdad, who was of Persian extraction, is the fourth biographer; his book, which is called the Rosebed of Poets,[1] differs from the three preceding in that it deals only with those poets who were contemporaries of the writer. It was finished in 971 (1563), and is dedicated to Prince Selím, afterwards Sultan Selím II. The author, whose full name was Ahmed bin Shemsí, was a native of Baghdad who repaired to Constantinople, where he mastered the Turkish language and became acquainted with many poets and men of distinction. After residing in the capital for several years he returned to his native city, and there wrote the work which, notwithstanding the prophecy of his successor Riyází that it would be forgotten ere many years were past, has preserved his memory to this day. ᶜAhdí died at Baghdad towards the end of the reign of Murád III.

Sultan Suleymán the First, who is surnamed by Europeans the Great or the Magnificent, but by his own countrymen Qánúní or the Lawgiver, on account of the Qánún or Code of Laws which was drawn up under his auspices, assumed in his poems the makhlas of Muhibbí. This name, which means the Friendly, well expresses his attitude towards letters, and was probably selected on that account. Suleymán left behind him a Díván of ghazels, many of which are highly characteristic and bear eloquent witness to their author's greatness of soul. This Sultan, though one of the most powerful and successful sovereigns who ever lived, was yet undazzled by the splendour of his position, and never forgot to reckon at its true value that worldly glory of which he

[1] Gulshen-ush-Shuᶜará.

had so great a share. The chief feature of his poems is not, as with so many of his contemporaries, mere verbal elegance; it is their evident sincerity of feeling which strikes us most as we read those verses with their undertone of calm humility.

The life and achievements of Sultan Suleymán belong to the history of the sixteenth century, not to that of Ottoman poetry. It is enough to notice here that by winning Baghdad for Turkey when he did (940 = 1535) he unwittingly rendered a signal service to the literary fame of his country, as it is by virtue of that conquest that Fuzúlí comes to be reckoned among the Ottoman poets.

Suleymán was born in 900 (1494), succeeded to the throne in 926 (1520), and died in 974 (1566). In his long life of seventy years he had known but little rest; he had served in thirteen campaigns, and at the end he died in harness, in his tent outside the Hungarian town of Szigeth, the siege of which he was himself directing.

Ghazel. [164]

He who poverty electeth wanteth neither court nor fane,
Wanteth naught of bread or nurture other than the dole of pain.

Whoso sitteth high and Kinglike on the throne of calm content
Wanteth not to rule the Seven Climes [1] of earth as Sovereign. [2]

[1] The Oriental scientists, following the mathematical geographers of antiquity, used to divide what they called the Rubᶜ-i Meskūn (or Habitable Quarter of the earth's surface) into seven parallel zones which they termed the Seven Climes. These zones or Climes were the spaces or regions lying between imaginary lines drawn parallel to the equator; the first Clime began at the equator and extended to Lat. 20° 27′; the second to Lat. 27° 37′; the third to Lat. 33° 37′; the fourth to Lat. 38° 54′; the fifth to Lat. 43° 23′; the sixth to Lat. 47° 12′; and the seventh to Lat. 53°. In poetry this term, "the Seven Climes," is used as equivalent to the whole world. [Cf. vol. I, p. 47, n. 1. ED.]

[2] In commenting on this line Professor Nájí refers to the story of the interview between Diogenes and Alexander, when the great conqueror, having asked the philosopher whether he could do anything to oblige him, received the answer, "Yes, you can stand out of the sunlight."

Whosoe'er hath scarred his breast and burned thereon the brands afresh
Wanteth not to sight the garden, nor to view the bower is fain, [1]

He who to Love's folk pertaineth bideth in the dear one's ward;
For he wanteth not to wander wild and wode o'er hill and plain. [2]

O Muhibbí, whoso drinketh from the loved one's hand a cup,
Wanteth not Life's sparkling Water e'en from Khizr's hand to drain.

Ghazel. [165]

Naught among the folk is holden like to fortune fair to see;
But no worldly fortune equal to one breath of health can be.

That which men call empire is but world-wide strife and ceaseless war;
There is nought of bliss in all the world to equal privacy.

Lay aside this mirth and frolic, for the end thereof is death;
If thou seekest love abiding, there is naught like piety.

Though thy life-days were in number even as the desert sand,
In the sphere's hour-glass they'd show not as a single hour, ah me!

O Muhibbí, if thou cravest rest, withdraw from cares of earth;
There is ne'er a peaceful corner like the hermit's nook, perdie.

As we have already said, five of Suleymán's sons wrote poetry; these five are the Princes Muhammed, Mustafá, Báyezíd, Jihángír, and Selím. The last-named, the youngest of all and the successor of his father on the throne, was undoubtedly the most distinguished as a poet; but we shall defer considering his work till we come to speak of the poets of his reign. None of the others wrote much, a ghazel or two by each being all that has come down to us. All

[1] As wounds are poetically compared to flowers, he whose breast is torn through the anguish of love has but to look thereon so to find a garden.

[2] Alluding to the stories of Ferhád and Mejnún who, the poets tell us, thinking thereby to magnify their passion, went mad for love and wandered among the mountains and deserts; but Muhibbí here says that the true lover is fain to abide near his beloved, and does not seek to fly from her vicinity.

four predeceased their father. Muhammed and Jihángír died natural deaths. Mustafá fell a victim to the intrigues of the Russian Khurrem, who stopped short of nothing to secure the succession for her son Selím. This Mustafá was a promising and gallant young prince, and much beloved by all classes of the people. He was a kind friend to literature, and in his suite was the famous savant Surúrí, who dedicated to him his interesting and valuable work on prosody and the poetic art in general, which is known as The Ocean of the Sciences.[1] His execution in 960 (1552) created so strong a feeling of animosity against Rustem Pasha, who was regarded as the tool of Khurrem, that that statesman had to retire for two years from the Grand Vezirate. Prince Mustafá took the makhlas of Mukhlisí in his poems. Prince Báyezíd determined not to resign his right to the throne in favour of his younger brother, and got together an army wherewith to make good his claim. But being defeated near Qonya, he fled to Persia, where after a time the authorities gave him up to the Ottoman emissaries, by whom he was put to death (969 = 1561). He wrote under the name of Shāhī. The following sad little ghazel is the work of this luckless Prince.

Ghazel. [166]

With long-protracted hope why make my weary soul to mourn? —
Naught of the world's desire abides now in my heart forlorn.

Have done with thought and care thereof,[2] O bird, my soul, for lo,
This cage, the body, falls to wrack, with years and dolour worn.

The jangling of the bells of yonder caravan[3] addrest
To Death's dim land, O heart, e'en now down on mine ear is borne.

[1] Bahr-ul-Maʿárif.

[2] That is, of the body.

[3] When about to start, the conductors of a caravan sound horns, gongs, or

Be heedful, ope thine eyes and gaze with truth-beholding sight,
Nor look on any brake or brere or ant or fly with scorn. [1]

What woe may tide to Shāhī, sick of heart and stained of sin,
If thou, O Grace of God, reach hand to aid him sad and lorn?

A good deal has been already said (vol. II, chapter XIII, pp. 347—363) about Shems-ud-Dín Aḥmed Ibn Kemál, better known as Kemál-Pasha-záde, [2] who belongs, indeed, more to the previous time than to that which we are now considering, since his literary activity falls chiefly in the reigns of Báyezíd II and Selím. His most beautiful poem, however, was not composed until after the death of the last-named Sultan; and to its mention, which falls naturally in this place, some further remarks will be added on his most important, or at any rate his longest poetical work, the Yúsuf and Zelíkhá.

This mesneví on the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is said to consist of 7777 couplets. That it is one of the author's early compositions is shown by its dedication to Sultan Báyezíd, and it may perhaps have been written in emulation of Hamdí's poem on the same subject, concerning which Ibn Kemál is said to have expressed himself in disparaging terms. [3] All the same he was not above taking a hint

bells, to warn the travellers that the time of marching is come. [Cf. vol. I, p. 313, n. 1, and the well-known couplet of Háfiz of Shíráz: —

مرا در منزل جانان چه جای عیش چون هر دم
جرس فریاد می دارد که بر بندید محملها ED.]

[1] This couplet, the meaning of which is, Regard nothing as common or unclean, appears somewhat out of place here, and breaks the continuity of thought which runs through this ghazel. Perhaps it is an interpolation.

[2] In this, as in many other cases, the Persian word záde ("born of," i. e. "son" or "child of" the person denoted by the immediately preceding proper or common noun) is used (like its Turkish and Arabic equivalents -oghlu and Ibn) in the wider sense of "descendant of." Thus these words are employed to form patronymics in exactly the same way as the Scottish "Mac" and the Welsh "Ap." This Ahmed was in reality the grandson of Kemál Pasha.

[3] See vol. II, pp. 148 and 356—357.

now and then from his forerunner, certain of whose ideas and phrases (ideas and phrases not to be found in Jámí, the common source of both Turkish works) reappear in the poem of the later writer. But be this as it may, one thing is certain, that Ibn Kemál's rendering of the old Hebrew story never attained anything like the popularity of Hamdí's. Neither Latífí nor Qináli-záde does much more than mention this work, quoting a few couplets by way of examples of its style. To me Ibn Kemál's treatment is more picturesque than Hamdí's; his pages glow with brilliant descriptions and are bright with a glitter and vivacity which we seek in vain in the more formal and academic work of his predecessor. But his peculiar characteristic, one which was doubtless regarded by his contemporaries, and, for many a long year, by his successors also, as a grievous defect, and which may in some measure have been the cause of the unpopularity of his poem, lies in his endeavour to make his work both in language and phraseology as Turkish as possible. He never uses an Arabic or Persian word where a native one will do as well; he never employs an Iranian construction where the exigencies of the case will permit a Tartar idiom. To write in this fashion was to fly in the face of all that was then deemed culture and to run counter to the genius of the whole Classic Age. But this bold attempt to graft purely Turkish poetry upon the Persian metrical system was not in all respects happy, and Ibn Kemál's poem cannot be pronounced successful as a work of art. The metre in which he wrote was, like all those employed in his day, Persian; it had not been constructed to suit the peculiarities of Turkish speech; and to adapt whole lines of Turkish vocables to it, or to any other of the Persian metres, is a hard task, demanding for its successful accomplishment a higher artistic talent than Ibn Kemál possessed. Owing to the absence of long vowels

in Turkish, this work of fitting the native words into their proper places in the Persian metres has always been one of the greatest technical difficulties in Ottoman poetry, [1] and it has given rise to what is perhaps the commonest of all verbal faults with the old writers. This is what is called in Turkish the imála, and consists in making long and throwing the stress upon a syllable which is naturally short and ought not to be dwelt upon in correct pronunciation. [2] It is true that in old times the imála appears to have been looked upon rather as a poetic licence than as an absolute fault; but although instances of its use are to be found in probably every poet down to the Modern Period, [3] few writers of

[1] It will be remembered that native Turkish poetry, such as the national ballads and folk-songs, is purely syllabic.

[2] Such as writing بیر bīr for بر bĭr = one; یير yīr for یر yĕr = place; ییل yīl for یل yĕl = wind; and so on. The converse of the imála is the zihâf, which consists in treating a long syllable as if it were short; this is reckoned a much worse fault than the imála, and is studiously avoided by careful writers. The following examples are from Ekrem Bey's Course of Literature (Taʿlím-i Edebiyyát).

حیرت آلیر عقلمی باقسم گوزینه قاشنه
صد هزاران آفرین اول صورتک نقاشنه

'Bewilderment seizeth my understanding, if I look on her eye, on her eyebrow:
A hundred thousand plaudits to the Artist of that form!'

In the first line we have three imálas, ālir, guzinā, qāshina, for ălir, guzină, qăshina.

آیا که بو دوستمیدر یا دشمن یا رب بو خضرمیدر یا رهزن

'Who then is this — friend or foe?
O Lord, is this Khizr or a brigand?'

Here we get a zihâf as we have to read dŏst in place of dōst; and yet this couplet is by Nábí. There is something like a zihâf in Moore's well-known line:

"Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;'

where the word 'rose' is slurred over in an unnatural way.

[3] Imálas (but never, or very rarely, zihâfs) are to be found in the works of even the greatest poets, Fuzúlí, Nefʿí, Nedím, Ghálib; but when such writers use them it is not the result of feebleness or carelessness; it is deliberately done for the sake of emphasis or for some other special purpose.

repute have carried it so far as Ibn Kemál, in whose mesneví it is by no means unusual to come across lines containing as many as three syllables thus treated. Although the pronunciation of Turkish was no doubt different in those days from what it is just now, and it is quite probable that the imála may have been less offensive to medieval than to modern ears, still as it is opposed to the genius of the language, it can at no time have been other than a flaw in a poet's work. This author's attempt to revert to a more purely Turkish, and therefore more natural, diction was courageous, and deserves credit as an effort in the direction of truth; but the result proves that it was a right instinct which impelled the Ottoman poets, so long as they servilely adhered to every detail of Iranian literary culture, to compose their works in that hybrid Perso-Turkish dialect which, although always artificial and generally incomprehensible to the multitude, was after all the only means whereby their language could be forced into the Persian mould and yet retain something of grace and lightness.

The following passage from Ibn Kemál's Joseph and Zelíkhá tells how the Grandee of Egypt (Qitfír = Potiphar) went out in state to welcome the Princess on her approach to the Egyptian capital, when coming from her home in the Sunset-Land. [1]

From Yúsuf u Zelíkhá. [167]

From stage to stage and post to post they fared
Until what time the litter [2] Egypt neared.
The heralds to th' Egyptian Grandee sped;

[1] In Tabarí's great Chronicle (Ser. I, p. 379) Potiphar's name is given as Itfír and his wife's as Rá'íl. For an epitome of the romance, see vol. II, pp. 151—172.

[2] The camel-litter in which Zelíkhá travelled.

'The Sugar-Bale [1] to Egypt's [2] come,' they said.
And mickle gladness from this news he found,
As the sick heart from julep fresh and sound.
He handselled them who brought the news of grace;
And throbbed his soul and beat his heart apace.
And straight he mounted and rode forth to greet,
With banners waving and with tabors beat.
He filled with criers the Egyptian coast;
Behind his horse march'd the Egyptian host.
All they of Egypt-city, small and great,
Came forth to follow in this march of state.
Whatever be of reverence high and fair,
They do it all, no smallest whit they spare.
On elephant beat India's King the drum,
The Russian band with trump and cymbals come.
The thunder of the tymbals rent the air,
Gleamed the flag-foliage with levin-glare.
With shimmer of pomegranate-cheeks that tide
The heaven's raiment rosy-red was dyed. [3]
And as the flags to heaven reared the head
They sewed gold spangles on that raiment red. [4]
Sweeper and waterer were wind and sky, [5]
Which swept and watered rock and mountain high.
The sea of men surged upon every hand,
On rolled the mighty army, band on band.
Each wore upon his head a dome of light, [6]
Camphor's own self thou wouldest deem forthright. [7]
The morn upon the throng of men did gaze,

[1] The Sugar-Bale is of course the sweet Zelíkhá.

[2] Egypt here means rather the Egyptian capital, the word Misr being always used in the romance for country and capital indiscriminately, just as in modern parlance it is used equally for Egypt and for Cairo.

[3] The lustre of the cheeks red as pomegranate-blossom of the fair youths and girls in the procession being reflected on the sky, imparted to it a ruddy tinge.

[4] Referring to the gilt balls or other ornaments surmounting the flagstaffs.

[5] A Ferrásh is a servant one of whose duties it is to sweep the path for his master; while it is the duty of the saqqá, or water-carrier, to lay the dust. Here the breeze and the rain are said to perform these tasks.

[6] A burnished helmet.

[7] Camphor being the type of anything white or bright.

It struck its hands together for amaze,
Onward upon one leg the flags advanced,
The tugh [1] cast loose its flowing locks and danced.
From tramp of horse arose to heaven the stoure,
Unto Suhá [2] was joined the earthy floor.
The Aqueous Sign to Terrene changed apace, [3]
The Sun a veil of dust hung o'er her face.
The wayside hills and rocks at this affray
Awoke, and raised their heads, nor slept that day.
They marched from Egypt with this bravery,
And started forward with their soldiery.
Glad was the Grandee's soul, his heart was bright,
The dear one's image filled his heart with light;
Now to his heart the sweetheart's scent-wafts streamed,
And all his soul with union's Oxus gleamed.
A-yearning for his love, his vitals burn;
Like his who falls mid fire, his case is lorn.
Saying, 'What time shall I the loved one see?'
Love-fraught, and lost of heart, on farèd he.
Like wind or rushing stream he sped in haste,
And passed by many a hill and many a waste.

What I have alluded to as being Ibn Kemál's most beautiful poem is his Elegy on Sultan Selím. In this famous work of his maturer age he has abandoned the exaggerated Turkicism of his early years and adopted the Persianised dialect which experience has shown to be the fittest medium for Ottoman poetry of the Iranian school. What is lost in originality is

[1] The tugh was a pennant of horsehair, attached to a flagstaff, and used as an ensign in former times. A Pasha of the lowest grade had one tugh, those of superior rank had two, while the Vezirs had three, whence the old phrase 'a Pasha of three tails', the tughs being taken for horse-tails. When the Sultan took the field he used to be accompanied by seven of these pennants. The tugh is a very ancient Turkish ensign; while still in Central Asia the Turkic tribes used as their standard the tail of the yak, for which they substituted that of the horse on their settlement in Asia Minor.

[2] Suhá is the name of a faint star in the tail of the Great Bear: it is known to modern astronomers as 80 Ursae Majoris.

[3] For Aqueous and Terrene Signs, see vol. I, p. 328, n. 3.

made up for by increased euphuism; indeed the poem is so characterised by the verbal adornments of Persian rhetoric that Sir James Redhouse is justified in describing it as a model of those parallels of sense and assonance, so higly esteemed by the early Eastern writers, where every phrase is nicely balanced and every word has its counterpart. Possibly the author may have adopted the Persian style in compliment to the monarch he was lamenting, whose predilection for Iranian culture is well-known. Ibn Kemál's talent displays itself in the vigour and directness which distinguish this poem; these are qualities hard to combine with a highly artificial style, and very rare indeed in the Persianised poetry of Turkey. If the Yúsuf u Zelíkhá failed to elicit any great enthusiasm, the same cannot be said of this noble Elegy. One verse especially has called forth the admiration of well nigh every writer on Turkish poetry since the days of Latífí, that, namely in which, referring to the great achievements accomplished by Selím in his brief reign, the poet compares him to the setting sun, which makes the shadows, symbolic in the East of protecting power, stretch long and far, but passes away so swiftly from our sight.

The following is the concluding strophe of the Elegy, which alone is usually quoted and which alone has attained celebrity.

Elegy on Sultan Selím I. [168]

An elder in cautel, a stripling in spright;
Of glaive aye triumphant, of rede ever right.
An Asaph [1] in wisdom, th'adorn of the host,
Him listed nor vezir nor mushir in fight. [2]
His hand was a falchion; his tongue was a dirk;
His finger an arrow; his arm a spear bright.

[1] Asaph, to whom many of the Psalms are dedicated, is said to have been Solomon's Grand Vezir, and is quoted as the type of ministerial wisdom.

[2] Vezír = minister; mushír = marshal: Selím needed neither councillor nor general.

In shortest of time many gests hath he wrought, —
Encompassed was earth of the shade of his might.
The Sun of his Day, but the sun at day's close,
Far-casting his shadows, soon sinking from sight. [1]
Of throne and of diadem soverans vaunt,
But vaunted of him throne and diadem bright.
His heart found delight in that festal carouse
Whereunto the sabre and trumpet invite. [2]
The sphere [3] never gazed on his equal or peer
In the mirth of the feast or the mirk of the fight.
Flashed he to the banquet — a Sun shedding light!
Dashed he to the battle — a Lion of might!
What time that the 'Seize! Hold!' [4] resounds shall the sword
Remember this Lion and weep blood forthright. [5]
Alas! Sultan Selím! alas! woe is me!
Let reed and let falchion alike mourn for thee! [6]

Like some other legists who wrote poetry, Ibn Kemál did not adopt any makhlas; the reason being, according to Latífí, that he set but little store by his verse. According to ʿAhdí he left a Díwán of ghazels; he was also the author of numerous fragments of verse, but none of these are of much importance. The following is well-known:

Qitʿa. [169].

To what thing may I compare thee, Radiance incorporate? — [7]
The young sapling of the meadow yields no fitting type of thee,
Seeing it doth gain in glory, clad in leafy robe of green,
While that thou, divest of every garment, loveliest dost be. [8]

[1] This is the famous verse. [2] That is, the battlefield.

[3] The personified Sphere.

[4] The Persian phrase dār ū gīr (= 'hold and seize!') is used to indicate the tumult of battle.

[5] The sword weeps blood, i. e. recalling his loss it is bitterly grieved; also, inspired by his memory, it strikes down the foeman and drips with his blood.

[6] The reed, i. e. the reed-pen, because the Sultan was a great poet; and the falchion because he was a great warrior.

[7] The 'Radiance Incorporate,' or embodied light, is the poet's beloved.

[8] This fragment is probably an echo of the Arabic lines:

قاسوه بالغصن الرطيب جهالةً تاللّه قد ظلم المشبّه فاعتدى
حسن الغصون اذا اكتست اوراقها وتراه احسن ما يكون مجرّدا

CHAPTER II.

POETS OF THE EARLIER SULEYMÁNIC AGE. 926—964 (1520—1556).

Lámiʿí. Fighání. Ghazálí. Isháq Chelebi. Usúlí.

Mention has already been made of Lámiʿí as one of the most prolific of Turkish writers. The biographers give but few particulars concerning his life, which appears to have been entirely devoted to studious and literary pursuits, and to have been passed in his native city of Brusa in uneventful tranquillity. His personal name was Mahmúd, and he was the son of one 'Osmán, who had been a defterdár under Sultan Báyezíd. But official life had no charms for the youthful poet, who inherited rather the artistic temperament of his grandfather ʿAlí, a man whose talents had gained for him the surname of Naqqásh, the Painter or Broiderer, two designations alike applicable in his case.[1] Lámiʿí at first turned his attention to secular studies, but soon passed from these to join the disciples of the great mystic teacher Sheykh Bukhárí the Naqshbendí. He must have been about sixty years of age when he died; for in the preface of his Sheref-ul-Insán he tells us that in 933 (1526—7) his years numbered fifty-five, and we know that he died in either 937 (1530—1) or 938 (1531—2).[2]

[1] This ʿAlī is said to have brought the first embroidered saddle into Turkey from Samarcand; he was also celebrated as a painter, probably of miniatures in manuscripts.

[2] The Táj-ut-Tewáríkh gives the first of these dates, Hajji Khalífa the second.

Many of Lámiʿí's numerous works are in prose; indeed, if we may judge by the comparative frequency with which the manuscripts occur, the most popular of all his writings was the ethical prose romance entitled Sheref-ul-Insán, or The Noblesse of Humanity. This work, which Latífí regards as his masterpiece, is a free translation of the well-known Arabic apologue, the Contest of Man with the Animals, which forms the twenty-first of the Tracts of the Brethren of Sincerity (Resá'il Ikhwán-us-Safá).[1] The ʿIbret-numá, or Exemplar, is a collection of wild and fantastic allegories. He translated Fettáhí's Husn u Dil, but his version is said to be inferior to that of his predecessor Áhí.[2] These, along with a translation of Jámí's famous biographical work on the mystic saints, known as Nafahát-ul-Uns, or the Wind-wafts of Intimacy, form the most important of Lámiʿí's prose writings.

In mingled prose and verse we have the Munázara-i Behár u Shitá, or Contention of Spring and Winter,[3] a beautiful allegory in which the succession of the seasons is figured as the warring of rival kings. As I have already observed when describing the different varieties of poetry in olden times, the Munázara is as a rule a poem of very moderate length; but Lámiʿí has here expanded the Contention between Spring and Winter into a finished romance.

The poetical work of Lámiʿí consists for the most part of romantic mesnevís, no fewer than seven such poems being due to his pen. He is perhaps the only Eastern poet who has written so many metrical romances; for although Jámí's

[1] [The original Arabic text has been edited by Dieterici (Leipzig, 1881), who also published a German translation (Berlin, 1858). ED.]

[2] A full abstract of the story, as given in Áhí's version, will be found in vol. II, pp. 292—311.

[3] Perhaps Munázara-i Behár u Khazán, Contention of Spring and Autumn, may be the correct title; some authorities give the one, some the other.

Haft Awrang does indeed comprise seven poems, only three of these, the Joseph and Zelíkhá, the Leylá and Mejnún, and the Selámán and Absál, are really romances, Lámiʿí had the good sense to pass by the hackneyed tales of Joseph and Mejnún and seek the subjects of his poems among the less familiar legends of ancient Persia, so that most of his stories are new to Turkish literature. From Jámí he borrowed the history of Selámán and Absál, which Fitzgerald's translation has made familiar to English readers; from Fakhr-i Jurjání he got the tale of Vísa and Rámín; while it is probably to the old poet ʿUnsurí that he is indebted for the story of Vámiq and ʿAzrá. [1] The rich mine of old Persian lore supplied him with the subjects of two other poems, the Ferhád-Náma, or Ferhád Book, and the Heft Peyker, or Seven Effigies. The last-named is a translation of Hátifí's Heft Manzar, or Seven Belvederes, which is itself but a modification of Nizámí's well-known poem, also entitled, like that of Lámiʿí, Heft Peyker. [2]

Besides these five legendary poems, this author left two allegorical romances, the Gúy u Chevgán, or Ball and Bat, and the Shemʿ u Perváne, or Taper and Moth. These two works belong to a class of allegorical poems at one time very popular in the East, in which certain inanimate or irrational objects which poetic usage represents as lover and

[1] [Fakhr of Jurján or Gurgán (the ancient Hyrcania, situated near the south-east corner of the Caspian sea) wrote his Vís u Rámín (variously ascribed by Dawlatsháh, pp. 60 and 130 of Browne's edition, to Nizámí of Ganja or Nizámí of Samarcand) about 440 (1048). This poem was published at Calcutta in 1865 in the Bibliotheca Indica. As regards the story of Vámiq and ʿAzrá, Dawlatṣháh (p. 30) mentions a Pahleví version composed for Núshírván (sixth century of our era), of which a copy extant in the ninth century was destroyed by order of ʿAbdu'lláh b. Táhir, the Governor of Khurásán; and Dr. Ethé mentions (Grundriss d. Iran. Philolog., vol. II, p. 240) six Persian versions besides that of ʿUnsurí who died in 441 (1050). ED.]

[2] Hátifí, a well-known Persian poet and nephew of the illustrious Jámí, died in 927 (1520—1).

beloved are personified and made to pass through a series of adventures, the incidents of which are derived from their associations, and which are intended to figure forth the experiences of the mystic lover. Thus the Ball is held by the poets to typify the all-enduring lover who so often as the beloved Bat drives him away, still ever returns, though but to be beaten off again. [1] Of the fabled love of the Moth for the Taper we have heard before. Lámiʿí probably derived the idea of his Ball and Bat from either ʿArife or Tálib-i Jájarmí, two Persian poets of the preceding century, each of whom left a Gúy u Chevgán, in which the Ball and the Bat are personified as types of mystic love, whilst all the images are borrowed from the favourite game of polo. The source of the Taper and Moth is most likely the poem of the same name composed by Ahlí of Shíráz in 894 (1488—9).

Lámiʿí has further a sacred mesneví the Maqtel-i Hazret-i Huseyn, or Martyrdom of Saint Huseyn, in which he tells the sad story so dear to the Muslim and above all to the Shíʿí heart, of the woeful end of the Prophet's grandson. Concerning this work we are told that Monlá ʿArab, a preacher evidently of some importance in the Brusa of those days, having heard of Lámiʿí's production, declared from the pulpit that it was blasphemy to recite poems on so sacred a subject at public gatherings and meetings, whereupon the poet invited all the notables of the city, including the said preacher, to assemble in the great mosque, and let him read to them some passages from his work, whereat all were moved to tears and doubtless convinced that the Monlá had been a little too precipitate in his judgment.

Over and above these eight mesnevís Lámiʿí wrote a complete Díwán of ghazels and qasídas as well as a Shehr-

[1] As in polo, tennis, and similar games.

engíz of Brusa, which Von Hammer declares to be the best poem of its class in the language.

It will have been observed that although Lámiʿí composed so much poetry, his works, apart from his lyrics, were all translations from the Persian.[1] He displayed no originality except in his choice of subject; but, so far as I know, not one of his seven romances, except Vámiq and ʿAzrá and the Heft Peyker, had ever before been treated by a West-Turkish poet.[2] All the same, Lámiʿí's poetry would seem never to have been popular, since manuscripts of his poems very rarely occur; the British Museum possesses only one, a copy of the Vís u Rámín,[3] and this, along with a few extracts from the Spring and Winter published in Wickerhauser's Chrestomathy, and a ghazel or two quoted by Qináli-záde, are the only specimens of his poetical work that I have been able to see.[4] My account of his poems must therefore be in great measure taken from Von Hammer who gives elaborate and detailed descriptions of several of his works. Indeed the Austrian scholar appears to me to have overestimated both the importance and the merit of this author, who was little more than an industrious translator, of no very remarkable poetic power, but to whom nevertheless he accords the longest notice in his book, a

[1] The Maqtel-i Hazret-i Huseyn is almost certainly no exception, but so many Persian writers have handled the subject that it would be hazardous to guess which among them Lámiʿí followed.

[2] ʿUlví of Brusa, an obscure writer of the middle of the fifteenth century, is said to have written a Heft Peyker; while Vámiq and ʿAzrá is mentioned as being one of the five poems included in Bihishtí's Khamsa; but neither of these works seems to have attracted any attention.

[3] Add. 24,963.

[4] [Though I have left this passage as I found it, I feel sure that the Author would have altered it, had he lived to revise this volume; for, as may be seen by referring to p. xxi of vol. II, his library contained manuscripts of the Kulliyyát, Husn u Dil, Sheref-ul-Insán, ʿIbret-numá, and Behár u Shitá of Lámiʿí. ED.]

notice which extends over one hundred and seventy-four pages.

Qinali-záde offers no opinion as to the literary merits of Lámiʿí's poetry; but in my copy of Latífí there are several passages in which his work is criticised. It is there said that he was an enthusiastic student of the early poets (Persian rather than Turkish being understood), to whose literary style he assimilated his own; and that his writings, which are for the greater part mere translations of these, although displaying something of the strength of the old authors, are none the less, owing to their almost complete absence of originality, defective in brilliancy and spirit. But while declaring that the continual recurrence of common-places and threadbare similes and metaphors has seriously injured the work of this writer, Latífí does ample justice to his marvellous fecundity, which, as he truly says, surpasses that of all the other poets of Rúm.

Such of Lámiʿí's writings as have come under my own notice I find comparatively simple and lucid in style, and distinguished by graceful and picturesque imagery; but how much of this latter may be due to Lámiʿí himself, and how much to the Persian writers whose works he translated or adapted, I cannot say.

The legendary mesnevís form the most important section of Lámiʿí's poetical work. The stories of Selámán and Absál, of Vámiq and ʿAzrá, and of Vísa and Rámín are among the oldest surviving Persian romances outside the cycle of the Sháh-Náme, and probably all date from pre-Muhammedan times.

Selámán and Absál was the first of these legends which the Ottoman poet took in hand, as is shown by its dedication to Sultan Selím, while the two others are inscribed to Suleymán the Magnificent. The story of Selámán and Absál, as

given by Jámí and as adopted from him by Lámiʿí, is remarkable from the introduction of a number of short didactic anecdotes illustrative of some point raised in the poem, but having no connection with the progress of the history itself. As here treated, this history, while outwardly a romance, is confessedly a pure allegory designed to show how the soul can be freed from the lusts of the flesh. From a comparison of the extracts from Lámiʿí's poem translated by Von Hammer with the corresponding passages in Jámí's work, the Turkish poet would appear to have made considerable additions, in the way of detail and elaboration, when translating the Persian original. As he was a somewhat diffuse writer, it is not improbable that such was his general rule when engaged on works of this class.

Vámiq and ʿAzrá is, according to Von Hammer, the oldest of all the Persian romances. A Pehleví version of it had been made in Sásánian times, but wellnigh all recollection of this had passed away in the troublous years of the Arab conquest; and when ʿUnsurí determined to revive the ancient story in the fifth century of the Hijra, nothing remained beyond the names of the hero and heroine and the vague tradition of their love. [1] The romance as we have it now is therefore in all its details the work of the Mussulman poet ʿUnsurí. In one particular the story of Vámiq and ʿAzrá differs widely from the general run of Eastern poetical romances, for it stops short at the culminating point of the history, when hero and heroine are at length after many vicissitudes united in happy wedlock; it does not, after the usual fashion of such poems, follow the principal actors to the grave. In this the work approaches more nearly to the European idea of an epic. Lámiʿí's poem consists of about three thousand couplets.

[1] See n. 1 on p. 22 *supra*.

The Turkish version of Vísa [1] and Rámín is one of its author's late works, written immediately after the Sheref-ul-Insán, for in the preface to that book he tells us that his preceding works are, like the hours of the day and night, four and twenty in number, while in the prologue to this poem he says that the number of his previous writings amounts to twenty-five. Lámiʿí had long meditated a Turkish translation of this story, but had been unable to accomplish it earlier, as no copy of the Persian original had been forthcoming. Manuscripts of Jurjání's poem have at all times been rare, and possibly Von Hammer's surmise may be correct that the one used by Lámiʿí formed part of the spoil resulting from Suleymán's first campaign against Írán.

The Ferhád-Náma or Ferhád Book belongs to the same cycle as Khusrev and Shírín; but although the characters in the two romances are the same, the incidents are so different that the two histories must be looked upon as distinct. Lámiʿí's poem shows us the legend from a point of view different from that of Sheykhí's; in the former the hero is not the King Khusrev, but the gallant and accomplished Ferhád, here transformed into a kind of Knight-errant whose adventures form the theme of the poem, while his unhappy love for Shírín is the motive of the whole. The idea of taking as subject the career of the artist Ferhád did not, as we may well imagine, originate with Lámiʿí; he derived it from some earlier poet, possibly Mír ʿAlí Shír.

The subject of the romance known as the Heft Peyker or Seven Effigies is the history of the Sásánian King, Behrám V, generally spoken of as Behrám-i Gūr or Behrám of the Wild Ass, and the Seven Princesses who eventually become his wives. The story gets its name from the seven pictures, one of each Princess, which Behrám sees in the palace of

[1] This name is correctly written Vísa or Vís, not Veysa as Von Hammer has it.

Khavernaq and which make him resolve to win the originals for his brides. Like so many Eastern tales, the Heft Peyker contains several subsidiary stories, each of the Princesses entertaining the King with a romance on the occasion of his first visiting her.

Von Hammer gives in his History an analysis of the following poems of Lámiᶜí: Selámán and Absál, Vámiq and ᶜAzrá, Vísa and Rámín, Taper and Moth,[1] Contention of Spring and Winter, Martyrdom of Saint Huseyn, the Díwán, and the Shehr-engíz.[2] An epitome of the first four, taken from the German work, will be found in Appendix A. Of the Spring and Winter and of the Saint Huseyn it is unnecessary to speak further; in the first there is scarcely any incident, while the second is merely a versified rendering of the generally accepted stories that have gathered round the event it describes. The Shehr-engíz is a work of considerable length, and is divided into two sections, the first of which describes the various places of note in and near Brusa, while the second is devoted to the praises of the pretty boys of the city. The first of these sections is interesting and possesses considerable value for the topography of medieval Brusa.

The Seven Effigies, the Ferhád-Book, and the Ball and Bat are left undescribed by Von Hammer; an epitome of the first which I have been able to supply from Nizámí is inserted in the Appendix, but I am unable to give any farther account of the other two.

I translate here two passages from the Contention of Spring and Winter; the first describes the merry-makings when the armies of King Spring capture Mount Olympus.

[1] The date of this work is fixed as 929 (1523) by the author's mentioning the recent capture of Rhodes, which fell on Christmas Day 1522.

[2] A poem of Lámiᶜí's entitled Jábir-náme is also mentioned by Hájji Khalífa (No. 3854).

From the Munázara-i Behár u Shitá. [170]

Come, heart, and plain the nightingales beside;
Bloom with the roses, for 'tis pleasure's tide.
Swell the concent, bidding thy songs arise,
And melt those hearts of iron with thy sighs.
Bide not, like to the tulip, seared of soul;
But while thou mayest, take in hand the bowl.
Take wreak of earth or e'er these days be dead,
Ere from the heart's citole the music fled.
Look to the Hie! and Ho! for loud the cry;
The bird is flown e'en while thou sayest Hie!
Rose-like turn ear,[1] for the night-watching bird[2]
By dawn hath 'scaped his ever-plaintful word.
The noiseful birds form many a dainty crowd,
The bulbul flutes, the streamlet sings aloud.
The jasmines turn their blooms to tambourines;
The brooklets foam, bemaddened by those scenes.
Through ranks of junipers and cypress treen
Lightly the breeze trips dancing down the green.
The streams play hide-and-seek among the bowers,
Among the verdant leafage, with the flowers.[3]
The zephyr plucks the jasmine's cap away
And sheds the stolen hairs in pearly spray.[4]
The trees nudge one the other with their boughs,[5]
The flowers and nightingales each other touse.
The wind is master of the revels gay;
The infant blooms, chasing each other, play.[6]
Before the breeze, like to a pigeon fair,
The rose turns summersaults in the mid air.[7]
What time the florets and the sward join hands

[1] The petal of the rose is from its shape sometimes compared to the ear.
[2] The night-watching bird (murgh-i sheb-khíz) is the nightingale.
[3] A pretty allusion to the glimpses caught of a winding stream in a landscape.
[4] The hairs are the petals.
[5] When the breeze plays among them.
[6] Another pretty figure; the flowers in the grass appear to chase one another as the wind passes over them.
[7] The rose waving in the breeze is compared to a tumbler pigeon.

The wind sweeps o'er them through the garden-lands.[1]
The pearling cloud stealeth the meteor's blaze,
The dawn-arising zephyr scatters sprays.
And whirling round, with hoops the streamlets play,
With daggers fashioned of the green leaves gay.[2]
Breath-bounden there abide the Judas-trees,[3]
The rushing river raceth with the breeze.
At tig the herbs play with the wind-wafts bland,
The jænipers dance[4] and the planes reach hand.[5]
Gaily the breeze hath decked the branchlet sheen,
The master of the frolics on the green.
The narcisse casts on th'almond-tree its eyne,
The cloves reproach the bower with th'eglantine.
The brooks are mirror-faced like to the Sphere,
The florets are the stars that there appear.
The mead's a sky, its stars the dew-drops gleam,
Its moon the jasmine halvèd by the stream.
In brief, all round's the Resurrection-plain;[6]
Who see this name not Eden-bowers again.
Were 't strange an they in wonder onward hie
Who look hereon with meditation's eye?
Up, breeze-wise, Lámiʿí, fling fasts aside,
The rose's season is no lenten tide.

The next extract is descriptive of autumn.

From the Same. [171]

O come, sad heart, 'tis meditation's day;
The airs breathe cool, afield 'twere sweet to stray.
The sun hath, Joseph-like, passed to the Scales,

[1] The wind, passing over the flowers, bends them till they touch, or join hands with, the sward.

[2] The streamlets are here likened to jugglers playing with hoops and knives, the hoops being the eddies, the knives or daggers the pointed leaves hanging into the water.

[3] The erghaván or Judas-tree (cercis siliquastrum) figures largely in Eastern poetry, but generally in connection with its red blossoms.

[4] The graceful waving of the juniper is a commonplace with the poets.

[5] The palmated or hand-shaped leaves of the plane-tree are often alluded to.

[6] All things springing to life after the winter-death.

The year's Zelíkhá oped her golden bales. [1]
The quince's face, by winds bronzed, sun-like glows,
The vine her Pleiadean clusters shows.
With saffron are the meadow-lands bedyed,
Ablaze with gold the treen on every side.
Earthward the gilded leaves in showers stream,
And all the rivulets with gold fish teem. [2]
Aflame each tree, a gleaming lowe it soars,
And so the fiery rain from heaven pours.
Amid the yellow leaves black crows galore,
— A tulip saffron-hued with seared core.
E'en as a tawny bird is every tree,
It shakes itself and sheds its plumery.
Each vine-leaf paints its face with golden ink, [3]
The brook doth argent silver anklets link. [4]
With henna-tinted hands the plane doth bide
The meadow-region's heart-alluring bride. [5]
The greeny tree doth, like the starry sky, [6]
Hurl at the earth-fiend meteors from on high. [7]

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The following passage from Vísa and Rámín recounts the meeting of the King of Jurján and Shehr Bánú after the New Year feast, when the latter describes the charms of her daughter Vísa to the King.

[1] In the romance Zelíkhá purchases Joseph for his weight in gold and jewels (see Appendix A). Here the radiant sun entering Libra is compared to the beautiful Joseph going to the balance to be weighed, while the autumn scattering its yellow leaves is likened to Zelíkhá lavishing her gold.

[2] I. e. with yellow leaves; in the next couplet these figure as fiery rain, and a little farther on as yellow feathers.

[3] The faces of brides used to be ornamented with gilt spangles.

[4] Circles of withered leaves floating on the water.

[5] The 'palmated' or hand-shaped leaves of the plane-tree are often referred to by the poets. Here the allusion is to the practice of Eastern ladies of dyeing their hands red with henna.

[6] The colours blue and green are confused in this line. So Háfiz speaks of the "green field of Heaven" (مزرع سبز فلك).

[7] The meteors are of course the yellow leaves. The allusion is to the legend that the shooting stars are firebrands hurled by the angels at those demons who venture too near to Heaven.

From Vísa u Rámín. [172]

When that the shining day was past and o'er,
And darkness flooded all the wide world's core,
The night grew black, the sphere knit close his brows,
The Monarch of the Sunset-land arose, [1]
With ambergris the camphor face was veiled, [2]
The plain of heaven with flambeau-lights was filled,
The sphere was censer for the rue of eve, [3]
Night's zephyr musk and ambergris did breathe,
Alone some ladies tarried with the King,
A-merry-making mid the darkening,
Now one would kiss the Monarch's hand full sweet,
One lay her roseate face before his feet.
Each one of them some wonder-tale did weave;
The King's companions were they dear and lieve.
By reason of their stories passing fair,
Their ebrious lips, their heart-alluring air,
The Emperor found him in right goodly case,
His heart was filled with joyance and with grace.
And now his wits would foray after spoil,
And now like to the sea would surge and moil.
He spies a Sugar-lip among the rest,
Rose-bodied, apple-chinned, with jasmine breast;
In place of words her tongue would sugar strew,
The sun would blush before her roses' hue,
Ashamed beside her breath the vernal air,
Distraught Comorin aloes by her hair; [4]
The moon turned moth for her cheek's taper bright,

[1] Of the Sunset-land we have heard before (vol. I, p. 278, n. 3); the present line means nothing more than that the darkness began to prevail.

[2] The night succeeded the day, ambergris being the type of darkness (especially of anything at once sweet-scented and dark) and camphor that of bright whiteness.

[3] The seeds of the wild rue used to be burned as a fumigation against the evil eye.

[4] The best variety of aloes-wood (which they burned as an incense) was called Qumárí, from Qumár, some place in or near India, possibly the Comorin country.

The sun was crazed when he her hair did sight;
What time she smileth sweet with many a blush,
She putteth to the blush dawn's rosy flush.
Like to the Feast her face, the Power her hair;[1]
Amid those stars she shines the full moon there.
Her beauty filled the Monarch's heart with cheer,
Straightway he called on her to draw anear;
He placed a golden beaker in her hand,
And quoth, 'O thou, the bower of beauty bland,
'A fairy thou? — how sweet a spell thou'st thrown,
'Rieving my wits and making me Mejnún!
'Sugar and honey from thy lips thou pour'st,
'Pearls on our banquet from thy words thou shower'st.
'Make me thy slave, I humbly crave of thee,
'Thou hast abashed me by thy courtesy.
'An 't be my life thou seek'st, thy hand reach forth;
'For by thy love thou'st cut me off from earth.
'If thy desire be empery or gold,
'Look round thee and the sum thereof behold.
'The dust by thee betrod is to mine eye
'Collyrium that earth's hoards are naught thereby.
'O Light of hearts, if thou'lt be love of me,
'My night the Power, my day the Feast shall be.[2]
'I'll make of thee my crown in all the land,
'And day and night sip wine from out thy hand.
'I'll make thee night and day my harem-queen,
'And give thee gold and many a fair demesne.'
When that the King had made of speech an end,
And shown the fire that hidden in him brenned,
With many a blush that Soul her lips unclosed
And once again her sugared words disposed.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The following ghazel from Lámiʿí's Díwán is quoted by Qináli-záda.

[1] The Feast is the bright and joyous Festival of the New Year; the Power is the Night of Power, see vol. I, p. 293, n. 4.

[2] See preceding note.

Ghazel. [173]

From my bitter moans the angels crave for respite in the skies.
In the flames I burn; O mercy from those all-consuming sighs!

May no speck of dust from my poor frame the dear one's threshold mar!
Grace, for Allah's sake, from this wild tearful torrent, O mine eyes!

How mine eyen eye the pathway; full of gloom my heart, O breeze,
Aid from yon collyrium-dust aneath my champion's feet that lies!

Heart physician, ere the bane of woe hath poisoned all my soul,
Aidance from the theriac-honey which my loved one's lip supplies!

Dolour's waves have cast the heart's frail barque amidst the whirlpool wild;
Look ye, Lámi'í, from union's shore the winds of help arise.

The ill-fated Fighání deserves a brief notice here, not so much on account of the work which he actually achieved, as for the promise of distinction held out in those poems which he was enabled to accomplish. This writer, whose personal name was Ramazán, was born in the city of Trebizond. Latífí tells us that after passing through the usual curriculum, he took up the study of medicine; but the real bent of his nature lay towards poetry, which he cultivated with great assiduity. In this pursuit he was greatly assisted by his marvellous memory, whatever Arabic or Persian poem he read remaining, to use the expression of the biographer, graven in his memory like an inscription carved upon a rock. Similarly he carried all his own compositions in his mind, never thinking to write them down. The career of Fighání was however brought to an untimely close by a Persian epigram directed against the Grand Vezir Ibráhím Pasha, and rightly or wrongly attributed to him. The Vezir was, as we have seen, a Greek by birth, and it is possible that he may have had some hereditary feeling for the plastic arts. Be this as it may, he brought with him from the spoils of Ofen three colossal

statues which he erected in the Hippodrome opposite his own palace. [1] These the Mussulmans looked upon with horror, taking them for idols; and it was openly said that the Grand Vezir was still in heart a Christian and an adorer of graven images. It was at this juncture, according to Qináli-záda's account, that Fighání's enemies, seeing that he had won the favour of Iskender Chelebi the Defterdár, and fearful lest he might likewise gain the good graces of that yet greater patron of poetry, Ibráhím Pasha, laid before the latter this old Persian couplet which they represented as being his work:

In earth's temple have Ibráhíms twain appeared;
Idols were by one o'erthrown, by one upreared. [2]

Latífí on the other hand, writing only twenty years after the event, regards the verse as a genuine production of Fighání, who, he says waxing over presumptuous through consciousness of his own intellectual powers, had begun to launch satires at the great men of the state. The Vezir believed the charge; and Fighání was condemned, paraded through the streets on an ass's back, and then hanged, 933 (1526—7). Whether Fighání was guilty or innocent, his punishment reflects little credit on a minister whose boast it was to befriend literature and art.

Fighání's poetry consists entirely of ghazels and qasídas; his style has a certain amount of originality, and Latífí and Qináli-záda concur in declaring that had he lived longer he

[1] Qináli-záda says that Ibráhím took the statues for talismans.

[2] دو ابراهیم آمد بدیر جهان
یکی بت شکن شد یکی بت نشان

The one Ibráhím or Abraham is the patriarch who, according to the Koran, destroyed the idols in the temple of his father Azer or Terah, who is said to have been a maker of graven images; the other Ibráhím is of course the Grand Vezir.

would have attained a position of real eminence. The last-named critic describes his poetry as being fervid as the sighs of the woeful lover. In early life this poet used Huseyní as his makhlas. [1]

ᶜAhdí gives this ghazel as a specimen of Fighání's style:

Ghazel. [174]

What scathe although that the vision of thee in mine eyen's castle stay? —
'Tis queen of the earth, 'twere meet an it choose a crystal palace gay.

O Moon, on the parting night to war with sleep have those eyes of mine
Yet once again drawn the lashes up, a fell and dark array.

My wail hath clomb the dome of the sphere, and now, like a trembling child,
It feareth to earth to descend again and crieth, Welaway!

The flute at the banquet points me out with its finger to the guests
It saith, 'Not a moment leaveth he to be subject to my lay.'

Thou handest around the bowl to the guest at thy banquet; wherefore then
Skinker, wilt thou deny a share to thy slave Fighání, say?

Although his name is wellnigh forgotten now, Ghazálí of Brusa enjoyed no little reputation of a certain kind during the earlier part of Suleymán's reign. This reputation was however not so much that of a poet as of a wit and boon companion. His merry jovial disposition and his excessive devotion to pleasure of every sort earned for him the nick-name of Deli Biráder or Brother Madcap, by which he was generally known among his familiars. He possessed all the

[1] Von Hammer confounds this Fighání with an earlier poet of the same name, who was however a native of Qaraman. His mistake is the more singular as both Latífí and Qináli-záda mention the two writers under separate entries. Fighání of Qaraman was a secretary in the service of Prince ᶜAbd-ulláh the son of Báyezíd II. Among his works is said to have been an Iskender-Náma in the same metre as Firdawsí's Sháh-Náma. Curiously enough, as Qináli-záda remarks, this Fighání also was hanged through the intrigues of his enemies.

[2] The finger of the flute is merely a reference to the shape of the instrument.

accomplishments and qualities which make for the success of the Eastern court-jester, a ready wit, an inexhaustible fund of facetious anecdotes, a facility in versification, and an unblushing effrontery. On finishing his studies, Ghazálí, whose personal name was Muhammed, became a muderris at Brusa, but soon gave this up to seek his fortune at the court of Prince Qorqud, the ill-starred son of Báyezíd II, then governor of Magnesia. On his arrival at that town, Ghazálí gained the interest of Piyála Bey, an officer and intimate associate of the Prince. By his means he got introduced to Qorqud, whose favour he soon acquired and whose inseparable companion he became, accompanying him on his futile visit to the Egyptian court, and, if Qináli-záda's account be correct, remaining with him till the last tragic scene when the hapless Prince had to bow his neck before the emissaries of his brother. Latífí, however, gives a very different story as to the parting between Ghazálí and his patron. While in the Prince's service Ghazálí wrote certain books; one of these, the Miftáh-ul-Hidáya or Key of Guidance, is a versified treatise on the legal prescriptions relating to ablutions and prayers, which, if it has but scant poetic value, at least contains nothing to which the most strict-minded could take exception. But of quite another character is the Dáfiᶜ-ul-Humúm ve Ráfiᶜ-ul-Ghumúm, or Repeller of Sorrows and Dispeller of Cares.[1] In this book, which Latífí says is a translation or adaptation of the Persian Alfiyya u Shalfiyya,[2]

[1] The book is also called, Menáqib-i Ghazálí = The Anecdotes of Ghazálí, and Hikáyát-i Deli Biráder = Brother Madcap's Tales.

[2] [The prototype of Ghazálí's work was probably the Persian Alfiyya u Shalfiyya, composed by Azraqí in the first half of the twelfth century of our era for his patron Tughán Sháh, the Seljúq prince of Níshápúr, under circumstances related by Dawlatsháh (p. 72 of my edition), and, in greater detail, by Jámí in ch. VII of his Baháristán (pp. 78—79 of the Constantinople edition of A. H. 1294). See also the *Journal Asiatique* for 1827, vol. X, p. 255, where there is a note by Von Hammer on this subject. A sufficient idea of

Brother Madcap gives free play to the Rabelaisian tendencies of his nature. Every point in connection with sexual pleasure is here discussed in fullest detail and with the greatest verve, appropriate and amusing anecdotes being scattered lavishly throughout. But Ghazálí pushed his offences against the proprieties too far; for even the pleasure-loving Prince Qorqud would have none of his book, and straightway dismissed him from his court.

On his parting with the Prince, Ghazálí repaired to Brusa and established himself as Sheykh in the cell of the old saint Geyikli Baba, the 'Deer Father', on the slopes of Mount Olympus.[1] Latífí is certainly wrong in saying that it was on the occasion of his taking up his residence on the spot where the 'Deer Father' had lived and prayed that he assumed the makhlas of Ghazálí, 'He of the Gazelle;' for he already speaks of himself under that name in the Key of Guidance which he had dedicated to Prince Qorqud. Soon getting tired of the monotony of a secluded life, Brother Madcap reverted to his original profession of muderris and received an appointment at Sivri Hisár or the Pointed Castle, a town in Asia Minor. This likewise he soon abandoned, and went to Constantinople in order to pray the authorities to give him some other position. Astonished to see Ghazálí in the capital so long before the expiration of his term, the Qádí-ᶜAsker inquired what was wrong with his post that he had not remained there quietly. 'It is so sharply pointed a post that no one could rest there quietly,' replied the poet,

the contents of the work may be formed from the titles of the seven chapters into which it is divided, given by Von Hammer. ED.]

[1] Geyikli Baba = the Deer Father, was a holy man of the days of ᶜOsmán and Orkhan. He passed his time in holy seclusion in a cave on Mount Olympus with no companions but the wild creatures he tamed, whence his name; but legend represents him in quite another light, assisting at the capture of Brusa, mounted on a deer and wielding a sword that weighed a hundred and fifty pounds.

and the witticism procured for him a muderrisship at Aq Shehr. This too was soon relinquished, and Ghazálí again repaired to Constantinople where he enjoyed a good deal of favour in high quarters. He eventually built a public bath at Beshik-Tash on the Bosphorus, but this becoming the rendezvous of all the dissolute characters of the capital, the Grand Vezir sent a hundred janissaries who levelled it with the ground. The execution of his benefactor Iskender Chelebi the Defterdár occurring soon after this event, Ghazálí found it prudent to retire to Mekka, where he built a mosque and where he died in 941 (1534—5).

Apart from the treatise already mentioned, the poetical work of this writer consists for the most part of epigrams and táríkhs or chronograms. The following táríkh on the execution of his patron the aforesaid Iskender Chelebi, who was hanged at Baghdád, is quoted with high approval by the Turkish biographers. Like almost all poetical chronograms, it is written in the verse-form known as Qit'a or Fragment. The fantastic manner in which the painful subject is treated is a good example of the to us strange literary taste of those days. Ghazálí's whimsical conceits when referring to the way in which his patron was put to death can hardly fail to appear equally heartless and grotesque to the modern reader; yet to the author's contemporaries they were not only poetical, but pathetic.

Chronogram on the Execution of Iskender Chelebi. [175]

The Lord Iskender high in favour stood:
O heart, take warning by his destiny.
Behold what in the end hath been the sum
Of all this glory and prosperity!
The bane of wrath he tasted, in his mouth
Abode no savour then of fragrancy.

His fortune's star sank downward retrograde,
From close conjunction to longinquity.
Dust lighted on the face of his fair fame,
Borne by the blast of traitrous calumny.
Forth for his elevation went the word
Full sudden from the court of equity.
Straightway they reared him up toward the skies,
They raised him from the dust of obloquy.
And dervish-dancing went he, circling round,
From exile to the Land of Amity.
A slave neck-bounden stood he at the court;
They loosed him from the bonds of villeiny.
For joyfulness he set no foot on earth
What time his head was freed from misery.
Right gladly soarèd he on his ascent,
Delivered from the world of infamy.
So never was the life or death of him
Found to be empty of sublimity.
And this our Hope, that in the world to come
Likewise he win to lofty dignity.
The host of Heaven spake his chronogram: —
'Upward he journeyed through his courtesy.' [1]

Of more note than either Fighání or Ghazálí is the lyrist Isháq [2] Chelebi of Uskub. His father Ibráhím, who was a sword-smith by trade, perceiving the talent of the youthful Isháq, gave him the best education in his power, with the result that the lad soon entered the ranks of the ʿulemá as mulázim [3] under Qara Bali Efendi, and was shortly afterwards promoted to be muderris [3] or principal at Ibráhím Pasha's College at Adrianople. He became successively lecturer at

[1] This last line is the chronogram, the numerical values of the Arabic letters composing it giving, on being added together, the total 941, which is the year of the Hijra in which Iskender was hanged.

[2] In this name, which is the Arabic form of Isaac, the s and the h are pronounced separately, thus: Is-háq.

[3] For the exact signification of these terms, see vol. II, pp. 394—400.

the college of his native Uskub, at the Qaplija College at Brusa, at Sultan Orkhan's College at Izniq, and in 933 (1526—7) at the College of Traditions (Dár-ul-Hadís) at Adrianople. On obtaining this post, Isháq, who was famous as a composer of chronograms, wrote the following verse, each of the four clauses of which gives the sum 933:

The learned, the expounder, Most brilliant jurist born:
O God, how worthy Isháq This college to adorn![1]

His next step was to become muderris at the Sahn-i Semán or Court of the Eight, that is of the eight colleges attached to the great mosque of Sultan Muhammed II at Constantinople.[2] In 942 he was named cadi or magistrate of Damascus; and there he died in 949 (1542—3).[3]

The superstitious spirit of the age saw a prognostication of the approaching close of his career in this chronogram which Isháq wrote on receiving his last appointment:

In Zí-l-Hijja's month[4] I purposed for Damascus town to leave;
I began to write its táríkh, when there fell the shades of eve.[5]

The foreboding was, as we may imagine, deepened by this other chronogram written when he had reached Sálihiyya just outside 'Damascus the Noble:'

1 عالم و اهل تفسیر روشن فقیه آفاق
الله نه مستحقدر دار الحدیثه اسحاق

2 Sahn-i Semán is also the name of one of the grades through which the muderrises or lecturers pass. See vol. II, pp. 23 and 399.

3 This is the date given by Qináli-záda and adopted by Sámí Bey in his Biographical Dictionary and by Tevfíq in his Caravan of the Poets; but the Blood-red Anemone gives 943 (1536—7), and Hajji Khalífa 944 (1537—8), which last has been adopted by Von Hammer.

4 Zí-l-Hijja is the name of the twelfth month of the Muhammedan lunar year.

5 شهر ذی الحجه ده عزم سفر شام اولدی
بشلدم یازمغه تاریخنی اخشام اولدی

The odours sweet of Paradise won first to usward blown
What time this caravan of ours drew near Damascus town. [1]

The life of Isháq Chelebi was dissolute and vicious; even in this age of misogyny he was notorious for the extreme contempt and repugnance with which he regarded the female sex, and for his excessive addiction to those unnatural amours to which the ʿulemá as a class appear to have been especially prone. It is true that he is said to have repented of his evil ways on reaching the age of forty (that period of life which the old Turkish writers call the bulúgh-i haqíqí, 'the true age of discretion),' when he obtained the degree of the Court of the Eight, and to have made a vow (which vow he faithfully kept to the end) to forego thenceforth and for ever all illicit pleasures.

There is a story told of how Sultan Selím, when on his campaign against the Memlúks of Egypt, expressed a desire to have some learned men sent after him who might entertain him with their conversation. The authorities therefore despatched Isháq Chelebi along with the cadis Nihálí Chelebi and Bezmí. On being presented to kiss the Sultan's hand, they made their appearance in their travelling dress, and wearing their swords and other arms. This breach of etiquette so incensed the grim monarch that he ordered the delinquents to be put to death forthwith, an order which was however speedily cancelled. Ignorant of the peril they had incurred, Isháq, indignant that Nihálí had been allowed to take precedence of him in kissing the imperial hand, abused his colleague in a ribald couplet, to which the latter at once returned a suitable reply; and when Selím summoned them before him the next day and asked which among them was the most

[1] جنّت نقوسی کلمکه بشلادی مشامه
ایریشه کبی قافلهمز منزل شامه

accomplished, they could think of no better answer than to repeat the contemptible verses wherewith they had just been vilifying one another. The Sultan, turning away in disgust, remarked that he had desired companions and not buffoons, and sent them back to their posts with a small gratuity apiece.

Although he conducted himself like a fool in the presence of Sultan Selím, Isháq was a man of no little learning and a poet of considerable merit. Latífí, who describes his verses as being 'debonair, simple, tender and gay,' attributes these characteristics to his having composed them when in company with his minions to declare the sadness of his state and to express his heart's desire. Qináli-záda likewise applies the terms tender and gay to his poetry, and adds that his language and style are unstrained and free from formalism. He left a Díwán of qasídas and ghazels; also, according to Hajji Khalífa, a rhyming history of Selím I previous to his accession, which he entitled the Isháq-Náma or Isháq-Book. He did not adopt any makhlas. These three ghazels will serve to illustrate his style:

Ghazel. [176]

But for yearning for my loved one, patient every woe I'd bear;
What could work the dear one's rigour, were no rival's malice there?

'Tis no sorrow that those glances spill our blood and waste our peace;
But for these, 'twere grief of heart to yield our life for yonder fair.

How thus ever should the bulbul wail in concert with my sighs,
Did the rose not aye companion with the thorn in mid parterre?

Ne'er had I been broken-hearted, neither had my soul been vexed,
Had my fortune not shown darkling even as thy musky hair.

Never had my heart inclined to wander mid the garth, my love,
Were no sympathizing comrade of a bulbul dwelling there.

Dear one, but for these my verses who would pity Isháq's plight,
Tell the story of his anguish, and to thee his case declare?

Ghazel. [177]

O my ruthless Moon, of dolour I am dying, where art thou?
Up to heaven on high my plaints and wails are flying, where art thou?

Nowhere save in thy rose-garden may the bulbul-heart find rest;
Roseate face, with form the cypress-tree defying, where art thou?

Come, strew sugar from thy liplets at the feast of heart and soul;
O my Parrot sweet of accent, hear me crying, where art thou? [1]

O my gracious gliding Angel, show thy visage ere I die;
Be my soul and frame thy ransom joyance-buying, where art thou?

Dead of sheer delight were Isháq should'st thou once in kindness say:
'O my weakling, love-distracted, sadly sighing, where art thou?'

Ghazel. [178]

All who see my verse upon yon pearl-bestrewing rubies glow [2]
Fain would fling their souls as largesse and would shout Well done! Bravo!

See the rose lead forth its armies 'gainst the tulips in the mead;
'Tis the King of Rúm [3] who doth to battle with the Red-Heads go. [4]

Ill doth it become the lover wine and lovelings to renounce;
Graceless would the garb of virtue on the rake and losel show.

Dear one, saying, 'It resembleth those thy rubies,' at the feast
Doth the beaker bear the wine-cup on its head, and proudly go.

[1] Sugar = sweet words; the Parrot = the beloved sweet of speech.

[2] The pearl-bestrewing rubies = the red lips that utter beautiful words. The line appears to mean, All who hear the beloved reciting my verses.

[3] The King of Rúm = the Sultan of Turkey; this ghazel may have been written when Sultan Selím was starting on his Persian campaign.

[4] In old times the Turks used to nickname the Persians 'Qizil Bash' or Red-Heads, on account of the red caps worn by their soldiers. The poets of the Classic Period often connect the Iranians with the tulip for this reason.

Weep thou for the woeful Isháq, he is fallen in strangerhood;
None hath he when dead to lay him on the stone, full well I know.

Usúlí of Vardar Yenijesi was a Súfí poet of some repute. Attracted by the fame of Sheykh Ibráhím Gulshení, he went to Cairo and there joined the circle of that great mystic teacher's disciples. He remained in Egypt till the death of his master in 940, when he returned to Turkey. The rest of his life was for the most part spent in his native town, where he dwelt in religious seclusion, and although his poverty was extreme, he never condescended to beg assistance of the great. There he died in 945 (1538—9). He left a Díwán and a Shehr-engíz of Vardar Yenijesi. The poems which compose his Díwán are entirely mystical, and are compared by Latífí to those of his predecessor the martyr Nesímí. [1] The following ghazel is quoted by both Qináli-záda and ᶜAhdí.

Ghazel. [179]

Each wave that riseth on the sea of Absolute Existency
Declares the secret 'I am God' or openly or secretly.

All things are mines, and of their quintessential nature they beget,
Some gold, some silver, others stones and clods of earth, in verity.

Although in truth this orchard hath one water and one gardener, [2]
What myriad trees do grow herein from multiform reality!

Behold the race of men and see how some are poison, sugar some;
How great a marvel, diverse fruits appearing on a single tree!

What myriad acts are ordered fair, what myriad shows are brought to naught;
How passing strange a work is this, whereof no workman we can see!

[1] For a full account of Nesímí, see vol. I, pp. 343—368.

[2] [i. e. one rain waters all, as it is written in the Korán (súra XXI, v. 31): "and from the water wé made every living thing." Here the One Being which underlies and informs all Phenomena is probably intended. ED.]

Lo, thou hast entered and shalt quit this fane nine-domed, hexagonal;[1]
Yet neither entrance-door nor gate of exit is beheld of thee.

How sore must labour the Adept ere he attain perfection's point;
What blood the mine must drain to form a single gem of radiancy![2]

In all beholders wait the virgin fantasies expectant till
That like Usúlí there arise a lord of perspicacity.[3]

[1] The world, the nine domes being the Nine Spheres, and the six sides being the Six Directions, i. e. above and below, before and behind, right and left.

[2] The old belief was that gems and metals grew and ripened through long ages in the mines. [Compare the well-known Persian verse: —

سالها باید که تا یک سنگ اصلی ز آفتاب،
لعل گردد در بدخشان یا عقیق اندر یمن، ED.]

[3] i. e. the unformulated feelings in men's minds wait till a great poet like Usúlí arises to give them utterance.

CHAPTER III.

ZÁTÍ: KHAYÁLÍ.

In the year 876 (1471—2) there was born to a poor shoemaker of the little town of Balikessi in Qarasi a boy who was destined to take high rank among the lyric poets of his day. This was Zátí.[1] At first the lad followed his father's trade; but his innate love of versifying and his desire to achieve distinction as a poet drove him to seek a wider field for the exercise of his talent than was offered by his native town, and sent him to try his fortune in the literary world of Constantinople. What that fortune was is related by Qináli-záda in the poet's own words as reported by the father of the biographer, who had questioned the aged Zátí as to what had brought him so far down in the world. Sultan Báyezíd was on the throne when Zátí arrived in the capital, and the latter lost no time in bringing himself under the notice of the monarch by presenting him with certain qasídas written for his glorification, which met with a favourable reception. Zátí's fame as a poet soon became considerable, and gained for him the friendship of many of the great men of the time, ᶜAlí Pasha the Grand Vezir, Mu'eyyed-záda the Qádí-ᶜAsker, Jaᶜfer Chelebi the poet-Nishánji, Pírí Pasha the Defterdár and Qadrí Efendi being all mentioned amongst

[1] According to Latífí his personal name was Bakhshí, but all the other authorities make it ᶜIwaz. Both these names are now old fashioned, if not obsolete.

his patrons. It was on the gifts of these and such as these that Zátí lived, a precarious means of subsistence in a country like medieval Turkey, where a great man's position was even less secure than was his head. Recognising the very unstable nature of this support, Zátí had resolved to learn some profession by means of which he would be able to keep body and soul together if left entirely to his own resources. His choice had fallen on the old-world science of geomancy, that species of divination which is effected by means of figures formed of points traced on sand. And so in the troublous times that preceded Báyezíd's deposition and ushered in the reign of Selím, when ʿAlí Pasha was dead, Jaʿfer beheaded, and Mu'eyyed-záda deposed, Zátí, finding himself without a patron, opened a booth or little shop in the court of the mosque of Sultan Báyezíd, where he sat telling fortunes and writing out charms. [1] But Zátí's shop was not frequented by those alone who sought for a glimpse into the future, the seer's name as a poet caused his little establishment to become the rendezvous of those literary amateurs and aspirants after poetic fame who abounded in Constantinople. These submitted their productions to the master, who gave them the benefit of his advice, and who, it is said, did not scruple to appropriate such of their verses as met with his approval, introducing them into his Díwán either quite unaltered or very slightly modified. If any ventured to remonstrate with him as to this procedure, he used to meet their objections, so the story runs, by saying, 'You are not really poets as you have produced no díwáns, but I have written a díwán that shall never be forgotten till the end of time, and by introducing your verses thereinto I am bestowing on them abiding immortality.' Although so ready to make use of the

[1] The vicinity of the mosque of Sultan Báyezíd is to this day the chief resort of those fáljis or diviners who are still to be found in the Ottoman capital.

thoughts of others, Zátí was very indignant when he fancied anyone had made free with his as. the little anecdote of his dispute with Mesíhí will have shown.[1] Fortune-telling was not a very money-making business, and the greater part of Zátí's life was passed in extreme poverty; he was unfortunately afflicted with deafness, which debarred him from following the professional career adopted by so many of his brother-poets. On Selím's succession Zátí came forward with a qasída which was duly accepted and rewarded; but as the infirmities of age were beginning to tell on the poet, he found himself unequal to attending the Sultan, who was almost always in the field, and consequently forgotten and thrown upon his own resources. When Suleymán came to the throne, Zátí once more appeared with a qasída which was well received by the Sultan, one couplet in particular meeting with the imperial favour; this was the following in which Suleymán is placed above Núshírván the Sásánian King of Persia, who stands throughout the East for the type of royal justice:

Justice standeth at thy gate, O Lord, a slave unfettered, free —
He whom Núshírván could hold not, though he fastened sure his chain.[2]

Things might now have gone better with Zátí had he not got himself into difficulties, first with the Grand Vezir Ibráhím Pasha through being mixed up with a demonstration made by some poets in favour of a brother of the craft whom the minister had imprisoned, and afterwards with the distinguished poet Khayálí Bey, who enjoyed the favour of the court, and with some of whose verses Zátí appears to have taken liberties. Qadrí Efendi, when raised to be Anatolian Qádi-ᶜAsker, did

[1] See vol. II, p. 229, n. 7 on pp. 244—5.

[2] سرورا بر بندهٔ بی قید قاپکده در عدل در
طوتهمزدی آنی زنجیره چکوب نوشیروان

See n. 4 on p. 63 of vol. II.

something for his old friend, who died soon afterwards in 953 (1546—7), and was buried outside the Adrianople Gate of Constantinople, where rest the ashes of so many Turkish poets.

Besides being a poet, Zátí was a wit, and the following story related by Nájí in his Professor's Magazine will illustrate his quickness of repartee. A certain ᶜAlí Pasha, notable for his ugliness, having one day summoned Zátí into his presence, looked at him for some time and then remarked to some by-standers. 'Well, this Zátí is no beauty.' Whereupon the poet at once rejoined with the well-known proverb, 'man is the mirror of man.'

Although hardly a great poet, Zátí was a very prolific one; he probably wrote a larger number of ghazels and qasídas than any other author in all Turkish literature. Latífí says, on the poet's own authority, that he left over 3000 ghazels, 500 qasídas, and about 1000 rubáᶜís and qitᶜas; but Qináli-záda's more moderate statement, also given on the authority of Zátí himself, crediting him with 1600 ghazels and more than 400 qasídas, is probably nearer the truth. Over and above his poems in lyric form, he composed at least two romantic mesnevís, a Shemᶜ u Perwána, Taper and Moth, in 5000 couplets, and another called Ahmed u Mahmúd, Ahmed and Mahmúd, in 2000; he is further responsible for a Shehr-engíz of Adrianople. Latífí gives him in addition to these a Ferrukh-Náma or Ferrukh-Book 'in the manner of Khusrev and Shírín,' a Siyer-i Nebí or Acts of the Prophet, and a Mevlúd or Birth-song. [1]

The artistic achievement of Zátí did not, however, equal his industry. Had he been more fortunately circumstanced, the result would probably have been different; his deafness

[1] Von Hammer further attributes to him two mesnevís, Shírín, and ᶜAshiq u Maᶜshúq; but this is from a misreading of the passage in Latífí.

told against him, and still more the extreme penury in which the greater part of his life was passed. This compelled him to place his immediate wants before all else; he could not afford to work for art's sake alone, and many of his verses were written either for money or in the hopes of gaining it. That under such conditions he should have attained the high position that he did proves him to have been possessed of more than ordinary ability, and the remark of the critics quoted by Latífí is well-founded that it must have been by sheer force of native talent that a man without education, who had never sat at the feet of muderris or professor, was able to produce works of imaginative art that filled the cultured with admiration and amazement. The biographer just mentioned waxes enthusiastic when discussing Zátí's gifts; not only is he the most prolific of the lyrists, but had it not been for his deafness and his poverty it is certain that not one of all those who went before or followed after him could have approached him, for he would have been unique in the cycle and pre-eminent on the earth; 'many an age must the circling heavens roll ere mother earth bring forth to the world from the womb of nature one of lofty genius like to him.' The writer adds that the critics are agreed that he was a master in subtile fancies and imaginative language, and compared him to the Persian poet Sheykh Kemál;[1] for which among the arts of poetry did he not practise, and to what virgin fancy did not his piercing wit attain? Latífí's, however, is no mere blind admiration; he is able to see the weakness as well as the strength of his author,

[1] Sheykh Kemál of Khujand died in 803 (1400—1); Jámí says he imitated Hasan of Delhi, but surpassed him in subtilty of thought; he was much admired by Háfiz. There was an earlier Kemál, he of Isfahán, who was killed by the Mongols in 635 (1237—8). [I think that reference is probably made here to the latter, Kemálu'd-Dín Ismá'íl, whose fertile genius won for him the title Khalláqu'l-Ma'ání, rendered by Rieu as "the great inventor of concetti." ED.]

and that weakness is in this case the common pitfall of the old Turkish poets, obscurity arising from excessive artificiality and proneness to indulge in puerile and far-fetched conceits. This failing is most apparent in the poems produced by Zátí after middle life, which are for the most part, according to Latífí, in the style of the Shebistán-i Khayál, or "Night-room of Fantasy," a well-known Persian collection of such ingenious trivialities in verse and prose, by Fettáhí, the author of the romance of Husn u Dil which Áhí and Lámiʿí translated into Turkish.

Qináli-záda writing later than Latífí, and with more experience of what a Turkish poet might achieve, is somewhat less exuberant in his laudations. While giving Zátí ample credit for his skill in the Eastern art of amphibology, for his power of language, and for his strange fancies, he criticises him for making use of expressions peculiar to his day and therefore outside the stereotyped conventional phraseology reserved for poetry in the Classic Period, and also for a partiality to certain ideas alien alike to elegance and delicacy and unworthy of a man of talent, which render some of his writings displeasing to readers of taste. Several judicious critics, he goes on to say, consider his works as unequal, and try to account for the inferiority of many among them partly by his deafness, which debarred him from hearing the opinions of his friends, partly by his poverty, which drawback, however, adds the biographer, is shared by the majority of mankind, and indeed by all the poets of the present day, and partly by his lack of influential friends in high places. The opinion of ʿAhdí, who is however no considerable authority, is wholly favourable.

Turning to the modern critics, Ziyá Pasha in his 'Tavern' places the 'broken-hearted vagrant Zátí' [1] as the third of his

[1] آوارهٔ دلشکسته ذاتی. Ziyá Pásha's Kharábát, or 'Tavern' is a great

three 'founders' of the Turkish speech, the other two being, as we have seen, Ahmed Pasha and Nejátí Bey. All three are censured somewhat unreasonably on account of their antiquated diction and of the obsolete, and to the modern reader uncouth, words that abound in their works; also, with more justice, for the great license which they take with the imála and ziháf, and for the padding that disfigures many of their verses. Ziyá has however the grace to add that while the language has been much refined since their day, their writings were likely enough pretty for their time.

The verdict of Professor Nájí (probably the most just that can be arrived at) is that, while many passages may be met with in Zátí's poems which must be adjudged coarse both in thought and language, he has a great number of verses which prove him to have been a man of high talent and well skilled in the niceties of poetic art; while the mere fact that from being a shoemaker he became a recognised authority on the subtilest points of poetry is a sufficient indication of his extraordinary ability.

Zátí's chief title to fame rests, as I have already said, on his lyrics; but one of his mesnevís, the Shem^{c} u Perwána, claims a little further notice. Of the Ahmed and Mahmúd, the Ferrukh-Náma, and the two religious poems nothing beyond the name is recorded; but Latífí devotes a few lines to the Taper and Moth, one of those stock allegorical love stories at which we have seen that Lámi^{c}í tried his hand. The old biographer speaks of this poem of our author as highly artistic, every couplet 'from matla^{c} to maqta^{c}' being fraught with imagination and without peer; all the same, he continues, the cultured find the style of the book so fanciful and artificial that the phraseology is not as clear

Anthology of Turkish, Persian and Arabic poetry in three volumes, published at Constantinople in 1291 (1874).

and perspicuous, and the sequence of the incidents in the story not as well arranged as they might be. When discussing the mesneví in the versified review of Ottoman poetry which he prefixes to his 'Tavern', Ziyá Pasha mentions Zátí's Shem^{c} u Perwána as the third Turkish poem of that class, Suleymán Chelebi's Birth-Song being with him the first, and Sheykhí's Khusrev and Shírín the second, while the works of Hamdí, Ibn Kemál, Lámi^{c}í and a host of others are entirely overlooked. The Pasha speaks of Zátí's poem as somewhat uncouth in language, yet containing many passages of much beauty; he gives several short extracts from it in his third volume which is devoted to selections from different mesnevís.

Manuscripts of Zátí's works are rare; neither the British Museum nor the Royal Asiatic Society possesses any, nor have I any in my own collection. [1] But few of his poems have therefore come under my notice, and these few do not appear to be in any way remarkable. The three following ghazels are quoted by Qináli-záda; the first, which is the best, is addressed to the Prophet Muhammed.

Ghazel. [180]

Glory of the Garth Etern,[2] thy form in radiancy arrayed
Gleams a cypress wrought of light that casteth earthward naught of shade.[3]

[1] [The Author must have written this passage some time before his death; for his collection of MSS. contains two copies of Zátí's Díwán, obtained, apparently, in June 1898, and one of his Shem^{c} u Perwána ('Taper and Moth'), obtained in May, 1891. ED.]

[2] The Garth Etern, literally, the Garden of the Placeless: the Placeless (lá-mekán) is the name given to the void beyond the heaven of heavens, where space or locality ceases to be.

[3] Núr-i Muhammed, the Light or Essence of Muhammed, (see vol. I, pp. 34—35), was the first thing God created in eternity, though its incarnation was late. It is a common legend with the Muslims that the body of the Prophet cast no shadow.

Though all they who looked on Joseph cut their hands, bewildered sore, [1]
Cleft a-twain its palm what time the moon thy sun-bright face surveyed. [2]

Far thy station, like the prayer-shaft's, beyond the nine-fold sphere;
Loftier than the lofty Empyrean is thy glorious grade. [3]

There is none before or after equal unto thee in aught;
Seal of all the Prophet band, infinity thy dower is made.

He it is who gains, O Lord, when passed to the Hereafter's mart,
Who hath ta'en the coin of love of thee for all his stock-in-trade.

This my hope that mid the Paradisal bowers yon Cypress fair
Gather Zátí with the faithful throng aneath the selfsame shade. [4]

The next ghazel is a type of a class still rare at this early period, but becoming frequent later on, in which some handsome young lad of the poet's acquaintance is described in a whimsical and more or less humorous style, the spirit and treatment being very similar to those of the Shehr-engíz. The youth is generally a member of the lower middle class and engaged in some trade or humble calling; here he is a barber at a public bath, sometimes he is a tailor, a shampooer at a bath, a dancing-boy, or the like.

Ghazel. [181]

A silver-bodied, sweetly shaven barber stripling fair,
Who makes the folk to bow the head through his all-gracious air. [5]

[1] Referring to the Egyptian ladies who cut their hands in bewildered admiration at the beauty of Joseph when Zelíkhá presented him to them at the banquet. See vol. II, p. 166.

[2] In the Koran, LIV, 1, we read: 'And split asunder is the moon.' This is traditionally referred to a miracle; the unbelievers having asked Muhammed for a sign, the moon appeared cleft in twain. By the palm of the moon is here meant her disc.

[3] The Empyrean, i. e. the 'Arsh, which is above the Eighth Paradise. See vol. I, pp. 35—6 and 43—4.

[4] Shade here means protection, as in the formula so commonly used in speaking of a King or governor — اﷲ ظلّه — 'May God extend his shadow!'

[5] In the East the head used to be entirely shaved except for the perchem,

His flinty heart appeareth still within his tender frame;
Deem not that sweet hath bound a stone about his waist howe'er.[1]

Love's vapours rise into my head, e'en as the bath it seems;[2]
What though mine eyen, like the basin-tap, shed many a tear![3]

It ever would have kissed his feet without restraint or let; —
Oh that our face had been the mat his bath to carpet fair!

A beggar for his grace are we, bare-headed, bare of foot;[4]
O Zátí, he hath stript us, he, and shaved us debonair.

In translating this third poem I have preserved the redíf, here represented by 'doth pass away.'

Ghazel. [182]

When we sight thy beauty, free will's bridle-rein doth pass away;
Champion-rider, grace we cry, the glaive of sdeign doth pass away.

By thy head, cast not thy lover down, bedecking thee so fair!
O my sweet, bethink thee, beauty's henna-stain doth pass away.

Be not vain a-thinking, 'All these birds of hearts I've made my prey.'
Prince of horsemen, grace's falcon lastwise fain doth pass away.

Kindness show to this ant Zátí even as thou findest chance;[5]
Solomon-renowned, the seal of beauty, vain doth pass away.[6]

a long lock of hair which was allowed to grow on the crown. A man having his head shaved would naturally bend it; here, by the figure husn-i taʿlíl (aetiology: see vol. I, p. 113), he is said to bow it before the charms of the young barber.

[1] There is here an allusion to the qanáʿat tashi, or stone of contentment; a stone which dervishes and Arabs, when going on a journey, or on other occasions when a scarcity of food is to be apprehended, sometimes tie tightly against the pit of the stomach in order to repel the pangs of hunger.

[2] Because steam rises from the hot bath.

[3] The qurna is a fixed basin in a hot bath, with a hot and cold tap.

[4] Beggars go bare-head and bare-foot, and so do people in a hot bath.

[5] Solomon, the greatest of monarchs, is often mentioned in connection with the ant, the meanest of all creatures. The story runs that on one occasion, when travelling with his army, Solomon entered the Valley of Ants, whereupon the Queen of the Ants, perceiving the approach of the mighty host, cried out to her subjects to enter their dwellings lest Solomon and his army should tread them under foot and perceive it not; a speech which was duly heard and pondered by the wise King who understood the language of all living things. See Koran, chap. XXVII.

[6] Solomon's great power, by virtue of which he ruled over men, spirits,

The following is the ghazel quoted by ᶜAhdí in his Rosebed of Poets:

Ghazel. [183]

What doth ail thee that thou moanest, Sphere? dost love a gadling free?
Say, hast thou a shining Moon that roameth all the world to see?

Is it autumn's blast, O garden, that hath sallowed o'er thy cheek?
Or hast thou a wayward wanton graceful-waving Cypress-tree?

Every morning-tide, O nightingale, thou makest moan and plaint;
Hast a smiling rose that 'listeth with the thorn in fere to be?

'Meet it were, O Soul, that I should yield my soul for thee,' said I;
Wrathful in my face he gazèd, 'Hast thou then a soul?' quoth he.

Yet again art thou confusèd, Zátí, like the charmer's locks;
Boundless spite is this, or hast a fair of fairy radiancy?

I have already said that Ziyá Pasha gives some extracts from the Shemᶜ u Perwána; but none of these, except the following, consist of more than ten lines. While they are thus quite insufficient to afford any adequate idea of the poem, they give the impression of considerable picturesqueness, but without originality in subject or in handling. The passage here rendered is descriptive of the nuptials of King Perwána and Princess Shemᶜ; the subject is always treated in detail in the old Eastern love romances, and always in the highly figurative manner of which this slightly abridged translation will serve as an example.

From the Shemᶜ u Perwána. [184]

What time Shemᶜ and Perwāna met again
The others passed and left alone these twain;
And when the King and Shemᶜ were left alone

and all animals, lay in his Seal, on which was graven the 'Most Great Name,' or Ism-i-Aᶜzam.

'Twas like the Sun conjoinèd with the Moon.
Their folk had pilèd the bed-gear nine-fold, [1]
(The tale of what they did not is untold.)
A golden ladder thereagainst was laid,
Whereby the twain straightway upclomb the bed.
Soon as that Balm of Dole was mounted there
(As o'er the nine-fold sphere the faithful's prayer),
He stript her like unto a gentle dove
Nakêd, and held her to his breast with love.
He saw how fair that Lamb beseemed his breast,
He clasped her close and to his bosom prest.
And next he struck his teeth into the peach, [3]
Delight he tasted, life his life did reach.
A harvest of the rose that bosom shone,
That night the bulbul the rose-harvest won.
From the King's hand the bird restraint takes flight,
His free will sinketh down and passeth quite.
That lover winneth to a silvery lawn,
And sees the foot-print of the heavenly fawn.
When reached the Monarch to that print his hand,
Thereunderneath a casket locked he fand,
The which he opened with a coral key,
And strewed with rubies all the drapery.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

More highly endowed with poetic genius, though less versatile and far less prolific than Zátí, was Khayálí Bey, whom Latífí calls 'the lord and leader of the poets of this age, the chief and chancellor of this company,' and whom Qinálizáda describes as 'the King of the poets of the land of Rúm and the champion of the eloquent of this realm.' Khayálí,

[1] Eastern beds are made of several mattresses, usually three, laid upon the ground, one on the top of the other.

[2] The bed formed of nine mattresses one above the other to the uppermost of which the lady, the Balm of Dole, mounted, is compared to the nine Ptolemaic spheres which revolve one outside the other, and through all nine of which the prayer of the faithful must pass to reach the Court of God which is held beyond the outermost.

[3] That is, he kissed or bit amorously. A kiss is often called a peach (sheftálú).

whose personal name was Muhammed, was, like the mystic poet Usúlí, a native of Vardar Yenijesi, a little Rumelian town which in those days was a centre of culture and not altogether undeserving of the encomium of Qináli-záda, who speaks of it as 'the meeting-place of poets and the well-spring of the accomplished.' When quite young he became a disciple of the mystic teacher Baba ʿAlí-i Mest, Father ʿAlí the Drunken,[1] in whose service he obtained an insight into esoteric lore to which the poems written in his after life bear ample witness, whilst his mind became indelibly impressed with the dervish ideal of a retired simple life, free alike from desire of worldly wealth and glory and from fear of fortune's frown. Khayálí used to wander about the country in company with his master, and on one occasion they came to Constantinople, where, according to ʿAshiq Chelebi, they were brought under the notice of the judge of the city, who disapproved of the youthful disciple roaming the land with the wandering qalender, and confided him to the care of a muhtesib[2] called Uzun ʿAlí at whose hands he received a liberal education. Already, while he was still a mere youth, Khayálí's poetic talent began to show itself; his ghazels attracted considerable attention and met with general approval, whereupon Iskender Chelebi the Defterdár, always ready to help and promote the cause of literature, took up the young poet, and gave him every assistance and encouragement in his power. Eventually he recommended him to the notice of the Grand Vezir Ibráhím Pasha, with the result that the latter took Khayálí into his own circle, and finally crowned his career by presenting him to Sultan Suleymán. The disciple of the vagrant dervish had

[1] That is, drunken, or beside himself, for love of the Divine Beauty.

[2] The muhtesib was a police official who had charge of weights, measures, provisions, etc.; he used also to act as an assessor and collector of excise duties.

now reached the highest point of worldly honour and prosperity attainable by Turkish poet; he was admitted into the innermost circle of the Sultan's intimates, he was presented with a large and valuable fief, and every new ghazel or qasída that he wrote was made the occasion of some fresh mark of his imperial patron's favour. But Khayálí never forgot the early teachings of his first master; the smiles of the court did not make him vain or presumptuous, and but little of all the wealth which passed through his hands remained with him. His friends got the rest, for he would give loans to all who asked him, and as he kept no note of these, he soon forgot them, while the borrowers took good care that he should not be reminded. And so when the evil days came, when Iskender Chelebi was hanged at Baghdad, and Ibráhím Pasha died mysteriously within the walls of the Seraglio, and when the poets were no longer the great men they had been, Khayálí found himself involved in difficulties, and had to follow the advice which his friends had often previously urged in vain, and pray the Sultan to confer on him a Sanjaq. [1] The request was granted, and it is probable that this was the occasion of Khayálí's receiving the title of Bey which is usually added to his name. The poet died at Adrianople in 964 (1556—7).

Khayálí Bey appears to have been of a very amiable disposition; the biographer ʿAshiq Chelebi, who was personally acquainted with many of the poets whose lives he wrote, knew Khayálí intimately during some twenty years, and speaks in the highest terms of his modesty, his generosity, and his hatred of satire and every form of unkind speech. Once only, and that after severe provocation, was he betrayed into writing an ungentle verse. Yahya Bey, another great poet of whom we shall speak by and bye, jealous of the

[1] A subdivision of a province.

favour shown towards Khayálí, referred to him in disparaging terms in certain qasídas which he presented to the Sultan. As this occurred more than once it could not be passed over in silence, and Khayálí found himself under the necessity of sending the offender a couplet showing him his proper place.

There is a story told of how Khayálí, when first introduced into the imperial circle, overawed apparently by the august presence in which he found himself, abode silent with bowed head, dumb before the Sultan and his court, and how he afterwards apologised for this conduct in a ghazel which ends with this couplet:

> Khayálí hath been summoned to so glorious a feast
> That there had Eden's rosebud, all abashed, unopened bode. [1]

ʿAshiq Chelebi tells us that he once had occasion to visit Vardar Yenijesi when just recovering from a fever, and as he drew near the town, being weary with the journey and the summer heat, he turned aside into the cemetery that lay without the gates to rest a little. While there he bethought him to repeat the Fátiha [2] for the repose of the souls of the great and good men lying around, which he did, mentioning the names of Sheykh Iláhí the mystic, and of the poets Usúlí, Hayretí, [3] and Khayálí. No sooner had

[1] بر بزم خاصه محرم اولیدر خیالی کم اچلمز انده غنچهٔ جنّت حجابدن

The story is as above, but the poem is just as likely to be purely mystic.

[2] The Fátiha, or 'Opener,' is the short chapter with which the Koran begins. It is to Islám what the Lord's Prayer is to Christendom. It is usual to recite it over graves for the well-being of the dead, and on almost every Turkish tombstone one sees a request to the reader to say a Fátiha for the repose of the soul of him or her who lies buried there.

[3] For Sheykh Iláhí, see p. 373 of vol. II, for Usúlí p. 45 *supra*. Hayretí of Vardar Yenijesi, a protégé of Ibráhím Pasha, was a minor poet of no great mark, who died in 941 (1534). He had a younger brother Yúsuf, surnamed Sína-chák or Torn-Bosom, from the intensity of his mystic love, who studied under Sheykh Gulshení, travelled much in Persia, and eventually became sheykh of the mevlevi dervishes at Adrianople. He wrote some mystic poems, and died in 953 (1546).

he done so than he recollected that he had prayed for Khayálí who was still alive as though he were dead, a circumstance which he took for an intimation that his friend was indeed no more. He was accordingly not astonished to hear immediately afterwards, when he entered the town, of Khayálí's death at Adrianople.

Khayálí Bey was one of the best poets of his time. He would appear to have been living when Latífí entered him in his Memoirs, for that biographer gives no particulars as to his career, and merely mentions him as the greatest poet of the time. Qináli-záda speaks of him in almost equally high terms; he says that Khayálí's poems were greatly esteemed by men of taste, and extols the purity of his language and the correctness and sweetness of his style, which for clearness and fluency he compares to a rippling stream. His writings, he adds, are free from confusion and indecision, and are distinguished by beauty of phraseology and grace of diction.

Scarcely less favourable is the opinion of Professor Nájí, than whom no more competent judge has perhaps ever lived; himself a distinguished poet and scholar, well versed in the modern culture and fully appreciating its superiority, he has none the less a thorough knowledge of and true sympathy with those earlier writers whom so many of his contemporaries ignore or despise. This gentleman considers Khayálí one of the finest poets of his day, and says that in no other writer of that time is so much power to be found.

The poems of Khayálí are exclusively lyrical;[1] ʿAshiq Chelebi vainly endeavoured to persuade him to try his powers in a mesneví; he protested that it would be impossible for him to complete a story once begun. Careless of his poems

[1] This poet must not be confused with the obscure writer of the same name who composed a Leylá and Mejnún in the time of Selím I. See p. 172, n. 3, of vol. II.

as of all his property, Khayálí never made a collection of them as other poets did, but distributed them among various friends and acquaintances. They were, however, brought together and formed into a Díwán, a copy of which, we are told, was often in the hands of Sultan Suleymán. The Ottoman Sultan was not the only royal admirer of Khayálí; Shah Tahmásp of Persia, so runs the story, was seated in full divan, when a verse of the Turkish poet was quoted in his presence, whereupon admiration so filled the King that he straightway called for a beaker of wine which he drained to the health of the gifted singer. [1]

Khayálí's poems, which are for the most part deeply tinged with the mystic philosophy, display far more originality both of thought and of treatment than is usual with the writers of this age. They may indeed be equalled, or even surpassed, by the works of some of his contemporaries, so far as picturesqueness of imagery and mere verbal adornment are concerned; but it seems to me, notwithstanding the fact that Khayálí is passed over by Ziyá Pasha without so much as the mention of his name, that he is in reality the truest poet among all the many who made Constantinople their head-quarters between the days of Nejátí and those of Báqí. Thought, not expression, not even feeling, is his distinctive characteristic as a poet.

Besides the usual qasídas and ghazels there are in Khayálí's

[1] Perhaps it is to this that Khayálí alludes in the following couplet from one of his ghazels:

بن خیالی رومده بر رند درد آشامکن
جام فغفوری ایچر خاقان ترکستان بکا

I, Khayálí, am a reveller who drains the dregs in Rūm,
While the Emperor of Turkland[1] quaffs the china bowl to me.

[1] Turkland = Turkistān = the land of the Turks. Here Central Asia, not Turkey, is meant.

Díwán a few stanzaic pieces, murebba[c], mukhammes, and so on, the most remarkable of which is a fine elegy on the talented but unfortunate Prince Mustafá, composed, as is so often the case with such poems, in the verse-form known as Terjí[c]-Bend.

The following ghazel is probably an early production, as it is quoted by Latífí in his Tezkira; it is purely mystical:

Ghazel. [185]

How to make my soul be fellow of the Sempiternal Rayne?
How to strip away all yearning for the world's desire and gain? [1]

How to fly and bide within the curling tresses of the Dear,
Having worn, through love, my body to a hair by wail and plain? [2]

How to cast my falcon will to take the birds of golden wing
That do fly and play them ever o'er the vast quicksilver main? [3]

How with one deep draught to empty all those nine smaragdine bowls
Set in heav'n, and thereby banish hence ebriety's dull pain! [4]

Lo the sphere hath turned Khayálí's visage to an autumn leaf;
How to give it Thee as Keepsake, Thee the spring of beauty fain! [5]

[1] It is well known that the first rule of the mystic philosophy is that no progress can be made in the Higher Life till all selfish desire be killed.

[2] The Dear is the Celestial Beauty, not to be perceived or apprehended without travail of the soul. Occultism, says the theosophist, wears no crown but one of thorns.

[3] The strange picture of the golden-winged birds flying over the quicksilver sea may perhaps have been suggested by the starry heavens; by these birds the poet possibly means nothing more definite than those mysteries of nature which surround us on all sides, and which may be comprehended, say the mystics, through wise, strong, loving purpose.

[4] The nine emerald (that is green, or as we should say, blue) bowls of heaven are of course the nine Ptolemaic spheres, and here represent the universe, the riddle of which the mystic seeks to solve and so escape from all doubt and perplexity into the region of perfect calm.

[5] From two or three passages in his poems, Khayálí would appear to have been of a sallow complexion: Yahya Bey also in one of the verses he directed against the poet, speaks of his yellow face.

The next must also be interpreted in a mystic sense; in the original it is very graceful.

Ghazel. [186]

A Mejnún I, filled with the grace of Leylá; [1]
Within my head the passion-craze of Leylá.

That butt am I of Fate and evil Fortune
Who drowneth in the ocean-maze of Leylá.

To me Love's gory-shrouded martyr seemeth
Each tulip in the desert-ways of Leylá.

The Mejnún heart doth feel but shame at honour
Since branded with the dear disgrace of Leylá. [2]

A silent Mejnún I, fulfilled of rapture,
But in my heart the deaf'ning praise of Leylá.

There falleth on mine ear the anklet's tinkle;
Will e'er appear or glimpse or trace of Leylá?

Till with the inner eye thou see'st, Khayálí,
Ne'er will appear the lovely face of Leylá.

The three following are fairly representative of Khayálí's average style; all are more or less mystical.

Ghazel. [187]

My verses form the burden sung by all the feres of pain and pine;
A story from the world of Love is every single word of mine.

To laud the idols in the convent of the world my sighs and tears
Do furnish, these the organ notes, and those the ruby-tinted wine. [3]

[1] Throughout this ghazel Leylá stands for the Divine Beauty, the object of the mystic's love.

[2] That is, the loving heart which has seen the sweet beauty of the mystic truth, regarded by the world of orthodoxy and convention as blasphemy and disgrace, could feel but shame at what that world holds for honour.

[3] Khayálí means here that while he sighs and weeps for the love of earthly

Although the Erzheng is no longer, every verse of mine doth glow
The picture-gallery of Mání, through the tale of thee divine. [1]

Betake thee to the tomb of Mejnún and behold how Leylá makes
Of every bow of him a surma-holder for her painted eyne. [2]

Behold, Khayálí, thou'rt the champion-wrestler in the field of verse
To-day while reigneth a Darius heaven-throned and Jem-benign. [3]

Ghazel. [188]

Each tree within the mead I held a houri lighted here below,
I saw the flowers and reckoned there the radiance that their faces [4] show.

I looked and saw the garden-ways were fair bestrewn with almond bloom,
And likened them to Eden-bowers wherethrough the streams of camphor flow. [5]

The mead is the Most Blessed Vale, ablaze with all its blooms and treen; [6]
I fancied it was Sinai's Mount with Heaven's refulgency aglow.

The stream beheld the Joseph-flower within the Egypt of the mead;
I thought, the lover holding forth the mirror, filled the while with woe.

beauties, he does in reality pay tribute to the Divine Loveliness which manifests itself through these. The figure in the verse is taken from the Christian worship; the beautiful pictures and images in the churches were but idols to the Muslim, though to the mystic it was easy to see how God could be worshipped through these. The organ and the sacramental wine play important parts in the Christian rites.

[1] Máñí is Manes, the founder of the Manichaean system. The poets represent him as a great painter; and his studio, where he kept his collected paintings, is called Erzheng (sometimes Erzeng and Erteng.)

[2] This couplet is purely mystical and does not refer to any incident in the romance, which makes Leyli die before Mejnún. The meaning may be something like this: The Eternal Beauty, in its countless manifestations, is ever making use of the elements, physical and psychical, of its lovers, in order to give expression to and body forth its own loveliness. Surma is the black powder with which Eastern ladies paint the edges of their eyelids.

[3] In this verse Khayálí gives both the Sultan and himself a pat on the back.

[4] That is, the houris' faces.

[5] Of the streamlets of Paradise it is said that their earth is of camphor, their beds of musk, their sides of saffron, while their pebbles are rubies and emeralds.

[6] The 'Most Blessed Vale' (Vádi-i Eymen) is the valley in which Moses saw the burning bush.

Khayálí, I beheld his breast which grief for rivals had bedecked;
I took it for a desert-land wherein no pleasant grasses grow. [1]

Ghazel. [189]

Naught he knows of medicine's virtue who hath ne'er had ache or pain;
Never doth the caitiff quaff the beaker at the feast of bane. [2]

He shall not be broiled at fires infernal myriad months and years,
He, O zealot, [3] who in cant's hot market-place [4] doth cold remain.

What though I should dance around, O jurist, [5] for the Dear One's love? —
'Twere but meet if dust to circle with the whirlwind still be fain. [6]

One of pinion with the ᶜanqá lofty-souled is he to-day [7]
Who apart, alone, abideth mid creation's nest and grain.

Tidings of the bloom and perfume of this garth [8] Khayálí gives,
Like to yonder leaf autumnal on whose green's the yellow stain. [9]

The next ghazel is said by Professor Nájí to be the best known of Khayálí's poems.

[1] Perhaps an allusion to Yahya Bey.

[2] The caitiff can never win adeptship, to gain which one must suffer.

[3] The 'zealot' (záhid) is a frequent figure in the mystic poetry of the East. He corresponds to Burns's 'unco guid,' and stands for the type of the rigid but somewhat hypocritical orthodoxy of convention. He is usually introduced to serve as butt for some scathing speech of the poet.

[4] A market's being 'hot' or 'warm' means its being busy and much frequented.

[5] The jurist, or doctor of the law, (faqíh) is here introduced as another type of conventional respectability.

[6] It were not strange if I, who am but dust, should be borne round by the all-compelling whirlwind of love for the Divine Beauty.

[7] The ᶜanqá is a fabled bird of gigantic size, supposed to dwell on the summits of Mount Qáf, a chain of lofty mountains said to surround the whole earth, which of course was regarded as flat. The ᶜanqá which is practically the same as the Persian Símurgh, being unique, without mate or companion, is often taken by the poets as a type of the Deity.

[8] The garden of the Divine Beauty, or of love therefor.

[9] Perhaps a remote allusion to the poet's sallow complexion.

Ghazel. [190]

The world-adorners in the world know naught of what adornments be;
Those fish that swim the seas around know naught of that which is the sea.

O zealot, prate not to the tavern-haunters of the pains of hell;
For children of the hour are those, from all the morrow's troubles free.

If lovers looked upon their scars what time the sunset's blood is spilt,
No mote within the solar beams, no moon in heaven would they see.

About their bowéd forms they sling the cords befashioned of their tears;
The arrows of their will they shoot, but know not whence the bow may be.

Khayálí, they whose naked frames in weeds of poverty are wrapped
Do boast themselves thereof, nor reck of satin or of broidery.

I shall close the selections from Khayálí's Díwán with a curious and very original ghazel; it is a little fable, a kind of poem rare at this period, and which, when it does occur, is usually found in mesneví form.

Ghazel. [191]

Once unto the world-illuming Sun the Moon in heaven did say,
'O thou beauty, radiance-visaged, charmer high of fair array,
''Tis thy beaker's dregs that scatter foison over land and sea,
'Whelmed are all earth's myriad atoms in the lustre of thy ray;
'Through thy self the verdant garden finds its glory and its grace,
'By the brilliance oí thy judgment heaven and earth are lumined aye.
'What the sin whereof I'm guilty, what my evil in thy sight,
'That whene'er I look upon thee, thou dost turn thy face away?
'That whene'er I show to thee my body bended as the bow
'Far thou fliest to the apsis of disdain and there dost stay?'
When these words the Moon had spoken reached unto the shining Sun,
Thus the answer came, 'O mirror of the forms of man and fay,
'Whensoe'er thou art beholden in the fulness of thy grace
'Doth the eye of earth still witness how vainglory is thy way.
'If I saw thee meek and lowly, pale of visage and demure,

'Then my love for thee would deepen and my yearning win the day;
'Then if aught I saw of blemish in thy frame, O lover mine,
'I would perfect and complete it by mine own bright beauty's ray.'
Whosoever sees his failings in the mirror of his heart
And doth make his nature perfect, all the realms of soul doth sway.
O Khayálí, shouldst thou meet with woe, a childlike heart's the balm;
If thou seekest to be mighty, be thou lowly, lowly aye.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE LATER SULEYMÁNIC AGE. 964—974 (1556—1566).

Fuzúlí. Poets of Ázerbáyján.

On certain mornings we may see the sun climbing the eastern horizon and bathing all the land in the glory of his radiance, while the moon is shining with soft pale lustre in the western sky. The era of Turkish poetic greatness breaks with such a dawn. Fuzúlí of Baghdad, illustrious by virtue of the originality of his genius, may well represent the sun flashing with his own underived splendour in the east, while Báqí of Constantinople, most gifted of the Persianising poets of his people, may stand for the westering moon shining with a borrowed light.

We must therefore interrupt for a little while our survey of the poets and poetry of western Turkey, and turn our attention eastward; for there, in a remote corner of the Empire, appears this great man, whose genius may be justly called transcendental alike in the intensity of that impassioned pathos which could grapple with and overcome even the deadening conventionalism of Eastern rhetoric, and in its solitariness, since it had neither forerunner nor successor. There is no greater name in all Turkish literature than Fuzúlí of Baghdad. Appearing like a glorious meteor on the eastern horizon of the now far-extending Empire, he flooded for a

space all the distant sky with a strange unwonted splendour, and then sank where he had arisen, leaving none to take his place. Fuzúlí is the earliest of those four great poets who stand pre-eminent in the older literature of Turkey, men who in any age and in any nation would have taken their place amongst the Immortals.

Muhammed bin-Suleymán, whose poetical name was Fuzúlí, is said by a modern writer, on what authority I know not, to have been of Kurdish extraction.[1] There is some doubt as to the exact place of his birth; it was certainly somewhere in the valley of the lower Tigris, in the region known as ʿIráq-i ʿArab, probably either Hilla, as the British Museum Catalogue says, or, as is suggested, though not distinctly stated, by the early biographers, the city of Baghdad. In any case his life was passed almost entirely in the last-named city, the 'Abode of Peace' (Dár-us-Selám) as it is called by the Eastern writers; and a very peaceful, or at least uneventful, life it seems to have been. As was to be expected, the contemporary biographers, living in the midst of the literary world of Constantinople, know next to nothing of this provincial singer in a remote city but just added to the Empire.[2] Latífí had heard his name, and knew that he was one of the 'poets of the age;' he knew also that he had a strange heart-bewitching style which was all his own, and had heard some story about a Khamsa containing an enchanting version of the tale of Leylá and Mejnún, three couplets from which he quotes. ʿÁshiq Chelebi's information goes a trifle further; he knows all that Latífí knows and a little more. He knows

[1] Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfíq in the notice in the Numúna-i Edebiyyat.

[2] Baghdad, which had been in the possession of the Persians and had implored the help of Suleymán, was occupied without resistance by an Ottoman army under the Grand Vezir Ibráhím Pasha in 940 (the very beginning of 1535). The Sultan arrived next day, and remained there with the troops till spring.

that Fuzúlí is 'Baghdádí', of Baghdad, and that he is the 'master and elder of the poets of those parts;' he also knows that when the Ottomans took possession of Baghdad Fuzúlí presented qasídas to Ibráhím Pasha and Qadrí Efendi, and through them to Sultan Suleymán himself, who gave him an order for a pension on the exchequer of the city; but as to whether he was dead or still alive at the time of writing the biographer confesses that he knows nothing.

That writers circumstanced as were Latífí and ʿAshiq should be able to tell us but little about Fuzúlí is only what we should expect, but we might fairly have expected a fuller account and more definite information from ʿAhdí, who was himself a native of Baghdad, and who wrote his Memoirs in that city in the year 971 (1563—4). But here again, although we get a few additional details, the notice is unhappily of the meagrest. So far as it goes, however, it is of value, having regard to the time and place in which the author wrote. He likewise speaks of Fuzúlí as 'Baghdádí,' and adds that he was highly accomplished, being well versed in mathematics and astronomy, and that he was of a lively disposition and was a charming conversationalist. He composed with equal ease and elegance in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, his Turkish poems being highly favoured by the critics of Rúm, his Persian díwán being the delight of the poets of every land, his Turkí pieces being recited by the Mughals, and his Arabic verses being famous with the eloquent among the Arabs. In another part of his book this biographer tells us that Fuzúlí had a son named Fazlí, who also was skilled in versifying in the three languages, and who, at the date of writing, was living in seclusion, apparently in Baghdad. But this son made no mark in literature, and would have been altogether forgotten but for ʿAhdí's brief notice.

ʿAhdí says that Fuzúlí died of the plague in 963 (1555—6).

If this date be correct, his death took place while ʿAhdí was absent from Baghdad, for we know that the author of the Rosebed of Poets left that city in 960 and only returned in 971, a circumstance that might account in some degree for the meagreness of the notice which he accords to his gifted fellow-citizen. But it is not quite certain that this date is correct; Qináli-záde, writing some twenty years later and in the west, says that the poet died 'about the year 970 (1562—3),' and this has generally been accepted as the date of Fuzúlí's death. But it is difficult to think that ʿAhdí, writing a biography of poets in Baghdad in 971, could make so extraordinary a blunder as to antedate by seven years the death of a great and famous poet which had occurred in that very city only the year before; it seems to me much more likely that it is Qinálí-záde whose vague statement is at fault here. A careful examination of Fuzúlí's works might possibly throw some light upon the matter.

In the charming Preface prefixed to his Díwán Fuzúlí himself tells us how his whole life was devoted to literature and especially to poetry. We have a pretty picture of the school which he attended as a little child, with the fair young scholars seated in rows and holding their books like flowers in their small hands. Of years too tender to set out upon the thorny paths of Eastern science, this little company read nothing but poems telling of love, studied nothing but ghazels in which the burning heart sighed forth its passion. Studies so suggestive, combined with the society of such sweet companions, soon began to tell on the impressionable mind of the young Fuzúlí, on the page of whose soul the reed of destiny had on the Primal Day inscribed the love of poetry. He became distraught like the nightingale, and found that his nature gave him leave to warble before these roses. The crescent moon of poetry rose over the horizon

of his mind, and, borrowing the radiance of passion from those sun-bright beauties, waxed greater day by day, till ere long the light of its beams reached far and wide. From time to time, he tells us, this passion for poetry would overmaster him and make all other things fade into insignificance. His fame and reputation were ever on the increase, but it became evident to him that he must study to acquire all manner of science, for poetry without science is like a wall without foundation, and a wall without foundation is but lightly esteemed. So he set to work, and for a time spent the coin of life in acquiring the various sciences, until at length he was able to adorn that beauty, his poetry, with the pearls of knowledge. The Preface next gives an account, to which we shall revert by and bye, of the circumstance which led the poet to collect his Turkish ghazels into a Díwán. This is followed by an appeal which Fuzúlí makes to his (presumably Osmánli) readers not to let his verses fall in their esteem merely because he has never in his life travelled beyond the limits of his native province of ʿIráq-i ʿArab (an interesting item in his slender biography), and not to look with the same contempt upon his ability as upon his birthplace, since the esteem in which a country is held does not affect the ability of an individual, just as the sheen does not pass away from gold because it is lying in the dust, while a fool does not become wise merely through dwelling in a city, nor a wise man a savage through abiding in a desert. All this is interesting as showing in what light the Ázerbáyjání or Persian Turks were regarded by their brethren of the west.

Then comes an entreaty to the 'eloquent of Rúm' on the one hand, and the 'Tartar rhetoricians' on the other, to hold him excused if his verses are not adorned with the words and phrases of those realms, and bedecked with the witticisms

and proverbs of those countries, for the people of every land look upon borrowing as a disgrace. The Preface closes with a prayer that God, whose grace has guided those dear children, his poems, from the narrow strait of nonentity into the pleasant field of existence, may accompany them to whatever land they go, making their advent a blessing and their presence a delight; and that He will shield them from all who would do them wrong, and especially from those three cruel foes, the ignorant scribe, the unskilled reciter, and the envious detractor.

The works of Fuzúlí are written in that dialect of the Turkish language spoken along the Turko-Persian frontier and called Ázerbáyjání from the country of Ázerbáyján, which forms the north-western corner of the modern Kingdom of Persia. Although it has at no time been more than momentarily in the hands of the Ottoman Sultan, this district, which in population and language is almost exclusively Turkish, ought, ethnologically speaking, to have been incorporated in the Ottoman West Turkish Empire; and it is much to be regretted that Suleymán and his successors, in place of wasting the energies of their people and the resources of their state in vain schemes for the conquest of foreign lands which it was as impossible as it was undesirable that they should permanently retain, did not turn their serious attention to completing the best work of their predecessors by gathering under their wing those large bodies of their fellow-Turks who still remained subject to the Shahs of Persia in districts conterminous with their own dominions.

This Ázerbáyjání dialect stands between the Ottoman of Constantinople and the Jaghatay of Central Asia, but is much closer to the former than it is to the latter. Anyone familiar with the Ottoman dialect, especially in its earlier stages, will have no trouble in reading anything written by

Fuzúlí, while he will hardly be able to understand much of Nevá'í without some previous special study.[1] None the less it would appear strange and probably somewhat uncouth to western readers; and so we find Latífí and Qináli-zade, apparently more struck by the dialect than by aught else, likening the works of Fuzúlí to those of Nevá'í. That the poet himself regarded his speech as distinct alike from the ʿOsmánli and the Jaghatay is evident from the appeal in the Preface to his Díwán for indulgence if his words and phrases be found unfamiliar, since they are addressed equally to the 'eloquent of Rúm', namely the Ottomans, and to the 'Tartar rhetoricians', that is the Central Asian Turks.

So far as it goes, the judgment of the early critics on Fuzúlí is wholly favourable. Latífí speaks of his 'strange heart-bewitching' style, and pronounces him an originator with a manner of his own, a fact which ʿAhdí also is able to perceive. Qináli-záde finds his unique style curious but ingenious, and his poetry highly ornate, but possessing dignity and power as well as delicacy, while the clarity of his speech, like unto that of sweet water, is the envy of the heavenly Selsebíl[2]

[1] Among the more obvious peculiarities of Fuzúlí's Turkish are the occasional use of such Eastern forms as اولغنج = اولنجه, ایلکنج = ایلنجه, قیلغنج = قیلنجه, کورکنج = کورنجه; and as اولندهٔ = اولدقدهٔ, یازاندهٔ = یازدقدهٔ, باصندهٔ = باصدقدهٔ. The form اولوبدر = اولشدر was still common in the West, but not اولوبسن = اولشسن, or اولوبم = اولشم. Similarly, while the forms ایدوبن = ایدوب, باقوبان = باقوب were used there, such a form as آچلقان = آچلان was unknown. So was یاپن ساعتدهٔ for یاپدیغی ساعتدهٔ. The forms یوقدر and دررر for یوقدر and در were obsolescent; so was اولر = انلر. Such Eastern accusatives as فضولیسی for فضولیینی were never in use, nor had قاسی ever been generally used for قنغی, nor من for بن, nor تك for کی (there was however an old word بکی still in occasional use). The meaning of a few words is slightly modified: thus Fuzúlí often uses صانمق where an ʿOsmanli would prefer آتمق, طورمق in place of قالقمق, and so on.

[2] The Selsebíl is a river in Paradise.

and of the Fountain of the shining sun, and the verdure of the bowers of his glittering poesy is an object of envy to the rose-garden of the earth and the azure field of the revolving sky. But high-sounding words like these go for little with such authors, who scatter the pearls of their rhetoric with lavish and impartial hand upon genius and mediocrity alike; indeed, many a writer who is now all but forgotten is far more richly handselled with the gems of Qinálí-zadé's eloquence than is he whom all now recognise as the chief glory of Turkish medieval literature.

While it is thus evident that the old critics perceived that in Fuzúlí's poetry they were confronted with something new and strange, it is perfectly clear that they utterly failed to appreciate the greatness of his genius, or to see that in his verses they had the sweetest words yet sung by poet in the Turkish tongue. How, indeed, should they appreciate him? His ways were not as their ways and his world was a very different world from theirs. What had they and their compeers, with their laboured metaphors and far-fetched conceits, to do with that love which in its passionate ardour becomes oblivious of self and all beyond its one dear object? What to them was the simple language of the tender soul, the words that flow from the lips because the heart is full? They cared for none of these things; they had deliberately shut the door in the face of true and natural feeling when they turned in contempt from the songs and ballads of their own Turkish people, wherein, if they had but deigned to look, they would have learned a lesson of simplicity, tenderness and manhood which all the poets of Írán were powerless to teach. Expression was the goddess to whom those monotheists bowed the knee; a poet might be the parrot of the Persians, with not an idea in his head that he had not borrowed from Háfiz or Jámí; or he might be a mystic

whose every verse was a riddle recalling the proverb 'the meaning is in the mind of the poet;' [1] or he might even, if he liked, write the veriest nonsense, with no meaning either for his own mind or for that of any man, but so long as he paid due reverence to Expression, that is to the mass of artificialisms and affectations which masqueraded as such, his Plato-astounding thoughts would reach beyond the Seventh Heaven, and his dulcet words would form the burden on the tongues of men and angels. And so it comes about that, Expression being considered the one thing needful, and excellence therein the true measure of poetic genius, Báqí, the master of the Persianising writers of Turkey, is crowned King of the Poets, while Fuzúlí, in many of whose ghazels there is more real poetry than in the whole Díwán of this King, is dismissed with a few lines of commonplace approval.

It has been reserved for the moderns, who are much more in sympathy with him than were his contemporaries, to fully appreciate the genius of this gifted poet and to perceive the unique position which he occupies in Turkish literature. As I have already suggested more than once, his distinctive characteristic as a poet is pathos; a tender yet passionate tone pervades his works, of which even the most artificial impress us with a feeling of the author's earnestness. No Turkish poet has written ghazels so truly beautiful; Báqí's are more classic, Nedím's more dainty, but none are so intense, none so aglow with living fire as those of the old Baghdádí. There is besides more internal harmony in his ghazels than is usual at this time; the note struck at the beginning is adhered to throughout, and he does not sing each couplet on a different key. Many writers spoil what would otherwise be a pretty ghazel by introducing a distich

[1] المعنى فى بطن الشاعر.

altogether out of harmony with the rest, and striking an entirely new vein of thought, but Fuzúlí is careful to avoid this.

Fuzúlí stands alone; none can charge him with that imitativeness which he somewhat too chivalrously declared was held in all lands for a disgrace. The resemblance which Latífí and Qináli-záde find between him and Nevá'í is the mere superficial resemblance of an unfamiliar dialect, whilst the comparison which ʿAhdí makes between him and Selmán is no more than a conventional compliment. Fuzúlí found his inspiration in the pages of no poet, Turk or Persian, but in his own heart; guided by the light of his own genius, he found a new pathway for himself, a pathway untrodden by any predecessor, and which none of all who followed him could rediscover. He stands alone in old Turkish literature as the Poet of the Heart.

But Fuzúlí could not wholly escape the spirit of his age; in an evil hour he gave himself up, as we have seen, to the study of the 'science' of poetry, a study the results of which are unhappily but too manifest in many of his works. A man of his powers would soon make himself familiar with the literary paraphernalia of the Persians, and, being persuaded that such things were necessary adjuncts to poetry of the loftier style, would freely adorn his verses with novel and striking combinations of the old stock materials; and so we find that there are few even among Turkish poets more artificial than at times is Fuzúlí, few in whose works are more fantastic similes or more far-fetched conceits. But not the least wonderful thing about this poet is that, in spite of these trivialities, his poetry remains poetry; that notwithstanding the evident consciousness and no less evident pleasure with which he introduces his subtile fancies and far-fetched imagery, he never fails to convince us of his perfect sincerity and of his real earnestness of heart. And here he

differs widely from the mass of his contemporaries; for this was a period of literature in which it was natural to all authors, authors in prose as well as authors in verse, to seek out ingenuities of fancy and curiosities of expression. Such a period paralyses mediocrity, and genius alone can encounter it and emerge triumphant.

But Fuzúlí has very many passages and not a few entire poems in which he seems to have forgotten all the learning of the schools, in which the pedant is silent and the voice of the poet alone is heard. And it is these passages and poems, where he gives himself up unrestrainedly to his own passionate feelings and pours out his ardent heart, all oblivious of the canons of schoolman and rhetorician, that form his true title to our affection and esteem, and have won for him the high position which is his in the literature of the East.

The genius of Fuzúlí is intensely subjective; he is unable to perceive a thing as it is in itself or as it would be if he were not there; he reads himself into everything he sees, and even in those poems descriptive of external objects it is not so much the objects themselves as the impression they produce upon his mind that is uppermost in his thoughts. This subjectivity is a feature of the time, and is shared more or less by all the poets of the Archaic and Classic Periods, but in Fuzúlí it finds its most eloquent, if not its ultimate, expression. A result perhaps in part of this mental attitude is that tone of sadness which pervades almost all of this author's writings. Still when we read those sweet sad lines so full of a gentle yet passionate yearning, we cannot escape the feeling that we are here in the presence of one who has looked closely on the face of sorrow.

Fuzúlí is not a philosophising poet like Khayálí, with a Díwán full of mystic odes, but every now and then we come across a line or a phrase deftly introduced in a ghazel which

sets us thinking, and we see that we have here no mere writer of love ditties, but a man who has pondered long and deeply on the great Whence and Whither. His philosophy is of course that mysticism which in one form or another was the bread of life to all the Eastern sages of old time.

Turning for a moment to the technical side of Fuzúlí's work, we find Ekrem Bey in his Course of Literature [1] praising him for the harmony of his language, bracketing him in this connection with Nefʿí, the second great poet of the old School, and with the modern writers Shinásí Efendi and Kemál Bey, all of whom, he says, owe something of the great reputation they enjoy in the literary world to the presence of this particular beauty in their works. If we bear in mind when and where they were written, it is but natural that Fuzúlí's poems should abound in Persianisms, and so we are not astonished at frequently coming across Iranian idioms and constructions where it may seem to us that little would have been lost in speaking plain homely Turkish, even though the turn of the phrases might not have been quite Constantinopolitan. [2]

The modern writers are, as I have said, better able to sympathise with and therefore to appreciate Fuzúlí than were the critics of his own time. Ziyá Pasha gives many quotations both from his Díwán and from his Leylá and Mejnún, and in the preface to his anthology he speaks of the ghazels of the old poet as being still full of vital ardour and of his Díwán as being aglow with the fire of love. He says that Fuzúlí does not think of art when writing his ghazels; that the art is there, but unconsciously, spontaneously, a state-

[1] تعليم ادبيّات, vol. I, p. 124.

[2] For example, he is a great offender against the rule of Turkish composition that there should not be more than three izáfets (Persian genitive construction) in succession in prose, and four in poetry (and that but rarely).

ment which is called in question by Kemál Bey. In another place, discussing the Leylá and Mejnún, the Pasha says that the understanding is lost in admiration of this heart-attracting poem, and that though there are many Leylá and Mejnúns, none is equal to this. Kemál Bey would begin the true poetry of Turkey with the works of Fuzúlí. Memdúh Bey in his pamphlet on Ottoman literature simply ignores all that has gone before and starts with this poet. He is the first poet mentioned by Ekrem Bey in his little treatise on the old writers; and Professor Nájí looks upon him as the greatest of the love-poets of Turkey.

The two works on which the fame of Fuzúlí rests are his Díwán and his Leylá and Mejnún. He has, as we shall see, other writings, both in verse and prose; but these, admirable though they are, are subordinate to the two just mentioned. The Díwán is preceded by a Preface in prose, with verses interspersed, in which, as we have seen, he gives some account of his studies and of his devotion to poetry. He further tells how he came to collect his Díwán; one day a musky-haired beauty comes to see him, who after winning his heart by sweet and gracious words, reminds him that he alone is able to write poetry with equal grace in Arabic, Persian and Turkish, and represents to him that while his Persian ghazels [1] and his Arabic Rejeż are a joy and delight to many, it is unjust that the Turkish lovelings should be left without a share, an omission which might moreover eventually prove a defect in the foundation of the edifice of his fame. The musky-haired beauty's words seemed good to Fuzúlí who, although at that time engaged on work of greater import (one cannot help wondering what it was),

[1] Fuzúlí wrote a complete Díwán in Persian, of which there is in the British Museum a manuscript marked Add. 7785, and which has been lithographed in Tabríz.

resolves to carry out the suggestion and collect into a Díwán the various Turkish ghazels which he had written from the days of his childhood, He therefore set to work, and, having requested his friends to return the poems which he had from time to time given them, compiled the book which has made him immortal. The first part of the foregoing pretty little story is quite conventional, and probably entirely fictitious; those old Turkish poets seem to have had no lack of encouragement from fair friends, so perhaps it is not astonishing that they were so industrious.

The Díwán itself opens with a number of qasídas which are for the most part panegyrics on Sultan Suleymán and certain Ottoman officials, probably connected with the government of Baghdad. Poetry of this kind was altogether alien to the genius of Fuzúlí, so that nothing very remarkable can be looked for here, and, as a matter of fact, his qasídas are surpassed by those of several of his contemporaries. Very different are the ghazels, some three hundred in number, in which Fuzúlí pours out his heart, and sighs and smiles by turns. The few stanzaic pieces which follow are very quaint and pretty, being lighter and brighter in tone than the ghazels; if the sighs are heard more often in the latter, we have the smiles in fuller measure here. A section of quatrains (rubá'ís) brings the Díwán proper to a close, but some copies have further a few pieces celebrating the triumphs of the Ottoman arms in the East. These, as well as the qasídas, partake of the nature of court poetry, and both sections are usually omitted in manuscripts and printed editions of the Díwán, which loses little of value and gains much in unity of tone and feeling by their absence.

The true Díwán of Fuzúlí, that is the Díwán, as we have it with the court poetry eliminated, is inspired by love, and by love alone; the spirit of love, or rather of love's sadness,

exhales from all its pages.[1] This love of Fuzúlí's, to the glory of which his whole Díwán is one long rapturous hymn, is of a nature so subtle and etherealised that one doubts whether its object had any existence on the material plane at all. The beloved is rarely presented to us as a human creature formed of flesh and blood; we are conscious only of a vague presence of more than mortal beauty, and clothed about with radiance, but intangible, impalpable as the vision of a saint. Had this beloved any objective existence, or was the whole but a poet's dream, and this fair being no more than the personification of the writer's ideal of all loveliness? No one can tell; we can only guess; it may be that there was, or once had been, some one whom the poet loved and through his love invested with all that he could conceive of grace and beauty, and whose image abode in his heart clad in this garment of perfection which had no counterpart in the outer world. Be that as it may, Fuzúlí's love is of the purest; unsullied by any stain of the sordid or the earthly, it is such as the angels in heaven might bear to one another.

Here again Fuzúlí is the mirror of his age. The loves of the poets of this time are always more or less mystical and transcendental, and have, for the most part, an air of unreality about them. Similarly, the erotic aspect of love is hardly recognised in Turkish poetry till the more objective spirit of the Transition Period begins to assert itself.[2]

[1] The Díwán of Fuzúlí was printed at Buláq in 1254 (1838—9), and his Leylá and Mejnún (under the title of Manzúma-i-Fuzúlí) in Constantinople in 1264 (1847—8). His Kulliyyát, or complete Turkish works, were printed at Constantinople in 1291 (1874).

[2] Except in the nuptial scenes in certain of the romances, where the whole business is set forth in a series of metaphors, sometimes obscure, sometimes daring enough; but the matter is never unduly insisted upon; it is neither accentuated nor shirked, but takes its natural place in the story, and may fill some thirty or forty lines in a mesneví of three or four thousand couplets.

In one respect, however, Fuzúlí's good taste raises him above the spirit of his age. He has none of that unnatural and unbecoming misogyny, real or affected, which was at this time fashionable among the learned men of Persia and Turkey. Indeed, one of the very few more tangible and plain-spoken poems in his Díwán is frankly addressed to a girl, his 'Káfir qizi' or 'paynim maid,' [1] a proceeding from which Ahmed Pasha or Isháq Chelebi would have shrunk in horror.

Fuzúlí has but two or three strings to his lyre, tuned though these be to perfect harmony, and it is more than probable that the European reader of to-day would find his Díwán, as he would that of most Eastern poets, somewhat monotonous reading. But to the student of Oriental poetry it is a veritable treasure-house of delights; there is scarcely a ghazel but contains at least one couplet enshrining some gem of thought or fancy. Graceful and unlooked for little pictures, quaint and loveable as those charming designs wherewith the artists of Japan delighted to beautify their inros and their tsubas, await us on well-nigh every page, and by their infinite variety dispel all feeling of melancholy and dreary sameness, so that what might otherwise have been a dull cloud of tearful monotony becomes a shimmering pearly haze blending all things into harmonious unity.

Fuzúlí's second great work, his version of the romance of Leylá and Mejnún, belongs to the last period of his life. In the epilogue he speaks of himself as one from whose hands the capital of life has passed and who has profited nothing from all that he has done. A little further on he indicates in a chronogram the year in which the work was finished 963 (1556), which as we have seen is probably the

[1] Not necessarily a Jewess or a Christian, but merely a tyrant to her lover. See poem N°. 200.

year of his death.[1] The poem opens in the usual way with the praises of God and the Prophet; these are followed by panegyrics on Sultan Suleymán and Veys Bey,[2] who was governor of Baghdad, and to whom several of the poet's qasídas are addressed. Then comes the 'Occasion of the Writing of the Book.' One day the poet was at a wine-feast with certain accomplished friends from Rúm; the talk ran upon poets and poetry, upon Sheykhí and Ahmedí, Jelílí and Nizámí, when Fuzúlí, becoming exhilarated by the good cheer, fell to vaunting his own poetic powers. Thereupon his companions proposed to him that he should undertake the story of Leylá and Mejnún, for although there were many versions of the tale in Persian, there was as yet none in Turkish. Much against his inclination Fuzúlí consented, for the story was a sad one, giving no joy to either thought or fancy (had it been otherwise many of the talented would have handled it before); but he perceived that the proposal was made as a test of his powers, and it was less painful to set to work on it than to begin and make excuses.

This story may or may not be historical; but the statement that the romance of Leylá and Mejnún had never been treated in Turkish is of course absolutely wrong. Fuzúlí may be excused if he never heard of the obscure writers Bihishtí and Khayálí who made Ottoman versions in the days of Selím the Grim, and even if he was ignorant of the rendering given

[1] تاریخنه دوشدیلر موافق بر اولقله اول ایکی عاشق

The printed texts read بر اولغیله اول ایکی عاشق which is obviously incorrect as it gives the sum 1873, a Hijra date from which we are still more than a half a millennium distant. I have therefore ventured, though without authority, to amend it as above. The British Museum has a MS. of the poem, but the text of this is not very full, and among the omitted passages is that containing the chronogram. A further difficulty is, however, raised by the fact that the poem is cited by Latífí, who finished his Tezkire in 953 (1546—7).

[2] Called Uveys in the British Museum MS.

by Hamdí, whose Joseph and Zelíkhá eclipsed all his other work; but he ought to have known that Nevá'í had treated the story in Jaghatay Turkish some sixty years before.

The romance itself is merely the slender story of the desert beauty and her frenzied lover,[1] but told with that passion combined with simplicity which we should expect from Fuzúlí. Many ghazels in the poet's own characteristic and eloquent style are scattered through the narrative. These ghazels are put into the mouths of the actors, usually at some point where their feelings are strung to so high a pitch that they seem unable to find relief save in a lyric outburst. The same tone of gentle melancholy that runs through the Díwán pervades this poem; but the style is simpler, there are fewer quaint conceits, there is less of fantastic imagery, while the language is perhaps a trifle freer from provincialisms and dialectal peculiarities.

In the pathetic little story of Leylá and Mejnún Fuzúlí has a subject well suited to his genius. Like many another great poet, he did not care to invent his story; he was content to take one that was already common property, and by the magic of his treatment turn it to his own. The story of Shírín is more dramatic, that of Joseph more picturesque, but neither would have afforded such scope for the exercise of the writer's special gifts, and he acted wisely in making the selection that he did, or in following the advice of his companions, if we suppose the story in the prologue to be true.

Fuzúlí's Leylá and Mejnún is without doubt the most beautiful mesneví that had yet been written in the Turkish language, and it is very questionable whether it has ever been surpassed. There is one poem, and one only, that can compete with it, that is Sheykh Ghálib's Husn u 'Ashq or

[1] See vol. II, pp. 172—190. Fuzúlí followed Jámí's rather than Nizámí's narrative.

Beauty and Love, written late in the Transition Period, the last romantic mesneví in Turkish literature. This fine poem is more powerful and far more original than Fuzúlí's, but it cannot compare with the older work in pathos or intensity: according to the reader's temperament will be his preference.

Fuzúlí's poem consists of nearly 3400 couplets, and is written in the same metre as the prototype by Nizámí.

Fuzúlí has two other poetical works, the Sáqí-Náma or Cup-bearer Book, and the Beng u Báda or Nepenthe and Wine. Both are short mesnevís, the former containing a little over 300 couplets, the second about 440; but the Sáqí-Náma is in Persian, and so outside our present sphere. The Beng u Báda, which is in Turkish, must have been one of its author's earliest works, for although the year of composition is not given, its dedication to Shah Ismaʿíl fixes it as being somewhere between 907 (1501—2), when the Persians took Baghdad, and 930 (1524) when Ismaʿíl was succeeded by his son Tahmásp. The line containing Shah Ismaʿíl's name is omitted in many copies, doubtless because the Ottoman scribes were loath to admit that a poet whom they reckoned as one of theirs should have inscribed a book to the heretical sovereign who had dared to withstand the grim Selím. [1] The poem is a phantasy conceived in the same spirit as Lámiʿí's Contention between Spring and Winter, but written wholly in verse. When Fuzúlí wrote, the use of the opiate called

[1] The line is, however, supplied by the printed edition of Fuzúlí's Complete Works. (Kulliyyát-i Fuzúlí).

مجلس افروز بزمگاه خلیل جم ایّام شاه اسمعیل
اندن آسوده در غنی و گدا خلّد الله ملکه ابدا

The feast-brightener of the banquet-hall of the Intimate,
The Jem of the age, Shah Ismaʿíl.
At rest through him are rich and poor,
God perpetuate his Kingdom to eternity!

beng (which we may translate by nepenthe)[1] had become very prevalent in the East, especially among the doctors and men of learning, many allusions to whose fondness for it are to be found in the poem. It was proving a formidable rival to wine for the suffrages of the devotees of pleasure, and Fuzúlí figuratively describes the competition between them as a struggle between two Kings. King Wine is seated surrounded by his courtiers ᶜAraq, Nebíd, and Boza,[2] when Sáqí (Cup-bearer) arrives and tells how he has been at the court of King Beng who boasts himself lord of all, and master even of King Wine. The latter takes counsel of those present and determines to send Boza on an embassy to Beng, demanding his submission. Beng naturally scorns such a course, and having talked the matter over with his friends Afyon (opium) and Maᶜjún (electuary), sends the latter to Wine with a counter demand. The result is that they go to war, Beng being eventually defeated. The little work is interesting as throwing light upon certain byways of life in those days, but its poetical value is of the slightest. There is in it no trace of Fuzúlí's proper style, nor, so far as I can see, any promise of his future distinction; its interest is merely that of a curiosity.

Both Latífí and Qináli-záde say that Fuzúlí is the author of a Khamsa, or set of five long mesnevís which the former further declares to be a 'response' to the famous Khamsa of Nizámí. Neither, however, knows any detail except that the story of Leylá and Mejnún forms the subject of one of the five. ᶜAhdí, while specially mentioning the Leylá and Mejnún as being Fuzúlí's work 'in the mesneví form', says nothing whatever about this alleged Khamsa. No particulars

[1] Beng or bang (like hashísh, chars, kíf, etc.) is a preparation of Indian hemp (Cannabis Indica).

[2] ᶜAraq (raqi) is spirit; nebíd (or nebíz) is date-wine; boza is a drink made from malted millet.

concerning it are forthcoming, no copy of it is known te exist. Ekrem Bey says that, having seen it mentioned in certain Tezkires, he applied to several libraries in Constantinople, but no manuscript was to be found. It therefore seems to me that the two Western biographers are in error in their ascription of a Khamsa to Fuzúlí. We have already seen that their information about this poet is vague and uncertain; and it is incredible that in those days one mesneví out of a set of five should have attained the celebrity of Fuzúlí's Leylá and Mejnún, while the remaining four should have been so utterly and absolutely forgotten that their very names are lost. Again, had the poet written a Khamsa, it is scarcely likely that ʿAhdí would have passed it over in complete silence, referring at the same time to the single poem of Leylá and Mejnún as being Fuzúlí's work in mesneví, as though this were the only thing of importance he had achieved in that form. It is much more probable that Latífí received and chronicled a piece of erroneous information, which Qináli-záde, either through negligence or inability, failed to check before transferring to his own work.

In prose Fuzúlí wrote a history of the Holy Family of Islám, which he called Hadíqat-us-Suʿadá or The Garth of the Blessed. This work, which deals chiefly with the sufferings and martyrdoms of the Imáms Hasan and Huseyn, the grandsons of the Prophet, follows the lines of the Persian Rawzat-ush-Shuhadá, or 'Garden of Martyrs,' of Huseyn Váʿiz, [1] but comprises many details collected from other sources. It contains a very beautiful elegy, in the Terkíb-Bend form, on the Imám Huseyn, who was slain in the desert of Kerbelá,

[1] Huseyn Vaʿiz died in 910 (1504—5): amongst his numerous writings is the Anvár-i Suheylí, or 'Lights of Canopus', a book of fables, the Turkish translation of which, called the Humáyún-Náma or 'Imperial Book', made by ʿAlí Chelebi about this time, is reckoned among the finest prose works of the Old School.

along with his little band of followers, after a long and brave resistance, by the army of the usurping Caliph Yezíd.

There is further a petition addressed by Fuzúlí to the Nishánji Pasha protesting against the action of the local authorities who refused to comply with the instructions of the Sultan's order granting him a pension, and requesting the assistance of that officer. This letter, which is called the Shikáyet-Náma or 'Plaint' of Fuzúlí, is held by the modern critics to be among the best examples of early Turkish prose; it is simple and natural in tone, with a certain naïveté even in its conceits. It is written in the Ottoman dialect.

The following ghazels are taken from the Díwán; the reader will observe how different they are in tone from those of any preceding poet, and how much closer than usual is the connection between the several couplets.

Ghazel. [192]

O my loved one, though the world because of thee my foe should be,
'Twere no sorrow, for thyself alone were friend enow for me.

Scorning every comrade's rede, I cast me blindly midst of love;
Ne'er shall foe do me the anguish I have made myself to dree.

Dule and teen shall never fail me long as life and frame abide;
Life may vanish, frame turn ashes: what is life or frame to me?

Ah, I knew not union's value, ere I tasted parting's pain;
Now the gloom of absence makes me many a dim thing clear to see.

Smoke and embers are for me, O gard'ner, cypress-tree and rose;
What should I with bowers? Thine the bowers, mine the fire, perdie!

Yonder Moon hath bared her glance's glaive; be not unheeding, heart;
For decreed this day are bitter wail to me and death to thee.

O Fuzúlí, though that life should pass from love's way pass not I;
By the path where lovers wander make my grave, I pray of ye.

Ghazel. [193]

Whensoe'er I call to mind the feast of union 'twixt us twain,
Like the flute, I wail so long as my waste frame doth breath retain. [1]

'Tis the parting day; rejoice thee, O thou bird, my soul, for now
I at length shall surely free thee from this cage of dule and pain. [2]

Lest that any, fondly hoping, cast his love on yonder Moon,
'Gainst her tyranny and rigour unto all I meet I plain.

Ah, my tears of blood suffice not for my weeping eyes' outlay,
So each moment from my vitals aid to borrow am I fain. [3]

Grieve not I whate'er injustice rivals may to me display;
'Gainst my dear's despite, I teach my heart injustice to sustain.

Well I know I ne'er shall win to union with thee, still do I
Cheer at times my cheerless spirit with a hope as fond as vain.

I have washed the name of Mejnún off the face of earth with tears;
O Fuzúlí, surely I likewise a name on earth shall gain.

Ghazel. [194]

Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.

Past away hope's gracious shadow, passion's sun beats fierce and hot;
Lofty the degree of ruin, lowly is the rank of right.

Little power hath understanding, louder aye grows slander's voice,
Scant the ruth of fickle Fortune, daily worsens Love's despite.

I'm a stranger in this country, [4] guile-beset is union's path;
I'm a wight of simple spirit, earth with faerie shows is dight.

[1] The flute wails so long as the player's breath is in it; the poet wails till his breath ceases, i. e. till he dies, or till he swoons for sorrow.

[2] That is, from the body.

[3] The liver (the seat of passion) was supposed to be formed of blood in a solid state.

[4] The world.

Every slender figure's motions form a stream of sorrow's flood,
Every crescent-brow's a head-line of the scroll that madness hight.

Learning's dignity's unstable as the leaf before the wind;
Fortune's workings are inverted, like the trees in water bright.

Sore desired the frontier, fraught with anguish lies the road of trial;
Yearned for is the station, all the path of proof beset with fright.

Like the harp's sweet voice, the longed for beauty bides behind the veil;[1]
Like the bubbles on the wine, reversed the beaker of delight.

Separation is my portion, dread the way to union's land;
Ah, I weet not where to turn me, none is here to guide aright.

Tears of cramoisie have seizéd on Fuzúlí's sallow cheek;
Lo, what shades the Sphere cerulean maketh thereupon to light.

Ghazel. [195]

Ay, belike these wine-dregs are the dust of one whose heart was fair,
So the bubbles o'er them fashion domes with reverential care.[2]

When my tears and sighs thou sightest, rain and levin deem not these;
Ken not I my plight, but weep and burn for me the clouds o' the air.

What the use of that vain question, thou who askest of my case?
Ask, an so thou please, but never aught of answer shalt thou hear.

O'er my tomb, amidst the waste of woe, should e'er the whirlwind-tree
Rear its head, to stint thy water round that tree, mirage, forbear.

Never having won to union with the Leylá fair, O sun,
Dost thou, like to me, turned Mejnún, wander o'er the desert bare.[3]

[1] The word perda means both 'veil' and 'note' (in music), and is here used in both senses.

[2] Little domes are raised over the tombs of saints in the East. Here the dregs of the wine are supposed to have once formed part of the body of some holy man, and, by the figure husn-i taʿlíl, the bubbles are said to be the domes raised over these.

[3] The sun crosses the deserts over which Mejnún used to wander when he went melancholy mad for the love of Leylá.

Yonder Goddess reared her eyebrow, shrine-ward turn not I my face; [1*]
Let me be, O zealot, vex not me, so thou do God revere.

All thy life-coin thou hast squandered one fair Idol's love to win;
O Fuzúlí, woe is to thee, if this compt be called for e'er.

Ghazel. [196]

Cast the veil from thy moon-cheek, the morn doth ray;
Forth! for forth is come the sun to take survey.

Surely my heart-strings suffice thee, knot thou these;
Only curl no more those jasmine-locks, I pray. [2]

Roaming flushed, cast not thy glance on every side;
Ah! consign not all the world to waste dismay.

Toward thy lovers leave not thou to turn thine eyes;
Hold thee from the heart-consuming wail away.

Every night I count the stars till morning break;
Thou, the night apart from whom's my Reckoning-Day.

Hell he ne'er shall sight who burns for thy disdain,
None to torment doomed may win to Heaven a way. [4]

Earth's duresse hath cast me from my feet adown;
Give me wine, cup-bearer, that doth dule allay.

Oh! have ruth upon those fallen for thy love;
Hast no meed a guerdon-gaining deed to' assay?

Should the loved one ask, 'How fareth it with thee,
'Sick Fuzúlí?' what wouldst thou in answer say?

[1] Here the mihráb or prayer-niche (see vol. I, p. 224, n. 1) is coupled with the eyebrow, on account of its arched top.

[2] That is, jasmine-scented locks.

[3] The Reckoning-Day is properly the Day of Judgment; here Fuzúlí boldly calls the night spent apart from his beloved his Reckoning-Day; literally, because he counts the stars all night (i. e. lies awake); and metaphorically, on account of the torments he suffers.

[4] And Hell itself would be Heaven compared to the torment caused by thy disdain.

Ghazel. [197]

Lo thy mole hath thrown my fortune all a-tangle like thy hair;
Ne'er a day, O free from dolour, wilt thou ask me, 'How dost fare?'

Heart, yon cypress-figure's shade is past away from o'er thy head;
Weep, for now thy blithesome fortune changeth into drear despair.

Never would I let the spirit's tablet deck the body's wall,
Were it not, O dearest one, that Love had drawn thine image there.[1]

Though thou dost not draw the glaive of wrath to work my death forthright,
Yet forsooth some day 'twill slay me, this despite thou mak'st me bear.

Yearning for that mole so musky and that ruddy cheek o' thine
Whelms the pupils of mine eyen mid the liver's gore for e'er.

O thou bird, my heart, I rede thee, keep thee from Love's snare away,
Ere the stone of slight have broken these thy plumes and pinions fair.

Like thy shadow, hath Fuzúlí lain for long before thy feet,
In the hope that thou may'st one day tread him prone before thee there.

Ghazel. [198]

Goddess, when I sight thy figure wonder makes me dumb to be;
He who sees my plight and fashion for a figure holdeth me.[2]

Naught of love to me thou showest, naught of ruth, till now at length
Passion for thy locks doth tread me like the shadow on the lea.

Weak my star, my fortune adverse, yet withal thy gracious mien
Ever fills my soul with yearning fond for union with thee.

Thou a princess; I, a beggar, may not woo thee: what can I?
Yearning dazeth me with fancies vain I ne'er can hope to see.

Shoot not forth thy glance's dart, it smites my vitals, spills my blood;
Cast not loose thy knotted tresses, for they work my tormentry.

[1] I would never consent to live on but for the picture of thee which Love has drawn in my mind.

[2] That is, for a lifeless form.

Destiny long since hath vowed me to the love of darlings fair;
Every moon-bright one doth make me thrall of down and mole to be.

O Fuzúlí, never shall I quit the path of Love, because
Through his virtue gain I entrance mid the noble company.[1]

Ghazel. [199]

Ah, the happy days when thy dear face was aye before my sight,
When the lamp of union with thee filled the eye of hope with light.

Then the joy of being near her made the ailing body whole,
Then the cheer of union with her brought the weary heart respite.

Radiant was my welfare's taper, mighty was my fortune's star,
Current was my glory's edict, prosperous my pleasure's site.

Naught of censure's dust had lighted on the skirt my gladness wore;
Far the envier's eye, far distant from my party of delight.

Then was I a man, right welcome was I at her gracious court;
Mine abode was Heav'n; my drink, Kevser; my fere, a houri bright.

Fate was bidden to accomplish whatsoever thing I sought,
Time was bounden strait to order everything I wished aright.

Whatsoever prayer I uttered found an answer meet straightway,
Whatsoever boon I cried for granted freely was forthright.

Naught of grief, foreboding parting, suffered I to reach my heart,
Though I saw how Fortune ever dealeth dolour and despite.

What then if the Sphere do cast Fuzúlí midst of parting's pains? —
In the days of union bode he still a vain and heedless wight.

The following mukhammes is taken as an example of Fuzúlí's stanzaic poems; it is that already referred to as being addressed to the Paynim maiden, and is written in a slightly humorous style.

[1] Da quel giorno in qua' ch'amor m'accese
Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese.
Luigi Pulci.

Mukhammes. [200]

Thou whose body silk y-clad is attar within crystal clear,[1]
Gleaming water is thy breast, thy buttons shine the bubbles here;[2]
Thou'rt so bright earth hath no power to gaze upon thy beauty sheer;
Naked did'st thou rise and cast the veil and coif from thee, my dear,
Ne'er a doubt whene'er it saw thee, earth were ravished far and near.

Lo, the heart hath limned thy golden bower and told thy rubies' ray;[3]
And the rubies in thine ear have harkened heedful to its say.[4]
While the comb thy hair companions, love-sick I am far away;
Every time it opes a tangle, bites the comb in am'rous play:
Many a tangle knots my heart-strings, envying its goodly cheer.

Roseate face, and shift of rosy hue, and trousers cramoisie:
Thou hast donned thy flaming garments, and hast made us fire to dree.
Paynim maiden, ne'er was born of seed of Adam one like thee;
Sun and moon in beauty's circle 'fore thy face undone would be.
Sure the shining moon's thy father, and the sun thy mother fair.

Ruffled I of yonder musky hair thy fillet red doth crown;
'Neath the golden anklets that thy silvery legs adorn I'm prone.
Think not I am like thy fillet void of thy sun-love, O Moon;
Nay, my semblance is the golden chain about thy cheek that 's thrown.[5]
Pangs a thousand from thy glances' shafts my woeful breast doth bear.

[1] The sweet body is the attar of roses; the diaphanous silk dress, the crystal vessel.

[2] By extension, the 'buttons' may further allude to the lady's breasts.

[3] This is a very difficult line:

دل چکوب زرّین اوتاغک ویردی لعلکدن صوراغ

"The heart hath drawn (depicted) thy golden pavilion, and given news of thy rubies."

Remembering that Fuzúlí often uses "golden" for "red," and vice versâ, the meaning seems to be somewhat as follows:

"My heart, bleeding (red) through love of thee, recalls thy red pavilion (apparently some apartment or Kiosque adorned with gilding or red paint), and similarly gives a hint of (the colour of) thy rubies (red lips)."

[4] The rubies in thine ear = 'thy ruby earrings,' or perhaps 'thy rosy ear.'

[5] This line contains a far-fetched equivoque that cannot be reproduced in translation. Mihr (translated 'sun-love') means both 'sun' and 'love;' the fillet,

Tulip-red thy hands with henna,[1] and with surma[2] black thine eyne;
Like to thee is ne'er a beauty thus bedecked so fair and fine.
Shafts thy glances,[3] bows of poplar green those painted brows o' thine;
Still unto thy glance and eyebrow doth Fuzúlí e'er incline: —
Passing strange the bird should fly not bow and arrow, filled with fear!

The following will serve as a specimen of the rubá'ís.

Rubá'í. [201]

If thou desire thy love, self-love forego;
If thy desire be self, thy love forego.
With love of self may ne'er a love be gained;
So love thereof, or love hereof, forego.

Before taking leave of the Díwán, I shall quote a few stray couplets from different ghazels, which are both pretty and characteristic of the author's style.

being in thy hair, does not embrace thy mihr, i. e. sun (-like face), but the chain, hanging round thy cheeks, does; so I am not like the former, but like the latter, as I too embrace thy mihr 'love,' i. e. love of thee is within my heart.

[1] Henna (properly hinna, but usually pronounced qina in Turkish) is the plant lawsonia inermis, from the leaves of which is made the red dye used by Eastern ladies for staining the nails and sometimes parts of the hands and feet; men occasionally use it for dyeing the beard.

[2] Surma, the preparation of antimony used for darkening the edges of the eyelids.

[3] The comparison of the eyebrow to a bow, and of the glance to the shaft or arrow is a favourite.

[4] Fuzúlí here speaks of the eyebrows as 'vesmelu,' i. e. painted with indigo, and likens them to bows of green poplar. The 'green poplar' (yeshil toż) may be some particular variety of the tree, or it may mean merely a young poplar; in either case the word 'green' has a secondary reference to the indigo-stained eyebrows, and is an instance of the identification of the colours blue and green. [In a pencil-note of the Author's which I found lying between the pages the following parallel passage is cited from Zihní's Yúsuf and Zelíkhá: —

ایدوب وسمیله زینت ابروانه، یشل زه باغلدی مشکین کمانه،

'Adorning her eyebrows with indigo, she bound the green bow-string to the black (musky) bow.' ED.]

Couplets. [202]

Yonder Moon knew naught of how I burned upon the parting-day;
Kens the sun about the taper burning all night long till morn?

* *

Day by day the heart-consuming flame of absence fiercer grew;
Brighter shines the moon's refulgence as it further leaves the sun.

* *

Strange a secret that of love, for ere to any wight I spake,
Voices through the town were crying how I loved thee fond and dear.

* *

All the world through thee rejoiceth, I alone am thrall to dole;
Dole is forth the world departed, and hath homed within my soul.

* *

Whate'er the bondage be, 'tis sheer distress; a cage would only grieve
The nightingale, although they formed it all of branches of the rose.

* *

Ah Fuzúlí, lo, the Sphere hath bowed our frame, as though 'twould say,
'Bend thee down, for now 'tis time that through the door of life thou pass.'

* *

The zephyr will not let the tender rose-leaf kiss the dust that lies
Aneath thy feet until the dew hath laved its face an hundred times.

* *

Ne'er could they the tyrant glaive of those thy Shírín-lips aby,
Though the Sphere should, like to Ferhád, fashion lovers' frames of stone. [1]

* *

Neither rosebud glads nor rose expands the stricken heart of me,
Sore it yearneth for that smiling lip and red red cheek o' thine.

* *

To hear the praises of thy pearly teeth the sea is fain,
And so its ear may ever be seen upon the shore. [2]

* *

[1] An allusion to Ferhád's sculpturing the figures of Shírín and Khusrev on Mount Bí-Sitún.

[2] The deniz qulaghi or sea-ear is what we call the ear-shell. This couplet supplies an example of the curious but original imagery which Fuzúlí at times affects.

Let us now look at a couple of passages from the Leylá and Mejnún; the first tells how Mejnún redeemed the gazelle from the hunter in the desert, touched with pity because he saw in it a fellow-sufferer, and because its eyes reminded him of Leylá's.

From Leylá u Mejnún. [203]

He saw where a hunter had set his snare
To ensnare the gazelles at unaware.
A gentle fawn in his snare was caught,
Its black eyne with tears of blood were fraught.
Its neck entangled, its feet bound fast,
Its bright eyes wet, and its heart aghast.
Mejnún had ruth on its drearihead:
He gazed and rosy tears he shed.[1]
That hapless one came his heart anear,
And gently he spake to the hunter there:
'Have ruth on this fawn, I pray of thee;
'Who would not pity this misery?
'O hunter, slay not this hapless one;
'Have ruth on thy soul, and let it be gone.
'O hunter, beware, this crime evade;
'Knowest not that blood is by blood repaid?
'O hunter, give thou its blood to me,
'And make not its heart the fire to dree.'
'It is thus that I live,' the hunter said,
'I shall loose not its feet though I lose my head.
'If the life of this quarry I should spare,
'How would my wife and my children fare?'
Mejnún gave him all his gear with glee,
Of every leaf he stripped his tree;
He loosed the bonds of that sweet gazelle,
And rejoiced its woeful heart right well.
He stroked its face with a weary groan,
He gazed in its eyes and thus made moan:
'O thou, as the desert whirlwind fleet,

[1] The rosy tears, i. e. red tears, tears of blood, i. e. shed in anguish.

'With slender body fostered sweet,
'The adorn of all earth's roses thou,
'Rose-fair in all of thy poses thou,
'O greenth by the stream in the desert drear,
'O jasmine sweet of the desert vere,
'Ah leave not unhappy me alone,
'Be thou my guide through the desert lone!
'Come, wander with me for a day or twain,
'And loathe me not for that I am man;
'Nor run, like the tears, from my weeping eyne,
'Nor speed thee hence from this path of mine.
'In the fount of mine eyen make thy stay;
'Despise not our resting-place, I pray.
'In the pupil of mine eye abide, [1]
'My lashes and tears will food provide. [2]
'O thou who recallest my beauty's e'en,
'Oh! help me to thole that beauty's teen.
'When thou mak'st me to dream of Leylá's e'e,
'Do thou pour thy comfort on weary me.'
Since he had abandoned human cheer,
The fawn became his companion dear.
Thereafter many a fair gazelle
Did wander with him o'er the desert fell.

The second passage is the death of Leylá.

From the Same. [204]

She told her God of her secret pain,
Of the thing whereof her heart was fain:
'O Judge of the Resurrection-Day,
'O King of the throne of equity,
'I am wasted sore by despair's white flame;
'O God, how I weary of this frame!
'Since before my love I'm no more desired, [3]

[1] As we might say, in my heart of hearts.
[2] The lashes representing the blades of grass; the tears, the water.
[3] Mejnún, having lost his reason, knew not what he said to Leylá at their last interview.

'O God, of this life am I full tired.
'I am the taper of parting's night;
'For burning and black is my dreary plight.
'Distraught by the world's despite am I,
'I ne'er shall rest till the day I die.
I should pray: "Let my body bide for aye!"
'Were it like that union should tide some day.
'I'm the sun in the sign of radiancy,
'I know that my frame the veil must be.
'Unite me with death, O Lord of ruth,
'For the way of Death is the way of Truth!'
Her prayer was pure, and the answer came;
And feebler and feebler grew her frame.
The unwholesome air it wrought her ill,
And weakness grew on her body still.
Her dolour increased upon her e'er,
And the shivering fever left her ne'er.
Faint in the fever that fairy one,
Like a taper that is by the flame undone.
Dimmed by disease was her beauty's ray,
Like a rose whose freshness is past away.
At length so feeble and weak her plight,
That she lay on her bed both day and night.
Who had sought to look on her there, I ween,
Would scarce her wasted frame have seen.
Away were borne health's emblems fair,
And the ensigns of death were gathered there.
Then joyous, her bashfulness cast off,
She told to her mother her secret love:
'O mother, balm of my heart's desire,
'O mother, light of my longing's fire,
'I am come to death for my hidden ill;
'So long as I might, I have borne it still;
'But now that the time is come to go,
''Tis meet that I tell thee my secret woe.
'O weary one, imagine ne'er
'That I am slain by the sword o' the air;
'No fever fires in my body play,

'Except the anguish of love-dismay.
'A helpless and weeping lover I,
'Distraught for a moon-faced one I lie;
'A-yearning for him am I undone,
'A-longing for him my life is gone.
'Sore have I cried for his beauty sheen,
'But union with him I ne'er have seen.
'And now I go with his words in my heart;
'Whate'er betide, these have been my part.
'Not only I am of love forlorn,
'And wail for that dearest one and mourn;
'He too is love-smitten of woeful me,
Distraught mid the wastes of misery.
'Alack, for me is his reason gone,
'And he who was Qays is as Mejnún known.[1]
'For me he passeth his days in dole,
'Nor once hath he won to the longed-for goal.
'Of ill repute in the age through me,
'A by-word in every land is he.
'Not vainly his tears and sighs are spent,
'For am not I by his failings brent?
'O mother, faithful my whole life through,
'O mother, consoler in every woe,
'When I have bidden farewell to earth,
'And hence on my journey am set forth,
'As bereft of me thou dost sigh and moan
'A-passing thorough the desert lone,
'If e'er thy footsteps should chance that way
'Do thou my woes to that fair one say.
'Take heed when to him thou com'st anigh;
'He is gracious, pass him not heedless by.
'Fall at his feet and his care implore,
'And for sinful me his prayer implore.
'Then say: O lover leal and true,
'Sad Leylá hath given her life for you;
'Her boasts of love are accomplished now,

[1] Her lover's name was really Qays; but when he became crazy for her love he was called Mejnún, i. e. Possessed. See vol. II, pp. 175—176.

'Nor hath she failed to fulfil her vow.[1]
'Then say this to him from woeful me:
'O boaster of love and of constancy,
'To me life's harem is now shut fast,
'I am free of joy and delight at last.
'O come thou hither, make no delay;
'I am waiting for thee, do not heedless stay.
'So thou likewise art of faithful plight,
'Bide not, but abandon the world forthright.
'Come, let us love as our hearts are fain,
'In a land where is none to work us pain.
'I have found the way to the realms of peace,
'Where taunts of friends and of rivals cease.
'If me once more thou art fain to see,
'In the name of God come hither to me.'
When of her charge she had made an end,
That wayfarer forth on her way did wend.
She called on her lover fond and kind,
And yearning for him, her soul resigned.

The following little story from the Wine and Nepenthe occurs in the message which King Wine sends to his rival when demanding his submission; it is intended to illustrate the evil results of the opiate and the good effects of wine.

From the Beng u Báda. [205]

There was once a toper in Isfahán,
Like to beng, a merry-headed man.
In a fair pavilion he made his stay,
Where he plied the wine-cup night and day.
It befell one day that this booser's lot
Of wine, like th' elixir of life, was not.
From his last carouse his head was sore,
So he took some beng the pain to cure.
The opiate attacked him in every part,
And darkness rusted his mirror-heart.

[1] That she would die if not united with Mejnún.

It was night, but the night-illuming moon
Made the world to be envied of the noon;
Like sheeny water the clear moonlight,
The pavilion arose like a bubble bright.
Now the toper looked from the belvidere
And he took the moonlight for water clear.
'Alack,' quoth he, 'what a fearsome case!
'Earth's aflood while I was asleep in peace!
'Ere the house is filled and all is o'er,
'I will plunge in the flood and gain the shore.
'I shall swim, and thus shall save my life,
'And I'll reach some shore where I'll rest from strife.'
So he clutched a plank both firm and fast,
And himself to the ground, like a rocket, cast;
And he smote his head against a stone,
And the beng from his mouth by the blow was thrown.
Came the leeches, for wounded was his head:
'Ah! wine is the cure for him,' they said.
What I have told is renown to thee;[1]
Ask the men of wit what is done by me.
Come, search this stock and this root of mine,
And see how my glory transcendeth thine.

This stanza occurs in the Elegy on the Imám Huseyn in Fuzúlí's prose work, the Garth of the Blessed:

From a Terkíb-Bend. [206]

* *

The Family of the Cloak[2] thou went'st about to slay, O Sphere.
Right foul the plan and vile the shift thou didst display, O Sphere.
From 'mong the levins of the clouds of haps thou drew'st thy darts,
And hurledst them midmost the Martyrs' blest array, O Sphere
What while all reverence was due to virtue's harem-tent,
Prostrate aneath the foeman's foot thou didst it lay, O Sphere.

[1] In these last four lines King Wine addresses King Beng.

[2] Al-i ᶜAbá, the Family of the Cloak, is the Holy Family of Islám, consisting of Muhammed, his daughter Fátima, her husband ᶜAlí, and their sons Hasan and Huseyn.

For those whose lips were parched with thirst on Kerbelá the plain,
Thou mad'st the drifting sand the stream of all dismay, O Sphere. [1]
Thou hast not spared to treat as naught the honour of the Law;
Dure to the sons of Mustafá thou mad'st thy sway, O Sphere.
No ruth hadst thou on those sad ones whose hearts were turned to blood,
On those whose fortune was o'erthrown in dreary strangerhood.

* *

Fuzúlí was, as we have seen, an ʿOsmánli in a political sense only; but for Suleymán's timely occupation of Baghdad he would not have been reckoned among the Ottoman poets, and the literary history of the nation would have been the poorer by one great name which it could ill afford to lose. There have been, of course, many other Ázerbáyjání Turkish poets, but none of these has attained to anything like the celebrity of Fuzúlí, chiefly, no doubt, through lack of merit, but partly perhaps because none other among them owed to the Sultans that allegiance which would have entitled him to be inscribed on the muster-roll of the ʿOsmánli poets. Most of these Turkish writers were subjects of the Shahs of Persia; a few in later times have unhappily been under the Czars of Russia. It is beyond the scope of the present work to consider the writings of such Turkish poets as have no claim to be reckoned among the Ottomans, so I shall content myself with mentioning in this place, as the opportunity may not occur again, the names of a few Ázerbáyjání authors who have been brought under my notice. [2] To begin with, no less a personage than the founder of the Safeví dynasty, Shah Ismaʿíl himself, wrote a complete Díwán in this Turkish dialect, in which he takes the makhlas of Khatá'í. Then

[1] Huseyn and his followers were killed on the plain of Kerbelá, not far from Baghdad.

[2] A collection of Ázerbayjání poems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was published at Leipzig in 1868 by Adolph Bergé. It is entitled *Dichtungen Trans-Kaukasischer Sänger des* XVIII *und* XIX *Jahrhunderts in Adscrbeidschanischer Mundart.*

Mesíhí, who flourished under Shah ᶜAbbás I and Shah Safí, wrote at least three romantic mesnevís, Verqá u Gulshá (for Verqa and Gul Sháh, the names of the hero and heroine), Dána u Dám or Grain and Snare, and Zenbúr u ᶜAsel or Bee and Honey. Qavsí of Tebríz was a lyric poet who lived about the end of the seventeenth century; he is the author of a Díwán, several of the ghazels in which are confessedly imitated from Fuzúlí.

CHAPTER V.

FAZLÍ. EBU'S-SU'ÚD. YAHYÁ BEY OF DÚKAGÍN.

Turning again to the west, we find in Constantinople a poet whom Von Hammer, by publishing and translating the most notable of his works, has done something to bring under the notice of Europe. This is Fazlí, whose personal name was Muhammed, and who was usually known during his lifetime as Qara Fazlí or Black Fazlí, a sobriquet probably earned by his swarthy complexion. Fazlí was the son of a saddler, and, if ʿAhdí's account is to be trusted, he devoted himself in early life to the study of mysticism, being initiated into the esoteric lore of the East by Zarífí Efendi, and eventually becoming affiliated to the Khalvetí order of dervishes. From the beginning Fazlí had a strong bias towards poetry, and he was the most prominent of those young literati who frequented the little shop where old Zátí divided his time between telling fortunes and discoursing upon poetry. He was, we are told, his master's favourite pupil, probably because he was the most gifted; and Zátí, who could scarcely keep his own body and soul together, was oddly enough the means of making his young friend's fortune. In the summer of 1530 Sultan Suleymán held a great festival, which extended over three weeks, to celebrate the circumcision of his sons Muhammed, Mustafá, and Selím. During the course of the festivities, the poets of the age were called upon to

recite the qasídas they had composed in honour of the occasion. By reason of his high repute Zátí was the first to read or declaim his poem; when he had finished, he said, 'I have a pupil of reputation, Fazlí by name; grant him permission to come forward.' The permission was granted, and Fazlí recited his qasída immediately after his master. The Sultan, whose attention had thus been drawn to the young poet, thought so well of his abilities, that when Prince Muhammed went out shortly afterwards as governor of Magnesia, Fazlí was appointed to accompany him as divan secretary. On Muhammed's death, the poet entered the service of Prince Mustafá, with whom he remained till the execution of that Prince in 960 (1552), when he passed into the service of Prince Selím, who eventually succeeded to the throne. In 970 (1562) the Prince named him his divan secretary with a fief worth 60,000 aspers a year. But Fazlí did not live long to enjoy this fortune; for in the Ramazán of the following year [1] he passed away, and, as Qinali-záde puts it, celebrated Beyram with the blessed houris. [2]

Fazlí's best work was in mesneví; but he also wrote a Díwán of ghazels, qasídas, and rubá'ís, as well as a book called Nakhlistán or Palm-land, in the style of Sa'dí's famous Gulistán or Rose-land, so presumably in mingled verse and prose. The first of his mesnevís was the Humáy u Humáyún or Humáy and Humáyún, the names of the hero and heroine, which Von Hammer has neatly rendered by Augustus and Augusta. This work, which I have never seen, but which Latífí says was in the manner of Khusrev and Shírín, was most probably an imitation of the Persian poem of the same

[1] 971 (1563—4) according to 'Ahdí and Hajji Khalífa; but Qináli-záde places his death in 970 (1562—3).

[2] As we might say: "he passed away during Lent and celebrated Easter with the holy angels," Beyram being the festival at the termination of the fast of Ramazán.

name written in 732 (1331—2) by Khwájú of Kirmán. This last is a romance of the orthodox type, having for subject the love adventures. of Prince Humáy of the Land of the West (Zemín-i Kháver) and Princess Humáyún, daughter of the Faghfúr of China. A few couplets of the Turkish version are quoted by Latífí.

Fazlí's second and more important mesneví is the Gul u Bulbul or Rose and Nightingale, written, as a chronogram in the last distich tells us, in 960 (1552—3), and dedicated to Prince Mustafá. This romance, which is an expansion, in the Ball and Bat or Taper and Moth manner, of the familiar fiction of the love of the nightingale for the rose, has more originality than is usual with Turkish poems of its class. Alike in general conception and in elaboration of detail the work appears to be for the most part the author's own; at least, I know of no Persian poem in which the Rose and Nightingale myth is thus extended into a complete allegorical romance. One series of incidents however, where the recurring seasons are personified as hostile Kings, is the same as the fundamental idea in Lámi'í's Contention of Spring and Winter.

The work is on the whole among the most graceful of its class; the various details and incidents are ingeniously conceived and prettily expressed; and, though not exactly brilliant, the poem forms very pleasant reading. Latífí, of course, does not mention it, as his book was completed in 953 (1546—7), seven years earlier than the poem; but Qinálizáda speaks of it as being the most celebrated of all Fazlí's writings, and as enjoying much favour with the public. Von Hammer, who published the Turkish text along with a German translation,[1] praises the poem for its originality and its 'irreproachable decorum.' He considers it the best suited

[1] Gül u Bülbül, das ist: Rose und Nachtigall, von Fasli. Ein romantisches Gedicht übersetzt durch Joseph von Hammer. Pest und Leipzig. E. A. Hartleben.

of all Turkish romantic mesnevís to the European taste, an opinion with which I do not agree; the poem appears to me to be worked out in too fantastic and far-fetched a manner to greatly please the modern reader, who would be inclined to regard the style as somewhat trivial, if not childish; while the human interest of such themes as Khusrev and Shírín or Leylá and Mejnún is altogether absent.

In order to give an example of the manner in which poems of this class usually open, I shall translate some passages from the prayer wherewith the book begins.

From the Gul u Bulbul. [207]

O Thou! who dost illume the Rose's torch,
And dost with fire the Bulbul's harvest scorch;[1]
Who sweetenest the soul-refreshing air,
Scenting the musky breeze with attar rare;
Who grantest to the crownéd Spring the crown,
And to the Parterre Empire its renown;
Designer of the flowers' belvedere,
Unveiler of Chigil's and China's fair,[2]
Bedecker of the meadow's banquet free,
Adorner of the garden company,
O Lighter of the incense of the gale,
O Striker of the lute — the Bulbul's wail,
The lovely Rose her hues hath ta'en from Thee,
The Bulbul hath received his strain from Thee.
Yearning for Thee the Tulip's heart's core brands;
Drunk for Thy love, in clay, the Cypress stands.
'Tis through Thy favour that the earth's heart beams,
And through Thy grace that limpid run the streams.

[1] That is, the garnered store of his patience or peace of mind is consumed by the fire of love.

[2] Khatá, i. e. Cathay, or Chinese Tartary, and, by extension, China proper, was famous among the old poets for the beauty of its girls and youths. Several Cathayan cities are mentioned in this connection, especially Chigil, mentioned in the text, Yaghmá, Ferkhār and Tarāz.

The Violet Thine anger must have seen,
And thus its form is bowed for dule and teen. [1]
Lighted by Thee the Garden taper glows,
Branded by Thee the Tulip searéd shows.
The Narcisse was a beggar hungry-eyed, [2]
To whom Thy grace a golden crown supplied.
A beauteous mouth Thou gav'st the Rosebud fair,
A sweet tongue to the Lily for its share. [3]
So with that mouth and tongue the Garden bright
Chanteth Thy praises ever day and night.
Each fresh green thing that in the Meadow springs
Raiseth its voice and to Thy glory sings.
But none on earth can yield Thee fitting praise:
Thy glory's strain do Thou Thyself upraise!
What wondrous power! that into being came
The Universe when Thou didst 'Be!' proclaim. [4]
Thou through Thy mercy hast created earth,
And thus the Hidden Treasure hast shown forth. [5]
From Thee the powers of earth and water be,
The germinant its virtue hath from Thee.
In justice Thou the elements hast phased,
And the four-columned dome of nature raised. [6]
Four opposites Thou'st bounden strait and fast,
A dragon talisman created hast.
Thou through Thy grace the Stream of Life dost grant;
And Thou providest for the snake and ant.
Thy bounty opes its hoard to all that live,
Being to all contingents Thou dost give.

[1] The bowed head of the violet is often referred to by the poets. Each of the flowers mentioned in this prologue is personified and plays its part in the romance.

[2] We often read of the eye of the narcissus, the reference being to the centre of the flower; the golden crown is, of course, the yellow corolla.

[3] The rosebud mouth is a commonplace. The tongue of the lily refers to the shape of its leaf.

[4] 'Kun!' i. e. 'Be!' God's fiat to creation. See Koran II, 111, and many other places.

[5] An allusion to the well-known tradition: "I was a Hidden Treasure and I desired to be known: therefore I created Creation that I might be known."

[6] Four-columned, built on the four elements of the old philosophers.

Thy master hand makes the Pen's point to trace [1]
Upon non-being's page these forms of grace.

From the Same. [208]

Most Merciful! Thou madest man and jinn; [2]
All- hidden, manifest, without, within.
Man Thou ordainedst noblest of the whole,
Most perfect both in beauty and in soul.
The human face Thou mad'st the mirror bright,
The lamp-niche whence is shed Thy Beauty's light.
Thou bad'st the fairness of the fair shine clear,
And thus hast made Thy Beauty's sun appear.
Thou in the beauty of the fair art shown;
Whate'er I see is Thou, and Thou alone.
Oh, how should any lovely one be fair
Saving in her Thy Beauty mirrored were?
What doth a handful dust possess of might
That it should shine a sun the earth to light?
Thou mak'st the loved one's face with radiance glow,
Fire in the lover's harvest Thou dost throw. [3]
Thy Beauty in the charmer Thou'st displayed,
Thy Glory in the lover Thou'st portrayed.
Thou hast the ruffled locks of Mejnún twined,
And made each hair a noose the heart to bind.
Thou through the fair Thy Beauty hast disclosed,
Through such Thy Loveliness hast Thou exposed.
Thou look'st through lovers' eyes, O Lord of Might,
And naught save Thine own Beauty meets Thy sight.

[1] This Pen plays a somewhat prominent part in Muslim legend. God, we are told, in all Eternity, contemplated the perfection of a saint, entertained a divine love for the conception, resolved upon realising it, and issued His fiat: 'Be!' Hereupon, the potential essence of the Prophet Muhammed, the 'Beloved of God' (Habíb-ulláh) before all worlds, the seraphic Pen, and the Hidden Tablet, starting into an eternal existence, the Pen inscribed the fiat on the Tablet, and thus became the means of all created existences, of all spiritual and material beings, that were called from nonentity for the glorification of that saintly conception. By that Pen does God swear in the Koran.

[2] The jinn or genies, the spirits or demons of earth and air.

[3] See p. 111 n. 1 supra.

Thou'rt thus the Lover of Thy Beauty grown;
None's worthy of Thee save Thyself alone!
For those in whom Thy Beauty Thou'st portrayed
All manner love and passion are displayed.
Likewise in those through whom Thine eye is thrown
Are all the lover's pangs and yearnings shown.
Thou art alone the Truth mid all that seems,
All else beside is fantasy and dreams.
The worlds existence is an empty dream,
A vain illusion in the mirror's gleam
Things are the forms wherein the Names appear,[1]
In all the Names God's Essence shineth clear.
Thy Beauty's sun through space its radiance threw;
These atoms, things existent, flashed in view.
Before Thy power is understanding mazed,
Sense, reason, and imagination, dazed.
Thine Essence there is none may comprehend;
Ah, that would understanding's heart-strings rend!
Thine Essence none hath understood or shown;
'We have not known Thee as Thou should'st be known!'[2]
Reason must in such things a school-child be;
Saving Thyself no one may know of Thee.
My God, I am a sinner stained with guile,
Aneath the hand of passion fallen, vile.
A captive, by the fair ones' love o'erthrown;
Yearning for beauties am I hoary grown.
Longing hath filled this brainless head of mine;
What though I seem a bubble on the wine?
Seeking the cup of union with the fair,
I wander o'er the beaker here and there.
With longings like to these the wine I drain,
Flinging afar asceticism's grain.
When for ablution I take up the ewer,
Methinks it holdeth dulcet wine and pure.
Obedience[3] and ablution hence I've cast,
And from all acts of formal worship past.

[1] The 'Names,' or 'Most Comely Names' correspond to the Platonic Ideas.
[2] This line is a Hadís or Tradition of the Prophet.
[3] That is, to the formal or ritual Law.

My face I lave not, neither pray by rule;
None can be far as I from such a school.
Deem not I to the mosque for good repair;
To see the Loved one's face I wend me there.[1]
If toward the Mecca-pointing niche[2] I gaze,
And, erring, fold my hands like one who prays,
In fancy I am by the Dear one's gate,
And ready stand, with folded hands, to wait.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Lord, though I serve Thee not with formal part,
I yield to Thee the worship of the heart.
Since 'tis Thy Unity which I believe,
Thy ritual do I behind me leave.
Teach Thou to me Unification's way,
And guide me in the dervish-path, I pray.
Bid with Thy Face's light mine eyes to gleam,
And cause my heart fair as the bower to beam.
Leave not the wandering soul in gloom to stray,
Light with the lustre of Thy grace the way.
Far from my heart put all that leads from Thee,
And fill my soul through love with radiancy.
Let it be Thou who ever meet'st my gaze,
And let my tongue recite Thy name always.
So let my heart be filled with love for Thee,
And with Thy Unity's bright mystery,
That Being's secret to my soul lie bare,
That wheresoe'er I look, I see Thee there;
That wheresoe'er my heart its glance may turn,
It may in all the Face of God discern!
Deep draughts of Love unto my spirit give,
My self annihilate that I may live!
That drunk with love, I may exclaim, 'O He!
'Naught in existence saving Him I see!'
And that my heart 'No God but God!' may cry;
Nor ever aught save God alone descry.

[1] [Compare some verses by Abú Nuwás, Hárún-ur-Rashíd's court-poet, cited by von Kremer at p. 74 of his Culturgeschichtliche Streifzüge (Leipzig, 1873).]

[2] The mihráb, or arched niche in the mosque which indicates the direction of Mecca.

To such destruction point my soul the way,
That one to her become the Yea and Nay!

We shall content ourselves with a brief mention of Ebu-s-Su'úd, who though not a great poet, was one of the greatest legists that Turkey has produced. Born in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, in 896 (1490—1), of a family originally from Kurdistán, he early distinguished himself by his talent and ability, which gained for him the patronage of Mu'eyyedzáde and later of Ibn Kemál. After filling a number of legal positions, he eventually attained to the highest, that of Muftí or Sheykh-ul-Islám, which he held for thirty consecutive years till his death at 87 years of age in 982 (1574).

He left a number of treatises in prose on legal and religious subjects. Such poetry as he wrote was for the most part in Arabic, a language for which he had the usual partiality of the Muslim doctor of old times; but the following Turkish elegy on a beloved child is singularly modern in tone, and is deservedly praised by the accomplished author of the Course of Literature, who quotes it as an example of true feeling in poetry.

Elegy. [209]

Come, O thou blessed of spright, my angel of light, O come!
Forspent for my yearning sore are my strength and my might, O come!
Methought when I laid thee to rest that my life would vanish away;
But alack! it is come not to pass, that fancy unright; O come!
With thee was the realm of my life with fairest estate beseen;
But now is it all o'erthrown, and dreary my plight; O come!
O thou, who makest thy tears to rain as a cloud! as to Fate, —
Me too hath it made to weep; let our tears unite, O come!
Of prayer and entreaty at length thou hast made an end, O heart,
That dear comes not, so to him let us fare forthright, O come!

Yahyá Bey is in many ways among the most interesting of the Turkish poets. In the first place, he was not a Turk at all, but a European, a member of the noble Albanian

family of Dukagin. In childhood he was taken from his native land in the Devshirma or Collection, as that species of conscription was called under which the Turks in old times used annually to levy a certain number of young boys from the subject Christian populations to train for service in the janissaries and sipáhís. Although Yahyá became in after days a good Muslim and a gallant soldier of the Crescent, he never ceased to remember with pride his early home and his high descent. Thus in the latest of his mesnevís, [1] written in his old age, when he describes himself as a weak old man bent double with the weight of years, we find him introducing a short account of his career with these words:

The chiefs and nobles of th'Albanian kin,
Mine ancient race, the lords of Dukagin. [2]

[1] Gulshan-i Envár.

[2] ارنودك خاصلری یکلری نسل قدیمم دوقه‌کین بکلری

Near the beginning of the Genjína-i Ráz he makes another reference to his nationality:

ارناود اصلی اولبدر اصلم قلجیله دریلور هب نسلم
نوله اول طائفهٔ شیر افکن قیلسه شاهین کبی طاشلقده وطن
ارناود اصلی اولنده بو هنر اکه بکزر که اوله طاشده گهر

The Albanian race is my race,
All my house live by the sword.
What though that lion-o'erthrowing band
Falcon-like make their home among the rocks!
There is this virtue in him who is of Albanian race,
He is like the jewel, found among the rocks.

This Dukagin family is very famous in Albanian history. It is said to have been founded about the time of the Crusades by a Norman adventurer, Duc Jean, who settled in the district of Scutari, and possessed himself of much of the surrounding country. His descendants, becoming Albanianised, took Dukagin (for Duc or Duca Jean) as their family name, and on the Turkish conquest, along with most of the nobility of the country, embraced the Muhammedan religion. Several members of the family distinguished themselves and attained high rank in the Ottoman service; one other besides Yahyá Bey, namely Dukagin-záda Ahmed Bey, is reckoned among the Turkish poets.

After which he tells us how the valiant lions of war, as he calls the Turkish recruiting officers, came and spread themselves among the mountains; and how fire, that is sorrow, proved to be the rising-point of radiancy, that is his fame, or his conversion to Islam; the champions, he says, bore him off from his mountains as a precious stone is carried away from among the rocks.

The youthful Albanian was of course conveyed to Constantinople, and duly entered in the corps of ᶜAjemi Oghlans, that is of the young conscripts who were being trained to recruit the ranks of the janissaries and sipáhís. Here he displayed so much ability that he received a liberal education as a Turkish gentleman over and above the usual military and religious instruction accorded to youths in his position. His master, Shiháb-ud-Dín, the Secretary of the Janissaries, was, we are told, able to get him relieved from many routine duties, so that he might have the more time to devote to his literary pursuits.

Yahyá soon justified the exceptional treatment he had received, and, making his mark by certain qasídas and other poems, was admitted to the literary circle which gathered round Ibn Kemál, Jaᶜfer Chelebi, and Qadrí Efendi. Later on he was on similar terms with Ibráhím Pasha and Iskender Chelebi, the two great patrons of letters during the earlier part of Suleymán's reign.

Yahyá was, as we have already seen, constantly hostile to the poet Khayálí Bey of whose court favour he was jealous. On the occasion of one of his Persian campaigns, he presented Sultan Suleymán with a qasída in which he gave full rein to his hatred of his rival. This qasída came to the knowledge of Rustem Pasha who was then Grand Vezir, and was an enemy to all poets; the abuse of Khayálí pleased this minister, and he conferred upon Yahyá Bey,

who appears to have retired from the army about this time, the stewardship of a number of pious foundations in and near Constantinople. This action was, however, prompted by no love of Yahyá, but simply by the Vezir's greater hatred of Khayálí, who was merely a poet and not a soldier as well like his rival. Rustem had not long to wait before he found an excuse for taking back all that he had given; for just at this time Suleymán was weak enough to succumb to the intrigues of the Grand Vezir and the Sultana Khurrem and to sanction the execution of his son Prince Mustafá, who was greatly beloved both by the people and the army. Yahyá Bey, never lacking in courage, wrote an elegy on the ill-fated Prince which was soon in all mouths. Rustem summoned the poet before him and asked how he dared to bewail one whom the Pádisháh had condemned, whereupon Yahyá made answer, 'we indeed condemned him with the Pádisháh, but we bewailed him with the people.'

The Vezir tried his hardest to induce the Sultan to put Yahya to death, but could gain no permission to do more than deprive him of his offices, which he did in the most offensive manner. The poet thereupon retired to a fief in the sanjaq of Zvornik in Bosnia, where ʿÁlí the historian saw him in 982 (1574—5). Yahyá, who was then an old man of over eighty, was busy arranging his Díwán, a task which he had not quite completed when death overtook him in 983 (1575—6). ʿÁlí informs us that the poet's son Ádem Chelebi brought to him the preface to the Díwán, it being his father's wish that this should be submitted to the historian for revision.

The career of this Albanian soldier, who moved among Turkish gentlemen as one of themselves, their equal in every way, is full of interest as illustrating how intimate might become the relations between the conquerors and those individuals of the subject races who elected to make common

cause with them and identify their own interests with theirs. It proves, one instance out of many scattered thickly through Turkish history, that the Devshirma was not in every case necessarily an evil, but might be the door through which fame and fortune could be attained by those who would otherwise have passed their lives in obscurity. A man's nationality was of no account; luck and ability, especially ability, were everything. Yahyá Bey did not win renown and rank because he was an Albanian, but because he was brave and talented; neither did he lose his fortune because he was an Albanian, but because he incurred the displeasure of a powerful minister, himself by birth a Croat.

Yahyá's poetry is no less interesting than is his life. Of all the many non-Turks, Asiatics as well as Europeans, who have essayed to write Turkish poetry, he alone has won a position of real eminence. While there is nothing in his language to show that he is not a Constantinopolitan by birth as well as by education, there is a sustained simplicity, vigour, and originality in his writing which at once singles him out as essentially different from the Zátís and Khayálís by whom he was surrounded. His works betray nothing of that lack of self-confidence which is so characteristic of the contemporary Turkish poets; he scorns to be a mere translator; even in his Joseph and Zelíkhá, the only poem in his Khamsa of which the subject is borrowed, he is no paraphraser of Jámí or Firdawsí, but tells the story in a manner all his own. As he himself declares in the epilogue:

> This fair book, this pearl of wisdom,
> Is (of) my own imagining, for the most part;
> Translation would not be fitting this story;
> I would not take a dead man's sweetmeats into my mouth.[1]

[1] بو تانیف لطیف و درّ معنا خیال خاصم اولدی اکثریّا
یقشمز ترجمه بو داستانه اولی حلواسنی آلمم دهانه

Similarly he says in the epilogue to his Kitáb-i Usúl:

I have not translated the words of another,
I have not mixed with it [my poem] the words of strangers.
My tongue hath not been the dragoman of the Persians,
I would not eat the food of dead Persians. [1]

And again at the close of the Sháh u Gedá:

(This book) is bare of the garment of borrowing,
It is clean from the canvas of translation.
I have not not taken anything at all from any one,
God knoweth, though there may be coincidences.
Whatever there be, whether good or ill,
It is my plaint, mine, this book. [2]

And once more in the Genjína-i Ráz:

Its (this book's) words are bare of translation,
(Thy are) things come from before the Creator (i. e. original). [3]

The claims of originality put forward in these passages are not unwarranted; in an age when borrowing from the 'dead Persians' was the almost universal rule, this Albanian dared to stand forth, speak out his own thoughts, and hold up to ridicule the method of his compeers. Courage of no kind was wanting to Yahyá Bey; he proved himself a brave soldier on the field of battle, he made bold to bewail the victim of imperial tyranny, and did not flinch from defying the whole literary opinion of his day.

The five mesnevís which, grouped together, make up his

[1] ایلگ سوزنی ترجمه ایتمدم یبانگ آوردیسن اکا قاتمدم
دلم اولمدی ترجمان عاجم عاجم اولوسینك طعامن یمم
[2] عاریدر عاریت لباسندن پاکدر ترجمه پلاسندن
کمسدن نسنه آلمدم قطعا یعلم الله مکر توارد اولا
هرنه ایسه اگر خطا و صواب حسب حالمدرر بنم بو کتاب
[3] سوزلری ترجمه دن عاریدر واردات قبل باری در

Khamsa, form the most important section of Yahyá Bey's work. These five mesnevís are the Sháh u Gedá or King and Beggar, the Yúsuf u Zelíkhá or Joseph and Zelíkhá, the Kitáb-i Usúl or Book of Precepts, the Genjína-i Ráz or Mystic Treasury, and the Gulshen-i Envár or Rosebed of Radiance.

The first of these, The King and Beggar, has always been the most popular, and is the most remarkable, of this author's works. The claim of originality which, as we have just seen, he makes for it in the epilogue, is amply justified. The work is probably the most original mesneví we have yet had to consider. It has nothing in common with the Persian Hiláli's Sháh u Dervísh or King and Dervish, except a similarity of title; in general scheme and conception, as well as in matters of detail, the two poems are absolutely different. Yahyá's object appears to have been to depict the outcome of what he conceived to be the noblest type of love when evoked by purely physical beauty. To this end he describes the beloved as a youth, and not as a girl. Apart from conformity to the fashion of his age, he has a definite reason for this choice. The love of a man for a woman is, according to him, not a pure love; that is to say, it is a love which seeks for itself the possession of its object, and in so far as it does so is a form of selfishness. The pure love must be all for love and nothing for reward; it must also be unsullied by any taint of the fleshly or the material. The vanity, the futility of such a love when lavished upon an object that is merely earthly, upon a beauty that is of form and feature only, is the motive of the poem. The beloved is therefore represented by a youth of peerless beauty, but without kindness of heart, who is poetically styled the Sháh or King, not only because of this peerless beauty, but also because of the unlimited power which he has over the heart of his

lover, who is likewise poetically styled the Beggar, as being always a suppliant for the favour of his dear one.

The poem opens in the manner which custom had rendered obligatory; the praises of God, the Prophet, and Sultan Suleymán are duly sung, and the circumstances which led to the composition of the work are recounted. As usual, a party of friends are met together, and the talk runs on literature. Some one praises Ferhád and Mejnún, but Yahyá objects that these were not true lovers, since the goal of their love was the possession of a woman. He is thereupon requested to write a poem which shall describe true love, which he consents to do. All this is conventional enough, but with the story Yahyá's individuality begins to assert itself. Instead of being borne off to some half-mythical city in distant India or Cathay, we find ourselves in Constantinople itself, listening to a description of St. Sophia and the Hippodrome. This great square, which the Turks call the At Maydáni or Horse Square, is specially mentioned as being the favourite resort of beautiful youths. Four of these are then described in the Shehr-engíz manner, the last and fairest of whom is a lad called Ahmed, surnamed on account of his unrivalled beauty and the power which this confers, the Sháh or King; and it is he who plays the part of the beloved in the story.[1] The lover is next introduced; he is described as a learned and pious man; his real name is not given, only his surname, the Beggar, the suppliant of love. He sees the King in a vision, and conceives for him the most ardent though purely Platonic affection, in consequence of which he leaves his residence in Rumelia and proceeds to Constantinople in quest of the original of his dream. The slight story of his dealings

[1] According to the biographer ʿAshiq, who was personally acquainted with many of the poets whose lives he wrote, the original of this Ahmed was a young soldier of that name in Yahyá's own division.

with the King, which forms the nominal subject of the poem is given elsewhere.[1] It is enough here to say that the lover's highest desire is but to serve his loved one, and that the latter, though not represented as vicious, is shown to us as heartless and vain. The lover never attains his wish, the beloved getting rid of him in the end by a somewhat mean trick. Then comes the culminating point of the poem, when the lover, rejected and abased, his love scorned and his confidence betrayed, hears the call of the 'Unseen Hátif,' the 'voice from Heaven,' crying to him that all love, even the highest, when poured out upon sensual objects, ends in sorrow, that the true and only worthy object of such love is God. And with the Hátif's words the story ends.

The King and Beggar was from the very first the greatest favourite of all Yahyá's works, and it is not difficult to understand how it came to be so. This poem is as a mirror in which many of the better class of Turkish thinkers of those days could see reflected their own feelings and ideas. As we know, a love for boys had at that time become fashionable through a variety of causes already sufficiently discussed, and had unhappily supplanted in a manner the more natural love for women. But it would be as great a mistake to imagine on the one hand that all those who professed this preference were dissolute reprobates, as to fancy on the other that they were all Platonic sentimentalists. The first class, if they cared for poetry at all, would doubtless be able to find any number of verses ready to their hand; but the second class, among whom were at least some who seem to have adopted this preference, strange as it may appear, for strictly moral reasons, would find in Yahyá's poem a revelation of their own hearts. It is true that the poem shows the futility of such a love, but it is

[1] See Appendix.

equally true that it points to it as an infinitely higher and purer love than the love for women. In it this perversion of true feeling says its last word and all that can be urged in its favour is here urged; while the fact that even this passion is shown to be in the end an illusion would but exalt the work in the eyes of the mystic, and in those days every thinker was a mystic more or less.

The idea of making a poem on the loves of Joseph and Zelíkhá first occurred to Yahyá when passing through Canaan on his way to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. A fresh impulse was given by the sight of Egypt, where the beauty of Cairo, which he calls the City of Joseph, seems to have greatly impressed him. Of course, no modification was possible in the hackneyed story, all the details of which had long before been stereotyped by religious and literary tradition. But while Yahyá could not alter the incidents of the tale, he contrived to present them in a novel fashion which distinguishes his version from the many that precede it. [1]

The three remaining poems of the Khamsa differ from the two just described in that they are not romances, but collections of moral precepts and rules of conduct, illustrated by numerous anecdotes, much in the style of Sa'dí's Bustán or Jámí's Tuhfat-ul-Ahrár. The Kitáb-i Usúl or Book of Precepts is divided into ten sections called Maqáms or Stations, each of which inculcates some moral quality, such as justice or bravery, or else some rule of life, such as discretion in speech, and each of which is enforced by a number of anecdotes intended to demonstrate the advantages of following the advice given. These anecdotes are of all descriptions, serious and humorous, historical and fictitious, and are derived from all sorts of sources, some from Turkish and Persian history,

[1] The Sháh u Gedá and the Yúsuf u Zelíkhá were printed in Constantinople in 1284 (1867—8).

some from story-books, and some from the author's own experience; the story of the poet Fighání, who was executed for his satirical epigram on Ibráhím Pasha, is given among others to prove the necessity for discretion in speaking. The maqáms are followed by seven Shu'bas or Branches, likewise accompanied by illustrative anecdotes; then comes an elegy on Prince Muhammed, a son of Sultan Suleymán, who died in 950 (1543); and then the epilogue which closes the book. The following couplet occurs as a refrain at the end of the introductory cantos in most of the maqáms, and elsewhere throughout the work.

> What need for dispute, and what reason for strife?
> By this Book of Precepts ordain thou thy life. [1]

Very similar both in purpose and in plan are the Mystic Treasury [2] and the Rosebed of Radiance. The former is divided into forty short sections called Maqálas, or Discourses, which take the place of the Maqáms and Shu'bas in the Book of Precepts; while the Rosebed, written when its author was advanced in years, and probably his last work of importance, is more purely religious in its tone than any of his earlier productions. None of these three mesnevís can properly be described as a single poem; they are rather collections of short poems artificially held together by a common metre and by being made to serve a particular purpose.

Yahyá Bey was a rapid worker; the King and Beggar, he tells us, was written in a week, the Mystic Treasury in less than a month. The five books of his Khamsa are all dedicated to Sultan Suleymán.

[1] نه لازم نزاع و نه حاجت جدل کتاب اصولیله ایله عمل

[2] A chronogram at the end of this work gives 947 (1540—1) as the date of composition.

Besides his Khamsa, Yahyá left a Díwán of ghazels, which, however, does not appear to be in any way remarkable. This author's strength lay in his matter rather than in his manner, and excellence of manner is the quality most needful for success in the ghazel.

Latífí, Qináli-záde, and ʿAhdí all speak in favourable terms of Yahyá Bey's poetry, and their opinion is endorsed by the modern writers Ziyá Pasha and Kemál Bey. Latífí, who wrote during the poet's lifetime, has not much to say; he speaks of him as being soldierly of bearing and divine of speech, and describes his poetry as for the most part pathetic, but sometimes searching and sometimes bacchanalian. ʿAhdí, likewise a contemporary, particularly mentions Yahyá's boldness of speech, and praises his inventive and original genius where mesneví is concerned; here, says this biographer, he reigns supreme, for though there are in this age many poets among the learned and accomplished of Rúm, not one of these is like to him in mesneví, his books being filled with heart-delighting thoughts and strange stories. Qináli-záde is scarcely less favourable in his judgment, but expresses himself in more general terms.

So far as true poetry is concerned, a single ghazel from Fuzúlí's Leylá and Mejnún is worth the whole of Yahyá Bey's Khamsa; but the Albanian was in touch with his time, the Baghdádí was not.

This passage from the King and Beggar occurs immediately before the commencement of the story. The Parrot invoked at the outset takes the place of the Muse whose inspiration the Western poets were at one time so fond of imploring when about to begin their work. It is usually a bird that plays this part in Turkish poetry; if not the Parrot, then the Nightingale or the fabled ʿAnqá; but sometimes the invocation is addressed to the Sáqí or Cupbearer.

From the Sháh u Gedá. [210]

O fair-voiced Parrot, tell the tale divine;
Within the fire of Love thy heart refine.
Each point [1] of Love is a whole book in truth,
Each mote of Love is a bright sun for sooth.
Whelmed were Creation in one drop thereof,
Lost Either World [2] within one mote thereof.
'Man through pure Love becometh truly man,
Perfect and righteous, — nowise else he can.
Love's beams will make one chief of lords of right,
As the sun turns black stones to rubies bright. [3]
Since 'tis through Love we the Divine attain,
Deem not pure Love an idle thing and vain.
Love is the radiance of the lovers' eyne,
Love 'fore the wayfarer [4] doth ever shine.
The thought of Love deep in the heart is sown;
It is through man Love's mystery is shown.
His thoughts, who thrall is to the hand of Love,
May never to aught other object rove.
Love maddeneth a man, that fain is he
To cut him from all other bondage free.
Who doubteth may not travel on this way;
A fearful guide boots little here, I say.
The slave to Love becometh King of earth,
For Love's duresse fulfilled of joy and mirth;
For that desire of earthly things alway
Obscureth heavenly beauty's perfect ray.
So long as carnal reason [5] doth abide
'Twill raise up doubts and fears on every side;
But he who loves doth still on God rely,
And toiling upward, wins his place on high;

[1] The point referred to is a diacritical point or dot over or under a letter of the alphabet.

[2] Either World, the Spiritual and Material.

[3] The old belief was that rubies were common stones on which the sun had shone for ages.

[4] The wayfarer on the Mystic Path.

[5] ʿAql-i nefsání, carnal reason, is said to be the instinct of self-preservation.

One day shall secret things be brought to sight,
And the soul's eye awakened by Love's might;
All things before him shall be bared and known,
From God's own self the curtain shall be thrown;
If on a single point he bend his eye,
He shall the whole vast world therein descry;
A point his world-displaying bowl shall be,[1]
A mote his sun filling the heart with glee.
Dazed Primal Wisdom[2] by this mystery,
That in one point the universe should lie.
Until thou learn'st what in a point is shown,
How may Thought's mysteries to thee be known?
O thou who openest the inward eye,
Who in the world along Love's road dost hie,
Each mote's a window to all radiancy,
Each drop's a window to the boundless sea;
The world of soul is from the body seen,
The light of God is viewed from hence, I ween.
'Be mine a share in Love,' if thou dost say,
'Yea, let me find unto the Truth a way,'
Then to the tales of lovers give thou heed,
The story of the King and Beggar read.

The story of Sultan Murád and the rose is one of the illustrative anecdotes added to the first section of the Book of Precepts, that which treats of the beneficent results of royal justice. The Murád intended is the first Sultan of that name, who reigned from 761 (1359) to 791 (1389), when he was assassinated on the field of battle by a wounded Servian.

From the Kitáb-i Usúl. [211]

Once when the spring had all earth illumed,
Which like to the heart of the Faithful bloomed,
And the trees arose like Sinais of grace,
— Their burgeons the light of Allah's face; —
And holding the mirror before them meet,

[1] Alluding to the bowl of Jemshíd.
[2] The First or universal Intelligence. See vol. I, p. 42.

The spring unveiléd the florets sweet;
And each branchlet forth from the trees' pennair
Drew the design of a reed-pen fair;
And kindling their lamps at the ruddy light,
The garden beauties their green robes dight;
He of blessed life and of sainted death,
The lord of the Champions of the Faith,
The gházís' King, Ghází Murád,
Was fain to walk in the garden glad.
He saw how the spring had decked all bright,
And was musing on Allah's wondrous might,
When one of his menie who stood anear
Plucked a rose and offered it to him there.
'Wither thy hand!' to that man quoth he,
'For the death of this rose hath been caused by thee.
'The while it was praising God full fair,
'By thee is its service stopped for e'er;
'The while it was decking the garden bright,
'Thou hast slain it, e'en as the blast of blight;
'Like the wind of death, thou hast passed its way,
'And extinguished the lamp of its life for aye.'
For wreak of the rose he rebuked him sore,
He taught him who had erred to err no more.
He who maketh the stream of justice flow
Will his ears on the very plants bestow.
Fair fear of the Lord! Fair justice, ruth!
In his day was nor wrong nor despite in sooth.
A merciful King who is just, benign,
Is as spring which setteth the earth ashine,
Through him smile all things gay and fair,
And joy and welfare beam everywhere.

The following verses are from Yahyá's elegy on Prince Mustafá which went so near to costing the poet his life. The Imperial army, which had set out on the march for Persia, had reached Eregli, when the Prince was summoned to one of the Sultan's tents, where instead of being received by his father as he had expected, he was set upon and bowstrung

by the Imperial executioners. The poem is in form a Terkíb-Bend of the second and less usual variety, that in which the rime occurs at the end of each hemistich.

From the Elegy on Prince Mustafá. [212]

Alas! alas! and a column of the earth is broke atwain;
For the tyrant Death's marauders Prince Mustafá have slain.
Eclipsed is his sun-bright visage, away were his helpmeets ta'en;
Through treason and guile have they wroughten the House of ʿOsmán bane.
Brief time agone did they make yonder hero cross the plain;
The Sphere did the King of the Age thitherward to wend constrain.
The hidden hate of the liar, his dastard falsehood vain,
Have litten the fire of parting and caused our tears to rain.
No sin like his murderers' crime did his noble spirit stain.
In dolour's flood is he drowned, and scattered is all his train.
Would God that our eyes had never looked out on this woeful sight!
Alack, alack, we may never hold a dealing like this for right.

* *

That Plenilune of perfection, that Swimmer of learning's sea,
Hath journeyed hence to the Void, slain of evil destiny.
A-throb are the burning stars, such the grief for him they dree.
This parting doth Syria bren, maketh Rúm in tears to be.
And sorrow assails Qaraman and arrays her in black, perdie.
That Moon have they done to death through an idle fantasy.
Round his neck clung the noisome snake [1] as a halo, woe is me!
Submiss to the will of God, whate'er it were, was he.
Unproved any crime of him, and unknown any infamy.
O Saint! O Martyr! foul is the wrong they have wrought on thee.
Undone on the face of earth, he returned to his own true land,
And joyous he went forthright in the presence of God to stand.

* *

Alas that the face of doom in the mirror Sphere was shown!
He left the grossness of earth, went where naught of change is known
He started in stranger-wise on that journey all alone;
And, e'en as the humá bird, of the world above was prone.
In truth was his flight aloft brought about by his cruel fone.

[1] The bowstring.

Is it strange if the carrion earth was ne'er as his portion thrown?
O Yahyá, his spirit away to eternal life is flown;
May God be his friend, may the soul of Muhammed defend his own,
May his feres be the angel-throng, and his mate each blessed one;
And plenteous e'en as our tears may mercy on him be shown!
O Allah, may Eden-bower a dwelling for him provide;
And still may the King, the stay of the earth, in weal abide!

CHAPTER VI.

BÁQÍ, AND THE MINOR POETS JELÍLÍ, MU'ÍDÍ, EMRÍ, GHARÁMÍ, RAHÍMÍ, FEVRÍ, SHUKRÍ, NIGÁRÍ AND NIDÁ'Í. FAREWELL TO LATÍFÍ.

The course of our survey has now brought us to a writer who for a period of near three hundred years enjoyed unchallenged the reputation of being the greatest poet of his people, and whose position of paramount pre-eminence has been disputed only in these latest days since the rise of the modern school of criticism. Mahmúd 'Abd-ul-Báqí, generally known by his makhlas of Báqí, was born in Constantinople in the year 933 (1526—7), his father holding the humble position of mu'ezzin or caller to worship at the mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror. Báqí was at first apprenticed to a saddler, but his strong native bent towards study soon induced him to abandon this line of life and follow the more congenial career of the law. While still a student following the lectures of Qaramání-záde Muhammed Efendi and Qází-záde, he laid the foundation of his fame as a poet by the production of the Hyacinth Qasída, a poem which has always been among the best known of his works.

In these early days Báqí suffered much owing to his straitened means; his fortune dates from 962, when he presented to Sultan Suleymán, just returned from one of his Persian campaigns, a qasída which so greatly pleased that

generous and discerning monarch that he at once took the poet into his special favour and admitted him to the circle of his private friends. The close and intimate connection thus formed between Suleymán and Báqí was continued without interruption until the death of the former in 974 (1566), when the poet mourned his patron in an elegy which still holds its place among the noblest achievements of the Turkish Muse. Selím II, himself a poet of considerable ability, continued to treat Báqí with the same kindly familiarity, and when after a reign of eight years he was succeeded by his son Murád III, the poet found himself still enjoying the sunshine of imperial favour. It was of course impossible to occupy such a position without encountering the hostility of many persons jealous of the advantages it conferred and eager to secure these for themselves. The wonderful thing is that Báqí was able to maintain himself in his place at court so long as he did. At length, however, his enviers contrived, by means of what appears to be a somewhat clumsy trick, to deprive him for a time of the Sultan's favour, and even to get him sent into temporary banishment. They got a ghazel by an obscure writer called Námí, made some slight alterations in it, and laid it before Murád who had just succeeded to the throne, telling him that Báqí had composed it in ridicule of the late Sultan, whose predilection for wine was a matter of public notoriety. The new sovereign believed what he was told, and, indignant that his father's kindness should be so repaid, dismissed Báqí from the important legal position which he held and, as has been said, sent him into banishment. The ghazel in question was, however, soon discovered in a collection of Námí's poems whereupon Báqí was recalled and reinstated in the good graces of the court. This was the only cloud which darkened the poet's career as an imperial favourite; he survived Murád,

living to win the esteem and to sing the praises of Muhammed III, the fourth Sultan whom he saw upon the throne of ʿOsmán.

Báqí eventually attained a high position in the ranks of the ʿulemá; he was successively Cadi of Mekka, Cadi of Constantinople, Anatolian Qadiʿasker, and (in 1006) Rumelian Qadiʿasker. In the following year he resigned, being upwards of seventy years of age.

Báqí died on the 23rd of Ramazán, 1008 (April 7, 1600); and on the following day the funeral service was performed in the presence of an immense assembly in the Mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror, where the poet's father had been muʾezzin long before. Sunʿ-ulláh Efendi, the Sheykh-ul-Islám, who conducted the service, quoted in his address this couplet from one of the dead poet's most beautiful ghazels:

Friends shall know thy worth, O Báqí, when thou liest on the bier,
And with folded hands they range them o'er against thee, rank on rank. [1]

Outside the Adrianople Gate, on the road to Eyyúb, was Báqí buried; and there his tomb still remains, a sacred spot to all who care for Turkish poetry. [2]

Qináli-záde relates a charming little story of Báqí's début as a writer, which professes to come from the poet himself. Old Zátí, as we have seen, was recognised as master by the young would-be poets of those days; so naturally enough the youthful Báqí took to him one of his ghazels, eager to see what advice or encouragement the great man would vouchsafe. The wonderful maturity of the poem presented to him amazed the critic, and when he looked on the lad

[1] قدروکی سنگ مصلّاده بلوب ای باقی
طوروب ال بغلیالر قرشوکده یاران صف صف

[2] By a strange piece of carelessness the date of Báqí's death is inscribed erroneously on his tombstone.

before him, he refused to believe that the ghazel was the work of one so young, and read him a long lecture on the wickedness of plagiarism and the disgrace it was certain to entail. This so embarrassed the poor boy that he could only stammer out the words, 'Nay, the poem is mine own.' In order to test him, Zátí then showed him certain passages in his own Díwán and asked him to point out the beauties in these. This Báqí did, though apparently without quite convincing the critic; for he tells us that he left Zátí's presence overcome with bashfulness at his reception, but at the same time with his heart filled with delight in that his poem had been so highly thought of. Zátí lived not only to find out that he had been in error in his estimate of the young poet, but to forget his own warning and introduce into his Díwán some of Báqí's verses, a proceeding which he openly avowed, declaring it be no dishonour to steal from such a poet.

There is another story told about Báqí. Sultan Suleymán bestowed many gifts upon his favourite poet, and among these was a young Seraglio lady, noted for her wit, named Túti Qadin or Dame Parrot. One day the poet Nevʿí called to congratulate his brother of the pen on this latest piece of good fortune, which he did by saying. 'So you have become the companion of the Parrot,' alluding to a story in Saʿdí's Gulistán of a parrot and a crow which were made to live together in the same cage.[1] Báqí, perceiving the allusion, replied. 'Gently, brother, do not make her fly too high by calling her the parrot; she is the crow.' The lady who either heard or heard of this colloquy, answered them by a verse of Nevʿí's own which she modified slightly to suit her purpose:

[1] This story is in the fifth book of the Gulistān, and begins: کردند طوطی را با زاغی در قفس [Platts's edition, pp. 108—109. ED.]

Though the Parrot of a sudden should companion with the crow,
Yet the crow would only grumble: such is crowishness, in sooth! [1]

From his own day down to a few years ago Báqí was universally regarded as the greatest of the Turkish lyric poets. His title of Poet-King, conferred upon him during his lifetime, remained undisputed; and all writers, foreign as well as native, Western as well as Eastern, combined in according to him the loftiest place on the Ottoman Parnassus. That he regarded himself as infinitely superior to his contemporaries as well as to his predecessors is abundantly manifest from many passages scattered through his poems; but this goes for little or nothing, such self-laudatory verses (fakhriyya, as they called them,) being almost universal with the old Eastern poets, who freely indulged in them, however great or however slight the real merits of their work might be.

The verdict of the early critics, though it may not be taken as final, is interesting and valuable as representing the literary opinion of their day; and in considering the works of Báqí and his contemporaries we must never lose sight of the fact that it was for their day, and not for ours, that

[1] بغتةً اولمش ایکن طوطی غرابه همنشین
بیننه شکوایی غراب ایلر غرابت بوندهدر

Nev'í's verse is:

قهر دهر ایله اولور بلبل غرابه همنشین
بیننه شکوایی غراب ایلر غرابت بوندهدر

Were by spite of Fate the bulbul made companion to the crow,
Yet the crow would only grumble: such is crowishness in sooth!

The merit, such as it is, of these verses lies in the play on the words غراب = crow, and غرابت, which might mean 'crowishness,' but usually means 'strangeness,' or, as here, 'dissimilarity.' The parrot and the crow in Sa'dí's fable did nothing but complain of one another. Nev'í is said to have written a 'Contention' (munázara) between the Parrot and the Crow.

these were written. Latífí is of course too early; Báqí was only some twenty years old when this biographer wrote, and had not yet made any considerable name. Latífí merely mentions him and quotes the opening couplet of one of his ghazels. [1]

ᶜAshiq Chelebi, after some grandiose speeches as to the cycle of poetry being wheeled round and the muster of the poets being rolled up, says that the first thing which, like the mouth of the beloved, gave forth mysteries abiding behind the pavilion of existence was the genius of Báqí, [2] and goes on to describe the poet's verse as vigorous, strong, equal, artistic, highly coloured, and tasteful, while his language is fluent, his ideas graceful, his versification clear, and his thoughts full of passion. He further declares his poetry to be free from straining and exempt from pomposity, so that one might say that such things had fallen on his tongue from the voice of the Interpreter of Sanctity from the Unseen World.

Similarly ᶜAhdí, likewise a contemporary, speaks of the passionate verses and the heart-illuming virgins (i. e. original ideas) of this nightingale of the rose-bower of speech, this sugar-breaking parrot, as being famous throughout the world, and the cynosure of the eyes of the sons of Adam; and he praises his style alike in ghazel and qasída for fluency and evenness.

Qináli-záde surpasses himself in grandiloquence when he tries to do justice to this great man, who is, he declares,

[1] That beginning:

نوله دهر ایچره نشانم یوغیسه عنقایم

نه عجب سیل کبی چغلمسم دریایم

This must therefore be an early poem; Qináli-záde mentions it as having been submitted to Zátí by Báqí some time after their first interview.

[2] He means that though Báqí was born late, after the age of the great poets, he was the first to reveal the mysteries of the universe.

one of the greatest of the poets, the most accomplished of the eloquent, the most eminent of the learned, the Preface of the Díwán of Perfection, the Index of the title-page of graceful speech, the Poet of the assembly-illuming critics of subtleties, the Magician of the wit-dealing singers of ghazels, the Sultan of the poets of the realms of Rúm, nay, the Khusrev and the Kháqán [1] of the singers of every land. His heart-attracting poetry and his peerless speech are the despair of Selmán and the envy of Zahír; for truth is this, that it is known and observed by men of talent, as clear as the light of talent, that never since the souls of the sons of mankind have poured from the overflow of the cloud of Heaven's dominion into the shells of forms, and since the glittering pearls raining from the cloud of the might of God upon the shells of bodies have become the central ornament of the necklace of Real and Contingent Being, hath there played in the mirror of existence verse clear and flowing and sweet-toned as this, equal to the poetry of the Psalter. His language adorned with eloquence is a Khusrev that hath seized the Habitable [2] Quarter and compelled the Kings of verse to bow the head before him; and the ambergris-scented breeze hath filled the heights and depths of all lands with the wafts of the aloes of his blessed words. Although that this Firstling of eloquence, this Canon for time, be come late, what matter, since in rhetoric and eloquence he is before all? And although he abide on the shoe-rank [3] of the audience-

[1] Kháqán, said to be originally the Chinese word hu-hang, was the special title of the Tartar or Mogul emperor, as Khusrev (Khusraw, Arabic Kisrá, Greek Chosroes) was of the Persian, Faghfúr of the Chinese, Qaysar (Caesar) of the Rúmí or Byzantine, Nejáshí (Negus) of the Abyssinian, and so on. Now-a-days it is one of the titles of the Ottoman Sultan. In literature it is used like Khusrev to denote a King generally.

[2] For the Habitable Quarter of the earth's surface, i. e. the whole world, see Vol. I, p. 47, n. 1.

[3] Saff-i niʿál, the place where shoes are left on entering a room, and where

hall of existence, what reason for regret, since it is acknowledged and attested that he occupies the seat of highest honour. The fragrant rose cometh last to the garden; first are the thorns and weeds. His pearl-diffusing poetry is pure and flowing as running water, and his virgin fancies are free and exempt from harshness or weakness. Since his peerless ghazels are inscribed in the album of the universe, and his clear verses are renowned among mankind, what (more) remaineth to be said? (or, what need to call him Báqí = the Abiding?)

The poet ʿAtá'í who continued Tásh-Kupru-záde's Biography of Sheykhs and ʿUlemá, called the Crimson Peony, carrying it down to the time of Murád IV, takes up the song of praise. In a long notice devoted to Báqí, whom he calls the Sultan of poets and the Moderator of the speech of Rúm, whose verse is the source of honour and glory to our predecessors and successors, he endorses and accentuates the poet's own self-satisfied statements that it is only since he began to praise his loved one's eyes that the poets of Rúm have learned how to write ghazels,[1] and that he is now King in the realm of speech, to whom the ghazel has been given and the qasída handed over.[2]

Then we have Qáf-záda Fá'izí (d. 1031 = 1621—2), who compiled a great anthology, apologizing for not including the whole of Báqí's poems in his collection, because, he says,

servants wait. If the room were full, a late-comer would have to stand there. The allusion is to Báqí's being born late.

1 مدّاح اولسی چشم غزالانکه باقی
اوگرندی غزل طرزنی رومک شعراسی

2 بو دور ایچنده بنم پادشاه ملك سخن
بکا صونلدی قصیده بکا ویرلدی غزل

it is impossible for any one to drink a fountain quite dry, however thirsty he may be. [1]

Of greater value perhaps than the laudations of the biographers is the tribute paid to Báqí by Nefʿí and Nedím, two of the most brilliant poets of the Old School. The former says in one of his qasídas:

'Tis the water of life of Báqí's words, which, making mention thereof,
Will keep alive the memory of Suleymán Khán till the Last Day. [2]

And in another place he quotes a couplet from a qasída of Báqí:

Wondrous suitable to describe it [3] doth it appear in this place,
What then though I quote this couplet of Báqí: —
'Its threshold is a strong rampart against the assaults of the Gog of sorrow,
'Its portal is a mighty fortress to repel the legions of woe.' [4]

Nedím, speaking of poets who had distinguished themselves in various lines, says:

1 یازلمدیسه اکر جمله شعر پر کاری
بنی بو مادّه‌ده اهل دل طوتر معذور
محالدر بو که بر چشمهٔ تمام ایده نوش
ندکلو آبه حریص اولسه تشنهٔ محرور

2 حشره‌دك آب حیات سخن باقیدر
آکدیروب زنده قیلان نام سلیمان خانی

[3] Nefʿí is here describing a pavilion built for the Sultan by the Admiral Jaʿfer Pasha. Báqí's verse, of course, originally referred to something else.

4 بو محلده عجب اوصافنه چسپان کوریلور
نوله بو بیتنی باقینکز ایدرسم تضمین
دفع یاجوج غمه ایشکیدر سدّ سدید
منع جیش المه درگهیدر حصن حصین

Nef'í was the artist of speech in qasídas,
But in the ghazel he could not equal Báqí or Yahyá. [1]

Sábit, another distinguished poet of those times, writes:

If we call Báqí the assayer, this is (but) justice;
For his groats are the silver of our thoughts.
What though the pen collect the remnants of his fancies,
In the acquisition of accomplishments it is Báqí's slave. [2]

Passages such as those might be cited from many other of the earlier writers, all to the one effect, — that Báqí is supreme over all the lyrists of Rúm, if indeed he be not greatest among the poets of the earth. But let us now leave the older critics and see what is the judgment of more recent times. We find that Ziyá Pasha, the great poet of Sultan 'Abd-ul-'Azíz's reign, in the preface to his 'Tavern,' [3] places Báqí at the head of the second of the three periods into which he divides the history of his country's poetry. The first of these three periods is the Ancient, beginning in the earliest times; the second is the Middle, beginning with Báqí; and the third is the Modern, beginning with Nábí. What induced the Pasha to begin his Middle Period with Báqí is the fact that this poet is the earliest writer of distinction who seriously and successfully addressed himself to the work of determining the metrical treatment of words of Turkish origin. Up to this time the poets had treated such

1 نفعی وادیٔ قصایده سخن پرداز در
اولمز امّا غزلده باقی و یحیا کبی

2 نوله نقّاد دیسه‌ك باقی‌یه انصاف بودر
که بزم نقرهٔ اندیشه‌مز آنك پولیدر
نوله دوشیرسه بقایاسنی مضمونلرینك
خامه تحصیل کمالاتنده باقی قولیدر

[3] See Vol. I, p. 240, n. 1.

words, to use Ekrem Bey's simile, as though they were made of elastic, drawing them out to any length the metre might require, by that system of prolonging vowels naturally short which is known as imála, and the constant employment of which renders so much of their writing disagreeably forced, at least to modern ears. Although, as I have already said, a somewhat different pronunciation may have caused this fault to be less obvious and less painful in the early days of the Empire, it is clear from the care with which Báqí seeks to avoid, or at any rate to curtail, indulgence in this licence, that the unpleasant effect which it produces had begun to make itself felt at the time he wrote. Judged from a modern standpoint, Báqí's works are indeed by no means free from imálas; but it may well be that certain sounds are now short which in his day were long. This much however is certain, that so marked a change in this particular comes over the writings of the poets after Báqí's influence is once thoroughly established, that Ziyá Pasha is amply justified in regarding his appearance as an epoch in Turkish literature.

Báqí's example further helped to sweep away from the language a number of old words and forms which, having been replaced by others, had become obsolete, and were retained only by the conservatism of the poets. These words, although probably quite as good as those by which they were deposed, had no longer any real life, and survived merely as part of the traditional paraphernalia of an artificial literary style. Báqí therefore rendered the language a service when, by using living words in their stead, he helped to banish them from poetic diction. Such are the services to which Ziyá Pasha alludes when he calls Báqí the 'earliest reformer,' and says that poetry was first moulded into proper shape at his hands.

Ekrem Bey, in his little pamphlet on the old poets, praises Báqí for his care in avoiding the imála and endorses Ziyá's statement that he must be reckoned among the reformers of the language, adding that he presented to his contemporaries poems which even nowadays we must consider as very smooth and harmonious. But he takes the poet to task for the great number of puns and equivoques which disfigure his work. Qináli-záde had long before, but in no disparaging tone, called attention to Báqí's pronounced affection for the tevriya or íhám (amphibology),[1] quoting a number of examples of the same from his ghazels. While we must agree with Ekrem Bey that such frolics of the fancy are indeed unworthy of Báqí's genius, we must not forget that the spirit of that age looked upon such things as necessary embellishments to all serious literary work.

Similarly Professor Nájí, who reckons Báqí among the most noteworthy of the Turkish poets, avers that he acted to his countrymen as instructor in their language, which he strove to reform so far as was possible under the old system.

From these various criticisms which I have translated or paraphrased it will be observed that while the earlier writers look upon Báqí as being before all things a poet of the highest rank, the later critics consider that it is rather as a literary reformer that he is entitled to our respect. The reason for this difference of opinion is to be sought in the different meanings which the two schools attach to the word Poetry. As we have seen over and over again, poetry meant to the older school simply expression, expression reduced to a fine art; while the poet was merely an artist in words. Now Báqí was a consummate artist in words, and he was little more. Even the reforms he brought about were nothing but reforms in words. Not one of the poets who had gone

[1] See vol. I, p. 113.

before him,perhaps not one of those who came after, equalled him in the dexterity with which he manipulated his words. Here then is the secret of the boundless enthusiasm of the old writers; Báqí attained more nearly than any other to that goal towards which all were straining, absolute perfection of expression. It mattered nothing to these that the greater part of their favourite's work is utterly valueless save for its beauty of language, since beauty of language was the only thing they sought. But to the modern critics, to whom poetry means something more than musical verbosity, Báqí's work presents itself in a different light, and is valuable not so much in itself as in its effects.

It is therefore, questions of literary reform apart, merely as a stylist that Báqí must be judged, and here we may at once concede to him that position which the unanimous voice of the early critics claims as his. The beauty of his style is apparent even to a foreign reader; though by no means free from the rhetorical colouring fashionable in his day, it is on the whole clear and straightforward, and from time to time rises to a nobility very rare indeed among contemporary Turkish poets; while the purity and correctness of his language entitle him to the highest place among the classic writers of his country. Báqí's Díwán is the high-water mark of that tide of imitative, Persianising culture which for so long a time lay over all literary life in Turkey.

On the other hand, there is very little originality in Báqı's works so far as subject-matter is concerned; his themes are for the most part confined to the old round of love and wine, flowers and spring, and treated without novelty, without individuality, just as they had been for centuries before by countless Turkish and Persian poets. Frequent echoes from the lyrics of Háfiz tell clearly enough where the Ottoman singer went for his inspiration, and whom he chose as

model; and in view of his limitations, it may be that he acted wisely.

That Báqí none the less was really possessed of poetic genius of a high order, and might under more favourable circumstances have become a very much greater poet than he actually is, is proved by his Elegy on Sultan Suleymán. Had he always written up to the level of this noble poem, Báqí would have been not only the greatest of all Turkish poets, but one of the great poets of the world. Turkish poetry is rich in elegies, but it has none to equal this. Sincere, full of dignity, and simple, so far as that was possible, it is no unworthy dirge for the great monarch whom it bewails. Here for once Báqí seems to have closed his Háfiz, gone to his own heart, and sought his inspiration there. But unhappily it was for once only, and this splendid outburst remains to show what Báqí might have achieved had he been born in another land or in another age.

The large number of manuscripts of his Díwán which are to be found, and the great beauty of many among them, bear witness to the extent and duration of Báqí's popularity. The only two Turkish manuscript díwáns embellished with miniatures which I have ever seen are both copies of this poet's works; one belongs to the British Museum, the other is in my own collection, and both are extremely beautiful volumes.

Báqí's poetry is wholly lyrical; he wrote nothing in the way of mesneví. Some of his qasídas are dignified and even majestic; but they are, as usual, weakened by extravagance and marred by strained or far-fetched imagery.

He made some prose translations from the Arabic of works relating to law and theology. He further collected and translated the Ahádís or Traditional Sayings of the Prophet handed down on the authority of Ebú Eyyúb the Ansárí.

Báqí is the only Turkish poet at a translation of whose Díwán any attempt has yet been made. In 1825 the indefatigable Von Hammer published a German rendering from a couple of MSS. which he supposed to contain the complete Díwán of this poet, but which, as he soon discovered, comprised in reality less than one half of Báqí's poems. [1] Even so far as it goes, this German version is utterly inadequate; it is full of mistakes of every kind, and cannot be accepted as giving any just idea of Báqí's work.

The following Qasída in honour of Sultan Suleymán, which has been translated in its entirety, is usually placed first in collections of Báqí's poems. It is a perfect example of the form as described in the third chapter of the first book (vol. I, pp. 83—87) of this work. The exordium describes a starry night; and all the seven planets known in those days are mentioned in order.

Qasída. [213]

One eventide the battlements of heaven's sublime seray [2]
Were fair illumined by those flashing lamps the stars display.
Amid the stellar host the flambeau of the Moon burned bright;
And radiant o'er the fields of sky stretched the Straw-bearers' Way. [3]
The Scribe of heaven [4] had reached his hand to grasp the meteor-pen,
The Cipherer [5] of His decrees whom men and jinn obey.

[1] Baki's, des grössten türkischen Lyrikers, Diwan, zum ersten Mahle ganz verdeuscht, von Joseph von Hammer, Wien, 1825.

[2] Seráy ("Seraglio") i. e. palace.

[3] Keh-Keshán, the Straw-bearers, is the Persian name for what we call the Milky Way.

[4] The Scribe of heaven is the planet Mercury. The planets are frequently personified in poetry; as a rule, the Moon is figured as a fair youth or girl, Mercury as a penman, Venus as a beautiful female minstrel, the Sun as a sovereign, Mars as a warrior, Jupiter as a vezir, and Saturn as an aged man, often an Indian, he being inauspicious, and therefore dark.

[5] The Cipherer, Nishánji, is the titular tracer of the Tughra, or royal cipher, on the decrees of God.

Venus had tuned her harp for that celestial banquet fair,
Brightly and merrily she smiled for mirth and joyance gay.
Still spinning as she went, the tambourinist Sun had hid
Below the hoop-shaped arch of heaven her radiant face away. [1]
With scimitar of gold inlay into the plain had sprung
The champion Swordsman of the sky's far-reaching field of fray. [2]
To ponder o'er the weighty matters of the universe
Had Jupiter the wise made cogitation's taper ray.
High on the seventh sphere did Saturn, stricken sore in years,
Sit, even as he were an Indian watchman, old and grey.
'What meaneth this celestial pageantry?' amazed I cried,
When lo, e'en while the inward eye did all the scene survey,
Flashing in radiance all around on every hand, the Sun
O'er the horizon blazed, the Seal of Solomon, [3] in fay.
Then gazed the inward eye upon this sight so wonder-fair
Until the soul's ear heard the mystery therein that lay:
How naught had given this array to the celestial courts
Except the fortune of the King who doth the wide world sway! [4]
Seated aloft upon the throne above all crownéd Kings!
Rearéd on high amid the dread imperial mellay!
Jemshíd in feast and festival! Darius in the fight!
Kisrá [5] in rank and justice! Alexander of the day!

Sultan of East and West? King of the Kings of land and sea!
Darius of the age! King Suleymán, victorious aye!

That Champion-rider of the realms of justice, 'fore whose steed
'Tis soothly meet that Khusrevs [6] march in glittering array;

[1] Here the Sun is figured not as a sovereign, but as a tambourinist, the reference being of course to that luminary's apparent resemblance in size and form to a tambourine. The sun spins or revolves, and the tambourinist makes her instrument spin on her finger.

[2] The planet Mars.

[3] With a secondary reference to the Sultan, whose name was Solomon (Suleymán); for the magic virtues of Solomon's Seal, see vol. II, p. 39, n. 1.

[4] This couplet is the guríz-gáh, or place of flight, in which the poet passes from the exordium to the panegyric.

[5] This Kisrá is Núshírván of the old Sásánian dynasty of Persia; he is the type of a just King.

[6] i. e. Kings, especially the Sásánian Kings of Persia, called by the Arabs Kisrá (plural Akásira) and by the Greeks Chosroes.

'Twould seem the leopard-sphere had made revolt against his rule,
And bound in chains the Straw-bearers had haled him here, their prey;[1]
Lord of the realm of graciousness and bounty, on whose board
Of favour spread is all the wealth that sea and mine display;[2]
Longs the perfumer, springtide, for the odour of his grace;
Needs the householder, autumn, yonder bounteous hand alway,[3]
None groaneth through the tyrant's cruel vexing in thy reign;
And if the harp and flute do wail,[4] the law they disobey.
Beside thy justice, tyranny's the law of Key-Qubád;[5]
Beside thine anger, Qahramán's fierce fury is as play.[6]
Did but the meteor see the sphere a-tremble, it would deem
It fevered for thy fear, and bind it round the neck straightway.
Thy sabre is the glittering pathway to the realms of Death:
Put to the sword the foemen of the Faith, no more delay!
The standards floating fair above thine ocean-mighty hosts
Are sails the ship of victory and triumph doth display.
He'd take the Sphere grain-fashion in his beak, an so he willed, —
One bite were earth unto the ᶜanqá of the Qáf, thy sway.[7]
In the eternal past thy mighty hand did smite that ball,
The Sphere; and then is now, for still it spins upon its way.
Within the garden of thy praise, the bower of thine acclaim,
The bird-heart sings like rippling stream this life-bestowing lay:

If yonder mouth be not the soul, O heart-ensnarer gay,[8]
Why is it hidden, like the soul, from our poor eyes away?[9]

[1] The starry sky is here compared to a spotted leopard, chained by the band of the Milky Way.

[2] The sea as yielding pearls, and the mine as yielding gems, are types of generous wealth.

[3] Autumn personified as a rich and generous householder who dispenses quantities of gold (yellow leaves).

[4] Referring to the plaintive notes of these instruments.

[5] Key-Qubád was one of the Kings of the legendary Keyání dynasty of Persia.

[6] Qahramán is a legendary hero who was solicited by the Fairy-Kings to aid in repelling the Demons. He did so, and met with many strange adventures which are related in the Qahramán-Náma.

[7] For the ᶜanqá, see vol. II, p. 280, n. 5 and *supra* p. 67, n. 7.

[8] Here begins a ghazel, such as was often introduced into qasídas (see vol. I, p. 309). It is apparently addressed to some imaginary being, conceived either as an earthly beauty or as a divine ideal.

[9] A tiny mouth is among the charms of the conventional beauty of the

What time thy rubies' image lay within the spirit's scryne
The mine had ceased to be the home of gems of lustrous ray. [1]
Tangle on tangle o'er thy cheek the curling tresses fall;
'For Hijáz have the Syrians girt their skirts,' one well might say. [2]
Let but the gardener see thy slender, waving cypress-form,
And ne'er again to rear the willow on the lawn essay. [3]
The dark of vision may conceive those eyebrows black of thine;
While they, the keen and bright of wit, thy teeth imagine may.
The rose and jessamine bowed down afore thy cheek so fair,
The cypress of the garth rose up afore thy figure gay. [4]
The heart-throne is the seat of that high Sovran, love for thee;
The soul-pavilion 'tis wherein thine imaged rubies stay.
Thy beauty's rays have, like the sun, laid hold on all the earth,
Filled with the cry of love for thee 's Creation's vault for aye:
The tumult of the plain of earth hath mounted to the spheres,
The shouting of the Heavenly Host hath fall'n on earth to-day. [5]

No nightingale so sweet of voice as Báqí may appear,
Nor may there any garden shine bright as thy face alway. [6]
Thy beauty's rose doth make the garth of earth as Irem-bower, [7]

poets; here it is said to be so small as to be invisible, like the soul, which it further resembles as being the source of the lover's life.

[1] When the casket of my heart enshrined the picture of thy ruby-lips, that, and not the mine, was the true home of precious stones.

[2] Shámí = Syrian, also means 'evening-like,' hence, dark, and so, applicable to the hair. Hijáz, besides being being the name of a region in Arabia, is the name of a musical mode. So the line means: 'The night-black locks, dangling about thy cheeks, are as Syrians who have girt their loins for a dance to Hijáz' (or to the air called Hijáz). The couplet is a good example of Báqí's fondness for the íhám.

[3] The willow is yet another type of a graceful figure.

[4] The rose and jessamine, typical of the red and white tints of a beautiful cheek, performed the sujúd, that is the prostration practised in the Muslim worship, before thy face; while the cypress, typical of the elegant form, performed the qiyám, that is the standing up which occurs in the same service, before thy figure; i. e. the symbols of beauty worshipped thee.

[5] The ghazel ends here. The last couplet is in amplification of the last line of that preceding.

[6] This verse is the táj or crown, in which the poet mentions his own name. The Sultan is addressed once more.

[7] For Irem, the terrestial paradise, see vol. I, p. 326, n. 5.

All round a thousand nightingales and many an hundred lay.[1]
Come, let us turn us to the Court of Allah: Still may wax
The glory of the Empire of the King triumphant aye,[2]
So long as Time doth for the radiant sun-taper at dawn
A silver candle-stick upon th' horizon edge display,[3]
Safe from the blast of doom may still the sheltering skirt of Him
Who holds the world protect the taper of thy life, we pray.
Glory the comrade, Fortune, the cup-bearer at thy feast;
The beaker-sphere, the goblet steel-enwrought, of gold inlay![4]

I give next a translation of the famous Elegy on Sultan Suleymán. It is, as usual, in the terkíb-bend form. There is one other stanza, the last of all, which I have not given. It is a panegyric on Suleymán's son and successor Selím II, such as it was incumbent on Báqí, in his capacity of court poet, to introduce into a poem intended for the sovereign; but it strikes a false note, and is out of harmony with, and altogether unworthy of, the rest of the poem. The first stanza is addressed to the reader.

Elegy on Sultan Suleymán. [214]

O thou, foot-tangled in the mesh of fame and glory's snare!
How long this lust of things of Time that ceaseless floweth e'er?
Hold thou in mind that day which shall be last of life's fair spring,
When needs the tulip-tinted cheek to autumn-leaf must wear,
When thy last dwelling-place must be, e'en like the dregs', the dust,[5]
When mid the bowl of cheer must fall the stone Time's hand doth bear.[6]
He is a man in truth whose heart is as the mirror clear;

[1] Perhaps an allusion to the immense number of poets who arose in Suleymán's time.

[2] In this couplet begins the prayer for the patron, with which every qasída ought to conclude.

[3] The sun is compared to a candle, while by the silver candlestick the silvery light of the subh-i-sádiq, or true dawn, appears to be meant.

[4] The dark sky, studded with stars, is here regarded as a steel bowl inlaid with gold, given to the Sultan to enhance the glory of his feast.

[5] They used to throw aside the dregs after drinking a cup of wine.

[6] A pebble thrown into a beaker was the signal for a party to break up.

Man art thou? Why then doth thy breast the tiger's passion share?
How long will negligence's sleep seal up the inward eye?
Boots not the Royal Battle-Lion's fate to make thee ware?
He, Lord of cavaliers in Fortune's Kingdom, to whose Rakhsh,[1]
What time he caracoled, full strait seemed earth's wide tourney-square!
He, to the lustre of whose sword the Hunnish paynim bowed;
He, whose dread sabre's flash hath wrought the wildered Frank's despair!
Gently, e'en as the rose's leaf, he bowed in dust his face;
And earth, the treasurer, hath laid him, gem-like, in his case.

Good truth, he was the lustre of rank high and glory great,
A King, Iskender-diademed, of Dárá's armied state.[2]
Before the ground aneath his feet the Sphere bent low its head,[3]
Earth's shrine of adoration was the dust before his gate,
But longing for his gifts would make the meanest beggar rich;
Exceeding boon, exceeding bounteous a Potentate!
The court of glory of his Kingly majesty most high
Was aye the centre where would hope of sage and poet wait.
Although he yielded to eternal Destiny's command,
A King was he in might as Doom, immoveable as Fate!
Wearied and worn by yon vile, fickle Sphere, deem not thou him;
Near God to be, did he his rank and glory abdicate.
What wonder if our eyes no more life and the world behold?
His beauty sheen as sun and moon did earth irradiate.
If folk upon the sun do gaze, their eyne are filled with tears,
For while they look, yon moon-bright face before their minds appears.[4]

Now let the cloud shed drops of blood and bend its form full low;
And let the palm-tree make its twigs with Judas-flowers to blow.[5]

[1] Rakhsh was the famous charger of Rustem, the national hero of Persia, whose wonderful adventures and splendid victories occupy a great portion of the Sháh-Náma. Matthew Arnold's poem on the fatal combat between Rustem and his son Suhráb has made this champion's name familiar to English readers.

[2] Iskender = Alexander the Great; Dárá = Darius.

[3] There is here an allusion to the curved appearance of the vault of heaven.

[4] An instance of Husn-i Taʿlíl (or aetiology: see vol. I, p. 113), the tears that fill the eyes when one attempts to look at the sun being ascribed to sorrow for the loss of the Sultan, whose glorious visage the splendour of that luminary recalls to the mind.

[5] The flowers of the erghawán, or Judas-tree, are crimson or purple-red, the colour of blood.

With this sore anguish let the stars' eyes rain down bitter tears
And let the smoke from hearts aflame the heavens bedarkened show.[1]
Their azure garments let the skies change into deepest black,
Let the whole world array itself in robes of princely woe.
In breasts of fairies and of men still let the flame burn on
Of parting from the blest King Suleymán, the fiery lowe.[2]
His home above the Highest Heaven's ramparts he hath made;
This world was all unworthy of his majesty, I trow.
The bird, his soul, hath, huma-like,[3] aloft flown to the skies;
And naught remaineth but some bones here on the earth below.
The fleetest rider on the course of Time and Space[4] was he;
Fortune and Honour as his feres, his bridle-mates, did go.
The head-strong charger, tyrant Fate, was wode and wild of pace,
And earthward fell the shade of God the Lord's benignant grace.[5]

Through grief for thee, bereft of rest and tearful e'en as I,
Sore weeping let the cloud of spring go wandering through the sky
And let the wailing of the birds of dawn the whole world fill;
Be roses torn; and let the nightingale distressful cry.
And let the mountain-land unloose its hyacinths for dole,[6]
And let its tears roll down its skirt in torrents from on high.[7]
Dark as the tulip's, let the Tartar musk-deer's heart become,
Calling to mind the odour sweet of thy benignity.
Through yearning for thee let the rose lay on the road its ear,[8]
And watch impatient, narcisse-like,[9] till the Last Day be nigh.
Although the pearl-bestrewing eyne[10] to seas should turn the world,
Ne'er into being would there come a pearl with thee to vie.

[1] By the smoke of burning hearts their sighs are meant.

[2] King Solomon (Suleymán) of Israel was supposed to rule over the fairies and demons as well as over mankind.

[3] The humá, which has been already mentioned more than once, is a fabulous bird so auspicious that he on whom its shadow falls becomes a King.

[4] That is, the Universe.

[5] The shadow of God in the world is a title of the Sultan. [As appears from al-ʿUtbí's history, it was employed as early as the beginning of the eleventh century of our era by Sultan Mahmúd of Ghazna. ED.]

[6] The hyacinths of the mountain represent its hair.

[7] The tears are the rills.

[8] See p. 29 *supra*, n. 1.

[9] See p. 112 *supra*, n. 2.

[10] The tear-shedding eyes weeping at thy loss.

O heart, this hour 'tis thou that sympathiser art with me;
Come, let us like the flute bewail, and moan, and plaintive sigh.
The notes of mourning and of dole aloud let us rehearse;
And let all those who grieve be moved by this our seven-fold verse. [1]

Will not the King awake from sleep? broke hath the dawn of day:
Will not he move forth from his tent bright as high heaven's display? [2]
Long haye our eyes dwelt on the road, and yet no news is come
From yonder land, the threshold of his majesty's array.
The colour of his cheek hath paled, dry-lipped he lieth there,
E'en as the rose that from the water sweet is fallen away.
The Khusrev of the skies withdraws behind the cloudy veil,
Oft as he minds thy grace, for very shame he sweats, in fay. [3]
My prayer is ever: 'May the babes, his tears, sink 'neath the sod,
'Or old or young be he, who weeps not thee in sad dismay!' [4]
With fire of parting from thee let the sun burn and consume,
And tire himself in wedes sad-hued shaped from the clouds' deray.
And let thy sword recall thy deeds and weep with tears of blood,
Then from its scabbard plunge its length deep in the darksome clay.
Ay, let the reed through grief for thee and dolour rend its spare, [5]
And let the flag its vestment tear for woe and for despair. [6]

Thy sabre made the fone the anguish of its strokes to drain;
Cut out their tongues, so none who may gainsay doth now remain.
They looked upon that tall and haughty cypress-tree, thy lance,
And never did their Bans recall rebellion's name again. [7]

[1] Each stanza of this poem contains seven couplets, besides the 'bend.'

[2] Suleymán died in camp before Szigeth in Hungary.

[3] Husn-i Taʿlíl again: when it rains, the sun, the King of the skies, is said to have called to mind the greater splendour of the King of the earth, to have retired behind his veil of clouds, and there perspired for very shame.

[4] Tears are sometimes compared to babes, being the offspring of the merdumek or mannikin, i. e. pupil of the eye. Here those babes are to die and be buried, i. e. the unsympathising man is to have cause to saturate the earth with his tears.

[5] The giríbán is the 'spare' or opening down the front of a garment which enables it to be put on and off. It is this that they used to tear down when in wild sorrow or despair. The 'spare' of the reed-pen would be the slit up the nib.

[6] Compare the last line quoted of Ibn Kemál's Elegy on Selím I (p. 19, *supra*). Suleymán was, like his father, both a poet and a soldier.

[7] Ban, the Slavonic title (see vol. II, p. 91, n. 6), here erroneously applied to the Hungarian Magnates.

Where'er thy stately destrier placed his hoof, from far and near
Thronged nobles, lief to yield their lives, so thou should glory gain.
The bird, desire, bides not in wastes of Naught, it turneth back: [1]
Thy glaive to offer streams of blood for Allah's sake was fain.
Athwart the face of earth thou hurledst right from end to end
Thine iron-girded champions, as sweeps a sword amain.
A thousand idol-temples hast thou ta'en and turned to mosques,
Where jangled bells thou'st made arise the Call-to-Worship's strain. [2]
At length is struck the parting-drum and thou hast journeyed hence;
Lo, thy first halting-place is mid the Paradisal plain.
Praise be to God, for He in Either World hath blesséd thee,
And writ before thine honoured name both Martyr and Ghází. [3]

* *

Here are six ghazels from Báqí's Díwán:

Ghazel. [215]

On the thorn of dule the bulbul waileth forth his plaintive lay;
Side by side the thorns and rosebuds mid the garden-pleasaunce sway.

Slave unto thy paynim tresses' haught behest, each heathen zone
Fast and firm is girt, thy cruel mandate, Goddess, to obey. [4]

How to ope those hearts that rosebud-like are all fulfilled of blood,
Wheresoe'er they be, do sweetlings from thy liplets seek the way. [5]

[1] This mystic line comes in strangely here.

[2] Referring to the Christian churches turned into mosques by Suleymán.

[3] Ghází ve Shehíd, Champion and Martyr. Whoever dies in battle or in the field against the unbelievers is crowned with martyrdom, while the Muslim champion will be rewarded for his labours in the next world. Prince Cautenier, who lived at the court of Ahmed III, says in his History of Turkey; "The Turks are persuaded that he (Suleymán) was a great favourite of heaven, because he not only lost his life at the siege of Szigeth, and so became Shehíd, but was also Ghází, two cities being taken under the conduct of his relicts, and annexed to the Ottoman Empire."

[4] The zone, as we have already seen (vol. II, p. 44, n. 4), is distinctive of the paynim, and is often mentioned as a symbol of a cruel beauty's curl. Here the meaning is that all the heartless lovely ones have to recognise thee as their sovereign.

[5] When sorrowful, the heart is said to be straitened or closed (teng); when joyful, to be opened or expanded (kushâda). The heart 'bleeds' when it grieves. The closed bleeding heart is like a red rosebud, so are the lips.

Unto those thy locks the fragrant jacinth bows, their Indian slave;[1]
While the plot wherein thy rosy cheek may bloom's the garden gay.

Is it strange if in thine absence heart and soul for peaches[2] long? —
For the fruit that's out of season sick folk ever yearn and pray.

Low the musk lies, gory-shrouded, slain by yonder darling's mole: —
Deem not ye that the perfumers wrap it round with crimson say.[3]

Truth is this, Bāqī, unrivalled still thy wondrous verse would be,
Though the warlocks all addressed them unto numbers from this day.

Ghazel. [216]

From all eternity the slave of Sultan Love are we, O Life.[4]
Of passion's mighty realm are we the King of haught degree, O Life.

Forbid not thirsting hearts the water of the cloud of thy dear grace;
The core-brent tulip of this dreary wilderness we be, O Life.

Fortune is ware that pearls in us are hid, and so she rends our heart,
And thus our vitals bleed; we are the mine of wit, perdie, O Life.

Let not the dust of sorrow ever cloud the fountain of the soul;
We are, thou know'st, the glory of the ᶜOsmán Empery, O Life.

Like Báqí's poetry, that bowl, my verse, doth circle all the earth;
So now the Jámí of the age at this fair feast are we, O Life.[5]

The following little poem is very graceful in the original:

[1] The jacinth or hyacinth is the type of luxuriant locks; when dark-coloured it may be described as Indian.

[2] Sheftálú means both a peach and a kiss (vol. II, p. 371, n. 1). Its use here is an instance of íhám or amphibology, both meanings being intended.

[3] The perfumers sold musk wrapped up in bits of red silk; here, by Husn-i Taᶜlíl, Báqí says that this wrap is not really red silk, but the blood-stained shroud of the musk, which has been slain by the beloved's mole in disputing the palm of sweetness with the same.

[4] The 'Life' addressed in the redíf of this ghazel may be the beloved, human or Divine; or possibly, the poet's own soul.

[5] Jámí, the great Persian poet, derived his name from his native town, Jám in Khurásán; but Jámí may also be taken to mean 'He of the Bowl.' There s a Tejnís between this word and the jám (bowl) in the preceding line.

Ghazel. [217]

Whoe'er in thy ward may approach thee anear,
An angel's his fere, and his alcove the sphere.

The curve of thy musky eyebrow I beheld,
And I took thy black eyen for Cathayan deer. [1]

To the niche [2] of thine eyebrow the moon bowéd down;
They held it, [3] who wist not, thy brow bright and clear.

To lay low the face in the dust at thy feet
The roses and jasmine bestrew the herbere.

My Liege, an thou ask after Báqí, behold
The humblest of slaves at thy gate doth appear.

Ghazel. [218]

Like the breath-filled flute 's the soul with yearning fraught for love of thee. [4]
Ah that upon earth no helpmeet for the heart's dismay should be!

Let the sabre of thy glances shred me even as the comb, [5]
Only at the ending let me win among thy tresses free.

All existent things, if measured by the ocean of thy love, [6]
Were but as a handful litter tossed upon the boundless sea.

Wise is he who boasteth not himself for pride of worldly gear;
Fortune's durance is a moment; as for man, a breath is he.

[1] Musk is procured from the musk-deer of Cathay or Chinese Tartary.

[2] The arched prayer-niche (vol. I, p. 361, n. 3).

[3] The moon. By the 'moon' the poet here means the white forehead of his beloved, though by a figure of speech he says the reverse.

[4] When the flute is filled with the player's breath it wails as if with yearning (see p. 92 *supra*, n. 1). The word hawá, which is used here, means 'passion' as well as 'air' or 'breath'; it is another instance of íhám, both meanings being kept in view.

[5] We have met the comb before (see 4th. verse of poem no. 135). It is generally spoken of with jealousy by the poets, as being allowed to play freely with the beloved's hair. The 'shredding' referred to in this verse is the cutting to form the teeth.

[6] Or 'of love for thee.' The verse is mystical.

Grieve not, Báqí, at the hand of Fortune, for the world is thus:
To the thorn the rose allotted, in the cage the bulbul, see.

Ghazel. [219]

Tulip-cheeks do wander o'er the meadows gay on every side,
On through blooming garth and garden, see, they stray on every side.

Lovers fain of that bright face of thine belike are yonder streams;
Stately Cypress, thee it is they seek for aye on every side.

Dolour's cruel hordes lie leaguer 'fore the city of the heart,
Camped around are Pain, and Anguish, Strife, Dismay, on every side.

Rivers of the tears I shed rolled far and wide on every hand;
Yet again this ocean, sea-like, flings its spray on every side.

Báqí's poesy hath wandered through the Seven Climes of earth;
Meet it were and just they chant this glorious lay on every side.[1]

The next poem, the last of Báqí's which I shall quote, is descriptive of autumn. It is one of those ghazels, so rare with the older writers, which treat throughout of a given subject, resembling so far the exordium of a qasída.

Ghazel. [220]

Ah! ne'er a trace of springtide's olden splendour doth remain;
Fall'n from the treen, the leaves bestrew the mead, their glory vain.

The orchard trees have clad themselves in tattered dervish wedes;
The autumn blast hath torn away the hands[2] from off the plane.

On every side the orchard trees cast down their golden hoard
Before the stream, as though they hoped some boon from him to gain.[3]

[1] This verse, and the maqta's of no. 215 and no. 216, are examples of the fakhriyya, or licensed expressions of boundless self-conceit.

[2] The palmated leaves. See p. 30 *supra*, n. 5.

[3] The trees cast their golden hoard, i. e. their yellow leaves, into the stream, as though they sought to bribe it.

Stay not within the parterre, let it tremble in the gale;
Bare every shrub, this day doth naught or leaf or fruit retain.

Báqí, amid the garden lie the leaves in sad deray;
Meseems, low lying there, against the wind of Fate they plain.

Báqí is the last great poet of the Suleymánic age. Indeed, as we have seen, the greater part of his literary career falls within the period succeeding the reign of the Lawgiver; but as it was under that Sultan that he won his reputation and earned his title of Poet King, and as it was in connection with him that his most splendid successes were achieved, he is justly classed as one of the band of brilliant writers who did so much to enhance the lustre of this glorious reign.[1]

The names mentioned in this chapter and in the preceding are of course those of the most distinguished poets only. With writers springing up in scores on every side under the fostering hand of Suleymán, and with vast tracts of fresh territory being added to the Empire, in many of which there was a more or less Turkish population with its due proportion of poets now to be reckoned as Ottomans, it has become more hopeless than ever to attempt in a work like the present anything approaching a complete list of even the more respectable among the endless writers whose names crowd the pages of the old biographers. Consequently not a few poets have had to be passed over who, had they appeared somewhat earlier, would have received an honourable mention in our history.

There are, however, one or two poets who, while hardly calling for any detailed notice, ought not to be altogether overlooked. Among these is the crazy Jelílí of Brusa who wrote two mesnevís, one on the story of Leylá and Mejnún, the other on that of Khusrev and Shírín, as well as a number

[1] [From a pencil-note in the margin of the manuscript it appears that the Author intended at this point to add some remarks on Báqí's influence throughout the whole of the Classical and the first part of the Transition Period. ED.]

of ghazels which he seems to have collected under the title of Gul-i Sad-Berg, The Hundred-Leafed Rose. His reported translation of the Sháh-Náma is probably a myth, seeing that, as Qináli-záde says, no one has ever seen or heard so much as a single couplet from it. Muᶜídí of Qalqandelen near Uskub is a romantic poet of some note. He is said to have written a series of seven mesnevís as a Response to the Khamsa of Nizámí, three of which are mentioned by name in my MS. of Latífí: Khusrev u Shírín; Gul u Nev-Rúz or Rose and New-Year;[1] and Shemᶜ u Perwána or Taper and Moth. Von Hammer gives an abstract of the second of these, and the British Museum possesses an incomplete MS. of the third.[2] They are love-stories of the usual type, the one dealing with the adventures of Prince New-Year and Princess Rose, the other with the history of the Dervish Moth and the Syrian Princess Taper. Among lyric poets we have Emrí, Gharámí, Rahímí, and Fevrí, the last of whom is interesting, since he was a Hungarian or German taken prisoner in childhood by Turkish marauders. Among chroniclers there are Shukrí the Kurd, who wrote a riming history of Selím I; Nigárí, a naval officer, who describes the victories gained by the Turkish Admiral Sinán Pasha over the Spanish fleet; and Nidáʾí, who sings the triumphs of the Admiral Piyála over the Christians at Jerba.

[1] The New-Year's Day (Nev-Rúz) here meant is the vernal equinox, when the Sun enters the first point of Aries, about the 21st of March. It is the first day of spring, and was in ancient times (and, indeed, still is) a great festival among the Persians. The Turks also occasionally observe it.

[2] The British Museum Catalogue, the general accuracy of which cannot be praised too highly, following Von Hammer, attributes this poem to another Muᶜídí who flourished somewhat later; but as Latífí, who knows nothing of this later writer, attributes a Shemᶜ u Perwána to Muᶜídí of Qalqan-Delen, the only poet of the name he mentions, and as Qináli-záde, to whom the later author is known, does not credit him with any mesneví at all, I cannot help thinking that there is here some slight confusion.

We must now bid farewell to our old friend and guide Latífí, who has accompanied us from the very beginning of our researches, and to whom we are indebted for much of the information we have gained. Like Sehí Bey, whose Tezkira appeared a few years before his own, Latífí dedicated his work to Suleymán. A native of Qastamuni, he was perhaps a little over-zealous for the literary fame of his birthplace; at least, Qináli-záde taxes him with making several poets natives of that city who were in reality born elsewhere, and adds that his work was known among wits as the Qastamuni-Náma, or Qastamuni-Book. Up to a certain point this charge appears to be true; Latífí does seem to have credited his native city with a number of early and obscure writers concerning whose birthplace there is some uncertainty; but this is after all but a little matter and does not materially detract from the value of his work. Notwithstanding several inaccuracies of a more serious nature, Latífí's Biography is a work which the student of Turkish literature could ill afford to lose. It is pleasantly written, and its compilation was evidently a labour of love to the author, who treats his subject with enthusiasm, and is always anxious to say the best he can for the poets whom he passes in review, without, however, ceasing to be a sound critic according to his lights. In his preface Latífí tells us that he undertook his work at the request of an accomplished friend who prayed him to do for the poets of Rúm what Jámí in his Springland (Beháristán) and Neváʾí in his Parties of the Elegant (Mejális-un-Nefáʾis) had done for those of Persia.[1] Latífí lived for many years after writing his Teẓkire, which was finished in 953 (1546—7); Hájji Khalífa and Von Hammer place his death in 990 (1582—3), but Qináli-záde, who wrote in 994 (1585—6), says that he wasthen living in Constantinople, a feeble old man awaiting the salutation of Death.

[1] Neváʾí's work treats of Eastern Turkish as well as of Persian poets.

Besides being a biographer of poets, Latífí wrote a good deal of verse himself, much of which reached a very fair average, as is shown by the Nazíras of his own which he appends to many of the poems quoted in his Tezkira. He was a great lover of books to the praise of which he devotes a considerable portion of his preface, and we cannot take leave of him more appropriately than by quoting therefrom the following ghazel, which I commend to the notice of any future compiler of a "Book Lover's Enchiridion."

Ghazel. [221]

Aye of gentle hearts the close companion lief and dear's a book.
Ever leal a friend, a comrade midst of woe to cheer's a book.

Like as all the fool's diversion lies in wealth and high estate,
Even so the man of learning's untold treasure-gear's a book.

Better to the wise one leaflet than a thousand mines of gold;
Yet the fool one groat will give not, of what profit here's a book?

Lo, it maketh flower-like bloom his heart which as the bud was closed;[1]
Sooth the hundred-leafed rose[2] of his bright early vere's a book.

He hath found the friend withouten fault of blame within the world,[3]
O Latífí, he whose cherished ever constant fere's a book.[4]

[1] See vol. II, p. 205, n. 3.

[2] The gul-i sad-berg or hundred-leafed rose is our cabbage rose. Here there is of course a reference to the leaves of a book.

[3] Referring to the proverb: 'Whoso seeketh friend that 's faultless, friendless will on earth remain.'

[4] [In the manuscript at this point the author has written, "Put account of ʿAshiq Chelebí here." Such a full and critical account as he, no doubt, would have written it is beyond my power to give, and I must content myself with briefly recording the facts concerning him given by Hájji Khalífa and Professor Nájí. The latter states, at p. 203 of his excellent *Esámí*, or Biographical Dictionary (Constantinople. A. H. 1308), that ʿAshiq Chelebi was born at Perezín in 924 (1518), and that, after completing his studies, he lived for some time at Broussa, where he was employed in the administration of the Evqáf or religious endowments. He was subsequently a judge at Constantinople, and finally died at Uskub in 979 (1571—2). He translated into Turkish the

The interest which we as students of the literature have hitherto taken in the geographical changes affecting the Ottoman Empire, comes to a natural close with the reign of Sultan Suleymán. For by the absorption in 970 (1562—3) of the tiny Principality of the Beni Ramazán of Adana, which up till then enjoyed a nominal independence, the union of Turkey proper is completed. Henceforward the Empire consists of a solid Turkish core surrounded on every side by a fringe of conquered foreign provinces. It is this Turkish core, the boundaries of which are not very sharply defined, but which may be considered as co-extensive with those districts where the Turkish element forms the staple of the population, that constitutes the true Turkey in contradistinction to the Turkish or Ottoman Empire; and while the fringe of conquered foreign provinces has been continually undergoing change, now being extended in one direction, now being cut short in another, the Turkish core of the Empire has remained unaltered and untouched. Now it is to this core, as the centre of Turkish life and culture, that our

Imám Ghazálí's et-Tibru'l-mesbúk fi nasá'ihi'l-Mulúk, and produced some very fair poetry, of which Professor Nájí cites one couplet. Reference is made to his various literary productions in the following articles of Hájji Khalífa's great bibliographical dictionary: — Nos. 2366, 2815, 4772, 5536, 6558, 6585, 7303, 7490, 7697 and 12059. From these references we learn that his proper name was Muhammed b. ʿAlí al-Biqáʿí, and that he died (as stated by Nájí) in 979. His original works include his Biography of Poets (properly entitled Meshá'iru 'sh-Shuʿará), a Díwán (apparently very rare, since Hájji Khalífa says that he had seen seven couplets from it cited in the Zubde), and a Shehrengíz, or "City-thriller." In translations he was still more prolific, for besides the Turkish version of Ghazálí's above-mentioned work, he produced Turkish translations of the Compendious History of el-Medína by ʿUmar el-Háfiz er-Rúmí; of Muhiyyu'd-Dín Muhammed b. el-Khatíb's Rawzu'l-Akhyár; of Ibn Teymiyya's es-Siyásetu 'sh-Sherʿiyye, "wherein he sought to make known his case to Sultan Selím, and his inability to discharge his judicial functions;" of the Forty Traditions of Ibnu'l-Muhtesib of Belgrade; and of the Crimson Peony (esh-Shaqá'iqu 'n-Nuʿmaniyye) of Tash-Kyüprülü-záde, to which he also added an Appendix or Zeyl. ED.]

attention will be almost exclusively confined; it is but very rarely and as it were by accident that our enquiries will lead us beyond its limits into those surrounding lands which the fortunes of war may have thrown into the possession of the Ottomans. It would therefore be needless for our present purpose to follow those endless shiftings of frontier on every hand which henceforward make up the historical geography of the Turkish Empire.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MID CLASSIC AGE.

SELÍM II—MUHAMMED III. 974—1012 (1566—1603)

Selím II. Murád III. Muhammed III (ʿAdlí). Hubbí. Nevʿí. ʿAzízí. Rúhí. Kháqání. ʿAhdí, Qinalízáde and other biographers of poets. Anthologies.

From the accession of Selím II to the death of Murád IV we have a period of seventy-four years during which no fewer than seven sultans succeeded one another on the Imperial throne. These were Selím II, Murád III, Muhammed III, Ahmed I, Mustafá I, ʿOsmán II, and Murád IV. As each one of these seven wrote verses, we have now, beginning with Murád II, an unbroken succession of twelve poet-kings, a phenomenon unparalleled, so far as I know, in the annals of any royal house.

The first half of this period, extending to the accession of Ahmed I, is, as it were, the afterglow of the Suleymánic day; during the greater part Báqí was alive and supreme, and so the Suleymánic traditions are preserved; it is not until the appearance of Nefʿí in the reign of Ahmed that any noteworthy modification takes place. None the less, certain signs of change begin to make themselves apparent much earlier. Religion becomes a more important factor in poetry

than it has been since the Archaic Period; sometimes it is mystical as in Hudá'í, sometimes 'Muhammedan,' in the most literal sense, as in the popular little work of Kháqání. The qasída, which is to reach its highest development at the hands of Nef'í and his followers, begins to be more seriously cultivated. But the most obvious change is the decline of the romantic mesneví. Never again does a poet come forward with his 'Response' to Nizámí or Jámí; it is no longer an object of ambition to rival the great Persian masters on their own ground. 'Atá'í is the only post-Suleymánic writer who attempted a Khamsa; and the earlier poets would not have reckoned his work a Khamsa at all. Indeed, from this time long mesnevís of every description begin to pass out of favour; the process is very gradual, and many important works still continue to be written, but none the less, the change has begun. The mesneví form of verse does not decline in popularity, but the long poems of earlier times slowly give place to shorter works, ethic, didactic, or anecdotic, but rarely romantic. At first about the time of Murád IV, these shorter mesnevís, following the lead of a contemporary Persian fashion, generally take the form of what was known as a Sáqí-Náme or Cup-bearer-Book, that is a mesneví in which the pleasures of wine and music and the charms of the cup-bearer are treated in a manner more or less mystic or allegorical, according to the temperament of the writer. Very soon the scope of these shorter mesnevís is widened, until the Sáqí-Náme sinks into the background, and finally disappears altogether.

The thirty years immediately following the death of Suleymán form a somewhat barren tract in the field of Ottoman poetry; not that poets were lacking in number or that the quality of their work was low, — the all-powerful influence of Báqí and the example of the great Suleymánic writers

were sufficient to ensure correct and careful execution, — but the singers themselves were for the most part uninspired; their verses, though technically good, are flat and insipid, and read like the exercises written by college students on some given theme. Only two poets of real eminence, Nevʿí and Rúhí, flourished during this time; but before considering these and one or two others of secondary importance, let us turn for a few minutes to Sultan Selím II ḫimself and his son and successor Murád III.

Selím II, who was born in 930 (1524) and died in 982 (1574) after a reign of eight and a half years, is perhaps the most graceful of all the Imperial poets. He does not seem to have written much, but all that he did write, (at least all that has come down to us) is pretty in the affected and artificial manner of the day. This Sultan was not so great a poet as his grandfather the First Selím; the substance of his work is not so powerful, the bulk of it nothing like so great; but it is more elegant, and moreover it is all in Turkish. As a ruler, Selím II was far beneath the great men who preceded him; but while he was less enterprising than they, and more addicted to enervating and degrading pleasures, he none the less knew how to grapple with disaster, and showed himself a true son of ʿOsmán when the hour of danger came. The most obvious of his failings earned for him the nickname of Mest Sultan Selím or Sultan Selím the Sot; but if ʿAhdí is to be believed, indulgence in strong drink did not prevent his being accomplished both in music and in archery as well as in poetry.

The two following ghazels will suffice to show his style.

Ghazel. [222]

Unveil thee, brush aside those tresses fine, love:
Let beauty's sun and moon unclouded shine, love. [1]

Cast one look from those gay and wanton eyen,
Come, madden with delight this heart o' mine, love.

Sucked I thy lip, 'twere wine to the sick spirit;
Come thou, have ruth and answer, leech benign, love. [2]

Beware the Eye [3] smite not thy beauty's floret;
So keep thee from the rival's glance malign, love.

O heart, it were Life's Water mid the darkness; [4]
Concealed, anight, quaff thou the ruby vine, love.

O dear one, give Selím thy wine-hued liplet,
Then by thine absence turn my tears to wine, love. [5]

Ghazel. [223]

Hand in hand thy mole hath plotted with thy hair;
Many a heart have they entangled in their snare. [6]

Thou by nature art an Angel whom the Lord
Hath yclad in human shape of beauty rare.

When he dealt the dole of union 'mong the folk,
God to me gave absence from thee for my share.

That the Draughtsman of all might had limned thy brows
From núns writ on gleaming radiance, one would swear. [7]

[1] This repeats the first line, and simply means 'let thy bright face appear unhidden by thy dark hair.'

[2] The beloved is here addressed as a physician and besought to cure the love-sick poet.

[3] The Evil Eye.

[4] For the legend of the Water of Life in the Land of Darkness, see vol. I, p. 172 n. 1 and pp. 281 sqq.

[5] That is, make my tears red, the colour of wine, and turn them to tears of blood.

[6] The hair represents the meshes of the snare, the mole, the grain or bait.

[7] The taʿlíq form of the letter nún ں is shaped something like an eyebrow

On the charmer's cheek the down, methinks, Selím,
Is a tinge thy sighing's smoke hath painted there.

Selím's son and successor Murád III was, unlike his father, of a melancholy and somewhat morbid temperament. In the mystic teaching of the Súfís he found a philosophy congenial to his nature, and to this he seems to have given his whole mind. The results, so far as the state was concerned, were disastrous; in an empire like the Ottoman, where everything depended upon the one man who was at the helm, it was necessary not only that that man should be possessed of extraordinary ability, but that he should strain every nerve to accomplish the hard duty laid upon him. Under the shadow of the name of the great Suleymán the colossal structure of Ottoman power had continued to appear, outwardly at least, unimpaired during the reign of Selím; but immunity derived from such a source was of necessity but brief, and as Murád had no attention to spare for mundane things, corruption and demoralization of every sort began to spread with constantly increasing rapidity through every department of the state. The disease which now so fiercely attacked the body politic was not the result of Murád's inattention alone, for that did but develop it; the germs had been present from the beginning, waiting only for a favourable opportunity to spring into active life. That opportunity came at last; and the deadly canker has been gnawing at the heart of the Empire from that day to this. Attempts to check the curse have not been wanting; but these have hitherto been spasmodic, and although they have been so far successful that many of the worst symptoms have either been greatly modified or have altogether disappeared, the

turned upside down; the 'gleaming radiance' is firstly the white page on which the letter is supposed to be written, and secondly the bright forehead on which the eyebrow is traced.

root of the evil is still there, and there it must remain until some remedy more drastic than any yet attempted is applied.

The writings of Murád III are almost entirely mystical, sometimes even ascetic. Thus he wrote a prose work which he called Futúhát-us-Siyám or The Victories of Fasting. His Díwán, which contains verses in Arabic and Persian as well as in Türkish, has no great merit as poetry. Here is one of his ghazels.

Ghazel. [224]

Upon God's favour I my trust do place.
How sore my yearning for His blessed grace!

Since I have set my heart right with the Lord,
All of my hope upon His aid I base.

I lean not upon legions or on gold;
Unto the Hosts Unseen I leave my case.

Fight on, O valiant Champions of the Faith!
I too do battle for the Faith always.

Fain do I hope my prayer accepted be;
Firm faith do I in its acceptance place.

Muhammed III, who succeeded his father Murád in 1003 (1595) and died in 1012 (1603), wrote a little poetry under the name of ʿAdlí, a makhlas which had been already used by Sultan Báyezíd II. The work of this sovereign is however, of little interest, and need not here detain us.

Hubbí Qadin, or Dame Hubbí, was neither a very great nor a very famous writer, but she deserves mention in a work like the present as being the only Turkish poetess of whom it is recorded that she wrote a romantic mesneví. This lady, whose personal name was ʿAyishe, was born either

in the capital or in Amasiya, and was the grand-daughter of a well-known Sheykh named Yahyá. She was married to Shemsí Chelebí, a grandson of the famous Sheykh Aq Shems-ud-Dín, who had been the Khoja or tutor of Selím II previously to his accession. In consequence of her husband's position, Hubbí was presented to the Prince, and soon became one of his familiars, acquiring over him so great an influence that after he had become Sultan many persons desirous of the Imperial favour used to beseech her interest and intercession. Qináli-záde, in speaking of her poetry, says that she is to be preferred to all other women who have essayed the poetic art, and that she was the most eloquent and highly gifted of her sex. There is, adds the critic, nothing effeminate about her work, which is truly virile, and she is altogether unique. Besides a mesneví entitled Khurshíd u Jemshíd,[1] which contains over 3000 couplets, she wrote a number of qasídas and ghazels. One of her poems of the latter class, in which the lines are alternately in Turkish and Arabic,[2] is cited by Ahmed Mukhtár Efendi in his pamphlet entitled "our Poetesses" (Shá'ir Khanimlarimiz). The date of Hubbí's death is unrecorded.

Nev'í, the friend of Báqí, was one of the most prominent men of his day, and had moreover the singular fortune to be succeeded by a son who won for himself an even more distinguished position in the history of Ottoman literature. This son, who was a good poet and whose acquaintance we shall make ere long, is generally known as Nev'í-záde 'Atá'í, that is, 'Atá'í the son of Nev'í. Among his works is a continuation of that biography of learned men compiled by Tash-Köpri-záde and known as The Crimson Peony. In this

[1] Ahmedí has a poem entitled Jemshíd u Khurshíd.

[2] This kind of bilingual poem (whatever the two languages employed may be) is known as mulemma' ("patch-work").

book ʿAtáʾí has inserted a long and appreciative account of his father, which forms an excellent and trustworthy source of information.

Nevʿí, or to give him his full name, Yahyá the son of Pír ʿAlí the son of Nasúh, was born at the little town of Malghara in Rumelia in the year 940 (1533—4). At first his father, the Sheykh Pír ʿAlí, superintended his studies, but when he reached his tenth year he joined the class of Qaramáni-záde Muhammed Efendi, where he had for fellow-pupils Báqí, afterwards the famous lyrist, and Saʿd-ud-Dín afterwards the great historian. On the completion of his course Nevʿí entered, as was inevitable, the body of the ʿulemá. He received his first charge, that of muderris or principal of a Gallipoli college, in 973 (1565—6), and was gradually promoted, until in 991 (1583—4) he was appointed to the college of the Sultána Mihr-u-Máh in Constantinople, which position he still held when Qinali-záde wrote. His next step was to the Plane-tree College (Chenarli Medresa), one of the Eight Colleges reckoned in the Court of the Eight dependent on the Mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror. [1] This was followed in 998 (1589—90) by the Cadiship of Baghdád; but before Nevʿí had set out for his new post, Sultan Murád nominated him tutor to his son Prince Mustafá. The poet acquitted himself so well in this charge that, as they grew up, the young Princes Báyezíd, ʿOsmán and ʿAbd-ulláh, were made over to his care. But when Murád died in 1003 (1595) the first thought of the new sovereign was to have the whole of his nineteen brothers bowstrung without delay. This, by the way, was the last, as it was the largest, sacrifice ever offered to what Creasy calls the Cain-spirit of Muhammed the Conqueror's maxim. Henceforward when a Sultan ascended the throne he did not murder his brothers; he shut them up in

[1] See vol. II, p. 23, and pp. 394—400.

a pavilion in the Seraglio, known as the Qafes or Cage. Nevᶜí, who mourned his patron and his pupils in an elegy that passes for one of the finest of his poems, did not survive them very long. The new Sultan treated him kindly and gave him a pension on which he lived in retirement till his death in the Zi-l-Qaᶜda of 1007 (June 1599). He was buried in the courtyard of Sheykh Wefá's Mosque in Constantinople.

Nevᶜí was a very learned man, and during the whole course of his life a passionate lover of study; 'as he was ever engrossed,' says Qináli-záde, 'in perfecting his knowledge and his accomplishments, he was lauded and esteemed among men.' He wrote many works in prose, the most important of which are an encyclopaedia of twelve sciences which he called Netáᵓij-ul-Funún or The Results of the Sciences, [1] and a translation of the Fusús-ul-Hikem which he executed at the desire of the Sultan.

In poetry, he modelled his style on that of Báqí, without, however, being able to acquire the grace and lucidity of his friend; he had a heavy touch, and there is a certain ponderous clumsiness about all his work. His poems are too obviously the work of a learned man, bristling as they do with unusual words and remote allusions, often to matters connected with the sciences of the time; the result, as every line bears witness, of laborious study, they are of necessity altogether lacking in that at any rate apparent spontaneity which distinguishes the best work of the great lyrist. Nevᶜí tried his hand all round; 'in the qasída,' says the courteous ᶜAhdí, 'he is perfect with the perfectness of the eloquent of old; in the mesneví he excels among the friends through his graceful stories, and in the ghazel his ideas are worthy

[1] The full title runs: Netáᵓij-ul-Funún ve Mehásin-ul-Mutún, "The Results of the Sciences and the virtues of the Texts."

of his elegant expression.' Concerning his mesnevís I have been able to discover nothing beyond the fact mentioned by his son ʿAtáʾí that he composed two which bear the names of Munázara-i Tútí u Zágh, or The Contention of the Parrot and the Crow,[1] and Hasb-i-Hál or The Plaint. His lyrics form a complete Díwán.

Filial reverence and affection may possibly have somewhat influenced ʿAtáʾí when he wrote of his father: 'the flaming sword of his verse is tempered with the sweet water of the fount of ecstasy, and his every line is a gleaming glaive drawn from the furnace of divine love.' 'He mingled the real and typal loves[2] even as fire and water, thus is each of his qitʿas like a ruby-fragment of gem-like circulation, and each of his peerless couplets like a regal pearl, the ornament of the crown of gladness. Even as the poems of Báqí Efendi are full of art and adornment, forming a string of regal pearls with their shining words, so doth the speech of this writer by reason of its fire shower sparks on the touchwood of lovers' hearts, and because of the greatness of its passion and ardour bring comfort to the hapless lover and to the heart-wounded. In truth, even as the qasídas of Báqí Efendi are the envy of the Suspended Poems,[3] and as his wondrous couplets dumbfounder miracles, while the sun-bright sword of his eloquence is hung on the gilded nails of the stars, so are the ghazels of this writer the couplet-royal[4] of rhetoric

[1] Compare pp. 136—137 *supra*.

[2] In the technical language of the mystics ʿashq-i haqíqí, or real love, stands for love of God, while ʿashq-i mejází, or typal love, means love for a mistress or other earthly object. This typal love is the bridge by which the real love is reached, as it is said: المجاز قنطرة الحقيقة.

[3] The Suspended Poems (muʿallaqát) are seven very famous ancient Arabic poems. [Concerning the meaning of the name, See Sir Charles Lyall's Ancient Arabian Poetry, p. XLIV ED.]

[4] Sheh-Beyt, or Couplet-Royal, is the technical name for the best verse in a ghazel.

and excellence, and his heart-delighting phrases the charms of love and affection, while the leg of the compass of his elegance and grace hath planted foot within the circle of licit magic.' [1]

Although the style of Nev'í is pedestrian, and his manner, formed on that of Báqí, rhetorical and artificial, his work is not without considerable merit. His dirge on Murád III and the Princes, laboured and obscure as it is, is not lacking either in dignity or pathos; and the care with which he elaborated his qasídas helped to pave the way for Nef'í in the next generation. In his historical romance of Jezmí, Kemál Bey speaks in high terms of Nev'í's poetry, and Professor Nájí allows that he wrote a good deal which can be read with pleasure even at the present day.

Nev'í appears to have been a man of very upright character and very amiable disposition. All the authorities unite in praising his many personal good qualities. 'Ahdí tells us that during his residence in Adrianople and in Constantinople he received many kindnesses at the hands of Nev'í, whose social and conversational gifts he highly extols.

The following are the opening stanzas of the Elegy on Sultan Murád III and the Princes.

From the Elegy on Sultan Murád III and his Sons. [225]

Since this wondrous magic-fanal sphere [2] began to turn, ah me!
Since the Painter of all fashions limned the draught, existency;

[1] Sihr-i halál, licit magic, is natural or white magic, and was a legal and honourable study; it had no connection with that other branch of occult science which was held to depend on demoniacal agency, and was unlawful. The term 'licit magic' is often used to denote the charm of eloquence. [In a pencil note on the manuscript the Author here refers to two notes in the first volume of Sir R. Burton's translation of the Arabian Nights, pp. 269 and 293. ED.]

[2] Magic-fanal (Fánús-i Khayál). The name fánús (from the Greek φάνος) is given by the Turks to the glass or ganze shade of a lamp. Sometimes this

Since the sons of man, obedient, first began their ceaseless stream
From the elemental Mothers Four, as bade the Sires' decree; [1]
Since upon this earthly carpet's [2] turning bowl there hath been played
Fortune's game of draughts and that grim chess of ruthless Destiny,
Never yet hath ta'en the player, Dust, a man like this, I ween,
Never hath that queen, the crafty Sphere, made such checkmate to be,
Never hath imagination's mirror shown a scene like this,
Never hath the piercing vision gazed on aught so dread to see;
Never yet hath painter pictured effigies so strange and sad,
Never yet hath poet written of its like in poesy.
Yea, indeed, its dice hath wrought the World of Growing and Decay [3]
Like some wondrous toy wherein lie hid both good and villainy.
If the King Sun had vicegerent, Saturn 'twas withouten fail; [4]
While the blood-like dawn-crepuscule seemeth Martian, verily. [5]
When they see the love this heartless beldam [6] toward her children bears,
Those among them who are manful break the bonds that 'twixt them be.
Though a few short days thou turn above them, [7] yet at length, O Sphere,
Like the mill, to dust thou grindest every grain made o'er to thee.
Woe for thy fell hand, O traitor Time, unlovely and unright!
Weak are even Kings and Princes 'fore the Sultan dread, thy might.

There is ne'er a Jem, [8] O Sphere, who hath not quaffed thy bowl of bane;
There is none who from thy circling cup of anguish doth not drain.
Thou hast every heart afflicted, making each some sorrow's prey;
Ne'er a single one is free from dole on all this woeful plain.

is painted with figures and so arranged that it revolves with the heat of the lamp, when it is called fánús-i Khayál = magic shade (or fanal), or fánús-i gerdán = revolving shade (or fanal). It is to such a shade or fanal that the revolving sphere, the turning Wheel of Fortune, is here compared.

[1] See vol. I, p. 48.

[2] A piece of leather, like a rug or small carpet, such as is still sometimes used in the East as a chess-board.

[3] The pair of dice used in games of chance.

[4] Saturn being the most inauspicious of all the planets, the 'greater infortune.' See vol. II, p. 125, n. 1.

[5] Mars, the 'lesser infortune,' is figured as a warrior; to him therefore the blood-red hues of sunset and sunrise are appropriate.

[6] The Sphere, or the earth.

[7] i. e. without hurting or crushing them.

[8] Jem or Jemshíd, the ancient legendary King of Persia, here stands for any King.

Thou hast laid that shadow [1] of the All-Preserver 'neath the dust;
Ne'er a pleasant tree abideth in whose shade to rest we're fain,
All those Moons of elif-figure, [2] fair as standards of the state,
In the coils of Death are tangled, ne'er a tugh-haired [3] doth remain.
Bode not yonder Lights o' th' e'en [4] while one might ope and close the eye;
Ah! no more the world abideth in the age's coolth o' th' eyne. [5]
Each hath cut the thread of earthly ties from round about his neck;
Edenward they're gone, nor bode they long within the body's chain.
Each of them hath dealt a bleeding wound upon the grieving breast; [6]
Gone the friends, the wounds are stricken, naught of balm is left to' assain.
Let the falling stars drop downward through the heavens in lieu of tears;
Tears no more remain — let every eye pour forth a gory rain.
Ah, the pity that the peace of this our world abideth not;
Scarce an hour of ease did Adam even midst of Eden gain.
Glad and joyous was that harem through the moles on loved ones' cheeks; [7]
Now of comrades 'tis deserted, ne'er a fere doth it contain.
Justice from thy hand, O Sphere ungentle, justice 'tis, I pray;
Thou hast ta'en Murád, and with him taken earth's desire away. [8]

* *

The little qasída which follows is what is called a Dáriyye [9] or Mansion-Poem, the exordium being devoted to the description of a palace.

[1] The Sultan, see p. 153, n. 5 *supra*.

[2] The 'Moons of elif-figure,' i. e. the bright ones with figures erect as the letter elif ا, are the young princes who were killed.

[3] The perchem, or long lock of hair that used to be worn on the crown of the head, is here likened to a tugh or horse-tail standard (see p. 17, n. 1 *supra*). The princes are of course the tugh-perchemed ones.

[4] Light of the eyes, a common term of endearment.

[5] Qurret-ul-ʿayn, coolness of the eye, that is freedom from inflamation or redness of the eyes brought about by weeping, stands figuratively for tranquillity of mind, happiness; so the line means, the happy time of the world is gone: the Princes were the Coolness, or Delight, of the world's Eyes, and now the world hath passed for ever from their sight.

[6] That is, on the poet's breast, by their departure.

[7] The 'harem' probably means the poet's heart; the 'moles,' or beauty spots, are the young princes.

[8] There is a pun here in the original, the name Murád being the Turkish counterpart of the French Désiré.

[9] In full, Qasída-i Dáriyye, or Mansional Purpose-poem.

Mansion Qasída. [226]

Is it [1] tower of Eden, mead of Irem, or rose-garden gay?
Is it Salem's shrine, or Mekka's temple, or the heavens' array? [2]
'Tis a heaven, but a heaven free from every shift and change;
'Tis a rose-bower, but a rose-bower where there rules not Autumn's sway.
See, the shadow of its royal roof's the humá's loved parade; [3]
Lo, its lofty arches' eaves an awning for the sphere display.
Out beyond the Six Directions doth its vast pavilion stretch, [4]
Far the limit of its court-yard reacheth into space away.
All its columns ranged around are Pillars of the State, [5] but still
Stand they on one foot, with skirt in girdle, service prompt to pay.
Every maker, [6] who beholds the art its measured lines [7] declare,
Fain would bring his maiden fancies there as offering to lay.
Lit its lantern's lustre from the stanza bright of Anvarí,
While the lines adown its windows Jámí's fair díwán pourtray. [8]
Reared have they a dome so lofty, spread a banquet so select,
That not e'en the Fourth Estrade [9] may there as candelabrum ray.
Ne'er a way can find the Sun to win that feast select unto,
Thus he turns his beams to ropes that through the window pass he may.

[1] It, i. e. the palace.

[2] That is, the array of the starry sky.

[3] For the humá, the bird of happy omen, which never alights, see vol. I, p. 331, n. 5.

[4] For the Six Directions, see vol. I, p. 43, n. 3.

[5] 'Pillars of the State' is a common term for the Ministers of the Empire.

[6] 'Maker,' i. e. poet.

[7] The 'measured lines' of the building; and as secondary intention, the 'measured lines' of a poem.

[8] This hopeless couplet is full of íhám or amphibologies; there is a play in the first line on the word 'beyt' which means both 'house' and 'couplet' (this I have feebly attempted to follow by the rendering 'stanza'); also on 'misrá',' meaning 'folding-panel' and 'hemistich,' and on 'díwán' meaning 'couch' and 'collection of poems,' both in the second line. The meanings of the names of the two Persian poets are likewise considered: Anvarí = He of the Most Shining; Jámí = He of the Glass. The literal translation would run thus:

The ray of its lamp-niche is kindled at the { house / couplet } of { Him of the Most Shining; / Anvarí; }
The { folding-panel / hemistich } of its glass (window) depicts the { couch / díwán } of { Him of the Glass. / Jámí. }

[9] The Fourth Estrade is the fourth Ptolemaic sphere, that of the Sun. See vol. I, p. 43.

Since that constant in its censer fragrant wood of aloes burns,
Gather disembodied spirits at its banquet every day. [1]
Should the warder from its turret cast adown his worn-out cap,
Let the Indian Saturn don it as his crown of glorious ray. [2]
Though the Moon doth prowl by night-tide, seeking to its hall to gain,
Reacheth not unto its turrets that lasso the Milky Way.

Joseph-featured! Asaph-natured! [3] Weal and Order of the Realm!
Cream of all the Worthy! Lamp and Eye of Heaven's sublime display!

Noble Pasha, radiant-minded, girt with splendour as the Sphere!
Lord of counsel, sage and chief of youthful fortune, blessed aye!
Of thy threshold makes the humá of fair luck a lighting-place,
Though 'tis known of all the humá ne'er in any nest doth stay. [4]
Grant thine aidance unto Nevᶜí, so he'll be the time's Zahír;
Sultan Suleymán hath made Báqí the Selmán of the day. [5]

ᶜAzízí of Constantinople is not a poet of any fame, nor would he have been mentioned in this place, had he not, in an age when a rampant and aggressive misogyny was reckoned honourable among those who affected literature or science, had the singular courage to write a Shehr-engíz in praise, not of the Ganymedes, but of the Phrynes of con-

[1] For incense is burned in the invocation of disembodied spirits.

[2] The idea here, apart from the glorification of the palace, is that the turrets are so lofty that thy reach higher than the most distant planet, on which would alight anything thrown earthwards from them; Ahmed Pasha has expressed the same notion in his Palace-Qasída (vol. II, p. 60, notes 2 and 3). The gloomy and inauspicious Saturn is here, as often, made into a dusky Indian, see p. 147, n. 4 *supra*.

[3] As Joseph is the type of youthful beauty, so Asaph, Solomon's Grand Vezir, is that of ministerial wisdom. These verses are, of course, addressed to the great man, presumably the builder of the palace, in whose honour Nevᶜí wrote this qasída.

[4] [The poet is probably thinking here of the following verse of Háfiz:

عنقا شکار کس نشود دام باز چین، کاینجا همیشه باد بدستست دام را،

See Rosenzweig-Schwannau's ed., vol. I, p. 12. ED.]

[5] Zahír of Fáryáb and Selmán of Sáve, the two old Persian poets who served as conventional types of poetic excellence.

temporary Stamboul.[1] Little is known of ᶜAzízí himself; Qináli-záde, to whom he sent some rather common-place verses for insertion in his Tezkire, speaks of him as holding the position of Kyahya or Steward to the Wardens of the Seven Towers, and declares that his studies in the art of writing poetry have been crowned with success. When we have added to these few particulars the facts that his name was Mustafá and that he was a native of the capital, where he died, according to Riyází, in 993 (1585), and was buried just outside the gate of the Seven Towers, we have come to the end of our information concerning his personality.

[1] The words of ᶜAtá'í when speaking of Baqá'í in his continuation to the Crimson Peony show the extent to which the learned class was at this time permeated by misogyny. Baqá'í, who died in 1003 (1594—5), was a man of some prominence in the ranks of the ᶜulemá, and no doubt ᶜAtá'í thought that he ought to have been more solicitous for the honour and the traditions of that august body than to have written the following couplet, in which he has not only the effrontery to mention womankind, but the impudence to assume that the despised sex can have some charm for their lords:

نسوله هر دم نقاب ایله چقارسه یوللره زنلر
که باغلار یوزلریني قصد غارت ایتسه رهزنلر

If ladies when they fare abroad are alway veiled, appears it strange? —
For highway robbers shroud the face when forth in quest of prey they range.

The biographer accordingly seeks to scathe the offending writer for this audacious outrage against the proprieties, as understood by the ᶜulemá, with these shameful words, which in reality reflect disgrace only on himself and his caste: ردّ کردهٔ طبع سلیم اولان میل کستانهٔ دو نیم دردمندی ادانی ایله مشترك مجالس وحافلدن منفور ومستدرك قیلمشیدی بالآخره اول یولده شهید و چاه قعر نایاب عدمده نابدید اولدی وجزای اعمال ناسزاسن بولدی * * * * * وپاداش جریمهٔ محبّت زنانی یرینه کتورورلر. Certain Eastern rievers veil the lower part of the face when out on a foray, just as highwaymen in this country used to wear a mask. The allusion in the verse is of course to the yashmaq or veil which Turkish ladies always wear when out of doors.

The interest attaching to this poet rests solely on his Shehr-engíz. In the fifth volume of the Mines de l'Orient Von Hammer published twelve stanzas from this poem, two of which are quoted by Qináli-záde, who truly remarks that 'this Shehr-engíz concerning the women of Constantinople is contrary to the usage of the poets of the day.' The biographer adds, however, that the poem is very well-known and much esteemed among the people, which is likely enough to have been the case; for however foreign fashions may have influenced certain prominent classes of society, the true Turk was never a misogynist at heart. All the same, copies of ʿAzízí's poem are very rarely met with now; and the twelve verses given by Von Hammer are all of the work that I have ever seen. [1]

Supposing, as we fairly may, that the rest of the work is on the same level as these twelve verses, the poem is neatly, almost smartly, written, in that half-complimentary half-quizzical spirit peculiar to the Shehr-engíz, a legacy from its inventor Mesíhí. There are, moreover, many graceful little touches scattered here and there; and although the ladies mentioned are all members of that sisterhood so euphemistically described by the French as the Daughters of Joy, not a word is to be found which even modern taste would regard as offensive or unbecoming. Like the youths in the similar poems by Mesíhí, Lámiʿí, Zátí, and others, these girls appear to have belonged, as was natural, to the humbler classes of society, the father's calling when given (as it sometimes is either by way of distinction or as a peg on which to hang an extra pun or two) being always that of some petty tradesman. In certain instances the girl is nicknamed after some

[1] These twelve verses as given by Von Hammer are full of misprints, most of which are obvious enough and easily rectified. In my version I have corrected these and made one or two further little emendations suggested by a Turkish friend.

personal peculiarity, such as her abundant hair, or her pretty hands or ankles, in which case advantage is taken of the sobriquet, as well as of the girl's real name and her father's trade, to supply material for that running fire of equivoques and playful allusions of every description which is so characteristic of the Shehr-engíz. It is also worthy of note that as with the youths, so with the girls, the names are in every case Muhammedan; Greek, Armenian, or Jewish names do not occur in poetry in such connections till a considerably later period. Mesíhí and Zátí gave their boys only four lines apiece, but each of ᶜAzízí's girls has a stanza of six lines to herself.

These are the twelve verses given by Von Hammer: —

From the Shehr-engíz. [227]

Mihmán, the Barber's Daughter. [1]

Mihmán, the barber's daughter, too is there;
Be heart and soul a sacrifice for her!
In whatsoever hut that Moon one night
Is guest, she makes it as a star for light.
Although that win to her I never may,
"The 'guest' doth eat not what he hoped," they say. [2]

Long-Haired Zemán. [3]

Among these loves Long-Haired Zemán stands forth, —
A 'many-headed' Torment of the earth. [4]

[1] Muzeyyin-Qizi Mihmán = Guest, the Barber's Daughter.

[2] Von Hammer prints this line قونق امدوغینی بر مثلدر, which has neither meaning nor metre. Reading بیمز (for یمز) in place of بر, we get: "The guest eats not what he hoped," which is a proverb, 'eats' being used in its common sense of 'gets.' This proverb, which means, 'the traveller must eat what he finds, not what he wants,' or, in other words, 'Beggars cannot be choosers,' is not uncommon, and is given by Ebu 'z-Ziyá Tevfíq Bey in the alternative form: مسافر اومدیغنی یمز بولدیغنی یر.

[3] Sachli Zemán = (Long-) Haired Time or Fortune.

[4] A beauty is often called a 'Torment' or a 'Torment of the Earth.' A 'many-headed Torment' means a very great torment, the original idea being

Like 'Fortune' fell and tyrannous is she;
Her lovers as her 'hairs' in number be.
Her 'locks' take tribute from the heart's domain;
The 'tresses' on her neck have turned my brain.

Penba ᶜAyni. [1]

Penba ᶜAyni, a jasmine-breast, is there;
Her body is as 'cotton' soft and fair.
In the soul's garth her form 's a sapling meet,
Her mouth a 'fount' of water pure and sweet.
I deemed her friendly, but the dear did say,
'After what kind may fire and 'cotton' play?' [2]

Maid ᶜAyisha. [3]

One is Maid ᶜAyisha, a beauty rare,
With loveliness and cheeks like ᶜAzrá fair. [4]
Ne'er hath the starry mother sphere brought forth
A 'daughter' like to her upon the earth.
I shall not blush although her slave I be;
Nor son nor 'daughter' shall the bashful see. [5]

Jennet. [6]

'Heaven' is the frame, 'Kevser' [7] the lip of one —
May 'God' in grace accord her to me soon!
What though I pair hers with the 'houris'' eyes,
Her beauty mocks at highest 'Paradise.'

that of a Dragon with many heads. Incidentally reference is made to the hair of the girl's head, which was, apparently, her great charm. [A pencil-note of the Author's seems to shew that further information inclined him to take the word here translated 'many-headed' as 'much-headed,' in the sense of 'intelligent,' 'femme de tête.' ED.]

[1] Penba ᶜAyni = Fountain of Cotton.

[2] We have seen this proverb before, See vol. II, p. 256 and n. 1.

[3] Qiz ᶜAyisha = Maid (or Daughter) ᶜAyisha.

[4] ᶜAzrá, the heroine of the romance of Vámiq and ᶜAzrá; there is a tejnís here between the name ᶜAzrá (which means 'virgin,' 'maid.') and the word ᶜizár = cheek.

[5] اوتانانك اوغلى قزى اولمز 'The bashful will have neither son nor daughter,' is a proverb, much like our 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'

[6] Jennet = Heaven, Paradise.

[7] Kevser, the river in Paradise. See vol. I, p. 36.

With whomsoe'er foregathers yonder Woe,[1]
He's of the 'blest' though yet on earth, I trow.

ᶜAyisha, the Poulterer's Daughter.

One ᶜAyisha is hight, the poulterer's child;
All, high and low, for her are wode and wild.
In the soul's garden the heart's 'dove' is she,
For the neck-circling ring[2] her anklet see.
What should I do but love that winsome dear? —
For plump her body is and white and clear.

Lady Jihán.[3]

One is a moon-face whom Jihán they name;
She 's like the 'world,' false, of heart-rieving fame.
Although the 'world' doth naught of faith display,
From yon sweetheart the soul ne'er wins away.
Let me but be with her in happy case,
Then be the 'world' divorced from my embrace.

Laᶜl-Pára.[4]

Again Laᶜl-Pára is the name of one,
A maid hard-hearted as a 'flinty stone.'
Her mouth a ruddy 'ruby' is in truth;
In grace her teeth, her words, are 'pearls' for sooth.
What though my heart be subject unto her,
Her 'rubies'[5] worth a 'Coral-blessing' are.[6]

[1] A 'woe,' like a 'Torment,' means a beauty. There are two untranslatable puns in this line; the word for 'foregathers' means also 'rises (from the dead),' that for 'woe' means also 'resurrection.'

[2] The ring round the neck of the 'ring-dove.' The original has in this line گردان for گردن = neck, which is a mistake.

[3] Jihán Báni = Lady of the World.

[4] Laᶜl-Pára = Ruby-Chip. [5] Her lips.

[6] Merján duᶜási = coral blessing. This expression is not explained in any of the dictionaries, and Von Hammer's note, 'Ein berühmtes Gebeth von Rubinengräber', is unsatisfactory. The following explanation was given to me by a Turkish friend. There is in Constantinople a piece of rising ground called Merján Yoqushu i. e. Coral Rise, which has been for generations, and still is a favourite haunt of beggars. These were in the habit of invoking all manner of blessings on anyone who gave them an alms, and thus a 'Coral blessing' (for a 'Coral Rise blessing') came popularly to mean any extravagant protestation of gratitude or devotion. ᶜAzízí's use of the expression may be either complimentary or ironical.

Lady Rebí^{c}a. [1]

Rebí^{c}a is a Chinese Idol fair, [2]
Who doth the nickname of White Pigeon bear.
She puts to shame the full moon by her face;
'Dove'-like it flies a-yearning for her grace.
If of self-nourishment my soul be fain,
Then let it mate, nor single still remain.

Jemíla of the Fair Hands. [3]

Another is Jemíla Fair of Hand,
In 'beauty' like unto a houri bland.
To reach her grade how should the bright moon try?
No pearl may merit in her 'palm' to lie.
Me she forgets, others in mind to bear;
Grace from the 'hand' of yonder unkind 'fair'!

White ^{c}Álem. [4]

White ^{c}Álem is the name of one of those;
The 'universe's' moon her sergeant goes. [5]
Strange is it if her beauty be noised forth? —
That houri is a 'white' rose on the 'earth.'
Whoso is love and fere of yonder Moon,
A 'universe' [6] beyond 'earth's' feast hath known.

^{c}Áyisha of the Ankles.

^{c}Áyisha of the Ankles too we see;
The 'merriest' [7] maiden of the day is she.

[1] Rebí^{c}a Bánú = Lady Spring.

[2] An Idol is, as we have several times seen, a favourite term for a beauty. We have also seen that China and Chinese Tartary are regarded as pre-eminent for the loveliness of their inhabitants. In the term Chinese Idol (which is not uncommon, and merely means a beautiful person) it may be that we are in the presence of some vague reminiscence of Chinese painting or statuary.

[3] Elleri-guzel Jemíla = Beauty of the Fair Hands.

[4] Aq ^{c}Álem = White Universe.

[5] Qara-qulluqji = Black Watchman, here translated sergeant, was the title of a subaltern of the Janissaries who commanded a night-patrol or the guard of a guard-house.

[6] By a 'universe' is here meant a 'world of his own.'

[7] There is here a pun between the name ^{c}Áyisha and the word ^{c}ayyásh, which means, one fond of merriment and good living.

In quaffing beauty's wine, however fain,
None 'neath the heavens can her beaker [1] drain.
Though beauty's sea doth many swimmers bear,
Not one of those can reach her 'ankles' fair.

Although Rúhí of Baghdád is one of the best poets of this time, he is not mentioned by Qináli-záde; so that in all probability his fame had not yet reached the West when that careful biographer compiled his memoirs. ʿAhdí, however, although he wrote more than twenty years earlier than Qináli-záde, knows something about Rúhí, probably because the poet was, like himself, a native of Baghdád. This biographer tells us that Rúhí, whose personal name was ʿOsmán, was the son of a Rúmí or Western Turk who came to Baghdád in the suite of Ayás Pasha whom in 948 (1541) Sultan Suleymán sent out as governor of the province of which that city was the capital. This man settled in Baghdád, joined the local volunteer corps, and married a native wife, by whom he had at least one son, Rúhí the poet. When ʿAhdí wrote, Rúhí was still living in Baghdád, a tall handsome young man with a remarkable turn for poetry and a great fondness for frequenting the society of learned men. He was in the habit of visiting all the dervishes and poets who came to the city, to cap verses with them and to discuss literary questions. So far ʿAhdí; from Von Hammer, quoting Riyází and Rizá, we learn that Rúhí eventually turned dervish himself, entering, as became a poet, the order founded by the inspired Jelál-ud-Dín just before the dawn of Ottoman poetry. After this he spent most of his time in wandering from town to town in company with a band of brother Mevlevís, amongst whom were one or two who acquired a momentary reputation as poets. After remaining for a time in Constantinople a sheykh of the Mevleví Con-

[1] There is a íhám in this line, the word ayaq meaning both 'beaker' and 'foot.'

vent at Galata, Rúhí made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the founder of his order at Qonya. Thence he went on to Damascus, where in 1014 (1605—6) he died and was buried.

Rúhí left behind him a complete Díwán of mystic verses of the usual style; but his reputation to-day rests almost exclusively on a well-known Terkíb-Bend which still enjoys a not unmerited favour in Turkish literary circles. In this poem, which consists of seventeen stanzas, he runs along the whole gamut of moods known to contemporary poetry, beginning in a spirit of lofty and profound mysticism, and passing on through a phase of bitter defiance of all accepted conventionalities, to end in a tone of contented resignation. From the last stanza we learn that the poem was written in Damascus. Whether Rúhí ever visited that city in the course of his earlier wanderings, we do not know; if not, this Terkíb must have been written very shortly before his death.

He has another interesting poem written this time in the Qitʿa form, in which he charges the breeze, if it should pass by Baghdád on its journey, to look down and see how his friends there are getting on. He then mentions these by name, some thirty or so in all (many of the names occur in ʿAhdí's Tezkire), giving a descriptive couplet to each. None of these are of much account now except perhaps ʿAhdí the biographer, of whom he says:

'Doth ʿAhdí indite fair ghazels like the rose?
'How fareth that Nightingale of the rosebower of culture?' [1]

Although the fame of these versifiers has long since passed away, Rúhí's list is full of interest, for it gives us a glimpse of literary society in Baghdád three hundred years ago.

[1] گل دبی عهدی تازه غزللر ایدرمی طرح
اول عندلیب گلشن عرفان نه دمده در

Unlike most of the poets whose works we have been considering, Rúhí appears to have laid more stress on his matter than on his style. His language is plain and straightforward, with little or none of the usual straining after artificial embellishments. Similarly, his vocabulary is somewhat meagre, and he constantly repeats the same word; it would seem that when he had found a word or phrase which sufficiently expressed his meaning he used it again and again, without caring to hunt for another for the sake of mere variety.

Ziyá Pasha brackets Rúhí not very happily with Hámí, a considerably later poet, who has little in common with the author of the Terkíb beyond the fact that he too was born in one of the eastern provinces of the Empire. 'Since both,' says the Pasha, 'came from ʿIráq, they were men of heart and lords of speech;' a not very happy remark, by which the writer probably meant nothing more than that the poetic and mystic temperament was common among men from the confines of Persia, but which Kemál Bey turns into ridicule, saying, 'it would seem then that if the State should wish to found an academy of literature, it will have to enrol as members all the Kurds and Baghdád men in Constantinople.' Ziyá, however hastens tc add that while both those poets have some beautiful works, these are like rare flowers in a meadow, as more than the half of their Díwáns is filled up with tasteless padding. It is the grace of his Terkíb,[1] he continues, that has conferred fame on Rúhí; for although by careful study the gems may be separated from the worthless stones, his works of value are but few, while all the rest is merely 'old wives' blessings!'

As Rúhí's Terkíb-Bend is too long to be given in its entirety, I have been reluctantly compelled to omit several

[1] Both Sámí and Ziyá Pasha composed celebrated nazíras to this terkíb-bend.

of the stanzas; but the complete poem, as well as the Qit'a on the poet's Baghdád friends, will be found in Ziyá Pasha's Tavern.

From the Terkíb-Bend. [228]

Deem not that we be flushed with new-fermented juice of vine;
We're tavern-haunters drunken with the Primal Draught divine. [1]
They of polluted skirt do reckon us impure to be,
While we to buss of lip of cup and palm of hand incline.
What should we do an-eyeing the chief-seat [2] at earth's carouse?
We who affect the cruse's foot, aye, we who worship wine!
We seek the hurt of none, but yet would we dismay the soul
Of yonder zealot who would fain the bowl to wrack resign. [3]
'Twere better that the folk of guile should keep from us aloof,
For that we archers be whose shafts do earthward ne'er decline.
Within this fleeting world nor beggars, nay, nor lords are we;
But with the lowly we are low, and with the fine we're fine.
We're cup-companions of the men of heart, we know not strife;
We're drunk with love the while within the tavern we recline.
We're ebriate with wine of yonder inn, the world of soul;
We're centre of the ring of those who constant quaff the bowl.

Cup-bearer, hither bring the wine that doth away all pain;
And burnish yonder mirror whereto cleaves the rust of bane. [4]
Heart-straitened are we, e'en one moment keep not thou from us

[1] See vol. I, pp. 22—23.

[2] The furniture of an old-fashioned Turkish room was of the simplest; a slightly raised platform, called the sedir, padded to form a continuous sofa, ran along three sides of the room, the fourth being devoted to the entrance. At intervals along the sedir, which was sufficiently wide to admit of people sitting on it cross-legged, were placed cushions to lean against, called minder. That part of the sedir which extended across the upper end of the room, opposite to the door, was esteemed the most honourable, the chief seat of all being in the right hand angle. The space between the three parts of the sedir was covered with rich carpets over which the servants glided noiselessly with coffee and pipes for the master and his guests.

[3] The zealot, type of hypocritical orthodoxy, see p. 67, n. 3 *supra*.

[4] The metallic mirrors of those days were, of course, subject to rust. Here the poet means his heart.

That wine whereby the heart and eye of Jem [1] do radiance gain.
O master, [2] see thou boast thee not o'er those who lose themselves;
For every dervish of that realm's a king sans troops or train.
Become thou dust, [3] that God may raise thy dignity aloft;
He is the universe's crown who dust for home hath ta'en.
Come, to the tavern let us straight repair in his despite
Whose back is bowed beneath the load of formal cant and vain.
Hand round the wine, cup-bearer, we are those of whom they say:
'They are rakes who at the Primal Feast the morning-draught did drain.'
Hearken this couplet on their plight the which Peyámí sang, [4]
He who is chief of all the friends who chant the Persian strain,
'The rakes who drank the morning-draught at A-lest's Feast are we;
'We're first of all who quaff the bowl, of all who drunken be.'

A joyous nook for mirthful souls had been this earth, I trow,
Had Adam only heedful looked his walk to whiles ago;
Were parting not the end of union, sickness that of health;
Did wine not turn to poison, feasting into mourning flow.
Within this fleeting world the one who pleasant lives is he
To whom 'tis equal come there happiness, or come there woe;
Let him be ever comrade of those rakes who quaff the bowl,
Let him put forth his strength, or be it less or be it mo.
Súfí, how should the man of wealth in peace and joyance live?
If but one groat thou take from him, full sad his heart doth grow.
This much is clear, that one's last resting-place must be the dust,
Alike if he do lack a groat or if his weath o'erflow.
Cup-bearer, hand us wine and let us drink in his despite
Who braggeth in his ignorance of that he doth not know.
All they who do the tavern-folk's elation blest gainsay,
By their own reason seek to win to Truth, ah, wel-a-way!

Behold the zealot who would fain the guide and teacher play;
But yesterday he went to school, he'd master be to-day!
The tavern he would overthrow, he'd lay it waste forsooth,

[1] Jem, the ancient King; here, the mystic reveller, or the poet's soul.
[2] The master is like the zealot of the preceding stanza; or perhaps here the reader.
[3] Humble and lowly as dust.
[4] There was a Turkish poet of this name who lived under Murád III, also an Indian poet at the court of Akbar.

The while the hapless seek therein mid weal and peace to stay.
Not e'en one moment let him cease to grasp the rose-like bowl,
Who hopes within this house of woe to hold his spirit gay.
Let him become the humble slave of some fair Cypress-form,
Who seeketh freedom in the world from dolour and dismay.
Biding for life on sorrow's hill the love-bemaddened heart
'I overthrow the loud renown of Ferhád's woes,' doth say. [1]
His living calm in absence, yearning not for union's joys,
Is that he seeks to school him to the Loved One's cruel sway.
Much hath he wandered far and wide, but found no place to rest,
So to Baghdád at length he thinks once more to bend his way.
Baghdád's the shell, its pearl the Pearl of Nejef is perdie, [2]
Beside the which all gems and jewels stones and potsherds be.

That Pearl Unique which ne'er may meet with rival or with peer;
The shell of Being ne'er shall pearl unique as this one rear;
That noble soul may justly vaunt his magnanimity,
Whom neither this world nor the next inspires with hope or fear;
Who comprehendeth that beknown to his essential self,
The riddle of the text-books read in college of the sphere;
To morrow Heaven and Earth shall weep for yonder zealot's plight,
Who will not take from ᶜAlí's hand and drain the beaker clear;
'The secret of the Scriptures Four [3] lies in one Point,' said he,
'Wherein [4] the secrets of the library of things appear;
'That Point am I,' [5] said he; 'then turn, behold its mystery,

[1] Ferhád, the ill-fated lover of Shírín; here, any lover.

[2] At Nejef, not far from Baghdád, is the tomb of the Prophet's cousin and son in-law ᶜAlí, the chief saint of the Shíᶜa sect of Islám.

[3] The Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran, which are the Four Scriptures acknowledged and revered by Islám.

[4] I. e. in those Four Scriptures.

[5] [This alludes to a very well-known saying ascribed by the Shíᶜites to ʿAlí: "All that is in the Qurʾán is in the Fátiha (opening chapter) and all that is in the Fátiha is in the Bismiʾlláh, and all that is in the Bismiʾlláh is in the B. (ب) of the Bismiʾlláh, and all that is in the B. of the Bismiʾlláh is in the Point (or dot) which is under the B., and I AM THE POINT which is under the B." ED.] ᶜAlí is also reported to have said: —

سَلُونِی قَبْلَ أَنْ تَفْقِدُونِی فَإِنَّ هٰهُنَا لَعِلْمًا جَمًّا،

"Ask of me ere ye lose me, for verily here (pointing to his breast) is all knowledge."

'For I am named with all the Names of all that be,[1] my fere.'
Since that the men of heart desire the moral of the tale,
What is its purpose? Learn and understand, O sage and seer.
Jargon and sophistry is all, without, within, forsooth;
A Point is then Root of the Word, the First, the Last, in truth!
* *

There is no durance in the luck or ill-luck of the sky,
There is no troth among the age's folk or low or high.
Be not deceived then by its luck, or by its ill-luck ta'en,
Say not that woe in its ill-luck, joy in its luck doth lie.
Incline not to the high thereof,[2] nor treat with scorn the low;
Say not that meanness with the low, gifts with the high aby.
Strive ever that thou ne'er may'st look unto another's hand,
For naught of gain to thee from me, to me from thee may hie.
Thou seest upon others' shoulders satins and brocades;
Wail not, 'O'er mine an ancient coat of homespun hangs awry!'
Fling all such thoughts aside and be the seer of the age,
Know him for head-turned through whose head such whims and fancies fly.
Heed not the morrow's case, drink wine, gaze on the fair one's cheek;
A vision on the morrow's pledged to lovers true forby.[3]
If mirth reach forth the hand, lose not one moment, grasp it tight;
The world doth merit not that man should heed its mean despite.
* *

Out on the thorn of Fate! out on its rose and on its mead!
Out on their rivals! out upon their loved ones harsh of deed!
And all those joys arising from the deadening powers of wine,
Out on their wine and topers! out on their drunken creed!
Seeing the wilderness of death's the goal of all that lives,
Out on the caravan! and out on him who doth it lead!
What should we make of rank and state, since high is their repute?
Out on the buyer, on the seller to the losel breed!
And yonder world wherein the opium-eaters mysteries see, —
Out on their wonder-visions! out on their mystic screed!

[1] [i. e. "I am God, 'to whom belong the Most Comely Names'." ED.] See vol. I, p. 61.

[2] Of the age.

[3] Mystic; the vision of the Divine Beauty which will be beheld of all those who truly love.

Scorn is the sage's portion, while heed waiteth for the fool;
Out on the scorn then of the world! and out upon its heed!
Alack for all the luck and ill-luck of the wheeling sphere!
Out on its stars! out on them all, the fixed and those that speed!
To men of heart the Here and the Hereafter are forbid;
Strive that nor Here nor yet Hereafter in thy soul be hid.

* *

We yield consent with heart and soul to that Fate doth indite,
We shall not grieve although we meet with woe and with despite.
We've left our home and wandered forth to strangerhood in hope
That dignity and honour travel's anguish would requite.
We've left no place where we have wandered not, this many a year
We've followed the mad heart which still hath followed passion's flight.
And wheresoever we have fared, we've captive been to love,
The heart hath aye been thrall before some moon-faced Idol bright.
O breeze of dawn, if on thy way thou pass by far Baghdád,
Full courteously present thee 'fore the comrades of delight,
And if there be among them one who asketh of Rúhí,
And saith to thee, 'Hast thou foregathered with yon hapless wight?'
Repeat this radiant couplet, and thereafter hold thy peace,
So to our leal and trusty feres shall be made known our plight;
E'en now before the beauties of Damascus prone we be,
The centre of the circle of reviléd rakes are we.

Kháqání is the nom de plume of a certain Muhammed Bey who has acquired a lasting popularity through a poem descriptive of the personal appearance of the Prophet Muhammed which is known as the Hilya-i Sherífa or Sacred Physiognomy. This poet was highly connected, for he was the son of a daughter of Rustem Pasha the Fair, [1] and a descendant of the Grand Vezir Ayáz Pasha who died in 944 (1537—8). The date of Kháqání's birth is not known, but that he was well-advanced in years in 1007 (1598—9), when he completed his Hilya, is proved by the following story told by Professor Nájí. When he had finished his poem,

[1] In Turkish Guzelja Rustem Pasha.

Kháqání presented it to the Grand Vezir who, being highly pleased with it, showed it to several of the great men of the state, all of whom welcomed it with no less favour than himself. Wishing to do something to reward the gifted writer, they invited Kháqání into their presence and asked him what might be his desire. The poet, who held an appointment at the Porte, but, like most of the Khojas or government master-clerks of those days, resided near the Adrianople Gate, at the other end of Constantinople, replied, 'I am now old, and no longer able to come every day from the Adrianople Gate to the Porte on foot; might I be permitted to ride? I seek no other reward in this world.' It was contrary to the etiquette then prevailing that an official of Kháqání's grade should ride when on duty, so the ministers could not comply with the poet's request in that form, but they accomplished his wish by presenting him with a suitable house close to the government offices.

Kháqání died in 1015 (1606—7) and was buried in the cemetery of the Adrianople Gate Mosque, where his last resting-place may still be seen, surrounded by an old iron railing and overshadowed by an ancient tree which throws a melancholy shade over the desolate and neglected little graveyard. Of the dozen or so tombstones there, Kháqání's alone remains erect; the ground beneath the others has subsided more or less, so that they all incline at different angles, and when the wretched little lamp suspended over the poet's grave is lit on Thursday and Sunday nights, [1] the faint and fitful gleam dimly lighting this dreary place produces an effect strangely weird and sad. On the stone, rounded and green with age, which marks the spot where

[1] The nights between the Thursday and Friday and the Sunday and Monday of every week are specially honoured in Islám, the one in memory of the conception, the other of the birth, of the Prophet. It is a custom with certain pious people to light lamps on these nights over the graves of holy men.

Kháqání lies, may still be traced the legend praying the visitor to repeat the Fátiha for the soul of him whose ashes rest beneath. The mason who carved this legend has blundered in the most amazing manner over the dead man's name. He calls him Hila Kháqání, imagining apparently that the name of the poem (which he could not spell) was that of the poet.

Kháqání's famous mesneví, which is not very long, is a paraphrase of an Arabic text known as El-Hilyat-un-Nebeviyya, The Prophetic Physiognomy, which describes the features and personal appearance of the Prophet. This Arabic text gives the traditional account of the Prophet's appearance in the simplest fashion: 'the Prophet of God (God bless and save him!) was bright of blee, black of eyne, right goodly, bloodshot of eye, drooping of eyelash, wide 'tween the eyebrows, arched of eyebrow, aquiline of nose, wide 'twixt the teeth,' and so on, mentioning each detail after the manner of a catalogue. Kháqání's plan is to take each of these phrases, 'bright of blee,' 'black of eyne,' etc. and write on it a versified commentary of from twelve to twenty couplets. As befits the theme, a large number of untranslated Arabic quotations, bits from the Koran and the Hadís, are introduced throughout the poem.

Although it has no great merit as poetry, the work has always been popular on account of its subject. It was printed in Constantinople in 1264 (1847—8), and Ziyá Pasha quotes almost the whole of it in the third volume of his Tavern. Speaking of Kháqání in the preface to that anthology, the Pasha says, playing on his name, that he was the Kháqán of the world of verse, without peer or rival in all Rúm (in his own sphere, is surely understood), that though his Hilya is brief, every word in it from beginning to end is a pearl, that it is written in a style scarcely possible to imitate, and

that it is beyond doubt a miracle achieved through the grace of the Prophet. This panegyric seems somewhat overdone and not a little far-fetched. Several passages from Kháqání's poem have passed into proverbs, notably the following couplet inculcating submission to the Divine decree:

> Strive not, for it hath been cut by this sword —
> 'He shall not be questioned of what He doth.' [1]

Besides his Hilya, Kháqání left a Díwán which is without interest.

The following extract from the prologue to the Hilya gives a traditional account of the beginnings of creation.

From the Hilya-i Sherífa. [229]

In brief, that King of Eternity,
That Lord of unfading empery,
To Whom are the secrets of earth revealed,
And every atom that lies concealed,
To wit, the King of the unseen veil,
The Judge, the Just, without let or fail,
Like the treasure hid, [2] from eternity
Had bode alone with His Unity,
To wit, His Glory no need had known
Of homage by man or by angel shown,
When constrained the unfettered Self of His
The cause of the creation of all that is.
At that same moment Love had birth;
In a word, a Light [3] shone glorious forth.

[1] کسمش آتمشدر آنی ایتمه جدل تیغ لَا یُسْئَلُ عَمَّا یَفْعَل

The phrase لَا یُسْئَلُ عَمَّا یَفْعَلُ, He shall not be questioned of what He doth, is from the Koran, ch. XXI, v. 23.

[2] An allusion to the well-known Tradition beginning: 'I was a Hidden Treasure....'

[3] This Light is closely connected, if not identical, with what is called the Light of Ahmed (or Muhammed) which is usually said to have been the first thing created.

God loved that Light which He hailed 'My Love!' [1]
And fain was He of the sight thereof.
Thereunto was the realm of the seen made o'er,
It came into being with mickle glore.
With the Glory of Ahmed [2] the world was filled,
And the Love Divine ecstatic thrilled.
When the Lord thereon His gaze did set,
For shame and confusion that Light did sweat;
On the spirit-world did those sweat-drops fall,
And a Prophet was born from each and all.
Then the Lord of Glory once again
Looked thereon with passing love full fain,
'Twas whelmed in a sea of sweat for shame,
That Glory a dew-sprent rose became. [3]
The Master Etern from a drop thereof
First fashioned a Kingly pearl through love;
Then He gazed thereon in His majesty,
And that pearl dissolved and became the sea.
The cloud of His grace did sea-like rain,
The waves and the vapours rose amain.
Then God from the Foam and the Mists that rise
From that Sea created our earth and skies,
And struck with the mall in the Hand of Might,
The ball of earth now span in sight.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The verses that follow are from the first of the sections describing the Prophet, that forming the commentary on the detail 'bright of blee,' and they may stand as an example of the general style of the work.

From the Same. [230]

All of the folk hereon agree,
That the Pride of the World [4] was bright of blee.

[1] Habīb = Beloved, is the special title of Muhammed.
[2] Or 'of Muhammed,' or 'of the Most Praiseworthy.'
[3] The blushing cheek studded with perspiration is sometimes compared to a dew-sprent rose.
[4] The Pride of the World is a title of Muhammed.

Full sheen was the radiance of his face,
His cheeks were lustrous with lustre's grace.
One of heart with the rose was his face's hue;
Like the rose, unto ruddiness it drew.
Yclad his face in the light of delight,
'Twas the Chapter of Light [1] or the dawn of light.
The scripture of beauty was that fair face;
The down on his cheek was the verse of grace.
Shamed by his visage bright as day,
Life's Fountain hid in the dark away. [2]
Well may the comrades of joyance call:
'The sheen of his visage conquers all!'
Yon radiant face shone in the sky,
The light of the harem-feast on high.
The Portrait-painter of Nature gave
Thereto all beauty that man may have.
When the sweat upon that Sultan stood
He was forsooth like the rose bedewed. [3]
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At the end of the last chapter we had to say farewell to Latífí, and now the time has come when we must take leave of the biographers ʿAhdí and Qináli-záde.

Of the former of these I have already spoken sufficiently; [4] it is enough to add here that although his Rosebed of Poets was originally compiled in 971 (1563—4), the manuscript belonging to the British Museum, made use of in writing the foregoing pages, represents a later and much enlarged rescension of the work. Dates later than 971 occur in several of the notices, the latest of all being 1001 (1592—3). We know, on the authority of Riyází, that ʿAhdí did not die till towards the end of the reign of Murád III, and as this

[1] Súra XXIV of the Koran is called the Chapter of Light.

[2] Another allusion to the myth of the Fountain of Life in the Dark Land, which has been interwoven with the Alexander legend.

[3] As in note 3 on the last page.

[4] Ch. I, p. 8 *supra*.

Sultan died in 1003 (1595), it is quite likely that these additions may have been made by the author himself.

Qináli-záde Hasan Chelebi [1] was born at Brusa in 953 (1546—7), his father, Qináli-záde ᶜAlí Chelebi, being principal of the college of Hamza Bey in that city. Hasan embraced his father's profession, entered the ranks of the ᶜulemá, and, after an active and honourable career as muderris and judge in many towns, died as cadi or judge of Rosetta in Egypt on the 12th of Shevwál 1012 (15th March 1604). Qináli-záde's Tezkire, which was completed in 994 (1586), and dedicated to Khoja Saᶜd-ud-Dín, the titular Preceptor of Murád III and the author of the famous Crown of Chronicles, contains notices of over six hundred poets, divided into three Fasls or Sections, the first of which treats of the Sultan-poets; the second, of those members of the Imperial family who wrote poetry, but never ascended the throne; and the third, of the poets of all other classes, from the earliest times down to his own day. This work which I have so often quoted in these pages, is generally considered the best of all the Turkish Tezkires, and it is of great value, not only from the mass of biographical details which it contains, but also on account of the great number and variety of its quotations from the several poets. The author's style is unfortunately turgid in the extreme; meaningless verbosity and endless rodomontade seriously interfere with the pleasure at least of the modern reader; but no doubt Qináli-záde Hasan Chelebi was a very fine writer in his own eyes and

[1] That is, Master Hasan Qináli-son. According to Professor Nájí, the surname Qináli-záde, which means Henna-man-son, was come by in the following manner. The biographer's paternal grandfather, Our Lord ᶜAbd-ul-Qádir the Hamídí (or Hamíd man), at one time titular tutor to Muhammed the Conqueror, was notorious for the lavish way in which he made use of the dye called henna, probably for staining his beard. Hence he got the nickname of Qináli, or the Henna-man, and so his descendants became Qináli-záde.

in those of his contemporaries, and moreover would it not behove the most learned and cultured of the biographers of the poets to accomplish his task in what did duty as the grand style? Qináli-záde is severe upon Latífí for his partiality to his native town; but he has himself been taken to task for the undue prominence which he gives to his own family, every member of which he enters in his work as a poet. The longest notice in the whole book is that devoted to the author's father ʿAlí Chelebi, who, although a learned and scholarly gentleman, was not a poet of the very slightest repute. But when all is told, the faults of this work are few while its merits are many; and it is with no little regret that I part company with its careful and instructive, if somewhat loquacious, author.

The work of Qináli-záde closes the series of what we may call the anecdotal Tezkires. In his book, as in Latífí's and ʿÁshiq Chelebi's, we find a large number of stories or traditions regarding many of the poets, while the later biographers, Riyází, Rizá, Safáʾí, Sálim, and Fatín, content themselves as a rule with a mere statement of the leading events in their authors' lives. Possibly the fact that many of the poets concerning whom these later biographers wrote were contemporaries of their own and alive when their Tezkires were issued, may have had something to do with this reticence which naturally tends to diminish the interest of their work. Another point of difference between them and their predecessors is the extreme simplicity, sometimes even baldness, of their style. ʿÁshiq and Qináli-záde, at any rate, are models of affected verbosity who go out of their way to fill a dozen lines with what were better expressed in two; whereas Rizá and Fatín never use a word beyond what is required to convey their meaning.

Riyází stands midway between the two groups; he occa-

sionally, but not often, tells a story, and sometimes indulges in a little fine language. He is, moreover, the last Tezkire-writer to attempt a complete survey of the field of Ottoman poetry, to start at the beginning and carry the thread down to the time of writing. The subsequent biographers take up the story at about the point where it is left off by the preceding writer to whose work they mean their own to be a continuation, always bringing the history down to the year in which they write.

Riyází was a poet of some distinction, and as we shall have occasion to speak of his career more fully later on, it is enough to say here that he was born in 980 (1572—3) and died in 1054 (1644). His Tezkire, which is of very considerable value, is dedicated to Sultan Ahmed I and was begun in the year 1016 (1607—8) and completed in the Rejeb of 1018 (1609). In the preface the author takes credit to himself, justly enough, for having avoided prolixity in language, lest it should prove a 'cause of weariness to the reader and the writer.' He also claims to be more critical than his predecessors who, he says, have inserted in their Tezkires poets and poetasters alike, while he has admitted the poets only, turning the others out. In like manner he has perused the entire works of nearly all the poets he includes, and chosen as examples such verses only as are really worthy of commendation, while the other biographers have not given themselves this trouble. Finally, he professes to be perfectly impartial in his criticisms, extolling no man by reason of friendship or community of aim, and withholding due praise from none because of personal aversion. Riyází's book consists of two Ravzas or Gardens, the first devoted, as usual, to the poet-Sultans, the second to the poets of lesser degree.

Rizá's work covers a portion of the same ground, containing notices of over two hundred and sixty poets who flourished

between 1000 (1591—2) and 1050 (1640—1) but it is, according to Von Hammer, much more meagre and much less satisfactory. Adrianople was the birthplace of this author, whose personal name was Muhammed, but who was generally known as Zehir-Már-záde or Poison-Snake-son. He died in 1082 (1671—2), leaving besides his Tezkire a by no means remarkable Díwán.

Safá'í takes up the tale where Rizáleaves off, giving the lives of the poets who lived between 1050 (1640—1) and 1133 (1720—1), and thus carrying the thread eighteen years into the Transition Period, which we have agreed to begin with the accession of Ahmed III in 1115 (1703). Mustafá Efendi, for such was Safá'í's name and style, was born in Constantinople where he continued to reside, holding various civil posts under the government, till his death which, according to Fatín Efendi, the author of the latest of all the Tezkires, took place in 1196 (1781—2).

Sálim's work begins some fifty years later than Safá'í's, about 1100 (1688—9), and goes down to 1132 (1719—20), so that save for the first fifteen years, it belongs wholly to the Transition Period. This biographer, Mírzá-záde Muhammed Efendi, was the son of a Sheykh-ul-Islám; he himself attained a very high position in the legal world, and died in 1156 (1743—4). Both Safá'í and Sálim wrote poetry; the latter, a complete Díwán.

The Tezkires of these last three writers have never been printed, and manuscripts of them are exceedingly rare; there are none in the public collections in London, and I grieve to say that notwithstanding every effort, I have been unable to procure a copy of any one of them.[1] Fatín Efendi's work,

[1] [This must have been written before May, 1900, in which month the Author obtained a MS. of Sálim's Tezkire, transcribed during the biographer's life-time, in A. H. 1134. ED.]

before alluded to, was completed in 1271 (1854), and having been lithographed, has proved obtainable; but although it covers wellnigh the whole of the Transition Period, it leaves all prior to that untouched. I have therefore been obliged, when dealing with the second half of the Classic Age, to rely on Von Hammer, who had access to all four of the original authorities, supplementing, and occasionally modifying, his statements from the writings of such modern authors as Ziyá Pasha, Professor Nájí, and Kemál and Ekrem Beys.

About this time the practice of compiling anthologies begins to become popular, and there is in existence an immense number of manuscript poetical miscellanies written in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These, of course, differ infinitely in value as in manner; sometimes, as in the case of the great compilations of Nazmí and Qáf-záde, they are carefully and systematically arranged selections of what the writers took to be the best or at least most representative works of the poets quoted; at other times they are mere scrap-books in which the owner seems to have jotted down, without the slightest attempt at any kind of system or arrangement, whatever poem or piece of verse happened to take his fancy as he came across it in his reading or heard it from a friend. In little volumes of this kind, the frequency of which argues a wide-spread love of poetry, it is not unusual to find a number of the pages towards the end quite blank, showing that the owner, through the intervention of death, or perhaps through loss of interest in his work, had failed to get together a sufficient number of suitable poems to fill up his album. Although occasionally the name of the collector or of some subsequent possessor may be found written on the inside of the cover or on the fly-leaf, books of this class are very rarely dated; it is however

generally possible to form an approximate idea of their date from the quotations which they contain.

Of the true anthologies belonging to the Classic Period, the best are those of Nazmí and Qáf-záde. Nazmí of Adrianople, who flourished under Sultan Suleymán and died in 996 (1588), formed a vast collection of over four thousand ghazels by some two hundred and forty poets, arranged not only alphabetically as in a Díwán, but sub-arranged according to metre.

The collection of Qáf-záde Fá'izí, who died about 1032 (1622—3), does not, like that of his predecessor, consist of entire ghazels, but only of such couplets selected from these as met with his approval; it is probably for this reason that he has styled his book the Zubdet-ul-Esh^{c}ár or Cream of Poems. This author was more than a mere compiler, he was an original poet as well, for he began (though he appears to have left it unfinished) a mesneví on the story of Leylá and Mejnún, at the end of the prologue to which he introduced, according to the fashion of his day, [1] a Sáqí-Náme, or Cup-bearer-Book, consisting of a little over one hundred and sixty couplets.

[1] The poem is dedicated to Sultan ^{c}Osmán II who reigned from 1027 (1618) to 1031 (1622).

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MID-CLASSIC AGE CONTINUED.

AHMED I—MUSTAFÁ I. 1012—1032 (1603—1623).

Ahmed I. Mustafá I. ʿOsmán II. Murád IV. Veysí. Hudá'í. Háletí. ʿAtá'í.

With the reign of Sultan Ahmed I, who succeeded his father Muhammed III in 1012 (1603), the cloud which had fallen upon Turkish poetry with the death of Suleymán begins to rise, and the first rays of the second bright period of the old Ottoman poetry become visible through the surrounding gloom. This second bright period, while less vivid and intense than the first, that coinciding with the reign of the Lawgiver, is steadier and more permanent, as it not only covers all that remains of the Classic Age, but extends a quarter of a century into the Transition. Kemál Bey looks upon the century and a quarter lying between the accession of Ahmed I and the deposition of Ahmed III as the most brilliant period in the history of old Turkish poetry; and if we except Fuzúlí, Báqí, and Sheykh Ghálib, this era undeniably does embrace all the greatest names of the Asiatic School. Apart from the great luminaries, the Nefʿís, the Nábís, the Nedíms, there is throughout the whole of this period a constant succession of admirable poets, better than

all except the very best of either preceding or following times. But these, being extended over a term of nearly a hundred and thirty years, do not produce so dazzling an effect as the cluster of lesser lights massed together in the forty six years of Suleymán, which is probably the reason why Von Hammer and those who follow him have agreed to regard the Suleymánic age as the apogee of Turkish poetry. But Nefʿí and Nedím together more than counterbalance Fuzúlí, Nábí may fairly be set against Báqí, while the writings of such men as Háletí, ʿAtáʾí, the Sheykh-ul-Islám Yahyá, Náʾilí, Sábit, Belígh, Sámí, and Seyyid Vehbí reach a higher average than those of Lámiʿí, Zátí, Khayálí, Fazlí, or Yahyá Bey.

After a reign of fourteen years, 1012—26 (1603—17), Ahmed I was succeeded by his brother the imbecile Mustafá I who, proving intolerable, was deposed the following year to make room for Ahmed's son ʿOsmán II. This young sovereign reigned for four years, 1027—31 (1618—22), when he was foully murdered by mutinous Janissaries, who then dragged his idiot uncle from his cell and seated him once more upon the throne. But the wretched Mustafá was not to be endured, and in 1032 (1623) he was again dethroned, this time to give place to Murád IV, the second son of Sultan Ahmed.

Ever since the days of Selím II the state had been plunging deeper and deeper into confusion. Corruption was rampant in every department of the government, and anarchy laid waste the land. The Sultans were helpless puppets in the hands of lawless Janissaries, who, like the Pretorians in the decline of the Roman Empire, deposed and elevated sovereigns at their own good pleasure. All confidence was gone between man and man, none could trust his neighbour; honesty and morality were empty words. Outside, foreign enemies

were pressing the Empire hard; Persia had won back Baghdád, the city of Fuzúlí and Rúhí. The final collapse seemed imminent and inevitable.

Such was the state of things when Murád IV, then in his twelfth year, was summoned to the throne of ʿOsmán. Had this Murád been such a man as his father or his brothers, the probability is that there would have been no Transition Period for us to chronicle. Murád the Fourth saved Turkey. A man of iron will and of indomitable courage, he was, as was necessary for the work he had to do, utterly without mercy, without pity; he deluged the country in blood, but he saved her from herself. Himself the sternest tyrant ever girt with the sword of ʿOsmán, he would brook no tyranny in the country but his own. Wherever he heard of an unjust judge or a rapacious governor, his blow fell swift and sure. When he tore Baghdád back from Persia he read the Fair Kingdom [1] a lesson which she remembers to this day. Sultan Murád did not cure Turkey, she has not been truly cured even yet; but he checked the deadly malady from which she was suffering, and gave her a fresh lease of life. And all this was accomplished before he reached his twenty-ninth year, for he died in 1049 (1640), his splendid constitution worn out by habitual and violent intemperance.

Poetry continued as heretofore to find favour in high places; Ahmed I, ʿOsmán II, and Murád IV all wrote verses, and even poor Mustafá is said by Von Hammer to be reckoned amongst the poets. Everybody about the court dabbled in verse; the example of the Muftí Saʿd-ud-Dín and Ghází Giráy the Khan of the Crimea, who had carried on a correspondence in ghazels on state affairs, was followed by Sultan Murád

[1] Devlet-i Behiyya-i Írán = the Fair Kingdom of Persia, is the official title of the Persian State, as Devlet-i ʿAliyya = the Sublime State, is of the Ottoman.

and his Grand Vezir Háfiz Pasha when the latter was unsuccessfully attempting to drive back the Persians at Baghdád. Writings produced under such circumstances cannot be expected to have any literary value, but they are interesting in so far as they show how the official classes were permeated with a taste for poetry.

Ahmed I wrote under the makhlas of Bakhtí; ʿOsmán II under that of Fárisí. The ghazels of the former are of little account; the work of the latter consists principally of rubáʿís which are not without promise that, had his life been longer, this young Sultan would have developed into a genuine poet with a graceful and distinctive manner of his own. Of Murád's verses we shall speak later on.

Uveys ibn Muhammed, known in literature by his makhlas of Veysí, was the son of a judge of Ala-Shehr, the ancient Philadelphia, where he was born in 969 (1561—2). Like most of the learned men of those days he was a member of the legal profession, and during the course of his life he occupied many important positions in Europe, Asia, and Africa. He died in 1037 (1627—8) as Cadi or judge of Uskub, an office which he had held on six different previous occasions.

Veysí is one of the most brilliant prose-writers of this period; his Vision, and especially his Life of the Prophet, are popular among old-fashioned people even at the present day. The Life, which is generally known as the Siyer-i Veysí or Veysí's Life,[1] is written in the most recherché Persian style, and shares with the prose Khamsa of Nergisé the distinction of having been gibbeted by Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfíq Bey, one of the most stalwart champions of the Modern

[1] Also, Síret-un-Nebí (The Biography of the Prophet). Its correct title is Durret-ut-Táj fí Síreti-Sáhib-il-Miʿráj (The Pearl of the Crown concerning the Life of the Lord of the Ascension). Veysí died before he had finished this work, which was continued by the great poet Nábí.

School, as a composition the continued study of which will land the nation in disaster. The Vision (Váqi'a-Náme, or sometimes, Khwáb-Náme,) unlike the Life, is written in plain straightforward Turkish. It gives an account of a conversation, which the author is supposed to have heard in a dream, between the reigning Sultan (Ahmed I) and the ancient hero Alexander the Bicorned.[1] Sultan Ahmed bewails the desperate condition of the country, whereupon Alexander tries to console him by running through the history of the world and pointing out that at no time has undisturbed tranquillity been the lot of man; he then gives the Sultan some advice, and finally recommends him to take counsel of his servant Veysí.

In his poetry Veysí follows the style of the Vision, not that of the Life. The distinguished living poet Hámid Bey once praised Veysí's poetry in my presence on the score of simplicity and straightforwardness, adding that it had not been without a certain influence on Shinásí Efendi when that writer set to work in earnest to found the Modern School. The judgment of the modern critic had been partly forestalled by 'Atá'í who, when writing of Veysí, speaks of his poetry as characterised by eloquence and as being distinguished by a peculiar manner and an exquisite style, an opinion which he fancies he is confirming by quoting this self-laudatory couplet from one of the poet's own works:

An ancient fashion of the pen of Veysí the mage
Is the fresh style of language of the eloquent of Persia.[2]

[1] It is said that Zu-l-Qarneyn, "the Bicorned," is properly the surname of an ancient prophet called Es-Sa'b the Himyarite and that this personage is the Zu-l-Qarneyn whose journeys in mysterious regions are mentioned in the Koran; but this Koranic Zul-Qarneyn is popularly identified with Alexander the Great, probably on account of the latter's legendary quest of the Fountain of Life. See Vol. I, p. 281 sqq.

[2] کهنه رسم قلم ویسی سحر آرادر تازه طرز سخن نادره سنجان عجم

The biographer adds that certain wits used to appraise the gifts of Veysí in this manner: his poetry is better than his science, his prose is more excellent than his poetry, his conversation is to be preferred to his prose, but the superior comeliness of his presence and gracefulness of his figure are self-evident. Veysí left a complete Díwán; but copies of it are not often met with now-a-days. The few ghazels by him that I have seen in different collections are certainly characterised by lucidity, but otherwise there is little that is remarkable about them.

There is, however, printed in the first volume of the Mines de l'Orient the Turkish text and German translation, [1] both exceedingly defective, of a very remarkable qasída by a poet who calls himself Uveysí. This Uveysí is assumed by Von Hammer in his History to be identical with our Veysí. But while a good deal may be said in favour of this identification, his grounds for which Von Hammer does not give, some further information is necessary before we can regard it as definitely proved.

On the one hand, it is certain that the poem was written during the reign of Murád IV, since the wretched state of the country is graphically described and reference is made to the loss of Baghdád. Again, we know that Uveys was the personal name of Veysí, and although I am not aware of any certified instance of his having made use of Uveysí as his makhlas, it is not improbable that he may occasionally have done so. I may add that in a manuscript Poetical Miscellany in my possession, where the qasída in question is given, it is attributed to Veysí Efendi in exactly the same way as are several ghazels concerning the authenticity of which there is no doubt.

On the other hand ʿAtáʾí, when mentioning the works of

[1] This text and translation were reprinted in pamphlet form in Berlin in 1811.

Veysí in his life of that poet, makes no allusion whatever to this poem. In the case of an ordinary qasída such a course would be natural enough, but this poem is so remarkable and so unlike anything which had gone before that one would have expected it to attract the notice of a careful writer like the continuator of the Crimson Peony. Further, the author of the poem tells us himself that he comes from the 'land of Qonya,' while Veysí was born at Ala-Shehr which is not in the 'land of Qonya;' he moreover speaks of himself as an ojaq oghli, [1] by which he probably means the son of a soldier, while Veysí was the son of a judge. Then he writes throughout the latter part of the poem, which I have not translated, as though he were a Mevleví dervish standing outside the political life of the age, and not a member of the official class so unsparingly denounced.

To reconcile these contradictions we should have to assume that Veysí put on the guise of a humble dervish, became a sort of Turkish Piers the Plowman, in order the better and the more freely to expose the abuses and lash the vices of his age. Such a proceeding, alien as it is to the genius of Ottoman literature, might not improbably commend itself to the bold and original mind of the author of the Vision.

I have spoken of this qasída as being very remarkable, and so it is both in manner and in matter. To take the latter first; unlike the typical poem of this class, at once extravagant and conventional in mendacious panegyric, this qasída is a scathing yet temperate indictment of the corruption and profligacy then rampant throughout Turkey. The great officers of the state are marshalled, one after the other, and are shown up for what they really are in a fashion as pitiless

[1] In a marginal note in pencil the Author has added: "In the MS. اصلم اوغلیدر پیر," which would imply that he was the son of a Pír or Spiritual Director. I know not what MS. is meant. ED.]

as it is fearless. The Sultan himself is made to hearken to some wholesome truths conveyed in plain downright words which must have sounded strangely unfamiliar in the ears of a son of ʿOsmán. The author of this poem, whoever he was, was a bold man; we seem to be listening to some ancient Hebrew prophet rebuking a degenerate King of Israel rather than to an Ottoman poet inditing a qasída to the Pádisháh. In this work for the first time in Turkish poetry we get an absolutely truthful picture of society as it actually was; the gloss of conventionality and lying flattery is away, and the poet tells us what he really saw, not what he desired the great men of his day to believe he was content to see.

The style of this qasída is as remarkable as its spirit. The language is as much Turkish and as little Persian as is possible in an Old Ottoman poem. The author having certain home truths to deliver, makes use of a homely medium. There must be no misunderstanding of what he has got to say, so he takes care that no misunderstanding shall be possible. He will have none of these far-fetched allusions, none of these equivoques and amphibologies, which are the delight of the courtiers and of those who play with poetry. Not content with ignoring these graces of the poetic art, the writer of this qasída deliberately defies two canons which from the beginning down to this present day have been reckoned as vital and essential to all poetry written after the Persian style. The first of these concerns the variation of the rime-word; our poet ends almost every couplet in his work with the name of Alláh, and that as the rime, not as a redíf; only occasionally, and as the sense of what he has to say leads up to it, does he replace the sacred name by some riming word. The second is that he ignores throughout the short vocal increment, called the Kesre-i Khafífa,

which it is a fundamental principle of Persian prosody to introduce after the second of three consecutive consonants.[1] In the Turkish folk-songs there is no such vocal increment, and there is a very wide license with regard to rime. But then these, being of purely native growth, have nothing to do with any part of the Persian system, while this poem is written in perfectly correct Eightfold Hezej metre, and the rules that determine whether a vowel shall be short or long are carefully observed.

In taking these liberties, probably unparalleled in the literature of the Old School, the writer seems to have aimed not only at increasing the popularity of his work by bringing it thus close to the native models, but at securing for it a greater freshness and spontaneity, an appearance of a more real earnestness and sincerity, than would have been possible with a rigid adherence to the shackling rules of the craft. If such was indeed his object, he has certainly been successful; so deep a conviction of absolute sincerity and terrible earnestness is produced by no other work, so far as I know, in the contemporary literature of Turkey.

In the Mines de l'Orient version this qasída bears the special title of Nasíhat-i Islámbol or A Monition to Constantinople; but although the opening lines are addressed to the citizens of the capital, the greater part of the poem is addressed to the Sultan. Both the texts I have before me are imperfect, but I have as a rule been able to correct the

[1] [In Persian a short *a*, called the ním-fatha, is introduced in scansion after two quiescent consonants not followed by a vowel in the succeeding word, or after any consonant except *n* (which, being a nasal, does not count) preceded by a long vowel. Thus band (bend) is scanned – ∪, as though it were banda (bende), and bád in the same way, as though it were báda (báde). But in Persia this short vowel is only employed in scansion, not in actual reading or recitation. In France I have heard it called "l'izafet metrique," a bad name, since it is not, as the Turkish name would imply, a short *i*, but a short *a*. ED.]

one by the other. The eighteen concluding couplets, those in which the author speaks of himself, are in both cases too corrupt to admit of the construction of a satisfactory text; so rather than attempt any complete rendering of these, I shall give the substance of what they contain at the close of my translation of the main portion of the poem, which is as follows:

Qasída. [231]

Give ear, ye folk of Islambol![1] and know forsooth, and learn for good,
The day's at hand when swift on you shall fall the sudden ire óf God.
The day of wrath is broke, and yet ye will not heed but things of earth;
'Tis time the Mehdí[2] should appear, and should descend the Breath of God.[3]
Ye build the earthly house, and ye lay waste the mansion of the Faith:
Nor Pharaoh[4] built nor Sheddád[5] reared aloft such house as this, by God!
How many a poor and hapless heart do ye through tyranny still break!
Is not the faithful's heart then, O ye tyrants base! the house of God?[6]

[1] Islambol, one of the many names for Constantinople, is a not very common adaptation (intended to mean 'Islam abounds') of Istanbol (pronounced Istambol), the every-day name of the capital. Other names are Qostantaniyya, the City of Constantine; Der-i Saʿádet, the Portal of Felicity; Asitána, the Threshold, or Asitána-i Saʿádet, the Threshold of Felicity; the town being regarded as the gate into, or the threshold before, the palace of the Sultan. We have further Belde-i Tayyiba, the Goodly City, the sum of the numerical values of the letters in which gives the date 857, the year of the Hijra in which Constantinople fell to Muhammed II. Der-i Devlet, the Portal of Empire, or of Prosperity, is used in old books instead of Der-i Saʿádet.

[2] The Mehdí is the last of the Twelve Imáms; he is supposed to be still alive, but in concealment, whence he will issue forth in due time to deliver the Faithful.

[3] The Spirit or Breath of God is the special title of Jesus, who is to descend from Heaven to assist Islam before the final consummation.

[4] Pharaoh, the type of vainglory.

[5] Sheddád, another type of pride, a wicked and presumptuous King of ancient times, alluded to in the Koran, who built Irem the Many-Columned, the terrestial paradise, in rivalry of the celestial. See Vol. I, p. 326, n. 5.

[6] 'The heart of the believer is the house of God,' (قَلْبُ ٱلْمُؤْمِنِ بَيْتُ ٱللّٰهِ) is a tradition.

Although a thousand times his cries and prayers for aidance mount the skies,
Ye pity not, nor ever say, 'no sigh is left on earth, by God!' [1]
Ye feel not for the orphan's plight, but fain would spoil him of his goods;
Doth Allah not behold his heart? or thereunto consenteth God?
I know not what your Faith may be, or what your creed (God save us!) is:
It holds not with the Imáms' [2] words, nor chimes with the Four Books of God. [3]
Ye follow not the Law of God, nor yet obey the canon law;
With those new-fangled tricks you've given o'er the world to wrack, by God!
Alike with sermons of the preachers and with lectures of the imáms, [4]
Were there no fees paid down to them, ne'er would be read the word of God.
'The Cadis,' dost thou say? how were it possible to tell of these:
'If Master Cadi be thine adversary, why then help thee God!' [5]
They've spread a snare of fraud, and that they've named the Court of Justice, sooth,
Ah, where's the prayer-mat of the Lord, and where the code, the Law of God?
To-day ye set at naught the Faith, ye make the Law a lying trick;
To-morrow will he intercede for you who is the Loved of God? [6]
What then, do ye deny the Reck'ning? [7] or shall not the dead arise?
Or shall he say 'My folk!' to you thus stained with sin, th' Envoy of God? [8]
The age is slave to womankind or subject unto minion boys; [9]
The great men do the purse adore, and well nigh all are foes to God.
He hearkened to the words of Eve, nor kept the bidding of the Lord;
And lo, from Eden banished went e'en Adam, the Pure-Friend of God. [10]
For how should Satan be our friend? he seeketh but to lead us wrong;
His purpose with the Faithful is to make them infidels to God.
The cruelty and vice of Stambol's folk have overpassed all bounds;

[1] Because they have all mounted up to heaven.

[2] The Twelve Imáms (of whom the Mehdí is the last) are the twelve successors of Muhammed through his daughter Fátima and his cousin ʿAlí.

[3] The Four Scriptures, i.e. the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel and the Koran.

[4] The imáms referred to in this line are the precentors or leaders in public worship, not the twelve saints alluded to above.

[5] This is a proverb, and is given by Ebu'z-Ziyá Tevfíq Bey at pp. 225 and 350 of his Durúbu'l-Emsál. Ziyá Pasha, whose life and work will be discussed in the last volume of this work, also alludes to it in his terkíb-bend.

[6] The Prophet, the Beloved of God, will it is said, intercede for the Faithful on the Judgment Day.

[7] The final Day of Reckoning.

[8] Ummetí 'My Folk,' the Prophet's address to the people of Islam.

[9] A hit at the immoral tendency of the day.

[10] Safiyy-ulláh, the Pure One of God, is the special title of Adam.

And this my fear, that soon will fall on us a sudden woe and rude.
Accursed ones like Jews without ado take the vezirial seats;
While if a true believer peep but through the door, with scorn he's viewed.
How comes it traitors like to these fill all the offices of trust?
Why, is there none among the folk of Islam who is leal to God?
The steel of anarchy hath struck the flint, and all the world's ablaze;
How then shall not the flames seize hold on Islambol, my master good?
The sword-fiefs [1] in the basket lie, as shoe-money the great fiefs go; [2]
They're wellnigh all the Vezirs' prey, or the Sultanas,' by my God.
Now every man doth try by some device to bide away from fight;
For where is one will mount his horse and ride afield for love of God?
And what may the Sipáhís [3] do with aspers five or ten for pay?
Of Janissaries wouldst thou speak? What can one tell of them, by God?
The Pashas and the Aghas 'tis who turn the whole world upside down;
'Tis they beyond a doubt who everywhere bring anarchy and feud.
The Master Scribe [4] and Defterdár have ta'en them Iblís [5] as their dean;
And doth not he companion them on all the paths of devilhood?
If they neglect one whit of all they learn, 'tis by mistake alone;
ᶜAzázíl-like [6] do they exalt the reprobate who know not good.

[1] In the Ottoman feudal system a Qilij-Timari or Sword-Fief was a yeoman's fief of a yearly value of 3,000 aspers; a Timar was a fief of a yearly value greater than this but below 20,000 aspers; a Ziᶜámet, one the annual value of which was this sum or upwards. The fief-holders were required to take the field when called upon, and, in the cases of the Timar and Ziᶜámet fiefs, to provide armed horsemen in a fixed proportion to the amount of their income. The possession of the fiefs was hereditary and involved residence upon them, thus the holders constituted a true feudal aristocracy. When a fief was lapsed or unassigned it was said to be 'in the basket,' in which case the revenues were probably often appropriated by some public official.

[2] The name of Bashmaqliq or Shoe-money was given to a fief assigned to the mother or daughter of a Sultan, the revenues being for her private expenses. The poet here complains that many of the Ziᶜámets are now given up for this purpose.

[3] The Sipáhís were the horse soldiers.

[4] Reᵓís-ul-Kuttáb or Master of the Scribes was in old times the official title of the Ottoman Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was also Chief Secretary of the Chancery, Chief Under-Secretary of State, and Assistant to the Grand Vezir. He was popularly called the Reᵓís Efendi. The Defterdár was, as we know, the Minister of Finance.

[5] Iblís is the personal name of Satan.

[6] ᶜAzázíl is the original angelic name of Satan, borne by him before his fall.

Dost ask who are the thieves and highway-robbers in the world to-day?
Be sure they are the Magistrate and Captain of the Watch,[1] by God!
But yet more tyrannous than these, my lord, the Qadi-ᶜAskers are;
For now through bribery they've given o'er the world to wrack, by God!
Poor are the men of learning, all their life is passed in want and woe;
But so thou be a knavish fool, thou'lt win both fame and altitude.
'The fish stinks from the head' they say;[2] the head of all this woe is known;[3]
Ah me, could any wight declare hereof: This is the Book of God?
'Tis passing strange all those in rank and power Arnauts and Bosniacs be,
While languish in thy reign, O King, the sons of the Envoy of God.
And when you stand before the Lord you shall be questioned first thereof,
For unto you have been made o'er in trust the servants leal of God.
How many a Solomon hath come, and passed from forth this fleeting world!
Where are thy glorious fathers now? with whom hath bode this realm of God?
To-day if thou be just and deal with gracious kindness by the folk,
To-morrow shall thy face be white, thy stead before the throne of God.
From error shall the Lord defend the King who acts with justice fair;
May aught in this world or the next dismay him in the hand of God?
Then see thou choose thee not as feres a crew of mutes, buffoons, and dwarfs;[4]
Nor company with devil's folk, such ways suit ill the Shade of God.
Repose no confidence in yon Vezirs, O glorious Sultan mine;
For those are foes to Faith and State, are foes to their destruction vowed.
A drove of brutes have come and set themselves in the vezirial seats;
Alack, there is not one to serve the Faith and State in aught of good!
The learned all have hid away, and nowhere may be found the wise;
To silence are they gone, nor e'er are seen to-day the folk of God.
Without the aidance of the blest Imáms[5] how shall Baghdád be won?
Therefrom their faces have they turned, my holy one, the saints of God.
Should any man arise and work a miracle afore the folk,
They'd say he was a devil, never would they say a saint of God.
The sheykhs and preachers walk no more along the straight and narrow path;

[1] Su-Bashi, Police Magistrate; ᶜAses-Bashi, Captain of the Watch.

[2] بالق باشدن قوقار 'The fish begins to stink at the head,' is a proverb meaning that corruption begins in the highest quarters.

[3] Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfíq quotes this line in his collection of proverbs, but without mentioning the name of the writer.

[4] Certain of the Sultans were fond of surrounding themselves with such persons. "The Shade of God" (ظلّ الله فى ارضه) means the Sultán.

[5] Here the Twelve Imáms already referred to (p. 215 n. 2 *supra*) are meant.

Accounting these as guides, what should the folk but stray and miss the road?
Alack, the Súfís fill the mosques with horrid howls and yells alone;
Ah, where the litanies and chants, and where the whispered call on God?
The hypocrites now hold the earth, they deem the whole world is their spoil;
But yet in many a nook concealed there bideth still a saint of God.

* *

The poet proceeds to ask where there is now any murshid or spiritual guide like his own master Muhítí who used to teach and advise without demanding any fee, and whose abode is now in Paradise. He himself is but as a drop compared to that boundless Ocean (his teacher) to whom all the mysteries of God were revealed; he had been blind, but his teacher had opened his eyes and taught him to distinguish black from white. He goes on to say that he is by origin an ojaq oghli (probably, the son of a janissary),[1] and that the land of Qonya is his birthplace; the dust of the Mevláná's country is therefore in his nature, and his soul has from all eternity been a medium for the manifestation of Allah. Is it strange, then, if through the science of onomancy the secret things of God should be known to him? The friends of God who are resigned and contented are independent of all men; Kings can neither abase nor exalt them. How then should he fear Pasha or Agha, whose only wish in either world is the good will of God? The poem winds up with a hopelessly corrupt passage about the Sultan and the Crimea, and in the last couplet the writer mentions his own name as Uveysí.

The Sheykh Helvaji-záde Mahmúd of Scutari, known in the literary history of Turkey under his makhlas of Hudá'í is reckoned as one of the most brilliant of the avowedly mystic poets of the Classic Period. Born at Sivri-Hisár about the middle of the sixteenth century, he began his career,

[1] Compare p. 211 *supra*.

like so many of his contemporaries, by entering the legal profession. But he did not remain for very long in the ranks of the ʿulemá; deeply impressed by a dream in which the terrors of hell were brought vividly before his mental vision, he resolved to sever all ties that bound him to the world, and devote himself heart and soul to the religious life. He therefore resigned the position of Muderris or Principal which he held at one of the medreses, and placed himself under the direction of Sheykh Uftáde, a celebrated mystic teacher of those days. In 1002 (1593) he settled at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore opposite Constantinople, where he passed the remainder of his life, preaching in various mosques both there and in the capital, and writing mystic works in prose and verse, till his death, which took place in 1038 (1628). He was buried in a tomb which he had himself built in the cell that formed his home during the last thirty-six years of his life. So great was the veneration in which this holy man was held that on more than one occasion did high officials, such as a Grand Admiral and a Defterdár, seek and find sanctuary in his cell from the wrath of Sultan ʿOsmán.

Hudá'í's work, alike in verse and prose, is exclusively mystical. Besides a Díwán containing some two hundred and fifty ghazels, he wrote a series of Iláhiyyát, or Hymns, which were, and perhaps still are, sung during the Semáʿ or mystic dance of the Mevleví dervishes. I have never seen those Hymns, but Von Hammer describes them as being sometimes rimed and sometimes unrimed, cries as it were of love and devotion towards God, uttered without thought of rime or metre, and possessing neither connection of ideas nor continuity of thought.

He left further a mesneví of moderate length, called Neját-ul-Gharíq or The Rescue of the Drowning, which consists of a series of riming paraphrases of certain well-known Apostolic

Traditions and sayings of prominent Súfí saints. These paraphrases, the poetical merit of which is never very high, are occasionally elaborated into commentaries of no great profundity; at other times they are no more than a bald restatement in Turkish verse of the idea expressed in the Arabic text.

The two mystic ghazels that follow are from the Díwán.

Ghazel. [232]

We've seen the inmost bosom torn and shredded by the comb to be;
We've seen the heart's blood quaffed in brimming beaker all through dole for thee.

We've looked upon the world's delights bepictured on the bowl of Jem;[1]
We've seen on master-wise, forsooth, the science of hilarity.

We've learned the craft of gramerie from gazing on the fair one's cheek;
We've seen the fashion of the Ruby Line[2] from beauty's lip, ah me!

At length have we made o'er unto our love the profit of our life;
We've seen that till the day we die from this mad heart we win not free.

For ever let the vintner's shop diffuse its blessings o'er the earth;
We've seen whate'er we've seen, Hudá'í, in that palace, sooth have we.

Ghazel. [233]

Alack for my Sapling knows not what passion's strain may be,
Nor knows what the pang of love or the longing vain may be.

[1] For the bowl, or divining-cup, of Jem, see Vol. II, p. 71, n. 1.

[2] The Khatt-i Yáqútí or Yáqút hand, is an ancient style of handwriting, so named after its inventor Yáqút, an early Arabian calligraphist. It is now hardly known except by name; but in a MS. in my collection which gives examples of the various hands there is what professes to be a specimen of the Yáqútí, which does not differ much from the ordinary Ta'líq. The words Khatt-i Yáqútí mean also "ruby line," hence their application to the lip of the beloved. Hudá'í has, of course, both meanings in view in this verse. [Three Yáqúts, called respectively Rúmí, Mawsilí and Musta'símí, are mentioned as great calligraphists at pp. 50—51 of Mírzá Habíb's Khatt u Khattátán (Const., A. H. 1305), but the last, who lived in the thirteenth century, is no doubt intended. ED.]

That Rosebud gives no ear to the Nightingale's lament,
Nor knows in her bower of grace what the cry of pain may be.

A hapless crew are whelmed amid parting's ocean-waves;
My Leech is elate, nor knows what the cure of bane may be.

He knoweth to strike a wound to the bosom's core, but ah!
That ruthless one knows not what a comrade fain may be.

Hudá'í for refuge flies to that glorious court of thine,
Nor knoweth beyond thy gate where a place of gain may be.

The name of Háletí has been mentioned more than once when we have been speaking of that brilliant group of literary men whose genius sheds a lustre over this period of Ottoman poetry. ᶜAzmí-záde Mustafá, or Mustafá the son of ᶜAzmí, (for such was Háletí's personal name), was born at Constantinople in the year 977 (1570), on the holy Night of Cession, that night of the year on which the two angels charged severally with writing down the good and evil deeds of a man hand in to God their records, and receive fresh tablets for like service during the year to come. [1] ᶜAzmí, the poet's father, was himself a literary man of considerable note who, after being tutor to Murád III, died in 990 (1582), leaving among other works in prose and verse an incomplete translation of the Persian ᶜAssár's romantic mesneví entitled Mihr u Mushterí, or Sun and Jupiter.

Háletí, who early displayed a very strong bent towards study, became a pupil of Saᶜd-ud-Dín the historian, to whose influence he owed the first step in his professional career, a muḍerrisate at the medrese of Hájja Khatun. [2] But his

[1] The Night of Cession, Leylet-ul-Berā'at, is the fifteenth night of the lunar month Shaᶜbán.

[2] Hájja Khatun, or Dame Hájja, is the style of Mihr Sháh, a daughter of Iskender Pasha, one of Báyezíd the Second's vezirs. This lady, who died in 947 (1540—1), is famous for the number of pious and charitable institutions which she founded in Constantinople.

own remarkable abilities soon won him promotion, and in 1011 (1602—3) he found himself judge of Damascus. Two years later he was advanced to Cairo; but on the assassination, in a military revolt, of Hájji Ibráhím Pasha, the Governor General of Egypt, Háletí, who had been temporarily placed in charge, was accused of negligence and deposed. In 1015 (1606—7) he was named Molla or Chief Justice of Brusa, where he served during the troublous time when the rebel Qalender-oghli was ravaging the surrounding country and burning the outlying portions of the town. The Mollaship of Adrianople was conferred on the poet in 1020 (1611—2); but the hostility which he provoked when there through punishing a certain cadi who had been guilty of some misdemeanour, resulted in his being transferred to Damascus. In 1023 (1614—5) he was promoted to the Judgeship of Constantinople, which high position he held for four years, when he was sent back to Cairo. At length, in 1032 (1622—3), he was appointed to the Qazi-ᶜAskerate or Vice-Chancellorship of Anatolia, and in 1037 (1627—8) to that of Rumelia, the highest office save one in all the hierarchy of the ᶜulemá. Háletí died in the Shaᶜbán of 1040 (1631), and was buried in the court of a school which his liberality had restored, at no great distance from his own residence.

Háletí, whose poetical work [1] consists of a Díwán, a Sáqí-Náme, and a collection of Rubáᶜís or Quatrains, was certainly one of the best poet's, as he was one of the most highly cultured and most widely read men of his time. We are told that he left a library of between three and four thousand volumes all carefully annotated by his own hand. According to Professor Nájí, he was, with the one exception of ᶜAlí Chelebi, the father of the biographer Qináli-záde, whose preeminence in scholarship is universally admitted, the most

[1] His prose works are all of a professional and technical character.

learned, if not the most accomplished, among his contemporaries. ʿAtáʾí, who was a pupil of his, grows eloquent in the praise of this 'most learned among the eminent,' this 'master of the poets of Rúm, the works of whose pen recall the hues of the chameleon,' — a comparison by which the biographer probably intends to convey his appreciation of the poet's versatility. Qáf-záde, again, quotes in his Anthology a larger number of lines from Háletí than he does from Báqí himself; but the fact of the former being a contemporary and a prominent member of the ʿUlemá may possibly have had something to do with this.

Háletí's Díwán, which ʿAtáʾí describes as 'distinguished by eloquence and filled with all manner of poems [1] of the most excellent quality, an exemplar of: And We have made to grow therein of all things weighed,' [2] is one of those old works which the modern critics themselves regard with respect. Thus Professor Nájí speaks of it as a book which even now may be looked upon with pride; indeed, he goes so far as to place it among those rare achievements which the lovers of Ottoman literature will always reckon as a source of honour to Turkish poetry. He too bears testimony to the author's success in many varieties of verse, among which he is inclined to give the preference to the qitʿas, which, he says, may be considered unique.

It is, however, I venture to think, rather on the score of his rubáʿís that Háletí is most entitled to our admiration. These little poems have always held a very high place in the estimation of the Ottoman critics; most often they have

[1] That is poems in all the various verse-forms.

[2] This quotation is from the Koran, XV, 19, where it refers to the earth, and means, 'We (God) have made to grow thereon a weighed (i. e. measured or determined) number of all kinds of plants;' but here ʿAtáʾí would have us take 'weighed' in its technical sense of 'metrical,' and apply the 'all things' to the many varieties of poetry in which Háletí excelled.

been regarded as the best of their class in the language. They are, as ʿAtáʾí avows, frankly based on Persian models; and many among them have much of the charm of those of ʿOmar Khayyám. They are some four hundred and sixty in number, and form a Díwán by themselves, apart from and independent of the regular Díwán containing the ghazels, qitʿas, and so on. This Díwán of Rubáʿís, which calls forth the warm praises of the Khulásat-ul-Eser, is extolled by ʿAtáʾí in his old-fashioned flowery way as being 'the envy of the soul of Khayyám,[1] while the four-square edifice[2] of its beautifying verse is, by its maiden fancies, the despair the Musky Palace of Behrám,[3] and the recaller of the import of: 'Houris hid in tents.'[4] Similarly, in that qasída in which he mentions the writers who have excelled in the various branches of the poetic art, Nedím declares:

'In the apogee of the Rubáʿí flieth Háletí like the ʿanqá.'[5]

Turning now to Háletí's work in mesneví, we have the Sáqí-Náme or Cup-bearer-Book which, according to ʿAtáʾí, would exhilarate Háfiz and Jámí,[6] and every inspired couplet and line in which is a divine miracle. This work is a typical representative of its class, a class which, as we have seen, enjoyed just at this period a considerable amount of popularity among the Turkish poets, and the following brief

[1] ʿOmar Khayyám, the famous Persian poet whose rubáʿís have, thanks to the late Mr. Fitzgerald, now become a part of English literature.

[2] Alluding to the four lines of the rubáʿí.

[3] Referring to the Musky (i. e. Black) Pavilion where King Behrám-i Gúr housed the Princess Fúrek, the daughter of the King of India, as is told in the romance of the Heft Peyker or Seven Effigies.

[4] Koran, LV, 72. Here the 'houris' represent the 'maiden fancies' of the poet; the 'tents,' the 'four square edifice' of the rubáʿís; there is a further reference to Khayyám, whose name means the Tent-maker.

[5] حالتی اوج رباعیده اوچار عنقا گبی.

[6] Háfiz wrote a Sáqí-Náme; but not Jámí, so the introduction of the latter's name here is purely rhetorical.

account of its composition and character may, if slightly modified in non-essential particulars, be taken as applying to the whole series.

Háletí's Sáqí-Náme then consists of 515 mesneví couplets, and is divided into a prologue, fifteen sections called maqálas, and an epilogue. The prologue and the epilogue are both devoted to the praise of God. The sections, which open with the author's plaint concerning his sad plight, are made up of complimentary addresses to the cup-bearer, to the minstrels, to the boon companions, and to the beauties who grace the carouse with their presence; together with highly coloured descriptions of the wine, the bowl, the tavern, and so on; then we have poetical accounts of spring and winter and the dawn, with instructions to the revellers as to how to make the most of these seasons, intermingled with which are reproaches hurled at the strict and rigid conventionalist and exhortations to him to join the company of drinkers; while as crown of all we have the old wail over the fickleness of fortune and the instability of all things, culminating in the despairing cry: Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die! All this may have been, and in many cases probably was, intended to be taken in a mystical sense; but there is on the face of it nothing to warrant such an interpretation. The poets themselves seem to have felt this; for whether it be merely to save appearances or really to give the clue to their effusions, a section is frequently added towards the end of a Sáqí-Náme setting forth how the work should be regarded as an allegory, and giving more or less of a key to the figurative language in which this is embodied.

The popularity of the Sáqí-Náme with the Turkish writers of this time was, as I have already hinted, a consequence of the favour which it was just then enjoying in Persia. A goodly number of contemporary Persian poets are mentioned

in the literary history of that country as having written works of this description; and while I am not aware that any one of these was regarded with especial favour in Turkey, or more particularly singled out to serve as model, the adoption of this fashion by the Ottomans offers yet another instance of that docility with which, during the entire Classic Period, they were content to follow step by step the track of their chosen masters. [1]

The only other thing which Háletí did in mesneví was to add a hundred couplets to his father's unfinished translation of the Mihr u Mushterí; this, however, did not complete the work, which still remains a fragment. [2]

Professor Nájí's verdict appears on the whole to be a just one; Háletí cannot indeed be placed in the first rank of the Ottoman poets; he is not the peer of Fuzúlí or Nedím, but he must assuredly be accorded an honourable position in the second line. As I have already said, it is in virtue of his rubá'ís that I should rank him so high; for while it is true that his work has neither the originality nor the profundity of 'Omar Khayyám's, though it is possible that it may rival or even excel that of the Persian in subtlety and grace, it none the less exhibits a simple dignity and real

[1] The British Museum possesses a manuscript (Add. 7925) which contains a collection of six Sáqí-Námes, all by poets who lived in the first half of the eleventh century of the Hijra. These are: the Sáqí-Náme of the Sheykh-ul-Islám Yahyá Efendi, died 1053 (1643—4), 77 couplets; that of 'Azmí-záde Háletí, d. 1040 (1631), 515 couplets; that of Sheykhí Efendi, d. 1043 (1633—4), 111 couplets; that of Nev'í-záde 'Atá'í, d. 1044 (1634—5), 1561 couplets and 12 rubā'īs; that of Riyází Efendi, d. 1054 (1644—5), 1025 couplets; and that of Jem'í, d. 1075 (1664—5), 101 couplets. The index to the MS. mentions further two Sáqí-Námes that do not occur in the volume; one of these is from the Leylá and Mejnún of Qáf-záde Fá'izí, d. 1031 (1621—2), the other is by Fuzúlí. The last-named poet wrote, as we have seen, a work bearing this title, but it is in Persian. Other Sáqí-námes by Qabúlí, Nef'í and Sabúhí exist.

[2] Háletí has also left a Pend-náme, or Book of Counsels, and a number of epistolary models. See Rieu's Turkish Catalogue, pp. 96 and 244.

sublimity, alike in thought and in language, to be found nowhere else in contemporary poetry. Good rubá'ís are rare in Turkish literature; and the student cannot but regard with gratitude and esteem the one Ottoman poet who has done good and lasting work in this interesting form.

Through much of Háletí's poetry there runs a tone of sadness; although his life was, taken all round, both prosperous and honourable, he seems to have suffered keenly from the attacks of his rivals and to have felt deeply those shifts of fortune which have at all times been the lot of public men, especially in the East. 'Atá'í informs us that, when lecturing to his students, he would stop to sigh and complain how that in those days learning and virtue brought their possessors nothing but injustice, and how the night of hope had then no other dawn than sleeplessness, 'and so it cometh about,' adds the biographer, 'that the most part of his poetry is, as it were, a complaint and a manner of foreboding of every sort of ill.'

The following sixteen rubá'ís will serve to illustrate Háletí's work in this form.

Rubá'í. [234]

Thou of whose kindness all that is hath taught,
Whose garth of grace with wafts of love is fraught,
O'erwhelm me somewise in Not-Being's sea,
Nor cast me mid life's whirlpool, sore distraught.

Rubá'í. [235]

Of old, while Fate its sovran sway still bore,
Our grief was deep when hearts were smitten sore;
Sudden, annihilation's magic glaive
Flashed, and all yearning of desire was o'er.

Rubá'í. [236]

Warring with Reason upon every side,
I'll play the man in sorrow's battle-tide:
Favoured of Love am I in dolour's waste,
For lo, the whirlwind is become my guide!

Rubá'í. [237]

O parted lover, sigh the livelong night,
And teach the angels what is love's despite.
Since thou mayst win not unto union's bower,
Walk with thy love in fancy's garden bright.

Rubá'í. [238]

The pang of love's the morning-light of truth,
The pang of love's a mirror that says sooth;
It ne'er will come for any toil of thine,
The pang of love's the gift of God in ruth.

Rubá'í. [239]

Who seeks not safety's path, grief's liege is he,
One in his sight are rose and thorn, perdie.
Little he kens of this wild field of Love,
Who sees not suff'ring's sword Life's Stream to be.

Rubá'í. [240]

Cup-bearer, bid our feast discomfit vere,
Let the fair-hearted's lip cull roses here.
Ay, bare those white and gleaming arms o' thine,
Let silver haft to mirror-cup appear.

Rubá'í. [241]

We're on a field where virtuous blood is shed,
Poured lavish as the sunset's gory red;
Alack for that we came not unto earth
Ere the sphere-mirror was with rust bespread!

Rubá'í. [242]

Moon-visaged beauties sit and smile on shore;
While death's fierce billows o'er their lovers roar.
Peerless would shine the sun of beauty's sky,
Did but its beams caress the motes forlore.

Rubá'í. [243]

We're filled with sadness though we shout for glee;
Ruined we lie, though fair our fortune be.
A bird we seem so nurtured on Love's woe,
We'd hit the snare, though from the cage set free.

Rubá'í. [244]

The Sphere hath hung death's sabre o'er my head,
My hand is doomed dust on my hair to spread.
So sad hath Fortune made my days that each
Like to the lover's parting hour is dread.

Rubá'í. [245]

In this sad charnel-house the dust of woe
Fills many a monarch's skull now lying low:
Naught knowest thou how Heaven's wheel revolves
Who bidest 'neath the shade of Fortune's bough!

Rubá'í. [246]

O Wotter of the sad night-watcher's case,
Who mak'st their pain the key of treasured grace,
Shame Thou me not with all my pictured thoughts,
Nor for my heart a magic-fanal trace. [1]

Rubá'í. [247]

To masters of the Path, the Path is woe;
To comrades of the Truth, the Truth is woe;
What need, O wildered heart, of further speech?
The headline of the scroll of Love is woe.

[1] See p. 175, n. 2 *supra*. Hāletī means: Do not shame me by holding me accountable for all the thoughts that pass through my mind.

Rubá'í. [248]

Knows the pure-hearted from the Primal Day
His heart for church, his hopes for idols gay. [1]
The soul desires such lighting-flash of grace
That 'fore it all Heaven's radiance fade away.

Rubá'í. [249]

Make the heart-realm the home of grief for Thee;
Lord, let mine eyne ᶜAden and Yemen be. [2]
If my one hand hope's idol-carver prove,
Make Thou the other smite idolatry.

Here is a ghazel from Háletí's Díwán:

Ghazel. [249]

Ask not anent yon hidden flame burning the folk of care;
Ask rather of the flutterings of robes of beauties fair.

How should I not weep tears of blood with my liver turned to gore
By the eyelash-needle of one who doth the breath Messianic share? [3]

If thou be fain to know on what wise a diamond mine may be,
Look on her lustrous beauty bright through the opening of her spare. [4]

'Tis meet that the nightingale of the lawn of the garth of woe be such
That with the tears of his weeping eyne he water the roses there.

[1] See Vol. I, p. 22.

[2] ᶜAden and Yemen here stand for pearls (tears) and cornelians (blood-stained tears).

[3] The legend runs that when Jesus was translated from the world, he was found to have nothing earthly about him, save a needle stuck in his garment. But in consequence of this earthly needle, he got only half-way to Paradise, and now dwells in the Fourth Heaven, that of the Sun, where he will abide till he comes again in glory. Allusion has already been made to the miraculous healing power of his breath.

[4] I use the old-fashioned word 'spare' to translate the Oriental giríbán, which means the opening in the front of a garment, from the neck down to a certain length, which enables the garment to be put on and taken off.

Interpret them [1] by the locks of the loved one, Háletí, and then
All they who are crazed shall win delight from their tangled dreams for e'er.

The following translation represents almost the whole of the thirteenth Maqála or Section of Háletí's Sáqí-Náme. The rubric to the section runs: Concerning the Incitement of the Revellers to Nocturnal Carousal. [2]

From the Sáqí-Náma. [250]

Carousal and revel are seemly by night,
That far be extended the hour of delight.
For then do the lovelorn ascend up on high, [3]
And then throws the trav'ller his crown to the sky.
And then they of heart traverse swiftly the way:
By night swells ecstatic the sigh of dismay.
The night-tide is Shebdíz, the wine is Gulgún; [4]
Who rideth two horses ill-luck meeteth soon.
O cup-bearer, come, and enkindle our train
Ere yet fickle Fortune to slumber is fain.
Of lustre bereft [5] shows the night-time of woe,
As the evening of death, sans the fair morning glow.
And what though to black turn earth's portico-veil?
For never of smoke may such lantern fail. [6]
The fawn-sun his musk-bag hath left and is fled,
And therefrom the Sphere all around musk hath spread. [7]

[1] That is: their tangled dreams.

[2] در سوق رندان بر عیش شبانه.

[3] This and the three following lines are couched in the phraseology of the dervishes, who speak of themselves as the 'lovelorn', the 'travellers,' 'they of heart,' and so on. In the first line it is said that by night these find their miʿráj or ascension, that is, they perceive visions in which they see themselves transported to Heaven. The 'crown' mentioned in the next line is the dervish cap.

[4] Ṣhebdíz (= Night-like) was the name of the celebrated black charger of Khusraw Parwíz, while Shírín's roan was named Gulgún (= Rose-hued). See the abstract of the Romance of Khusrev and Shírín in the Appendix.

[5] That is: without bright wine.

[6] The lantern is the sun; its smoke, the darkness which turns the portico-veil of earth, i. e. the sky, to black.

[7] Musk is black, so the sphere spreading musk refers simply to the gathering shades of night.

Ah, where should such fierce fuming dragon [1] be spied,
Whose sparks, [2] like to embers, for long may abide?
As soon as the fire of the sun leaves to flare
This black lion [3] issueth forth from his lair.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
O cup-bearer, where is that life-giving bowl
That hearteneth against all the onslaughts of dole?
May that Master Physician, the Magian grey, [4]
Of his charm [5] make the heart's amulet night and day.
What medicine of wonder is that which forthright
Doth redden the cheek of the sick of despite?
If forth from the body the blood-stream should go,
The wine tulip-hued in its stead would there flow.

ᶜAtá'í, whose name I have had frequent occasion to mention of late, was prominent both as a prose-writer and a poet among the literary men of his time. ᶜAtá-ulláh, for such was the personal name of the writer known in the history of Turkish literature as Nevᶜí-záde ᶜAtá'í, was born at Constantinople in 991 (1583); and, as his patronymic indicates, was the son of the distinguished poet and savant Nevᶜí, whose life and work we have already considered. That the son was proud of the father's fame is proved by the allusion to Nevᶜí in the following couplet:

That poet I, that poet's son, before whose verse to-day
The cultured of the world have bowed the head right lowlily. [6]

[1] The Sun. [2] The light of sunset. [3] The night.

[4] In Persia wine was formerly (and still is, where Zoroastrian communities exist) chiefly sold by Magians (or by Christians confused with these); hence the term Magian is much used in Persian and Ottoman poetry to represent a vintner or tavern-keeper; but mystically (the esoteric doctrines being compared to the forbidden wine) to signify a learned and holy teacher of the transcendental lore. The 'Magian grey' i. e. the pír or elder of the Magians, means any specially venerated teacher of this class. We sometimes meet with allusions to the 'youthful Magian,' by whom is meant the young and beautiful cup-bearer, in either a literal or mystical sense.

[5] The Magian's charm is of course wine, the medicine of the following couplet.

[6] زمانه ده بنم اول شاعر اوغلی شاعر کیم باش اکدی نظمه دنیانك اهل عرفانی

After the death of his father, ᶜAtá'í studied under Qáf-záde Feyz-ulláh Efendi, the author of the Anthology, and then under Akhí-záde ᶜAbd-ul-Halím Efendi. He, of course, entered the corps of the ᶜulemá; but, unlike most of the poets who were enrolled in this body, he does not appear to have attempted to enter the higher orders of the hierarchy, for, on taking his degree of Mulázim, he contented himself with joining the class of Cadis or Judges. He served as Cadi in a number of European towns, among which were Lofcha, Silistria, Ruschuk, Tirnova, Manastir, Terhala, and Uskub, and died shortly after his recall from the last-named place at Constantinople in 1044 (1634—5).

ᶜAtá'í's most important contribution to literature is undoubtedly his continuation of Tashköprü-záde's Crimson Peony, or rather of Mejdí's Turkish translation of the same. This Shaqá'iq-un-Nuᶜmániyya or Crimson Peony is, as I have more than once had occasion to remark, a valuable biographical work dealing with the eminent members of the ᶜulemá and the more noteworthy dervish sheykhs connected with the Ottoman Empire. Tashköprü-záde, who wrote in Arabic, began at the earliest times and brought his work down to the reign of Selím II. ᶜAtá'í carries on the history to the reign of Murád IV, prefixing a number of biographies which, though belonging to the times of Suleymán I and Selím II, were omitted by his predecessor.[1] This work of ᶜAtá'í, which is written in prose of a very pretentious and Persianised character, does not concern us here further than as a source of biographical information. In this direction it has proved

[1] The full title of ᶜAtá'í's Zeyl or Continuation is Hadá'iq-ul-Haqá'iq fí Tekmileti sh-Shaqá'iq, or The Garths of Truths in Completion of the Peony. The work was taken up where ᶜAtá'í left off by ᶜUshsháqí-záde who carried it down to the reign of Ahmed II; then by Sheykhí who brought it to the time of Ahmed III; and then by Sheykhí's son who took it down to the close of that Sultan's reign.

of considerable service, although of course but a very small proportion of the learned men whose careers it details attained a sufficiently high position as poets to warrant their mention in a work like the present.

ʿAtáʾí's poetical writings are all included in what is known as his Khamsa or Quintet. But this so-called Khamsa is no true Khamsa, as that term was understood by the earlier Persian and Turkish writers; and this because one of the five books that go to make it up is not a mesneví at all, but simply the author's Díwán. The four mesnevís which it actually contains are named respectively, Suhbet-ul-Ebkár or The Converse of Virgins; Heft Khwán or The Seven Courses; Nefhat-ul-Ezhár or The Breath of the Flowers; and Sáqí-Náme or the Cup-bearer-Book.

The first of these, the Suhbet-ul-Ebkár or Converse of Virgins, was written as a pendant to Jámí's Subhat-ul-Abrár or Rosary of the Just, like which it is divided into forty sections or chapters, here called Conversations. Each of these is devoted to the consideration of some ethical or mystic question, the argument being enforced by some more or less appropriate anecdote, usually derived from early history or legend.

The Heft Khwán or Seven Courses is more purely mystical in tone. Here seven initiates in the spiritual life hold forth on the transports and ecstacies of mystic love. I have never seen this poem,[1] but Von Hammer describes it as a most unhappy work, consisting simply of a series of trivial stories and trite moralities.

The third, the Nefhat-ul-Ezhár or Breath of the Flowers, is in scope and character much like the first. It was written as a counterpart to one of Nizámí's poems, the Makhzan-

[1] [At some period subsequent to writing this, however, the Author obtained a MS. of this work, at present bearing the provisional number 285. ED.]

ul-Asrár; and it also consists of a number of chapters, called Breaths this time, in which certain ethical or moral points are discussed, and the conclusions fortified by what the author no doubt regarded as impressive and pertinent tales.

The Sáqí-Náme or Cupbearer-Book, which has the special title of ʿAlem-numá or World-Displayer, is much the same as the other poems of its class, so popular at this time. It is perhaps somewhat more elaborate than is usual with such productions; it certainly is longer, containing 1561 couplets, with twelve rubáʿís interspersed, against 515 couplets in Háletí's poem of the same name. ʿAtáʾí has attempted to bring his Sáqí-Náme into the category of the long and important mesneví poems which are understood as forming the several members of a Khamsa, by prefixing to the subject itself lengthy doxologies and prayers, together with an account of the Prophet's Ascension, the praises of the Sultan, and a 'Reason of the Writing of the Book,' all as in the earlier romantic mesnevís. Such preliminary sections do not, so far as I have seen, occur in any other of these Cupbearer-Books.

Of ʿAtáʾí's four mesnevís, the Breath of the Flowers is the earliest, since it was finished in 1020 (1611—2). It was followed in 1026 (1617) by the Sáqí-náme, which date, together with the special title of the work, ʿAlem-numá, is indicated in the following couplet:

> If a chronogram befit the ending hereof:
> 'Filled with its wine be the cup, the World-Displayer.'[1]

The Converse of Virgins came next in 1035 (1625—6); and the Seven Courses closed the series in 1036 (1626—7).

It will be observed that not one of these four mesnevís

[1] تمامینه تاریخ اولورسه روا شرابیله پُر جام عالمنُما

The second line forms the chronogram.

is romantic; the old stories of Joseph and Zelíkhá, of the hapless Leylá and Mejnún, and of the gallant Khusraw and the beautiful Shírín have now lost their charm, or perhaps have been done to death. At all events, the only two of ʿAtá'í's mesnevís in which narrative plays any prominent part, the Converse of Virgins and the Breath of the Flowers, belong to that didactic anecdotal class, the best Ottoman examples of which are Yahyá Bey's Book of Precepts, Mystic Treasury, and Rosebed of Radiance, and the prototype of which is, of course, to be found in such works as Jámí's Tuhfat-ul-Ahrár and Subhat-ul-Abrár, and the earlier Nizámí's Makhzan-ul-Asrár.

The Díwán, which is pressed into the service to play the part of fifth mesneví in the Khamsa, is dedicated to the Sheykh-ul-Islám Yahyá Efendi, and is neither very lengthy nor very remarkable. It contains, as usual, several qasídas in honour of the great men of the day, some hundred and fifty ghazels, and a number of chronograms, stanzaic poems, and so on.

ʿAtá'í was a most industrious writer; but, as will be gathered from what I have just said, the poetical value of his verse is not high. Nedím, indeed, says in the qasída which I have already quoted several times:

'In the direction of the mesneví ʿAtá'í outstripped them all;' [1] but this flattering verdict remains unconfirmed by any subsequent writer. Sheykh Ghálib, the last of the four great poets of the Old School, is surely nearer the truth when he writes:

In the style of Newá'í did Fuzúlí
Find the way to attain eloquence.
In our Constantinople, Nevʿí-záde
Travelled along it at a foot's pace.

[1] مثنوی سمتنده کچمشدر عطائی جمله سن

The elegance of his genius may not, indeed, be denied,
Yet are there very many like unto him. [1]

Coming down to more recent times, we find Ziyá Pasha thus pronouncing judgment in the preface to his Tavern, and very properly placing ᶜAtá'í in a lower standard than Yahyá Bey:

After him, [2] worthy of eulogy
Is the author of the Khamsa, the accomplished Yahyá.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Later on, ᶜAtá'í saw this,
And set up a pretension to writing a Khamsa;
But the first is a rose, the second is clay; [3]
The five fingers [4] are not all of one mould. [5]

I think Professor Nájí is right in preferring ᶜAtá'í's prose to his verse; for inflated, ponderous, and most un-Turkish as is the style of the Continuation to the Crimson Peony, it has, notwithstanding its pedantic affectation, a certain force of its own, sometimes even a touch of picturesqueness; while the longwinded pedestrian mesnevís, with their seldom interesting and occasionally unpleasant stories, drag their weary length

[1] آیین نوایده فضولی بولمش سخنه ره وصولی
استانبولمزده نوعی زاده اینمش تك وپوینی پیاده
اولماز بلی لطف طبعی انکار آنکه گبی دخی نیاجه‌لر وار

Mír ᶜAlí Shír Newá'í, the famous Jaghatay Turkish poet, wrote several mesnevís. We have already seen that the Ottoman critics are fond of comparing Fuzúlí to him, merely, as it would seem, because both wrote in an eastern dialect of Turkish.

[2] The Pasha has been speaking of Zátí.

[3] Gul = rose; gil = clay: the difference between the two Khamsas is as that between gul and gil.

[4] Alluding to the five poems in a Khamsa.

[5] آندن صکره سزای اطرا صاحب خمسه ادیب یکیا
گورمش آنی صکره‌دن عطائی خمسه یازوب اینمش ادّعایی
لکن بری گل ایکنجی گلدر بش پارماق یکنسق دگلدر

along, rarely lit up by any flash of poetic thought or imagery.

But although this 'Khamsa' of ʿAtáʾí may possess but little charm or merit in itself, it is interesting as being the last 'Response' ever made by an Ottoman poet to the illustrious Persians. Never again does a Turkish writer come forward and challenge Nizámí, Khusraw of Delhi, or Jámí on their own ground. In the Transition Period, now close at hand, when the national spirit begins to wrestle in earnest with foreign influence, such a work would hardly be undertaken; and when we contemplate the result of the last effort in this direction, we have little reason to regret that the spirit of the age rendered a repetition impossible. ʿAtáʾí's 'Khamsa' closes a chapter in the literary history of Turkey.

There are, in conclusion, two points in connection with ʿAtáʾí's work that call for remark. The first of these is the extraordinary fondness of this writer for quoting proverbs. The occasional introduction of a popular adage or proverb had for long been a favourite usage with the poets; but ʿAtáʾí carried the practice to an extreme. Many parts of his Khamsa, especially the stories in it, bristle with these pithy little apothegms of which the Turks possess so rich a store. This affection for introducing the popular proverbs into his work forms a link between ʿAtáʾí and the writers of the next Period. The Transition poets have as a whole the same love of these homely saws, and some embody them little if at all less frequently in their verses. But such a course is only what we should expect in the case of writers who were struggling to bring the literary poetry into harmony with the national genius. Such men would naturally avail themselves of every native element which could add interest or picturesqueness to their work: with ʿAtáʾí, it was an unconscious stirring of the spirit of the future. The second point is one which connects the poet, not with his successors, but

with the past, it is the virulent and aggressive misogyny which runs through all his works. ʿAtáʾí is one of the grossest offenders in this direction; it seems to have been impossible for him to make the slightest allusion to a woman without hurling some scurrilous insult at the whole sex.

The verses that follow are from the preface to the Khamsa.

From the Preface to the Khamsa. [251]

If that the heart be slumber's eye, awake it lay,
While that amaze and yearning sore held o'er me sway,
Then, when the body, dust and ashes, heedless slept,
Upwards the veil by the veil-keeping heart was swept.[1]
Making us file fantasy's caravan, and fare
Into the great city of visions strange and rare.
Onwards I went, passing by mosque and convent too;
Yea, I beheld places that ne'er on earth I knew.
Then there appeared unto the soul's eye a sage,
Rudely yclad, but high of mien and great of age.
E'en as the grace of God the Lord alighted he;
Courteous and kind, graciously he saluted me.
Mickle his condescension towards me, his slave.
Into my hand an inkhorn courteously he gave.
Thereupon straight blazed up aloft my yearning's flame,
Nor might my heart find room enow within my frame.

The next is a chapter from the Sáqí-Náme, 'Describing the Transitoriness of the World.'

From the Sáqí-Náme. [252]

O cupbearer, where is yon life-giving wine?
The pranks of the Heaven have left us to pine.

[1] More literally: that curtain-keeper, the heart, raised the curtain. The perde-dár, chamberlain, or curtain-keeper was a servant or officer in great houses, whose duty it was, as people passed to and fro, to raise and lower the curtain which hung in the doorways communicating between the inner apartments.

Its spring and its autumn alike pass away,
And fickle is Time, shifting night-tide and day.
The grain of the stars is for aye being ground,
The cup of the moon is filled higher each stound.[1]
While chuckling as 'twere any flagon of wine,
Undone hath been many a braggart full fine.
And while yet the spring-time of hope's green and bright,
Its hair is turned, e'en as the picotee, white.[2]
The violet boweth the head for its pain,
And every green thing is sore knotted of bane.
The world is aweary, and fleeting joy's tide;
For yawning the mouth of the jar gapeth wide.
What way should the bubble to long life attain,
Although times a thousand its breath it retain?[3]
The Heaven hath fashioned a jug of Jem's clay,
And there grown the gourd where of old he held sway.
What things hath this dread charnel swallowed, ah me!
Had earth but a tongue, and should tell all to thee!
Although that this mill may turn e'en as thou'ldst have;
Yet are grains being ground ever morning and eve.
The world's but a worn-out backgammon-board, lo!
No moon yon, a die in its midmost, I trow.
A volume 'tis, thumb-marked of anguish and pain;
No longer the legend it beareth shews plain.
A haunt of ill-luck is this sad ruin drear;
'Tis no eagle, the owl 'tis alone dwelleth here.
He will play not for long, he will meet with his meed,
The eagle hereof is a tyrant indeed.

[1] The stars are here considered as grains, and the turning Sphere as the mill which grinds them; the moon is the measure which is ever being refilled (as it waxes) with the flour or dust thus produced.

[2] The companion here is between young vegetation nipped with hoarfrost and the hair of a young man turned grey prematurely.

[3] "How were it possible for the bubble to attain long life, though it practise the holding of the breath a thousand times?" Amongst certain dervishes it was believed that long life could be obtained by accustoming one's self to hold the breath, and this practise was called habs-i-nefes. [Cf. von Kremer's Geschichtliche Streifzüge auf dem Gebiete des Islams, pp. 47—52]. The bubble may be said to hold its breath, for its very existence depends on the breath or air within it, yet it is a very short-lived thing, even as man is.

A marvelous ocean this sea of dismay,
The barque of desire 'twill o'erwhelm yet some day;
Each new moon becometh a butt for its wrath;
A rocky shoal stretcheth the Straw-bearers' path. [1]
Desire's cord is knotted and tangled alway,
The crown of the poor [2] doth its fashion pourtray.
So drain every moment the goblet of cheer,
Nor lose thou the chance while it comes thee anear.
Why waste the fair moments of mirth's fleeting tide?
And knowing the sphere, wherefore heedless abide?
The heart's bowl is brimming with love's heady wine,
And, thank God, the heart's wish is here, mine and thine.

The last example of ʿAtáʾí's poetry which I shall give is from the Díwán; it is a tesdís [3] built upon the opening couplet of one of Fuzúlí's ghazels translated in the present work and numbered .....

Tesdís on a Couplet of Fuzúlí. [253]

Ah, that once again with blood is filled my heart like beaker bright!
Ay, in mid carouse of parting from my love I swooned outright.
Sorrow's madness swept triumphant over this bewildered spright.
Mid the waste of dread I wander, nowhere any guide in sight.
'Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
'Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.'

Darkling o'er the world of alienage the night of woe doth roll.
Ah, the moon of happy fortune's house doth rise not on my soul,
While my natal star abideth yonder in the house of dole.
Thither fortune, thither gladness, far away from o'er me stole.
'Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
'Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.'

Strange were 't an the bulbul-heart should plain as doth the nightingale?
Fate to part it from a rosebud-visaged charmer doth prevail.

[1] The Straw-bearers' path is the reach of the Milky Way here regarded as a rocky shoal over which the waves break.
[2] That is, the dervish cap, usually more or less threadbare.
[3] See vol. I, p. 94.

I am on the thorn of teen, my love doth with my foes regale.
How recite my woes, O comrades? Space were none to tell the tale!
'Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
'Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.'

E'en one moment may I leave to wail at this carouse of pain?
Naught can I but spill the wine of weeping and my garment stain.
How should I avail to draw one breath, nor like the flute complain?
What can I but, like the ended banquet, desolate remain?[1]
'Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
'Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.'

Even while I served him, yonder Sovereign[2] drove me away;
Cast me forth his city; sent me, sinless, from his court's array.
Parted from his locks, the wide world black before mine eyen lay;
Helpless as ʿAtá'í bode I mid the darkness, wel-a-way!
'Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
'Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.'

[1] Desolation following prosperity, or death succeeding life, is sometimes compared to a banqueting-room when the feast is over, the guests departed, and the lights put out.

[2] Referring to the (probably mystic) object of the poet's love.

BOOK IV

THE THIRD PERIOD

A. D. 1600—1700

CHAPTER IX.

THE LATE CLASSIC AGE.
MURÁD IV—IBRÁHÍM.
1032—1058 (1623—1648).

The two Schools, the Natural and Artificial, of this Period. Murád IV and Háfiz Pasha. Nefʿí. Yahyá Efendi. Riyází. Sabrí. Fehím. Behá'í. Jevrí.

The reign of Murád IV marks the beginning of a real epoch in the history of Ottoman poetry. During the sixty odd years that still remain till the age of Ahmed III the battle between the Persian and Turkish schools was being fought out, and it is by the decisive victory of the latter about the time of the accession of that Sultan that the Classic Period is ended and the Transition begun.

The night is darkest just before the dawn, says the popular proverb; and in one of the two Schools which flourished during this closing period of the Classic Age, that founded by Nefʿí and ending with Nábí, the influence of Persia reaches the highest point it attains in the whole history of Turkish poetry. At no time did the Turkish muse appear more submissive to the genius of Persia, at no time did she repeat more faithfully the lessons taught her by her alien master, than on the eve of declaring her independence and of casting aside her centuries-long allegiance. The first of the

two great poets named above, taking Báqí as his prototype, strove with all the might of his genius to beautify and refine the poetry of his country; but to beautify and refine it by bringing it still closer and closer to the Persian models and removing it yet further and further from whatever was national and Turkish. The poets who followed in Nefʿí's footsteps carried on this Persianising of the literature, alike in vocabulary and construction, tone and sentiment, till the culminating point was reached by Nábí, who wrote verses which, as Ekrem Bey says, a Persian might know were not Persian, but which no Turk could tell were intended for Turkish.

But alongside of this ultra-Persian School of Nefʿí and his followers we find another group of poets who, while likewise taking Báqí as their model so far as style is concerned, seek to modify the extreme subjectivity which has hitherto reigned paramount in Ottoman poetry. This group, of which the Muftí Yahyá Efendi, a contemporary of Nefʿí, may be taken as the head, endeavour, in such of their writings as are really characteristic and important, to depict things which they have actually seen and not merely heard or read. Similarly, they are often in such works more frankly material than were their precursors; they try to deal with the actual as well as with the imaginary. They are, in brief, more national, more Turkish, than either their predecessors or contemporaries; for the bent of the Turkish mind is not subjective, but intensely objective, as is clearly shown by the true national poetry, the Turkis; and as a consequence the national tendencies are materialistic rather than idealist.

We have then in this closing period of the Classic Age two distinct schools or groups of poets. Both descend from Báqí; but while the one seeks to follow the master in the letter rather than in the spirit, and is content to proceed along the old lines consecrated by the tradition and practice of centuries,

the other strives for a wider scope and aims at a further development, endeavouring to describe things new in poetry as Báqí would have described them, had it been the fashion to treat of them in his day. And the first of these, that which may be termed the Artificial School and is headed by Nefᶜí, attains within a comparativelv few years its highest possible point, and then dies, and by its death brings the Classic Period to a close; whereas the second, which we may call the Natural School, that under the leadership of Yahyá Efendi, quietly but surely makes its way until finally it triumphs over its rival, and by its triumph inaugurates the Transition Age.

It is during this closing stage of the Classic Period that the Ottoman qasída attains its zenith. The form had always been a favourite; Nefᶜí made it doubly so. Himself the author of an unrivalled series of magnificent qasídas he showed to his followers the capabilities of the form and inspired them with enthusiasm in its cultivation. Here the influence of Nefᶜí was wider and more enduring than in his Persianising efforts. It was not only the Artificial poets who wrote qasídas, for the disciples of Yahyá Efendi strove not unsuccessfully to compete with them in this field; neither did the fashion pass away with the Classic Age, for it lasted all through the Transition down even to our own time.

This efflorescence of the qasída was no doubt in great part due to the influence of ᶜUrfí of Shíráz, the most illustrious Persian poet of the day. This youthful genius — he died in 999 (1590—1) at the early age of thirty — is one of the most distinguished and most brilliant qasída-writers of his country. He was soon recognised as a master by the contemporary Persian poets, and, as a matter of course, his works were forthwith studied and imitated in Turkey. His influence, together with that of the Indian Fayzí, who however

effected more by the philosophical tone of his writings than by his style, form the most potent foreign elements in moulding the Ottoman poetry of this period, when the supremacy of ʿAlí Shír, Jámí and the earlier masters had almost entirely passed away. But towards the close of the period a new star arose in Persia — the last poet of distinction that country was destined to produce;[1] this was Sáʾib, to whom the contemporary Turkish writer Nábí at once acknowledged fealty, and whose highly meritorious and original style he very successfully reproduced in his own verses. The principal home influence continues, as we have seen, to be that of Báqí.

The period covered by the present chapter is that during which most of the Sáqí-Námes or Cupbearer-Books, to which I have already referred, were written. The production of these works was, as I said at the beginning of the preceding chapter, the result, or reflection, of a similar movement which was taking place in Persia. Later on, about the end of the seventeenth century, these passed out of favour, and their place was taken by a class of short mesnevís severally entitled Barber-Books, Tailor-Books, and so on, according to their subject. Works of this class were very popular during the Transition.

As I have already said, Murád IV himself wrote verses; these never rise to poetry; but I give here by way of curiosity the ghazels before alluded to which were exchanged between him and Háfiz Pasha, when the latter was in charge of the Persian campaign. This Háfiz Pasha, who was twice Grand Vezir, was killed in a meeting of the Janissaries in 1041

[1] [That is, I presume, the last Persian poet who had any great influence on Ottoman literature, for Qaʾání, who died in the latter half of the nineteenth century, was unquestionably a poet of the very first rank. ED.]

(1632). In the following verses he confesses that he is hard pressed by the enemy and prays the Sultan to send him assistance, and especially some experienced general to help in directing the operations. This war took place in 1625, when Murád was only fourteen years old, and the Vezir may possibly have thought that the versified despatch might amuse the young monarch. If so, Murád's answer must have very soon shown him that he had to deal with a prince who was more than his match alike as a ruler and a rimer.

These two pieces are, so far as the form goes, ghazels, except that the Pasha omits to mention his name in his last couplet.

Háfiz Pasha's Request. [254]

Lo, the foe hath swept the land! is there no host to aid our plight?
Lief to yield his life in Allah's cause is there no chief of might?

In this game to mate the cruel miscreant foeman Rook to Rook,
Is there no Vezirial hero skilled and bold to play the Knight? [1]

We are fallen midst an awful whirlpool, helpless; aid we cry!
Is there none amid the swimmer throng, a stark and hardy wight?

Life to take or life to render mid the battle, is there none
'Mong our peers, a man of valour on the wide world's field of fight?

[1] This couplet is full of allusions to the game of chess. We have an íhám in rukh-be-rukh = 'rook to rook' and 'face to face;' and again in aṭ = 'horse' (cavalry and 'knight' (in chess). There is a difficulty in translating the word ferzána, which I have rendered by 'vezirial.' The piece called in the East Ferz or Ferzín, meaning 'Counsellor,' is what we call the Queen; but it would be absurd to make an Oriental talk of a queen, not only as taking part in a battle (for the chess-board represents a battle-field), but as being the strongest combatant. Our term Queen has been derived by some from this Ferz through the following corruptions and translations: Chess, which is originally an Eastern game, was, it is contended, introduced by the Arabs into Spain and France; the French, on learning the game, adopted some of the Oriental terms and translated others; of the former was the Ferz, written in old French books Fers or Fierce, this, by that tendency of language to transform an unfamiliar foreign word into a familiar native one, became Vierge, thence Dame, Queen. Chaucer mentions the Fers several times in The Boke of the Duchesse.

Know we not what this delay in hurling back oppression means;
Is there never Reckoning Day nor question of the victim's plight? [1]

With us mid the blazing fire of hostile battle fierce to plunge
Is there ne'er a salamander tried by fickle Fortune's spite?

Hence to carry this our letter to the court of King Murád
Is there ne'er a pigeon swift-winged as the storm-wind in its flight?

It will be observed that Murád's reply to the foregoing is what is known as a Nazíra, or 'parallel', to it; the style of imagery, the metre, the rime, and (in the original) the redíf of the Vezir's verses being all retained in the Sultan's.

Sultan Murád's Reply. [255]

Hark ye, Háfiz, to relieve Baghdád is there no valiant wight?
Is there not with thee an army, that thou pray'st us aid thy plight?

'I am the Vezir to mate the foeman,' thou wast wont to say.
Is there now no room against the adversaire to play the Knight?

While we know full well there is no peer to thee in vauntful boast,
Yet is there ne'er an avenger to take vengeance on thy spright?

Thou who wouldest boast of manhood, whence this dastardy in thee?
Thou'rt afeared, but is there no man by thy side who knows not fright?

Heedless hast thou been, and lo, the heretics have ta'en Baghdád; [2]
Is there ne'er a Reckoning-Day? shall not the Lord thy sin requite?

Through thy folly have they laid in ruins Bú Hanífa's town; [3]
Hast thou then no zeal for Islam's faith or for the Prophet's right?

God who, while we wist not, did vouchsafe to us the Sultanate,
Shall again vouchsafe Baghdád; is naught foredoomed of Allah's might?

[1] The Vezir means that he does not know why the Sultan delays to drive back the cruel enemy, and asks whether he does not believe that on the Judgment Day he will have to answer for this neglect which causes so much suffering.

[2] The Persians belonging to the Shí'a sect which Sunní Islam (what prevails in Turkey) holds heretical.

[3] Bú Hanífa, for Abú Hanífa, founder of that one of the four great sects of orthodox Islam to which the Turks belong, lies buried in Baghdád.

Thou hast wasted Islam's army through thy bribery forsooth;
Thou mayst deem we know not, yet is there no news to wing its flight?

Natheless, with God's high aid to wreak our vengeance on the foe,
Have we not an ancient servant with the zeal of Islam dight?

Now have I declared commander a Vezir of high emprize:
Will not Khizr [1] and the Prophet lead? is none to guide aright?

Is it that thou holdest all the world for void and empty now?
Is there none to rule the Seven Climes, [2] Murádí, in his might?

With the accession of Sultan Ibráhím on the death of his brother Murád IV, there comes a break in the line of poet Sultans. This sovereign, whose interests were circumscribed by the walls of his harem, appears to have been absolutely indifferent to poetry and to poets. He was equally heedless with regard to public affairs; and the worst of the abuses which Murád had striven so relentlessly to suppress began to reappear on every side. At length, after a reign of eight years, he was in 1058 (1648) deposed and put to death, having exasperated all classes by his boundless extravagance and by the endless taxes which he levied. The people were taxed and re-taxed to gratify every costly whim of the ladies in whose society the Sultan found all his pleasure and passed all his time. We read of a sable tax and an ambergris tax, raised to supply the Seraglio with furs and perfumes; and we are told of a chariot adorned with precious stones constructed to please the sumptuous taste of one fair favourite, and of a gem-encrusted caique built to bear the Imperial pleasure-parties on the waters of the Bosphorus. All this was no doubt very delightful to the Sultan and his ladies; but the price paid for it was the life-blood of the nation.

[1] Khizr, the supernatural being who comes to the aid of pious Muslims in distress. See Vol. I, p. 172, n. 1.

[2] The Seven Climes, i. e. the whole world. See p. 9, n. 1 *supra*.

Every office was sold to the highest bidder, every form of oppression was practised, in order to procure money for the wild extravagances of the palace; till at length some of the more honest and thoughtful among the people, seeing that this could have no other issue than national ruin, determined to stop it in the most effectual of all manners, and so brought about a revolution with the result already mentioned, and seated Ibráhím's son, Muhammed, then a child of seven, on the throne of ʿOsmán.

Nefʿí of Erzerum, as the author who now claims our attention is generally called, is, by the unanimous verdict of the modern Ottoman critics, one of the crowning glories of the earlier Turkish literature, and the second, in point of time, of those four great poets who by virtue of race and commanding genius stand forth as leaders and captains from the serried ranks of the Old School writers. As in the case of his great predecessor Fuzúlí, we have but few particulars concerning Nefʿí's career, and these few relate chiefly to his tragic fate. ʿOmer (such was the poet's personal name) was born at Hasan Qalʿa, a little town in the neighbourhood of Erzerum. Some time during the reign of Ahmed I he made his way to Constantinople, where he adopted the profession of an accountant. Nefʿí dedicated some brilliant qasídas to Sultan Ahmed, as also to his son the luckless ʿOsmán II; but he does not appear to have made much way with the Imperial patrons before the accession of Murád IV, whose special favour he succeeded in acquiring, and whom he eulogised in a series of magnificent poems which have proved the despair of all subsequent Ottoman qasída-writers.

Unhappily for himself, Nefʿí's genius for panegyric was equalled by his gift of satire; he is the greatest satirist, as he is the greatest panegyrist, in Turkish literature. This dangerous gift naturally enough got the poet into trouble.

With the single exception of the Sultan himself, not one of the great dignitaries of the state, not one of the eminent literary men of the day, was secure against the stroke of those Shafts of Doom, [1] as he called his pungent and bitter lampoons. One day when Sultan Murád was in the Seraglio gardens reading in this book of the Shafts of Doom, a thunderbolt fell at his feet. This the Pádisháh interpreted as a sign of the wrath of heaven against the audacious poet, who was in consequence then and there banished from the court. Before long, however, the sentence was rescinded; and Nefʿí was recalled and reinstated in the imperial favour, but with the condition that he would henceforward refrain from satire. But this, whatever Nefʿí might promise, was more than he could perform; the passion to satirise had become as it were a disease with him, — he was unable to resist lampooning his own father — and when the Vezir Beyrám Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law and an officer of some distinction, whom the poet had previously lauded to the skies in a grandiloquent panegyric, returned from temporary exile in Rhodes, Nefʿí attacked him in a satire so savage and so grossly insulting that the Vezir besought Murád to deliver the offender into his hands. The Sultan granted Beyrám's request; and by the orders of the latter, acting under the official sanction of the ʿulemá, many of whom had been hard hit by the barbed and poisoned Shafts of Doom, Nefʿí was bowstrung in the woodyard of the Seraglio, and his body cast into the sea. The story is told that when Nefʿí was being led to the place where he was to die, the executioner, venturing on a grim jest, said, 'Come on, Nefʿí, we are going to a wood where thou mayst cut thee Shafts of Doom,' to which the luckless poet could find no better answer than, 'accursed yokel, wouldst thou too be witty?'

[1] Sihám-i Qazá.

Most authorities place the execution of Nefʿí in 1044 (1634—5); but Hajji Khalífa and, following him, Von Hammer make it a year later, in 1045 (1635—6).

More than any other Turkish poet is Nefʿí dependent upon style, upon execution, for the position which he holds in his country's literature. The pre-eminence of that position is indisputable and undisputed, but it rests exclusively on the marvellous brilliancy, the imperial magnificence, of the poet's language. It is only as a writer of qasídas that Nefʿí has acquired so great a name; his ghazels are of comparatively little account, and his satires are so gross that they cannot be read without disgust. It therefore follows, almost of necessity, that whatever be his merits, they must lie in the manner, not in the matter, of his work. The object of the qasída is eulogy of the highly placed, and eulogy of the highly placed is never, even under the most favourable conditions, very hopeful for poetry. But the conditions under which the Turkish poets wrote such eulogies were very far from being the most favourable; for leaving out of sight the personal deserts of the great men in whose honour they sang, tradition and convention had rendered impossible any sympathetic or even sincere treatment of their subject. That Nefʿí was not sincere in his extravagant laudations of the vezirs and pashas whom he extolled, might easily have been gathered from the fact that many of his panegyrics are corrected by his satires; thus Mehemed Pasha the Georgian (Gurji Mehemed Pasha), of whom he says in a qasída that,

'Neath the ʿanqá of his glorious splendour is the sphere an egg,
'In the balance of his stately portance is the earth a grain,' [1]

is described in the Shafts of Doom in such a manner as to

[1] زیر عنقای شکوهنده فلك بر بیضه
کفّ میزان وقارنده زمین بر مثقال

render translation impossible in this book.[1] But he sets the matter at rest, and tells us all that we must not take his eulogies too seriously, by frankly declaring,

'I have repented me thereof and ta'en in satire my revenge.'[2]

We must then look for the real merit of this poet, not in the panegyric, the ostensible maqsad or purpose of the qasídas, where from the nature of the case no true poetic beauty is possible, but in his exordiums, those passages which precede and lead up to the eulogies, and which generally contain whatever poetry works of this class possess. It is when we turn our attention to these that we begin to understand something of the reasons why the critics unite in placing this poet on so lofty a pedestal; we find grandeur of imagination, brilliancy of fancy, and wealth of imagery, clothed in well-nigh flawless language, always of the subtlest harmony, but ever varying its tone in sympathy with the subject of the verse. This infinite variety is one of Nefí's characteristics; for while his style has a marked individuality (he copied no one, though many have essayed to copy him), and is always in unison with itself, he varies the tone so as to make this expressive of whatever subject he takes up. Thus, if he describes a battle, we can almost hear in his verse the rush of the soldiers to the assault and the clash of arms as they meet the foe; or again, if he is depicting a garden, we become as it were conscious of the perfume arising from the flowers and of the plashing of the fountain in its marble basin.

Another feature of Nefí's style is that quality which the Turkish critics call fasáhat, a term that may be approximately

[1] مجسّم ضرطهٔ یخ بستهٔ دیو دماوندی ٭ مصوّر یستهٔ افسردهٔ بطریق نصرانی

[2] هله بن تائب اولدم هجو ایله انتقام آلدم

rendered by the phrase 'correctness of diction.' Each word is chosen with the most perfect felicity, it is always the right one among all others in the language for the place where it occurs. There is, moreover, no suggestion of forcing; every word and every phrase falls naturally, inevitably as it would appear, into its own proper place. There are, it may be added, practically no zihâfs here, and hardly any of those awkward-sounding imâlas so prevalent in earlier writers.

Nefʿî's qasîdas, exordiums and panegyrics alike, are of course gorgeous with all the opulence of his marvellous imagination; glittering images and similes are flashed one upon the other till the mental vision is like to be dazzled by the excess of rhetorical brilliance. This luxuriant extravagance is often mere beautifully expressed bombast which when translated sounds trivial or meaningless enough; but at times, when the poet places something of a curb on the exuberance of his fancy, the exaggeration not only ceases to be displeasing, but adds a distinct artistic value to his work.

Although the general character of Nefʿî's qasîdas is such as I have described, there are a few among them which, while exquisite in diction and delicate in imagery, are inspired by a simple natural feeling, the freshness of which is very delightful, coming as it does with all the charm of the unexpected.

The so-called satirical poems of Nefʿî would be more correctly described as vituperative or invective. For the most part they miss the point of satire, which is to show up what is really vicious or foolish, and are little else than a mass of scurrilous and obscene abuse flung at whatever person chanced to incur the writer's displeasure. These satires are the counterpart of the qasîdas; just as in the latter Nefʿî overleaps the bounds of taste and propriety in the fulsome adulation and the extravagant and bombastic flattery which he heaps

upon his patrons, so in the former he leaves far behind him the limits of decency, and riots in every excess of filthy and foul-mouthed abuse. Here again we see the same extraordinary facility of language and the same marvellously fertile imagination; only it is no longer the perfumes of the rose-garden that surround us, but the poisonous exhalations of the cloaca. Most certainly it was in Turkey as in England, and much that nowadays would be condemned was permissible enough when Nefʿí wrote. But even then there was a point beyond which one might not go, and beyond which Nefʿí went, as the story of his career abundantly testifies.

The old Turkish poets, almost without exception and for the most part with but scant justification, were, as we have several times had occasion to observe, ever wont to indulge in self-laudations of the most extravagant and most barefaced character. Whether this practice, so much at variance with the humble, even abject, tone usually adopted by the Eastern writers, arose, as Kemál Bey suggests, from the mystic fervour of certain poets who in praising their own genius meant to praise that Universal Genius of which theirs was an emanation; or whether, as Ekrem Bey maintains, such passages were written by the poets in defiant response to the hostile criticisms of their rivals, and by way of vindicating their claim to the laurel in the eyes of posterity, the custom was formerly so universal that, with the single exception of Nedím, there is scarcely a poet of eminence belonging to the Old School who has not written at least one long piece of verse exclusively devoted to the glorification of his own transcendent talents. Nefí's Fakhriyyas, as such self-laudatory poems are called, are among the most famous in the language. Here as elsewhere the great natural gifts of the poet make themselves apparent, and weave about us a spell under the influence of which we can read with pleasure works the very

purpose of which, self-glorification, we feel to be an outrage on good taste.

Determined seemingly not to be behind the age, Nefʿí too has his Sáqí-Náma; but the poem which he wrote under this title is not, like those of most of his contemporaries, a more or less elaborate mesneví, but is a brilliant little terkíb-bend consisting of five stanzas and celebrating the praises of the wine-cup, to which it is addressed.

Nefʿí's ghazels, while quite as correct and classic in language as his qasídas, are much more subdued in tone; the brilliant imagination is here under strict control, and the passionate love of gorgeous colour is no longer allowed to assert itself in every line. The note struck is not exactly mystic, as the older poets understood mysticism; it is rather contemplative and reflective. The critics, dazzled perhaps by the exceeding splendour of the qasídas, seem to set comparatively little store by the ghazels; yet there appears to me to be much in them that is beautiful in a quiet and unobtrusive way.

A noteworthy feature of all Nefʿí's poetry is its comparative freedom from the equivoques and other similar childish conceits which we have seen to be so general in old Turkish literature. Conscious, as it would appear, of his own high genius, he disdained to trick out his work with a meretricious finery such as lesser men might find it needful to employ in order to secure public favour for their verse. In this particular, as well as in the brilliancy and correctness of its language, the poetry of Nefʿí must be accorded a higher place than that of Fuzúlí, to which it is infinitely inferior in all deeper and more truly poetic qualities. Nefʿí is the greater artist; Fuzúlí the greater poet.

No poet since Báqí's time did so much to refine and polish the language as Nefʿí; although, as I have already said, his idea of refining and polishing the Turkish language

was to turn it into the shadow of the literary idiom of Persia. In the preface to his anthology, Ziyá Pasha dwells on the service which Nefʿí really rendered to the Ottoman speech; but after pointing out how the Erzerum poet, together with Nábí who flourished a little later, elaborated and amplified the language, he goes on to say that these two writers revolutionised the poetic literature of Turkey; and this, he declares, they did by bringing it closer still to the Persian models, in construction as well as in vocabulary. It is perfectly true that Nefʿí did use all his influence to assimilate the literary language of Turkey yet more closely to that of Persia, and by so doing inaugurated the ultra-Persianism which marks so much of the poetry produced during the closing stage of the Classic Period. But the step thus taken and the effect resulting from it can in no way be correctly described as revolutionary; they are no more than the climax of a movement which had been in force from the very beginning.

At the commencement of this chapter I spoke of Nefʿí as the founder of what I called the Artificial School. This School looked upon Báqí as its master, but it contented itself with studying and developing the technical side of that poet's work, and did not, like the contemporary Natural School led by Yahyá Efendi, endeavour to import into poetry any freshness either of subject or feeling. The result of this was, that of these two schools, which between them embrace all the noteworthy poets of the last half-century of the Classic Period, the first, having for aim the yet faster rivetting of the fetters of tradition and alien authority and the yet more absolute divorce of poetry from actual life, was doomed to sterility, dying within fifty years and leaving no successor; while the second, which endeavoured, though scarce consciously to itself, to see things as they are, and to express

simply and naturally what it saw, became the parent of the Transition and the ancestor of the Modern School.

It was at the hands of Nefʿí that the Turkish qasída attained its crowning point; and the cultivation of the qasída became as much an object with the Artificial School as the Persianising of the language. The example of ʿUrfí, the great Persian qasída-writer of the time, had doubtless no little influence alike on the manner and matter of Nefʿí's work, and may possibly have confirmed that poet in his choice of a verse-form which in itself offered the most favourable medium for the expression of his peculiar genius. In this matter of the cultivation of the qasída, Nefʿí's influence has been more abiding than in his attempt to further denationalise the language. The Artificial School received it at his hands and passed it on to the poets of the Transition. And so his works of this class came to form a series of models for a host of subsequent writers, many of whom have done good work and earned for themselves a well-deserved reputation, but not one among whom, it may safely be said, has been able to rival as a qasída-writer the gifted poet whom in this matter they have agreed to look upon as master.

That Nefʿí, in common with many of the more eminent poets of his day, was a loving and admiring student of Báqí is shown by an examination of their respective díwáns. Not only did the later poet set before himself the same end as his predecessor, namely the perfecting of the literary language of his people, but he studied his master's works so closely as to assimilate something alike of their spirit and their phraseology. The two following examples of closeness of thought and expression, which have been pointed out by Professor Nájí, can hardly be altogether accidental. In one of Báqí's poems we read,

'The courier, thought, could not reach the limit of the plain of thy praise [and glory,
'Though he were to fleet over it for a thousand years.' [1]

and in one of Nefʿí's,

'The plain of thy praise and glory hath nor bound nor limit:
'Is it strange then that the courier, thought, should be helpless and powerless?' [2]

Again the opening couplet of one of Nefʿí's most famous qasídas,

'The breeze of spring hath blown, the roses have oped at morn;
'Let our hearts ope likewise; cup-bearer, here, give the bowl of Jem,' [3]

is identical in rime and metre with and very similar in feeling to this verse of Báqí,

'The world finds new life, life is bestowed every moment;
'It is as it were the breatb of God's spirit, this breeze of dawn.' [4]

Whether passages such as these were written in deliberate imitation of Báqí, or whether they are the result, involuntary and scarce conscious on his own part, of Nefʿí's study of his master, it is proved beyond question by the lines which I quoted when speaking of Báqí, that the later poet made no attempt to conceal his enthusiasm for his precursor, but on the contrary proclaimed it aloud to all who chose to heed.

Such then is Nefʿí, the second great poet of the Old School.

1 عرصهٔ مدح و ثناڭڭ بولهماز پایانن
پیك اندیشه اگر بیڭ یيل اولورسه پویان

2 عرصهٔ مدح و ثناڭڭ حدّی یوق پایانی یوق
پیك اندیشه عجبمی اولسه نی تاب و توان

3 اسدی نسیم نوبهار آچلدی گللر صبحدم
آچسون بزم ده گوڭلمز ساقی مدد صون جام جم

4 عالم حیات نو بولور جانلر باغشلار دمبدم
انفاس روح اللهدر گویا نسیم صبحدم

To us Western readers he fails to appeal with the same force as the three remaining members of the illustrious quaternity; on the whole we are unable to take him quite seriously; we admire his command of language, we recognise his wealth of fancy, but we cannot get rid of the idea that all the while he is laughing alike at his patrons and his readers. Unquestionably Nedím gave proof of the keenness of his critical acumen when he wrote,

'Nefʿí was the artist of speech in qasídas;' [1]

and no doubt Ekrem Bey is justified when he says that Nefʿí is worthy to be reckoned the first of those men of genius who by the eloquence and correctness of their language are the pride of the 'Osmanli poets,' 'a writer such that though so many poets have striven hard during two centuries and a half to copy him, not one has succeeded in coming near him;' and no doubt Kemál Bey is right in regarding the openings of Nefʿí's two greatest qasídas as being among the most brilliant examples of Ottoman poetry; and Ziyá Pasha in describing him as the Sultan on the throne of the realm of speech, in whose company none may travel, any more than the wren may pair with the falcon. Yet all these high qualities are of a nature such that to thoroughly appreciate them one must be an accomplished Ottoman critic. And so it comes about that we who are not such, and cannot be such, find ourselves unmoved by the works of this great poet, because we fail to discover in them that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

It should be said that Nefʿí was one of the best Ottoman writers of Persian verse; Ekrem Bey, indeed, maintains that he was the very best with the exception of Sultan Selím I, and adds that his poems in that language would have called

[1] نفعی وادیٔ قصایده سخن پرداز در

forth the surprise and admiration of ʿUrfí and Fayzí themselves.

In the translations which I have made from Nefʿí's qasídas I have as a rule stopped short at the end of the exordium; the panegyrics are all very much the same, and are alike without interest and without value; to have inserted them would merely have detracted from the beauty and the unity of the several poems.

The first of which I give a translation is one of the most famous qasídas in Ottoman literature; it is known as the Eyler Qasídasi or 'Doth'-Qasida, a name given to it from the circumstance that each of its riming lines ends with the word eyler or 'doth,' as a redíf. This qasída is an early one, being dedicated to Sultan Ahmed I; the exordium, the whole of which is given in my translation, is, as will be noticed, purely philosophical in subject. Shinásí Efendi, the founder of the Modern School, wrote a Nazíra or rival poem to this famous qasída.

The Doth Qasída. [256]

Deem not the Sphere, revolving, maketh morning eve to be:
It warneth of the latter end of everything we see.
In very truth, this world is like a fleeting dream of night;
For even as we close and ope our eyes the moments flee.
Oh how should they of such a land, where e'en this brief respite
For rest is loss, e'er win to skill, or art, or mastery?
Or let us hold that time enow for rest were granted man,
How should the sage discern the paths of right and villeiny?
Can e'er there lie discernment of the paths of right and wrong
In yonder heart wherein the hosts of woe strive bitterly?
There is no one will find the path of truth, unless the man
To whom the Guide Eternal sends His Grace to company.
Unless that Grace divine the comrade be, is all in vain;
Who trusteth unto reason here must meet calamity.
The skill of reason lies in understanding's field alone;
But how should understanding fill a heart for certainty?

If understanding be yon science whence the human mind
And intellect may learn to wot of destiny's decree,
The men of heart and soul will never thereunto incline,
For such a lore would but confound the soul more drearily.
According to his mind will be each mortal's yea and nay:
Think not he recks about the Sphere who speaketh verity.
The rakes, God-cherished, of the inward truth regard not here
The Sphere nor yet the wisest sages' high authority;
No rule do they accord to yonder Heaven's traitor shifts;
All knowledge they renounce, and bow to Fate and Destiny.
But is yon whirling Wheel itself free of all dule and pain? —
For it likewise hath Fortune made its sun a goad to be;
And glorious decks the forehead of the day with fair brocade,[1]
But in its liver's blood doth stain its skirts with cramoisie.[2]
* *

The next example is from another very celebrated qasída, concerning which there is a story, somewhat improbable in view of the extremely elaborate character of the poem, to the effect that Nefʿí composed it impromptu for Sultan Murád. In this qasída, the subject of which is the delightful springtide, each couplet (except the first) has two rimes, the first, repeated three times, peculiar to itself; and the second, that common to the whole poem. Poetry rimed in this manner is technically called musammat, and is not uncommon; it is much like the Leonine verse of the Latin poets of the Middle Ages. The exordium of this poem and that of the Eyler Qasídasi are the two which the late Kemál Bey described as being among the most splendid achievements of Ottoman poetry. I give here a portion of the panegyric by way of a sample of such things.

Spring Qasída. [257]

The early springtide breezes blow, the roses bloom at dawn of day;
Oh let our hearts rejoice; cup-bearer, fetch the bowl of Jem, I pray.

[1] Referring to the morning. [2] Referring to the sunset.

The gladsome time of May is here,[1] the sweetly scented air is clear,
The earth doth Eden-like appear, each nook doth Irem's bower display.[2]
'Tis e'en the rose's stound of glee, the season of hilarity,
The feast of lovers fair and free, this joyous epoch bright and gay.
So let the goblets circle fair, be all the taverns emptied bare,
To dance let ne'er a toper spare what while the minstrels chant the lay.
A season this when day and night the tavern eyes the garth wi' spite;
Though drunk, he loved a winsome wight, would none Medína's Sheykh missay.[3]
Oh what shall now the hapless do, the lovelorn, the bewildered crew?
Let beauties fetch the bowl anew, to spare the which were shame to-day!
Be bowl and lovesome darling near, and so the hour will shine with cheer;
And he in sooth will wise appear who maketh most of mirth and play.
That toper's joy in truth were whole who, drunken and elate of soul,
With one hand grasped the tulip-bowl,[4] with one the curling locks' array.
Cup-bearer, cast those airs aside, give wine, the season will not bide,
Fill up the jar and hanap wide, nor let the beakers empty stay.
Each tender branchlet fresh and fine hath ta'en in hand its cup o' wine;[5]
Be kind, O Rose, bloom forth and shine; O Rosebud-lip, O Cypress-Spray!
Of this say not "'tis dregs;' "'tis clear;' pass round the bowl, and banish fear;
Submit thee to the turning Sphere; and hand the wine without delay.
For wine of lovers is the test, of hearts the woe, of souls the rest,
The Magian elder's[6] treasure blest, th' adorn of th' Idol's festal tray.[7]
'Tis wine that guides the wise in mind, that leadeth lovers joy to find;
It casts it unto every wind, nor lets grief's dust the heart dismay.
A molten fire the wine doth flow; in crystal cup, a tulip glow;
Elsewise a fragrant rosebud blow, new-oped and sprent with dewy spray.
So give us wine, cup-bearer, now, the bowl of Jem and Key-Khusraw,[8]

[1] Urdí-bihisht (here rendered 'May') is the name of the second month of the ancient Persian solar year, when the sun is in Taurus, 20th. April to 20th. May.

[2] Irem, the terrestial Paradise, see Vol. I, p. 326 n. 5.

[3] Sheykh-ul-Harem = The Elder of the Sanctuary, is the title of the civil governor of Medína.

[4] The bowl is tulip-hued, red, being filled with wine.

[5] The branchlet's cups are the buds.

[6] See p. 232, n. 4 *supra*.

[7] The Idol is the adorable cup-bearer.

[8] Key-Khusraw (or Key-Khusrev), one of the ancient legendary kings of Persia, must not be confounded with the historical Sásání monarch Khusraw Parwíz (Khusrev Pervíz) the lover of Shírín.

Fill up a brimming measure thou, let all distress from hearts away.
Yea, we are lovers fond and free, for all that thralls of wine we be;
Lovelorn and stricken sore are we, be kind to us nor say us nay.
For Allah's sake a goblet spare, for yonder Moon's that shineth fair, [1]
That I with reed and pen prepare the Monarch's praises to essay; —
That Sun of empry and command, that Champion-horseman of the land,
As blithe as Jem, as Hátim bland, [2] whom all the folk extol alway:
Of Rúm and Zanzibar the Fear, [3] Rider of Time's piebald destrier, [4]
Hunter of legions far and near, Behrám, [5] Ferídun-ensigned aye: [6]
That Monarch of the ᶜOsmán race, whose noble heart and soul embrace
Arabian ᶜOmar's [7] saintly grace and Persian Pervíz' [8] glorious sway:
Sultán Murád, of fortune bright, who crowns doth give and Kingdoms smite,
Both Emperor and Hero hight, the Age's Lord with Jem's display:
That King of Kings, of happy fate, that ornament of throne and state,
Of fortune fast, of glory great, Iskender-brave and Joseph-gay:
Is he the Monarch, stay of earth; the Moon that all things decketh forth;
Behrám the fearless, great of worth; or else the Sun of bounteous ray?
Like Jem, of nature royal and free; like Rustem, lord of valliancy;
Like Jesus son of Mary, he, of heart and breath most blessed aye.

* *

In his Course of Literature, Ekrem Bey quotes as a fine specimen of ornate style the following verses from another

[1] Yonder Moon' is some young beauty who was present. In this couplet, (the guríz-gáh), the passage is effected from the exordium to the panegyric.

[2] Hátim of the tribe of Tayy, an ancient Arab chief famous for his boundless generosity.

[3] Rúm (practically the Ottoman dominions) typifies the land of white men; Zanzibar, the land of black men; together they represent the whole world. See Vol. II, p. 361, n. 7.

[4] The 'piebald destrier of Time,' is night and day, or good and evil fortune.

[5] The Behrám here referred to is the Sásánian Behrám V, (generally called 'Behrám Gúr,' Behrám the Wild Ass) the great hunter, some of whose adventures are recorded in the romance of the Heft Peyker or Seven Effigies.

[6] Ferídún is an ancient King of Persia who delivered his country from Zahák, the Arabian tyrant who had defeated and slain Jemshíd. Ferídún had a famous cow-headed mace which was made for him by Káwa the patriot blacksmith.

[7] ᶜOmar, the second Caliph.

[8] King Khusrev Pervíz of Persia, the hero of the romance of Khusrev and Shírín.

Spring Qasída by Nefʿí, in praise this time of the Sheykh of Islam Mehemed Efendi.

Qasída. [258]

The tide of vere hath reached once more the garth and spread its carpet green;
Again the sultan rose doth grace the garden throne with lovesome mien.
Again the vernal breeze hath won, with rise and fall, the bower unto,
And shed new life, as Jesu's breath, on all the faded blooms and treen.
A broidered carpet decks the earth from the reflection thrown thereon,
Whene'er the heaven spreads the pearling cloud, its gem-enwroughten screen.
The sunbeams of the grace of spring have reached unto the mirror sky,
What then should that be cleared of all the rust of darkling clouds bedene?
Each rose within the tulip-land becomes a whirlpool midst a sea
Of blood, and makes that bark, the bulbul's peace, go round and round in teen.[1]
The breezes trace the wavelets o'er the water's face on such fine wise
That there is ne'er a master thus could grave the silver plate, I ween.
A golden stamp on azure wavéd silk, he must it deem who sees
The image of the shining sun fall'n on the water's surface sheen.
Let such as would deny the lanthorn's beauty in the glow of noon
Behold the gulnár[2] taper ray midmost the jasmine-garden green.
The red seal of the Lord of Love appears thereon as 'tis unrolled, —
No rosebud scroll is this, it is the bulbul's warranty to keen.[3]

* *

In another part of the work before mentioned, Ekrem Bey quotes the following lines from a qasída in honour of the Grand Vezir Murád Pasha, as an example of good exaggeration, after which he proceeds to cite some further couplets from the same poem, in which the canons of taste having

[1] The garden red with tulips is regarded as a sea of blood, in which the many-petalled roses, fatal to the nightingale's peace of mind, represent the eddying whirlpools so dangerous to ships.

[2] The gulnár is the bright red pomegranate-flower.

[3] Here the unopened rosebud is considered as a rolled up scroll, which, on being spread open, proves to be a warrant sealed with the red seal (the petals of the rose) of the Lord of Love, and giving the nightingale authority to wail. In other words, the rose on opening causes the nightingale to wail for love of it.

been disregarded, the exaggeration is bad. I translate only the passage held by the Bey Efendi to be good. It may stand as a specimen of Nefʿí's manner when describing a battle.

From a Qasída. [259]

* *

May hearts aby to look upon his lance in wild mellay
What while the foeman's crimson blood adown its length doth stream?
Yea, even as the heads of fone fall earthward like to balls,
Behold, his charger's hoofs as bandies smiting these do gleam.
The darksome dust that circles him [1] about is e'en the smoke,
Whene'er in fierce advance yon bounding flame doth onward beam.
Soon as he draweth up the ranks and springs upon the foe,
For dread are earth and sky fulfilled of shright and yell and scream.
What time the ground is shaken 'neath the earthquake of his charge,
That the dread Day of Doom was come, would all men surely deem.
The flashing of his shining sword amid the darkling dust
Is as the leaping flame that thwart the murky cloud doth leam.

* *

The following, which is the exordium of a qasída dedicated to Sultan Murád, is likewise quoted by Ekrem Bey. I give it here as an instance of the simplicity with which Nefʿí occasionally wrote.

Qasída. [260]

Welcome to thy bounty, zephyr fresh and fair,
Naught but Universal Grace such sweets could share.
Now thy breath makes earth to blossom like the rose,
And thou bidst the season smiling looks to wear.
Through the realms of China hath thy pathway lain? [2]
Else what is this breathing fraught with musk so rare?
Yea, thy breath all musky doth a thousand worlds

[1] The 'him' in this line refers to the 'bounding flame' of the next, that is to the Vezir's charger. All the other couplets refer to the Vezir himself.

[2] China or Cathay, the land of musk and sweet odours, see p. 157, n. 1 *supra*.

Of odour every moment shed along the air.
Never hadst thou scattered fragrance like to this
If thou hadst not lingered mid the loved one's hair.
Never might the lover find a friend like thee,
Though of friends the Seven Climes fulfilled were.
Thou'rt his friend who's bounden fast in beauty's chain,
His whose heart is stricken sore of love-despair.
What the plight of yonder love-distraughten heart,
That it dree not anguish through the comb for e'er? [1]
But be its dule or little or mickle through the comb,
It ne'er may sigh aweary for fear or yet for care.
Of somewhat of its dolour let it on piteous wise
Make yonder winsome beauty's attiring-maiden ware.
And should she still nor pity nor rue its plight upon,
Is there not yet thy justice, my Sovran debonair? [2]
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here is the opening stanza of Nefʿí's Sáqí-Náma. Although the goblet is apostrophised in the first line, it is the wine within it that is really addressed. This poem is very Persian in construction.

From the Sáqí-Náma. [261]

Hail to thee, O crystal Goblet, brimmed with Wine of ruby ray!
Let her learn of thee to circle — e'en the Sphere that scorns delay.
Hail to thee, O bright Memento of the blithesome age of Jem;
Glory of the reign of Jemshíd, Pride of Pesheng's ancient day! [3]
Hail to thee, O lovesome Beauty of the tavern-palace fair;
Daughter of the Magian elder, Sister of the shenker gay! [4]

[1] As we have seen before, p. 157, n. 5 *supra*, the comb is an object of envy with the poets, as it is allowed to play freely in the loved one's hair.

[2] This couplet is the gurízgáh, where the exordium passes into the panegyric. Here the poet would bid the lover's heart appeal to the justice of Murád against the heedlessness of his beloved, or of her tiring-woman.

[3] Pesheng is another of those ancient heroes of the Sháh-Náma; he was King of Túrán and father of the famous Afrásiyáb.

[4] It is interesting to note how Nefʿí here disdains to use what almost any other poet would have employed, the hackneyed metaphor for wine, dukhter-i

Thou'rt that life-restoring Spirit of the slain of dule and woe;
Even Khizr's fount beside thee would be naught but mirage-spray.
Thou'rt that Coin that circles current in the mart of them of Love;
Through thy virtue name and fame are gems whose worth is passed away.
Thou'rt that Ornament of wisdom whose all-perfect grace hath swept
From the mirror-soul of men of heart the rust of drear dismay.
Ne'er had frozen-hearted lovers given for thy dregs their lives,
Did'st thou not shed strength and ardour on each soul that strengthless lay.
Thou'rt no wine; thou art the life of those the slain of grief and stress:
Thou'rt the soul, nay, not of our world; thou'rt the soul of all that is!
* *

The next poem is translated in its entirety. It is one of Nefʿí's Fakhriyyas or self-laudatory pieces. So far as the form goes, it is what is called a qitʿa. This poem, which is a fine one, can hardly be read otherwise than mystically; the identification by the author of his individual genius with the universal is surely the key to its interpretation.

Fakhríyya. [262]

Yea, I am that Nefʿí, radiant-hearted, pure and calm of soul;
Purity's bright bowl is lucent through my mind that knows no fright.
Heaven ever hopes for aidance from my reason's shining star;
Learns the Intelligence Supreme [1] from mine all-comprehending spright.
All the treasures men do long for by my soul are held as naught;
Yet through niggardize I'd change not against earth my woeful plight.
Grace Divine doth flash in lightning forth the mirror of my thought;
From mine intellect's horizon shines the spirit's eye with light.
Though it stirs not forth the centre, yet it roams the regions six, — [2]
This my subtile heart, which recks the quest a trivial feat and slight.
It hath brought me to the Kaʿba of the Truth by such a road
That the Blest to make collyrium of my pathway's dust delight..

rez = daughter of the vine, and invents in place of this his dukhter-i pír-i mughán = daughter of the elder of the Magians (see p. 222, n. 4 *supra*) and hemshíre-i sáqí-i sheng = sister of the gay cup-bearer.

[1] For the Supreme Intelligence, see Vol. I, p. 42.

[2] The regions six, i. e. the six directions, see p. 46, n. 1 *supra*.

I'm the Universe of Inward Truth, I'm free of Fate's control;
From my spheres' revolving cometh pain or woe to ne'er a wight.
I'm the Sea of Knowledge, all my dephts and shores with pearls are strown,
Naught of refuse or defilement doth my sands or beaches blight.
Why then, while my lot is this wise, stoop I down to poesy?
What should I? — I may not win me from my passioned heart respite.
If this passion thus should linger hidden in my heart and soul,
And no word from out my riven breast on any ear alight,
And I died, then mazed and wildered were the folk of all the earth
At the wondrous words the grassy tongues would from my grave recite.[1]

The three following ghazels, taken from Nefʿí's díwán, are all quoted with high approval by Ekrem Bey in the preface to the third part of that charming series of poems which he entitles Zemzeme.

Ghazel. [263]

I thought 'twas pride made thee no look upon the rival throw;
How great the grace, I deemed so small, thou didst on him bestow!

Thy glance hath put the heart to shame before the world at last;
By God, I held for leal and true to secret pledge yon Woe.[2]

Had I not seen thy beauteous visage in the mirror shown,
I'd hold that like the moon thou dost unique in beauty glow.

I knew not that the tavern stood so brave and fashioned fair;
Methought the rakes did all desire of fine abodes forego.

Again, Nefʿí, I've heard of thee, that thou hast magic wrought;
In sooth thy verses all are signs and miracles, I trow.

Ghazel. [264]

Never wilt thou look and see the wound within my heart that lies?
Can it be that beauties always treat their loves forlorn this wise?

[1] The grassy tongues are the tongue-shaped blades of grass growing over his grave.

[2] The Woe, or Torment, is the beloved, see p. 182, n. 4 and p. 184, n. 1 *supra*.

Never may the hapless lover's pain by any sigh be shown;
Nay, not e'en although his heart were torn to fragments by his sighs.

All this murder thou behold'st is wrought by yonder deathly glance,
So their two-edged sword is never laid down by her tyrant eyes.

With thy locks may not the lover bind that erring heart which he,
Like to Mejnún, can no longer rule? Or what may he devise?

Sorely Nefʿí ever yearns to show his bitter pain to thee;
Have thou ruth and some day seek that wound within my heart that lies. [1]

Ghazel. [265]

Now 'tis this wise, now 'tis that wise; no one may the Sphere gainsay;
'Tis inverted, and so likewise is this sad world's every way.

Zealot, forthright turn thou toper, dwell no more mid shows, be wise;
For 'tis thus within the mystic world we win to kingly sway.

All the world 'twould overwhelm in one sole point of blackest light, — [2]
Such the wondrous power the sage's tawny reed-pen doth display. [3]

There is none who can distinguish 'twixt my soul's sky's morn and eve,
Such the sun and moon that glorious forth my mind's horizon ray.

'Tis not only Nefʿí who thus prideful boasts at wisdom's feast;
Seek, and thou shalt find that thus all guests divine their words array.

[1] The repetition of a part of the first line of the first couplet in the second line of the last in this ghazel, is an instance of what the rhetoricians call Redd-i Matlaʿ or Return of the Matlaʿ, see Vol. I, p. 80.

[2] The 'blackest light' here means the black ink by means of which writers and thinkers illuminate the world. Sunbul-záda Vehbí in his Shevq-engíz uses the expression in the following verse to describe the eyes of a beautiful brunette:

ایدوب اول چشم سیهکاره نگاه، گورسن نیدوگنی نور سیاه،

"By looking on those eyes of dark deeds thou may'st see what the 'Black Light' can do."

The term originally belongs to the terminology of the Mystics, where it is used to denote the Light of Absolute Being, which blinds by its excessive radiance. See Whinfield's Gulshen-i-Ráz, p. 13. The same thought is expressed by Henry Vaughan as follows:

"There is in God, some say, A deep, but dazzling, darkness."

[3] The allusion is to the dark brown colour of the reed-pen or qalem.

The following is among the few unobjectionable passages in the Shafts of Doom. This particular Shaft is levelled by Nefʿí against his father, who appears to have supplanted him in the favour of some great man, here called simply the Khán. As this is a Persian title, it is probable that the circumstance referred to occurred early in the poet's career, and somewhere near his old home in the district of Erzerum, which marches with the Persian frontier.

From the Sihám-í Qazá. [266]

Ne'er since my lucky sire to be the Khán's buffoon began
Have once mine eyen won the lentils or the curds to scan.
Now poverty's become my curse, so were it strange should I
Sue of the Khán an alms, in short, adopt my father's plan.
I marvel, is this meanness in the Khán or in my sire?
Now, who on courteous wise will put that question to the Khán?
He is no father this, but a black plague about my head:
And so the Khán regards my words as naught to yonder man.
Through poverty my hands are weighted down as 'twere by stones,
The while he sells his flummery as jewels to the Khán.

Yahyá Efendi,[1] the Sheykh of Islam, was one of the most eminent men of the time of Murád the Fourth. Upright in an age when corruption was the rule, gifted with a far-seeing sagacity, learned as a jurist, accomplished as a scholar and a poet, and endowed with an irresistible charm of manner, he was well equipped to command the affectionate esteem of all who knew how to value loyalty and true merit. Yahyá was the son of the Muftí, or Sheykh of Islam, Zekeriyyá Efendi,[2] who died in 1001 (1592—3). Following in the footsteps of his father, from whom he received his earliest

[1] [I find in the margin pencil references, in the author's hand, to Mírzá Habíb's Khaṭṭ u Khaṭṭáṭán, p. 247 (an excellent Biography of celebrated Calligraphists), and to Article N°. 48 in the Mejmúʿa-i-Muʿallim Nájí. ED.]

[2] Zekeriyyá is the Muslim form of Zacharias, Yahyá of John.

lessons, he entered the legal profession, and, after having passed through the usual course, holding several muderrisates and serving in various provincial mollaships, among others in that of Cairo, where he succeeded the biographer Qinálí-záda, he was in 1012 (1603—4) appointed to the Judgeship of Constantinople. This was soon followed by the Vice-Chancellorships, first of Anatolia and them of Rumelia, till in 1031 (1621—2) Yahyá was named Sheykh of Islam in place of Esʿad Efendi the son of Saʿd-ud-Dín the historian. But in the following year, that of the accession of Murád IV, the poet was deposed from this high position. His dismissal was the result of his own somewhat aggressive integrity, and was brought about in this way. On the occasion of one of the customary official visits paid by the Grand Vezír to the Sheykh of Islam, Yahyá gave ʿAlí Pasha the Archer (Kemán-Kesh ʿAlí Pasha), the then Prince Minister, politely but clearly to understand that he altogether disapproved of the system of bribery which flourished under that Pasha's administration, and which found in him an active supporter. The Vezír in revenge persuaded the boy-Sultan that the Muftí had opposed his accession, which, he said, had been effected by the army alone. Murád thereupon deposed Yahyá and reinstated Esʿad Efendi; but on the death of the latter in 1034 (1625) Yahyá was reinstated as Muftí, which office he continued to hold, with one short interruption necessitated by political exigencies, till the year of his death.

Yahyá Efendi stood high in Sultan Murád's favour, and many of the best and most efficacious measures introduced by that monarch were due to his influence. When the Sultan set out on his expedition to recapture Baghdad, he took Yahyá with him; and it was owing to the advice of the latter that twenty siege-guns, which proved of much assistance in the leaguer of the city, were taken along with the army,

instead of being sent by river with the rest of the artillery which did not arrive until twenty days after the siege had begun.

On the march to Baghdad the imperial army halted for a brief rest at the town of Aq-Shehr, and on the following day the Sultan and some of his courtiers, among whom was Yahyá, went to divert themselves in a beautiful park called Bash Tekye which lies on the south side of the town. Towards evening Murád, who, as we know, was fond of poetry, wrote the following verses over a window in a kiosque there, and at the same time requested the Sheykh of Islám to compose a Nazíra, or parallel, to them:

In truth this pleasaunce fair is e'en a verdant field of Paradise,
Whereinto were a dead man brought, alive for joyance he would rise.
What time Murád from overthrowing Persia wended to Baghdad,
He rested here and drank this Kevser, as 'twere wine, in gladsome wise.[1]

Before sunset Yahyá had written under the Sultan's lines these verses:

Fair fall the life-inspiring stead wherein liesse and gladness lies!
Did any bird but eat its grass, he'd turn a speaking parrot wise.
I'd say a field of Paradise, but Paradise's envy is
This peerless pleasaunce since the King to deign to grace it did devise.
That righteous King doth laud its water in his verse for Kevser-stream;
How bright and clear the verse, how pure the stream whereof it doth apprize.
Full heartily may men on earth, in heaven may angels, say Amen,
The while that Yahyá's earnest prayers for yonder King of earth arise.[2]

1 بهشتدن قطعه‌در حقّا كه بو عشرتگه زيبا
بوكا داخل اولان مرده اولوبدر ذوق ايله احيا
مرادى فتح ايراندن قاچان كم كتدى بغداده
تنعّم ايلدى ايچدى بو كوثردن شراب آسا

2 زهى جاى فرحنجش صفاگستر حيات افزا
نباتندن يسه بر مرغ اوله اول طوطئ گويا

Sultan Murád never ceased to hold Yahyá Efendi in high honour and esteem, and when Ibráhím succeeded his brother on the throne there was for a time no break in the good fortune of the venerable poet. But at length, about the time when the nefarious Jinji Khoja [1] was exciting men's minds, certain great people who had for long been jealous of Yahyá's prosperity, and possibly hostile towards him because of the integrity of his character, managed so to work upon Ibráhím that he withdrew his confidence and favour from the Muftí. Yahyá, who had for so long been accustomed to receive the affection and veneration of both high and low, could not endure this, and died at about eighty years of age on the 18th. of Zu-l-Hijja 1053 (23d. February 1644). Yahyá's popularity was great, and on the day of his funeral an immense concourse of people thronged the Conqueror's Square and accompanied his body to its last resting-place, in the tomb of his father Zekeriyyá.

Many stories such as the following are told about Yahyá Efendi. There were two brothers, ʿAlí and Mesʿúd by name, both distinguished members of the legal profession. The latter was promoted a step above his brother, who thereupon grew madly jealous, and rushing into their mother's presence,

بهشتك قطعه‌سی دیردم ولی رشك بهشت اولمش
قدوم پادشاهیله بو نزهتگاه بی همتا
صویین کوثر دیه نظمنده اوکمش اول شه عادل
خوشا پاکیزه نظم روحبخش آب لطافتزا
دیه اخلاص ایله یرده بشر گوکده ملك آمین
دعا ایتدکجه اول شاه جهانه صدق ایله یحیا

[1] Huseyn Efendi, nicknamed Jinji Khoja or Master Demonist, was an impostor who by pretending to exercise jinns or demons attained high favour under Ibráhím; he was made a Qadi-ʿAsker or Vice-Chancellor, and sold for money high offices in the state. He eventually fell into disgrace and was executed.

cried out against Mesʿúd, swearing to take his life. The lady, terribly alarmed, went straight before the Sheykh of Islam and besought him, saying, 'O my lord, give this ʿAlí too the same rank as hath been conferred on his brother; he is about to kill my Mesʿúd.' Yahyá replied several times, 'Fear not; he will not kill him;' but the frightened mother persisted, saying, 'He will kill him; he hath sworn it; he is overcome of wrath; have pity!' At length Yahyá said, 'O lady, how should he kill him? If he kill him, then they will kill him too; and if they be dead, thou wilt die of grief. But the heavens are not so kind that they should kill the three of you, and so deliver us from your hands.'

Distinguished alike in the learning proper to his profession, in literature, and in politics, Yahyá Efendi is the most illustrious of the Ottoman Muftís since the days of Ebu-s-Suʿúd. As a poet he holds a far higher place than Ebu-s-Suʿúd, higher even than that occupied by the other great legist Ibn Kemál. The work of the Muftí Behá'í Efendi, which we shall have to consider a little later on, is not equal to that of Yahyá, while he need scarcely fear comparison with the Sheykh of Islam ʿÁrif Hikmet. Indeed Yahyá Efendi may fairly claim to be reckoned first among the poet-Muftís of Turkey.

Yahyá must have begun early in life to distinguish himself as a poet, for Qináli-záda, whose memoirs were, as we have seen, completed in 994 (1586), accords him a flattering notice, and prophesies that, if he live, the voice of his fame will echo through the world. Yahyá is a poet of considerable importance in the history of Ottoman literature, not so much because of the quality of his writings, though that is high, as on account of his being, as I pointed out at the beginning of this chapter, the chief of that group of poets who paved the way for the Transition Period. This group, which I called

the Natural School in distinction to the contemporary Artificial School headed by Nefʿí, aimed, if not at bringing poetry into closer connection with actual life, at any rate at enlarging the somewhat restricted field hitherto open to the poet by the introduction of fresh subjects taken from every-day experience. As the founder, or at least the leader, of this school, Yahyá was naturally little influenced by Nefʿí and the ultra-Persianism which he introduced. On the one side he joins hands with Báqí and on the other with Nedím. His style is modelled upon that of Báqí; but he is inclined to treat his subjects in a more objective fashion; he frequently speaks of matters which must have come within his own experience, and draws his similes and metaphors from things which he has himself seen and observed, not merely read about in the pages of his predecessors. It is this feature which most clearly shows the connection between his own and his followers' work and the poetry of the Transition, one of the distinctive characteristics of which is the displacement in subject and metaphor of the traditional by the actual. A freshness, amounting almost to originality, results from this happy innovation, and characterises the truly individual work of Yahyá and his associates and successors.

The poetry of Yahyá may thus stand for the link which binds together the Classic and Transition Periods. Báqí—Yahyá—Nedím: such is the true line of development in Ottoman poetry; Fuzúlí came and went leaving no successor, while Nefʿí, for all the brilliance of his genius, was blind to the true signs of his time, and, starting on a false track, inaugurated a movement foredoomed to be short-lived.

Yahyá's actual work in poetry [1] consists of a Díwán and the inevitable Sáqí-Náma. It is in the former alone that he

[1] His prose work consists of a translation of Ghaffárí's Nigáristán, and some professional writings.

shows himself an innovator. The Sáqí-Náma is a short mesneví of seventy-seven couplets; it is continuous, not broken up into sections like most of the longer works of its class. Some consider it the best of the Turkish Sáqí-Námas, and probably they are right; it is entirely mystic in spirit, and entirely classic in style and sentiment.

But all that is really important in Yahyá's work is to be found in his ghazels. Looking at these solely as poems, without regard to any tendencies they may indicate or any influence they may have had, we find them to be possessed of much merit and to reach a higher average of excellence than is usual with contemporary writers. The technical workmanship is good, as becomes that of a disciple of Báqí; although, since the refinement of the language is not the poet's primary object, he is less careful to avoid imáles and old-fashioned words and phrases than are Nefʿí and those who follow him. It is true that we have in his verses neither the fire nor the opulence of the great poet just named, but the freshness to which I have before alluded lends an interest of a novel and pleasing kind, and many quaint and pretty fancies conceived in the spirit of his master sparkle in his pages.

It is perhaps only natural that Nedím should think well of his forerunner; at any rate in that qasída to which I have so often referred, he brackets him with Báqí as together typifying the highest point to which the ghazel had attained in Turkey. Ziyá Pasha too recognises something of the work done by Yahyá when he speaks of the latter's calling into existence a new fashion of ghazel-writing, the delicacy and graceful simplicity of which he praises, adding that in the hands of this poet words seem to unfold themselves so that he is able to arouse the soul latent within them.

In the first of the following ghazels the influence of Báqí is very visible; as it is quoted by Qináli-záda it must have

been written early in Yahyá's career, when probably he was most completely under the spell of the master.

Ghazel. [267]

O locks that dangle curl on curl, the hooks are ye of Love;
By you are drawn the hearts of all the company of Love.

Be but the dear one fair, and be the heart but passion-fraught,
Then all is ready, and awaits the gramarye of Love.

Burn moth-like in the fire, nor utter any wail or cry: [1]
O wretched lover, such is the high courtesy of Love.

Thy grieving heart, O frenzied lover, is for sooth a sea,
Wherein belike do lie the pearls that priceless be of Love.

And what if Yahyá enter without fear Love's holy place? —
Open to them of heart doth stand the hostelry of Love.

Ghazel. [268]

Never shall I grieve me though thou thinkest bitter words to say;
Since it is from yonder tongue, through yonder lips, they'll find their way.

Hence for aye may lovers tremble for their lives; what shift may save,
O my Liege, whene'er they deathly eyen languor do display?

We are frenzied of a beauty all perfection, such an one
That the mirror, when she looks therein, doth sun-like glorious ray.

E'en in Paradise, I fear me, naught of rest may lovers see,
Should the houris learn the fashions of Istambol's beauties gay. [2]

[1] For the moth and the flame, see Vol. II, p. 55, n. 4.

[2] Istambol = Constantinople. [The name is a corruption of ἐς τὴν πόλιν, and occurs as Istan Búlin (استن بولن) in the Kitábu 't-Tanbíh wa'l-Ishráf of Masʿúdí (ed. de Goeje, p. 139, l. 1), who wrote in the middle of the tenth century of our era (A. H. 345), five centuries before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. ED.]

Never may the Lord, O Yahyá, part us from her cypress-form;
Ne'er from o'er us may the shadow of God's mercy pass away. [1]

Ghazel. [269]

Nay, we want no bowl, like Jemshíd, hence to drive away our bane;
We are lovers, and the lover knows no plaything like to pain.

If in truth thou be an ocean, show thyself a drop forthright;
Glide, O heart, to yonder Rosebud's heart as glides the dewdrop fain.

Fate will suffer not the noble soul to live, where'er it be;
Is there any man like Adam now on all the wide world's plain? [2]

Ah, the heart forlorn hath found no shore to Love's vast ocean sweep;
Midst a whirlpool wild as yonder ruffled tresses is it ta'en. [3]

Not as other's poems are they; in thy words is soul for sooth:
Yahyá, lo, their hidden meaning is a salve my heart to assain.

Ghazel. [270]

Every honour on the sovran thought of thee mine eyes bestow;
Whensoe'er it comes, a crimson carpet 'fore its steps they throw. [4]

Who would seek to fly entreaty of his dear, but what avail? —
Even as the lover prays her doth the fair one wayward grow.

Watch thou henceforth o'er the treasure of entreaty, sparrow-heart;
Since th[y] Falcon flies the highest heaven of waywardness, I trow. [5]

How then should the crazéd bulbul keep the secret of his love? —
Wheresoe'er he meets a gape-mouthed fool he tells him all his woe.

[1] The second line of this couplet repeats the first, the 'shadow of God'[s] mercy' being the 'cypress-form' of the beloved.

[2] Adam being said to have lived to great age.

[3] The ruffled, i. e. fluffy or wavy, tresses representing the eddying whirlpool.

[4] As when a king comes a carpet is laid down for him to walk on, so when the thought or. image of his beloved, which holds sovereign sway over him, comes into the poet's mind, his eyes shed tears of blood.

[5] The Falcon is the beloved, before whom the poet's heart is as a helpless sparrow.

All she doth, Yahyá, is gracious kindness, be it less or more;
Say not of yon Moon-face: much her rigour, scant her troth and slow.

Ghazel. [271]

The pupil of mine eye doth scan the darling's cheek always;
Mine eye from out that window yonder tulip-land surveys. [1]

The time is come when once again it grasps its golden bowl, —
The squint-eyed jonquil waiting spring midmost the garden-maze. [2]

The heart's frail bark doth look to see thy favour's breeze arise;
How many on grief's shore full eager for the wind do gaze!

O love, the jasmine heard that thou wast coming to the garth,
And, filled with eagerness, it clomb the wall to scan the ways. [3]

Yahyá, what court to prideful airs pays he who is a man?
He heeds not fortune, nay, nor any store by rank he lays.

This last ghazel which I translate is an example of the fresher and more realistic style I have mentioned which Yahyá did so much to introduce; this poem might almost be the work of a Transition writer:

Ghazel. [272]

Yon moon-faced beauty hath undone her black and fragrant hair;
'Tis as Cathayan merchants loosed their bales of perfumes rare. [4]

A wayward child a-plucking a white rose, frail leaf from leaf,
Is yonder sweet what time that she unwinds her turban fair.

[1] In this second line, which repeats the first, the eye stands for the pupil or the power of sight, the window for the eye, and the tulip-land for the red cheek of the beloved.

[2] The 'golden bowl' refers to the yellow flower of the jonquil.

[3] Husn-i Taʿlíl (see vol. I, p. 113); the jasmine grows up walls; here the poet says that having heard that his beloved is coming, in its eagerness to see her, who is whiter and fairer than itself, it has climbed up the wall to scan the approacher to the garden.

[4] We have seen how the hair of the beloved is always regarded as sweetly scented; 'Cathayan merchants' because Cathay is the land of perfumes.

Deem not the stars are scattered and the sun is risen high;
You silver-frame hath doffed the gold-wrought trouser-band she ware. [1]

Soon as the breeze, O tender Rose, brought news of thine approach
Did every rosebud rend its purse of sequins then and there. [2]

Yahyá hath yearned to circle her even as doth the sash, —
Yon graceless Paynim who hath loosed the zone which she doth bear. [3]

The following, which are the opening lines of the Sáqí-Náma, show how purely mystical that poem is:

From the Sáqí-Náma. [273]

Come, thou still elate from the Banquet Etern, [4]
Who drunk and deject in dismay's street dost yearn,
The door of the tavern is wide, up and haste!
'Tis, praise God! the season of opening at last.
And ah, what a door! heaven's crescent its ring;
'Twere meet were its besom a bright angel's wing.
The besom of 'No' sweeps its carpetings clean, [5]
Nor leaves any dust of 'aught else' therewithin. [6]
Nor e'er shall be closéd this tavern's door;
Its fast and its feast, they are one evermore.
It stands ever wide through the aid of our Lord;
'Besides' 'tis the key to its lock doth afford. [7]
And here where the loved one may cup-bearer be,
The wine which is served is of all headache free.
Then, cupbearer, fill full the glass, let it troll;
Fulfil plight and pledges, and hand round the bowl
A-brim with that wine which is theriac fine,
Not theriac, nay, which is Kevser divine.

[1] The stars represent the gold embroideries on the beauty's belt, their being scattered is her casting that belt aside; the sun's being risen is the appearing of her fair body as she undresses.

[2] Money is given to the bearer of good news; so here the rosebuds are said to rend (i. e. open) their purses and give their golden sequins (i. e. yellow stamens) as a present to the breeze for telling of the beloved's approach.

[3] For the paynim's zone (zunnár) see Vol. II, p. 44, n. 4.

[4] The Banquet Etern, i. e. the Primal Feast (Ruz-i-E-lest), see vol. I, p. 22.

[5] 'No' for 'No God but God.' [6] 'Aught else' than God.

[7] 'Besides,' for 'no god but (or besides) God.'

* *

What wine, which to drink not were sin and were shame!
The secrets of God in that potion do lie;
How should not the wise be made drunken thereby?
Therewith are the woe-working glances elate,
The which they who know not deem pride 'tis doth sate.
Before yonder wine would Jemshíd prostrate fall,
Iskender would bow him as this tavern's thrall.
Its beams, which on all sides resplendent do ray,
The fashion of Solomon's signet display.
The wine of that cup is the sun of delight,
Each bubble thereon is the sphere of true plight;
And hid in each bubble thereof the Nine Spheres,[1]
How splendid the lofty pavilion appears!

Riyází, who has already been mentioned as the author of an important Tezkire, was likewise a poet of some repute. He was born in 980 (1572—3), entered the legal profession, served as molla at Jerusalem, Aleppo, Damascus, and Cairo, and died on the 29th of Safer, 1054 (7th May, 1644).

The author of the Compend of Memoirs does not speak very favourably of Riyází's personal character; if we are to believe his assertions, avarice and meanness marked this poet, who was, he contemptuously adds, completely under the control of his wife, a final touch which may possibly owe its presence to misogynistic prejudices on the part of the Arabic writer. None the less, Riyází's literary powers were considerable; Ziyá Pasha, who describes him as the white rose of the garden of speech and the champion of the field of art, singles out his qasídas for particular commendation. Riyází followed the lead of Nefʿí only in the special attention which he bestowed upon the qasída; his style is not modelled after that poet, neither does he belong to the school of Yahyá Efendi. Alike in the manner and the matter of his work he is content to walk in the footsteps

[1] For the Nine Spheres, see Vol. I, p. 43 *sqq.*

of his predecessors. He does, however, peculiarly affect short metres in his ghazels, into which he frequently omits to introduce his name. Riyází too has his Sáqí-Náma, a mesneví of the usual type, consisting of 1025 couplets.

The following is from the opening of one of the three qasídas printed by Ziyá Pasha in his anthology.

Spring Qasída. [274]

'Tis now the time of mirth and glee, 'tis now the hour of fair delight,
The Sphere doth now repent of all it wrought of old of fell despite.
Again it is a market-day of merriment, liesse and joy,
Again each nook is of some blithesome company's carouse the site.
Again the rose and nightingale have each with other plighted troth;
The plane-tree and the garden-cypress dance with hand in hand empight.
And how should not the rosebud make the nightingales to mourn and rave,
When every smile of hers a thousand veils of coyness hide from sight?
Again do turtle-dove and bulbul at the Sultan Rose's feast,
The one discourse with mirth and wit, the other sweet ghazels indite.
Again the roseleaves of liesse are spread around on every side;
The lovesome rose hath oped, 'tis time to hand around the goblet bright.
The cupbearer again sheds roses from the collar of the flask; [1]
Again the circling Time hath wroughten all the wine-adorers right.
Such growth and flourishment hath come to all the trees and all the flowers,
To-day the Túba and the garden-cypress hand and skirt unite. [2]
'Twere passing strange did not the rosebuds come to speech, like parrots fair,
Such virtue doth this living breath inspire in forms withouten spright.
The rosebud hath conceived the floral life by yonder vernal breeze,
For that is Gabriel, and she likewise is Jesu's mother hight.
And if the virtue of the spring do seek no further grace, what then? —
The rocky stone and tender shoot are both as one before its might.

* *

Ghazel. [275]

When thy house she honours, kiss the dust aneath her gracious feet;
Kiss her pearl-bestrewing rubies, though no promise these repeat. [3]

[1] By the 'roses' the red wine is meant; the 'collar of the flask' is the neck.
[2] The Paradisal tree, see Vol. I, p. 36.
[3] The 'pearl-bestrewing rubies' are her red lips that utter sweet words.

Should thou pass, O breeze of morning, yonder where Mansúr was slain,
Doing honour to Love's martyr fair, his cross with kisses greet.[1]

Even should that Palm of beauty bare her dagger o'er thy head,[2]
Fall before her feet and kiss her dagger-wielding hand as meet.

Bow the face, O musk of Khoten, mid the dust the loved one treads,
Then bekiss her musky garment and her brigand tresses sweet.

Look with heed upon Riyází the enchanter's beauteous verse,
Kiss the characts of his poems, these be magic charms, I weet.

Another eminent qasída-writer of this time is Sabrí, whose personal name and style were ʿIlmí-záda Muhammed Chelebí, that is, Master Muhammed the son of ʿIlmí. Of his career no particulars are forthcoming beyond the facts that after having served as an assistant to Yahyá Efendi, he became a cadi, and that he died in the year 1055 (1645—6).

Ziyá Pasha describes Sabrí as a sweet-voiced poet, and says that his works, though few, are graceful. He is lavish in his eulogies of one qasída in particular, which he designates as a rosary of pearls and a string of jewels, and declares to be worth a whole díwán in itself. Kemál Bey takes the Pasha to task for his excessive commendation of this poem, which, according to Kemál, is a long way below its nazíra by Nefʿí; while Ziyá asserts that Nefʿí might have looked on it with envy. Kemál then goes on to pick out another of Sabrí's qasídas which he pronounces to be the best, and which, he adds, has remained 'virgin' up till now, no poet having ventured to imitate it.

In his qasídas Sabrí is a follower of Nefʿí; but in his ghazels he is a disciple of Yahyá Efendi, in the spirit of

[1] Mansúr [properly Ḥusayn b. Manṣúr, called Ḥalláj, the Wool-carder,] the patron saint of the Muslim mystics, who was executed at Baghdad in 309 (922), by order of the Muslim ʿulemá, for preaching pantheistic doctrines and declaring himself to be one with God. See Vol. I, p. 21, n. 2.

[2] The palm, like the cypress, typifies a graceful figure.

whose school he often draws little pictures from sights he has actually witnessed. Thus in the following couplet from one of the ghazels we see the Sultan, attended by his nobles, riding out in the morning to the course to watch the horsemen practise with the jerîd, a stick used as a dart, the casting of which was a favourite exercise in old times: [1]

To watch the jerîd-play at dawn the Sultan Rose hath sallied forth,
In fere with all the florets, zephyr-mounted, to the tourney-square. [2]

The following is from the opening of the qasída so highly praised by Ziyá Pasha; Kemál Bey, while denying that this poem has any other merit, admits its excellence from a technical point of view.

Qasída. [276]

That Joseph fair, the age's happy fortune, now is lord of might;
The eye of yonder Jacob, long desire, is now illumed with light. [3]
The Sphere sheds Pleiad-clusters 'neath the feet of them that pluck the grape; [4]
And Fate fills empty-handed longing's lap with treasure rich and bright.
The wistful strangers' eve is now the humá's shadow of good luck;
Again from forth the natal star the rays of fortune greet the sight.
Now Luck doth favour mirth and wine, as did the luck of Jem of yore;
The turn is now the beaker's turn, the age the epoch of delight.
The Sphere hath kept its troth entire, and Hope converseth with Success;
And Grace as cupbearer is here, and Heart's Desire's the banquet dight.

[1] [It is still practised to some extent, and I have witnessed it at Nicosia in Cyprus, at the Festival of the Bayrám. ED].

[2] سبز جریده چیقدی دیو شاه گل ساحر
ازهار خنگ باد ایله میدانه چیقدی هب

The flowers tossing in the breeze are figured as riding on it.

[3] According to the legend, Jacob grew blind from his incessant weeping for his lost son Joseph; but he regained his sight when Judah threw over him the shirt of Joseph which the latter had sent as a token to his father when he made himself known to his brethren in Egypt. This shirt was a divine heirloom, and had been worn by Joseph when he left his father's house.

[4] A bunch of grapes is often likened to the Pleiades.

Again th' adorn of hand and head of every one who knew not joy
Is Jem's rose-shedding bowl and Dárá's diadem that gleameth bright.[1]
Again for them who tell the stars[2] in wanhope's night hath broke the day;
Again the dawn whose sun is grace doth bounteous give to each his right.
How bountiful a dawn, the vestment of an hundred Joseph-suns;
For lo, it brings to this poor sightless Jacob-world the gift of sight.[3]
O blesséd radiant world-illuming day of every joyance, when
The shaft of sorrow's eve's become the heart's core of Not-Being's spright.
* *

The next passage is from the poem approved by Kemál Bey; it is dedicated to Sultan Murád, whose sword is eulogised for having purged the Empire from the corruption which was destroying it. In the course of the poem Sabrí hints that the first line of the first couplet is by the Sultan himself.

Qasída. [277]

All the Age's troubles the sword hath swept away;
Bright and sheen the sabre in Allah's hand doth ray.
As pictures drawn on water those troubles straight became,[4]
Which showed on earth as down doth on cheeks of wantons gay.
That winsome youth, the Empire, hath bared his lovely face;
He shareth in the beauty of equity to-day.
It is as though the down which his cheeks began to bear
By yonder glaive were shaven whose work is praiséd aye.
The Age's happy planet again is loosed and free,
E'en like the spare o' th' Idol who sips the goblet-spray;
And clear again the mirror-uplifting Heaven's brow
From all the weary wrinkles of sorrowful dismay.
The dust of care and dolour had ne'er been brushed aside,
For all the breeze of springtide's endeavour and essay;
The meadow of the Empire had never joyous smiled,
E'en though the Stream of Khizr therethrough had made its way;

[1] Dárá i. e. Darius.
[2] [i. e. who lie awake from love or anxiety. ED.]
[3] See the first note to this extract.
[4] A picture drawn on water is the symbol of anything without permanence.

Had not the cloud of triumph, of glorious victory,
With freshening rain and plenteous done all its drought away.
In cause of Faith and Empire that aye-victorious brand
Hath spent the glorious lustre that did its face array.
May any stour or dust now extend the hand unto
The vestment that adorneth the soul of glorious sway?
Our prayer is this: 'God aid thee with mighty aidance still,' [1]
O damaskeenéd Sabre, whose power doth doom portray.
The hest of Fate to thee was that thou with streams of blood
Should turn the face of earth to a land that floods affray,
That so the buried treasure of confidence and peace
Should by the traitor blood-streams be bared to light of day.
''Twere best his head were humbled who would the land divide,' [2]
Beware thou give not quarter to yonder vile array;
''Twere best the rebel army were scattered far and wide,'
Confound the evil-plotters and drive them every way.
Thou art that wonder-worker of victory sublime
Such that whoever bare thee on woeful field of fray
Doth straightway to the foeman's bedazzled sight become
Himself as Hayder, while thou as Zu'l-Faqár dost ray. [3]
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This ghazel from Sabrí's díwán is a little out of the common in sentiment.

Ghazel. [278]

Bethinking thee how brief is time, drink not nor feast thus merrily;
Thou must in sooth be silent soon, so bluster not as doth the sea.

[1] Koran, XLII, 3.

[2] This line and the first of the following verse are in Persian, and are quoted from one of the classic writers.

[3] Hayder, the Lion, is a surname of the Caliph ʿAlí; Zu'l-Faqár is his famous sword. This sword is generally represented as two-bladed or two-tipped, and figures in the right-hand paw of the Persian lion. The name, which literally means 'vertebrate,' refers to the wavy undulations represented on the edge and back of the sword. [The name literally means "the Lord of the Vertebrae," which certainly many mean "vertebrate," just as Zu'l-Hayát means "living," but I rather think that, as applied to the sword, it signifies "the Divider of Vertebrae." ED.]

One day they'll twist thine ear and dolour's plectrum will make thee to plain,
So give not ear at this carouse unto the lute's soft melody.[1]

Win free from forth the waste of woe, give up the gear that binds to earth;
But flaunt not in unseemly weeds although that thou Love's dervish be.

The tavern-folk will cast thee down one day, O preacher, from thy chair;
So sneer not at the vintner sage, thou'lt fall from thine own high degree.[2]

Beware, Sabrí, nor boast within the vale of Mejnún and Ferhád;
However loyal a lover thou, drive not thy reason hence from thee.

Unji-záda Mustafá Chelebi, Master Mustafá the Flour Merchant's son, known in the history of Turkish literature as Fehím, was born in Constantinople, and wrote during the reigns of Murád and Ibráhím. Fehím was one of the few eminent poets of this time unconnected with the legal profession; indeed, he does not appear to have exercised any regular calling, but to have lived by his wits, getting what he could out of his patrons. He attached himself to Eyyúb Pasha, one of the great men of the day, who, being appointed governor of Egypt, took the poet along with him to Cairo. But Fehím did not like Egypt and wrote against the country in his verses; he moreover fell into disfavour with his patron, who appears to have given him his dismissal. At any rate he betook himself to Meʿálí Bey, a native nobleman who was famous for his generosity, and who in recognition of a qasída which he brought him, promised to provide the poet with the means of returning to Constantinople. The Egyptian noble was as good as his word, and sent Fehím with the caravan conveying the annual tribute from Egypt to the

[1] In this quaint verse the person addressed is compared to a lute, the pins (in Turkish the ears) of which are twisted or screwed so as to stretch the strings that these may give forth their plaintive notes when struck with the plectrum.

[2] Here the 'preacher' typifies the rigidly orthodox; and the 'tavern folk,' the mystics.

metropolis; but the poet was destined never again to see his home, for death overtook him on the journey at Ilghin in Asia Minor. The date of Fehím's death is variously given, Safá'í placing it in 1058 (1648—9), and Rizá and Sheykhí in 1054 (1644—5).

Fehím, whose work is entirely lyrical, consisting wholly of ghazels, qasídas and so on, must have begun to write poetry early in life, as we are told that he had formed a complete díwán by the time that he was eighteen years of age. So strongly was he imbued with the spirit of the new school that many of his ghazels read like the work of a poet of the Transition. Not content with merely deriving his imagery from familiar surroundings, he writes complete ghazels having for definite subject the description of some picturesque sight or incident belonging to the every-day life of his time, and in so doing he advances a step beyond any of his predecessors.

Strangely enough, Ziyá Pasha omits to mention Fehím in the survey of Ottoman poetry which he has prefixed to his anthology, an omission for which he is somewhat sharply called to account by Kemál Bey who rallies him for ignoring the earlier poet while eulogising Nazím and Sheykh Ghálib, who both endeavoured, without much success, to write nazíras to one of his qasídas. [1]

The two ghazels which I have selected for translation are both examples of Fehím's love of dealing with familiar scenes;

[1] This qasída, which is a na'ṭ or hymn to the Prophet, is regarded by Kemál Bey as the best of Fehím's poems. The following is the couplet quoted by the Bey:

مهری دوندردك یولندن ماهی ایتدك سینه چاك

معجزاتك سویلنور کشور بکشور روز و شب

'Thou hast turned the sun from his path, thou hast riven the bosom of the moon;
'Thy miracles are proclaimed from land to land by day and night.'

the first is in praise of a dancer whose feats of legerdemain come in for special mention, and the second is addressed to a young dervish of the Mevleví order, that order during certain of whose rites the well-known simá[c] or circular dance is performed. These two poems, alike in subject and in treatment, are quite in the manner of the subsequent period.

Ghazel. [279]

Whene'er begins yon Idol, sweet of mouth and bland, to dance,
The life and soul within the lover's trembling hand do dance.

What manner dancer she, a Woe as of the Day of Doom;
For if she dance, in ecstacy the sea and land do dance. [1]

Fair fall the executioner of nimble hand who makes
Upon her finger-tips the life-destroying brand to dance.

E'er since the tongue hath honoured been by uttering thy name,
It ever makes the dance's praises fair and grand to dance.

Fehím, for ravishment of thy sweet poesy, full fain
In Heaven's high sanctuary yearn the holy band to dance.

Ghazel. [280]

Alack! alack! those tyrant eyes of thine, O winsome Mevleví,
Have ranked their lashes, all athirst for blood, intent to slaughter me.

I knew not how the Mevlevían girdle was the heathen zone,
Until those heart-seducing locks of thine, O Paynim, I did see.

What time thou dancest, fore the blazing splendour of thy beauty's orb
The Doomsday sun must pale, a dim and feeble mote, in verity. [2]

Commotion carpets all thy way, and torment from thy tresses' chain,
Whene'er thy lissom woe-exciting form advanceth fair and free.

[1] The dancer referred to may have been a boy, and not a girl; there is nothing in the text to show.

[2] Alluding to the tradition that on the Last Day the sun will be brought near till it is only a mile off from the Judgment-plain.

For all that thou, full bashful, look'st not up, thy gleaming beauty bright
Hath made thy lover's eye the point where glory shines in radiancy.

And when thy glances shed dismay, and in the dance thou wav'st thy hand,
As daggers in the inmost soul thy keen and pointed lashes be.

Have ruth, O Moon, nor let Fehím bemoan because of thy duresse;
His hand may on the morrow reach the skirt of Shems-i-Tebrízí.[1]

The following passage, which is from the opening of a Fakhriyya by Fehím, is quoted by Ekrem Bey in his Course of Literature as a good example of the rhetorical figure called Rujú[c] or Correction.

From the Fakhriyya Qasída. [281]

I make mine eyen the floods portray,
'Neath the waves of the wrinkles my brow I lay.
Oh! how were his forehead not furrowed deep,
Who as guest of this villain Sphere doth stay?
So vile and base is my plight become
Through the cruel Heaven's ruthless way,
That the captive bound in the headsman's grip
Doth smile when he seeth my sad deray.
Wel-a-way! woe is me! for my fortune's sun
As dark as the night hath made my day.
With the tears of grief have my days gone by,
No smile did the face of delight display.
Nay, nay, God forgive me, I've erred indeed,
And have libelled the Heavens and Fortune, yea;
For to me have their rigours taught much and well: —
O God, unlearn me this lore, I pray!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

[1] Shems-ud-Dín of Tebríz, a famous Súfí Saint, was a personal friend of Mevláná Jelál-ud-Dín. He was killed in 645 (1247). [The Díwán known by his name is really the work of Jelál-ud-Dín, by whom the ascription was made from motives of friendship. Concerning these remarkable poems, see Mr. R. A. Nicholson's excellent work, Selected Odes from the Díwán of Shams-i-Tabríz (Cambridge University Press). ED.]

The Sheykh of Islam Behá'í Efendi,[1] who now claims our attention, was of illustrious descent, his father ᶜAbd-ul-ᶜAzíz Efendi, the Vice-Chancellor of Rumelia, being the fourth son of the famous muftí and historian Saᶜd-ud-Dín, while his mother was a grand-daughter of the muftí and poet Ebu-s-Suᶜúd. Behá'í, whose personal name was Muhammed, was born in Constantinople in 1010 (1601—2). The traditions of his family placed any other career than that of the Law out of the question, a career for which, moreover, the intelligence and ability displayed by the lad while still in early life marked him as eminently suited. When sixteen years of age he accompanied his father on the pilgrimage to Mekka. After holding a number of muderrisates he was, in his thirtieth year, appointed to the mollaship of Salonica; four years later he was promoted to Aleppo, but in the following year he was denounced to Sultan Murád as a smoker of tobacco, by Ahmed Pasha the governor of the city. Murád IV, who was an anti-tobacco fanatic, had forbidden throughout his empire the use of narcotics under all manner of terrible penalties, and when he heard that the Molla of Aleppo had disobeyed his orders, he not only deposed him from his office, but banished him to Cyprus. After a year or so Behá'í was pardoned, and bye and bye he received successively the mollaships of Damascus and Adrianople. In 1055 (1645—6) he passed out of the order of Mollas, being named Judge of Constantinople, a step followed in due course by the Vice-Chancellorships first of Anatolia and then of Rumelia, until in 1059 (1649—50) he attained the supreme rank of Sheykh of Islám. A dispute with the English ambassador in which Behá'í, who had developed great arrogance of temper, over-

[1] [In a pencil-note in the margin the author refers to a story concerning this poet in the Simáᶜ-Khána-i-Edeb, p. 8; and to an article in the Mejmúᶜa-i-Muᶜallim Nájí. ED.]

stepped the bounds of decorum, led to his deposition and banishment, nominally to Mitylene, although in fact he was allowed to remain at Gallipoli. Permission to return to the capital was not long deferred, whereupon the ex-muftí came back and lived quietly in his residence on Qanlija Bay[1] near the Castle of Anatolia on the Bosphorus, until he was summoned, after no very long interval, to resume his high office, when for the second time "his shoulders were adorned with the white pelisse of the Muftíship."[2] He retained his position during the two and a half years that remained to him of life; and on his death, on the 12th. of 1064 (2nd. January, 1654), he was buried in the neighbourhood of his own house, and on his tombstone was engraved the line:

'May Paradise be thy resting-place! The Fátiha!'[3]

Behá'í was a man of considerable natural ability, but owing, it is said, to over-indulgence in narcotics, his learning was not very profound. In the earlier part of his life his temper was mild and gentle; but success seemed to bring out the worse side of his nature, and arrogance and proneness to anger characterised his declining years.

[1] This bay is sometimes called Behá'í Kurfezi or Behá'í's Bay, on account of the poet-muftí having lived on its shores.

[2] The official dress of the Muftí consisted of a white cloth robe trimmed with sable, the large, round, white turban known as ʿurf, and dark blue boots called ásumání; the dress of the subordinate members of the ʿulemá was similar, only the robe and turban were green instead of white. The Grand Vezír wore a robe of white satin trimmed with sable, and a tall conical head-dress, somewhat like a truncated sugar-loaf, which was called the qalavi, and was covered with white muslin, a broad band of gold lace falling across it in front. The Grand Admiral and the Chief Eunuch also wore the qalavi, but their robes were of green satin, as were those of the other vezírs and pashas.

[3] منزلك فردوس اولە الفاتحە

This line is a chronogram giving the date 1064: the closing words 'the Fátiha' are a request to the visitor to repeat the first chapter of the Koran for the repose of the dead man's soul.

As a poet he was by no means equal to his predecessors Ebu-s-Su'úd or Yahyá Efendi. His work is said by Ziyá Pasha to resemble that of the latter, but Kemál Bey's statement that the two Muftís went each a separate way, is nearer the truth. They have, however, these points in common: neither is an imitator of Nef'í, and both look to Báqí as their master. The little díwán formed by Behá'í Efendi's lyric poems contains much that is beautiful, especially in the section of ghazels, though perhaps Ziyá Pasha somewhat overshoots the mark when he says of this poet that he discourses like the nightingale, singing in so very charming and lover-like a fashion that he who ventures to criticise is simply talking nonsense. Besides his lyric work, Behá'í wrote a long mesneví which he presented to the Sultan. As this poem is a Hasb-i Hál, or Plaint, it is probable that it was composed during one of the periods when he was under a cloud.

The following ghazel is quoted with approval by the critics.

Ghazel. [282]

The loved one's gracious dreams by thee are scattered, Cry, what wouldest thou?
O'erthrown through tormentry by thee the world doth lie, what wouldest thou?

Have ruth upon my wounded heart, and let it haunt they tresses' snare;
By setting free the bird whose wing is broke atwy, what wouldest thou?

My Leech, thou know'st a thousand remedies to cure each ill, but since
'Tis mother-born,[1] this frenzy wild whence lovers sigh, what wouldest thou?

Thou'st gone and tangle upon tangle blown the loved one's locks and curls;
O breeze, 'tis but one woe the more thou'st wrought thereby, what wouldest thou?

The noble of the world are martyred by the glaive of love for her;
By laying hand upon thy sword, O headsman eye, what wouldest thou?

Full fair thou picturest the charmer's mole and down but, O Bihzád,[2]
What time it comes to winsome ways and gramarye, what wouldest thou?

[1] i. e. innate. [2] Bihzád is evidently the name of an artist.

Thou art not like Behá'í, nay, the grace of peace may win to thee;
Away with care, O joyless heart, thou beest not I, what wouldest thou?

Ibráhím Chelebi of Constantinople, known to fame under his makhlas of Jevrí, was by profession a calligraphist. As besides writing with much elegance, he was very careful to copy accurately, specimens of his penmanship were in much request among the connoisseurs of the capital; and so, being a quick worker, writing sometimes as many as a thousand couplets a day, he was easily able to earn all that was necessary to supply his modest wants. Many examples of his delicate and graceful craftsmanship are still extant, one of which, a beautiful little copy of the díwán of the Suleymánic poet Khayálí, is preserved in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. Amiable and gentle of disposition, Jevrí was also blessed with a contented and unambitious mind; and he passed his life quietly in his native city, dividing his attention between the transcription of the works of others and the composition of original verses of his own; for he was born to prove the exception to that Eastern proverb — surely the vengeful reprisal of some cruelly wronged poet — that 'every copyist is a dunce.'[1] If not actually a member of the Mevleví brotherhood, Jevrí was at any rate closely connected with it, so it is not astonishing to read that among his calligraphic triumphs were twenty-two splendid copies of Jelál-ud-Dín's Mesneví. Like many other persons endowed with an artistic temperament, this poet-calligraphist was sadly afflicted with nervousness; with him this showed itself in an unconquerable dread alike of mounting a horse and of entering any kind of boat, and so when he used to visit his friends at the Mevleví head-quarters at Galate, rather than cross the

[1] كلّ خطّاط جاهل. [Pencil references in the author's hand are made to the already mentioned Khaṭṭ u Khaṭṭáṭán, p. 235, and the Simá^{c}-Khána-i-Edeb, p. 41. ED.]

Golden Horn in a caïque, (for there was no bridge in those days), he would walk all the way round by the Valley of the Sweet Waters. Jevrí's uneventful life came to a close in 1065 (1654—5).

Besides his Díwán, this poet left several mesnevís, the best-known of which is that called the Mulhima[1] or Revealer. This work is, as the author avows in the prologue, a modern recension of the old Shemsiyya of the archaic poet Saláh-ud-Dín, itself a translation or adaptation from the Persian.[2] Jevrí protests that the task was beneath him, but says that he was prevailed upon by a friend to re-write the old book, substituting for its uncouth and obsolete language, an idiom more elegant and more in harmony with the literary taste of his day. The work, as he left it, does not differ materially from its prototype, judging from the analysis of the latter given by Von Hammer, and presents a curious medley of natural science and popular superstition. Poetical value it has none, but it is interesting as an epitome of old Turkish folk-lore connected with the weather, as it treats of the prognostics, relating alike to the crops, to the public health, and to political events, to be deduced from various meteorological phenomena, such as eclipses, halos, shooting stars, thunderstorms, earthquakes, and so on, according to their occurrence in the months of the solar year from October to September. The ascription of some of the formulae to the Prophet Daniel (who in the East figures as a master in all occult lore), and the frequent mention of the King of Bábil or Babylon, a title never borne by any sovereign in Muhammedan times, point perhaps to an ancient Jewish or Chaldean source. Jevrí completed this work in 1045 (1635—6).

[1] ملهمه.

[2] See vol. I, p. 389.

Jevrí has further a mesneví describing the personal appearance of the Prophet, written as a nazíra to the Hilya of Kháqání. He likewise composed nazíras to the famous Terkíb-Bend of Rúhí and to several of the qasídas of Nefʿí. His Mevlevian proclivities showed themselves in two works, the first a translation with commentary of forty couplets taken from the Mesneví, the second, which is in Persian, a selection of 360 distichs from the same poem, the commentary in this case consisting of five couplets to each one of the text, the whole arranged in the form of a terkíb-bend; this second work bears the title of Jezíre-i Mesneví or The Isle of the Mesneví.

A noteworthy point in Jevrí's díwán is the large number of chronograms, somewhere about fifty, which it contains. This is a sign of the times; for though the chronogram had for long been a feature in Turkish poetry, it only now begins to assume a prominent place and to give promise of the great popularity it is destined to attain during the Transition Period, when it often occupies more than the half of an entire díwán.

Jevrí's really original work is confined almost wholly to his díwán; Professor Nájí commends his poetry for its elegance and grace and says that his language is more orderly and better arranged than that of almost any other poet of his time.

The contented mind of Jevrí may be traced in the two following ghazels from his díwán.

Ghazel. [283]

Lo, the heart hath passed from yearning's path, from earth's desire, in fine;
Now no longer unto passion or to greed may it incline.

Sick am I, dry-lipped, yet should I die, I will have nought of cure,
Not from Khizr nor from Jesus,[1] not e'en from my love benign.

[1] Khizr, the guardian of the Fount of Life; Jesus, whose breath restored to life the dead.

Ah! the folk of heart may never glean the fruitage of desire,
Even from the bowers of Irem, or the Túbá-tree divine.

Unto them of heart the bounties of the world are e'er denied;
Bitterness is still their portion, even when they quaff the wine.

Nay, the sigh's keen shaft hath reached not, Jevrí, to the mark of hope,
Though it smote the Empyrean, passing through the Heavens Nine.

Ghazel. [284]

I'm contented e'en if Fate should never let me smile again;
Only may it spare to blind me with the dust of Fortune's bane.

Let the Sphere ne'er light the taper of my hope, I've passed therefrom;
Only may it spare to leave me mid the mirk of dole to plain.

Let the wind of Fate ne'er ope on earth the rosebud of the heart;
Only may it spare to ravage like the leaves my spirit fain.

I'm content whatever suff'ring Jevrí maketh me to bear;
Only may he spare to bid me favours of the fool to gain.

The next passage is from the opening of a qasída addressed to a certain Hayder Pasha, apparently the governor of the Arabian province of Yemen, which, with its capital San^{c}á, forms the subject of the exordium.

Qasída. [285]

The breeze of dawn that over all the world doth wander wide
Would make each waft a living soul if Yemen-ward it hied.
How glorious Yemen! should the zephyr blow with its sweet air,
To all it would the scent of God's life-giving breath provide.[1]
How glorious Yemen! whose all-lovely peerless regions bright
Have even with the Paradisal bowers and gardens vied.
If houris found the virtues of its dust in Eden's[2] soil,

[1] [Alluding to a tradition that "the Breaths of the All-Merciful come from Yemen," or from the South, for Yemen has both meanings. ED.]

[2] [Eden and Aden on the Red Sea, the chief poet of Yemen, bear the same name in Arabic, ^{c}adan. ED.]

They'd take thereof, like fragrant musk, within their breasts to hide.
Should Adam see its meadows fair bedecked with all their flowers,
Straightway his yearning after Rizwán's garth he'd cast aside. [1]
Summer and winter blows the breeze with even mildness there,
So that it makes the roses smile aglow with joyous pride.
Should once a scantling of its bounty spread across the earth,
'Twould turn to garden and to lawn the desert parched and dried.
Should but a drop from out its waters reach unto the wastes,
The rose and hyacinth would bloom where brere and bramble bide.
Should but its cloud of winter-rain pass forth from it away,
'Twould gain the many virtues fair of bounteous April-tide.
Through yearning for the tulip-garth its vales and fields unfold
The liver of the Khoten deer [2] alway with gore is dyed.
Should once the path of Khizr lead him through its valleys green,
The Fount of Life he'd change for yon bright streams that through them glide.
If Fortune were to register the countries of the world,
To head the list of lands with Sanᶜá-town 'twould sure decide.
What if the earth should vaunt her to the skies with yonder town,
When from the sight thereof amaze would Jesu's heart betide.
If any region show the handiwork of heavenly power,
Its every field's a mine, a quarry every mountain-side.
If God Most High would shield a land from all of scathe and harm,
He would to Veys Qareni's soul its guardianship confide. [3]

* *

[1] Rizwán, the angelic gatekeeper of Paradise.

[2] [i. e. the musk-deer of Tartary. This is another instance of Husn-i-taᶜlíl, or Aetiology. ED.]

[3] Veys-i Qareni, or Uveys of the tribe of Qaren, a famous saint of the early days of Islám, was a native of Yemen. Though contemporary with the Prophet, he never saw him; but having heard that he had lost one of his teeth, and not knowing which, he broke out all his own to make sure that the same one was gone. He was killed in battle, in 37 (658), fighting alongside of ᶜAlí, the Prophet's son-in-law, against the usurper Muᶜáwiya.

CHAPTER X.

THE LATE CLASSIC AGE CONTINUED.
MUHAMMED IV—MUSTAFÁ II.
1058—1115 (1648—1703).

The Köprilis. Vejdí. Ná'ilí. Niyází or Misrí. Nazím. Tálib. Nábí.

In 1058 (1648) Sultan Ibráhím was succeeded by his son Muhammed IV, whom the Turks call Avji Sultan Muhammed, or Sultan Muhammed the Huntsman, on account of his extraordinary fondness for the chase and marked preference for a country life. After reigning for thirty-seven years, this sovereign was followed by his brother Suleymán II in 1099 (1687). Four years later Ahmed II, another son of Ibráhím, ascended the throne, to be succeeded in 1106 (1695) by Mustafá II, a son of the Huntsman. This Mustafá, who reigned till 1115 (1703), is the last Sultan of the Classic Period. Not one of these Sultans seems to have given any special encouragement to poetry or to have made any attempt to cultivate it, except the last-named, who wrote some mediocre verses under the Makhlas of Iqbálí.

Individually they were not great men, and during the most part of the half century over which their reigns extend, the destinies of the Empire were in the hands of the illustrious family of Köprili. Five members of this house held the office of Grand Vezir; and well it was for Turkey that at this crisis

of her history she had those among her sons to whom she could turn for guidance. The house of Köprili did much for the state, but it did little for literature; all their energies were too sorely taxed in defending the country from traitors within and from foes without to admit of the Vezírs bestowing much attention on mere amenities like verse, although doubtless, after the custom of the time, they rewarded those poets, such as Ná'ilí, who composed qasídas in their honour. As the services rendered by this family were exclusively political, it would be out of place to dwell upon them here; but these services were so brilliant, and the part played by the Köprilis was so prominent and so unique, that to omit all mention of the family in any book which has occasion to touch, however slightly, on the history of Turkey, would be both inexcusable and unjust. [1]

Vejdí is the makhlas of ᶜAbd-ul-Báqí of Constantinople, another of the many poets who flourished at this time. This writer, who was Secretary of the Divan, enjoyed the special

[1] Köprili Muhammed Pasha, the first member of the family who held the Grand Vezirate, was raised to that office in 1066 (1656) when he was seventy years of age. He went on the lines of Murád IV, suppressing evils of every kind with the most ruthless severity. On his death in 1072 (1661), he was succeeded by his son Köprili-záda Ahmed Pasha, surnamed, on account of his many noble qualities, Fázil Ahmed, or the Admirable Ahmed, who held the Vezirate till his death in 1087 (1676). In 1101 (1689) Köprili-záda Mustafá Pasha, another son of old Muhammed, was made Grand Vezír; he discharged the onerous duties of his high position in the most exemplary fashion till he was unhappily killed in battle against the Austrians at Salankeman in 1102 (1691). ᶜAmúja-záda Huseyn Pasha (Huseyn Pasha the son of the Uncle), a cousin of Ahmed and Mustafá, was the fourth Grand Vezir of the family; while the fifth and last was Köprili-záda Nuᶜmán Pasha, a son of Mustafá, who was appointed in 1122 (1710), but retained his position for only fourteen months. The surname of Köprili, the Köpri man, was given to Muhammed because he was a native of the little town of Köpri (The Bridge) or Vezír Köprisí (The Vezír's Bridge) near Amasia in Asia Minor. But the family was really of Albanian origin, Muhammed's father having been an Arnaut who had taken up his abode at Köpri.

patronage of Shámí-záda Muhammed the Re'ís Efendi, through whose influence he was promoted to the important position of Beglikji.[1] Here he won so much favour with old Köprili the Grand Vezír, that the jealousy of his former patron was aroused, the result being that through the machinations of the latter, Vejdí was executed by the order of Sultan Ibráhím, on the 4th. of Ramazán 1071 (3rd. May 1661).

Vejdí's poetical work is represented by a little díwán of ghazels, of which the following is an example.

Ghazel. [286]

Alack for at this night-carouse of dole no shining light is mine;
To wit, no loveling leal and true within this world of blight is mine.

The while that everyone now weareth on his head some burgeon fair,
Within the garden of the world, alas, no leaflet bright is mine.

I bear no wound by œiliad dealt, nor thrall of musky tress am I,
And so to stand within the valiant ranks of Love no right is mine.

'Tis truth that Love's elixir hath refined my heart to purest gold,
But yet to bear it in her hand no silvern-bodied wight is mine.

The lamp of teen am I, I burn for parting, union ne'er I name;
But meet for night am I, no jewel fit for morning's sight is mine.

Oh how should I not wail and make lament and rend my garments, say?
No cupbearer of roseate cheek, no wine-cup of delight is mine.

So sore a yearning for Stamboul is in my weary heart, Vejdí,
That fain I'd thither fly, but what can I? no wing for flight is mine.

One of the most eminent poets of this time is Ná'ilí (Yeni-záda Mustafá Efendi) of Constantinople. The biographers give

[1] The Beglikji was a high official who presided over the three offices which were under the immediate direction of the Re'ís Efendi; these three offices formed the department called the Díwán-i Humáyún Qalemi, or Chancery of the Imperial Diwan. The title of Beglikji still exists, and is given to the chief of the Díwán Qalemi, the office from which the Imperial mandates are issued.

us but few particulars concerning his career. According to Safá'í, he was employed as a clerk in the department of mines in that public office which looked after those branches of the revenue that were farmed out by the government. Towards the close of his life he lost the favour of the Grand Vezír through the calumnies of certain envious persons, and was banished from the capital. He died in 1077 (1666—7).

With the possible exception of Yahyá Efendi, Ná'ilí is the best poet between Nef'í and Nábí. He has nothing in common with Yahyá, neither is he a follower of Nef'í; for although his language is full of Persianisms, and his style extremely artificial, both are quite unlike anything that has gone before, at all events in Ottoman literature. While keeping safely within the Persian lines, Ná'ilí made bold to cast aside many of those threadbare metaphors and expressions which had done duty since before the Suleymánic age, and which, having received the official imprimatur of Báqí the Poet-King, had recurred with wearisome monotony in the pages of well-nigh every subsequent díwán. For such conventional commonplaces he substitutes novel phrases and novel combinations, always borrowed from the Persian, but hitherto unknown in Turkish poetry. This freshness of phraseology, joined to a delicate subtlety of imagery and a highly artistic style, gives a distinction to the work of Ná'ilí which renders his verses delightful reading after the unvarying sameness of so many among his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. So fascinating is this freshness, and the individuality of style resulting from it, that Professor Nájí declares that it is scarcely possible for a Turkish poet to read Ná'ilí's ghazels without desiring to imitate them; a feat, he adds, in which it is very hard to succeed, as the old master is not to be easily beaten on his own ground.

A further characteristic of Ná'ilí's work is its extreme art;

his poems are worked up and polished almost to a fault. In some instances he has carried this refining process to such a point, pruning away everything that appeared to him pleonastic or redundant, that his meaning becomes obscure, and his verses are extremely difficult to understand.

It may appear strange that with all their artificiality and manifest laboriousness there should be much of passion in the poems of Ná'ilí, but such is the case, and the evident sincerity of this has secured for him the suffrages of the Ottoman critics of to-day. Thus Professor Nájí says that while the words of the artificial poets are as a rule without any trace of that true love which is the very soul of poetry, there are many passages in Ná'ilí which will send a thrill to the lover's heart. Ziyá Pasha also has a good word for him, commending alike his language and his matter, and coupling him with Fuzúlí, whom, however, he resembles only in so far as he is at once artificial and sincere.

Ná'ilí is an interesting figure in the history of Turkish poetry, and there is much in his díwán that may be read with pleasure, but it cannot be said that he rendered any real service to the development of literature in his country. It is true that he was an innovator, and it is clear that he was a man of exceptional ability, nay, he even achieved something in relieving, if but for a moment, the somewhat depressing monotony of the late Perso-Turkish school. But unhappily his innovations were in the wrong direction, a direction whence no true or permanent benefit was to be hoped. For he is as Persian as Nef'í himself; all those wonderful new phrases and expressions of his are to be found between the covers of the Persian dictionary; and so un-Turkish is his idiom, so filled is it with Persianisms of every description, that many of his lines are unintelligible to a Turk unacquainted with the language of Irán. Neither did he, like

Yahyá Efendi and his followers, seek inspiration from the world around him; he was content to go for that to his own imagination, and to learn from his Persian masters how to make use of what he found there. All that Ná'ilí really did was to stir afresh the now stagnant waters of Perso-Turkish culture; he brought no new vitalising power into Ottoman poetry, and so his work has remained without that influence on the subsequent literature of his country which might have been expected from a poet so highly gifted as himself.

Ná'ilí's work is limited to his Díwán; it is principally in his ghazels that he excels, though some of his qasídas are both interesting and meritorious. He has an elegy in terjí'-bend form on a brother who died in youth, which contains several beautiful passages, but is marred by the hysterical weakness of the refrain which Kemál Bey compares to the lamentations of the Egyptian wailing-women.

In order to distinguish him from another writer of the same name who lived during the first half of the nineteenth century,[1] this poet is frequently called Ná'ilí-i Qadím or Ná'ilí the Elder.

The following passage from the opening of a qasída in honour of the Sheykh of Islam Sun'i-záda is addressed to the reed-pen then universally used in the East.

Qasída. [287]

O reed-pen black of garb,[2] for all that double-tongued thou be,[3]
Caltrop-bestrewn the poetaster's pathway is by thee.[4]

[1] [The author seems to have had some doubt as to the period when the second Ná'ilí flourished, as he has placed a query in pencil opposite this statement. He also has noted in pencil a reference to the Servet-i-Funún, vol. XVI, p. 71. ED.]

[2] Referring to the dark colour of the reed.

[3] 'Double-tongued,' which here refers to the two sides of the slit of the pen, is used figuratively for hypocritical or deceitful.

[4] That is, to use the pen correctly, to compose correctly, is an arduous task to the unskilful writer.

What then although thy tongue be twy, and though thy wede be black?
Thou art the spy within the veil of fact and fantasy.
What then although 'tis thy command that rules the marshalled lines,[1]
O standard-bearer of the truth, ensign of poesy!
In showing forth the praises of the fair one's eyebrow curved
Thou makest Ramazán's bright crescent's finger shame to dree.[2]
Thou'st found the way unto the pearl of mysticism's hoard;
'Tis thou who givest substance for the jewellers' trafficry.[3]
Speechless, but yet within the inkhorn's vault a Plato thou;[4]
Silent, but yet thou mak'st the world to echo ceaselessly.
If to the sages' feast thou com'st, thou Aristotle art;
Yet all unknowing beest thou in the unmeet company.
Each shaving cut from thee a dagger is full keen of point;
Of all necessity of hone or grindlestone thou'rt free.
Thou art the gem, yet from thy mouth are pearls of wisdom shed;
Mine of the gems, gem of the mine, thou'rt like the shell, perdie.[5]
* *

Ghazel. [288]

Wails the nightingale, the rose's torn and shredded spare behold;
Shattered lies the rose, the nightingale's distraught despair behold.

E'en for chastity's sweet sun-love blushing, is she dew-besprent;
All the purity of yonder bashful Rose-leaf fair behold.

Purer shines her skirt than e'en the essence of the Holy Ghost;
Yonder radiant Lamp of beauty's nuptial-chamber there behold.[6]

[1] The lines of writing drawn up in order like lines of soldiers.

[2] The 'crescent's finger,' i. e. the crescent moon itself, by its form suggests an eyebrow. The fast which is observed during the month Ramazán is ended by the appearance of the new moon; this being anxiously looked for, may be supposed to wear a brighter aspect than usual in the eyes of the devout Muslim, exhausted with long fasting.

[3] The 'jewellers,' i. e. the dealers in beautiful fancies and ideas.

[4] The 'inkhorn's vault' is the pot for ink at one end of the Eastern qalem-dán (pen-and-ink case) which is inserted into the girdle.

[5] The oyster-shell which besides enclosing the pearl, itself yields mother-of-pearl.

[6] The Lamp or Taper is the beloved. See Vol. II, p. 205, n. 7. The first line means that she is purer than even the Holy Ghost, by whom conceived the Virgin Mary, who is the type of purity.

Mid the circle of familiars of yon rosy radiant Lamp
Still of nightingale and moth lovelorn the hand and spare behold.[1]

Every moment would the eye of Jacob drown in floods of tears
This alcove of blue enamel,[2] dolour's home of care behold.[3]

Midst of torment's locks the troubled plight, like that of gentle hearts,
Of yon wild and wanton beauty with the troubled hair behold.

Lo, what jewels issue forth from Ná'ilí's irradiate soul;
Yonder hoard of talent, yonder mine of knowledge rare behold.

Ghazel. [289]

O Lord, deliverance from hope and fear on me bestow,
Vouchsafe a mind that will full fain life and the world forego.

Unto Love's watcher through the night within this drear abode[4]
Grant Thou a Taper[5] mid the gloom of wilderment to glow.

Cupbearer-Sphere, I seek not yonder beaker bright, the sun;
Do thou a pitcher broken like my heart unto me show.

Make Thou the heart familiar with the joy of Job's distress,
But give unto the patient spirit strength to thole its woe.

The Sultan on the throne of Love is Ná'ilí become;
O sigh, a canopy of smoke spark-broidered o'er him throw.[6]

Ghazel. [290]

Ay, the satin of estate,[7] which on the wise do all revere,
On the fool's vainglorious shoulders showeth but as costly gear.

[1] That is, behold there the traces of those who have perished for love of her.

[2] The sky.

[3] Jacob weeping for his lost Joseph, the usual type of sorrow; Jacob's tent, after the departure of Joseph, is called by the poets Beyt-i Ahzán, the House (or Home) of Sorrows (or Care).

[4] The world.

[5] A beloved one.

[6] The Ṣultan's throne was sometimes surmounted by a canopy decorated with stars in gold embroidery; this is to be represented by the sighs of the poet, which are the smoke of the consuming heart (see Vol. II, p. 214, n. 6), and also, sometimes, the sparks arising from its burning.

[7] Referring to the state robes of the high officials. See p. 295, n. 2 *supra*.

Never is the wise diverted by the diverse gauds of state;
But the fool, for lust of office, trembleth 'twixen hope and fear.

Yonder deep blue tent of heaven, which is mourning's home, doth shine
In the fool's unheeding eye a tile-encrusted belvedere. [1]

As the old and threadbare awning of this ancient hospice [2] seems
In the sage's vision yonder pall thou nam'st the Starless Sphere. [3]

Ná'ilí, upon the finger-nail of yonder festal moon
Doth a fragment of the sage's bosom-rending heart appear. [4]

Ghazel. [291]

Whene'er the heart's tumultuous fiery sea a moment's quiet knows,
Each scar of dule the body bears a wild and gory whirlpool shows.

From end to end this world's a steep and rugged hill, the hill of pain,
Where every mattock-wielding hope doth but a Bí-Sitún expose. [5]

Let hearts creep off and seek the dark, but only let thy darkling locks
As musky willows bowéd droop upon thy cheek's fair garden-close.

Whene'er the wanton liplet of thine eyen's glance doth murmur soft,
Each movement of thy lashes weaves a magic charm that all o'erthrows.

Upon this juggler's stage, [6] O Ná'ilí, in knowledge wisdom lies;
'Tis not from 'neath the dervish cloak that one the seven goblets shows. [7]

[1] Referring to the blue-green tiles wherewith buildings in Turkey and Persia are often decorated.

[2] The 'ancient hospice' is the world.

[3] The 'starless sphere' is the Primum Mobile or Empyrean, the ninth or outermost of the Ptolemaic spheres, which encloses all the others. See Vol. I, p. 43.

[4] The festal moon, i. e. the new moon whose appearance shows that the Ramazán fast is over and the Bayrám festival begun. Being crescent, it is shaped something like a bent finger; to the nail of this is said to be fastened a piece of the sage's (studious recluse's) heart, he being an enemy to all merry-making.

[5] The mattock-wielder is Ferhád. Bí-Sitún, or the Pierless, is the modern name of [Behistun (near Kirmánsháh, noted for its Achaemenian inscriptions), the] mountain through which Ferhád cut a road in the vain hope of winning Shírín. Here the poet compares the hopes of men to the disappointed lover whose arduous and painful labours availed him nothing.

[6] The world.

[7] The seven planetary spheres are the 'seven goblets;' here the allusion is

Ghazel. [265]

Thou it is dost grant this sad and woeful life in loan to me;
Ay, forsooth, straightway 'twould slay me, cruel one, to part from thee.

Yea, the desert-whirlwind shows me how 'tis Mejnún's soul that still
Roams, the weary wildered spirit of the wastes of tormentry. [1]

While that I, possessed, knew not myself did reason rend me sore,
And did make e'en Plato my disciple scant of wit to be.

Trust not Jupiter midmost the heavens to order things aright [2]
Should he say unto thine eye, 'Thou'st learnéd me this gramarie.'

Ná'ilí, by such a yearning am I branded that my sighs
Show to me this sphere for ever wrapt in ashen drapery.

Mysticism, which played so prominent a part in the earlier stages of the development of Turkish poetry, has ever since the beginning of the Classic Period been receding further and further into the background, so that now, when that Period is hard upon its close, it is somewhat surprising to encounter a poet possessed of no little merit and ability finding therein the fountain-head of his inspiration. For although there has been a constant succession of mystic verse writers during the whole course of the Classic Age, these have been almost exclusively dervishes belonging to one or other of the many religious orders, not even one among whom can be said to have attained any eminence as a poet; while the really distinguished men of letters, though touching from time to time on transcendental things,

to some conjuring trick of producing a number of articles from up the sleeve or under the coat. The meaning is that those who make the greatest show of religion are not those who really understand the most.

[1] Mejnún, the lover of Leylá, who in his frenzy used to wander through the desert.

[2] When personified, the planet Jupiter is generally represented as an administrator.

have done so only incidentally, never making such, as their predecessors did, the primary motive of their work.

Niyází, though not a great poet, was a man of considerable talent and stands a long way ahead of the throng of Mevleví and Khalvetí sheykhs who have of late been the interpreters of mystic philosophy in Turkish verse. Mysticism, moreover, is the key-note of this poet's work; whatever else is to be found in his díwán is of quite secondary importance, and almost as it were accidental.

Muhammed, known in Ottoman history as Misrí Efendi and in literature as Niyází, was born at the little town of Aspuzi, [1] near Malatia, in what is nowadays the province of Maᶜmúrat-ul-ᶜAzíz. After receiving his first lessons in mystic lore from his father, who was a Naqshbendí dervish, he studied in Márdín and Cairo and at the village of Elmali in Anatolia. When his studies were completed, he was sent by his last teacher, a great Khalvetí Sheykh, to ᶜUshsháqí near Smyrna, there to act as his vicar. But ere long this teacher died, whereon Niyází is settled in Brusa, living there in a cell which one of the citizens built for him. The fame of his sanctity having reached Köprili-záda Ahmed Pasha "the Admirable," he was invited to Adrianople where the court was at that time established, for Sultan Muhammed the Huntsman disliked Constantinople and visited it as seldom as possible. Niyází was honourably entertained in the second capital of the Empire for twenty days, after which he was sent back to Brusa. By and bye he was again summoned to

[1] Aspuzi, which is beautifully situated, lies some four kilometers to the south-west of Malatia, the inhabitants of which city used to repair thither to pass the summer season. But in consequence of the military occupation of Malatia in 1255 (1839) during the war with Muhammed ᶜAlí Pasha of Egypt, the citizens, who were in their summer-quarters, were unable to return, and thus they acquired the habit of living all through the year at Aspuzi, the result being that that town has now become the chief place of the province, while Malatia is falling into decay.

Adrianople; but the popular excitement caused by the mystical and prophetic character of his preaching led to his banishment to the Island of Lemnos. During the whole time of his residence there, this island enjoyed complete immunity from the descents of the Venetians, between whom and the Ottomans there existed in those days a practically chronic state of warfare; which circumstance was looked upon as a miracle resulting from the presence of the holy sheykh. The fame of his sanctity was yet further increased by an incident related by Safá'í to the effect that following the example of the patriarch Joseph, he prophesied to a geomancer, who was likewise in exile on Lemnos, that he would shortly be permitted to leave the island, but that on the first occasion of his trying to exercise his craft, he would infallibly be hanged; — all of which, of course, duly came to pass. After a long banishment of twenty years, Niyází was allowed by Köprili-záda Mustafá to return to Brusa, whence in the following year he was for the third time called to Adrianople. But as he would not desist from preaching in the old strain and so throwing the whole city into commotion, he was once more banished to Lemnos, where he died in the Rejeb of 1105 (March 1694).[1]

Sheykh Misrí or Misrí Efendi, as he was called, was a prominent figure in his day, so much so, indeed, that he even attracted the attention of some of the European writers who about this time visited Turkey — notably of Prince Cantemir, who resided for several years in Constantinople, and wrote a highly entertaining, though not always very reliable, history of the Empire. The Prince conceived the extraordinary idea (in which he has been followed by some subsequent writers) that Misrí Efendi, as he always calls

[1] This is the date given by the historian Ráshid; Von Hammer gives a later date, 1111 (1699), but without mentioning his authority.

him, was, if not a Christian at heart, at any rate very strongly inclined towards the doctrines of the Christian Church. This notion probably arose partly from the circumstance that Niyází's religious teaching had involved him in trouble, and partly from an imperfect understanding of some of his poems wherein the name of Jesus is mentioned. In support of his assumption, Prince Cantemir quotes two of Niyází's ghazels, of which he offers a translation so inaccurate as to prove how limited was his knowledge of literary Turkish, and how little he was qualified to form opinions based thereon. On the other hand, Von Hammer, while correct in maintaining the groundlessness of the Prince's conception, is quite wrong when he says that the name of Jesus occurs only once in Niyází's díwán, and that the two ghazels quoted by Cantemir are apocryphal, and not to be found among that poet's works. As a matter of fact, Jesus is mentioned several times in Niyází's verses, though not more frequently or in any other connections than he is by scores of other Muhammedan poets; while as for the two ghazels, a very moderate amount of patience is necessary to discover them in their natural places in the Díwán.

Though Niyází wrote a good deal of prose, his poetical work is confined to his Díwán, which again is restricted to ghazels, nothing so worldly as a qasída gaining admittance to those sacred pages. These ghazels are almost without exception mystical in the last degree, and consequently very often well-nigh impossible to understand, so that when trying to puzzle out their sense one finds oneself in constant agreement with the Muftí, of whom Prince Cantemir tells, who, on being appealed to on the question of their orthodoxy, replied that only God and Niyází knew what they meant.

Some of the ghazels are in Arabic, while in others the lines are alternately in that language and in Turkish. Some-

times Niyází ignores the prosodial increment known as the Kesre-i khafífa, just as Veysí does in the poem translated in this book, and sometimes he observes it, apparently without rule. In some of his poems he uses Niyází as his makhlas, in some Misrí; it is possible that at one period of his literary life he may have used one of these, at another the other; and that the name employed thus roughly indicates the period when the poem was written.

Here are the two ghazels, the existence of which is denied by Von Hammer, and on the strength of which Prince Cantemir would make a Christian of Niyází. They are fair specimens of his style and of the usual mystic poetry of Turkey and Persia.

Ghazel. [293]

In me forsooth unbounded skill in Names Divine doth lie,[1]
And ever do I journey through the Mystic Letters' sky.[2]

The stars that stud the heaven of my heart may ne'er be told;
In every sign a thousand suns, a thousand moons, have I.

Doctors would hold it for their shame to teach the A B C;
This A B C, that seems so mean, in my regard is high:[3]

In truth, that is the heaven, the empyrean of all lore;
E'en on the ground thereof for me unnumbered jewels lie.

Hereby indeed hath Misrí become one with Jesu's breath;
Naught cometh to my heart, and naught doth pass therefrom for aye.[4]

[1] The ninety-nine Names of God, each of which has some occult virtue in mystic lore.

[2] When speaking of the Archaic poet Nesímí, we came across the sect of the Hurúfís (Literals), in whose doctrine each letter of the alphabet has some esoteric significance.

[3] This verse, with the two following, refer again to the mystic virtues of the letters.

[4] This is the couplet in this poem on which Cantemir, imperfectly understanding it, founds his strange opinion. His translation (in the English version of his work) is:

'For in it is joined the agreement of Jesus and Mysri,
'Therefore my work neither has nor wants anything.'

Ghazel. [294]

I am he who knoweth all the mysteries of human lore,
I'm the life of earth, and I the treasuries of Truth explore.

Hid within me lie the secrets of the Mysteries' Mystery;
Here within I hold the Trust,[1] and I'm the treasure-house therefor.

Clear in everything the beauty of the Godhead I behold,
So whene'er I look on yonder mirrors, joyance comes me o'er.[2]

Every word of mine's a key to ope the lock 'A treasure I;'[3]
Eke of Jesu's breath am I the close familiar evermore.[4]

All existent things I've given for the One Existency;
Now am I one with Thine Essence, Names, and Attributes and glore.

Whatsoever be on earth, in heaven, is bounden unto me;
I'm the talisman all-potent ruling hid and overt lore.

I'm that Misrí, I am monarch o'er the Egypt of my frame;[5]
Though in form contingent, I'm in truth the Mystery of Yore.

The following is from a somewhat lengthy poem describing the "Spiritual City."

Poem. [295]

My pathway to a city led the which a plain doth compass fair;
Who enters in sees naught of death, he drinketh of life's water there.

[1] [i. e. the Trust (emánet) which God offered to the Heavens and the Earth; and, on their refusal to undertake so heavy a responsibility as that of representing God in the Phenomenal World, to man. ED.]

[2] The 'mirrors' are all phenomena, in which the mystic sees reflected the beauty of God.

[3] Alluding to the well-known tradition of God's saying 'I am a hidden treasure.' See Vol. I, p. 17, n. 1.

[4] This is Cantemir's verse; he mistranslates:

'I am the most excellent seal of things visible and invisible;'
'I am always with Jesus, and with him do always agree.'

[5] There is here a play upon the name Misrí, which means Egyptian, and which Niyází probably adopted by way of souvenir of his Cairo life.

Goodly its building is to see, its gates are thirty-two, perdie,
'Tis greater than all towns that be, all round is orchard and parterre.
Its air is fraught with sweet delight, who enters never seeketh flight;
Its mountains tulips red and white, its gardens smiling roses bear.
Its bulbuls warble plaintive lays, it filleth hearts with glad amaze,
There wander through its garden-ways and all its alleys beauties rare.
Aneath the treen to lutes they sing, the fruits upon the branches swing,
And ere thou proffer anything thine every hest is answered fair.
Whoso doth drink of Selsebíl, the vintage doth his senses steal,
And Tesním maketh him to reel; who quaff thereof are drunken e'er.[1]
'Tis not of Paradise I show; that were no boon to these, I trow;
Nay, at the joy and bliss of these all they of Eden wildered were.
Its name, the City of the Truth; God set His secret there in sooth;
And God He taketh all for guest who are of yonder secret ware.
Among them is nor strife nor fight nor envying nor hate nor spite;
Friends all, there is no stranger wight, but each to each is brother dear.
Their selves than life more precious are, their words than honey sweeter far,
No talk of me and thee doth jar, for all are one in union there.
No prophet to that town hath come, there hath been none to call them home,
For from the path they ne'er did roam, their acts are as the Koran e'er.
The Faith of Truth it is their faith, the Sea Essential is their path,
Fulfilled all the desires they have by Fate alway and everywhere.
* *
'Tis of the Soul's Land I have told, have writ with anguish manifold;
And every soul descending thence is housed within these bodies here.
Come, leave not in the clay thy soul, but mounting upward find thy goal,
Were it beseeming man that earth should be his prison-house for e'er?
Hark thou unto Niyází's cry and open wide the inward eye;
One day thou'lt pass full suddenly, and all will weep, but see thee ne'er.
Yon City of the Truth attain and therein to God's secret gain,
And let the sea of knowledge fill that heart of thine for e'er and e'er.

The next ghazel, in praise of his birth-place, Aspuzi, is perhaps the only non-mystic poem in the whole of Niyází's Díwán.

[1] Selsebíl and Tesním are names of rivers in Paradise.

Ghazel. [296]

Bless it God! of nightingales [1] the garden bright is Aspuzi,
Eden's bower to mind recalling, fair in height is Aspuzi.

Equable of climate, all of joy and gladness gathers there,
Country of the sages' banquet of delight is Aspuzi.

Deyr-Mesíh beside its virtues holds as naught the Stream of Life;
When it floweth, like a graceful gliding spright is Aspuzi. [2]

When it dons its greeny garment in the lovely days of vere,
Sooth the stage where doth the season's Khizr light is Aspuzi. [3]

All around are fruits as dulcet as the lips of beauties fair;
Yea, a winsome youth with satin green bedight is Aspuzi.

O'er its apples are there rubrics written there withouten ink;
Truly, wondrous an ensample of God's might is Aspuzi. [4]

Therefore are its folk with wisdom and with wit abundant dowered;
Ay, the magazine of men of lore and light is Aspuzi.

Good it is, if said of Eden-garth 'aneath it rivers flow;' [5]
Yea, and of yon bowers of Heaven a foresight is Aspuzi.

Had but death's cold blast, Niyází, never swept o'er yonder land,
Who is there that would not witness, 'Eden's site is Aspuzi?'

[1] 'Nightingales' may here have 'poets' as a secondary meaning.

[2] This couplet is a little confused; Aspuzi seeming to be here taken as the name of a stream; possibly the small river which flows into the Tashma Su, itself a tributary of the Euphrates, and upon which the town is situated, bears the same name. Deyr-Mesíh, the Monastery of the Messiah, must be some place in the neighbourhood.

[3] For Khizr, the green-clad prophet, see Vol. I, p. 172, n. 1. The 'season's Khizr' simply means all the greenness of spring.

[4] This couplet refers to the well-known yazili elma or 'written apples' of Aspuzi. When the season approaches at which the apples begin to colour, they are wrapped round with pieces of paper on which words or verses have been cut out; in this way the surface of the fruit is protected from the sun and so kept pale except where the incisions have been made in the paper, the result being that when the apples come to be unrolled the words are found marked upon them in reddish tints.

[5] 'Aneath it flow rivers,' often said of Paradise in the Koran.

We have but few details wherefrom to construct the biography of the poet Nazím. Little concerning his life appears to be known beyond the facts that his name was Mustafá, that he was employed as clerk in one of the government offices, and that he died at Belgrade in 1107 (1695) during a campaign against the Austrians, being at the time attached in an official capacity to the Janissary corps.

Nazím left a large díwán, the greater part of which consists of naʿts or hymns in honour of the Prophet. These are for the most part in qasída form, but they likewise include several of the ghazels and other poems. Indeed, Nazím is probably the greatest naʿt-writer in Ottoman literature whether we regard the extent or the merit of his work. Speaking of him in this connection, Ziyá Pasha says that no other poet has been so gifted or has attained so much success.

But Nazím has a better title to our respect, for in all his work he strove after simplicity, so far as such a quality was possible in the age in which he wrote. His vocabulary no doubt is very Persian, but his style is easy and natural, his construction straightforward and free from obscurity, and his meaning almost always clear and self-evident. In view of this, the most marked characteristic of Nazím, it is, as Kemál Bey has pointed out, somewhat astonishing that Ziyá Pasha should have coupled him with Sámí, one of the most artificial poets of the early Transition.

From an historical point of view the most interesting feature of Nazím's díwán is that it includes for the first time, so far as I have been able to discover, a section of sharqís. As I have more than once had occasion to remark, the sharqí is the literary development of the turkí or folk-song, and its introduction into the díwáns of the poets is one of the most salient distinctions between the Transition and earlier periods. By his work in this direction Nazím proves his kinship with

the writers of the succeeding age, but otherwise his poetry belongs to the Classic school; for although his style and construction are simple, they are, equally with his vocabulary, quite Persian.

If Nazím is indeed the earliest poet to transform the turkí into the sharqí and promote it to a place in his díwán, his work becomes one of the landmarks of Ottoman literary history, and acquires an interest and importance far beyond that to be derived either from the number of his naᶜts or the simplified Persianism of his style.

These sharqís, which are placed at the end of the printed edition of the díwán, are seven in number, and belong, with one exception, to what I have described in the Introduction as the second or irregular variety of this form.

The following couplets, translated from a qasída, give a fair example of Nazím's brilliant though rather monotonous naᶜts.

Naᶜt. [297]

Guest of yonder Feast where shines the Beatific Vision's light,
Mirror-bearer, yea, and Mirror is he [1] for God's visage bright.
Time and space are but the centre rounded by his Glory's O; [2]
Ringed the compass of the eighteen thousand worlds is by his might. [3]
Ever crescent, aye abiding is his perfectness and power;
Sans vezír and sans adviser is the Kingdom of his right.
Sweeps the pinion of the Cherubim the dust afore his court;
Waits the Holy Spirit, servant at his portal day and night.
Men and genies bide within his Garth, [4] the refuge of the world;

[1] 'He' of course refers to the Prophet.

[2] In the original: 'Being and space (i. e. all existences) are the dot in the ج of the جلال (glory) of his greatness.' That is, they are but a little thing created for his honour. Similar plays on the forms of the letters are common in Eastern poetry.

[3] See Vol. I, p. 54.

[4] This 'Garth' is the famous Ravza, that part of the mosque at Medína, where the Prophet is entombed, which is decorated so as to resemble a garden. There is a good account of it in Sir Richard Burton's 'Pilgrimage,' Vol. II, p. 68.

Spirits of the great and mighty ever haunt his Kaʿba's site.
Magnified and head-exalted all the lovers of his glore;
Abject and abased and tearful all the foemen of his rite.
Every pebble 'fore his threshold gleams a gem for Kingly crowns;
E'en as life's elixir shows the dust wherewith his temple's dight.
King and mendicant alike are guests of yonder host, his grace;
Aged sire and tender suckling in his bounty's praise unite.
* *
Thou art yonder Light of guidance, Radiance of the feast of truth,[1]
Prophets and apostles circle moth-like round thy taper bright.
While my life abides I wander through the moorland of thy praise,
Still within that plain I find not for my heart or soul respite.
Though for faults and flaws unnumbered but a worthless mote I be,
Yet I win to glory, rose-like, when thy virtues I recite.
Many and diverse the garments woven on the loom of grace
By my virgin mind that scorns with borrowed raiment to be dight.
Heads do ache not from the joyance born of my fair fancy's wine;
Heartening is my fluent verse's vintage gladdening the spright.
This qasída to thine honour glows the garth of purity;
Midst its blooms nor dread of thorn is there nor trace of autumn blight.
Every line I write a rank is in the mosque of thy renown,[2]
Ever doth my reed the summons from the minaret recite.
* *

The next translation is that of a ghazel.

Ghazel. [298]

At length the springtide of the bower of my desire is here,
And culled the posy of mine ancient longing's fair herbere.

Were't strange an, like narcisse and rose, to eye and ear I turn,[3]
Since now the word of union from thy lovesome mouth I hear?

He, like to Khizr, ne'er shall die, who once hath bussed thee, Sweet;
For from those ruby lips of thine life's water floweth clear.[4]

[1] From this point the poem is addressed directly to the Prophet.
[2] The idea is that of a rank or row of worshippers.
[3] We have before seen the narcissus likened to the eye because of its form, and the rose to the ear on account of the shape of its petals.
[4] 'Life's Water' is here gentle speech and sweet smiles and kisses.

Alack, alack, that through my yearning for thy charms, the wede
My patience wore is rent, on rosebud wise, O Fairy dear.[1]

What wonder if thy glance's shaft abide within the heart? —
The tablet of entreaty's pierced by wanton beauty's spear.

Conceive not that the crescent's form is bowéd thus for naught,
Before thy curvéd eyebrow's shrine it louteth from the sphere.

What though it tremble in the slaughter-house of grief for thee?
The heart's the fluttering bird that for the chase of Love they rear.

The goblet of delight would be the brand that burns my breast,
The purest wine but tears of blood, withouten thee, my Fere.

'Twere meet thy verse were called a carcanet of pearls, Nazím;
For thridden on the string of speech the gems of thought appear.

I shall give in conclusion a translation of the first of the seven sharqís, — the first poem in the native Turkish form in this work.

Sharqí. [299]

Naught of peace it findeth otherwhere, my love;
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.
I'm thy lover, show thyself full fair, my love;
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Be thou heedful of my soul-destroying cry;
Lo, my breast afire for many a flaming sigh;
Union with thee 'tis I crave of God Most High.
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

'Tis not little I have grievéd, thou away;
Were it much if I should win to thee one day?
As thou listest, welcome me or say me nay,
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Though my dwelling-place, O Joseph rosy-clad,
Be, like Jacob's, in the house of mourning sad,

[1] When the rosebud opens, it is said to rend its garment, i. e. the calyx.

O'er the Egypt of the heart thou reignest glad.
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

Since thy lightning-cheek afore the heart did leam
Joyously I go, my breast for thee agleam.
I'm thy lover now, a lover like Nazím;
Yes, my foolish heart is with thee; yes, with thee.

It would be unjust to imitate Ziyá Pasha and omit all mention of Tálib, who, though by no means a poet of distinction, left a little díwán which merits a passing notice. Muhammed Efendi (such was his name) was the son of an imám at Brusa, entered the ʿulemá, and, having served as judge at Kutahiya and Erzerum, died in 1118 (1706—7).

According to Kemál Bey, Tálib and his contemporary Rásikh endeavoured to strike out for themselves new paths in poetry, though for the most part with but scant success. Tálib's ghazels are, indeed, unlike those of the poets whose works we have been considering, being often marked by a pensiveness verging on melancholy, and yet more frequently by a philosophising tone caught probably from Nábí, who was about this time introducing a deliberative and didactic spirit into Turkish poetry.

The two following ghazels will give an idea of Tálib's style.

Ghazel. [300]

There is no balance to the righteous, true as conscience' eye;[1]
There is no culture like to knowing where our failings lie.[2]

How should the mirk of sin o'erwhelm the radiancy of grace? —
The locks of night veil not the bright moon's visage mid the sky.

[1] The 'eye of conscience' is a common expression, and answers to our 'voice of conscience.'

[2] This couplet has passed into a proverb, and is quoted as such in Ebu-z-Ziyá's collection.

From forth the fetters of earth's cares may no one win him free;
To yonder toper e'en the wine-sea waves no file supply. [1]

The zealot will his zealotry rue sore in Pardon's hour;
Not thus will he repent who sinnéd sans hypocrisy.

The skirt bedewed with drunken tears is needful thereunto;
Through arid zealotry wins none to pardon's wealth anigh.

Tálib, 'tis time the rosebud of our fond desire should ope,
For in these days no smile across the lips of hope doth fly.

Ghazel. [301]

The autumn gusts have scattered all the rose's leaves in blight at last;
The wind hath strewn around the bulbul's nest in harsh despite at last.

Bethink thee, heart of mine, how Alexander's mirror is the tomb: [2]
The gravestone is that hostel's sign whereat we all must light at last.

The heart becomes matured and pure by pressure of the world's duresse,
As grapes to must, and must to wine, are turned by treaders' might at last.

The eye of my fond hope is blanched, [3] and old I'm grown for yearning's pain;
Yon Joseph-cheek hath made me e'en as Jacob, drear of plight, at last.

I saw her signal to the rival secretly, and am fordone;
The eyebrow-falchion's tongue [4] hath smitten sore the wailing spright at last.

My zeal will ne'er consent to love's fair honour being rent, elsewise
I should renounce the wine of yonder charmer's love-delight at last.

O cupbearer, roll up straightway the carpet of liesse, for sooth
The drunken hand lets fall the robe hilarity hath dight at last.

[1] The rippling waves are here likened to the teeth of a file, and a file is used for cutting through chains. The idea is that no one can win freedom from the cares of life, from which even wine — mystic or otherwise — cannot free the toper.

[2] Alexander the Great's magic mirror, in which he could behold all that was taking place.

[3] With weeping.

[4] The curved eyebrow of the beauty is likened to a falchion or scimitar; the 'tongue' is the blade.

O Tálib, many of yonder steeds, my futile fancies, have perspired
Before these graceful verses coursed the spirit's meadow-site at last.

The Classic Period of Turkish poetry (that, namely, during which the influence of the great Íránian masters was absolute and unquestioned, and which was definitively established when Ahmed Pasha, the Conqueror's vezír, modelled his qasídas and ghazels on the work of the Persianised Nevá'í) comes to a close when Nábí, writing verses which by courtesy alone can be described as Turkish, carries the art of adaptation to its furthest possible limit; a circumstance which curiously enough synchronises with the career of Sá'ib, the last Persian poet of true eminence and originality. [1]

This Nábí who thus, as it were, stands sentinel with Ahmed Pasha, the one at the nearer, the other at the further end of the vast palace of Turkish classic poetry, is, apart from the accident of his appearance at a critical time, a writer of more than average interest and merit, and of far more than average renown.

Born somewhere about the year 1630 in the ancient city of Urfa, [2] whose name commemorates that Ur of the Chaldees whence Abraham journeyed in his youth, Nábí, whose personal name was Yúsuf, came to Constantinople to seek his fortune, when Muhammed IV occupied the Imperial throne. The poet succeeded in gaining the confidence of that Sultan's favourite, Mustafá Pasha, who made him his kyaya or intendant, and in whose service he remained some thirty years,

[1] [I must again express my dissent from the view that the development of Persian poetry came to an end with Sá'ib or any other writer. I yield to no one in admiration for Sá'ib's genius, but Qá'ání (to quote one instance only), who flourished only half a century ago, is, in my opinion, quite as great, though less edifying, a poet. ED.]

[2] Urfa is the Turkish name of that city which the Greeks and Romans knew as Edessa or Callirhoë; it is perhaps from the latter of these that its Arabic name of Rawha is ultimately derived. [In Syriac it was called Úrhâi. ED.]

passing his time, as he himself tells us, between the capital and Adrianople. At length, in 1096 (1684), Mustafá Pasha having been appointed to the command of the troops operating in the Morea, Nábí Efendi accompanied him thither. But in 1685 his patron died, whereupon Nábí made the pilgrimage to Mekka and Medína, on his return from which he took up his residence in Aleppo. Baltaji Muhammed Pasha, he who was to dictate peace to Peter the Great [1] on the banks of the Pruth, having been named governor of that city, conceived a great affection and esteem for the poet, and when in 1710 he was summoned to Constantinople to succeed the last of the Köprilis in the grand vezirate, he took Nábí along with him and procured for him the office of Anadoli Muhásebejisi, or Auditor for Anatolia, which, however, was soon exchanged for that of Suwárí Muqábelejisi, or Collator for the Cavalry. Nábí died, upwards of eighty years of age, on the 3rd. of the First Rebí[c] of 1124 (12 April 1712), and was buried at Scutari, where his tomb, which had been neglected and allowed to fall into disrepair, was restored some few years ago through the efforts of a few persons interested in Turkish literature.

Nábí was for long one of the most popular among the Turkish poets; indeed, it is still the custom among certain classes, when one desires to praise the eloquence of a speaker or to ridicule the affectation of a pedant, to say that 'he speaks like Nábí.' One element of this popularity lay no doubt in the immense variety of subject and manner that characterises his work. For Nábí was not only gifted with talent, he was possessed of ambition, the ambition of asserting his lordship over every field in the wide domain of literature. He would be master alike in poetry and prose, and not in

[1] [Or "the Mad," as the author suggests in a pencil note, with a reference to the *Academy* for January 22, 1898, pp. 89—90. ED.]

one branch alone of these, but in all; qasída, ghazel, and mesneví must equally bear witness to his versatility; poems religious, philosophic, didactic, and romantic, songs of love and wine, mystic and material, all are there to prove the many-sidedness of his genius. Similarly with prose; he writes biography, [1] history, [2] travels, [3] and letters; [4] in short, there is scarce anything within the literary sphere of his day that he does not attempt.

On looking through the collected poems of Nábí we are struck first of all by his extraordinary facility of versification; we feel, as Ekrem Bey puts it, that there is nothing which he could not have thrown into poetic form, had he so desired. But it is doubtful whether this marvellous facility was in reality a boon, as it led to a diffusion of energy in a number of different directions, success in each one of which calls for abilities widely varying in nature, and rarely if ever found united in a single writer. In all of Nábí's work there is skill, in much of it there is talent, but in none of it is there genius. His poetry can bear no comparison with that of the great masters, his ghazels are cold and tame beside the passion of Fuzúlí or the grace of Nedím, his qasídas grow pale and ineffectual before the brilliancy of the panegyrics of Nefʿí, and his romantic mesneví shows flat and uninspired when contrasted with the imaginative beauties of Sheykh Ghálib. Had Nábí, who possessed both talent and industry, concentrated his attention on one particular branch of poetry, instead of dividing it as he did, he might indeed have missed some-

[1] Zeyl-i Siyer-i Veysí, a continuation of Veysí's Life of the Prophet.

[2] Táríkh-i Qamincha, an account of the taking of Caminiec (Podolia) by the Grand Vezir Köprili-záda Ahmed Pasha in 1083.

[3] Tuhfet-ul-Haremeyn, an account of the author's journey from Scutari to Mekka and Medína: this work was written in 1093.

[4] Munsheʾát, the letters of Nábí collected after his death by his friend Habeshí-záda ʿAbd-ur-Rahím Bey.

thing of his popularity with the multitude, but on the other hand he would have been more likely to achieve a position in the first rank of the poets of Turkey.

Like most eminent poets, Nábí is representative of his time. In his work — and this is its chief interest — the Classic Age joins hands with the Transition. We have seen how, ever since the Archaic Period, it has been the custom of Turkish poets to seek their inspiration in the contemporary literature of Persia, how Jelál-ud-Dín, Nizámí, Jámí, ʿUrfí, Shevkat and many others have successively served as models to the writers of Turkey. Nábí is the last to follow this tradition; after his time Ottoman poetry no longer reflects as in a mirror the varying phases through which that of Persia passes. And that is why I have called Nábí the last of the Classic poets of Turkey; he is the last to obey that ancient though unwritten rule which bids the Turkish poet look to his Persian brother to direct his steps.

The great Persian poet of Nábí's time was Sá'ib, [1] so it is he whom the Turk naturally chose for master. That Sá'ib was a man of genius is shown clearly enough by the fact that he was able to invest with a fresh vitality the moribund poetry of Persia. [2] Avoiding alike the well-worn mysticism of the followers of Jelál-ud-Dín and the now threadbare Bacchanalianism of the school of Háfiz, Sá'ib made his clear, transparent verse the interpreter of a common-sense philosophy which, being new to Persian poetry, was hailed with all the interest of the unfamiliar. The same philosophising tone, borrowed direct from Sá'ib, characterises a great deal of Nábí's verse, and affords occasion for the display of one of its most salient features, that rhetorical figure technically

[1] Sá'ib was born in Isfahán about 1010 (1601—2) and died about 1088 (1677—8).

[2] [Again I must express my entire dissent from this view of Persian poetry. See n. 1 on p. 325 *supra*. ED.]

called irsál-i mesel, (which consists in giving a proverb or brief parable and its application in a single couplet), in the use of which Nábí is, according to Ziyá Pasha, without rival in Turkish poetry. The Turks are very fond of proverbs and possess a great number of them, so this proverbial philosophy of Nábí's was quite in touch with the national genius, and no doubt had its effect in bringing about the poet's popularity. Naturally enough, a number of contemporary and succeeding poets followed Nábí in this direction, notable among whom are Sámí, Ráshid, Seyyid Vehbí, Munif, ʿÁsim, and Rághib Pasha, in some respects the most eminent of the group.

Nábí's Persianism is far more pronounced in his language than in his matter, so that in truth he has more real affinity with the disciples of Yahyá Efendi than with those of Nefʿí. He may be looked upon as a member of the Natural School who elected to write in the fashion of the Artificial. And that fashion he carried farther than any other writer either before or since his time. The remark of Ekrem Bey, that, although a Persian poet might see at once that they were not Persian, an Ottoman poet would have considerable difficulty in pronouncing them Turkish, refers to the opening lines of the address to Reason in Nábí's romantic poem the Khayrábád. In the first fourteen couplets of this speech there is not one Turkish word, not even one Turkish particle or one Turkish construction. It is manifestly impossible to carry the Persianising of the language further than this, where every single thing Turkish has been Persianised out of existence. Little wonder that the critics rise up and unanimously condemn such writing. At the beginning of his great romantic-allegorical poem entitled Beauty and Love, Sheykh Ghálib, speaking of the Khayrábád, which had been extravagantly praised in his presence, denounces the ultra-Persianism of Nábí's style, and anticipating the modern author of the Course

of Literature, censures him for his long successions of Persian genitives, a fault which he shares in common with Fuzúlí, but with less excuse. Even Ziyá Pasha, who looked upon Nábí as one of the great lights of Turkish poetry, finds himself constrained to offer an apology for the Khayrábád on the score of its having been written in the author's old age.

As in questions of diction and vocabulary this poet proves himself to be the ultimate issue of Perso-Turkish classicism, so in the matters which he considers and in his manner of confronting them he shows himself the immediate forerunner of the Transition. His ghazels are not given over to the rose and the nightingale, the spring and the cupbearer; when he does not philosophise he writes about things which he has seen, or dilates on places with which he is familiar, such as Maghnisa, Aleppo or Constantinople. He is the first great Turkish poet whose work is systematically objective. And it is here, I believe, that we shall find the true secret of his popularity. For the first time a poet of real eminence speaks as a fellow-Turk to his Turkish countrymen; his language may indeed at times be foreign, that is still the custom of the schools, but what he has to say is something with which all can sympathise and which all can understand. At last the genius of Turkey is beginning to find an utterance.

Nábí's ghazels alone form a fair-sized volume, to each section of which is prefixed a quatrain. It is in the ghazels that the influence of Sá'ib is most apparent; we have in both poets the same clear, incisive language and the same sententious style. It is here too that the proverbs and maxims are mostly in evidence, and it is here that the poet is so fond of moralising in his terse, epigrammatic way. The ghazels have generally been reckoned among the most successful of Nábí's works. The remarks of Ziyá Pasha, who may be taken as the spokesman of the school of criticism immediately

preceding that of the present day, well reflect the light in which Nábí was regarded by lovers of poetry before the Western culture of the modern scholars had led them to demand from literature something other than what had satisfied their fathers. In the ghazel, says the Pasha, Nábí was the world-conquering Khusrev, in none of whose work is to be seen either obscurity or feebleness, whose verses stir up the soul as one reads them, and are free from the slightest vestige of harshness. Metaphors are to him as his private property; and in the application of proverbs he has no rival, for although much has been written in this way, there are no sugar-sweet phrases such as his; while those pleasant figures of his are even as wax in his hand, to which he gives whatsoever fair form he pleases. This last remark is true enough in its way; for as we have already seen, Nábí was gifted with a wonderful power of versification, and could, within his own limits, do pretty well what he liked. But to say that there is nothing in his ghazels either obscure or feeble is a ridiculous exaggeration, seeing that although he has many beautiful verses and not a few wholly admirable ghazels which are both truly poetic and truly philosophical, the great bulk of his work is very different; so different that searching through his díwán for the verses of real merit is, according to Ekrem Bey, like gathering flowers in a field of hemlock. Ekrem Bey is a modern critic, one of those whose training has made them look for something more from poetry than mere verbal finish and quibbling ingenuity, and whose antagonism is invariably aroused by the presence of the latter pretender. As this second pretender is unhappily much to the front in these ghazels of Nábí, it is not surprising that Ekrem Bey should find so little there to please him, and should declare of Nábí, as Fu'ád Pasha did of a much lauded scribbler of his day, that his work resembles

a paste puff, which though it looks substantial enough, is in reality but an empty shell.

The qasídas do not rank quite so high as the ghazels; even Ziyá Pasha reckons them for the most part as of 'the category of superfluities.' This form, he admits, did not altogether suit the genius of Nábí. Still he has a few good poems of the kind, particularly a hymn to God, another to the Prophet, and two poems, one (the Sulhiyya) dedicated to the Grand Vezír Huseyn Pasha on the conclusion of the Peace of Carlowitz, the other (the ʿAzliyya) addressed to Mustafá Pasha on the occasion of his deposition from some office. But on the whole, Nábí's qasídas are evidently laboured, and he has forced his nature in composing them, which is unworthy of so great a master of language, who ought to have done better work than this. Ziyá adds that the poet Munír who copied Nábí surpassed him in this direction.

The famous Khayriyya is generally reckoned to be Nábí's masterpiece. This is a long didactic poem in mesneví verse addressed to the writer's son Ebu ʾl-Khayr, from whose name the title is derived. The exact date of the poem is not mentioned; but near the beginning Nábí tells us that he wrote it in Aleppo where he was living quietly after having served in different capacities for thirty years, sometimes in the capital, sometimes in Adrianople. He further says that Ebu ʾl-Khayr was eight years old when the book was written, and had been born when he himself was in his fifty-fourth year. This would give something like 1692 as the date of composition. As befits its purpose, the Khayriyya is written in a clear and simple style, without affectation and, unlike the other mesneví, the Khayrábád, comparatively free from Persianisms. The advice which it contains is most excellent, and if the young Ebu ʾl-Khayr followed his father's counsels he must have grown up a virtuous man and a

worthy citizen. The work is divided into a number of chapters or sections, each devoted to the inculcation of some virtue or the reprehension of some vice or folly. Thus we have exhortations to the due observance of the various religious ordinances, prayer, fasting, the pilgrimage, alms-giving; to the acquisition of knowledge, especially of religious knowledge; to generosity, morality, patience, and so on. Then there are warnings against avarice, unkind jesting, deceit, hypocrisy, drunkenness, ostentation in dress, oppression of the poor, lying and similar iniquities. Ebu ʾl-Khayr is further recommended to pay some attention to medicine and literature, Báqí and Nefʿí being the Turkish poets whom he is specially advised to study. He is likewise counselled not to seek for official employment, the position of a pasha being surrounded with troubles; and to avoid the legal profession, which entails all manner of hardships and most of the members of which are men of infamous life; but if he must have a post under government, he is to try to obtain a Khojaliq, that is a Master-Clerkship of the Díván, which Nábí declares to be the least unpleasant of all such offices. The occult sciences, geomancy, astrology, and alchemy, as well as the use of opium and an immoderate attachment to chess and draughts, are also placed under the ban.

As an evidence of the change that was in the air it is interesting to note how Nábí bids his son abstain from associating with minions and confine himself to members of the opposite sex. The advice concerning marriage is curious; it is that Ebu ʾl-Khayr should refrain from taking a regular wife, who would probably prove exacting, and content himself with concubines [1] instead, selecting Georgians by preference. It is in such points as these that the value of the Khayriyya

[1] Concubines, such as Nábí here advises his son to take, have of course a recognised legal status in Muhammedan countries.

lies; its poetical merit is of slight account, but it gives a faithful picture of the Turkish society of two hundred years ago. And a woeful picture it is; things have not improved since Veysí penned his Monishment to Constantinople. The venality and corruption of the legal tribunals, where the holy law of Islám was openly sold to the highest bidder; the merciless oppression of the pashas who, even when they would have acted justly, had of necessity to play the tyrant and extort from provinces swept bare by the rapacity of their predecessors the money they were required to send up to the capital; the voiceless anguish of the common people, helpless victims of judge and governor alike; — such are among the things depicted in the Khayriyya in words the very directness and simplicity of which have an eloquence far more convincing, and therefore far more real, than all the Persian rhetoric of Nefʿí.

A book on the lines of the Khayriyya, that is a series of counsels addressed by a father to his son, was new to Turkish poetry, though the idea is very old in Eastern literature. The Qábús-Náma, written in Persian prose about the end of the tenth century of our era by Prince Qábús of Jurján for his son Gílán-Sháh, is probably the prototype so far as the non-Arab literatures of Islám are concerned. This book has been three times translated into Turkish, [1] and it may possibly have been from it that Nábí first got the idea of his work. The well-known poet Sunbul-záda Vehbí, who died at the beginning of the nineteenth century, wrote a naẓíra to the Khayriyya, which he called the Lutfiyya after

[1] Firstly, by Aq-Qází-oghli in the time of Báyezíd the Thunderbolt's son Prince Suleymán, who was killed in 813 (1410); secondly, by Merjumek Ahmed bin Ilyás for Murád II in 835 (1432); thirdly by Nazmí-záda Murtezá in 1117 (1705—6). The first of these versions is very rare, but I happen to have a M.S. copy in my collection, from which I have been able to ascertain the name and period of the translator.

his own son who was named Lutf-ulláh; but it is not equal to Nábí's poem.

Ziyá Pasha had a high opinion of this work, the admirable style and phraseology of which, he says, enchant the ear of the listener, the poem not having been written by way of experiment, but as a model to the skilful. He goes on to praise the artistic manner in which 'the elder' pictures the state of the Empire in his time, the tyranny of the vezírs and the condition of the poor, and winds up by declaring that Nábí teaches wisdom and morality to the age and instructs the world in righteousness. The Khayriyya is one of the very few Turkish poetical works which have found a Western editor; the late M. Pavet de Courteille having published an edition of the text, accompanied with a French prose translation, in 1857.

The Khayrábád, Nábí's romantic mesneví, is less successful. It is the work of the author's old age, having been written, as a chronogram at the end informs us, in 1117 (1705—6), some six years before his death. It was distinctly a retrograde step; in the Khayriyya there had been a stretch forward to the times that were to come, in the Khayrábád there is a harking back to the days of Hamdí or Lámiʿí. In the Khayriyya Nábí had written in plain straightforward Turkish; in the Khayrábád he out-Persianises the Persianising school. Like the earlier mesneví, this poem is named from the author's son, the literal meaning of the title Khayrábád being the Edifice of Khayr, that is, of Good. The story itself is partly a translation, partly original. Nábí took a brief tale from the famous old Persian poet Sheykh Ferídud-Dín ʿAttár, [1] translated or adapted it, and then wrote a continuation of his own invention. The wisdom of such a

[1] Sheykh Ferídud-Dín ʿAttár was killed in 627 (1230) in the sack of Níshápúr by the Mongols.

proceeding is doubtful; ʿAttár's little story is complete in itself, the very vagueness of the end heightening the artistic effect. This is quite done away with by Nábí's addition, which is clumsily tacked on, and altogether out of harmony with what has gone before, creating a new centre of interest and completely changing the characters of the actors in the little drama. This last point, however, is perhaps the thing of most interest in Nábí's contribution; King Khurrem, for instance, who in ʿAttár's hands is a thoroughly Persian type, becomes quite a Turk when he passes into those of Nábí.

Sheykh Ghálib, whose fine poem Beauty and Love is, according to his own account, the result of a challenge to produce a work worthy to be placed alongside the Khayrábád, is somewhat severe in his remarks on the latter, although his strictures are in the main sufficiently true. Thus he criticises the extreme Persianism of Nábí's language, and blames him for tampering with Sheykh ʿAttár's story, as if, he says, that poet were likely to have left a story incomplete. Then, having found fault with the description of the heavenly steed Buráq in the section dealing with the Ascension of the Prophet, which he justly places below Nefʿí's poems on horses, he goes on to take Nábí to task for his circumstantial account of the marriage of two of his principal characters. Thinking to meet the possible excuse that similar passages occur in Nizámí (why Nizámí rather than another?), Ghálib declares that the Persian libertines pay no respect to the proprieties, and that it is unnecessary to imitate such writers in every detail, statements which are no doubt perfectly true, yet none the less the Sheykh is here somewhat hypercritical and comes perilously near to playing the part of a Turkish Mrs. Grundy. He winds up with some rather trivial carping at Nábí for having made a hero of a thief.

Ziyá Pasha is naturally vexed with Ghálib for having made

this attack upon his favourite; and, while admitting the higher merit of the Sheykh's poem, says that it is unworthy of so great a champion in poetry to vaunt of having overthrown an aged man, and asks why there is no mention of the Khayriyya in the Beauty and Love, since if Ghálib's desire was to prove his own superiority, he ought to have grappled with Nábí in his strength, not in his weakness. For his own part, adds the Pasha, if asked whether the Khayrábád were twin-sister to the Khayriyya, he would have to answer that bitter waters cannot be as the streams of Paradise.

Besides the poems mentioned, Nábí has numerous rubá'ís, qit'as, and chronograms, as well as some shorter narrative mesnevís, and a díwán of Persian ghazels; but these do not call for further notice.

Had Nábí's poetical powers been equal to his purely literary gifts, he would have taken a place alongside the very greatest of the Turkish poets; as it is, he occupies an honourable position in the second rank. His work, however, is of exceptional interest, because in it better than in that of any other writer we can see the forces of Classicism and the Transition joining issue; here the old Persian tradition makes its final struggle for despotic supremacy, and here the awakening Turkicism of the future wins its first decisive victory. With Nábí, the disciple of the Persian Sá'ib and author of the Khayrábád, the Classic Period comes fitly to a close, while with Nábí, the objective poet of the Khayriyya, the Transition has practically begun.

Here are four ghazels, a rubá'í, and a mukhammes from Nábí's Díwán.

Ghazel. [302]

Is man not thrall beneath the hand of Allah's pleasure right?
And feeble is not earth within the grasp of heavenly might?

Look thou within the veil, and cast all dread and fear away,
For is not that which cometh after every woe delight?

Did one unto the lover say to sacrifice his life
Upon the path of love, were 't not a joyance to his spright?

Although we have no place of refuge 'gainst thy tyrant stroke,
Is not this weary toil unto thy tender hand and slight?

Wilt thou thine every wish attain from Fortune all thy days, —
Doth luck not come by turns to each, thou mean and sordid wight?

Since all the world alike requires the high Creator's care,
Is't not indign to crave a creature's aidance for thy plight?

Nábí, is't not the tiring-maid of yonder bride, the Truth,
Who makes my voice's tongue a reed those metaphors to write?

Ghazel. [303].

First roast upon the spit of loyalty that heart of thine,
Then from this tavern old do thou demand the draught of wine.

Since all the pictures in this show of being pass away,
Engrave 'awake' upon thy heart, then thee to sleep resign.

The seemliness of reverence learn thou from yonder trees,
And let thy very shadow press the water's rug [1] supine.

Thine understanding's mirror burnish bright from all beside;
For shame! doth ever guest to lodge in house unclean design?

Behold thy deeds, erase the hope of all reward therefor,
And then sincerity's fair face from underneath will shine.

Uplift thy hands with prayerful intent; but still for all
Thy worship's failings, round thy shaméd cheek the veil entwine.

Nábí, 'twill make the seed of hope to yield a thousand-fold;
So to that house of trust, the breast of earth, the whole consign.

[1] Prayer-rug; the surface of the water being considered as a prayer-rug on which the reflections of the trees are prostrated.

Ghazel. [304]

Yonder wanton youngling again abroad doth stray;
Well might Eden's peacock turn all eyes straightway. [1]

Never can earth prosper sans the waves of stress;
Water, if it resteth, stagnates in decay.

Every losel feeleth not reproach's wound;
Cloth uncut becometh not the needle's prey. [2]

Strange is't if the new-made convert boast of zeal?
Great the show of service new-bought slaves display.

Longing for thy figure makes stony hearts coquet;
Graven lines the signet's brow with grace array.

Perish, that thy being's essence may appear;
Draught undrunken never makes the spirit gay.

Sweet the home, O Nábí, contentment's nook doth yield;
Pity ne'er a mortal listeth there to stay.

Ghazel. [305]

Enthralled beneath the loved one's soul-enchanting smile we lie,
But yet no share of yonder longed-for blessing comes us nigh.

What should that queen of beauty treat strangers courteously?
A stranger in her favour's town we roam with tear and sigh.

[1] The peacock is famous in Muhammedan legend as having in conjunction with the serpent assisted Satan to enter the Garden of Eden to tempt Adam. As a punishment for his participation in the plot, he was deprived of his beautiful voice, wherewith he used daily to chant the praises of God in the main streets of Heaven. The idea here is that this bird, whose beauty won for him a prominent place in Paradise, is so much surpassed by the lovely object of the poet's affection that he might well make every 'eye' in his tail an eye through which to gaze on that charming creature.

[2] As cloth while still in the piece, before it has been cut into shape and rendered fit for making into a garment, is not wounded by the needle (i. e. is not stitched), so the rude and uncultured among men are not reproached for their boorishness, or if they are, do not feel it.

Now wherefore from the reed-pen's pulse should e'er our fingers stray,
Since we for eloquence's health the leech's calling ply?

'Tis meet that we should make of praise the text of our discourse;
For we're the preacher from imagination's pulpit high.

The rosebuds chant the Verse of Triumph mid that mystic bower
Within the which as nightingale we ever sing and fly.

We grieve not even though the rival's heart be 'gainst us sore;
Because, that we're his rival too, we can no wise deny. [1]

Our daily bread more eagerly seeks us than we it seek;
Yet vainly still, O Nábí, we for it impatient cry!

Rubá'í. [306]

How often have we seen the cruel fall on woeful wise,
They who are fain to rend and tear the heart that bleeding lies.
E'en when such ones live out their days, they dwell mid hate and shame,
But brief most often is the life of them that tyrannise. [2]

Mukhammes. [307]

Nor smiling floret nor dew drop is mine in this gay parterre;
Nor traffic, nor merchandise, nor coin in this busy fair;
Nor might, nor power to possess, nor more nor less, for e'er;
Nor strength nor life apart, nor wound nor balm to my share;
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here! [3]

The life is the gift of God, and existence a grant divine,
The breath is of Mercy the boon, and speech is of Grace the sign,
The body is built of the Lord, the soul is the Breath benign,
The powers are the trust of Might, the senses Wisdom's design.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

[1] The common-sense way in which Nábí regards that constantly recurring personage 'the rival' is characteristic.

[2] The idea amplified in this quatrain is expressed is the proverb پیرتیجی قوشك عمری آز اولور, 'short is the life of the bird of prey.'

[3] The parterre, the fair, and the workshop are all, of course, the world. I have no concern with earthly affairs, yet I would fain know what it all means.

And naught to do in this workshop for myself alone have I;
No separate life is mine, all is His, afar and anigh.
No choice was mine as to come to the world or from hence to hie;
No reason to cry, 'I am!' 'I am!' in my hands doth lie.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The earth is the carpet of Power, and the sky the pavilion of Might,
The wandering stars and the fixed are Nature's flambeaux alight.
The world is the wonderful issue of Mercy's treasures bright;
With the pictured pages of life is the book of omniscience dight.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

Existence we hold in trust, and our life is a borrowed loan.
In His slaves were the boast of rule as a claim to share with the One.
The service due by the slave is in lovely obedience shown.
That He deign to call me 'My slave,' is a fair and a gracious boon.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

I am poor and empty of hand, yea, but bounty free is of God;
Not-being's my only virtue, the while to Be is of God;
For birth of Not-being or Being the almighty decree is of God;
The roll of the waves on the Seen and Unseen's boundless sea is of God.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

His gracious bounty's table supplieth my daily bread;
My breath by the breath of the mercy of God the Lord is shed;
My portion comes from the favours that flow from the Heavenly stead;
My provant is from the Kitchen of Providence bespread.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

Naught may I take to myself, unallotted, of wet or of dry;
From the land nor yet from the ocean, from the earth nor yet from the sky;
The gold or the silver will come which by Fortune hath been laid by;
None other thing may I grasp than my destiny doth supply.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The lines of the waves of events are the work of the Master's pen,
Illumed in the Master's studio is the scroll of the Worlds the Twain,
The warp and weft of His robe wrap earth and sky again,
The painted shapes in His Book of Kings are the forms of men.[1]
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

[1] The 'Book of Kings,' or Sháh-Náma, of Firdawsí, manuscript copies of which are usually decorated with miniature paintings representing incidents in the history.

I can turn not the morn to eve, nor the mirk midnight to day;
I can turn not the air to fire, nor the dust to a watery spray;
I can make not the sphere stand still nor the steadfast hills to sway;
I can change not by mine own will the autumn to lovely May;
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

His power hath brought me forth from Not-being and made me be,
When still in the womb I slept for my needs provided He;
With noble gifts, concealed and revealed, He nurtured me,
Through me hath He veiled His Beauty, that none upon earth may see.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

If the eye of insight be opened, as the vision of God 'twill know
The endless shiftings and changes that all things undergo;
The display of the Hidden Treasure is this ocean's restless flow,
This toil and travail of Nature, this glorious pomp and show.
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The stores of Contingent Being are alternately full and spent,
The mirror-chamber[1] of Fortune new figures doth still present;
On wonder-fruit bestrewing, O Nábí, is aye intent
This ancient orchard wind-tossed with face unto autumn bent.[2]
O that I knew what I am, what is mine, in this workshop here!

The next quotation is from the exordium of the Qasída-i ʿAzliyya, as it is called; that is, the qasída which Nábí presented to his patron Mustafá Pasha, on the latter's dismissal from office.

From the Deposal Qasída. [308]

Where's he who of the wine of office tasteth sweet and fair
Who doth not at the last the drowse of deposition share?
The short-lived rose of fortune blown in this swift-fading garth

[1] Shíshe-Kháne, or mirror-chamber, is the name given to an apartment of which the ceiling and walls are decorated by being coated with small pieces of looking-glass stuck on to the plaster at various angles. The effect is prismatic, and the reflections constantly change as one moves about in the room.

[2] 'This ancient orchard' is the world, which is ever producing the fruitage of strange events.

To smite the spirit's brain with rheum doth never, never spare.[1]
The plight of him inebriate at fortune's feast is this;
At times he drains the cup, at times he drees the ache of care.
Though fairly dight a while they stand, they'll yet be swept away;
The beaker's turn, the season of liesse, are constant ne'er.
Though sun were saddle and though moon were stirrup, lost they'd be,
If 'neath the thigh be yon careering steed, the sphere contraire.
For all the battlements of fortune's palace scrape the sky,
Yet of its arches none the script of permanency bear.
The starry hosts disperse; one day empty of cup he'll be,
Though 'neath his signet, like the moon, the evening province were.[2]
It never hath been heard or seen since time its course began,
That e'er fulfilment's beauty o'er desire's own path did fare.
The fortune of the world is but a heap of shifting sand,
The tents are ever pitched on some fresh anguish or despair.
There is no hope for any to escape the Rustem-sphere
Which e'en the night-adorning moon doth in its halo snare.[3]
But seldom on the troubled sea of fortune doth there rise
To help upon its course the bark of hope a favouring air.
* *

That chapter of the Khayriyya entitled "Concerning the Troubles of Pashaship" is perhaps the most interesting, but it is too long to give here in its entirety; I have, therefore, had to rest satisfied with a selection of certain passages.

From the Khayriyya. [309]

O broiderer of eternal fortune fair,
O player on sweet wisdom's dulcimer,[4]
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Yearn not for office or for high estate,

[1] The poets sometimes allude to a certain species of red rose the smelling of which produced a cold in the head.

[2] Khitta-i Shám means alike 'the evening province' and 'the province of Syria,' and so gives an untranslatable pun.

[3] The Persian hero Rustem used often to lasso his enemies: here the halo is figured as a lasso round the moon.

[4] Ebu-'l-Khayr, the poet's son, is in the first instance addressed.

Demean thee not by seeking to be great.
They in high places weet not of repose;
Peace bides where never sovran may depose.
Position is not worth dismissal's pain;
Oppression pays not back the price again. [1]
For pashaship incur not exile dire, [2]
With pipe and tabor enter not the fire. [3]
Bind not thy heart unto the tabor's blare;
The roll of drums comes pleasant from afar. [4]
The pasha's lot is but a lifelong bane,
His only harvest anxiousness and pain.
His name may be above the stars on high,
The while in midmost hell his days go by.
His soul is ruined, as his post may be;
Ask not of his eternal destiny.
He wrecks the shrine of Faith, if he oppress;
If he do not, he bideth portionless.
Were all the sorrows told he undergoes,
Cairo and Baghdad were not worth those woes.
Midst of alarums passeth he his years,
His gain his heart's blood and his bitter tears.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Unless his meinie well he clothe and feed,
Though he command them, none his words will heed.
Yet his demesnes suffice not to provide
All he must lavish upon every side:
There resteth not in his demesnes a spot
From whence the needful money may be got.
His forerunners have made the land a waste,

[1] One cannot wring all the money spent in procuring the post out of the people under one's authority.

[2] The pashas, governors of provinces, had to reside at their provincial capitals, far from the metropolis.

[3] The provincial governors used to have fife and drum bands.

[4] Alluding to the proverb اوزاقدن طاولك سسى خوش گلير, "the sound of the drum comes pleasant from afar," i. e. admire the splendour of the great but do not seek to approach them. [The proverb is originally Persian, and is familiar to readers of FitzGerald in the line: "Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum." — ED.]

Halting a year or two ere on they passed.
His meinie to reward and to maintain
He oft some other wise must treasure gain.
With gold did he at first his office get,
Plunging o'erhead into the sea of debt.
Whate'er the interest on his debts may be,
Pay all of it in very sooth must he.
All duly present are his steeds and gear,
Naught of a pasha's pomp is lacking here.
Untold are the expenses of his place,
To these no limits may he ever trace.
Kitchens and stables, rations for his rout,
His servants and his slaves, within, without.
About him ever moves a knavish crew,
Deceit and guile the only work they do;
To trick him are those bastards even fain
Alike in what is spent and what is ta'en.
And then, if he is called to take the field,
He seeks the first way that will easance yield.
To take the field one needeth troops galore,
To levy troops one needs a golden store.
Without oppression there will come no gold,
The folk will not give up the wealth they hold.
He passeth all his life in bitter stress;
Is glory the fit name for such duresse?
Behold them, can he nourish night and day
All those retainers, all those beasts of prey?
A demon every guard and servitor,
A ravening lion every savage cur;
They will not heed however sore one pray,
Nor, unrewarded, pass upon their way.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The following extract from the Khayrábád is descriptive of the banquet at the close of which King Khurrem presents Jáwíd to the poet Fakhr; it occurs near the beginning of the poem, in the portion translated by Nábí from Sheykh ᶜAttár.

From the Khayrábád. [310]

One eve when the stellar flambeaux bright
Illumed with their beams the core of night,
The King, who to mirth did aye incline,
Bade that they spread a feast of wine.
The sweat of the wine in streams did pour,
And pearls and corals [1] bedecked the floor.
No such feast did the narcisse' eye
E'er in the world's rosegarden spy.
Arow shone the camphor tapers forth,
The crystal piers of the hall of mirth.
Like a shift clad the garth the pavilion, [2]
Each ruddy rose as a window shone. [3]
To fetch it down to swim in the pond
The fount at the moon flung its lasso-bond. [4]
The flute did the 'Cormorant' prelude play, [5]
On the marge of the pond lit the wine-geese gay. [6]
The pond was the eye of the garden bright,
Its sheeny fount was the thread of sight. [7]
Like the mandoline that beauteous thread
Ever a pleasant music played. [8]
Viol and mandoline 'gan plain,
And each bent ear to the other's strain.

[1] That is, the bright drops of spilt wine.

[2] That is, the creepers covered the pavilion like a garment.

[3] The red roses shone against the wall like windows flashing back the sun's rays.

[4] The 'fount' is the jet d'eau; the lasso being the jet springing high into the air.

[5] The 'Cormorant' (Qara Bataq) is the name of a well-known melody.

[6] A special kind of wine-flagon with a long neck and shaped something like a goose or duck is called batt-i mey or 'wine-goose.' Here such flagons set by the margin of the pond where the revellers sit are likened to wild-geese that have alighted there on the minstrel beginning to play the 'cormorant' air.

[7] The jet is here regarded as the 'thread of sight' (i. e. either the line of sight or the optic nerve) to the pond considered as the eye of the garden.

[8] The plashing of the returning waters of the jet is here likened to the twanging of the mandoline. The 'thread' in the previous couplet now stands for the string of the mandoline.

Measured there was the Magians' wine;
The tambourines bewailed for pine.
The songsters raised the voice to sing,
And all the orchestra joined the ring.
The castanets in the dancer's hand
Beat measure, a merry chattering band.
Like to a jelly trembled fair
The hips of the dancers dancing there.
The flame of desire 'mong the guests was strewn
By the air Sabá and the Nev-rúz tune. [1]
The minstrels attuned the things they played,
The harp bowed head to whate'er they said.
Though flute and flageolet found repute,
Over the flageolet triumphed the flute.
As it were, the music and song to hear
The sky took the cotton from out its ear. [2]
Said the minstrel: 'Twist its ear if e'er
'The mandoline stifle the dulcimer.' [3]
Each instrument the which laid bare
The secret, to break no wire took care. [4]
The flute bewildered them great and low,
'Twas a conquering king to vanquish woe.
Wine put the hosts of dole to flight;
'Loot' was the flute's partition bright. [5]
In the shenker's hand did the brimming bowl
Make the burgeoned rosebush envy thole.
The winsome fingers that clasped them sweet
Played with the goblets deft and meet.
The jars to the beakers bowed the head; [6]
With witty speeches the jesters played.

[1] The names of two musical airs.

[2] That is, there were no clouds in the sky.

[3] That is, 'screw the peg to stretch or relax the string, so that the one instrument may not overpower the other.'

[4] Tel qirmaq = to break the wire or string, is figuratively used for to make a blunder; here both the figurative and the literal meaning are kept in view.

[5] 'Loot' (ghanímet) is perhaps the name of an air. Taqsím, the word rendered by 'partition,' means both 'part' and, as a musical term, 'score.'

[6] As they replenished them.

Each made to surge to the edge's shore
The luscious waves that his goblet bore.
The flagon was e'en as the changing moon,
A crescent now, now a plenilune. [1]

We have now reached the close of these two centuries and a half which I have named the Classic Period of Ottoman poetry. I have chosen this name, as I have before explained, not because I consider the work then produced superior to that of later times, or because it in any way fulfils the conditions we are accustomed to demand ere we concede that title; but because, in the first place, during this long term of years, there has been a traditional standard of excellence recognised and accepted by all, and because, in the second, this standard has been the collective work of the greatest writers of the great period of Persian literature, a mass of work which has been regarded, and not unjustly, as forming a classic literature in medieval Irán. Up till now this has been the constant and only model of the Turkish writers, who have moulded in accordance with it every minutest detail of their work. It is the classic poetry of Persia as a whole that has had this tremendous influence; individual masters, as they successively appeared in Persia, have found in due time their followers and imitators in Turkey, but not one among them has been predominant during the whole course of these two hundred and fifty years. And thus Ottoman poetry, while always under the direct and immediate influence of that of Persia, has been ever changing, following the latter from stage to stage of its evolution, as, according to the pretty fancy of olden times, the sun-flower ever turns to face the sun as he makes his progress across the sky. And this passage from phase to phase in the wake of the poetry of Persia has up till now constituted the only life of that

[1] That is, now quite full, now more or less empty.

of Turkey, a life without any true spontaneity, regulated by the growth of a foreign literature, which, had it developed along any other lines, would assuredly have been no less systematically followed.

I have said that such has been the case up till now, for the Classic Period is but the consummation of the Archaic. From the very beginning, from the day that ʿAshiq Pasha planned his Díwán in the spirit of the Mesneví, the Ottoman Muse has turned for guidance to the genius of Írán with a fullness of trust that is almost pathetic in its constancy and unquestioning faith. Before the capture of Constantinople the Turkish writers were mainly, though probably unconsciously, concerned with the task of fashioning a literary idiom out of the tangle of provincial dialects prevalent in Asia Minor; so it was not until after that event, when this work was practically accomplished, that they were free to devote their undivided attention to the complete realisation of what had all along been the ultimate goal of their ambition, namely the reproduction in their own language of the diction and the sentiment of their Íránian masters. The result of this freedom is the Classic Period, with the qasídas of Nefʿí and the Khayrábád of Nábí as its crowning triumphs.

In our studies of the Classic poets we have seen little else than the results and effects of this enthralment to Persia. In the dawn of Ottoman literature the earliest poets, finding themselves in a world where Persian culture reigned supreme, and where the works of the Persian writers formed the only available literary models, had almost of necessity taken those works not only as authoritative on the subject matter of poetry but as types of the language in which poetry should be dressed. So they set about rough-hewing their own rude tongue into some semblance of the polished idiom of their neighbours, and we have seen how the movement thus

originally induced by the force of circumstances has gone on increasing in strength from those days to the period we have now reached. The aim of succeeding generations of poets has been to build up a literary idiom as remote as possible from the speech of every-day life, an idiom from which everything Turkish that could be eliminated should be removed, and into which everything Persian that could be introduced should be brought. The result of all this is that the language wherein these poets wrote is, and always has been, utterly unintelligible to the vast majority of the people. The poets wrote for themselves, or at most for one another; not for the public, whom they altogether ignored. And this highly artificial idiom, which now at the close of the Classic Period, after the efforts of some three centuries and a half, we find flourishing as the literary dialect of Turkey, is beyond all question extremely beautiful. So deftly has the rich but delicate Persian embroidery been worked upon the Turkish background that the two, while each remains perfectly distinct, form one harmonious though resplendent whole. The scope which it affords for artistic skill in the choice of words and in the manipulation of phrases renders this idiom a delicate and subtle instrument in the hand of a master; and to such as can appreciate it there is an aesthetic pleasure in the study of poems like those of Nefʿí or Ná'ilí considered solely and simply as works of art, without regard to any meaning their words may convey. But, in order to appreciate this, any man, be he Turk or foreigner, requires, and always must have required, a special education. And herein lay its weakness; this wonderful language never was alive. It is the artificial product of scholars, elaborated as a medium for the display of their own ingenuity. It could not last; no man ever spoke habitually in the strange beautiful Perso-Turkish of the Classic authors,

whose works, if read aloud, would have been incomprehensible to all but a very few of their contemporaries. The moment that poetry became anything beyond a toy it had to go, as the Khayriyya of Nábí can bear witness. Even as the conventional idiom of a literary coterie, it contained within itself the elements of decay; there was ever present from the beginning the danger which eventually proved fatal, that the Persian embroidery should encroach too much upon the Turkish background, and should eventually cover and conceal this altogether. When this happened, as we have seen it did at the close of the Classic Age, there was nothing left but to set about undoing the work which it had taken all these centuries to complete. If we look upon the history of the Archaic and Classic Periods as that of the gradual building up and development of this artificial Perso-Turkish literary idiom, we may regard the history of the Transition and Modern Schools as that of its gradual demolition and decline.

I have spoken of the language, but it is the same with the spirit which therein found expression. The spirit of Perso-Turkish poetry had no true life; its semblance of life was but a series of changes reflected from a foreign literature in a foreign land. It may indeed be that these changes were not altogether the result of deliberate imitation on the part of the ʿOsmanli poets; it is possible that the Zeitgeist that was at work in Persia passed in due course over Turkey too, and that certain ideas successively filled the intellectual air in either country. But such is not the opinion of the Turks themselves; and this much at any rate is certain, that it was invariably at the hands of some great Persian poet that these ideas received their first, and we may add their final, expression in literary form.

But though the spirit of Perso-Turkish culture had thus

but a shadow of life, the genius of true Turkish poetry has begun to stir. In the works of Yahyá Efendi and his followers there is a germ of vitality destined to spring into the full life of later times. Now in the ghazels of the master and his school, now in the sharqís of Nazím, for half a century has this living element been struggling desperately with the paralysing forces of conventionality and tradition, till at length in the Khayriyya it has hurled the enemy to the ground. Thereupon all Turkey is exultant, and, hailing Nábí as King of Poets, crowns him with a wreath which two hundred years have not availed to wither.

This conquering spirit, which is none other than the national genius, has come, like the prince in the fairy tale, to awake the Turkish Muse from her long sleep, has come to release her from the mesmerism of the Persian, under which for these three centuries and a half her every step, her every movement, has been but the response to some pass of her controller.

APPENDIX A.

On p. 28 of this volume the author promises to give in Appendix A analyses of the four following poems of Lámiᶜí: —

1. Selámán and Absál.
2. Vámiq and ᶜAzrá.
3. Vísa and Rámín.
4. Taper and Moth *(Shemᶜ u Perváne)*.

Of two other productions of the same poet, the Contention of Spring and Winter, and the Martyrdom of Huseyn, "it is," he says in the same place, "unnecessary to speak further;" since "in the first there is scarcely any incident,[1] while the second is merely a versified rendering of the generally accepted stories that have gathered round the event it describes." Of three other poems by Lámiᶜí, the *Ferhád-náme*, the Ball and Bat (*Gúy u Chevgán*), and the Seven Effigies (*Heft Peyker*), he proposed to describe the contents of the last only, basing his analysis on the work of the Persian Nizámí of Genje, which apparently served as Lámiᶜí's model. Of one other poem by a different author, the King and Beggar (*Sháh u Gedá*) by Yahyá Bey of Dukagin, he also promises (p. 124) a fuller analysis than appears in the text (pp. 122—125). In all, therefore, this Appendix was apparently designed to contain analyses of six romances, five by Lámiᶜí (though

[1] I have, however, included the analysis of this poem which I found amongst the author's papers in this Appendix, as well as the analysis of Nábí's Khayrábád, but have left Ghálib's Beauty and Love for the next volume, in which that poet will be fully considered, and to which it evidently belongs.

Taper and Moth was also treated by Zátí; see pp. 57—58), and one by Yahyá Bey.

This promised Appendix was not written in its final form, but amongst the author's papers I have found a packet labelled "*Appendix A. Romances,*" containing roughly-pencilled abstracts of the six poems enumerated above; of Nábí's Khayrábád (pp. 335—337); and of of Sheykh Ghálib's Beauty and Love (*Ḥusn u ʿIshq*), together with a few detached notes on Bárbed the minstrel of Khusrev Pervíz, Shebdíz, his horse, and other persons and things connected with this celebrated monarch of the House of Sásán, probably based either on the *Ferhád-náme* of Lámiʿí, or on the *Khusrev u Shírín* of Sheykhí (vol. I, pp. 314—335) or one of the other poets who have treated of this popular theme.

Had the author lived to prepare this volume for the press, he would no doubt have modified this Appendix considerably, since at some period subsequent to that when he wrote the passages to which reference is made above he obtained a manuscript (N°. 51) of the *Kulliyyát*, or Collected Works, of Lámiʿí,[1] as well as two other copies (Nos. 262, 271) of the Contention of Spring and Winter. Following the principle which has guided me throughout in editing this work, I here reproduce, without amplification, and with the slightest alteration possible, the rough notes designed to form this Appendix, as my friend left them.

1. *Selámán and Absál.*

There was once in Greece (Yúnán) a great King, who had for his councillor a sage of incomparable wisdom. The King, desiring a son to succeed him, consulted the sage on this subject. The sage, being a determined misogynist, strongly

[1] Since writing this, however, I find that this manuscript contains only the qaṣídas, ghazels, etc. and not the mesnevís of Lámiʿí.

dissuaded his master from marriage, and fiercely denounced the whole race of women; but undertook to create for the King, by vital essence extracted from him, a son and heir. This, by some marvellous process, he succeeded in doing; and the boy, who was named Selámán (a name here derived from *sálim* = "free from defect," "sound," and *ásmán* = "heaven") grew up a marvel of beauty and intellectual perfection. Absál, a beautiful young girl, who was appointed to act as his nurse and governess, fell desperately in love with him, and strove by all sorts of feminine arts to arouse in him a similar passion. In this she ultimately succeeded, and they passed a year together in amorous dalliance ere the King and the Sage, becoming acquainted with the state of the case, summoned Selámán into their presence and bitterly upbraided him for his conduct. He replied that he could not alter his nature, nor drive the image of Absál from his heart; and, vexed and alarmed by their reproaches, resolved on flight with her to a distant country. Mounted on a riding-camel, they came, after a week's travelling, to a lofty mountain, which they climbed with difficulty. Beyond this they discovered a boundless sea, filled with marvellous fishes; and on the shore of this sea a boat, shaped like the crescent moon, in which they embarked. After a voyage of two days, they came to an island like the Islands of the Blessed, bright with all manner of lovely flowers and birds of gorgeous plumage. Here they landed, and, undisturbed by foe, censor or rival, took their fill of pleasure, surrounded by every charm of nature which could enhance or minister to their delight.

Meanwhile the King, bitterly distressed at the flight of his son, and unable to learn from those around him whither he had gone, consulted a magic mirror, in which he saw Selámán and Absál dwelling together on the Island. At first he was loth to destroy their happiness, but finally, seeing that his

son shewed no sign of repentance, his anger was stirred, and, by some mesmeric exercise of his will, he prevented Selámán from approaching his mistress. This caused Selámán bitter distress, in the midst of which it dawned upon him that his father's influence was being exerted thus in order to save him from himself. He thereupon returned to his father and humbled himself before him; but, unable to bear the reproaches heaped upon him, he again fled with Absál into the wilderness, where the two lovers, weary of life, constructed and kindled a funeral-pyre, into which, hand in hand, they recklessly hurled themselves. Once again, however, the King, whose magic mirror had shewn him all that was going on, exerted his will-power in such a way that, while Absál was burned to ashes, not a hair of Selámán's head was injured. The prince lamented bitterly that the fire had not destroyed him and spared Absál, or at least had not consumed them both. The King, filled with grief at his son's anguish, again consulted the sage, who undertook to console Selámán. This he succeeded in doing by inspiring him with love for a celestial beauty named Zuhra (Venus), whose perfections he constantly described to him, until love for this divine being at length so took possession of Selámán's heart that, as he prayed for a vision of these celestial charms, the image of Absál was altogether blotted out from his remembrance.

The story concludes with the descriptive of a great feast given by the King to all the nobles and great ones of his realm, who take the oath of allegiance to Selámán, now purged from earthly passion and grown worthy of the crown. An epilogue gives the key to the allegory. The King represents the Creative Intelligence (*ʿaql-i-faʿʿál*); the sage, the First Intelligence; Selámán, born of no earthly mother, the human soul; Absál, the lustful and rebellious body; and the sea, sensual desire. Selámán's sudden inability to approach

Absál in the island typifies the satiety resulting from indulgence; his return to his father the King is the soul's return to its better self; the fire is the ascetic discipline which destroys animal passion but only purifies the soul; while Zuhra represents the Divine Beauty and Perfection, love of which, by filling the soul, expels from it all meaner passions, and renders it worthy at last of celestial lordship.

2. *Vámiq and ʿAzrá.*

Taymús (طيموس), Emperor of China, mourns over his childless state, and is advised by his councillors to seek out for himself a wife. Beshír, an artist who has wandered through many lands, painting portraits of all the most celebrated beauties, shews him a portrait of the daughter of the Kháqán of Túrán, with whom he at once falls in love. He demands and obtains her in marriage from her father, and of this marriage is born a son, Vámiq, the hero of the story, who, as he grows up, becomes famous for his beauty and talents. Azrá, a very beautiful girl, falls in love with him by hearsay. Her nurse, perceiving her passion, advises her to be patient, since she is a King's daughter. She causes her portrait to be painted, and Vámiq sees it and falls in love with her. His father finds him wandering in the woods, distraught with love; and, having vainly exhorted him to control his passion, finally grants him permission to go off with his foster-brother, Behmen, to seek for the object of his desire. The two accordingly set out, and travel on till they reach a high mountain beside a great plain. They are greatly afflicted with thirst, but finally reach the fountain of the King of the Fairies, Láhiján, in Mount Elburz, who receives them kindly, and confides to them that he is in love with a fairy called Ferí, the daughter of the King of the genies, or *jinn*, of Mount

Qáf. The latter invades the territories of the Fairy-King, who, however, conquers him and marries his daughter Ferí. These two than set out with Vámiq to help him in his search after ᶜAzrá. Vámiq and his foster-brother Behmen inadvertently trespass on the hunting-grounds of King Ardeshír, who attacks them. In the fight which ensues, Behmen captures Ardeshír, but Vámiq is wounded. Ardeshír's daughter, the Princess Dilpezír, comes with much treasure to ransom her father, and all repair together to the Castle Dil-Kushá, where Vámiq's wounds are treated by the physician Pír with theriacum. Meanwhile Túrí Qahramán, King of Balkh, comes with an army to demand from the Princess the surrender of Vámiq and Behmen. He is met with a refusal, and thereupon lays siege to the fortress of Nakhjuván, where they are. In the battle which ensues, Behmen is taken prisoner, and the Princess Dil-pezír flies with Vámiq and Pír to Castle Dil-Kushá to implore the aid of Láhiján and his wife Ferí, who have reached this place in their search for ᶜAzrá, to whose adventures the story now turns. Her father, perceiving her passion, enquires concerning its duration and object of her nurse, who, moved to pity by her sorrows, flies with her in the autumn season to Herát, where they take lodgings in the house of an old woman. Thither come also the Princess Dil-pezír and Pír the physician, who find ᶜAzrá and her nurse and tell them all that has happened, whereupon they resolve to go to ᶜUmán disguised as merchants. The Fairy-King Láhiján, while flying over the sea, hears from a ship beneath him the wailing of ᶜAzrá for Vámiq and of Dil-pezír for Behmen. He brings the ship to the nearest island, where the voyagers disembark; then all four mount on *divs* and fly off, Láhiján going in front to carry the good news to Vámiq, who is soon united to ᶜAzrá, whereupon they continue their journey to Balkh to deliver Behmen from his Turanian captor. A battle

takes place, the Turanian King is defeated and flies to the land of Antún the Frank, and Vámiq releases Behmen from prison; but, while they are still rejoicing over their success, Antún's army comes and digs pitfalls, into one of which Vámiq falls. His friends pray Heaven to release him, and at this juncture arrives King Merzuban of Tús, who has also fallen in love with ʿAzrá from a portrait of her which he has seen, and who now delivers her, together with Dil-pezír, Behmen, Pír and the nurse, from Antún's hands, after which, like Mejnún he goes mad with love of ʿAzrá. Antún and the King of Túr are defeated, and flee to the Persian Gulf, taking with them Vámiq, who remains a captive in their hands. After being driven about for six days by storms, they fall into the hands of Indian fire-worshippers, who set them in the midst of a great fire, intending to sacrifice them to their god. Antún and the King of Túr are burned to ashes, but so great is the flame of Vámiq's love that the fire cannot prevail against him, seeing which the Indians fall at his feet and adore him. Meanwhile ʿAzrá, Dil-pezír, Behmen, Pír and the nurse set out to search for Vámiq. They reach, in the course of their wanderings, the land of the Zengís, or Abyssinians, who take them prisoners. Helhilán, King of the Zengís, who holds captive Humá, the daughter of the King of Cashmere, attempts to assault ʿAzrá and Dil-pezír at a carouse, but is overcome by them. Humá and ʿAzrá commiserate one another, and relate to one another their histories. Meanwhile Vámiq, having escaped from the Indians, wanders, like a second Mejnún, over hill and dale, holding converse only with the wild beasts and birds. At length he joins a caravan which brings him to the Castle of Helhilán, whom he defeats, and who flies to Merzubán of Tús, taking with him ʿAzrá and Humá. Merzubán, however, instead of helping him, casts him into prison, and sends a messenger to his castle to bring

Vámiq, Dil-pezír, Behmen, Pír and the nurse. Thus Vámiq and ᶜAzrá are again united. The former asks Merzubán's permission to visit his parents, but, as it is winter, Merzubán advises him not to go himself, and sends Pír to King Ardeshír and the nurse to the King of Ghazna to invite them to the wedding. At this juncture comes the news that Ferí has been captured by the demon Ghúr. Vámiq thereupon hastens to Mount Qáf, where he finds Láhiján sadly perplexed by the loss of his wife Ferí. By the aid of a talisman, however, he finally, after overcoming many dangers from demons and dragons, reaches the grave of King Tahmúras the Demon-binder (*Dív-bend*), and effects the release of Ferí, whom he restores to Láhiján. All three than repair to Tús, where, after a great feast, Vámiq is married to ᶜAzra, Behmen to Dil-pezír, Helhilán (who has been released from captivity at ᶜAzrá's request) to Humá, and Pír the physician to ᶜAzrá's nurse; and so the story ends.

3. *Vísa and Rámín.*

The story opens with the celebration of the *Nev-rúz*, or Persian New Year, by the King of Jurján, who converses with the ladies of his court. One of these, Shehrev or Shehr-bánú, wife of Munqád the King of Merv excited by the carouse, describes to him the charms of her daughter, Vís or Vísa, so graphically that there and then he falls in love with her. Next day Shehr-bánú regrets what she has done, fearing lest it may lead to the invasion of her husband's territory. She sets out for Merv, and, on her arrival there, tries to peruade her husband Munqád to give Vís in marriage at once to her cousin Veyrev. Meanwhile the King of Jurján sends his old nurse to Merv to gather further information about Vís; and, on hearing her favourable report,

despatches an ambassador to her father Munqád to demand her hand in marriage. Munqád, having taken counsel with his wife, returns answer that his daughter is already betrothed, whereupon the King of Jurján sends his general Behrám to make war upon him. He and his wife and daughter, and her betrothed, unable to withstand this attack, shut themselves up in the Castle of Mehábád, whence they presently escape to Herát. The King of that city, Fírúz Sháh, also falls in love with the beautiful Vís, and, at a feast to which he bids the fugitives, succeeds in poisoning the cousin to whom she is bethrothed. Soon afterwards, however, he is in turn defeated and killed by Behrám, the King of Jurján's victorious general, who marries Fírúz Sháh's daughter, Shems-bánú, and seats himself on the throne of Herát. Vísa and her parents, however, make their escape into Túrán, where the King's son, Rámín Sháh, sees and falls in love with her. He invites her to a banquet, which she attends, fortified with good advice from her mother as to how she shall conduct herself, and afterwards plays chess with him, listens to music and the amorous songs of singing girls, dances, and propounds and answers riddles. Meanwhile the Khán of Túrán, troubled at his son's infatuation, takes counsel with his ministers, and finally determines to place Rámín in custody and to banish Vísa. The lovers endeavour to console themselves and each other with letters, but Rámín's passion finally drives him into temporary madness, which none of the physicians can cure. His father thereupon takes him to a holy sheykh, under whose care he recovers his reason, and is then permitted to marry Vísa. Shortly afterwards the Khán of Túrán dies, and Rámín succeeds to the throne, but is taken captive by brigands disguised as dervishes, who cast him into prison. Thence he is released by Bihzád, with whom he crosses the Oxus, falls in with and joins himself to a company of holy men, and

eventually reaches Herát, where he finds and recovers his beloved Vísa. After defeating and slaying a minister who has rebelled against him, he seeks out a great sheykh, and, under his guidance and direction, dedicates himself to the mystic and contemplative life.

4. *Taper and Moth.*

Taper (*Shem*ᶜ) and Moth (*Pervâne*) appear in this romance as proper names. The former, described as a beautiful dark-haired and rosy-cheeked maiden, dwells in the Sunset-land, constantly waited on by two slaves, a Greek named Camphor (*Káfúr*) and a negro called Ambergris (ᶜ*Anbar*). At a banquet which she gives to her friends, two of the guests, named Bottle and Glass, fall to quarreling, until at length Wine makes peace between them. At this point there enters the banquet-hall a poor, lovelorn stranger from the East, namely Moth (*Pervâne*), the hero of the tale. He catches sight of Taper in her pavilion, and falls in love with her. Ambergris the slave chides him for intruding uninvited into the feast. He thereupon turns appealingly to Taper, who withdraws her veil and thereby completes her conquest. Moth, overcome by her beauty, wanders out into the garden, where he remains all night. In the morning Zephyr, the gardener, comes to tend the flowers, which he finds all in confusion and disarray from the previous night's carouse. Hearing a moaning in a corner of the garden, he proceeds thither and discovers Moth, with whom he converses. He than goes to King Spring (*Behár*) to complain of the confusion of the garden; and Spring sends his *emír* Lightning to punish the flowers for their disorderliness. Lightning rears his red banner and rushes on the garden to execute the King's commands, but Moth intercedes with God, who causes the storm to pass

by. Taper now plans another banquet, and sends her slave Ambergris to invite Moth to be present. There ensues a dispute of the usual *munázara* type between Ambergris and Camphor as to their respective merits, which is brought to an end by the appearance of a radiant sheykh or saint named Núru'lláh, "the Light of God," who gives a mystical explanation of the subject of their dispute. Lastly at a third and final banquet, Taper orders Moth to be brought into her immediate presence, whereupon, overcome with ecstasy of love, he dies at her feet, and she, overcome with regret, weeps great tears all through the night and expires in the morning.

5. *The Contention of Spring and Winter.*

In this poem, which describes in allegorical form the contest of the seasons, Spring and Winter are represented as two great rival Kings, while Summer is but the friend and ally of the former, and Autumn the harbinger and herald of the latter. The poem opens at the point when Winter, encamped on Mount Olympus, has driven spring from Brusa and the surrounding country, and compelled him to retreat with his forces to the plains beside the sea-shore. Spring now prepares to attack his enemy, but before doing so sends him in due form a summons to withdraw, which he entrusts to his herald, the Zephyr. Winter, on receiving this challenge, rages more furiously than ever, tears up the message and casts it in Zephyr's face, and calls on his hosts to attack Spring without delay. Spring thereupon prepares to resist him, and first sends forward the snow-drops as scouts into the enemy's territory. These are soon re-inforced by the primroses and other spring flowers, and the earth opens its treasures to the advancing conqueror, pouring forth the silver of the brooks,

the jewels of the flowers, and all its other hidden riches. The marshalling of Spring's army is next described; the red-capped anemones are compared to Turkmáns, the tulips to the *ʿazebs* or light horse, the jonquils and daffodils to the janissaries, the camomile and jasmine to the *ághá* (sergeant) and *kyáya* (intendant) of that corps, while the violets, lilies, and other spring flowers are made to represent other branches of the service. When all is ready, the bitterns begin to drum, and the cuckoos, dervish-like, to cry "*Yá Hú!*" Meanwhile Winter has entrenched himself in the depths of Mount Olympus, and, no longer venturing to attack by day, confines himself to night-attacks, in which his battalions, led by Frost and icy Wind, swoop down on the advancing hosts of Spring, which however, as soon as the sun appears, drive them back into the mountains. Spring encourages his army, telling them that Winter's efforts will but complete his downfall the sooner. The four winds are here introduced, and hold discussion together. Then Spring's army begins again to advance, and captures the two shrines of Daghli Baba and Geyikli Baba at the foot of Mount Olympus. Thence they extend gradually higher and higher until they drive the forces of Winter out of their last entrenchments. After a period of rest and enjoyment passed in all delight, the hospitable lord Summer invites Spring to a magnificent banquet, which is the culminating point of the romance; for after it Spring falls sick, spoiled, together with his army, by surfeit of luxury. Winter, informed of this by the spies whom he keeps in Spring's camp, is filled with joy, and bids his vassal Autumn Blast go with his raiders and ravage the realms of Spring, choosing for the moment of attack the autumnal Equinox. This assault, which spreads consternation through the camp of Spring, is followed up at a short interval by a summons to surrender addressed by Winter to Spring in terms as haughty and

insolent as those employed by Spring at the beginning of his successes. Winter then advances in force with his soldiers of the Frost and the Rime, and gradually reconquers from Spring all the territory which he had lost.

6. *The Seven Effigies* (*Heft Peyker*).

The hero of this famous romance, which forms the subject of one of the Persian Nizámí's five great mesneví poems, known collectively as the *Khamse* ("Quintet") or *Penj Genj* ("Five Treasures"), is the Sásánian King Behrám V, better known as *Behrám Gúr*, or "Behrám the Wild Ass," on account of his fondness for hunting this animal.[1] This prince was as a boy sent by his father Yezdigird to be brought up in the open, wholesome life of the Desert by his Vassal, Nuʿmán, the Arabian King of Híra, who caused him to be educated in all knightly accomplishments with his own son Munzir. Then Nuʿmán sought out the cunning architect Sinimmár, and bade him build for the young Prince's habitation the incomparable Palace of Khavernaq. When it was finished, the architect rashly boasted that he could build an edifice yet more splendid, whereupon Nuʿmán, fearing lest his Palace should be outdone, caused the unfortunate Sinimmár to be cast down from the highest battlement.

And now Behrám began to develop that passion for the chase for which he afterwards became so famous; mounted on his horse Ashqar he would spend days in pursuing the

[1] The wild ass is, on account of its strength, speed and endurance, so highly esteemed in the East that the Arabs have a proverb "All game is [included] in the Wild Ass" (كُلُّ ٱلصَّيْدِ فِى جَوْفِ ٱلْفَرَا): said of anything which is the best of its kind. As the Persian Behrám V was called *Gúr*, "the Wild Ass," so was the last Umayyad Caliph Merwán II nicknamed *al-Ḥimár*, "the Ass," and in both cases the name seems to have been intended in a complimentary sense.

swift wild asses in the Desert, and in fighting with lions and dragons. One day, when, resting from his favourite pastime, he was wandering through his Palace of Khavernaq, he came upon a closed door which he had not previously noticed. Prompted by curiosity, he made his way into the room to which it gave access, and there discovered seven pictures (the "Seven Effigies" after which the Romance is named) representing as many beautiful princesses, to wit, Fúrek, daughter of the King of India; Nuᶜmán-i-Náz, daughter of the Kháqán of Turkistán; Humáy, daughter of the Cæsar; Nesrín-núsh, daughter of the King of the Slavs; Ázeriyún, daughter of the King of the Sunset-land; Durustí, daughter of the Persian Kisrá (Chosroes), and Náz-Perí, daughter of the King of Khwárezm or Khiva, with all of whom he straightway fell in love. He had, however, no time to think of such things just than, for news suddenly reached them that his father Yezdijird had died, and that a usurper had seized the throne. Thereupon he at once set out for Persia, and, after a brief struggle, defeated the usurper, and seated himself on his father's throne.

One day, soon after his accession, he was out hunting, accompanied by a favourite slave-girl named Fitne ("Mischief"), who had the boldness to challenge his skill in archery by defying him to shoot a wild ass through the hoof. Just as the King bent his bow to shoot, the animal put up its foot to scratch its ear, and the arrow, unerringly aimed, transfixed hoof and ear together. Fitne, so far from exhibiting any great enthusiasm or admiration, merely remarked, "Practice makes perfect!" Behrám was so angered at this that he ordered her to be put to death, but she, by her entreaties, prevailed on the executioner to let her escape. She then took up her abode in a remote village, and, obtaining a young calf, made a practice of carrying it daily on her shoulders up a flight

of stairs. Her strength waxed in proportion to its growth, and in time a rumour reached Behrám of a wonderful girl in a certain village who could carry a full-grown bull up a flight of stairs. Moved by curiosity he visited the place, saw the performance, recognized his former favourite, and complimented her on her achievement, to which again she replied, "Practice makes perfect!" Behrám thereupon not only forgave her, but made her his wife.

Behrám, having successfully repelled an invasion of his territory by the Kháqán of Turkistán, at length has leisure to think once more of the seven beautiful princesses whose portraits he saw in the Palace of Khavernaq, and sends ambassadors to their respective fathers to demand their hands in marriage. All the ambassadors return with favourable replies, whereupon Behrám entertains his nobles at a splendid banquet, at which Sheydá, a pupil of Sinimmár, who had assisted his master in the building of Khavernaq, offers to construct for the King a gorgeous palace in which to receive and entertain the seven princesses. Having received the King's commands to do this, he makes in the palace seven Pavilions or Belvideres (the *Heft Manzar*) for the seven princesses, each decorated in a different colour appropriate to its mistress and to the planet which presides over her destiny. When all is completed, and Sheydá, more fortunate than his master Sinimmár, has been fitly rewarded for his skill and labour, the Princesses are installed each in her own pavilion, and Behrám proceeds to visit them in turn. Beginning on Saturday, he first visits the Princess of India, who inhabits the Black Pavilion, presided over by Saturn; on Sunday he goes to the Kháqán's daughter in the Yellow Pavilion dedicated to the Sun; on Monday, to the Princess of Khwárezm in the Green Pavilion of the Moon; on Tuesday to the Slavonic Princess in the Red Pavilion dedicated to Mars; on Wednes-

day to the Princess of the Sunset-land in the Blue Pavilion dedicated to Mercury; on Thursday to the Persian Kisrá's daughter in the Sandal-wood-coloured Pavilion dedicated to Jupiter, and on Friday to Cæsar's daughter Humáy in the white Pavilion dedicated to Venus. On each occasion Behrám, out of compliment to the Princess whom he is visiting, arrays himself in garments of her colour; and each Princess in turn entertains him with a long story, these stories forming a considerable portion of the book.

In addition to the above matter, the Romance gives some account of the institutions of Behrám, and of various acts of justice performed by him, and concludes with the well-known story of his death, which is said to have been caused by his falling into, and being engulphed by, a morass or quaking bog, while engaged in his favourite sport of hunting the wild ass. He was never seen again, and, as the Persians punningly say, "the *gúr* (or wild-ass) became his *gúr* (or tomb)."

7. *The King and Beggar* (*Sháh u Gedá*).

The portion of this romance not analysed in the text (pp. 122—125 *supra*) is in brief as follows. Gedá comes to Constantinople and there, in the At Meydán, sees Sháh, whom he immediately recognizes as the original of his vision, walking with three companions. Having learned his name, and been warned of his harshness towards such as would seek his friendship, he indites a *ghazel* to the object of his admiration. His friends in vain counsel him to desist, and finally take him to an aged saint, who prays that his passion may pass away, but he requests the saint rather to pray that it may increase, whereupon his friends, deeming his madness incurable, leave him. Hitherto Gedá has revealed to no one the object of his passion, but one day, while out walking, he meets Sháh, and is so overcome that he is obliged to

lean against a wall for support. Sháh addresses him kindly, and offers to intercede with his beloved for him. Gedá, having exacted a promise of secrecy, tells Sháh to look in a mirror which he hands him if he would behold the object of his affections. Sháh thereupon departs in anger. Gedá next falls in with some men playing chess, and enters into conversation with them. His repeated allusions to the King (Sháh) finally disclose to them his secret. A perfidious rival next gains his confidence, and then slanders him to Gedá, who writes him a letter, upbraiding him with the disclosure of his secret, and bidding him leave the town. This Gedá accordingly does, and for some years dwells in solitude, lamenting his banishment. Finally his sighs and tears so affect Sháh that he falls ill. Gedá prays for his recovery and writes him a letter, which again arouses Sháh's displeasure. Again his friends endeavour to persuade him of the futility and folly of his attachment, but in vain. He prays the Sun and Moon to intercede with his beloved on his behalf, but in vain, and then prays to God to the same effect. Gedá then returns to the city and makes friends with a broker, or slave-dealer, whom he induces to offer him for sale as a slave in the market. Sháh sees and recognizes him, and bids the broker not to sell him without his permission. Gedá next obtains a wretched old horse, and on it rides to Sháh's house to visit him. On his arrival there the horse drops dead, and Gedá bewails its death in a poem wherein he incidentally laments his own unrequited affection. The next scene discloses Gedá wandering in a garden in the Spring season, and stopping the gardener from plucking the flowers. Sháh and his comrades enter the garden and remain there till night comes on, when each of them relates a love-story from his own experience. Finally Gedá falls ill, and sends a message to Sháh entreating him to visit him before he

dies. Sháh comes, and by his gracious and kindly behaviour restores Gedá to health. To ascertain how much Sháh cares about Gedá, some of his comrades inform him that the latter is dead, whereat Sháh manifests the deepest sorrow, until the trick is explained to him. Sháh again meets Gedá, who is disguised, recognizes him, and invites him to his house, but a rival again intervenes and obtains his dismissal. They again meet, and Sháh promises to visit Gedá one day in his house, but adds that if he finds him from home when he comes, he will never see him again. Gedá remains in his house for a whole month, but Sháh does not come to him. He is again reproached by his friends for his hopeless passion, but he tells them that he has not been unrequited for his faithfulness, since Sháh once came to visit him in a dream. The poem ends, as described on p. 124 *supra*, with the "Call from the Unseen" which bids Gedá recognize all earthly love as based on illusion, and declares to him that the love of God's Eternal Beauty can alone satisfy.

8. *The Khayrábád.*

This Romance of Nábí's is, in its earlier portion, partly based on the *Iláhí-náme* ("Divine Book") of the Great Persian mystic Ferídu'd-Dín ᶜAttár (killed in the sack of Níshápúr by the Mongols about A. H. 627 = A. D. 1230), and the story is also alluded to by Nizámí. The scene is laid at the court of Khurrem Sháh, King of Jurján, and the story opens with a great banquet given by him to his nobles and courtiers, at which are present his young favourite Jávíd and a gifted poet, Fakhr-i-Jurján.[1] The latter falls in love with Jávíd, whom the King thereupon presents to him, to the astonish-

[1] This is the name of a real poet, the author of the Persian romance of Vísa and Rámín described at pp. 360—362 *supra*, who flourished in the middle of the eleventh century of our era.

ment of all who are present. The poet Fakhr, distracted between love of Jávíd and fear lest the King may change his mind when the wine is out of him, determines to await what the morrow may bring forth, and meanwhile shuts up Jávíd in a vault under the throne, the key of which he entrusts, in the presence of the courtiers, to the warden of this chamber.

When the King awakes next morning, he bitterly regrets what he has done, but, disdaining to make manifest his sorrow for the loss of his favourite, he seats himself on his throne and proceeds to transact his business as usual. The key of the vault under the throne is brought to him, and the courtiers explain to him that his favourite is shut up there. Overjoyed, he descends into the vault, where he finds only a heap of ashes, whence he concludes with sorrow that Jávíd has been burned in a conflagration caused by one of the candles. Both the King and the poet are distracted with grief; the latter betakes himself to the Desert, while the former makes over the affairs of the state to his ministers, and announces his intention of remaining in the vault, there to end his days in meditation and prayer. Here the story, as told by Ferídu'd-Dín ʿAttàr, ends: what follows is added by Nábí.

Jávíd had not really perished in the fire which had consumed his bed. A cunning burglar named Chálák had made a tunnel leading to the vault under the throne, with a view to future robbery; and, happening to visit the vault on the night when Jávíd was confined there, he found him in imminent danger of destruction from the fire which had accidentally broken out during his sleep, and, having rescued him, bore him in a fainting condition to his own house. Jávíd, on recovering his senses, thanks Chálàk for saving his life, and promises to obtain for him a reward from the King, but insists on concealing his safety for a time in order to punish the King for making him over to Fakhr.

Meanwhile the King, keeping vigil in the vault, becomes sensible of a current of air, which he traces to the tunnel. He proceeds to explore the tunnel, which leads him to Chálák's house, where he finds Jávíd asleep. Jávíd wakes up and flees from the King, who follows him, pursued in turn by Chálák, on whose heels follow the watchman whom the noise has alarmed. Jávíd finally turns down a passage which leads him into a ruined mosque, in the centre of the courtyard of which is a deep well overshadowed by an old tree, in which Jávíd takes refuge, hoping to conceal himself amongst the leaves. However the branch to which he clings breaks, and he falls into the well. The King descends after him by means of a rope, followed by Chálák. Jávíd plunges into another subterranean passage, while the watchmen remain at the top of the well, casting stones at the fugitives. These follow the passage entered by Jávíd until it finally brings them to the bottom of another well, through which they ascend by means of a rope into a beautiful garden, in the midst of which they find a gorgeous pavilion, in which is a beautiful maiden. By her sits a hideous demon named Tamtám, who has long tormented the neighbourhood, and who has now come to seize and dishonour the maiden, whose mother and servants have fled, abandoning her to her fate. While the King and Jávíd, hidden amongst the trees, are considering what to do, they are seized by five of Tamtám's confederates and led into the pavilion, where the demon recognizes, insults, and threatens to kill them. Meanwhile Chálák arrives, and, seeing their peril, determines to save them. He first throws a pastille amongst the five confederates of Tamtám, who are engaged in drinking wine; this stupifies them, and he thereupon cuts off their heads. He next approaches the demon Tamtám, who is endeavouring to force the girl to submit to his odious embraces, and strikes off

his head also. The girl faints with terror, while the King thanks Chálák profusely for his well-timed interference and promises him a rich reward. Soon the girl recovers from her swoon, and she and her relatives and attendants, who have meanwhile returned, join their expressions of gratitude to those of Khurrem Sháh and Jávíd. Jávíd and the girl fall in love with each other at sight, and the King sees and approves. The party shortly breaks up, the King and Jávíd returning with Chálák to his house and thence to the vault beneath the throne.

At this point a fresh actor is introduced, the King of Kirmán, an old enemy of Khurrem Sháh, who, constantly defeated in open battle, sends an assassin to attempt the life of the King of Jurján. This assassin, watching for his opportunity, thinks to fall upon the King in the vault, and to this end first drugs the guard. On descending into the vault he finds no one, but, hearing voices, burns a stupefying drug, against the fumes of which he has first protected himself by an antidote. Khurrem Sháh and Jávíd are rendered insensible by the fumes, and the former is then bound and carried on to the roof of the vault by the assassin, who thence lets him down to the ground, but is himself seized by Chálák, who has being watching his proceedings, and compelled to confess his designs. Chálák then arouses Khurrem Sháh, and together they lead the assassin to the house of the latter, bind him firmly, and return for Jávíd. The three emerge from the vault just as the minister who has been appointed regent in the King's absence has determined to beseech his master to resume the rains of government. Khurrem Sháh's appearance is therefore hailed with acclamation, and he once more mounts the throne. He enquires after the poet Fakhr, and, being informed that he is wandering distracted in the desert, orders him to be brought

before him. At the general wish, Fakhr asks the King to explain by what mystery Jávíd is still alive and in health, and the King tells the story, specially praising the conduct of Chálák, who, being richly rewarded, not only abandons robbery himself, but, by handsome gifts and eloquent persuasion, induces all the thieves of the city to follow his example. A week of general rejoicings and illuminations of the city ensue, after which Khurrem Sháh marries Jávíd to the girl of the pavilion in the garden with great pomp and circumstance, conferring on the bridegroom a robe of honour and a high post at the Court. Chálák, without informing anyone of his intention, goes off to Kirmán to take prisoner the treacherous King of that city, whom he drugs and brings back with him to his house, where he shuts him up with the assassin whom he had sent to kill Khurrem Sháh. He then informs Khurrem Sháh of what he has done, and he, disregarding the advice of his ministers to put the King of Kirmán to death, summons him before him and treats him with honour. The two Kings dwell together for some time and become firm friends, and finally the King of Kirmán is permitted to return to his country, while the heroes of the story, Khurrem Sháh, Jávíd and Chálák, spend the rest of their lives in happiness and content.

This concludes the abstracts which, as it would appear, the author intended to incorporate in this Appendix; for the long analysis of Ghálib's "Beauty and Love" (*Husn u ᶜIshq*) included in the same packet may more fitly be assigned to the next volume, in which that poet and his work will be discussed. The analyses of Lámiᶜí's poems, except the Seven Effigies, appear to have been taken directly from Hammer-Purgstall's *Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst* vol. II, pp. 29—112 (Budapest, 1836); and the same is probably the case as regards Yahyá Bey's King and Beggar and Nábí's Khayrábád.

[۲۵۲] قنی ساقیا اول می جانفزا
[۲۵۳] آه کیم باغرم ینه پیمانه گیبی طولدی خون
[۲۵۴] آلدی اطرافی عدو امداده عسکر یوقمیدر
[۲۵۵] حافظا بغداده امداد اینمگه ار یوقمیدر
[۲۵۶] صانمگ که فلك دور ایله شامی سحر ایلر
[۲۵۷] اسدی نسیم نو بهار اچلدی گللر صباحدم
[۲۵۸] بهار ایردی ینه باغه دوشندی نطع زنکاری
[۲۵۹] دللر طوبارمی گورمگه جنگ ایچره نیزه‌سن
[۲۶۰] آفرین لطفگه ای باد نسیم .
[۲۶۱] مرحبا ای جان مینای می یاقوت رنگ
[۲۶۲] بنم اول نفعی روشن دل وصافی گوهر
[۲۶۳] اغیاره نگاه ایتمدیکگ ناز صانوردم
[۲۶۴] یوقلمز سن هیچ وارمی دلده داغن یاره‌سن
[۲۶۵] سویلشلمز چرخله گه شویله گاهی بویله در
[۲۶۶] سعادتیله ندیم اولهلی پدر خانه
[۲۶۷] ای زلف خم اندر خم قلّاب محبّت
[۲۶۸] آجی سوزلر نیّت ایلرسگ ده اولمم بیاحضور
[۲۶۹] دفع غمده اولمز محتاج جامه جم‌گبی
[۲۷۰] چشم خونینم خیالگ شاهنی اعزاز ایدر
[۲۷۱] همیشه مردم چشمم غدار یاره بقر
[۲۷۲] اول ماه لقا زلف سیهکارینی چوزدی
[۲۷۳] گل ای نشوه دار شراب الستت
[۲۷۴] زمان عیش وشادیدر دم اقبال دوراندر
[۲۷۵] خانه‌گه گلدکجه زیر پای خوش رفتارین اوپ

[۲۷۶] بو دمده یوسف اقبال دوران کارفرمادر
[۲۷۷] گچدی قلیمجدن فتن روزگار
[۲۷۸] فنای روزگاری اگ ایکنده عیش ونوش اینمه
[۲۷۹] ایدرسه او بت شیرین دهان رقص
[۲۸۰] فغان ای مولوی دلبر که چشم فتنه انگیزگ
[۲۸۱] ایلدم چشم گریه طوفانی
[۲۸۲] طاغتدگ خواب ناز یاری ای فریاد نیلرسن
[۲۸۳] گچدی دل راه طلبدن کام دنیادن بیله
[۲۸۴] راضیم دوران بنی بر لحظه خندان اینمسون
[۲۸۵] عالمی باد سحرخیز که سیران ایلر
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[۲۸۷] ای کلك سیه‌جامه اگرچه دو زبانسن
[۲۸۸] بلبل آغلر غنچه‌نگ چاك گریبانن گورگ
[۲۸۹] امید وبیمدن بگا یا رب فراغ ویر
[۲۹۰] اطلس جاهه که عارفده تماشای گوربنور
[۲۹۱] یم آتشخروش دلده اولدقجه سکون پیدا
[۲۹۲] سن ویروبسن عاریت بو جان محزونی بگا
[۲۹۳] اسماء الهیده بی حدّ هنرم وار
[۲۹۴] اول منم کیم واقف اسرار علم آدمم
[۲۹۵] بر شهره ایشدی یولم درت یانی دوز میدان قمو
[۲۹۶] بارك الله گلستان بلبلاندر آسپوزی
[۲۹۷] ای حریم خاصّ بزم رؤیت پروردگار
[۲۹۸] فصل بهار باغ مرادم رسیده در
[۲۹۹] غیریدن بولمز تسلّی سودیکم

[۳۰۰] چشم انصاف قدر کامله میزان اولمز

[۳۰۱] گلگ اوراقنی باد خزان ایتدی نثار آخر

[۳۰۲] آدم اسیر دست مشیّت دگلمیدر

[۳۰۳] اوّل دلکی سیخ صداقنده کباب ایت

[۳۰۴] تازه خرامه گلمش اول شوخ نورسیده

[۳۰۵] یارگ اسیر خندهٔ خاطر فریبیوز

[۳۰۶] چوق گورمشز زوالنی غدّار اولانلرگ

[۳۰۷] بو گلستانده بنمچون نه گل نه شبنم وار

[۳۰۸] کیمدر اول کیم می منصبله اولوب شیرینکام

[۳۰۹] ای طرازندهٔ اقبال ابد

[۳۱۰] بر شب که مشاعل ستاره

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