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 Suleycmán. It is, as usual, in the terkib-bend form. There is one other stanza, the last of all, which I have not given. It is a panegyric on Suleycmán's son and successor Selim 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 Suleycmán. [214]

O thou, foot-tangled in the mesh of fame and glory's snare!
How long this last 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 beat. 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 Suleyman's time.
2 In this couplet begins the prayer for the patron, with which every quatrain ought to conclude.
3 The sun is compared to a candle, while by the silver candle-stick the silvery light of the candle reading or true dawn, appears to be meant.
4 The dark sky, studded with stars, is here regarded as a toled bowl inlaid with gold, given to the Sultan to enhance the glory of his beam.
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 Dārā'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!
Wearyed 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 Shāh-Nāma. Matthew Arnold's poem on the fatal combat between Rustem
   and his son Suhrāb has made this champion's name familiar to English readers.
2 Iskender = Alexander the Great; Dārā = Darius.
3 There is here an allusion to the curved appearance of the vault of heaven.
4 An instance of Husn-i Ta'īl (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 erghawān, 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, narcissus-like, 9 till the Last Day be nigh.
Although the pearl-bestrewing cycn 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 (Suleyman) of Israel was supposed to rule over the fairies and demons as well as over mankind.
3 The huma, which has been already mentioned more than once, is a fabulous bird so auspicious that he on whom its shadow tall, becomes a king.
4 That is, the Universe.
5 The shadow of God in the world is a title of the Sultan. An appendix at Dr. H. H.'s history, it was employed as early as the beginning of the eleventh century of our era by Sultan Mahommed of Ghana. 11
6 The hyacinth of the mountain represent it him.
7 The tear, are the tulip.
8 See p. 154 supra n. 1
9 See p. 154 supra n. 2
10 The tear-shedding eye, weeping at thy breast.
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 have 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 Suleýmán died in camp before Szigeth in Hungary.
³ Husn-i Ta'ālîl 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 girîbân 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 Kemâl's Elegy on Selîm I (p. 19, supra).
Suleýmán was, like his father, both a poet and a soldier.
⁷ Iban, 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.
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 Gházi. ³

Here are six ghazels from Báqi's Diwán:

Ghazel. [215]

On the thorn of dale 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,
Whereasoc'yer 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 Suleyman.
³ Gházi ve Shehid, 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 Cautener,
who lived at the court of Ahmed III, says in his History of Turkey: “The
Turks are persuaded that he (Suleyman) was a great favourite of heaven,
because he not only lost his life at the siege of Szigeth, and so became Shehid,
but was also Gházi, two cities being taken under the conduct of his relents,
and annexed to the Ottoman Empire.”
⁴ The zone, as we have already seen (vol. ii, p. 44, n. 4), distinctive of the paynim,
and is often mentioned as a symbol of a cruel beauty’s end. Here the meaning
is that all the heartless lovely ones have to recognize thee a. their sovereign
⁵ When sorrowful, the heart is said to be straitened or closed (atm), when
joyful, to be opened or expanded (karshada). The heart “bleed” when it groves.
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 peaches² 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-bient 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 Ṭūsman Empery, O Life.

Like Bāqī’s poetry, that bowl, my verse, doth circle all the earth;
So now the Jámi 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 haucinth is the type of luxuriant locks; when dark-coloured it may be described as Indian.
² Sheftalī means both a peach and a kiss (vol. ii, p. 371, n. 1). Its use here is an instance of ihám or amphibology, both meanings being intended.
³ The perfumers sold musk wrapped up in bits of red silk; here, by Husn-i Ta’līl, Bāqī 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 redif of this ghazel may be the beloved, human or Divine: or possibly, the poet’s own soul.
⁵ Jámi, the great Persian poet, derived his name from his native town, Jám in Khurasán; but Jámi may also be taken to mean ‘He of the Bowl.’ There is a Tejnis 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 niche² of thine eyebrow the moon bowed 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 Báqi, 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 say 'the reverse.'
⁴ When the flute is filled with the player's breath it swells as at with yearning (see p. 342 supra, n. 1). The word hawa, which is used here, means 'passion' as well as 'air' or 'breath'; it is another instance of than, both meanings being kept in view.
⁵ We have met the comb before (see 4th verse of poem no. 115). It is generally spoken of with palkaray by the poets, as being allowed to play freely with the beloved's hair. The 'shredding' referred to in the verse is the cutting to form the teeth.
⁶ On '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 qasida.

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 hands² 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.

Bâqi, amid the garden lie the leaves in sad deray;
Meseems, low lying there, against the wind of Fate they plain.

Bâqi is the last great poet of the Suleymanic 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.

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 Jelil of Buṣra who wrote two mesnevis, one on the story of Leyla and Mejnum, the other on that of Khusrav and Shirin, 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 Bâqi's influence throughout the whole of the Classical and the first part of the Transition Period etc.
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 Shâh-Nâma is probably a myth, seeing that, as Qinâli-zâde says, no one has ever seen or heard so much as a single couplet from it. Muʿâdî of Qalqandelen near Uskub is a romantic poet of some note. He is said to have written a series of seven mesnevis as a Response to the Khamsa of Nizâmî, three of which are mentioned by name in my MS. of Latifi: Khusrev u Shirîn; Gul u Nev-Rûz or Rose and New-Year;¹ and Shemî u Perwâna 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 Emri, Gharâmî, Rahîmî, and Fevrî, the last of whom is interesting, since he was a Hungarian or German taken prisoner in childhood by Turkish marauders. Among chroniclers there are Shukrî the Kurd, who wrote a riming history of Selim I; Nigârî, a naval officer, who describes the victories gained by the Turkish Admiral Sinân Pasha over the Spanish fleet; and Nidârî, who sings the triumphs of the Admiral Piyâla over the Christians at Jerba.

¹ The New-Year’s Day (Nev-Rûz) 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 Muʿâdî who flourished somewhat later; but as Latifi, who knows nothing of this later writer, attributes a Shemî u Perwâna to Muʿâdî of Qalqan-Delen, the only poet of the name he mentions, and as Qinâli-zâde, to whom the later author is known, does not credit him with any mesnevi at all, I cannot help thinking that there is here some slight confusion.
We must now bid farewell to our old friend and guide Latifi, 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 Sehi Bey, whose Tezkira appeared a few years before his own, Latifi 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; Latifi 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, Latifi'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 Latifi 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 (Beharistan) and Nevarí in his Parties of the Elegant (Mejalis-un-Nefá'ís) had done for those of Persia. ¹ Latifi lived for many years after writing his Tezkire, which was finished in 953 (1546–7); Hajjí Khahfa and Von Hammer place his death in 960 (1582–3), but Qináli-záde, who wrote in 961 (1585–6), says that he was then living in Constantinople, a feeble old man awaiting the salutation of Death.

¹ Nevarí's work treats of Eastern Turkish as well as of Persian poets.
Besides being a biographer of poets, Latifi 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 keep 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;  
Sooth the hundred-leafed rose 2 of his bright early verse's a book.

He hath found the friend withouten fault of blame within the world, 3  
O Latifi, he whose cherished ever constant fare'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 "Ashiq Chelebi 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 Hájjí Khalifa and Professor Khájí. The latter states, at p. 203 of his excellent Esámí, or Biographical Dictionary (Constantinople, A. H. 1308), that "Ashiq 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 Süleyman. For by the absorption in 970 (1562—3) of the tiny Principality of the Beni Ramazan 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 contradiction 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 Ghazáli’s ét-Tibra‘-mésbák fi nasá’ihlí-Mulák, and produced some very fair poetry, of which Professor Náji cites one couplet. Reference is made to his various literary productions in the following articles of Hajjí Khattá’s great bibliographical dictionary: — Nos. 2366, 2815, 4772, 5536, 6558, 6585, 7393, 7490, 7697 and 12059. From these references we learn that his proper name was Muhammád b. ‘Áli al-Báqá‘i, and that he died (as stated by Náji) in 979. His original works include his Biography of Poets (properly entitled Mésbák ‘l-Shá’ará‘), a Diwan (apparently very rare, since Hajjí Khattá says that he had seen seven couplets from it cited in the Zubde), and a Shehr-şofiz, or “City-thriller.” In translation, he was still more prolific, for beside the Turkish version of Ghazáli’s above-mentioned work, he produced Turkish translations of the Compendium: History of el-Medina by ‘Iman el Han el Rümî; of Múhiyún’d-Dún Muhammád b. el-Khatlí’s Rawání’l Akhyár, of Ibn Túrimiyya’s és-Siyasatu ‘l-Shéhiyye, “wherein he sought to make known his case to Sultan Selim, and his inability to discharge his judicial functions,” of the Forty Traditions of ‘Iman Muhtesib of Belgradé, and of the Súfí Móney (es-Sháqá’iq n Númaníyye) of Tásh ‘Kyúrúth zade, to which he also added an Appendix or Zeyl, etc.]
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.

Selim II—Muhammed III. 974—1012 (1566—1603)

Selim II. Murad III. Muhammed III ('Adli).

From the accession of Selim II to the death of Murad 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 Selim II, Murad III, Muhammed III, Ahmed I, Mustafa I, 'Osman II, and Murad IV. As each one of these seven wrote verses, we have now, beginning with Murad 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 Suleymanic day; during the greater part Baqi was alive and supreme, and so the Suleymanic traditions are preserved, it is not until the appearance of Nev'i 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 Hudâ'î, sometimes 'Muhammedan,' in the most literal sense, as in the popular little work of Khâqânî. The qasîda, which is to reach its highest development at the hands of Nefî and his followers, begins to be more seriously cultivated. But the most obvious change is the decline of the romantic mesnevi. Never again does a poet come forward with his 'Response' to Nizâmî or Jâmî; it is no longer an object of ambition to rival the great Persian masters on their own ground. 'Âta'î is the only post-Suleyânîc writer who attempted a Khamsa; and the earlier poets would not have reckoned his work a Khamsa at all. Indeed, from this time long mesnevis 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 mesnevi 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 Murâd IV, these shorter mesnevis, following the lead of a contemporary Persian fashion, generally take the form of what was known as a Sâqî-Nâme or Cup-bearer-Book, that is a mesnevi 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 mesnevis is widened, until the Sâqî-Nâme sinks into the background, and finally disappears altogether.

The thirty years immediately following the death of Suleyân 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 Bâqî and the example of the great Suleyânîc 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, Nev'i and Rûhi, 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 Selîm II himself and his son and successor Murâd III.

Selîm 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 Selîm; 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, Selîm 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 'Osman when the hour of danger came. The most obvious of his failings earned for him the nickname of Most Sultan Selim or Sultan Selim the Sot; but if 'Ahdi 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.  

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.  

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 Selim 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 nuns writ on gleaming radiance, one would swear.\(^7\)

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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. 1, 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 ta'liq form of the letter nun \(ٍ\) is shaped something like an eyebrow.
On the charmer's cheek the down, methinks, Selim,
Is a tinge thy sighing's smoke hath painted there.

Selim's son and successor Murad III was, unlike his father, of a melancholy and somewhat morbid temperament. In the mystic teaching of the Sūfis 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 Selim; but immunity derived from such a source was of necessity but brief, and as Murad 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 Murad'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
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 Díván, which contains verses in Arabic and Persian as well as in Turkish, 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 makhlás 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.

Hubbi Qadin, or Dame Hubbi, 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 mesnevi. 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 Chelebi, a grandson of the famous Sheykh Aq Shemsud-Dín, who had been the Khoja or tutor of Selím II previously to his accession. In consequence of her husband’s position, Hubbi 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 Mukhtárá Efendi in his pamphlet entitled “our Poetesses” (Sha‘ír Khanimlarimiz). The date of Hubbi’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-Kopri-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 mulêmma (“patch work”).
book Ḍā'ī has inserted a long and appreciative account of his father, which forms an excellent and trustworthy source of information.

Nevṣ, or to give him his full name, Yahyá the son of Pír Ḍā'í, 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 Ḍā'í, superintended his studies, but when he reached his tenth year he joined the class of Qaramání-záde Muhammed Efendi, where he had for fellow-pupils Báqî, afterwards the famous lyrist, and Sa'îd-ud-Dín afterwards the great historian. On the completion of his course Nevṣ entered, as was inevitable, the body of the Ḍulemá. 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 Nevṣ had set out for his new post, Sultan Murád nominated him tutor to his son Prince Mustafa. The poet acquitted himself so well in this charge that, as they grew up, the young Princes Báyezid, Ḍusmán and Ṭāb-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. Nevî, 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-Qa'da of 1007 (June 1599). He was buried in the courtyard of Sheykh Wefâ's Mosque in Constantinople.

Nevî was a very learned man, and during the whole course of his life a passionate lover of study; 'as he was ever engrossed,' says Qinâli-zâde, '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 Netâ'ij-ul-Funûn or The Results of the Sciences, and a translation of the Fusûs-ul-Hikem which he executed at the desire of the Sultan.

In poetry, he modelled his style on that of Bâqi, 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 lyricist. Nevî tried his hand all round; 'in the qaṣâda,' says the courteous 'Abdî, 'he is perfect with the perfectness of the eloquent of old; in the mesnevi he excels among the friends through his graceful stories, and in the ghâzel his ideas are worthy

1 The full title runs: Netaq-ul-Funûn ve Muhâmmed Mum'in, "The Results of the Science", and the virtues of the Text.
of his elegant expression.' Concerning his mesnevis I have been able to discover nothing beyond the fact mentioned by his son ʿAtāʾi 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 ʿAtāʾi 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.' ʿHe mingled the real and typal loves² even as fire and water, thus is each of his qitās 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 qasídás 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-royal⁴ of rhetoric

¹ Compare pp. 136—137 supra.

² In the technical language of the mystics ʿashq-i haqiqi, 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: المحبة قنبلة للفقية.

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.  

Although the style of Nev'i is pedestrian, and his manner, formed on that of Báqi, 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 qasidas helped to pave the way for Nef'i in the next generation. In his historical romance of Jezmi, Kemál Bey speaks in high terms of Nev'i's poetry, and Professor Nájí allows that he wrote a good deal which can be read with pleasure even at the present day.

Nev'i 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'i, 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-faith sphere began to turn, ah me!
Since the Painter of all fashions limned the draught, existence:

1 Sihri halá, 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. 209 and 203. [10.]”

2 Magic faith (Fání or Khayal). The name fámis (from the Greek φανέρος) is given by the Turks to the glass or gauze 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 manifold 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 fânás-i Khayâl = magic shade (or fanal), or fânás-i
gerdân = 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 shadow¹ of the All-Pri. ever 'neath the dust;
Ne'er a pleasant tree abideth in whose shade to rest we're fain,
All those Moons of elf-figure,² fair as standards of the state,
In the coils of Death are tangled, ne'er a tugh-haired³ doth remain.
Bode not yonder Lights o' th' e'en⁴ 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 assail.
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;
Scarcely 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 sere doth it contain.
Justice from thy hand. O Sphere ungentle, justice 'tis, I pray:
Thou hast ta'en Murad, and with him taken earth's desire away.⁸

The little qasida which follows is what is called a Dariyye 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 elf-figure,' i.e., the bright ones with figures erect as the letter elf, 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-ayn, coolness of the eye, that is freedom from inlammation or redness of the eyes brought about by weeping, stands figurative for tranquillity of mind, happiness; to the line means, the happy time of the world is gone: the Princes were the Coolness, or Delight, of the world! Eye, 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 mod. or Venet. 1 are the young princes.
⁸ There is a pun here in the original, the name Murad being the Turkish counterpart of the French Dean.
⁹ In full, Qasida Dariyye, or Mansion-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,
I’ain would bring his maiden fancies there as offering to lay.
Lit its lantern’s lustre from the stanza bright of Anvari,
While the lines adown its windows Jámi’s fair diwán 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. 334, 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 íháms 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 ‘diwán’ meaning ‘couch’ and ‘collection of poems,’ both in the second line. The meanings of the names of the two Persian poets are likewise considered: Anvari = He of the Most Shining; Jámi = He of the Glass. The literal translation would run thus:
   The ray of its lamp-niche is kindled at the house of Him of the Most Shining;
   The hemistich of its glass (window) depicts the couch of Him of the Glass.
   The coupling of the dome is the fourth Ptolemaic sphere, that of the Sun. See vol. I, p. 45.
9 The Fourth Estrade is the fourth Ptolemaic sphere, that of the Sun.
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 huma of fair luck a lighting-place,
Though ’tis known of all the huma ne’er in any nest doth stay.⁴
Grant thine aidance unto Ne’vî, so he’ll be the time’s Zahir;
Sultan Suleymân hath made Bâqî the Selmán of the day.⁵

Azîzî 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-engiz 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-Qasida (vol. ii. p. 60, notes 2 and 3).
³ The gloomy and inauspicious Saturn is here, as often, made into a dusky Indian, see p. 147, n. 4 vol ii.
⁴ 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 Nevi wrote this qasida.
⁵ [The poet is probably thinking here of the following verse of Had]
temporary Stamboul. Little is known of ‘Azízí himself; Qínáli-záde, to whom he sent some rather commonplace verses for insertion in his Tezkire, speaks of him as holding the position of Kyáhya 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 Mustáfá and that he was a native of the capital, where he died, according to Riyádí, 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.

The words of ‘Atá’í when speaking of Báqa’í in his continuation to the Crimson Peony show the extent to which the learned class was at this time permeated by misogyny. Báqa’í, who died in 1003 (1594—5), was a man of some prominence in the ranks of the ʿulemá, and no doubt ‘Atá’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:

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 ʿulemá, with these shameful words, which in reality reflect disgrace only on himself and his caste: 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.

1 The words of ‘Atá’í when speaking of Báqa’í in his continuation to the Crimson Peony show the extent to which the learned class was at this time permeated by misogyny.
The interest attaching to this poet rests solely on his Shehr-engiz. 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 'Azízi'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-engiz, 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, Lámií, Zatí, 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 ne-punt, most of which are obvious enough and easily rectified. In my version I have corrected these and made one or two rather little emendations suggested by a friendly 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 equivoces and playful allusions of every description which is so characteristic of the Shehr-engiz. 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. Mesihí and Záti gave their boys only four lines apiece, but each of 'Azízi'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 Muzeyyín-Qízi Mihmán = Guest, the Barber's Daughter.
² Von Hammer prints this line (بیسمال ام دوکیتی برس مثلاً) which has neither meaning nor metre. Reading بیسمال برس (for بیسمال برس), 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: مسالمه ام دوکیتی برس بیسمال برس.
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 'Ayni.¹
Penba 'Ayni, 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 'Ayisha.³
One is Maid 'Ayisha, a beauty rare,
With loveliness and cheeks like 'Azra 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.'⁸

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,' etc.]

¹ Penba 'Ayni = Fountain of Cotton.
² We have seen this proverb before, See vol. ii, p. 256 and n. 1.
³ Gız 'Ayisha = Maid (or Daughter) 'Ayisha.
⁴ 'Azra, the heroine of the romance of Vamiq and 'Azra; there is a term
here between the name 'Azra (which mean, 'virgin,' 'maid,') and the word
'izān = cheek.
⁵ 'Oltanāsānī = 'Egān Fārisī = a proverb, much like our 'Man's heart never won fair lady.'
⁶ Jennet = Heaven, Paradise.
⁷ Kevser, the river in Paradise. See vol. i, p. 30.
With whomsoe'er foregathers yonder Woe, 1
He's of the 'blest' though yet on earth, I trow.

'Ayisha, the Poulterer's Daughter.
One 'Ayisha 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 Jihan. 3
One is a moon-face whom Jihan they name;
She 's like the 'world,' false, of heart-riev ing fame.
Although the 'world' doth naught of faith display,
From you sweetheart the soul ne'er wins away.
Let me but be with her in happy case,
Then be the 'world' divorced from my embrace.

La'l-Para. 4
Again La'l-Para 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
for كوف = neck, which is a mistake.
3 Jihan Râni = Lady of the World.
4 La'l-Pâra = Ruby-Chip. 5 Her lips.
5 Merjân du'âsî = 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 Merjân 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. 6 Azîzî's use of the expression may be
either complimentary or ironical.
Lady Kebara. 1

Kebara 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.

Jemila of the Fair Hands. 3

Another is Jemila 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 ^Alem. 4

White ^Alem 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.

Ayisha of the Ankles.

Ayisha of the Ankles too we see;
The 'merriest' 7 maiden of the day is she.

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1 Kebara Banu = 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 Tantany 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 Elferighazl Jemila = Beauty of the Fair Hands.
4 Aq ^Alem = White Universe.
5 Qaraqulhuqi — Black Watchman, here translated sergeant, w.r. the title of a subaltern of the Janissaries who commanded a night patrol of the guard of a grand house.
6 By a 'universe' is here meant a 'world of his own'.
7 There is here a pun between the name Ayisha and the word ayvah, 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 Rūhī of Baghdād is one of the best poets of this time, he is not mentioned by Qināli-zāde; so that in all probability his fame had not yet reached the West when that careful biographer compiled his memoirs. Āhidī, however, although he wrote more than twenty years earlier than Qinali-zāde, knows something about Rūhī, probably because the poet was, like himself, a native of Bagh-dād. This biographer tells us that Rūhī, whose personal name was ʿOsmán, was the son of a Rúmí or Western Turk who came to Baghdād in the suite of Ayás Pasha whom in 948 (1541) Sultan Saleymán sent out as governor of the province of which that city was the capital. This man settled in Bagh-dād, joined the local volunteer corps, and married a native wife, by whom he had at least one son, Rūhī the poet. When Āhidī wrote, Rūhī was still living in Bagh-dād, 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 Āhidī; from Von Hammer, quoting Riyāzī and Rizā, we learn that Rūhī eventually turned dervish himself, entering, as became a poet, the order founded by the inspired Jelál-ud-Dīn 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 Mevlevīs, amongst whom were one or two who acquired a momentary reputation as poets. After remaining for a time in Constantinople a sheykh of the Mevlevī Con-

1 There is a ihām in this line, the word ayaq meaning both 'beaker' and 'foot.'
vent at Galata, Rūhī 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.

Rūhī left behind him a complete Diwān of mystic verses of the usual style; but his reputation to-day rests almost exclusively on a well-known Terkīb-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 Rūhī ever visited that city in the course of his earlier wanderings, we do not know; if not, this Terkīb must have been written very shortly before his death.

He has another interesting poem written this time in the Qitā form, in which he charges the breeze, if it should pass by Baghdād 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 'Ahdi's Tezki̇re), giving a descriptive couplet to each. None of these are of much account now except perhaps 'Ahdi the biographer, of whom he says:

Doth 'Ahdi indite fair ghazel, like the rose.
That Nightingale of the rosebower of culture.

Although the fame of these versifiers has long since passed away, Rūhī's list is full of interest, for it gives us a glimpse of literary society in Baghdād three hundred years ago.

اِلْعَلِيُّ أَقْرَنُ الْإِلَانِيُّ اِبْنُ اَسْلَمَ خَالِدَ بْنٍ عُمَرْ وَأُوْلَى اَلْعَلِيُّ ۖ اِلْعَلِيُّ أَقْرَنُ الْإِلَانِيُّ اِبْنُ اَسْلَمَ خَالِدَ بْنٍ عُمَرْ وَأُوْلَى اَلْعَلِيُّ ۖ
Unlike most of the poets whose works we have been considering, Ruhi 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.

Ziya Pasha brackets Ruhi not very happily with Hami, a considerably later poet, who has little in common with the author of the Terkib beyond the fact that he too was born in one of the eastern provinces of the Empire. 'Since both,' says the Pasha, 'came from 'Iraq, 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 Kemal 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 Baghadad men in Constantinople.' Ziya, however hastens to 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 Diwáns is filled up with tasteless padding. It is the grace of his Terkib,¹ he continues, that has conferred fame on Ruhi; 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 Ruhi's Terkib-Bend is too long to be given in its entirety, I have been reluctantly compelled to omit several

¹ Both Sámi and Ziya Pasha composed celebrated nazíras to this terkib-bend.
of the stanzas; but the complete poem, as well as the Qitā on the poet’s Baghdad friends, will be found in Ziyā Pasha’s Tavern.

From the Terkīb-Bend. [228]

Deem not that we be flushed with new-fermented juice of vine;
We’re tavern-hunters 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-seat² 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 wherein 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 sedia, padded to form a continuous sofa, ran along three sides of the room, the fourth being devoted to the entrance.
³ At intervals along the sedia, which was sufficiently wide to admit of people sitting on it cross-legged, were placed cushions to lean against, called molder.
⁴ That part of the sedia 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 sedia was covered with rich carpet, over which the servant glided noiselessly with coffee and pipes for the master and his guests.
⁵ The zealot, type of hypocritical orthodoxy, see p. 67, n. 1, supra.
⁶ The metallic mirrors of those days were, of course, subject to rust. Here the poet meant: his heart.
That wine whereby the heart and eye of Jem do radiance gain.

O master, 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, 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 Peyamí sang,
The 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;
'Vere 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 whites 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 no.
Sífi, 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 Ferhâd's woes,' doth say.  
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 Baghdâd at length he thinks once more to bend his way.
Baghdâd's the shell, its pearl the Pearl of Nejef is perdie,
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 'Ali's hand and drain the beaker clear;
'The secret of the Scriptures Four lies in one Point,' said he,
'Wherein the secrets of the library of things appear;
'That Point an I,' said he; 'then turn, behold its mystery,
1 Ferhâd, the ill-fated lover of Shirin; here, any lover.
2 At Nejef, not far from Baghdâd, is the tomb of the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law Ali, the chief saint of the Shi'a sect of Islam.
3 The Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran, which are the Four Scriptures acknowledged and revered by Islam.
4 I. e. in those Four Scriptures.
5 This allude to a very well known saying ascribed by the Shî'ites to Ah.
"All that is in the Qur'an is in the Fatihâ (opening chapter) and all that is in the Fatihâ is in the Bani'llah, and all that is in the Bani'llah is in the B. (ب) of the Bani'llah, and all that is in the B. of the Bani'llah is in the Point (or dot) which is under the B., and I am the root which is under the B."
'I. e., Ah i. also reported to have said
"Ask of me ere ye lose me, for verily here (pointing to his brow) is all knowledge."
For I am named with all the Names of all that be, '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, 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.

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. 1, 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 require.
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 Baghdâd,
Full courteously present thee 'fore the comrades of delight,
And if there be among them one who asketh of Râhi,
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.

Khâqânî 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 Hîlay-i Sherafa 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 Ayaz Pasha who died in 944 (1537-8). The date of Khâqânî's birth is not known, but that he was well-advanced in years in 100î (1598-9), when he completed his Hîlays, is proved by the following story told by Professor Najî. When he had finished his poem,

1 In Turkish Gâzela Rustem Pasha.
Khaqani 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 Khaqani 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 Khaqani'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.

Khaqani 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, Khaqani'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, 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 Islam, 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.
Khaqani lies, may still be traced the legend praying the visitor to repeat the Fatiha 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 Khaqani, imagining apparently that the name of the poem (which he could not spell) was that of the poet.

Khaqani's famous mesnevi, 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 eye-brows, arched of eyebrow, aquiline of nose, wide 'twixt the teeth,' and so on, mentioning each detail after the manner of a catalogue. Khaqani'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 Hadis, 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 Ziya Pasha quotes almost the whole of it in the third volume of his Tavern. Speaking of Khaqani in the preface to that anthology, the Pasha says, playing on his name, that he was the Khaqan of the world of verse, without peer or rival in all Rum (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 Kháqáni’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.’

Besides his Hilya, Kháqáni left a Diwán 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 Sherifa. [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, 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 shone glorious forth.

The phrase, ‘He shall not be questioned of what He doth,’ is from the Koran, ch. xxi, v. 23.

An allusion to the well-known Tradition beginning: ‘I was a Hidden Treasure....’

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 blec,' and they may stand as an example
of the general style of the work.

From the Same. [230]

All of the folk heren aver,
That the Pride of the World ⁴ was bright of blec.

¹ Habab = Beloved, is the special title of Muhammad.
² Or 'Abd Muhammad, or 'Abd the Most Praiseworthy.'
³ The blushing cheek studded with perspiration is sometime compared to
   a dew-sprent rose.
⁴ The Pride of the World is a title of Muhammad.
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.
Yelad his face in the light of delight,
'Twas the Chapter of Light 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.
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.

At the end of the last chapter we had to say farewell to Latifi, and now the time has come when we must take leave of the biographers 'Ahdi and Qináli-záde.

Of the former of these I have already spoken sufficiently; 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 Riyázi, that 'Ahdí 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. 1, p. 8 supra.
Sultan died in 1003 (1595), it is quite likely that these additions may have been made by the author himself.

Qinâli-zâde Hasan Chelebi 1 was born at Brusa in 953 (1546—7), his father, Qinâli-zâde ʿAlî Chelebi, being principal of the college of Hamza Bey in that city. Hasan embraced his father’s profession, entered the ranks of the ʿulema, 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 Shevwâl 1012 (15th March 1604). Qinâli-zâde’s Tezkire, which was completed in 994 (1586), and dedicated to Khoja Saʿd-ud-Dîn, the titular Preceptor of Murâd 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 Qinâli-zâde Hasan Chelebi was a very fine writer in his own eyes and

1 That is, Master Hasan Qinâli son. According to Professor Nâr, the same name Qinâli-zâde, which means Henna-man son, was come by in the following manner. The biographer’s paternal grandfather, Our Lord Abdul Qâdir, the Hamîdi (or Hamîd man), at one time titular tutor to Muḥammad the Conqueror, was notorious for the harsh way in which he made use of the dye called hamâ, probably for staining hair. Hence he got the nickname of Qinâli, or the Henna-man, and so his descendants became Qinâli-zâde.
in those of his contemporaries, and moreover would it not behoove 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 Latífi 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 ḌAlí 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 Latífi’s and ḌAshiq Chelebi’s, we find a large number of stories or traditions regarding many of the poets, while the later biographers, Riyázi, Rizá, Safá‘í, 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. ḌAshiq 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.

Riyázi stands midway between the two groups; he occa-